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My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 397 - 398

Chapter 397 Pregnant

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Alvaro looked at me and frowned. "What's wrong? Don't you like the food?"

I didn't say anything. Sweat beaded my forehead, and I felt queasy. It felt as if something was clutching the muscles of my stomach and wringing it out.

He handed me a glass of water. I rinsed my mouth and managed to stand up.

He poured me another glass of warm water.

"Are you pregnant?" 1

Hearing that, I choked on the water and coughed violently.

"Oh God! Calm down!" He patted my back.

I put down the glass, gasping for breath. My mind was a mess.

I closed my eyes and calculated when I last got my period. My cycle was delayed this time. I had always dreamed of having a child. I should be happy about being pregnant but couldn't now. There shouldn't be such a coincidence. Perhaps the pain was just the protest of my empty stomach.

"All right. What would you like to eat? You have to eat something." Alvaro was worried.

I shook my head. The mere thought of food made me sick. I didn't feel like eating anything.

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Later, Alvaro gave me a box of milk and said. "You shouldn't go to bed with an empty stomach. Drink this if you don't feel like eating."

After he left the room, I forced myself to drink the milk.

I picked up my bag from the table and took my phone.

After a moment's hesitation, I turned it on.

There were several missed calls, but all of them were around six or seven last evening.

It meant Derek hadn't called me since he took Becky away with him. 1

I felt sad and dejected. But on second thought, I realized I shouldn't care about this. Nothing could make me sadder than his decision to save Becky instead of me.

I put my phone aside and lay on the bed. I felt weak but couldn't fall asleep.

My mind was a mess. Memories of the past, and the time I spent with Derek inhabited my thoughts. The night I met Derek for the first time flashed in my mind.

If he hadn't heard my cries and come back to me, perhaps life would have been different.

I couldn't stop thinking about what would have happened to me if I hadn't met Derek that night. Maybe Shane would have caught up with me. I might have gone back with him, accepting all his unfair conditions, and he would have kicked me out like a stray dog in the end.

My acquaintance with Derek had helped me to keep my head high during my battle with Shane. I had also taken revenge on him to my heart's content.

Derek didn't owe me anything, but I was indebted to him right from the beginning.

Alvaro cooked vegetable porridge for dinner. It was bland and had less oil, so I drank a bowl of it. When the night fell, Alvaro said he would take me out for a walk.

He drove to the land beside Flash Village.

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I remembered coming to Flash Village when we were looking for Becky. The place was brightly lit that night, but it looked dark now, as if no one was there.

I saw the ruins beside Flash Village under the
moonlight.

Alvaro walked into the ruins, and I followed him. After taking a few steps forward, he came back and held my hand.

I tried to wriggle out of his hold, but he held my hand tightly.

He ushered me forward and stopped at a small open space.

He finally let go of me, dusted off a stone, and asked me to sit down before he plopped on another stone beside me.

I didn't understand why he brought me here, but I was curious as to why he had built a tomb in this place.

"Who is this tomb for?"

"My father."

In the past, Alvaro had always avoided my questions about the tomb. However, he gave me an honest answer today.

Noticing his desire to talk, I sat down.

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Chapter 398 Memory

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Alvaro picked up a thin branch and drew circles on the ground at his feet. The sand blew with the gentle breeze.

"You know what? Flash Village wasn't like this in the past. Gifford started his business with a quarry."

I nodded. Aaron had told me about it.

"My father worked in his quarry for about three or four years. On a cold, wintry night, when my younger brother and I returned home after school, I saw my grandmother lying weakly on the bed. My mother was sitting on the doorstep, crying. A neighbor told me that my father had died. But I didn't believe it because he was fine that morning. I still remember him asking me and my brother to study hard before we left for school. Well, people who haven't experienced loss can't understand how I felt at that time."

"IT can understand," I said.

I could understand how he felt upon hearing the news of his father's sudden death. The day the two policemen took me to the scene of my father's accident was deeply etched in my heart. I saw my father lying in the snow. It felt like a dream, and I refused to accept that he was dead. How I wish it had just been a dream.

Alvaro looked at me and smiled bitterly. Perhaps my understanding comforted him.

"Everyone told me that my father was crushed to death by a rock when they exploded the mountain. But I've always felt that my father's death wasn't as simple as that."

"Why?"

"Because when we went to the funeral house and saw my father's dead body, I saw he had lost one of his legs. If he was smashed to death, he might have been mutilated, but it was impossible for him to lose a limb."

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I had to admit that his analysis was reasonable. "Then how do you think he died?"

Alvaro tilted his head and stared into the distance as if lost in thought.

"I don't know. I suspect he was killed during the explosion, and his leg was blown off during the accident. My brother and I searched the entire quarry to find the missing leg, but we couldn't find it anywhere. Over the years, I've used to have dreams about him. Every time I woke up, I would feel his lingering presence by my side. I thought his soul was unwilling to leave this realm because he had lost his leg. So I wanted to bury him in the place he died.] thought his missing leg would be somewhere in the quarry, and he would rest in peace when he found it."

It must have happened many years ago because Alvaro seemed calm when he talked about it. However, the hatred in his heart was still obvious. "Maybe it was really an accident. You don't have to hate the entire Sullivan family for that. I don't think any boss would want his workers to die," I said.

Alvaro snorted with disdain. "He obviously wouldn't want any of his workers to encounter an accident because he has to compensate for it. Gifford is a stingy man. My father had been his faithful worker for several years and died in his quarry. But he refused to give us even a penny as compensation. My mother was disheartened and even committed suicide by drinking pesticide when we got home."

My eyes widened in horror. That was when it dawned on me that Alvaro and I had a miserable past.

"Let bygones be bygones."

"No." Alvaro's eyes darkened.

"I planned to let bygones be bygones after I took this land and built a tomb for my father. But I can't let it go now. My grandmother collapsed the moment she heard someone had blown up my father's tomb."

"I don't think it was Derek who did it," I said. Alvaro gritted his teeth. "Even if it's not him, it must have been his father. Not everyone can get explosives. Gifford ran a quarry in the past and had even got approval documents for the use of explosives. Although he closed the

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quarry later, I won't be surprised if he kept the explosives." Unable to retort anymore, I lowered my head.

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