

REMARRIED AFTER I SECRETLY DIVORCED THE CEO

When the Stars Forgot to Return My Wishes 1

“Ms. Lewis, your follow-up results are in. It’s stage 2 stomach cancer. Are you sure you don’t want to inform your family?”

“No need.”

As she stepped out of the hospital, a wave of hot wind swept over her.

Autumn slipped the report into her bag, her face a little pale.

In the third year of her marriage to Julian Carter, he had an affair, and she got cancer.

What a lousy script she ended up with.

But Autumn was afraid of dying, especially after getting cancer from being so angry at a man who couldn’t keep it in his pants.

At this moment, she figured it out. Newest update provided by [Find-Novel.net](#)

If she couldn’t hold the sand, then she would let it scatter.

After making all the arrangements, Autumn drove to the office.

She arrived at her desk, picked up a stack of documents, and headed to the office on the 17th floor.

She knocked on the office door.

“Come in.”

Autumn pushed the door open and walked in.

“What is it?”

The man looked up, his eyes settling heavily on her.

Julian had a handsome face, sharp features, and years of experience in the business world.

He’d long shed the immaturity of youth and carried the steady composure and authority of a man in power.

Autumn handed over a stack of papers, her voice gentle.

“This is from the check-up last week. The hospital sent it over. It needs your signature.”

She placed the report in front of Julian and thoughtfully clicked open the pen, placing it in his hand.

Julian rubbed the center of his forehead tiredly, didn’t even glance at it, and signed.

“Don’t bother me with trivial things like this in the future.”

“Alright.”

Autumn complied and tucked the papers away.

The moment she turned, she caught sight of a sliver of white fabric sticking out from under the large office desk.

She recognized that skirt—it belonged to her stepsister, Luna Lewis.

Autumn lowered her gaze, masking the mockery in her eyes, and strode away.

A few seconds later, a faint click echoed behind her as the door was locked.

They were that eager, huh?

Autumn’s heart plummeted like a stone into a deep lake, swallowed whole by the cold weight of it, leaving her chest tight with a breathless, suffocating pressure.

She looked down and pulled out the last two sheets from the stack in her hands.

If Julian had just looked a little closer, he would’ve seen not only her follow-up diagnosis confirming stage 2 stomach cancer, but also the final page—a divorce agreement.

Autumn met Julian when she was five.

That same year, her father had an affair, and her mother filed for divorce.

Her two older brothers were given to her father, and she was placed in her mother’s custody.

After the divorce, the mistress brought her illegitimate daughter, Luna, into the family.

Autumn and her mother moved to a new neighborhood, where she met Julian, who lived next door.

They had grown up together.

Julian once broke three ribs fighting for her.

Whenever she had a fever or caught a cold, he’d worry sick over her.

His social media was filled with nothing but pictures of her.

He had once promised to love her for a lifetime, and yet he was the first to break that vow.

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Autumn returned to her desk, set the documents down, took out her phone, and snapped a photo of the divorce agreement.

She sent it to her mother-in-law, Grace Palmer.

The day after her diagnosis, she had already gone to discuss the divorce with Grace.

Grace couldn't wait for Julian to divorce her.

Then, he could finally be with Luna, the heiress of the Lewis family.

A solid alliance with a powerful family was far more appealing.

And now that Autumn was terminally ill with no telling how long she could live, there was even less reason to keep her in the Carter family.

So, Grace promised that as long as Autumn could get Julian to sign the divorce papers, she'd give her six million as compensation.

The reply came back almost instantly.

“Got it.”

Autumn slipped the diagnosis and divorce agreement into her bag, then opened a drawer.

Inside was a resignation letter she had typed, printed, and set aside two days earlier, ready to be submitted.

Since she had made up her mind to leave, there was no point dragging it out.

Clean cuts hurt less.

She picked up the resignation letter along with a stack of signed documents and headed toward the CFO’s office.

Frank Miller, the CFO, a well-dressed middle-aged man with glasses, looked up in surprise when she handed over the letter.

His expression immediately turned anxious.

“Ms. Lewis, you’re resigning?”

Autumn had been one of his most trusted assets for years—the one person he could always count on.

Her presence had made his own position far more secure.

If she left, what would he do?

Autumn nodded. “Yes. Thank you for all your support these past few years.”

Because her marriage to Julian was kept private, very few people at the company knew about it.

Frank tugged lightly at her sleeve. “Is it the salary? I can put in a request for a raise and promotion!”

Autumn gave a small laugh. “It’s not about that.”

“You’re really sure about this?”

“Yes. I’ve made up my mind.”

She had already decided to walk away from Julian.

There was no reason to stay in his company any longer.

Seeing how firm Autumn was, the words Frank wanted to say got stuck in his throat.

He sighed, pulled out a pen, and signed the form.

After putting the pen away, he asked, “What’s the reason for your resignation?”

Autumn answered honestly, “I’m sick. Between work and health, my health matters more.”

A flash of shock crossed his face, and he said nothing more.

The resignation process took a month, and so did the divorce cooling-off period.

In one month, she would finally be free.

After getting off work and returning home, Autumn tore off the first page of the old-fashioned calendar she'd bought yesterday, crumpled it into a ball, and tossed it into the trash.

On the fresh new page, two bold red characters stood out—today was July 1st.

One month from now, on August 1st, she would completely leave this home.

Zoe Jones walked over with a plate of fruit, glanced at the calendar on the coffee table, and curiously asked, “Ma’am, is there a special reason you bought this kind of calendar?”

Autumn smiled and replied, “My birthday’s coming up. I’m using it to remind myself.”

Zoe looked a little doubtful.

Wouldn’t a phone reminder do the job?

Who still used paper calendars nowadays?

Though suspicious, Zoe didn’t press further.

She set the fruit down and went back to the kitchen.

“Oh, right.”

As she reached the kitchen doorway, she turned back, hesitating slightly. “Ma’am, I just called Mr. Carter. He said he has a dinner engagement tonight and won’t be home for dinner.”

Autumn plucked a grape, popped it into her mouth, and mumbled, “Mm, got it.”

Zoe was a little surprised.

In the past, whenever Julian didn’t come home and said he had a dinner engagement, Autumn would grow paranoid and call him dozens of times to check in.

Every little detail had to be accounted for.

At her most extreme, she’d even gone as far as installing tracking software on his phone.

No one knew what exactly happened after that, but she ended up in the ICU from a suicide attempt.

But today, she seemed unusually calm, not even a single outburst.

And when things seemed too quiet, something was definitely brewing.

The phone on the coffee table buzzed.

Autumn glanced at it.

It was a call from her cousin, Zack Lewis.

She slid to answer, and his cautious voice came through. “Autumn, are you off work now? Are you busy?”

She glanced at the apple slice in her hand. “Not busy. I just got off. What’s up?”

Zack hesitated for a moment, then said, “Well, I got a promotion and a raise. And Mom and Dad said they haven’t seen you in a while. We were hoping you’d join us for dinner tonight.”

“Sure,” she replied.

“I’ll come pick you up.”

After hanging up, Autumn got to her feet.

She told Zoe she’d be going out and wouldn’t be home for dinner, then left the villa.

Zoe watched her from behind, wanting to say something but holding back.

“Damn it,” she thought. “I knew it. With how controlling she’s always been with Mr. Carter, how could she just sit still?”

It turned out, Autumn was planning something big.

...

As Autumn walked, she glanced down at the message Zack had just sent her.

His car had run out of gas, so he asked her to wait a little.

Autumn replied with a simple “okay.” Content originally comes from Find[N]ovel.net

Zack was the son of her third uncle, three years older than her.

He was twenty-seven this year and still single, much to the frustration of his parents.

Every time they urged him to settle down, Zack would let it go in one ear and out the other.

He never took the matter seriously.

Autumn rarely kept in touch with the rest of the Lewis family, but she remained close to her third uncle’s household.

Her uncle and aunt, unable to have a daughter of their own, had always doted on Autumn like she was theirs.

Back when her mother walked away from the marriage without taking a cent and moved out of the Lewis home, it was her third uncle’s family who supported them through those hard times.

They were the ones who had truly stood by her and her mother.

She stepped out of the residential complex, and within minutes, her phone rang.

It was Zack.

“Autumn, it’s rush hour now. A friend of mine happens to be passing by your area, so I asked him to pick you up.”

Before he even finished speaking, a black Bentley pulled up in front of her.

Before she could react, the window rolled down.

What appeared was a face that felt both familiar and distant.

Still holding her phone, Autumn forced herself to speak.

“I think... I see him.”

The man had sharp, defined features.

He wore a black shirt with the sleeves rolled high, revealing his strong forearms.

As he lifted his eyes to look at her, memories from five years ago surfaced.

Back then, the girl used to follow him around with a textbook in hand, calling his name sweetly, and begging him to explain things to her.

Now, after all these years, the innocence from her youth had faded, replaced by a touch of quiet maturity.

She wore a fitted smoky lavender dress, her hair pulled up into a high ponytail.

There was a flicker of hesitation in her eyes.

She was much thinner than he remembered.

His gaze, already deep, darkened further.

Then his lips parted, and he said just two words.

“Get in.”

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After years apart, the man was just as distinguished and aloof as ever.

If anything, he seemed even more composed and mature now.

Five years ago, when Autumn visited her uncle's countryside home, he rescued a man who had fallen from a cliff.

That man was none other than Keith Sinclair.

It wasn't until later that she found out he was a Sinclair—part of the most powerful family in Northhaven.

The Sinclair family was wealthy, influential, and untouchable.

And as the sole heir to the Sinclair family, Keith controlled nearly half the region's economy.

He was a true prince of power.

Even the headlights shining on him seemed to cast him in gold.

After hanging up the phone, Autumn smiled and greeted him, “It’s been a while. How have you been?”

Keith gave a simple, detached response. “Fine.”

Autumn pressed her lips together.

Her cousin really had come a long way.

He actually moved in the same circles as Keith now.

She climbed into the backseat and sat up straight, placing her hands on her knees.

It felt like being a student facing a strict teacher—rigid and alert, afraid one wrong move might get her scolded.

A man like him didn’t need to speak to command a room.

The air in the car was already heavy with silent authority.

When they reached the hotel entrance, Autumn quickly thanked him and opened the car door.

Keith narrowed his eyes slightly.

Was she really that afraid of him?

Inside the elevator, it was just the two of them again.

That invisible pressure returned in full force.

Keith spoke. "How's your uncle?"

Autumn paused.

Her eyes misted over at his words. "He passed away six months ago."

She tried to keep her voice steady, but there was still a trace of pain.

His death had been sudden. It took her a long time to come to terms with it.

Back then, if her uncle hadn't taken them in, she and her mother would've ended up on the streets.

Keith paused for a moment, his gaze darkening.

He'd been overseas these past few years and had only recently returned, so he wasn't up to date on what had happened locally.

His eyes narrowed slightly, a trace of regret flickering through them.

He reached out and gently patted Autumn on the head. "My condolences."

Caught off guard by Keith's gesture, Autumn froze for a few seconds before quickly lowering her head.

The elevator soon reached the third floor.

As they passed by a private room with the door ajar, Autumn came to a sudden stop.

Keith followed her gaze.

Inside, a group of people were laughing and cheering around a large cake on the table.

A man and a woman stood with their backs to them in front of the cake.

The man was putting a necklace around the woman's neck. Check latest chapters at [Find_Novel\(.\)net](#)

The scene stung Autumn's eyes.

Her gaze reddened with unshed tears.

Keith looked down at her. "You know them?"

"Yeah."

Autumn took a breath, trying to sound calm. "The man standing there is my husband. The woman is his mistress—the one he's been hiding away. She's also my half-sister."

The necklace Julian was putting on Luna had been a limited-edition piece he'd reserved at the jewelry store months in advance.

He'd told Autumn it was a birthday gift for her.

But now, he was giving it to another woman.

How ironic.

People always said dirty laundry shouldn't be aired in public, but Julian had been fooling around with other women for years.

Everyone around her knew and kept it from her.

Behind her back, she'd become the joke of their social circle.

Her pride had long been crushed.

Besides, the divorce would be finalized in a month, so there was nothing left to hide.

Suppressing the bitterness rising in her chest, Autumn turned her gaze away and walked toward another private room.

Keith's eyes lingered on her back for a few seconds before he suddenly called out to her.

"Autumn."

Hearing his voice, Autumn turned around to look at him.

"Your uncle may be gone, but I still owe him my life. I'll grant you one wish," Keith said as he stepped closer, his deep voice sounding above her. "Anything you want."

Autumn's eyes lit up.

How generous!

The prince really was kind!

She bowed her head slightly in gratitude. "Alright... thank you, thank you."

...

When they entered the private room, Autumn greeted them politely. “Uncle, Aunt, Zack.”

Her aunt, Lily Cook, pulled Autumn to sit beside her.

Seeing how much weight she’d lost, she couldn’t help but ask with concern, “Why are you this thin? Have you been skipping meals again because of work?”

Autumn touched her thin face, not sure how to respond.

She really did lose track of everything once she started working.

She often forgot to eat, only realizing it when the hunger turned into stomach pain.

That was why she always carried antacids, popping one whenever it started to hurt.

If it hadn’t been for last week’s check-up, Autumn wouldn’t have known she had stomach cancer.

She had always assumed it was just a chronic gastric problem.

According to the doctor, the cancer wasn’t only caused by her irregular meals and skipping food.

It was also due to long-term emotional stress and depression.

Bottled-up emotions were harmful, especially for a young woman.

She couldn't afford to hold on to resentment for too long.

Luna's mother had been the infamous mistress who stole someone's husband back then, and now Luna herself was following in her footsteps and stealing someone else's man.

Autumn scoffed at herself.

And she? She'd nearly destroyed herself over that pair of scumbags.

What a fool.

Now, aside from taking her anti-cancer meds, she also had to follow a strict diet, eat on schedule, and keep her mood light.

The moment she stopped caring about those two, even her darkest days felt brighter.

Seeing Autumn remain silent, Lily looked at her with concern. “Autumn, are you listening to me?”

Snapping out of it, Autumn smiled and replied, “Aunt Lily, I’ve been eating well. Maybe it’s just the heat and I’ve been wearing lighter clothes, so I probably look thinner.”

At that moment, her uncle, Henry Lewis, handed her a menu. “Autumn, pick whatever you like. Don’t worry about Zack’s wallet. He got promoted today. We’re here to celebrate.”

Autumn took the menu. “Congrats, Zack.”

Zack smiled and nodded. “Don’t be polite with me. Order whatever you’re in the mood for.”

Autumn glanced at the menu and casually picked a few of the cheaper dishes.

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Henry glanced at the dishes Autumn had ordered and frowned.

“Why only vegetables? There’s no nutrition in these. You need to eat more meat. Look how thin you are.”

As he spoke, he took the menu and ordered several of her favorite dishes.

During the meal, Lily kept placing food onto Autumn’s plate.

They were all the dishes she used to love.

But Autumn hadn't had much of an appetite lately.

After a few bites, she couldn't eat any more.

Noticing this, Lily asked with concern, "Autumn, what's wrong? Don't like the food?"

Autumn shook her head. "No, I ate something earlier, so I'm not really hungry right now."

The truth was, ever since her diagnosis, her appetite had vanished.

But she couldn't tell them because she didn't want to worry them.

After a bit more time passed, her stomach began to feel uncomfortable, so she stood up, excusing herself to use the restroom.

As she passed by the smoking lounge, she heard a few familiar voices—it was Julian's friends.

"Julian, you're not going home tonight? Isn't your wife calling to check on you?"

"With how clingy she is? No way she's not checking. He probably just sweet-talked her again."

"She's such a pain. Always checking up on him. No wonder Julian's tired of her. After all these years, the spark's long gone."

"Exactly. That Luna's way better than Autumn. She has better looks, figure, and background. Honestly, even I'd be tempted."

The fact that his friends could talk about her so freely meant Julian had never bothered to stop them from speaking badly of her.

Autumn lowered her eyes and gave a bitter smile before turning to leave.

Julian stayed silent, taking a drag of his cigarette and slowly exhaling through the haze.

Then, through the curling smoke, he suddenly caught a glimpse of a familiar figure.

Instinctively, he stubbed out the cigarette and tossed it into a nearby bin, then strode out.

His friends, seeing him move, quickly put out their own cigarettes and followed.

"Autumn."

Julian called out to her, his tone sharp. "So, you've changed tactics? Following me now instead of just calling?"

The group behind him froze in surprise, exchanging glances.

None of them had expected Autumn to show up here.

Tonight, Hector Lewis had thrown together a last-minute gathering to celebrate his sister, Luna's birthday, booking an ultra-private SVIP room to keep things discreet.

Somehow, Autumn still managed to find them.

No one knew if she had overheard what they'd just said.

Autumn paused in her tracks, a sharp ache piercing her chest.

For a moment, an old memory flashed through her mind—Julian once getting into a fight for her.

That image overlapped with the man standing before her now, accusing her without hesitation.

He used to love her so much.

But now...

When had Julian's love turned into nothing but impatience and disdain?

Steadying herself, Autumn turned and gave a faint smile. "Sorry, I'm just here for dinner. I'm not looking for you."

She started toward the restroom, but Julian grabbed her arm.

His face was tense, and his tone held a trace of irritation. "Autumn, can you not make a scene? I'm here for business. You're making things awkward for me."

Autumn calmly pulled her arm back, raising a brow. "How exactly am I making a scene?"

Going to the restroom counted as causing trouble?

What a joke.

Back when she first realized Julian had changed, she did cling to him constantly, driving him to frustration.

Because she'd once experienced how deeply he loved her, she could instantly sense the moment he stopped. Newest update provided by findnovel.net

It had been selfish.

She wanted him to go back to the man he used to be.

She had tried to force it.

However, she would never do that again.

Julian froze, his expression darkening.

Just then, a few of his friends quickly stepped forward to smooth things over.

“Autumn, don’t take it the wrong way. We really are just here for business.”

Autumn nodded with understanding. “Oh, then take your time. I won’t disturb you.”

As soon as the words left her mouth, she turned away.

But as she did, a mocking smile tugged at her lips.

Whether he was here for business or seducing another woman into bed didn’t matter to her anymore.

In a month, he’d be nothing more than a stranger.

What did any of it have to do with her?

Watching her walk away, the group shifted uneasily, a few reaching up to rub the back of their necks.

“Julian, your wife’s really overdoing it. She follows you everywhere.”

“Maybe you should head back and smooth things over.”

Julian stared at her retreating figure, irritated, pulling out a cigarette.

Someone immediately lit it for him.

He took a deep drag. “Shut up.”

A few seconds later, his face was calm again, as if nothing had happened, and he walked back into the room.

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

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Autumn stepped out of the restroom and returned to the private room.

They had nearly finished eating, and the group dispersed shortly after.

By the time she got home, Julian still hadn’t returned.

She took a shower and went straight to bed.

She slept through the night without dreams.

The next morning, Autumn went to the office as usual.

After completing her work summary for the previous month, she knocked on the CFO's office door.

Frank glanced over the report and nodded in satisfaction.

After watching Autumn leave, Frank opened his drawer, took out the resignation letter she had submitted the day before, and headed toward the HR department.

As the elevator doors opened, he ran into Alex Song, the CEO's assistant.

He greeted him with a smile. "Good morning, Mr. Song."

Alex nodded with a polite smile.

Once the elevator doors closed, Alex asked, "Which floor are you headed to, Mr. Miller?"

"Tenth."

Alex paused for a moment before asking casually, "Are you going to HR to pick up some documents too?"

Frank shook the resignation letter in his hand. "No, I'm submitting Autumn's resignation."

Alex's expression shifted slightly, as if he had misheard something.

"Who did you say is resigning?"

"Autumn Lewis," Frank replied, giving him a puzzled look.

Why did Alex react so strongly to her resignation?

Maybe he also recognized her talent and didn't want her to leave.

With that thought, Frank sighed.

"I actually wanted to persuade her to stay, but she said she was resigning because of health issues. I couldn't push it further. Health always comes first."

As Julian's personal assistant, Alex naturally knew about Autumn's relationship with him.

His gaze fell on the resignation letter in Frank's hand, and sure enough, Autumn's name was signed at the bottom.

A flicker of shock crossed Alex's mind.

But the next moment, a mocking smile tugged at his lips.

Autumn had always been in good health.

There was no way she looked like someone who was sick.

Most likely, she was faking it again, trying to get Julian's attention.

Tears, tantrums, and threats were typical tricks women used to fight for affection.

When the elevator doors opened, Frank stepped out first.

Alex picked up some documents and headed back to the executive floor on the seventeenth level.

After handing off a file to the secretary, he noticed another assistant holding a stack of documents, just about to deliver them to the CEO's office.

Alex walked over and reached out his hand. "I'll take those. You can get back to your work. I need to speak with Mr. Carter anyway, so I'll drop them off for you."

The assistant handed him the documents with a polite smile. "Thanks, Mr. Song. Coffee's on me next time."

She was more than happy to let Alex handle the delivery.

She still had a pile of work waiting.

After she left, Alex knocked on the CEO's office door.

Julian's deep voice came from inside. "Come in."

Alex stepped in with the documents and gave a thorough report on the day's agenda and tasks.

When he finished, he hesitated for a moment before speaking again. "There's one more thing..."

Julian looked up at him. "What is it?"

Alex carefully considered his words. "It's about Mrs. Carter..."

Julian assumed Autumn was making trouble again after last night and his face instantly darkened.

Before Alex could say more, Julian cut him off coldly. "Don't report anything about her to me again. Whatever she wants to do, let her."

"Understood."

Alex pressed his lips together and swallowed the rest of what he had wanted to say.

Clearly, Julian was completely fed up with his wife.

Otherwise, why would he grow impatient the moment her name came up?

It was obvious Julian didn't want to hear a single thing about Autumn anymore.

With that thought, Alex left the office, documents in hand.

At lunchtime, Autumn went to the company cafeteria.

Her presence drew surprised looks from her colleagues.

She had just sat down with her tray when a coworker she was friendly with took the seat across from her.

In a low voice, the colleague asked, “Miss Lewis, aren’t you going home to cook lunch for your husband today?”

The coworker knew she was married but had no idea her husband was the big boss of the company.

Autumn stirred the food on her plate. “I don’t have to do that anymore.”

She used to head home during every lunch break to cook for Julian.

He rarely came home to eat, so she would deliver the meals to him herself.

Just watching him eat happily was enough to make her day.

She’d kept that routine for years.

Only later did she learn that the meals she made with such care usually ended up in the trash.

The coworker asked curiously, “Did you two have a fight?”

“No, he’s just keeping a mistress now.”

Autumn took a bite of her chicken leg and replied with a mouthful.

The coworker immediately shut up and lowered her head, quietly digging into her food.

She couldn’t believe Autumn would stay this calm after finding out that her husband was cheating on her.

Anyone else would’ve stormed in with a knife by now.

At around three in the afternoon, Autumn received another message from her business partner, Ethan Sharp.

It was an offer, just like the last two, stating that the Medical AI Research Department was extending an invitation for the third time.

He asked if she was really going to turn it down again.

He also reminded her that third time was the limit. Discover more novels at [find~novel~net](#)

If she missed this one, the opportunity might never come back.

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