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My Unexpected Marriage to the CEO by Pumpkin Witch Chapter 66 - 70

Chapter 66 He Didn't Sleep With Me

"Lulu, are you okay?" I asked softly. Louise turned to look at me with a listless expression on her face. "Something bad happened."

"What is it?" I walked over and sat at the edge of the bed.

She groaned and rubbed her temples before saying, "My head is still pounding." I looked around casually but found no one else in the room. "Where's Felix?"

Louise said nothing, just grabbed a note from the nightstand and handed it to me.

The words written on it were blunt: "You're in the presidential suite you wanted so badly. You'd better have a good sleep, or this would only be a major waste of my money."

I stifled a gasp. What did he even mean by this? "He didn't sleep with me," Louise said in a rush. Then she fell back on the bed, her hair falling over her face like a flimsy curtain.

"What did you say?" I asked, my surprise evident.

Louise rolled back and forth on the bed some more. Finally, she lay flat on her back and crossed her arms over her chest. She heaved a long sigh. She seemed rather disappointed with this turn of events.

I leaned over and poked her cheek. "Did you honestly want to have sex with him last night?"

"That's bullshit!" Louise slapped my hand away and grinned. "I had no such intentions. Still, for a guy to bring me to a presidential suite and not even sleep with me... It's embarrassing! I would be mortified if others hear about this."

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She let out a humorless laugh then, almost maniacal, and proceeded to roll around again. Her hair kept covering her face, so I couldn't see her expression clearly. But I could tell that she was confused, probably unable to process the complicated feelings she had at the moment.

This entire time, I'd been thinking that if Felix had really slept with her last night, then that would definitely kill his chances of pursuing a serious relationship with Louise. He hadn't, though. She had been drunk and alone in the same room with him, but Felix had restrained himself. This simple detail would surely have a great impact on Louise.

"By the way, isn't it your first day at work? How did it go? Did anyone bully you?"

Louise asked one by one.

"It went pretty well. My position isn't so important that people would begrudge me for it. No one bullied me, either, and my supervisor is very nice to me."

"That's good then. Well, you'd better go back to work. Now that you have your own job, you can start being more independent. That way, you can rely on yourself even if you lose your man. But I think that Derek is really nice to you. You have to cherish him."

As Louise spoke, she did another roll and propped her feet against the head rest. She didn't look like she was leaving the hotel any time soon.

Now that she had mentioned Derek, I suddenly remembered how he had spoken with the editor-in-chief behind my back yesterday. What on earth had they been talking about? Why were they so hell-bent on keeping it from me? It was true that Derek was good to me, but I never could see through him.

In any case, since Louise appeared to be fine, I felt at ease to return to the hospital. Shortly after I arrived, the director of the human resources department came to me and told me not to work the night shifts for the time being. He said that the night hours were usually hectic, and that I needed more practice before I dived into that kind of environment.

I considered this a blessing. Though I had often taken night shifts back when I was a nurse at Virtue Hospital, I had still taken a considerable gap between employments. It was good to have this opportunity to adjust to my new workplace first.

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The day went on uneventfully. When it was finally time to clock out, Derek called me and said that he would be waiting at the same spot he had dropped me off that morning.

As we cruised down the streets, I quickly noticed that he wasn't driving me back to my house. I asked him where we were going.

"It's your first day at work. How do you feel?" "Good," I replied truthfully.

Derek drove into the parking lot of a prominent shopping mall in the city. He parked expertly and opened the car door for me, taking my hand as he led me to the mall entrance.

"Are you here to buy clothes?" I asked.

He gave me a sideways glance before answering. "We're buying them for you."

I stopped short and pulled at his hand. "You already bought me tons of clothes last time. I haven't even worn them all yet. Don't waste so much money on me."

He seemed amused by the severity of my tone. He cocked his head at me and gave

"But you're attending a wedding on August 15th, aren't you? Don't you want to look stunning?"

I opened my mouth to retort, but my thoughts were interrupted by a familiar voice.

"What the hell is wrong with the salesclerks here? Why don't you allow your customers to try on the clothes you sell?"

Vivien was pointing at a poor salesclerk and shrieking like the shrew that she was.

Beside her, Shane kept trying to pull her away, his face scrunched up in a scowl. He must be feeling embarrassed by this little scene.

I hadn't expected to run into them here, of all places. The brands carried by this shopping mall were all globally renowned, and not a single article of clothing came cheap. Knowing Shane, he certainly wouldn't bring Vivien here to shop for clothes. He just wasn't that generous. It would be more likely that she had forced him to come here.

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The salesclerk was holding a delicate dress, which she subtly kept far from Vivien's reach.

"I'm afraid that you have misunderstood me, ma'am," the girl said politely. "I only meant that you are currently pregnant, and therefore cannot wear this particular

dress. I was only trying to help you, so you won't waste your time."

The dress was a beige evening gown with a unique and trendy cut at the shoulders. The fabric shimmered in the light, and the bodice was stitched up in intricate designs. It was a breathtaking piece, but unfortunately, it was also close-fitting. Vivien's belly was protruding slightly at this point. It was obvious she couldn't wear this dress.

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Chapter 67 Impulsive Purchases

"Actually, Vivien, I also think that the dress doesn't suit you. Why don't you pick out some other dresses?" Shane reasoned.

I had lived with this man for two years, and judging by the look on his face, I already knew what he must be thinking. It wasn't that the dress didn't suit Vivien, but it was because he didn't want to spend that much money.

"Why do you think so? Do you even have good taste? Just because I can't wear it now, doesn't mean I won't be able to wear it in the future!"

As a matter of fact, it was difficult for me to understand why Vivien felt no shame to make such scenes in public. How was she able to be this thick-skinned?

"Honey, I think this dress is perfect for you. I'm sure it'll look amazing on you," Derek remarked.

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His voice was just loud enough to be heard by Shane, Vivien, and the two salesclerks inside.

They all turned their attention towards us.

Truthfully, I'd rather not argue with these animals in public. Even though Vivien was a shameless bitch, I didn't want to stoop down to her level. I must behave myself. But then, I found her glaring at me with rage.

It seemed that a conflict was inevitable.

The salesclerk understood what Derek meant, and gave him a smile.

"This gentleman has good taste. And you, my lady, have a great body. I'm sure the dress will suit you perfectly. You'll look amazing in it. Try it on if you want!" Seeing that the salesclerk was about to give the dress to me, Vivien was so enraged that she snatched it away.

"No! I'm the one who picked out this dress first."

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The salesclerk stood there, smiling at me awkwardly as if trying to apologize. Vivien turned her attention to Shane this time. "Shane, pay the bill. This is the dress I want."

Since she wanted to buy it and she did find it first, the salesclerk had no choice but to sell it to her. "This dress costs thirty-eight thousand dollars. Swipe your card over here, ma'am." The price shocked both Shane and I.

I knew that he would never buy a dress for a woman that would cost him more than thirty thousand dollars.

"Shane, pay the bill. Hurry up!" Seeing that he wasn't moving, Vivien nudged him towards the counter.

After hesitating for a while, Shane muttered, "Vivien, the dress really doesn't fit you well."

When Vivien heard him say that, her eyes widened with rage.

"Are you saying that my figure isn't as good as Eveline's?"

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"I didn't say that." I could tell that Shane was morose and agitated.

Back when I was with him, I had never wanted to buy new clothes. But he disliked that about me, as I wasn't very good at dressing up. Now, he had found a woman who could dress up, but it seemed that she had no consideration if he could afford to pay for the things that she was demanding. They still hadn't held the wedding ceremony yet, but I could already see that Shane wouldn't be able to put up with this woman who was squandering his money.

"Are you going to buy it or not? Because if you're not, I'll take it off your hands," said Derek.

Vivien kept on staring at Shane. She didn't come to her senses until Derek took the dress away.

"Do you like it, my love?" asked Derek.

"I do, but..."

Before I could even finish my sentence, he had already handed the dress to the salesclerk. "Pack it up for me, please. Thank you."

I tugged at his sleeve and said, "I haven't even tried it on yet. I'm not sure if it fits me."

Derek stared at me with lustful eyes. "Who else knows your body better than me?"

I blushed and whispered, "I think I may have gained some weight lately."

He smiled at me and replied, "If you can't wear it yet, just hang it over the closet. Don't you like it?"

I was too surprised to respond. Then, I watched him hand over his card, and after a moment, the salesclerk respectfully gave back his card along with the dress.

Upon seeing that I had taken away the dress that she liked, Vivien was so angry that she stomped her feet. Moreover, Derek's generosity towards me made her disappointed in Shane. I could tell that Shane would be punished once they came home.

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The moment Derek and I left, Vivien felt so embarrassed that she rushed towards the elevator. Shane chased after her and tried to pull her back, but he failed. He had to get into the elevator with her.

If I was being honest, this matter did not make me happy. That dress was worth thirty-eight thousand dollars! It was almost as much as my annual salary.

“Aren’t you being too impulsive? There’s such a thing called impulsive purchases, and this is one example,” I whispered. Naturally, I couldn’t get mad at Derek.

He smiled, placed his arm over my shoulders, leaned over and whispered, “Being impulsive is good for us sometimes. We’re still young, and we need to be impulsive every now and again. Once we grow old, I’m worried that I won’t have the energy to be impulsive anymore.”

When he spoke, the warmth of his breath seeped into my ears, leaving it ticklish. I soon understood what he meant, causing me to blush once more.

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Chapter 68 Married Life

We left the mall and headed for the parking lot. Once we were back inside the car, Derek said he wanted to go out for dinner. I refused.

“You just spent thirty-eight thousand dollars. It’s too wasteful to always eat at restaurants on top of all the shopping you’ve been doing. I can just make you some homemade meals, can’t I? It would cost much less, and is guaranteed to be the healthier option. Or is it that you don’t find my cooking as good as a restaurant’s?” Derek glanced at me helplessly, licked his lower lip, and grinned. “Of course, the food you make is more delicious than anything I’ve ever eaten at a restaurant. All right, then, honey. Your wish is my command. Let’s go buy some ingredients and go straight home.” I felt a flush creep up my cheeks, so I looked out of the window and pretended to watch the scenery we were passing by.

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Night had fallen.

Derek had been acting odd these past few days. There was something in the way he treated me and talked to me that made me feel like we were truly a loving couple. I had to admit-it was a blissful feeling, and I kept finding myself wanting to indulge in it. Even so, the apprehensions and unease remained at the bottom of my heart. I had this vague fear that these wonderful moments might be taken away from me in the blink of an eye.

After all, the more wonderful something was, the more painful when you lost it.

I prepared two entrées and soup. We spent a harmonious time over dinner, then I went ahead and washed the dishes. I was just finishing up when I heard music drifting from the living room.

I wiped my hands and went out of the kitchen.

When I searched for the source of the sound, I found an old cassette player sitting on the living room table. It was playing a song by the Thorn Birds.

Although the device looked pretty ancient, it was still of a better quality than the old recorder I owned.

I looked around and saw Derek lounging on the balcony with Ugly.

The little fellow hadn't been here long at all, but it seemed to have already taken a liking to Derek. It was purring loudly as it licked Derek's palm. I knew for a fact that cats were very intuitive animals. They could tell people apart, and knew to pick out the bad ones. With that said, I must say that I had never seen Ugly acting this familiar with Shane. "Where did you get it?" I asked, gesturing at the cassette player.

Derek picked up Ugly and walked back into the living room. He sat back on the sofa, the cat still in his arms.

"It's just something I had lying around." I padded over and sat next to him to enjoy the music. Whenever I listened to the Thorn Birds, I always felt soothed and comforted, no matter how bad my day was. "They're terrible!" Derek remarked out of the blue, jolting me back to my senses.

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I shot him a disapproving glare. "No, they're not! They're very pleasing to the ears. Don't you find the male lead singer's voice magnetic and rather sexy?" Derek angled his body sideways and stared at me. A faint smile was dancing on his lips. And then he spoke, his voice deep and inviting. "Magnetic? Sexy?"

"Yes!" I insisted in earnest.

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Instead of getting mad, however, his smile grew wider, and his eyes sparkled with pleasure. His expression annoyed me for some reason, and I launched a throw pillow at him.

"Why are you laughing?" The moment the throw pillow landed on his face, Derek let out a short yelp and covered his eyes with his hands.

The pillow was stuffed with cotton and was very soft. How could it have hurt him? But then he bent over, seemingly in pain, his hands still on his eyes. Flustered, I leaned over to check what was wrong.

"Did your eyes get injured?" "Mm," Derek grunted and fell back against the sofa, his brows furrowed.

The eyes were a particularly sensitive part of the body. It would definitely be a serious problem if they got hurt. I was no longer in the mood to joke or banter with him. I drove Ugly away and reached out to hold Derek's head. .

"Get your hands off your face for a second. Let me have a look." He slowly obliged, though his eyes remained closed. "Can you open them?" I asked urgently. "Here, give it a try."

Derek began to open his eyes, ever so slowly, and then he was staring intently at me. Before I knew it, he had already grabbed my waist and pulled me close against his chest.

And then he was kissing me.

I knew it, I knew he was bluffing! I struggled in his arms, determined to give him a piece of my mind. But I was no match for his strength, and he just kept ravishing my lips again and again. After a long while, I finally managed to push him away. "What are you doing?" I spat out, visibly angry. I had been so worried about him just now!

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Derek flashed me a lopsided grin, then proceeded to undo the top button of his shirt. This exposed his collarbones, and I could see the distinct rise and fall of his skin as he breathed.

“Hey, I got hurt. I deserve some compensation.”

As he said that last word, the fire in his eyes burned brighter, and his voice turned an octave lower.

I knew the kind of compensation he was asking for. In Derek’s vocabulary, it meant lovemaking. At least when it was between the two of us.

My thoughts flew back to his hungry passion from last night, and I felt my face burn. He tapped me on the forehead. “What are you thinking about? I was going to make you feed me something nutritious.”

I had misunderstood him, and in the most humiliating way possible. Mortified, I raised a fist and hit his shoulder.

“You are so annoying!”

Derek caught my fist as I was about to land another blow, then used it as leverage to pull me into his arms again.

“Don’t be angry, honey,” he whispered. “Since you wanted to compensate me with your body, I will do my best to cooperate.”

I could tell he was up to something again. I broke free from his hold and plucked Ugly from the floor.

Derek reached out and ruffled my hair affectionately.

“Look at you, Eveline, you’re blushing again! Why are you so cute?”

I turned and threw Ugly at him, but he was too quick. He caught the cat and leaned back on the sofa with a smug look on his face.

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We were playing around, bantering, and laughing together. Wasn't this how married life was supposed to be?

I foolishly believed that our time together would go on like this, but everything changed the very next day, when I arrived at work.

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Chapter 69 Being Heartbroken

The following day, when Derek dropped me off at work, he parked the car a little far from the hospital.

The moment I arrived at the emergency hotline center, I saw a strange woman. Brenna introduced her as the pregnant colleague who would be going through the resignation procedures today.

At this moment, she was sitting on the chair, seemingly about to throw up. But she couldn't. She looked very uncomfortable.

She mentioned that she needed to go to the outpatient building to get her test results. I noticed how uncomfortable she was feeling. Back when I was pregnant, I would have similar episodes. And since I understood her plight, I offered to help her.

The administrative building where the emergency hotline center was located was at the back of the hospital. The building of inpatient department was in the middle, and the outpatient building was at the very front.

Soon, I arrived at the gynecology and obstetrics department on the second floor of the outpatient building and found her test report in the testing center. Just when I was about to leave, I suddenly stopped in my tracks.

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Despite how many people were waiting in line at the door of this department, I easily spotted Derek's handsome face amidst the crowd.

The woman standing next to him looked young, but she seemed to be in her second trimester of her pregnancy. Perhaps she was around five or six months pregnant.

I wanted to believe that this woman wasn't related to him, but my eyes weren't deceiving me. I had to believe it, because I soon heard her call Derek's name affectionately.

Derek put his hands in his pockets and turned his head when she called for him. He looked quite serious when he spoke to her.

The woman placed a hand on her belly and frowned, seemingly feeling uncomfortable. Derek said something to her, but I couldn't hear what he had said. He then helped her sit down on a vacant chair in the waiting area, and handed her a bottle of water. 2

As a matter of fact, they weren't that far from me, but he didn't seem to notice me.

The mere sight of them together left me heartbroken. All the warm and tender moments we shared these past few days became a lie to me.

In my heart, I viewed him as a responsible man. Had I been blind yet again?

I was uncertain if Derek noticed me, but he suddenly glanced towards me. Thus, I quickly took a step back to hide in the corner. By the time I poked my head out again, he had already looked away. 1

I had no idea how I walked back to my department, but when I handed the test report to the pregnant colleague, she kept on thanking me. Afterwards, I sat on a chair, absentminded and silent.

"Eveline, you don't look so good," Brenna said with concern. I shook my head and muttered, "I'm okay. Just a little uncomfortable, I guess." "What's the matter? Don't push yourself too hard, okay? If you're not feeling well, just ask for a leave. I'll hold down the fort while you're away," Brenna suggested.

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“No, that’s not it. I’m just in a bad mood,” I replied listlessly. After a long time, my phone buzzed and Derek’s name appeared on the screen. Seeing it made me feel so sad. I felt as though there was a lump in my throat, but I answered his call anyway.

“Do you miss me?”

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The sound of his voice was as comforting yet seductive as ever.

I leaned against the back of my chair, raised my head, and took a deep breath. “I do.”

“If you miss me, come outside. I’m at Wonder Hospital right now,” he said.

He admitted that he was in the hospital, and was asking me to meet with him so calmly. Had there been some sort of misunderstanding?

As soon as I came out of the administrative building, I noticed him sitting on a chair in the yard. Both of his sleeves had been rolled up. He had his arms, lazily placed on the back of the chair.

He looked so charming like this.

After taking a deep breath, I approached him. It didn’t take long for him to notice me, and a smile appeared on his face. The way he smiled under the sunshine was so damn attractive.

I looked away, forcing myself to be as calm as possible.

A lot of things appeared to be good on the surface, but I would not be deceived by such things again, nor would I let myself indulge in them.

He urged me to sit next to him, and soon wrapped his arms around me. I felt uneasy.

“Why are you here?” I asked him calmly.

“I came to see you,” he answered without hesitation.

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The way he decisively answered made my heart sink.

If he weren't lying, I would've held onto a glimmer of hope, but he was lying. And if he weren't doing anything wrong, why would he feel the need to lie about it to me?

"It's noon. Are you feeling hungry? Want to grab lunch somewhere?" he asked while twirling my hair around his finger.

I glanced at the lawn under my feet with unblinking eyes. I was staring at it with so much focus that I could even see the posture of each grass clearly.

"I don't want to eat," I responded.

"Is something wrong?" At last, he noticed that I was acting strange, and he sounded concerned about me.

Normally, knowing that he was concerned about me would make my heart beat fast. But this time, I was quite calm. "I just don't have any appetite," I responded flatly. Suddenly, he held my face and made me look at him, forcing me to look into his eyes.

After he stared at me for some time, a wicked smile appeared on his lips. "Did you get pregnant?"

I was not the one who got pregnant.

I gently nudged him away. "No. I just don't feel like eating right now. I'm at work, so I need to obey the rules and regulations of the hospital. I shouldn't leave my post so frequently. You should leave. I'm just going to have lunch alone later."

It worried me that he would be stubborn, but luckily, he just nodded and said, "Fine, but you should at least eat something. If you don't eat properly, I won't let you go to work again in the future."

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Chapter 70 Stalking

Once he had left, I went back to my workplace, and was absentminded for the rest of the afternoon.

I didn't wait for him to pick me up after work. Instead, I went home by riding a bus.

When I entered the villa again, I no longer felt a sense of belongingness, and I no longer felt like I was the hostess of the house. In fact, I felt like an outsider who shouldn't have been here in the first place.

But if I were to leave without a word, I would seem too unreasonable. So, I still cooked a meal, and sat on a chair on the balcony, staring into the distance with Ugly in my arms.

By the time the front door opened, it was already dark. There was no light around, so Derek had to look around before he found me on the balcony.

"Why are you here?" He reached out to caress my hair.

"It's a little hot inside the room, so I stayed here to cool down for a while. The food might've gotten cold already. Just go and heat it up," I told him.

"Have you eaten yet?" he asked.

"I have."

Truthfully, I hadn't eaten yet. The reason I lied was because I was afraid that he would urge me to eat. I was so scared that I wouldn't be able to resist how much he cared for me, and that I would just fall deeper into his trap of tenderness.

All of a sudden, he strode over and sat on my lap. He was so heavy that my legs felt numb.

He raised my chin with one hand, staring straight into my eyes.

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“What’s the matter with you? You looked so depressed during the morning. Are you feeling sick?”

Seeing that I wasn’t responding, he pressed his forehead against mine. I leaned back, but he held me in his arms, preventing me from moving.

“Or maybe... you’re actually pregnant?” he said in a nonchalant manner, with an impish grin on his face.

“What if I am?” I stared at him, not wanting to miss the subtle changes on his face. After staring at me for a while, he pinched my cheek, as if he was punishing me.

“Are you not sure? I told you at Qinben that if you want to take some birth control pills, it’s up to you. But once you get pregnant, you shouldn’t get an abortion. I’ll take responsibility for the child.”

“How?” I asked, wanting more answers.

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Suddenly, he leaned down on me, leaving me no choice but to rest my back on the chair.

As he pinched my chin, he said, “If you’re pregnant, that means I’m the father of the child. What else could I do other than to perform my fatherly duties? What’s wrong with you today? You’ve only worked for two days, but you seemed to have used up all your IQ.”

He was trying to make the conversation light, but I wasn’t in the mood to joke around.

He didn’t seem to feel guilty when he mentioned pregnancy and taking responsibility. It made me wonder if he had nothing to hide, or he was just simply good at acting.

Soon, I found that the breath beside my ear became heavier. Not a moment later, he slowly reached his hand into my clothes.

I held his hand, turned my head, and avoided his kiss.

“I’m too tired.”

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Fortunately, he didn't insist on having sex. In the end, he just planted a kiss on my forehead.

"In that case, you should go to sleep."

Thus, I went to bed without having dinner. In reality, I didn't fall asleep right away. The image of Derek with that pregnant woman kept on running through my mind. I wondered if it was the truth. In the end, I resolved that I needed to figure out the answer myself.

I had no idea when Derek went to sleep. Perhaps due to my refusal to have sex earlier, he didn't enter my room.

The following day, he still drove me to work, and I didn't refuse.

He stopped the car at the same spot yesterday. The moment I got out of the car, he suddenly called out my name. "Eveline."

Whenever he was in a good mood these past few days, he would always call me "honey". But seeing as how he called me by my name, I gathered that he was serious. 2

When I turned around, I found him looking at me with a stern gaze. "If you're still feeling uncomfortable, you should get yourself checked. And if you really are pregnant, you shouldn't go back to work. I don't want my wife to work herself to the bone, and I'd rather not have my child suffer along with you."

Such kind words left an impact to my psyche, but I soon calmed down.

"I would know if I'm pregnant or not."

After closing the car's door, I strode towards the hospital in hurried steps. Once I was inside, I quickly turned back and made sure that his car had turned around. Afterwards, I hailed a cab and told the driver to follow Derek's car.

I didn't impulsively follow him. I actually decided upon this plan after an entire night of contemplation.

I wasn't very good at acting, nor did I want to compromise. Thus, I decided that the best thing to do was to find out the truth.

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After a while, the taxi pulled over once Derek's car had entered the underground parking lot of a building.

I got out of the taxi and looked up. The building was nothing short of magnificent. Near the topmost part of the building, the words "Dere International" were written. It was office hours, so there were lots of people coming in and out of it.

I still had no idea what Derek did for a living. After living with him for such a long time, I still didn't have the guts to ask him. Somehow, I thought that if I asked him about it, he might think that I was after his money. Besides, he had never mentioned his job to me. 1

It made me wonder if he was working for Dere International.

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