

My CEO Ex: Let Me Go. Chapter 2 - Chapter 2

Chapter 2: Chapter 2

Over the years, our relationship, though not public, had been like that of an ordinary married couple. We talked about everything, lived each day fully and simply.

Every morning, I'd help him pick out a suit, tie his tie, and then we'd leave the house together, heading for the office.

In the evenings, if he had business engagements, he always updated me on his schedule.

He still asked for my company before bed, and there were times when we shared "special moments," occasionally enjoying a private hot spring bath together.

The goodnight kiss was our unchanging ritual.

No matter if it was our anniversary, Valentine's Day, or my birthday, he never missed a single gift. Whenever I mentioned something I liked, he always did his best to make it happen. He excelled at turning the ordinary into something special, adding romance and ceremony to our everyday life. He was the kind of man who could make even a regular day feel extraordinary.

At the time, I truly believed our life would continue peacefully and happily, until Isabella Blackwood came back.

Suddenly, I realized that the voice on the phone yesterday must have been hers. Isabella Blackwood... Had she already reappeared in his life? Had they been in touch all along? During his business trip, had they secretly met? Had they come back to the country together yesterday? Was he with Isabella last night?

The thought sent a cold chill through me, as though Alexander were slowly peeling my heart away. The pain was overwhelming—heart-wrenching and unbearable.

"Vivienne, don't worry. Even if we divorce, you'll still be a part of the Hawthorne Dynasty. You'll always be the sister I care about most."

Sister?

I had once been his wife, but now he was pulling me out of that role and placing me into the role of a sister. Three years of marriage, three years of intimacy, and this was the result? How could I accept that?

“We’ll talk about it later.” I forced a smile, lowering my head, struggling to suppress the emotions stirring inside me.

Alexander tugged at his collar, his deep gaze fixed on me. “By the way, what did you want to tell me earlier?”

I flipped through the documents in my hand, trying my best to smile faintly. “It’s nothing. The new quarter’s Apparel Collection Debut is finalized. There was one point I couldn’t confirm, but I’ve figured out a solution.”

There were some things I no longer wanted to say out loud.

“Alright, good job.” His tone was flat.

As the Brand Director of Vanguard Global Enterprises, I knew he never doubted my abilities. Time and time again, my designs and strategies had earned his respect. Any project I personally handled—whether in high-end fashion jewelry, clothing design, or other luxury products—quickly became a market hit.

“This is what I’m supposed to do. Well, I’ll head to work now.” I took a deep breath, trying to compose myself. I turned and walked away quickly, not wanting him to see my emotional collapse.

“Let’s go together.” Alexander suddenly spoke up and turned to head upstairs to change.

My steps faltered, a sharp pang of bitterness flooding my chest. My eyes instantly welled up with tears.

How could he speak so calmly about going to work together? After telling me about the divorce, he was still so composed and even invited me to continue living with him. It was clear—he no longer loved me.

“No need,” I swallowed the tears, quickening my pace. “Since we’re about to divorce, it’s better to be careful. We wouldn’t want others to see.”

I left him with those words, almost running out the door. I knew I couldn’t lose control in front of him; I couldn’t let him see my weakness.

After that night, maybe he thought I was just sensible and obedient, the reason he’d married me. I was always just a tool, an accessory in his life. But, darling, I’m sorry. From now on, you’ll only have your mother.

Alexander watched me leave in a hurry, his brow slightly furrowed.

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In the garage, I opened the driver's side door, but I didn't start the engine right away. Instead, I opened Status.

I scrolled through the screen, feeling an unsettling knot in my chest. Finally, I found something.

Alexander and some of his friends rarely posted updates, but there were always one or two exceptions. Third-in-line Sinclair, Victor Sinclair, was one of those exceptions.

I stared at the Status he'd posted yesterday, accompanied by a photo of a table full of fine wines. The caption read: "A warm welcome to the beautiful Isabella. Let's toast to her return. Soon we'll be drinking Alexander Hawthorne's wedding wine!"

There was also a celebratory emoji.

The location tag showed it was from the Members-Only Club, a place they frequently gathered.

"PA" A tear fell from the corner of my eye, landing on the phone screen. It refracted into a rainbow, reflecting all my helplessness and pain.

I gripped my phone tightly, the sharp pain in my chest almost suffocating me.

It turned out that as soon as Alexander got off the plane, he took Isabella to meet his friends. They all knew her, and they were even wishing him well. Meanwhile, I was left in the dark, alone.

For the past three years, our marriage, except for the Hawthorne family, seemed to be a secret to everyone. He had never introduced me to his friends. Even when we occasionally ran into them, everyone just assumed I was simply an adopted daughter of the Hawthorne family.

"Mrs. Hawthorne?"

James drove out of the garage, saw my car still there, and called out to me in confusion.

I quickly wiped away my tears, pretending not to hear him, and started the car to leave.

I knew I couldn't let these emotions interfere with my work.

Right now, the only way to distract myself was to throw myself into my work.

I opened Alexander's email, attached the brand project files, and clicked 'send.'

It wasn't long before Alexander replied briefly, as usual: "Approved. Make sure to keep an eye on it."

I paused for a moment, typed a quick “Okay,” and quickly delegated the tasks.

When I left work that evening, I received another message from Alexander: “I have something to do tonight. Go home first.”

I bit my lip, a sharp pain like a needle piercing my heart. My fingers trembled slightly as I typed a simple “Okay.”

In the past, he would’ve told me the details—what social events he had, or which executives he was meeting with. He would always share everything. But these past two days, a mere “I have something to do” was all he gave me, leaving me to face it all alone.

I knew that “something” must mean spending time with Isabella.

Alexander: “I brought you a gift from my business trip. I forgot to give it to you. It’s in the suitcase. You can get it yourself.”

I replied with another “Okay.”

Alexander stared at the brief response on his phone screen, suddenly feeling a surge of irritation. He leaned back in his chair, rubbing his temples.

At that moment, the Executive Assistant to the CEO, Jane Smith, knocked and entered. “BOSS, Miss Isabella Blackwood is here.”

As I left the office, I could still hear whispers from a few employees in the hallway.

“Was that the one who came to see CEO Hawthorne just now? She looks amazing!”

“Too bad she’s wearing a mask.”

“Don’t you think CEO Hawthorne’s girlfriend looks a lot like Isabella Blackwood?”

“Isn’t she that movie star? No way, isn’t she based overseas?”

“I think she and CEO Hawthorne make a perfect couple!”

“Ahem, Director Vivienne Sinclair.” Someone spotted me and quickly greeted me.

The whispers stopped instantly, and everyone turned to greet me. “Director Vivienne Sinclair.”

I lowered my head, my face expressionless, and calmly replied, “It’s after work. Continue with your tasks.”

With that, I walked away. My steps were steady, but my heart was racing. My eyes were slightly red, and my heart was full of bitterness.

I couldn't afford to stop, afraid I'd witness something that would shatter me.

Isabella had already come to see him?

We hadn't even divorced yet, but he was so indifferent. Not even a simple "I have something to do" could he be bothered to explain.

Behind me, the employees started whispering again, but this time, the topic shifted:

"Director Vivienne is both beautiful and capable. You always feel a little envious when you see her. She really is the BOSS's sister."

"What? Director Vivienne is CEO Hawthorne's sister?"

"Uh, not his real sister. She's the one that bastard forced Chairman Hawthorne to take in, or how else would she have gotten into Vanguard Global Enterprises?"

"Who told you that?"

"Someone from CCPR."

"Though Director Vivienne really is a good person."

I continued walking to the underground parking lot, buckled my seatbelt, and as I looked up, I suddenly saw two figures.

Alexander was wearing the white suit I had chosen for him that morning. His handsome figure looked even taller in the dim light.

Beside him stood a woman in a mask and baseball cap, her arm linked intimately with his. She tilted her head to speak to Alexander, and he turned slightly, listening attentively, his face full of warmth.

The woman seemed to be acting coquettish, shaking Alexander's arm. He smiled gently and nodded, his lips clearly forming the word "Okay."

Isabella Blackwood, his first love, had returned after three years.

The bright red tie stabbed my eyes with pain.

It had originally been chosen by me to celebrate my pregnancy.

But now, he was wearing it on a date with his first love.

