

My CEO Ex: Let Me Go. Chapter 7 - Chapter 7

Chapter 7: Chapter 7

As the CEO of Vanguard Global Enterprises, Alexander frequently appeared in financial news. His striking looks, tall frame, and privileged family background—combined with his flawless reputation and lack of scandal—had earned him a huge following. People hailed him as the perfect hero, the ideal embodiment of success. Isabella, with her stunning appearance and professional achievements, was also a well-known figure overseas. Together, they were seen as the perfect match: the epitome of beauty and brains.

The public's fascination with them soared, fueled by an endless stream of online hype. Fans showered them with blessings, and a massive wave of OTP (One True Pairing) supporters began to passionately cheer for their union.

Before long, fans had created the hashtag #HawthorneBlackwoodLove on Twitter. Within just a few days, their follower count skyrocketed by tens of thousands. Writers penned heartfelt love stories about them, while artists crafted adorable couple avatars and even cute, cartoonish illustrations. Some fans even edited clips from Isabella's old TV shows alongside Alexander's finance-related news, portraying their "love" and boosting support.

I clicked on the hashtag and noticed one fan had changed their username to: "Did CEO Hawthorne and Isabella get married today?"

Their fans were ecstatic over every little thing.

They speculated that since Isabella went abroad, CEO Hawthorne had remained single, with no rumors swirling around him. Everyone assumed he was waiting for her return.

It was all so sweet!

But these words felt like sharp daggers stabbing into my heart. Every sentence made me bleed, leaving me in unbearable pain.

My fingers trembled as I held the phone, my throat tightening, making it almost impossible to breathe.

I was his wife, so why was he treating me like this?

I took a deep breath, forcing myself to calm down. Then I turned off my phone, stood up, and made my way to the CEO's office.

I hesitated for a moment before gently knocking on the door.

“Come in,” Alexander’s voice called from inside.

I pushed the door open, walked in, and stood in front of his desk, speaking with determination. “CEO Hawthorne, I believe CCPR’s handling of the Trending Topics issue is inappropriate.”

Alexander looked up, his icy eyes locking onto mine. “What do you mean? What’s inappropriate about it?”

I stood my ground. “After this incident, V&R will inevitably be associated with Isabella. It doesn’t align with Valmonté & Roussier International’s direction or future plans.”

In business terms, this was true. Online, people were calling CEO Hawthorne the ‘CEO’ of V&R. Isabella was endorsing V&R’s products, and in the future, whenever V&R was mentioned, people would undoubtedly think of her.

But personally, I didn’t want my efforts linked to Isabella. I didn’t want to cooperate with her—especially not in a way that felt hypocritical.

A cold smirk flashed across Alexander’s face. “Is this your honest opinion, or are you just making excuses for some failed plan behind V&R?”

I was stunned. “Why would you say that?”

He replied coldly, “Wasn’t it you who leaked the Trending Topics info? You’ve always had ties with the investors. You should know how much this could affect Isabella’s career.”

I froze, unable to believe what I was hearing. “You’re saying the Trending Topics issue was caused by me? This is how you see me?”

“Isn’t it?” Alexander’s voice was as cold as ice. “If you were unhappy with the terms of the agreement, you could have come to me directly. But instead, you resorted to underhanded tactics to target Isabella. She’s innocent.”

He actually saw Isabella as innocent, while I was being accused of manipulating everything behind the scenes.

I hadn’t done anything wrong, yet he refused to stand by me.

The pain was suffocating, like a punch to the chest. It was hard to breathe.

I held my breath, my lips trembling, but I couldn’t make a sound.

So this is how Alexander saw me.

We'd been married for three years, and yet he'd always misunderstood me like this.

"What? You can't speak?" Alexander's voice grew colder. "What's next? Are you planning to leak that we're married and deliberately ruin Isabella's reputation, turning her into a Homewrecker who'll never recover?"

My heart felt like it was being torn apart by a knife. My tears were almost ready to spill, but I forced myself to hold them in, looking at Alexander with a cold smile. "Isn't she a Homewrecker?"

Alexander went silent for a moment.

Suddenly, I felt like I was about to collapse. The emotions I'd been holding back burst out uncontrollably. "How did you promise Pop-Pop and Nana back then? And how did you act?!"

I couldn't control my emotions anymore. My eyes misted over. "If you had told me back then that you couldn't let go of Isabella, I would've never married you!"

"I'm a person too! Why should I keep letting you trample over me like this?"

I looked up, almost gritting my teeth as I said, "Isn't it enough that I've been letting you have her? Alexander! Can't you just be reasonable? If I really wanted to hurt her, I could think of a thousand ways to ruin her life forever!"

Silence. Stillness.

After a long pause, Alexander's voice cut through the quiet, deep and heavy. "I was too hasty... I'm sorry."

Sorry...

Ha.

Three years of marriage, and all he could leave me with was a sorry.

"I'm the one who should apologize. Whatever you want, I'll make it right. But this has nothing to do with Isabella. She doesn't even know I'm married, so there's no need to take it out on her."

I gave a bitter smile.

This is Alexander Hawthorne, my husband.

He says sorry to me, all while threatening me on Isabella's behalf.

I felt drained, too tired even to argue. "Do whatever you want."

With that, I turned and walked out of the CEO's office.

My back was thin, fragile, and full of sorrow.

Alexander watched me leave, his eyes narrowing, the darkness in them deepening.

Just then, his phone rang.

He glanced at the screen, then answered.

"Alexander, you saw the trending topics, right? I'm sorry, but if I'd been more careful, I wouldn't have gotten caught," Isabella's voice came through the speaker.

When she didn't get an immediate response, she called again, "Alexander?"

He snapped back to the present. "It's fine, I've taken care of it. It won't affect you."

"Really? Thank you so much, Alexander. You're so good to me."

After hanging up, Eliza couldn't help but comment, "That was a brilliant move. But what if Vivienne decides to go all in? If the news about your marriage gets out, what are you going to do?"

Isabella glanced at her phone's dark screen, confidence radiating from her. "She won't do that."

A woman's intuition is sharpest.

Isabella's POV

Three years ago, I had a feeling Vivienne had feelings for Alexander.

She hid it well, but I still noticed. For the sake of Alexander's reputation, I knew she'd never make a move.

But lately, every time I was with Alexander, it felt like something had shifted. He spaced out often, distant. It's better to get them divorced quickly, before things get even more complicated.

Vivienne's POV

Back in my office, I pulled out the Divorce Settlement Agreement from my folder, staring at it blankly for a long while. Finally, I signed my name, stroke by stroke.

Alexander's heart had already left me. Why should I keep fighting for it?

Three years of marriage, and this is how it ends.

From this point on, we're no longer husband and wife.

I called my assistant. "Take this document to CEO Hawthorne's office."

The assistant took the document and bumped into Jane Smith, the CEO's Executive Assistant, at the door to the CEO's office. "Jane, this is the document from Director Vivienne for CEO Hawthorne. Can you make sure he gets it?"

Jane took the folder, went inside to report, then handed it to Alexander. "Boss, this is the document Director Vivienne sent for you."

Alexander paused, took it, and casually asked, "What's this?"

Jane wasn't sure. "Director Vivienne didn't say. She just told me you'd know once you saw it."

He waved his hand, and Jane left the office.

Opening the folder, a string of words caught his attention: Divorce Settlement Agreement.

His breath hitched. He quickly flipped to the last page.

The signature section—my name, neatly signed—stared back at him, painfully perfect.

He had to admit, as the staff had said, my signature was indeed beautiful.

Even on the Divorce Settlement Agreement, it was flawless.

He stared at my name for what felt like an eternity, then closed the folder and set it aside. Rubbing his temples, he leaned back in his chair.

Not long after, I got a call from the matriarch of the Hawthorne Dynasty.

"Vivienne, it's me."

"Nana! Why are you calling?" I tried to sound as normal as possible.

"It's been a while since I've seen you two. I miss you. Remember to come home for lunch today. I'll make your favorite Beef Wellington."

"Okay, Nana, I'll be there." I understood. The elders must have heard the news and wanted us to clarify things.

"Don't forget to bring Alexander. Don't say he's busy. If he doesn't come, I'll have his legs."

"Don't worry, Nana, I'll make sure he comes."

I figured Nana must have called Alexander, too. When the workday ended, his message popped up: "Finished? If you are, come to the garage."

I replied: "On my way."

I arrived at the garage, found Alexander's car, and climbed into the backseat.

James started the engine.

Halfway through the drive, Alexander glanced at me and spoke softly, "Nana probably wants us to come back because of the news. If everything goes well, I'll bring up the divorce with them."

A sharp pain pierced my chest, and I nodded silently, staring out the window as the streetlights flashed by.

He was so eager to end this. He'd probably been waiting for this day for a long time.