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My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 403 - 404

Chapter 403 Disappointed

Chapter 403 Disappointed

As I cried, Derek cupped my cheeks in his hands and kissed the tears streaming down my face. His face was pressed against mine, and it kind of felt unusually warm.

“Honey, I’m really sorry. I’m begging you, please don’t be mad at me, okay?” 2

“I’m not angry,” I said.

When I saw the joy on Derek’s face, I endured my sadness and continued, “I’m not mad at you; I’m disappointed. And disappointment is different from anger. Whenever I’m mad, I just want you to coax me. But now that I’m disappointed in you, I don’t want to hear whatever it is that you have to say. Now, I’ve begun to think rationally if we should even continue our relationship.”

Hearing my words, he collapsed beside me as he held me tightly. It was as if he thought that I’d run away if he were to loosen his grip even a little. “Honey, don’t be disappointed in me.” The sound of his voice showed his desperation.

He wouldn’t let me go even though I was practically shoving him away.

“Derek, what’s the point of you doing this? You don’t have to lower your pride and apologize to me. You’ve clearly realized how you truly feel, and I don’t blame you for that. I’ve already told you that if you meet someone you really like, you can just tell me and I’ll agree to divorce you. So, let’s just get a divorce.”

Only I knew just how much pain I felt at the moment.

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"No, I don't want a divorce! I'm begging you, honey! Please, forgive me. Don't leave me. I will never agree to a divorce. Never!"

He embraced me tightly, burying his face on my neck. The warmth of his breath felt like fire to my skin.

Right now, he was like a pitiful child afraid of

being abandoned. It was ironic, considering I was

the one he abandoned.

I wanted to take his hand away from me, but when I touched his arm, my hand felt something wet and sticky.

Upon taking a look at my hand, I saw that there was blood.

"Derek, what... what's wrong with you?" I tried to shove him away.

As he hugged me, he murmured, "Don't divorce me, honey. I'm sorry."

I struggled out of his arms, albeit with difficulty. He opened his eyes and grabbed my hand. "Honey, don't leave... please! Don't go."

He frowned as though he was in great pain, and his voice was so faint.

I could feel that his arm was damp. But because his suit jacket was black, I hadn't noticed that he had blood on him. When I opened his suit jacket and saw his white shirt, I found that it was covered in blood. His blood had stained both my clothes and the sofa.

I was so scared that I began to tremble all over. "Derek, what happened to you?"

"Honey, don't leave me," he muttered.

My heart ached when I saw him at this pitiful state. I actually cared him a lot. How could I deceive myself?

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I placed a hand on his forehead, and felt that it was so hot that I immediately withdrew my hand.

At this point, I was panicking, and my mind became chaotic.

What should I do now? Should I just leave without looking back?

But how was I supposed to leave him like this? He once saved me at my most trying moment. The least I could do was return the favor and try to save his life.

“Derek, hold on. I’ll call an ambulance.” I fumbled for my phone with trembling fingers.

“No, don’t! Don’t call an ambulance.” He held my hand, and I noticed that he had his eyes closed. Just then, the doorbell rang.

I ran to the front door and saw Timmy through the peephole, so I opened the door at once. Behind him was a man and a woman. They each had a box in hand.

“He refused to go to the hospital, so I decided to bring the doctor here instead,” said Timmy.

At once, I let them in as though I had seen a savior.

Timmy, the doctor, and the nurse moved Derek to the bedroom upstairs first.

“Where did he get wounded?” I stood there, panicking and uncertain of what to do.

“Excuse me. Could you prepare us some hot water, please?” the nurse suddenly said to me.

I nodded and went downstairs to heat up some water.

By the time I went upstairs with the hot water, they had already taken off Derek’s suit jacket.

I saw just how much blood there was on his shirt and it made me feel weak. My hands and my feet felt numb at the sight of it.

The doctor was cutting his shirt from the cuff using a pair of scissors.

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"Honey, don't go!" Derek said in a muffled voice as he looked at me.

At the same time, he reached out his hand to me. The doctor looked up at me and said, "Please calm him down."

"Got it." I walked to the other side of the bed and held Derek's hand.

Once his sleeve had been cut, the wound on his shoulder was finally revealed.

I covered my mouth, staring at the wound in disbelief.

Oh, my God! Wasn't that a gunshot wound?

My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 404

Chapter 404 The Gunshot Wound

Chapter 404 The Gunshot Wound

The doctor cleaned up the blood painted around Derek's wound, and then he concentrated on the operation. Meanwhile, the nurse acted as his assistant, handing him the tools that he needed from time to time.

Derek must be in so much pain right now. Though he had his eyes closed and he wasn't even wincing, the beads of sweat on his forehead betrayed his true emotions. And at times, I could feel him gripping my hand even harder. 1

When the doctor was about to take the bullet out, I didn't want to look at it, but I couldn't resist the urge to do so. Once it was taken out, blood oozed out from Derek's wound. :

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Derek winced and groaned in pain. I helped him wipe the beads of sweat on his forehead. Afterwards, the doctor applied medicine to his wound and patched it up quickly.

He then handed me several bags of medicine and said, "These pills need to be taken orally. I've written down the proper way to take them. Make sure not to let his wound get exposed to water. Your husband is suffering from a fever right now, so ensure that he drinks enough water and eat light food only."

After accepting the medicine, I said, "I understand. I'll do that."

Soon, Timmy escorted them out. I noticed that he appeared to be worried. He glanced at Derek as the latter lay on the bed, and said to me, "Please take care of him."

Once they had left, I went back to the bedroom. Derek seemed to have fallen asleep already, but it looked like he was uncomfortable.

I walked to the bed and stared at his bandaged arm. I didn't understand how he ended up getting shot. It was then that I touched his forehead and found that he was still hot. Thus, I brought a wet towel and placed it on his forehead.

"Honey!"

Derek shouted out of the blue; his eyes widening with horror.

The moment he saw me, he breathed a sigh of relief and grabbed my hand.

"Oh, thank God you're here, honey!"

Perhaps due to severe blood loss, his face was as pale as a ghost right now. He was staring at me so intently that it made him look like he was afraid that I'd leave or disappear if he weren't looking. "Now that you're awake, you should take your medicine."

I withdrew my hand and went to get the medicine and a glass of water. Then, I helped him sit up and take his medicine. Afterwards, I helped him lie back down.

As soon as I put down the glass of water, he held my hand again and locked his eyes on me.

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"I'm so sorry that I broke your heart, my love." I didn't want to be swayed by his words, so I acted indifferent towards him.

"Let's not talk about that right now. Just focus on taking care of your wound," I said.

"Okay," he said, still unwilling to let go of my hand. "How did you get shot?" I asked.

Derek fell silent for a moment. Then, he said, "It's inevitable for businessmen to make enemies, so it's not surprising that some people want me dead." Though I didn't know much about business, I knew that competition was inevitable in the business world. However, I thought that nobody would be crazy enough to literally kill off their competitors. I thought he was lying to me, but I decided not to ask any more questions. Since he didn't seem to want to tell me the truth, I was certain that I wouldn't get a truthful answer out of him.

Derek kneaded the back of my hand with his thumb. "Why do you look thinner? Have you not been eating well?"

I ignored his concerned sentiment, involuntarily placing my other hand on my belly.

Then, I withdrew my hand from his, and stood up. "I'm going to cook. What do you want to eat?"

He stared at me and replied, "Cook whatever you wish to eat. I'll eat anything you serve me."

The doctor had told me that Derek should maintain a light diet for the time being, and I wasn't very fond of greasy food right now, so I decided to make some pumpkin porridge.

Derek's shoulder was badly injured, and it was inconvenient for him to move his arm around, so I had to feed him myself.

After helping him get up and lean against the headboard, I began to feed him; all while he was staring at me.

If I recalled correctly, something similar happened before.

I could still remember what he told me that day. "Eveline, I really want to live a happy life with you." When that thought crossed my mind, I felt a lump in my throat, and my vision became blurred with tears.

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"The porridge has gotten cold. I'll get some more from the pot."

I immediately sprang to my feet, for I didn't want Derek to see that I was in tears.

However, he pulled me down and urged me to sit. He then took the bowl from my hand, placing it on the bedside table. He urged me to lean against his chest and planted a kiss on my head. It was as if he was comforting me in his own way.

"I don't want to eat anymore. I just want to hug you," he said.

Truthfully, I missed the warmth of his embrace. But every time I thought of how he chose Becky over me, my heart would break and I would be pulled back to reality by my rationality.

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