

## My CEO Ex: Let Me Go. Chapter 4 - Chapter 4

### Chapter 4: Chapter 4

I lifted my gaze to look at him. Alexander remained expressionless, his cold, piercing stare cutting through the air and landing directly on me, as chilling as frost. Then, his eyes shifted to Olivia, and in a low, harsh voice, he spoke. "You two really have quite the enthusiasm. As directors, you engage in a public altercation in front of your employees. Is this the example you want to set? How do you manage your team? What kind of place do you think this company is?"

At that moment, the entire office fell into a heavy silence. Even the air seemed frozen, and everyone lowered their heads, quietly averting their eyes, as if they were anxiously waiting for what would come next.

Olivia showed no fear. She responded in a calm, measured tone. "CEO Hawthorne, I was simply doing my job. It was Director Vivienne who barged in, yelling and slapping me. How could she do that? How can someone like her still be the brand director?" Her eyes burned with a mix of grievance and anger.

Alexander's gaze shifted to me, his eyes radiating an icy chill that sent shivers down my spine. "Apologize," he commanded, his voice as cold as ever.

I clenched my teeth, taking a deep breath to suppress the fury rising in my chest. I tightened my fists, my voice firm and resolute. "Director Olivia must apologize to me first before I apologize to her."

I knew that, as a director, I couldn't allow violence in the company. I had never denied that. I'd face the consequences later, but only if Olivia apologized first. She didn't deserve to keep pretending she was innocent.

Olivia's face twisted in dissatisfaction, but a flicker of calculation passed through her eyes. She turned to Alexander. "Boss, I really don't understand what I did wrong..."

I opened my mouth to retort, but Alexander's voice, colder than ice, cut me off. "Apologize."

That single word hit me like an unyielding command, crushing my spirit. My chest tightened painfully, making it hard to breathe. Though I wanted to resist, in that moment, I realized I didn't have the courage to defy him—not with that frigid stare of his.

I looked up at him, almost disbelieving, my eyes slightly damp, and my heart heavy with a bitter ache. This time, he didn't care about the truth. He only wanted me to obey. Alexander didn't care about the facts; he only cared about the outcome.

“I’ll say it again. Apologize.” His deep voice fell once more, as if sealing my fate.

I pressed my fingers into my palm, fighting to control my emotions. I struggled to force the words out. “Director Olivia, I’m sorry.”

Olivia smirked, her expression filled with smugness. “Director Vivienne, let’s hope this isn’t a repeat performance.”

Her tone dripped with the arrogance of a victor.

But I knew this wasn’t the end. My eyes turned cold, and my voice was as frigid as the winter wind. “But perhaps Director Olivia could explain why the Brand Ambassador was changed?”

Olivia raised an eyebrow, turned to Alexander, and answered without hesitation. “Of course, it was CEO Hawthorne’s decision.”

I froze for a moment, a sense of unease rising in my chest. My gaze instinctively shifted to Alexander, hoping he would offer some explanation.

Yet, he remained silent. Without a word, he turned and walked toward his office, his steps firm. “Director Vivienne, come to my office.”

I took a deep breath, glanced at Olivia, my heart conflicted. But in the end, I followed him.

The office door shut behind me as I walked in, unable to hold back. “Alexander, why did you replace Lena Ashford?”

Alexander sat down behind his desk, casting a fleeting glance at me as if not intending to answer directly. Instead, he casually asked, “How’s the Divorce Settlement Agreement coming along?”

My heart sank, and suddenly, all my emotions surged to the surface. I knew he was deliberately avoiding the topic, and I also knew he was forcing me to make a choice. My heart tightened, each breath feeling like it was tearing me apart. My voice trembled slightly. “I’ve been busy these past few days and haven’t had time to look at it. Since you’re in such a hurry, I’ll review it tonight.”

He was silent for a moment, his gaze becoming even colder, more unyielding. “Fine.”

His response was brief and to the point, but it was like a sharp knife, cutting through me, leaving me nearly breathless. In that moment, I could almost feel the coldness emanating from him.

"If... and I mean if... we had a child, would you still insist on the divorce?" I asked cautiously, my voice dropping to a near whisper, almost in disbelief at my own words.

Alexander looked at me coldly, his expression unchanged as he replied, "There is no 'if.' Even if there were, I wouldn't let it be born."

In that instant, I felt as if I had been ruthlessly drained of everything. All hope and strength seemed to evaporate. Disappointment filled my eyes. My lips parted, but I couldn't find the words to say anything further.

I lowered my head in silence, knowing full well what his decision was—no matter what, he wouldn't let go of this marriage, nor would he allow any unexpected events to interfere.

I took a deep breath, fighting to control the pain inside. "I understand."

Then, I tried to refocus on the task at hand, asking, "Since you've approved the plan, why replace Lena Ashford?"

My mind was in turmoil. For Alexander, the head of The Beautiful Ariana, to personally interfere with such a minor issue—it was a decision that left me confused and unwilling to accept.

"There's a reason for replacing her," Alexander replied, his tone still cold.

I bit my lip, unable to keep my frustration from spilling out. "Since the founding of V&R, I've been in charge of everything, and you've hardly ever interfered with V&R's direction. Suddenly replacing someone should have been discussed with me first."

He straightened in his chair, crossing his legs. His eyes remained indifferent. "Replace her with Isabella."

The name struck me like a bolt from the blue, leaving me stunned. I stood there for a while, trying to process it, before asking in confusion, "Replace her with... Alexander Hawthorne?"

Without hesitation, Alexander replied, "Yes." He raised a hand and tapped his fingers on the desk. "Isabella is going back to develop her career in her home country. This Brand Endorsement is very important to her."

I took a deep breath, feeling as if the blood in my body had turned to ice, the pain in my chest deepening. Every movement in the air seemed to slice through me, making my heart and lungs ache. In that moment, I realized deeply that I was no longer the one making the decisions.