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# My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 334 - 335

## Chapter 334 Compensation

At the gate of Dere International, I happened to run into Lean. Contrary to his usual style, he was wearing a suit and tie today. "Eveline? What a coincidence!" Lean greeted with a smile. I didn't want to indulge him, so I decided to ignore him and went inside. But to my dismay, he followed me in.

"Mr. Lean!" When the employees saw him, they all greeted him with respect. Soon, we reached the elevator. After a ding, the elevator came to a halt. And when it opened, a woman walked out. Upon seeing Lean, she said, "Mr. Lean, good day." "Hang on." Lean halted her. I walked into the elevator, ready to leave without him. However, Lean planted his leg at the entrance of the elevator, rendering it unable to close. Unsurprisingly, the woman obeyed his command. "Why do you all call me 'Mr. Lean' instead of 'Mr. Sullivan'?" he asked. At this point, the woman was flustered and abashed. "I see," Lean added, feigning a look of dawning comprehension. "Well, there's already another Mr. Sullivan here, so I guess I'll have to get used to being called that." Based on how eagerly the woman nodded in response, I could tell that she was definitely relieved. "Indeed, Mr. Lean. Anyway, if

you'll excuse me."

Having said that, the woman ran away as her face turned red. Once Lean had entered the elevator, I pressed the button leading to the top floor. He then reached for the button of the twelfth floor. "What are you doing here? And why is everyone treating you with so much respect?" I asked. It was weird how Lean was dressed today, and how every employee at this place reacted upon seeing him. For some reason, he was glowing with pride. "That's because I'm the general manager of this company now." "Seriously? How did that even happen?" I asked, glaring at him. I was aware that Derek built this company from the ground up. It made me wonder how a bum like Lean became Dere International's general manager. "Why don't you ask your husband? He thinks that he owes me a lot; that much is clear. After all, I went to jail because of him. Did he not tell you that?" His response left me frozen, and I just stared at him in silence. Lean flashed me a grin. "What is it? You don't believe me, huh?"

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“Clarify it to me,” I said. Lean leaned against the elevator wall with his hands folded. Then, he looked me in the eye. He used to look like a troublemaker, but now that he was in a suit, he seemed more mature. Unfortunately for him, his arrogance wasn’t something he could erase. “Derek is the one who caused the downfall of Flash Village, am I right? My father said that Flash Village would be mine, but Derek destroyed it. And that’s why he had to compensate me in some way.” Derek had given Alvaro the land beside Flash Village, and allowed him to build a tomb there. It could be what led to Flash Village’s downfall. A wicked grin appeared on Lean’s lips. “But you know, Alvaro did a good job. I never wanted Flash Village to begin with. I heard some people say that it’s not an ideal place to do business.” When the elevator stopped at the twelfth floor, Lean shoved his hands into his pockets, whistling along as he walked out, seemingly in a good mood. Soon, the elevator doors closed again. I took a deep breath, gazing at my shadow on the wall. For some reason, it appeared distorted. Minutes later, I arrived at the top floor and walked into Derek’s office. He was in the middle of something at the moment, but when he heard someone entering his office, he glanced at the door and was surprised to see me. “Why are you here?” he asked. “Because I missed you,” I said. A charming smile appeared on his lips, and his eyes were filled with affection. “Why did you give Lean the position of general manager?” I asked. After a moment of pondering, Derek responded, “He wants to work here, and I see no reason to stop him. If he doesn’t try it for himself, he’ll never understand the pressure and responsibility that comes with the title of the general manager.” I held my purse tightly, swallowing hard. “But he told me that you owed him, and that he went to prison because of you. What did he mean by that?”

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### Chapter 335 Dancing

Derek put down the pen he had been holding, took out a cigarette and lit it up. He leisurely leaned back in his chair. “He could say that. But if truth be told, he only has himself to blame for what he went through,” he said. It was as if he never became flustered by anything. He was always filled with equanimity, regardless of what happened. I said nothing and just waited for him to continue speaking. “Back then, he had no chance of being accepted even by an ordinary university. With the help of a small fortune, he went to the third-rate university

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and was very shortly expelled. He had absolutely no ambition in life. He thought, expected even, that he was entitled to things for nothing. He had no interest in the Flash Village, but he was particularly interested in the general manager position at Dere International. He asked me for the title of general manager but I refused. I explained to him that I worked hard for everything I now have. It wasn't handed to me on a silver platter. I created it with my own very capable hands. If he wanted to live a good life, he had to do the same. He just got angry and tried to strike out on his own. But I didn't expect that he would stray off the right path." Derek had hit the nail on the head. Lean was responsible for his own fate, but he just put the blame on Derek instead of owning up for his life. "Did he have the abilities required for being the general manager? This position is exceptionally important. The senior executives including the general manager effectively determine the quality and level of the employees, and also determine the height that the company reaches. Could he do it?" I personally didn't think Lean had it in him to be a good manager. A tired smile appeared on Derek's face. "He thinks being the general manager is just drinking coffee in a fancy office every day. He would know better after he experiences it by himself." Indeed, others only saw the glory of the successful businessmen and didn't know the sweat and blood that was put into their jobs. Derek snuffed out the cigarette in the ashtray, moved the mouse and clicked twice. Soft music came from the small speaker box on the desk. He had always been strict and diligent when it came to his work. I couldn't figure out why he suddenly had the urge to play music. He got up from his chair and walked towards me. He put his hands gently around my waist. "Come on, let's dance," he said. I was utterly dumbstruck and wondered what on earth had got into him. "I can't," I answered quite frankly. He lowered his head and smiled gently. "I know. I will teach you," he replied. He put my left hand on his shoulder, and then held my right hand firmly in his left. Then he began to move. Although there was no audience, I still felt nervous at that moment, simply because I had never tried dancing like that before. A few instants, I was so mortified because I clumsily stepped on his feet and my feet went out of control. Derek teased me with a cheeky smile, probably in an attempt to relieve my anxiety. "You can step on me as much as you want. My shoes and feet are of good quality," he comforted. After he led me for some time, I finally got the hang of it. "Good, good!" He praised me generously. I felt a little embarrassed and asked under my breath, "Why did you have the sudden desire to teach me how to dance? We are in the office." He replied with a kind smile, "I saw that you were unhappy at the party that day. I didn't dance with you because I knew you didn't know how to dance. If I insisted on dancing with you, it would have embarrassed you, right?" It turned out that he had mind-reading abilities! "Now that you have learned how to dance, I will have a dancing partner in the future," he added. When the song was over, another romantic song started to play. As we danced to the music, Derek slowly lowered his head, gently rested his chin on my shoulder, and wrapped his arms around my lower waist. In the end, we found that we both just held each other tightly and moved slowly to the rhythm of the music. I could feel his breath falling on my ear, heavy and

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hot. Somehow, I sensed his exhaustion. A whole host of things had happened to him over the course of the past few days, including the breakup with Felix. I realized that it must be quite a trying period for him.

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