

## My CEO Ex: Let Me Go. Chapter 1 - Chapter 1

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### Chapter 1: Chapter 1

"Mrs. Vivienne, the test results show that your uterine lining is naturally thin, and the fetus is not very stable at the moment. You need to be especially cautious with your diet and exercise. A thin uterine lining increases the risk of miscarriage, and many women who experience this once are unable to conceive again."

The doctor continued offering advice while preparing a prescription. "This is the medication list. Please pick up your medicine at the pharmacy."

"Thank you, doctor," I said, slowly rising from the chair.

The doctor added one last piece of advice. "Be extra careful, and don't overexert yourself!"

"Thank you, doctor. I will be careful," I replied with a smile and a nod.

Three years of marriage, and no one had been more eager than I was for this child to arrive. I was determined to protect him with all my heart.

After picking up my medicine, I walked out of the clinic and headed back to the car.

James Carter, the chauffeur, started the car and glanced at me through the rearview mirror. "Mrs. Hawthorne, Mr. Hawthorne's flight will be landing at 3:00 PM. Should we head straight to the airport?"

"Yes, let's go."

The thought that in just twenty minutes, I would be reunited with Alexander Hawthorne made a sweet smile tug at my lips, and my heart fluttered with anticipation.

Alexander had been away on business for nearly a month, and I missed him terribly.

On the way, I couldn't resist pulling out the pregnancy report from my bag, glancing over it once more. My hand gently rested on my abdomen.

Here, growing inside me, was our baby—mine and Alexander's. In just eight months, he would be born.

I really wanted to share this good news with him right away.

Arriving at the airport, James Carter parked the car in a prominent spot. "Mrs. Hawthorne, would you like to call Mr. Hawthorne?"

I glanced at the time, guessing that Alexander had already deplaned, and dialed his number. The call was met with an automated message saying the line was temporarily unavailable.

"His flight might have been delayed. Let's wait a bit longer," I said.

After a while, Alexander still hadn't appeared.

I called again, but the line was still unavailable.

"Let's wait just a little more."

Flight delays were common; sometimes, they lasted an hour or more.

Two hours later.

I dialed Alexander's number again. This time, the cold automated message didn't play. The call was answered quickly, and I heard a familiar, deep, magnetic voice.

"Vivienne?"

"Alexander, are you off the plane yet? Jim and I are in the Terminal D parking lot. Just come to us."

There was a brief pause on the other end, then a woman's voice answered instead. "Sorry, Alexander went to the restroom. He'll call you back later."

Before I could speak, the call was abruptly disconnected.

I stared at the phone screen, momentarily stunned.

I remembered that Alexander hadn't brought his female assistant with him on this trip.

I waited, staring at the now-black screen, hoping for Alexander to return my call.

Ten minutes passed, and still no call.

I waited another five minutes before I couldn't resist dialing again.

I waited a long time, until the call was almost about to disconnect, when it was finally answered. A familiar male voice came through—low and full of charm.

"Vivienne?"

"Alexander, where are you? Jim and I are at the Terminal D parking lot. Just come over."

Another pause. "Sorry, I forgot to turn on my phone after I got off the plane. I've already left the airport."

My smile faded instantly.

"Then... should I wait for you at home?" I bit my lip. "I have something to tell you."

"Alright, I have something to tell you too."

"I'll have Maggie Hayes, the nanny, prepare your favorite dinner..."

"You eat by yourself. I have something to do and will come back later."

I felt a pang of disappointment, but I responded calmly, "Okay."

Just as I was about to hang up, I heard the woman's voice from earlier on the other end. "Alexander, sorry, Vivienne called you earlier, and I forgot to pass the message along..."

My heart sank, and I furrowed my brows. Just as I was about to ask Alexander who the woman was, the call was abruptly disconnected.

I stared at my phone, pressed my lips together, and said to James, "Let's go home."

James, picking up on my mood, silently drove us away from the airport.

At dinner, I had little appetite, but for the sake of the baby in my belly, I still ate a little.

The TV was on in the living room.

Hugging a pillow, I sat on the sofa, frequently glancing at my watch, with no interest in whatever was playing on the television.

It was already 10 PM.

I yawned and, without realizing it, drifted off to sleep.

Half-awake, half-asleep, I suddenly felt my body lighten, as if someone had picked me up.

Dazed, I thought I caught the familiar scent and a hint of alcohol, murmuring, "Alexander?"

"It's me."

"You've been drinking..." I could hear the weariness in his voice.

"Yeah, had a drink with some friends," Alexander answered, his tone lazy.

The sound of running water came from the bathroom. I frowned slightly and turned over, trying to fall back asleep. But suddenly, the blanket on my body was pulled halfway off, and a warm hand rested on my waist, sliding down my curves with a teasing touch.

"Mm... not tonight..." I muttered, eyes still closed, half-dreaming, trying to stop him.

In my subconscious, I feared it might hurt the baby in my belly.

His hand paused, then eventually moved to my back. "Go to sleep."

I didn't insist any longer and soon drifted back into a deep sleep.

The next morning, I woke up to find that his presence was gone, and only the slightly wrinkled sheets proved that Alexander had been there. A twinge of regret hit me—how had I fallen asleep so quickly last night?

But it didn't matter. Today would be the same.

After washing up, I walked into the walk-in closet and picked out a white suit for Alexander. Pregnancy should be a joyful thing, so I also picked a red-striped tie and placed it at the foot of the bed, feeling a little excited.

Alexander had already returned from his morning run, dressed in casual clothes and sitting on the sofa. He looked up at me as I came downstairs, put the document in his hand down, and said, "Let's eat."

After breakfast, I took a deep breath, trying to keep the faint smile and anticipation on my face. "Alexander, I need to talk to you."

He should be happy to hear about the baby, right?

"I have something to tell you too." He lifted his gaze, his tone calm.

"You go first." I smiled sweetly, though unease stirred within me.

"Vivienne, let's... get a divorce." Alexander stood up, grabbed the document from the sofa, and handed it to me. "This is the Divorce Settlement Agreement. Take a look. If you have any questions, I'll do my best to accommodate you."

My heart stopped for a beat. I stared at him in shock, my mind going blank, as if I hadn't heard him clearly.

It took me a long moment to process it, my lips barely moving as I whispered, "Divorce?"

He wants a divorce?

Just like that, out of nowhere, he suddenly wants a divorce?

Everything came so unexpectedly, leaving me completely unprepared.

"We were both manipulated that night, forced into this marriage, and we never made it public. Since that's the case, it's better to end things sooner," Alexander's voice was calm, almost like he was discussing something trivial.

My face turned pale, and the air around me seemed to grow colder.

My heart felt like it was being squeezed, making it hard to breathe.

No, no.

I've loved him for nine years.

From when I entered The Hawthorne Dynasty at sixteen, to now, at twenty-five, at the peak of my career.

From my innocent first love to three years of marriage, these have been the best years of my life.

I didn't marry him out of necessity. I did it because I wanted to.

But to him, it was "out of necessity."

I took a deep breath, trying to steady myself, and looked him straight in the eyes, my voice trembling slightly. "These three years, haven't we gotten along well? Are you really sure? You want to... divorce me?" The word "divorce" felt like a heavy weight as it left my lips.

"I'm sure."

"What about Pop-Pop and Nana...?" I asked stiffly.

"I'll explain things to them." His answer was flat, indifferent.

"If I..." I hesitated, but in the end, didn't ask the question I really wanted to.

He seemed a little impatient and cut me off. "Isabella's back in the country."

Those words hit me like a dagger to the chest, blood rushing to my ears.

Numbly, I took the Divorce Settlement Agreement from him, my voice flat. "Okay, I'll take a look."

The explanations about being manipulated, about necessity, no longer mattered.

What mattered now was...

Isabella Blackwood, his first love, was back in the country.