

My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 62

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Chapter 62 Why Did You Hook Up With My Father

I glanced over at Louise and found that she just cast Felix an indifferent stare, without even a shred of emotion.

With a cigarette in his mouth, Felix casually greeted Derek. "I thought you were so happy at Qinben that you wouldn't want to come back." 1 Derek sat down in front of him and lit a cigarette of his own. "The old man deceived me into going there."

Not long after, Louise and I sat down.

The two sexy ladies leaned against Felix, fumbling inside his clothes.

As far as I had known him, he wasn't this scummy before. But right now, he was like a dirty playboy who enjoyed indulging himself with women.

I wondered if it was because of what I said to him that day.

Louise was normally talkative, but today, she was oddly silent.

I could sense the awkward tension, so I suddenly placed my arm around her shoulder.

"Lulu, I got a job today. Shouldn't we celebrate?" Louise looked over at me and asked, "What's the job?"

I hesitated for a moment and muttered, "I'm going to be a telephone operator for Wonder Hospital."

An awkward silence ensued, followed by the unkind laughter of the two ladies.

"That's great! That means you won't be stealing or mugging anyone, nor do you have to rely on your body just to earn money. You'll be able to use your abilities to earn a living. You're right. We should celebrate!"

Having said that, Louise snapped her fingers and ordered two buckets of black beer. Upon hearing her comment, the two ladies were embarrassed.

Once the beer had been served, Louise opened several bottles in one go.

Frightened at the sight, I remarked, "Lulu, I think we should celebrate at a smaller

scale.”

However, Felix suddenly interjected, “Eveline, Derek can afford to support you all your life. It’ll be easy for him to keep ten of you, let alone one!” I already knew that his remark would cause friction. Sure enough, Louise slammed the bottle in her hand onto the table.

“You’re right, men enjoy keeping women around when they’re rich. That’s why women should learn to rely on themselves.”

Felix frowned at Louise. Luckily, he didn’t say anything more.

Derek held me in his arms. “Having one is enough for me. Once she starts at her new job, she’ll have her own social circle. I have to support her however I can.”

I stared at his face, a little surprised. What he said now was a lot different from what he said previously.

Suddenly, he turned his head and looked into my eyes.

His gaze was as deep as an abyss. Flustered, I averted my gaze, but soon, I froze. The young wife of Louise’s father was walking towards us with that toy boy of hers. Quickly, I glanced at Louise and noticed that she was looking at the same direction. She appeared to be infuriated.

This was the worst time for these adulterers to show up. They had the misfortune of appearing before Louise while she was in a bad mood.

I was worried that Louise would exact revenge upon them.

It was then that Louise downed an entire bottle of beer in one breath. Once she had put the bottle down, she picked up the glass of wine on the table.

When we first got here, only Felix and his ladies were here. I figured that the glass of wine must be his.

Under his surprised gaze, Louise stood up and walked towards the shameless adulterers with the glass of wine.

The following second, she bumped into her stepmother and poured the contents of the glass on her stepmother’s collar. “Eek!” A shrill shriek resonated throughout the area. Afterwards, her stepmother’s lover shoved Louise away.

“Who the fuck are you? Why are you causing trouble here?”

Louise was taken aback. Instead of rushing into a fight, she fiddled with the wine glass in her hand and stared at her stepmother.

“Ah! Auntie, what a coincidence to see you here!”

Her stepmother soon recognized her. The look on the woman's face changed from

anger to disbelief, and then to embarrassment.

The young man cast Louise a glare and asked, "What did you just call her?"

I was so scared that Louise would make a scene, so I quickly went to pull her away from them. However, she was stubborn to a fault. She shook off my hands, eyeing the young man up and down.

"Your gigolo is much younger than my father. If you like younger men so much, Linda Farris, why the hell did you even hook up with my father back then?"

Indeed, her stepmother's name was Linda Farris.

"Is she the bitch who often antagonizes you?" The young man held Linda in his arms. Perhaps some would say that I was rude for saying this, but this man deserved to get beaten up.

It seemed that he knew everything about Linda. She must've complained a lot about Louise to him.

It looked like Linda felt troubled, so she pushed her lover away, seemingly in a hurry to leave

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Chapter 63 Who's The Bitch

The glass in Louise's hand broke when it fell to the floor. Soon, she grabbed Linda's clothes. In an indifferent tone, she roared, "Who's the bitch? Weren't you the one who seduced a married man in the past? And now, you're using my father's money to keep a gigolo around! You're the shameless bitch!"

The fight that happened in the bar last time still haunted me. I didn't want the same thing to happen again, so I tried my best to pull Louise away, but she was rooted to her spot like a wooden stake. I couldn't move her at all.

Linda was so frightened that she shrank back. She was aware that Louise was a capable fighter, so she was probably scared that Louise would punch her. The young man, on the other hand, seemed to be ill-tempered. He didn't know Louise very well, so he pointed at her, all high and mighty.

"You want to get beaten up, you bitch?"

Louise pushed me aside and started a fight with him.

Unfortunately for this man, his strength was nowhere near enough to defeat Louise. It only took less than a minute for him to be beaten within an inch of his life.

Derek and Felix didn't join the fight this time; probably because they knew that Louise could handle herself.

In the end, Linda had to drag away her gigolo. Fortunately, the fight ended quickly, and the onlookers soon dispersed.

After the fight, Louise just drank in sullen silence.

I could tell that she was upset, but I had no idea how to comfort her. Upon seeing how much she was drinking, I began to feel uneasy, so I tugged on her sleeve.

"Lulu, you need to stop drinking. Derek pulled me back to his side. "Let her drink," he said.

The two ladies in Felix's arms from earlier had now disappeared. At this moment, he was drinking one bottle after another, as if he was competing with Louise.

After a while, several people suddenly rushed into the bar. A strong-looking man in the lead looked around and soon locked his eyes on Louise. Then, he strode over to our booth.

One look and I knew that they were strong. My heart felt like it was about to leap from my chest

"Short hair and white T-shirt. That's her. Beat her up and make her regret it!" Having said that, one of the men grabbed Louise's hair and pulled her up from the sofa.

I quickly stood up and glared at them. "What do you think you're doing?"

Normally, even if they all fought against her at the same time, they wouldn't be able to stand a chance to defeat Louise in battle. But right now, she was so drunk that she couldn't even stand firmly.

The man glared back at me and said, "Our business is with this woman. It's best for you to mind your own business and not poke your nose in other people's business."

The moment he stopped talking, a fist suddenly slammed against his head. The hand he had on Louise loosened at once, causing her to stagger and fall onto the sofa.

Felix was standing aside, clenching his fist and steeling himself for the fight. Although he had also drunk so much, he was at least a little more sober than Louise.

The strong man reacted quickly and fought back against Felix.

Two more men came to grab Louise again. I rushed over to protect her without hesitation. One of them was about to punch me, but Derek caught the guy just in time and punched him. *We* were caught in a chaotic situation again. I was so scared. The dressing on Derek's head had only been removed today. While Derek and Felix engaged in the fight, one of the men dragged me away, pulled Louise up and punched her face.

As I screamed, Louise fell down. But luckily, someone held her up.

"Who the hell did this without my permission?"

The voice sounded familiar. Upon looking up, I saw that it was Layne.

When those men heard his voice, they all stopped fighting and greeted him with respect, looking very guilty.

A bruise appeared on the corner of Louise's mouth. She could barely keep herself standing as she leaned against Layne's shoulder.

He pointed at the man who just punched Louise and turned to her. "Call me Layne, and I'll give you permission to have whichever part of his body you want."

The way he spoke was so calm and there was even a faint smile on his lips, but the other man was so scared that his legs were trembling.

"No, please, Mr. Thurman! I made a mistake. I had no idea that she is your woman."

Still half-conscious, Louise pushed Layne away.

"Fuck off!"

And because Layne wasn't holding her up, she soon fell to her knees. I wanted to help her up, but Felix aided her first.

"This place is my territory. Get the fuck out of here!" Felix roared. The smile on Layne's face didn't disappear. He pointed at his men and said, "Listen carefully, you pathetic fools. If you ever see this woman again, you will show her the utmost respect! And if anyone so much as lays a hand on her, I will break every limb on their body!"

The men bowed and answered, "Yes, Mr. Thurman!"

Luckily, Layne left along with the rowdy men.

Soon, Louise collapsed. Felix dragged her away to a safer spot. All of a sudden, he kissed her. I wasn't sure if it was because he was angry at someone or himself.

She tried to push him away to no avail. So, she slapped him right across the face. But because she was drunk, her slap wasn't that hard. Felix held her again and said, "I'll drive you home."

Suddenly, Louise wailed like a child in his arms. "I don't want to go home. I hate being at home!"

My heart ached because of what I heard.

Louise grabbed onto Felix's clothes, looking into his eyes. "Why did you even kiss me? Do you want to sleep with me? Fine. But I want a presidential suite."

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Chapter 64 Don't Do Anything To Her

My eyes widened with shock. What was Louise talking about?

All of a sudden, Felix carried her in his arms and walked towards the door. I wanted to chase him, but Derek stopped me.

"Felix, Lulu isn't rational right now. She's drunk! Don't do anything to her!"

Felix stopped in his tracks and turned his attention to me. "You should focus on taking care of Derek."

After he said that, I watched him take Louise away without doing anything to stop him.

Louise only said those words because she was drunk. I couldn't imagine what would happen to her.

Panicking, I dragged Derek and said, "Hurry up and call Felix!"

Derek urged me to sit down again. "Eveline, there are some things that you just can't control. Obviously, Felix has feelings for Louise, and I can see that she likes him back. Can't you see that? They just both lack the courage to take a step further."

"But even if they do like each other, their feelings haven't reached that point yet," I responded.

He lit another cigarette and replied, "They're both adults. Just like you, they're capable of making their own decisions and they can be responsible for whatever it is they're doing." The way he looked at me made my heart skip a beat.

"Perhaps in some people's eyes, it's crazy how you got married to me so soon. But you and I are adults. We know what we're doing and we're certainly capable of taking responsibility for our decisions. And I will be responsible for you."

I felt touched once more. At this time, Derek's phone rang.

He answered the call and said, "Yep. It's table number 8 at Blue Sky."

Not long after he hung up, a man with a briefcase approached and politely reached out to shake Derek's hand.

"Greetings, Mr. Sullivan. I'm the editor-in-chief of Souden Evening News."

After shaking hands with him, Derek smiled and said, "I'll treat you to some drinks."

The man sat down and smiled back. "Thank you for your generosity,

He put his briefcase aside, and wanted to say something to Derek. But after taking a glance at me, he chose not to say anything yet. Derek suddenly turned to me and said, "You can go home first. I'll ask Timmy to drive you home." 2 "Aren't you going home as well?" I blurted out.

He leaned close to me, almost face to face, and whispered, "What's the matter? You can't keep yourself away from me?"

My face turned red as I got up immediately. "Anyway, I'm leaving!"

After walking for a while, I turned around and noticed that the editor-in-chief was speaking to Derek. They both looked like they were discussing something important.

Once Timmy had driven me back to the villa, I took a shower, and lay on the bed, unable to fall asleep.

Perhaps because the villa was empty, my heart also felt empty. I was wondering what they could be talking about. Why did Derek send me away? When it was past midnight, he sent me a message. "I won't be coming home today. You should go to sleep."

Where would he go if he wouldn't come home? Were they going to talk for the entire night?

Because of the message, it became even more difficult for me to fall asleep. Not a minute later, a heavy thunderstorm arrived.

I had been afraid of thunder ever since I was a kid. It was said that only those who had done something bad would be frightened of thunder. I never did something of the sort, and yet I was afraid.

Through the gap of the curtain, I saw that the night sky seemed to be torn asunder, and the rolling thunder was so loud that it felt like there was an explosion above my head.

Some people claimed that one shouldn't use a phone during a thunderstorm, but I was so scared that I had to take out my phone to send Derek a message.

"Where are you?" 1

Twenty minutes later, I finally received a response.

"Come downstairs and open the door. I left my keys inside the car."

I was like a person stumbling out of the darkness and had suddenly found the light. I jumped off the bed and ran downstairs barefooted.

The moment I opened the door, I saw him standing outside the doorstep, drenched from head to toe. The sky behind him was lit up by a lightning.

My eyes were filled with hope as I ran to hug him.

Suddenly, the strong smell of alcohol wafted into my nose. It was coming from Derek.

"Didn't you say that you wouldn't be coming home tonight?" I asked in a voice choked by sobs.

"I knew you were afraid of thunder," he said. Right after he said that, he picked me up, kicked off his shoes and went upstairs. Then, he took me into the bathroom. 1

After turning on the shower, both our bodies were covered in water. My vision was blurred by the running water, and all I could see was how he quickly took off his clothes and mine as well.

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Chapter 65 After A Crazy Night

Pretty soon, we were both naked. His kiss was more overwhelming than the thunder I could hear outside. I had no idea what had happened to him, but I could tell that something must've happened.

During this stormy night, we indulged in our lust for each other in the bathroom. I even felt like I would collapse because of how hard he was fucking me. Once we were done having sex, he led me out of the bathroom and put me on the bed.

The thunderstorm had not yet dissipated. Not long after, he got on top of me again.

I had no idea how long it took before he was finally satisfied enough to lie down beside me, catching his breath.

When I woke up the next morning, my sore muscles reminded me of how wild the sex we had last night was.

I turned my head and saw Derek's sleeping face inches away from me. There was a slight frown on his face. Somehow, he looked tired, but that did not diminish how attractive he was.

Today was my first day working for Wonder Hospital, so I figured I shouldn't be late. Carefully, I removed his hand from my body, fearing that I would wake him up. While I was putting on my bra, he suddenly held my hand. Startled, I turned around, and saw that he had woken up.

The sight of his naked upper body reminded me of our wild night. My heart skipped a beat, and I instinctively shrank back. As he held my hands, he made me turn my back towards him. And then, he helped me buckle up my bra.

Afterwards, I got out of bed and put on some clothes. However, he hugged me from behind.

Derek rested his head on my shoulder, and his hair was brushing against my cheek. "Did I hurt you last night?" The sound of his voice was hoarse and still a little sleepy.

I didn't answer the question. From the French window, I saw his naked reflection as he held me, causing me to tense up.

He gently nibbled on my ear and said, "Sorry about last night. I'll be more gentle next time."

My body would always feel weakened whenever he would touch me, and it made me feel embarrassed.

I turned my face away, avoiding his lips. "Stop it, Derek. Today is my first day at work. I don't want to be late."

Finally, he let go of me and said, "I'll drive you there."

"That's not necessary," I answered quickly. "I'm worried that others would gossip about me if I arrive at the hospital in a Maybach, considering I'm just going to work as a telephone operator." In the end, he still insisted on driving me there, but he pulled over somewhere nearby the hospital.

When I got out of the car, he told me that he would pick me up after work, and asked me to wait for his call.

Soon, I walked towards the hospital. When I turned my head, I found that his car was still there.

After reporting to the human resources department, the head of the department led me to the emergency hotline in person, and arranged another telephone operator to teach me about the basics of the job. They said that I needed to familiarize myself with the work for the time being.

The telephone operator who would teach me the ins and outs of the job was named Brenna Lang. She was a few years older than me. She was pretty nice, and she was a patient teacher.

I learned from her that a previous telephone operator resigned after getting pregnant, so the hospital administration had to recruit a new one urgently. Brenna also told me that her pregnant colleague would come to the hospital for a prenatal checkup tomorrow, and go through the resignation procedures.

Since there must be a telephone operator on duty twenty-four hours a day, the hospital had arranged a shift schedule. We didn't even have a lunch break.

It was almost eleven o'clock when Louise called me. I remembered how Felix took her away last night, so I answered the phone immediately.

Judging by the sound of her voice, she seemed to have just woken up. Since there was someone else beside me, I couldn't directly ask Louise if something happened between her and Felix, so instead, I asked her where she was right now.

Brenna seemed to have guessed that I had something to deal with, so she told me that I could go. She said that it wouldn't matter as long as she was there.

Thus, I hurried out of the hospital and took a taxi to Glamor Hotel. I took the elevator to the 21st floor, which was the top floor of the hotel, and went to the room number that Louise told me.

The door of Room 2105 was left ajar. The moment I opened the door, I saw her curling up on the bed. Her hair was messy, and even the sheets were a mess.

Upon seeing the situation, I was almost certain that something might've happened here last night.

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Chapter 66 He Didn't Sleep With Me

"Lulu, are you okay?" I asked softly. Louise turned to look at me with a listless expression on her face. "Something bad happened."

"What is it?" I walked over and sat at the edge of the bed.

She groaned and rubbed her temples before saying, "My head is still pounding." I looked around casually but found no one else in the room. "Where's Felix?"

Louise said nothing, just grabbed a note from the nightstand and handed it to me.

The words written on it were blunt: "You're in the presidential suite you wanted so badly. You'd better have a good sleep, or this would only be a major waste of my money."

I stifled a gasp. What did he even mean by this? "He didn't sleep with me," Louise said in a rush. Then she fell back on the bed, her hair falling over her face like a flimsy curtain.

"What did you say?" I asked, my surprise evident.

Louise rolled back and forth on the bed some more. Finally, she lay flat on her back and crossed her arms over her chest. She heaved a long sigh. She seemed rather disappointed with this turn of events.

I leaned over and poked her cheek. "Did you honestly want to have sex with him last night?"

"That's bullshit!" Louise slapped my hand away and grinned. "I had no such intentions. Still, for a guy to bring me to a presidential suite and not even sleep with me... It's embarrassing! I would be mortified if others hear about this."

She let out a humorless laugh then, almost maniacal, and proceeded to roll around again. Her hair kept covering her face, so I couldn't see her expression clearly. But I could tell that she was confused, probably unable to process the complicated feelings she had at the moment.

This entire time, I'd been thinking that if Felix had really slept with her last night, then that would definitely kill his chances of pursuing a serious relationship with Louise. He hadn't, though. She had been drunk and alone in the same room with him, but Felix had restrained himself. This simple detail would surely have a great impact on Louise.

"By the way, isn't it your first day at work? How did it go? Did anyone bully you?"

Louise asked one by one.

"It went pretty well. My position isn't so important that people would begrudge me for it. No one bullied me, either, and my supervisor is very nice to me."

"That's good then. Well, you'd better go back to work. Now that you have your own job, you can start being more independent. That way, you can rely on yourself even if you lose your man. But I think that Derek is really nice to you. You have to cherish him."

As Louise spoke, she did another roll and propped her feet against the head rest. She didn't look like she was leaving the hotel any time soon.

Now that she had mentioned Derek, I suddenly remembered how he had spoken with the editor-in-chief behind my back yesterday. What on earth had they been talking about? Why were they so hell-bent on keeping it from me? It was true that Derek was good to me, but I never could see through him.

In any case, since Louise appeared to be fine, I felt at ease to return to the hospital. Shortly after I arrived, the director of the human resources department came to me and told me not to work the night shifts for the time being. He said that the night hours were usually hectic, and that I needed more practice before I dived into that kind of environment.

I considered this a blessing. Though I had often taken night shifts back when I was a nurse at Virtue Hospital, I had still taken a considerable gap between employments. It was good to have this opportunity to adjust to my new workplace first.

The day went on uneventfully. When it was finally time to clock out, Derek called me and said that he would be waiting at the same spot he had dropped me off that morning.

As we cruised down the streets, I quickly noticed that he wasn't driving me back to my house. I asked him where we were going.

"It's your first day at work. How do you feel?" "Good," I replied truthfully.

Derek drove into the parking lot of a prominent shopping mall in the city. He parked expertly and opened the car door for me, taking my hand as he led me to the mall entrance.

"Are you here to buy clothes?" I asked.

He gave me a sideways glance before answering. "We're buying them for you."

I stopped short and pulled at his hand. "You already bought me tons of clothes last time. I haven't even worn them all yet. Don't waste so much money on me."

He seemed amused by the severity of my tone. He cocked his head at me and gave

“But you’re attending a wedding on August 15th, aren’t you? Don’t you want to look stunning?”

I opened my mouth to retort, but my thoughts were interrupted by a familiar voice.

“What the hell is wrong with the salesclerks here? Why don’t you allow your customers to try on the clothes you sell?”

Vivien was pointing at a poor salesclerk and shrieking like the shrew that she was.

Beside her, Shane kept trying to pull her away, his face scrunched up in a scowl. He must be feeling embarrassed by this little scene.

I hadn’t expected to run into them here, of all places. The brands carried by this shopping mall were all globally renowned, and not a single article of clothing came cheap. Knowing Shane, he certainly wouldn’t bring Vivien here to shop for clothes. He just wasn’t that generous. It would be more likely that she had forced him to come here.

The salesclerk was holding a delicate dress, which she subtly kept far from Vivien’s reach.

“I’m afraid that you have misunderstood me, ma’am,” the girl said politely. “I only meant that you are currently pregnant, and therefore cannot wear this particular dress. I was only trying to help you, so you won’t waste your time.”

The dress was a beige evening gown with a unique and trendy cut at the shoulders. The fabric shimmered in the light, and the bodice was stitched up in intricate designs. It was a breathtaking piece, but unfortunately, it was also close-fitting. Vivien’s belly was protruding slightly at this point. It was obvious she couldn’t wear this dress.