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My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 453 - 455

Chapter 453

Chapter 453 A Woman Unafraid Of Guns

A day later, Alvaro came.

When he appeared at the door carrying my kids in his arms, I thought I was hallucinating.

I had missed my little angels so much. God seemed to have heard my wish, and he had delivered my children right in front of me.

No, it wasn't God who heard my wish; it was Alvaro.

As he held my babies in his arms, he walked to the bedside.

He was staring at me with a sullen expression, silent and visibly impressed.

"You are really something, Eveline! You're a woman unafraid of guns."

It took him a while before he finally broke his silence.

Right now, I felt sad and uncertain of what to say. Moments later, I told him, "Thanks for bringing my babies over."

Alvaro put Dexter and Edith beside me.

My children began to cry. It seemed that they were hungry, but I didn't have any breast milk to feed them at the moment.

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I had an injury on the upper side of my breast. Derek told me that because of the breast engorgement, I was now suffering from acute mastitis. The doctor had injected me some medicine to terminate lactation, so my body was no longer able to produce breast milk.

Seeing my little angels cry, I felt really guilty. I had left them back in Chinston and came to Sousen alone. And it broke my heart to know that I was unable to breastfeed them. Their cries tore my heart apart.

At this time, Derek walked in with two cans of powdered milk and new feeding bottles in his hands.

“No need to worry. We can feed them powdered milk. Besides, they’ve already been nursing from a bottle. You’re not in good health, honey. How will you be able to provide nutrition for the babies?” As soon as Derek put down the cans of powdered milk, Alvaro rushed towards him, grabbing his collar.

In spite of that, Derek remained calm. He didn’t fight back, nor was he surprised by Alvaro’s violent reaction.

“Derek, are you even a man? Are you so weak that you need a woman to take the bullet for you?” Alvaro was about to punch Derek, but the latter stopped him.

“If you want to yell at me or fight me, let’s wait until my kids are full,” Derek said indifferently.

At this moment, Dexter and Edith were bawling. And no matter how hard I tried to appease them, it didn’t work. Perhaps they were really starving. Upon hearing Derek’s response, and the cries of my children, Alvaro gathered his composure. He loosened his grip on Derek’s collar, staring into the latter’s cold eyes. It was as if Alvaro was saying “I can wait”.

Derek tidied up his clothes, and then he took out two nursing bottles.

“I’ve already finished sterilizing them,” he said. No matter how hard I tried to comfort the kids, it didn’t help. They just kept on crying.

Even though Alvaro was intending to fight with Derek a few seconds ago, he cast his anger aside and went to Derek’s side to help him.

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Alvaro opened a can of powdered milk, ready to pour some into the bottle using a spoon.

“Add water into the bottle first before you put in the powdered milk,” Derek remarked.

Alvaro paused, still holding the spoon. He didn’t want to listen to Derek.

“What difference does it make if I put the water first before the powdered milk?” he asked through gritted teeth.

“Like it or not, there’s a difference,” Derek retorted. Alvaro scoffed at him. “You seem _ quite experienced. How much time have you spent with the twins, huh? And for how long have you taken care of them?”

Derek didn’t say anything this time. Perhaps he thought it was pointless to argue with Alvaro about it.

Alvaro didn’t insist on putting the powdered milk before water anymore. However, he didn’t know how much water he should pour into the bottle. I could tell that he wanted to help, but he just didn’t know what to do. Thus, he put the bottle down.

After Derek finished making a bottle of milk, Alvaro took it and handed the other empty bottle to him. Then, he walked to the bedside, carrying the bottle of milk.

When Alvaro saw that both babies were crying, he hesitated on who to feed first.

“Since Dexter is the elder brother, he should let his younger sister drink milk first.”

Having said that, Alvaro frowned again, staring at the kids awkwardly.

“Uh... which one is Dexter and which one is Edith?” He probably remembered the last time that Derek dressed his son in pink in the hospital.

“This is Edith,” I replied.

They were twins, so even though one was a boy and one was a girl, they looked exactly alike. I had been taking care of them for several months, so I could tell the subtle differences between them. Alvaro held the bottle to Edith’s lips. And as soon as she started

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nursing from the bottle, she stopped crying. She just held the bottle in her hands and focused on drinking. From what I could see, she must be starving.

After a while, Derek finished the other bottle and put the bottle to Dexter's lips.

At long last, the kids quieted down now that they had their milk.

Now, the men were standing by the bed, staring at the kids. For a moment, they seemed to have forgotten their altercation.

As a matter of fact, I couldn't understand Alvaro. Even though he didn't like Derek, his eyes were filled with love every time he looked at Derek's kids.

While suckling from the nursing bottles, the twins drifted into sleep. And soon, I did too.

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Chapter 454 I'm A Doctor And She's The Patient

By the time I woke up again, Derek and Alvaro weren't in the room anymore.

Moments later, Aaron came in.

He was carrying a medicine kit, and he told me that he came here to change the dressing for my wound.

I was a little nervous when he said that he'd personally change the dressing.

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After all, the wound was on my breast. If he were to do that, I would feel embarrassed.

Derek followed him in. And judging by the look on his face, he must've already considered what I was thinking.

Seemingly having read through Derek's mind, Aaron smiled and asked, "What's the matter, Derek? I'm a doctor, and she's my patient. If you prefer another doctor to do the work, I'm okay with that."

Derek shrugged, smiling bitterly.

"Do you need any help?" he asked.

Aaron smirked and replied, "Actually, I do. Do you mind decocting the stuff I brought in just now? Once I'm done changing the dressing on Eveline's wound, you can give it to her."

Derek nodded in response. "Got it. Thanks, Aaron." Once Derek had left, only Aaron and I remained in the room. And because of that, I felt even more embarrassed.

Not long after, Aaron walked to my bedside, put down his medicine kit, and sat on the chair beside the bed.

I was so nervous that my body felt stiff.

Aaron remained motionless for quite some time, just staring at me and seemingly observing my reaction. Moments later, he chuckled and said, "Are you trembling, Eveline?"

Embarrassed, I closed my eyes. "Not at all," I replied.

Aaron laughed, knowing why I was reacting this way. "Look, Eveline, it's true that I love you, but there are many other ways to express love. Right now, you are my patient, and I am your doctor. Aside from feeling sorry for you and wanting you to get better, I bear no ill intention towards you. I swear to God, my intentions are pure."

He sounded so sincere that my tensed body gradually eased up.

I flashed him a smile and said, "Thanks, Aaron." Aaron smiled back. "So, can we start now?"

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After taking a deep breath, I nodded.

It was then that he took out a pair of sterilized gloves from the medicine kit and put them on. Afterwards, he unbuttoned the two topmost buttons of my shirt, and opened my clothes; revealing my wound.

I wasn't wearing a bra right now because of my injury.

It made me glad that he didn't open up my clothes too wide. Only the wound on the upper part of my left breast was exposed, and the other parts were still concealed.

Seconds later, he began disinfecting my wound and applied medicine to it.

I would be lying if I said that I wasn't nervous anymore, but soon, he finished applying the cool medicine on my wound. His gentleness and professionalism helped to make me feel at ease. "Eveline, your decision to leave Sousen might've been the right one. So, why did you return?" Aaron asked all of a sudden while he was tending to my wound.

Perhaps he was chatting me up because he wanted me to feel relaxed.

He was right. Why did I come back? After thinking about it carefully, I realized the answer. It was because I yearned for Derek.

"It's hard for me to explain why I do things at times, but I'm sure you can relate to that. Most of the time, decisions like the one I made are driven by impulse. I left on the spur of the moment, and I came back on impulse as well."

Having said that, I chuckled. "I don't think taking a bullet is a big deal. I remember how he got shot in the arm before. He even drove out in the middle of the night to buy some pumpkin pies for me." "Derek got shot in the arm?" exclaimed Aaron. It seemed that he didn't know about that.

Oh, that was right. When Derek got injured at the time, he didn't go to the hospital. Instead, he asked a doctor and a nurse to come to the villa and deal with the wound. Nobody else knew about it aside from me and Timmy.

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Truthfully, I didn't know how to explain this to Aaron. And honestly, I wasn't sure if I should explain it to him or not.

Fortunately, he didn't ask any more questions. Instead, he sighed and said, "You are something else, Eveline. Did you know that the bullet almost reached your heart?"

It turned out that it was a miracle that I survived. The bullet hit the upper part of my left breast. Derek was taller than me, so if I didn't block that bullet for him, it could've hit his heart.

When that thought crossed my mind, I felt both scared and lucky.

It was our good fortune that I came back on impulse and heard about Doug's plan. And Derek was fortunate that I took the bullet for him.

And thanks to God's mercy, I survived.

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Chapter 455 Feeling Sorry

Based on the look on my face, Aaron could tell that I felt lucky. He shook his head, letting out a sigh. He then tidied up my clothes and buttoned them back up.

"Eveline, you're a woman. Don't compare your body to a man's, and don't force yourself to endure things that you shouldn't, okay?"

I was so grateful to Aaron, and at the same time, I felt sorry for him.

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I felt sorry, because I couldn't requite his kindness. In order to take better care of me and the babies, Derek hired two nannies.

One afternoon, the children had drifted into slumber.

Afraid that I was dying of boredom in the room, Derek carried me downstairs.

There was an armchair placed under the eaves outside the living room, and he placed me on it.

A pile of snow lay thick on the ground, and the air felt cold.

Derek brought me a hand warmer and a thick blanket, wrapping me up like a silkworm pupa. "Do you feel cold?" he asked.

I couldn't help but laugh at the question. "Look at me! I'm almost sweating."

Derek smiled, visibly relieved. He then went to the yard, picked up a shovel and used it to shovel up some snow. Then, he made a snowman out of the snow he had gathered.

After making a snowman, he sat next to me, holding my shoulder.

I noticed that his hands had become red because of the cold, and it made me want to hold them. However, he didn't hold my hand. Instead, he held onto my arm and nestled in my chest.

"My hands are freezing. Don't touch them," he remarked.

Ever since I got hurt, he had been keeping me company. He was at home almost every single day. Although there wasn't much for him to do in the company during holidays, he probably had a lot of social gatherings to attend, considering how prominent he was. On occasion, I would hear him answering phone calls about dinner parties. But even then, he declined all of them.

The two nannies he hired were in their thirties. Both went to a university and received formal training. They were very experienced.

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Their division of labor was clear and well- proportioned. One would take care of the kids, and the other would do housework. They did this method in rotation.

And once the children had fallen asleep, they would chat with me about how Derek loved me so much. They said that they had served many rich families, but they'd never seen a master doting on his wife so much. In all honesty, it was so sweet that it warmed my heart.

While I was staring at the snowfall, I asked Derek about what happened on the cruise ship the other day.

"Have they captured Doug?"

When I mentioned the man, Derek's face became serious.

"No, but his cohorts have been caught. The police went into the sea in search of him, but they couldn't find him. Doug was injured as well, and the sea water was freezing. Chances are, he's already dead."

To be honest, I couldn't understand what sort of grudge Doug had against Derek.

"Doug was targeting you. But I remember that the police said that he's a wanted criminal who had escaped for a decade. Ten years ago, you were only twenty years old. It would've been impossible for him to develop a grudge against you at the time. So, what sort of feud do you have with him?" When I finished my question, he suddenly kissed me, sealing my lips and arresting my doubts.

We weren't the only ones at home right now. The nannies were here too, but it didn't seem like he cared about their presence. He still acted how he always used to. He would kiss me and hug me whenever he wanted.

Derek put a small bed beside ours, and insisted that the babies should sleep in the same room as us.

Each time that the twins cried at midnight, he would wake up before me and plant a kiss on my forehead before making the bottles of milk himself. "The kids are hungry. Go back to sleep, honey. I'll take care of them."

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