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My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 319 - 320

Chapter 319 Domestic Violence

I squeezed through the crowd to get a closer look at the scene. A man was beating and kicking a woman mercilessly. As he repeatedly hit the woman, the man showered her with insults. "How could I marry someone so stupid? How can you be fooled by counterfeit notes? You are so useless!" The woman cowered, unable to fight against this man. She tried as best as she could to block the violent kicks with her hands. However, the kicks still hurt badly and made her cry out in pain. Despite her cries and pleas, the man kept hitting her. "Stop it!" I shouted, unable to stand such a barbaric scene any longer. They were none other than my cousin Abram, and his wife, Rachel. Hearing my voice, Abram suddenly stopped and looked at me. A strange gleam passed through his eyes when he saw Derek standing behind me. It was only then that he finally suppressed his anger and stopped hitting his wife. "Rachel, get up." As I spoke, I held out my hand to help my cousin-in-law up. Rachel was wearing a thick coat, so I couldn't see the extent of her bruising. However, her face, which was not covered by the coat, was very swollen and her hair was messy. On top of that, the back of her hand was bleeding profusely. I always knew that my cousin was an authoritarian and violent man. However, I never had thought that he would have the audacity to beat his wife in public.

I didn't want to talk to my cousin at this moment. He didn't try to stop me and we left. We got into Derek's car. Rachel and I sat in the back seat as Derek drove us to the hospital. Along the way, Rachel couldn't stop crying.. I didn't know what to do at the moment and I tried to comfort her somehow. I gently rubbed her back and asked her in a soft voice, "Rachel, is Abram fond of beating you?" With trembling hands, Rachel wiped the tears from her face. Her voice trembled when she spoke. "Whenever he's in a bad mood,

with the freezing cold the past two days, our son had pneumonia, so he had to be hospitalized and it was very expensive for us. As it was the weekend today, Abram decided we should go sell some Christmas items to raise money. It was my first time trading so I didn't expect to receive counterfeit notes. When he noticed that I had been cheated, he was

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so angry that he hit me again and again until you intervened and saved me. It seemed that I was no longer a human being in his eyes, but a worthless object. He didn't care that there were a lot of people staring at him. No one could persuade him to stop hitting me no matter what they said." When I heard that the baby was hospitalized, I decided to go see him as soon as we arrived at the hospital. After all, he was my nephew. When I arrived in the ward, I saw my aunt Ruth at the bedside of the little boy. She was the one taking care of him these days. She jumped a little when she heard footsteps in the room and a look of surprise appeared on her face as soon as she saw me. However, she quickly regained her composure and began complaining to me. She was so saddened by her grandson's condition that she didn't notice Rachel's bruises, though they were very visible. I walked over to the bed and looked at my little nephew who was lying there. He was in a deep sleep with gauze on his forehead. Since he was still a baby, it was very difficult to find his blood vessels and that was why the doctors had to resort to sticking the needle in his forehead. I felt terrible for the poor kid. However, I was totally indifferent to Ruth's crying and complaining. While talking to me, she glanced at Derek from time to time. It was only after a long time that she finally shut up. At that time, I looked at her calmly and said lightly, "Aunt, everyone has to overcome many difficulties in life. I was still a child when I lost my father and my mother was in a vegetative state. At that time, I had to fight to get out of it, and I finally survived. Unlike me who was alone at the time, you have so many adults to help you take care of this child. So that shouldn't be a big problem." Ruth was far from being stupid and I guessed that she had understood very well what I meant. She was now too embarrassed to look at me. I then turned to Rachel and asked her to get me some warm water. I told her that my hands were frozen and I wanted to bathe them in hot water. In fact, I mostly wanted to get Rachel away so I could have a serious talk with Ruth. "Aunt, why didn't you ever stop Abram when he hit Rachel? Again today, he hit her without restraint because she was tricked with counterfeit bills when she was selling. Look, since she married your son, she's part of your family now. You should protect her like your own daughter. Everyone has a limited tolerance threshold for anything. If Abram continues like this, Rachel will end up filing for divorce. Young and beautiful as she is, she will have no trouble remarrying. However, it will be difficult for a single father to remarry." Ruth didn't say anything. Judging from her expression, I believed that she was very clear about Abram's domestic violence. Soon after, Rachel came back with the water. Ruth immediately pulled her to the bed and sat her down. Then she looked intently at Rachel's face and showed great concern. She cursed her son, "What a bastard! Don't worry, Rachel. I'll teach him a good lesson for you. You know, the child's illness is quite serious. Abram is certainly anxious to raise funds to treat the child. Please forgive him this time." I was stunned. When I entered the room, this woman kept talking about money over and over. Hearing her talk about money again, I felt anger rise in me. I didn't want to stay another second here, so I got up and left with Derek. However, this woman was determined to ask me for money at all costs.

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When I left the room, she hurriedly came out after me. I could hear her footsteps click loudly behind me in the hallway. In my memory, during my father's lifetime, she had never been so enthusiastic towards me. . I quickened my pace and left the hospital almost at a run. One would have thought that I had the devil at the heels.

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Chapter 320 Go To The Middle School

I got into the car and blew out a loud breath. My relatives always embarrassed me in front of Derek every time I met them. On the way, I received a call from Charlene.

She told me that her father was organizing an event with his students. They were in need of people, so she asked if I could help. We didn't have anything else to do anyway, so I asked Derek to drive me to the middle school that Charlene mentioned over the phone. a I was in a daze when she mentioned the name of the school because I studied there. My stomach fluttered as I set foot into the familiar territory. A range of emotions consumed me. it had been more than ten years since I went to school here.

The school wasn't the same as it was ten years ago. They had renovated the building, transforming it into a whole new place. The entire building was dark except for one classroom. I could hear the faint sound of laughter from there. The desks and chairs were pulled to both sides in the spacious classroom. Students were playing in the middle as a middle-aged teacher bent forward, concentrating on folding the paper cranes. Some students stood beside the teacher's chair, watching him with rapt attention. "Dad!"

The teacher raised his head. Excitement bubbled in my heart when I saw him. "Mr. Eaton!" Charlene's father stood up slowly. It looked like I was watching a slow-motion film. He pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose and looked at me. "Eveline?" A lump formed in my throat. Charlene's father, Kevin Eaton, was not my teacher. I was in first grade, and he taught third grade. But perhaps he had heard the tragic story of my family that he paid attention and care to both my academic and personal life. He often helped me with my

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studies and taught me one-to-one. He would always bring eggs for me to eat so that I got ample nutrition. "Dad, Eveline, do you know each other?" Charlene looked at me and back at her father. Kevin looked over my shoulder and I realized he was looking at Derek. After a moment's pause, he answered, "Yes." More than ten years had passed. Kevin looked much older. There were strands of grey hair among his black tresses. But his amiable eyes, although framed with subtle wrinkles, were the same as before. I ran forward and wrapped my arms around him as he gently patted my back. "You have come at the right time. Please do me a favor." Kevin said that one of his students was diagnosed with leukemia and was on leave for treatment. The girl's classmates had planned to give her a thousand paper cranes as a surprise, hoping she could recover as soon as possible. Several girls were at the desk, engrossed in folding the paper cranes. I glanced around at the classroom. Although the place looked different now, it brought back memories of my school days. Kevin smiled at me. "Eveline, I remember you were good at this. Would you like to join us?" I looked at him and grinned excitedly. "Sure!" Derek walked to me and whispered in my ear, "Can I help you?" "Of course." I handed him a piece of paper. He held the paper and looked at me sheepishly. "I don't know how." I resisted the urge to laugh and looked at him. "I'll teach you." He watched me do it once and began folding his paper. I couldn't help but admire his talent. After a while, Kevin suddenly called me as he walked out of the classroom. I quickly finished the one in my hand and followed him outside.

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