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My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 491

Chapter 491

Chapter 491 Why Did You Marry Me

It was midday on a summer day. I knelt in front of my father's tomb while the scorching sun belted down on me mercilessly.

Kevin's diary, together with the truth it contained, was placed before the tomb.

I thought that my father must be blaming me for being so stupid and not uncovering the truth over the years. He probably blamed me for marrying the son of his murderer, and further having the man's children.

"Dad, I was wrong!"

My eyes tingled and pricked uncomfortably. I just couldn't hold back the tears and they freely flowed down my cheeks. It felt as if my eyes had dried up from all the crying. My lips were so dry that there was not even a little bit of saliva to moisten my parched mouth.

I remained kneeling, like a form of self-punishment. Gradually, my limbs began to feel weak and I felt quite dizzy.

When I lost consciousness, I even felt a sense of relief wash over me.

It would be great if I just didn't wake up again. At least, I could go to meet my parents.

I had a messy, befuddled dream. I dreamed of Kevin, my parents, Derek, Dexter and Edith. They flashed before my mind's eye in my dream like a slideshow. It seemed like an inordinately long time had passed before I finally woke up.

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My head felt so heavy, as if it had been filled with lead. The first thing I saw after I opened my eyes was an intravenous drip.

However, I was at home in my own bed, not in hospital.

I heard the sound of pages being turned over. I turned my head and saw Derek sat on the small couch, reading the diary.

His silhouette was shrouded in a faint halo of light, as if the two of us were separated by a layer of golden glass. He looked hazy and distant.

My hands subconsciously grabbed the blanket, and the pain in my heart slowly came to life and became increasingly intense.

Derek raised his head and noticed that I had woken up. He put down the diary in his hand, got to his feet, walked over to me and sat down at the edge of the bed.

I looked at him without blinking an eye. My eyes filled to the brim with tears and overflowed.

This was the man I loved. I loved him so much that I couldn't extricate myself from him in any way. But at this moment, how I wished what had happened between the two of us over the past two years had just been nothing more than a dream!

"Have you already known about this for a long time now?"

I sat up and looked straight into his eyes.

He didn't avoid my gaze but looked at me calmly. "Yes," he admitted. 1

My heart was positively quivering with excruciating pain.

"If you knew, then why did you marry me?"

He looked at me completely helplessly. He hadn't answered me, but my heart had fallen to rock bottom.

"Derek, I feel that marrying you is the stupidest thing I have done!"

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I was so agitated that my voice trembled.

Derek took me into his embrace and didn't let me go, regardless of how energetically I struggled.

"Eveline, I know you are too agitated to listen to anything right now. Can you stop talking about it for the time being? You have suffered sunstroke. Let's talk about it after you recover and also have some time to calm down."

I cried in his arms.

"Derek, I really wish I had never met you."

His body stiffened and he slowly released me. His eyes were full of pain and utter helplessness.

"Eveline, you are livid and irrational right now. I won't take your words seriously. Just have a good rest." Derek left the room. I lay back in the bed, staring at the ceiling with empty eyes. Tears escaped from the corners of my eyes.

I hadn't felt so fragile for a long time.

Since I established the Jolly & Mayer Company, I had reached the peak of my life. I was no longer looked down upon, but respected and complimented by many people.

I was not complacent, but my mentality had definitely changed. My position and status required me to be able to withstand high pressure and didn't allow me to be weak any longer.

But the sudden cruel truth broke me down in an instant. I admitted that I couldn't handle such truth. I knew that when people were too emotional, they would make irrational decisions because they were overwhelmed. So I tried my utmost to calm myself down. But I found that I couldn't calm down and compose myself at all. After I knew the truth, my heart was filled with acidic hatred. The eagerness to seek revenge made me lose my mind completely.

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Chapter 492

Chapter 492 Innocent

Although Aaron no longer worked at the hospital, he came to see me regularly and brought me medicine every day. We didn't really talk when he came. All he told me was to rest well. 1

There was no way he didn't know what had happened. So he must also have known that it was impossible for me to listen to a single word of what he said at this point.

I had been bedridden for two days. Even when I heard the children crying, I was indifferent and didn't do anything.

During these two days, I thought a lot about my childhood and especially about my parents. I had never missed them so much as during these two days. Thinking about it, I was far from being a great daughter. The accident that cost my parents their lives was actually someone's doing and I knew nothing about it over the past years. I should have known this was all a set up. Now that I knew that, the guilt I felt almost overwhelmed me

Derek stayed by my bedside for two days. He looked after me as much as he could, personally bringing me each of my meals. As most of the time I ate nothing, he also had to leave with the untouched cold food every time.

I knew right away that Derek had prepared these meals for me himself. They were all my favorite dishes.

However, my mind was so overwhelmed with feelings of sadness, hatred, and guilt that I had no appetite.

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By dinnertime on the second day, I still hadn't eaten anything.

This time, Derek didn't leave with the food. He sat next to me on the edge of the bed.

He looked at me intently for a moment then suddenly asked, "Eveline, you take me as your enemy now, don't you?"

His words made me extremely sick to my heart. I looked up and stared at him blankly.

Was he really asking me that question? Of course I considered him as my enemy. How could it be otherwise?

Thinking back to everything I had gone through with him, I was in so much pain.

Although I didn't give a verbal response, the look on my face said everything there was to know. Derek smiled bitterly and said, "Since I am your enemy, you should do everything to be stronger so that you can stand up to me. Going on a hunger strike is doing your enemy a favor. Besides, if you starve yourself to death, how can you take revenge on me?"

I knew what he was trying to do. He was trying to get into my head so that I would make up my mind to eat. However, that didn't work. I just felt very sad now. Seeing that I was resolved not to eat, Derek took away the food yet again.

Aaron came at nightfall.

By then, I was almost fully recovered. After taking my temperature, Aaron removed the needle from the back of my hand. He then sat down next to me on the bed.

When he spoke, his voice was soft and conciliatory. "Eveline, you know, Derek was only a teenager at the time. At that age, there were a lot of things he couldn't control. Just like you back then, you could only accept the tragedy because you knew there was nothing you could do to change it. Don't blame Derek for what he didn't do."

I could see sincerity in his eyes.

In fact, I had time to calm down during those two sick days.

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Aaron left soon after. I then got out of bed and out of the room.

When I left the room, I heard crying coming from downstairs. I then headed for the stairs.

“Come on, be a good girl and stop crying. Mom is resting right now. She’s not feeling well. Don’t disturb her rest, okay?”

Derek was walking back and forth in the living room with the crying Edith in his arms. One of the nannies named Aimee was coaxing Dexter, while the other named Jenna was cleaning the house.

However, no matter how they tried to calm them down, Dexter and Edith were still crying their hearts out.

“Give her to me,” I said, walking over to Derek.

When he heard my voice, Derek turned hastily with an expression of surprise but also of gratitude.

He promptly handed Edith to me and I took her from him. I cuddled Edith for a long time while walking back and forth in the living room. After a while, she had stopped crying.

Shortly after, Dexter and Edith were finally asleep. Derek had the nannies carry the two children upstairs to bed.

The nannies complied promptly, so it was just Derek and me in the living room now.

I sat down on the sofa without saying a word. Derek walked over and sat down next to me.

“Honey, are you calm now?” he asked.

I looked at him and said curtly, “I’m very calm.”

He nodded and said, “Let’s talk calmly, okay?”

I agreed.

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"I always knew you'd have a real shock the day you found out about this. I figured you'd hate my dad, and even hate me because of it. You'd even feel like I had been lying to you all these years.

But honey, I want you to understand that I have nothing to do with this. I was just a kid then. When I found out, there was nothing I could do about it. So, honey, can you be more rational and stop taking me as your enemy?"

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Chapter 493

Chapter 493 I Will Give You Justice

I took a deep, steadying breath.

"I know I ought not to blame you, but I can't let go of the whole thing. My father died unjustly and my mother was put into a vegetative state. What kind of life have I lived since that incident? Now that I have uncovered the truth of the matter, how can I live happily with the son of the man who is responsible for killing my parents?"

Derek carefully and tenderly placed his arm around my shoulder. When he saw that I didn't resist his advance, he let me lean into his embrace.

"Honey, you are really not being fair, you know. You haven't managed to calm yourself down yet," he said. I thought of what had happened in the past and recalled the night that had completely changed my life. I gritted my teeth with all-consuming loathing.

I pushed him away, stared blankly at the coffee table before me and said, "I can't let the evildoer get away with what he's done."

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Then I looked straight at him. "Although he is your father, it's not right for you to shield him from the punishment he deserves."

Derek rubbed my shoulders with his hands, trying to calm me down since my agitation had flared up again.

"Eveline, I just don't want Grandpa to become depressed because he loses his son. Now, he doesn't have much time left. Don't let him die a depressing death, okay? I promise I will give you the justice you crave," he said.

Thinking of James, I could no longer be tough and harsh.

I knew that even though James didn't like Gifford, they were still father and son. If the old man came to know that his son had committed such a heinous act, it would be hard for him to accept it. If he even saw his son in prison, he would naturally feel heartbroken. I acquiesced to what Derek communicated to me. The following day was Kevin's mourning ceremony. The media had reported the great sacrifice that Kevin had made to save the students from the effects of the earthquake, so the ceremony was a very grand one indeed.

People who held positions in the government, the media, the teachers, the students Kevin taught and many ordinary people all came to attend the mourning ceremony of their own volition.

I went to the mourning ceremony dressed in black and saw Charlene immediately.

She wasn't crying. She was calm and collected.

She stood at the side of the mourning hall and slightly bowed in greeting to everyone who came to mourn.

I made three bows in front of Kevin's picture. When I turned around, I saw a person walking in through the main door. The muscles in my body stiffened and almost felt as if they seized up.

Belinda was wearing a black dress and accessorized with a big pair of sunglasses. She walked into the mourning hall.

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Lean followed close behind her. When he came in, his eyes were already bloodshot.

I fixed my eyes on Belinda. She lowered her head and slowly made her way through the crowd. Since she was wearing a pair of sunglasses, I figured that she didn't want to be recognized. But how could I not recognize her?

Especially after reading Kevin's diary and discovering the truth for myself, I despised her to the core.

She was not only vicious, but also wholly despicable. My tightly clenched fists were trembling slightly, and Derek was probably aware of it. He feared that I would become too emotional, so he reached out to hold my shoulders and pulled me aside.

I tried my best to control myself and maintain composure. I knew this was the mourning ceremony for Kevin. It wasn't the right time and place for me to get even with them.

What was more was that as soon as Charlene went overseas, she immediately received such tragic news. She couldn't bear to suffer any more cruelty. Although Lean didn't cry as bitterly as he did the day Kevin's dead body had been unearthed, his eyes were red and his sadness was quite clearly evident.

It was plain to see that his affection for Kevin was true.

Belinda didn't stay long. After a short while, she quietly made her way towards the door.

I had been paying attention to her the entire time she was there, so I noticed what she was doing.

I followed her out of the mourning hall in hot pursuit. She walked quickly to a black car parked on the side of the road, opened the door of the front passenger seat and got in.

When she opened the door, I saw another person sitting in the driver's seat.

I immediately rushed over and grabbed the door handle before the man could start the ignition.

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At that moment, I didn't think about anything else. I just acted without hesitation or second thought, completely succumbing to the control of a surge of hatred.

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Chapter 494

Chapter 494 Insufficient Evidence

The window rolled down, and Gifford looked at me. "Do you want a ride? I'm sorry. I have to go somewhere else."

He was still so arrogant and looked down upon others. The man was a murderer. I couldn't believe he had the audacity to be arrogant toward me—the daughter of the man he had killed.

Perhaps he thought the truth had died along with Kevin.

I gritted my teeth and glared at him.

"Good and evil finally get what they deserve in the end. The retribution will come sooner or later." Gifford's face froze. He looked stunned and flustered. The next second, I was pulled into a tight embrace. Derek hugged me tightly. I couldn't tell if he was comforting me or begging me to remain calm. Gifford and I looked at each other. I had an impulse to strangle him to death.

But I soon remembered James and suppressed the overwhelming hatred in my heart. My hand grabbing the door handle finally loosened.

The window quickly rolled up, and the car drove away. Derek hugged me and stroked my back.

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I could feel his racing heartbeat against my chest. I knew he was as nervous as I was. Maybe he wasn't afraid that I would risk everything but probably thought it wasn't the right time for confrontations. The next day, Charlene flew back to Los Angeles after Kevin's funeral.

"I have nothing left to lose here," she had said before leaving, and the words continued to ring in my ears. I forced myself to calm down after the funeral.

I returned to the company the next day and met my company's lawyer.

I told him about the accident as if it had happened to a friend and that I wanted his legal opinion. I had one important question in mind. It had been seventeen years since the accident, and I wanted to know if I could sue Gifford.

The lawyer said the diary was not enough evidence. His words shook my confidence. It felt as if a gigantic mountain was blocking my way. Gifford deserved to be punished for killing my father. However, getting justice didn't seem like an easy task.

In the following days, I met with a few people who used to work in the quarry. However, they refused to answer me when I questioned them. They either said they didn't know what had happened or remained silent.

Perhaps they had no idea what had happened or had heard some rumors but didn't dare to spread them and get themselves into trouble. I couldn't get any useful information from them.

It felt as if I had hit the dead end. Helplessness and despair consumed me.

I planned to go to Flash Village. I went there alone this time and didn't bother asking Ady to accompany me.

I walked along the road to Flash Village and came to the spot where my father met with the accident.

The ceiba tree was still there, and the flowering phase had passed. Fruits were hanging on the branches now. Most of the fruits had ripened and cracked, and the catkins floated around with the wind.

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I walked across the path—back and forth—and noticed a sharp turn and a long slope. My gaze landed on the warning sign on the side that read: “Accident prone area. Please slow down.”

Looking around, I recalled that windy, snowy night when my life had turned into hell. I thought of my father’s icy body; his face was covered with snow. The tragic memory of the past hit me with full force. Even after all these years, the grief still felt raw and fresh. Anger and hatred surged through my veins.

I continued to walk forward and arrived at Flash Village, which had been a quarry back then.

Looking at the quiet Flash Village, I slowly closed my eyes and pictured what the place looked like when it was a quarry.

When I opened my eyes again, I turned my head and saw a man and a big black dog standing near the gate of Flash Village.

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Chapter 495

Chapter 495 The Truth About The Past

The man was Alvaro. He must have been standing there for a long time, staring at the tombstone before him.

The black dog also stood quietly beside him.

As I walked closer, he heard my footsteps and turned around. But his face bore no expression when he looked at me.

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The tomb of Alvaro's father had been rebuilt. There was a bunch of fresh lilies in front of the tomb. Perhaps Alvaro had brought it with him to pay respects.

"What on earth happened back then?" I asked.

Alvaro looked at me, his eyes widened as if he was surprised to hear my sudden question. He examined my face and turned to look at his father's tombstone. "What's going on? What did you find?"

His lips curved into a smile. Perhaps he was amused at my stupidity or late realization.

I didn't return his smile. I stared at the tombstone for a while and suddenly looked at him.

"Did your father also die on the same day when my father died in the accident?"

Alvaro put his hand into his pocket, took out a cigarette box, and lit a cigarette.

"Yes. The same day my mother committed suicide by taking poison as well."

So he knew when my father died.

"What else do you know?" I grabbed his arm as I saw a glimmer of hope.

He blew out a ring of smoke and looked down at my hand clutching his arm. I realized I was too agitated, so I withdrew my hand.

"I was not there. What else do you think I'd know? I heard about what happened to your father, but I had lost my parents in succession. I was numb then—I felt death was inevitable, and no one could escape it. They conducted the funeral for my parents on the same day. My grandmother's hair turned white overnight. She was depressed, and the grief ruined her health. I stopped caring about anything else." Several years had passed. Although Alvaro seemed calm when he recalled the past, I could sense the sadness and hatred in his tone.

"Later, my uncle took me to another city to study, and I worked hard to build my career. The hatred was the fuel that drove me forward. I wanted to succeed one day and take my revenge."

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He smiled bitterly.

“In fact, I came to see you before I left Sousen. You were walking out of the alley with your schoolbag. Although you had encountered a misfortune, it seemed like someone was secretly helping you. You could still study in the former school.

You shouldered a lot of responsibilities like me, but you were a girl, after all. We both lost our parents, but our journeys were different. Hatred was the strongest emotion I felt. It kept me going.”

If I had known the truth then, I, too, would have carried hatred in my heart.

“I don’t know how your father met with an accident that day. But my intuition tells me that it has something to do with the Sullivan family. Am I right?” I bit my lip and said nothing.

It was indeed all their fault.

A few days later, we received the news that James was seriously ill.

Aaron had taken him to Wonder Hospital.

When we arrived at his ward, his eyes were open. Many people were standing around his bed.

Gifford, Belinda, Derek, Aaron, and even the director and doctors of Wonder Hospital were present.

James used to be the director of the hospital, and many old doctors knew him. They all wanted to see him during his last days.

James didn’t utter a word. He silently looked at his family and friends with tears in his eyes.

I felt that although the old man didn’t care about life or death, it seemed like he wasn’t ready to part with his family yet.

A lump formed in my throat when I watched him. Finally, his eyes fell on Dexter and Edith, and a small, relieved smile stretched across his lips.

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His body finally relaxed as his eyes stared into the distance. James finally departed the world with a peaceful smile. I felt he was finally freed from pain and had found his peace.

Tears streamed down my cheeks as I watched him. Although Derek and Aaron seemed calm, their eyes had turned red. And at that moment, I surprisingly saw the pain of loss in Gifford's eyes.

Was he capable of feeling pain? Only people with hearts could feel emotions, but he was a heartless man.

Time waits for no one. James had died even before his son could share his emotions and take care of him. Gifford didn't express his love when his father was alive and healthy. There was no point worrying about the lost times when his father was dead now.

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Chapter 496

Chapter 496 Grandpa's Funeral

I took my children to James' funeral.

Gifford glanced at me a few times during the funeral. It seemed that he finally gave me some attention.

My heart was filled with grief and pain of Grandpa's death, and I had no room for any other emotions. So I temporarily put aside my anger and hatred for Gifford.

Lean also came to the funeral. Although James had never regarded him as family, Lean was still his grandson by blood. It was natural for him to attend his grandfather's funeral.

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However, I was surprised to see Tina attend the funeral. I didn't tell her the news of James' death. I didn't think she had met the old man before, but she came to pay her last rites.

Tina held Lily in her arms. She looked at me and nodded. She didn't bother greeting anyone else, nor did she care about what people thought of her appearance.

Lean's eyes were fixed on Tina ever since she arrived. He looked surprised at first, then calm.

Neither Gifford nor Belinda showed any dissatisfaction with my and Tina's presence. It seemed like they had accepted everything for now.

Anyway, they had no right to oppose my attendance, for they knew very well that James would want me and my children to attend his funeral. They couldn't go against James' will.

The enemies were right in front of me, and I couldn't stop thinking about the sin they had committed. The hatred in my heart surged up as I thought about it. My body trembled with rage.

Derek stood next to me and held my hand. "Eveline, promise me to be calm and rational. They will get their punishment after Grandpa's funeral."

His comforting words seemed to calm me down.

I couldn't stop thinking about all the evil things Gifford and Belinda had done in the past. As much as I wanted to kill them with my bare hands, I couldn't do that to ruin my life. All I could do was collect the evidence and seek justice for my father's death. Although Derek had no idea what I was up to, by now, he would have understood that I was determined to take revenge.

A week after James was buried, Derek said that he wanted me to go to his father's house with him for dinner.

Why the hell did Derek ask me to have dinner with them? He should know I even wanted to poison the couple.

It was impossible that I went and had dinner with them.

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“Trust me, okay?” Derek held my hand and stared into my eyes. “I’ll make them pay the price for their mistakes.”

Derek asked me to leave the children at home so that only the two of us could go there.

He looked a little mysterious, and I didn’t know what he was going to do. But a voice in my head said that I should believe him because his eyes shone with sincerity.

Although I didn’t want to step into Gifford’s house ever again, an invisible force drove me there. I wanted to know what Derek was going to do.

After changing my clothes, I stood in front of the mirror and stared at myself.

Now, I was a successful woman with intense hatred. I didn’t know if I could calmly sit at the same table with my enemies and hold back my hatred, waiting for my husband to uphold justice and punish his father.

When we went out, clouds gathered around the sun. The weather drastically changed. The dark clouds floating overhead revealed it would rain any time. Derek wore a brand-new white shirt today. The shirt he wore today was different from the one he usually wore. It seemed more like casual wear.

Derek drove to the supermarket first, and we went straight to the fresh food section. I realized he was going to buy groceries.

I was a little confused when I saw him picking the ingredients carefully.

Since we lived together, Derek seldom went to his father’s house. He always gave me the feeling that he didn’t want to go there but didn’t have a choice. However, he seemed keen about visiting them this time. He not only bought food but also two bottles of

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Chapter 497

Chapter 497 I'll Take Care Of This

After buying the groceries, we returned to the car and drove to Gifford's house.

I was annoyed and restless on the way.

A wide range of emotions consumed me. I was in no mood to see the people who killed my parents.

However, I knew I had to. My stomach churned; I couldn't understand what I was feeling. I hated Gifford with a vengeance.

The mere sight of him made my blood boil. I wanted to tear him into pieces.

He had probably run a background check about me when I was with Derek, so he would have known everything. He had tried every means to stop me from being with Derek—not because I was poor, incompetent, or not good enough for his son. The real reason was that he had killed my father. Seeing his son together with me made him feel guilty.

He didn't think that I married Derek for the money or to use his contacts to improve my life, like I had thought. He was afraid that I might be with his son just to take revenge.

Since I had promised Derek to trust him and come with him, I suppressed my anger and hatred for the time being. I wanted to give him a chance to deal with the problem.

I leaned against the window and looked at the trees whizzing past as countless thoughts swirled in my mind. Just then, the car stopped, and Derek held my hand.

"Eveline, promise me to be rational and calm today. I'll take care of everything."

I looked out of the window and found that we had arrived at the gate of Gifford's house.

I turned to him. I could see the sincerity and expectation in his eyes.

I finally nodded. He smiled with relief, leaned closer, and kissed my forehead.

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"Thank you, honey!"

He got out of the car and walked into the house with the shopping bags, and I followed him.

After ringing the doorbell twice, Belinda opened the door.

She looked visibly shocked as if she didn't expect us to come.

My anger and hatred surged up when I saw her face. Derek held my hand, and the warmth of his body seeped into my skin. I thought about what he said earlier and calmed down.

Belinda looked at the shopping bags in his hand and stepped aside.

"Come in!"

Gifford wasn't around when we walked in.

"Your father is unwell. He is resting upstairs," Belinda explained.

As soon as she finished speaking, I heard the faint sound of cough from the stairway. Moments later, Gifford appeared on the stairway and trudged downstairs whilst coughing.

He first looked at his son and then at me. He also seemed equally surprised.

I wondered if Derek had planned the dinner without informing his parents.

"Dad," Derek called.

"What are you doing here?"

Gifford was on the first floor. He was wearing an old- fashioned short sleeve white shirt, which was tucked inside his trousers. A thick belt was wrapped around his waist.

"I bought some fresh ingredients. We can have dinner together. I'm going to cook now."

With that, he walked toward the kitchen with the shopping bags.

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Gifford cast an incredulous look at Derek as if he didn't know his son anymore. Perhaps Derek had never been this active and energetic in front of his father before.

Even I couldn't tell why he was acting strangely today. However, I trusted him. He would take care of everything.

Belinda's eyes widened. She looked at me and Derek like we had lost our minds.

I ignored them, lowered my head, and walked into the kitchen.

Derek put a fish into the basin and turned on the tap. He waved his wet hands and looked at me. : "Honey, please roll up my sleeves."

I walked over and rolled up his sleeves.

I saw him wash the fish and sighed. After a while, I took out the tomatoes from the plastic bag, put them in the basin, and washed them.

I couldn't understand what I was doing. 2

I wouldn't mind doing this if I wasn't aware of the truth. But now, I knew Gifford and his wife were the reason for my father's death, yet I was in their kitchen, cooking with their son and planning to have dinner with them.

Life seemed ridiculous. I was waiting for my enemy's son to seek justice for me.

My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 498

Chapter 498

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Chapter 498 Surprise

Derek remained silent the entire time he cooked. His entire focus was on the knife and pot.

The fish soup brewing in the pot gradually turned white, and the steam wafted in the air and enveloped him.

After cooking, he served all the dishes on the table. Derek washed his hands and placed the tableware in order.

“Dad, dinner is ready!” he called.

Gifford was sitting on the sofa in the living room, lost in thought. He slowly stood up and trudged toward the dining room.

He looked at the array of dishes on the table for a moment and sat down.

Derek took two glasses, filled them with wine, put one in front of Gifford and the other for himself. Derek didn't call Belinda, but she sat down with us.

I sat beside Derek, and Gifford and Belinda sat opposite us.

The surprise on their faces was apparent. I was equally shocked to see what he had done.

However, I knew he had a purpose behind this, so I was calmer than them.

It had been a couple of hours since I came to the house, but I calmed down only during the meal.

I chose to remain silent and show Derek that I trusted him.

“Dad, these are all your favorite dishes. I didn't know about it until Mom told me. Well, my cooking isn't as good as Mom's. But I'm sure these taste delicious.” Derek mentioned his mother in front of Belinda, which seemed to embarrass her. Gifford also had a complicated look on his face.

He ladled a bowl of fish soup and took a sip.

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"Hmm... not bad at all." He smiled and placed the bowl back on the table. "When did you learn to cook? As your father, I had no clue about it."

Derek raised his glass without answering his father's question.

The two men clinked their glasses. Derek gulped his drink and looked at Gifford.

"Grandpa told me that you were very happy when I was born and that you held me in your arms and didn't stop kissing my face."

A slow smile stretched across Gifford's lips as he recalled the past. "Well, I had become a father for the first time. Who wouldn't be happy about it?"

The four of us were sitting at the table, but only Gifford and Derek were talking. Belinda and I didn't utter a word.

"I remember when I was very young, I would sit on your shoulders and ask you to take me with you. It made me feel like I was the tallest person in the world. You were my hero."

"What about now? Have I changed into a loser?" Gifford joked.

Derek looked at his father, took a deep breath, and continued, "Later, you started spending less time with me. I would ask Mom as to why you stopped spending time with us. She would always tell that you had become busy. Mom has always been the most beautiful and kindest person I've ever known. I couldn't understand why you stopped liking her." Belinda's face flushed with embarrassment. If she hadn't intervened in Gifford's marriage life, Derek would've had a wholesome family.

I never liked Belinda. After learning about the shameless things she had done from Kevin's diary, I despised her even more.

Half the bottle of wine got over as the father and son talked.

Derek's face turned red. Gifford began to cough violently as he continued to drink.

As Derek finished another glass of wine and placed it on the table, I saw that he looked drunk.

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"I don't understand... Why couldn't you wholeheartedly love one person all your life? You stopped caring about our family. I didn't want Mom to be sad, and I tried helping her win you back."

After coughing, Gifford let out a long sigh.

"Let bygones be bygones!"

My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 499

Chapter 499

Chapter 499 Arrest

Belinda couldn't stand it anymore. She put down her fork and sprang to her feet.

"Enjoy your meal. I'm full."

With that, she turned around and stormed upstairs. Ignoring her, Derek continued, "Later, I was very disappointed in you. You not only broke Mom's heart but also... Well, you know being born in a poor family is a lot better than living in a wealthy family without love. Although I have parents, I don't have a family." The two men emptied a bottle of wine. Gifford looked at his son with unfocused eyes; his face had turned red.

It looked like he was having a good time. He didn't seem as confused and surprised as he was at the beginning. His shoulders relaxed, and a faint smile stretched across his lips. It looked like Gifford had understood something and was relieved.

Derek was a little drunk, but he still opened the second bottle of wine.

Gifford stopped him. "Well, stop drinking. What do you want to say? Just say it."

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Derek filled his glass with wine and gulped it down. Then, he put down the glass, stood up, walked to Gifford, and kneeled beside his feet.

Just then, I heard a soft rumble of thunder, followed by a downpour.

The rain clacked against the window.

“Dad, this is the happiest meal I have ever had with you. I don’t remember when I had a happy meal and a nice chat with you the last time. Cooking dinner and bringing wine ended up being a good idea, after all. If you’re full, it’s time we say goodbye.”

Just then, I heard the quick sound of footsteps.

The door flew open. A group of police officers rushed into the house and surrounded the dining table. Several policemen rushed upstairs.

Derek stood up and pulled me aside as I continued to stare at everything in a daze.

Gifford didn’t dodge or resist as one of the policemen handcuffed him.

He seemed surprisingly calm. Perhaps he had guessed this would happen after seeing Derek happily drink and chat with him.

But I had no clue as to what Derek was up to.

I didn’t expect Derek to stand up for me and bring justice so soon. I was proud of him for keeping his emotions aside and doing what was right.

“Let go of me!”

I heard a shrill voice from upstairs. After a while, several policemen dragged Belinda downstairs; her hands were handcuffed behind her back.

Her eyes widened in horror when she saw that the police had caught Gifford as well. She was frightened and desperately struggling to free herself.

“Why are you arresting me?”

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One of the police officers produced an arrest warrant and looked at them. "Gifford Sullivan, Belinda Woods, now we have enough evidence to prove you two were involved in a car accident seventeen years ago. According to the laws of the country, you are under arrest. If you aren't convinced, you can file an appeal." Although seventeen years had passed, it looked like the crime continued to haunt them till now. Hearing the policeman's words, Belinda stopped struggling. But her face turned pale, and her body was shaking. However, I couldn't understand what they meant by "enough evidence".

Gifford stood up from the chair and looked at his son. Derek was leaning against the wall, looking at his father with bloodshot eyes.

I knew he was heartbroken but trying his best to hide his pain.

Gifford seemed eerily calm, almost as if he had expected it. Perhaps he had been dreading this day for the past seventeen years. He was fully aware of his crime; living another day outside the jail was a good bargain. However, the truth would always come to light one day. Now that he was arrested, he didn't bother struggling.

Gifford remained calm as the police took him away. Belinda, on the other hand, continued to struggle and cry.

My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 500

Chapter 500

Chapter 500 | Only Have You Now

They finally left. The entire house fell eerily silent.

The occasional rumble of thunder and the pattering of the rain hitting the glass windows were the only sounds in the house.

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I looked at the messy table and thought about the father and son who were sitting there, chatting a while ago. Mixed feelings arose in my heart.

Derek was lying quietly on the sofa, with one hand covering his eyes. His neck and ears had turned red, so I guessed he must be drunk.

Although he was lying on the sofa quietly, I could still sense his sadness.

I walked up to him. He looked at me and pulled my hand, making me sit beside him.

His unfocused eyes looked at me. He tried smiling but failed miserably. The smile on his face vanished quickly.

He hugged me tightly like a child desperate for love and warmth.

“Eveline, I only have you now.”

The pain in his voice pierced my heart like a knife. I couldn't comprehend my emotions.

I should have been happy for avenging my father's death, but my heart felt heavy.

I leaned against his chest and sighed. “I also only have you now. No, we have our children.”

Derek kissed my forehead.

“Eveline, promise me that you will never leave me, okay?” His voice sounded hoarse after all the drinking.

2

I didn't say anything.

Today, with a double-edged sword in his hand, Derek had hurt his father as well as himself. And I was the reason behind everything. The knowledge hurt me.

Now that things had come to this, hurting each other had become inevitable.

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“Okay?” he asked me again, seeming a little more desperate and uneasy.

I bit my lip. Just as I struggled to say an answer, someone stormed into the house.

I sat up and saw it was Lean.

He was drenched in rain. He dashed into the house and stopped before us. His bloodshot eyes looked at

Derek, who was lying on the sofa.

“You still have each other, but what about me? I have no one,” he said breathlessly.

Then, he lunged forward and pulled me and Derek up from the sofa.

Derek didn’t move or resist. He stood still, letting Lean attack him.

I knew that Derek wasn’t completely drunk, but he was a mess now. Lean continued to vent out his anger, but Derek didn’t bother stopping him or fight back. He didn’t even raise a finger at him. Bruises formed around his cheeks where Lean had punched, but he didn’t fight back. Perhaps he had become numb.

“Lean, let go of him!”

I rushed over and pulled Lean away.

As soon as Lean loosened his grip, Derek dropped to the floor as he blankly stared at the ceiling.

I quickly held his head and rested it on my lap. Then, I turned my head and glared at Lean.

“Why did you hit him?”

Lean’s shoulders slumped as he sat on the floor with his head in his hand. His eyes turned red, and he looked like a child who had lost a fight.

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“Why? Because he is inhuman. It’s okay if he doesn’t care about my mother, but that’s his father, too! Doesn’t he feel bad about it?”

Lean’s words irked me.

“Why don’t you ask him about what happened and why the police have arrested your parents? They ruined people’s lives, so they deserve punishment.”

Lean pouted as he ran a hand through his hair. It looked like he no longer had the strength to fight. He slowly got up from the floor. His gaze flitted to the dining table that was full of various dishes. He trudged over and sat at the table.

Derek had poured only one glass from the second bottle of wine. Lean picked up the bottle and gulped down the drink in one go.

Then, he put down the bottle and began to cry like a child.

“I don’t have anyone. I have lost everything.”

Perhaps he had drunk too fast that his voice sounded hoarse.

I stood up, took out the diary from my bag, walked over, and handed it to him.

“This is Kevin’s diary. You will understand the truth once you read it. Kevin had loved you with all his heart.”

Lean looked at me and took the diary from my hand as a lone tear escaped from the corner of his eye.

“Dad!” He choked with sobs.

I leaned forward and put Derek’s arm around my neck to help him get up.

After taking a few steps, I stopped and turned around to look at Lean, who was sitting at the table. “It’s not that you don’t have anyone. It’s just that you have forgotten the ones you have.”

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His body stiffened as he turned around and eyed me quizzically.

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