

REMARRIED AFTER I SECRETLY DIVORCED THE CEO

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Simon's veins bulged with anger. "You..."

Ginny snapped, rapping her cane hard against the floor.

"I'm the one who hit him. Why are you blaming Autumn? Or do you think I'm old and useless now, so my presence no longer matters in this family?" Updates are released by

Everyone fell silent

That wasn't exactly what anyone meant.

Simon shot Autumn a glare and stood up. "I've got things to handle at the office. I'll head out first."

Susan got up as well, concern in her voice. "Simon, you barely ate. Let me pack something for you to bring to the office."

She motioned for Irene to bring over a container and had her pack up some of Simon's favorite dishes.

Simon took the box and thanked her before grabbing his coat and heading out.

Hector sat there clutching his sore cheek, his resentment toward Autumn growing deeper.

But with Ginny protecting her, he couldn't confront her directly.

He could only swallow his anger.

After the meal, Autumn returned to her room to spend some time chatting with Ginny.

Ginny gently touched Autumn's face with affection. "You've lost so much weight. Haven't been eating properly, have you?"

Autumn smiled. "I'm trying to slim down. I look better this way."

"Nonsense. You'll always be beautiful, no matter what," Ginny said with a squinting smile. "Do you have someone you like? Bring him home for me to meet."

She had someone she liked in the past.

However, she didn't like him anymore

She had married Julian in secret, partly to keep the Lewis family out of it.

She once believed Julian was her safe harbor, but even ten-plus years of childhood friendship couldn't beat a man's selfish desire for novelty.

Love, in the end, was just daily routine and mutual resentment.

Autumn tilted her head. "No one. The only person I like is you, Grandma."

Ginny had a habit of napping after meals and soon drifted off to sleep.

Once Autumn saw Ginny was asleep, she quietly got out of bed, told Irene she was leaving, and went home.

On the way back, Autumn received a call from her best friend Selena Long.

She picked up the Bluetooth receiver from the center console and answered the call.

Selena's lazy voice came through the line. "Autumn, what are you doing right now?"

Autumn glanced at the traffic light ahead, slowed down, and said, "I'm driving. What's wrong?"

Selena immediately sounded disappointed.

"Ugh? I was planning to drag you out for a shopping spree. Turns out you're out having fun with your husband instead?"

Staring at the blinking countdown on the red light, Autumn chuckled and said, "No, I just got back from the Lewis estate. Are you home now? I can swing by and pick you up."

"You're not hanging out with your husband?"

"He already has someone with him. He doesn't need me."

Hearing the bitterness in Autumn's tone, Selena didn't say anything more and simply replied, "Alright, come to my apartment then. I'll freshen up and head down."

"Okay," Autumn answered.

Just as the light turned green, she made a U-turn at the intersection and drove toward Selena's place.

As soon as she got in the car, Selena started chattering non-stop, while Autumn calmly answered her questions.

Seeing how calm Autumn was, Selena couldn't help but study her expression.

Autumn still looked completely composed.

It was as if the conversation had nothing to do with Autumn herself.

She seemed like a different person, no longer heartbroken or overwhelmed, but calm to the point of being unsettling.

Selena still couldn't help asking, "Are you really okay?"

Autumn kept her eyes on the road and shook her head.

"What could possibly be wrong? Just because I'm no longer with a scumbag, I'm not allowed to live?"

Selena was speechless.

She wasn't wrong, but Autumn had been obsessed with Julian for years.

Selena had tried talking sense into her more times than she could count, but Autumn never listened.

And now she suddenly snapped out of it?

At the mall, Selena picked out clothes for Autumn and spotted a red silk dress.

She pushed Autumn toward the fitting room. "This dress looks perfect on you. Go try it on."

Autumn didn't argue and took the dress into the fitting room.

When she came out, she stood in front of the mirror, checking herself out. "Selena, do I look good in this?"

Selena quickly walked over, her eyes lighting up.

“Autumn, you look amazing in that dress. With a figure like yours, you’d look good in anything.”

Autumn liked it too.

The soft red fabric hugged her frame, highlighting her elegant curves like it was tailor-made.

The two of them picked out a few more pieces and had everything packed up. Just as they stepped out of the store, Autumn spotted Grace and Luna walking arm in arm.

Grace saw Autumn too, her face immediately showing disdain.

But the next second, as if worried Luna might notice, she quickly pulled her along and tried to walk away.

Autumn called out to her directly. “Ms. Palmer, it’s been a while, hasn’t it?”

Grace’s heart skipped a beat, and her first instinct was to drag Luna away.

Luna pretended not to recognize Autumn and quietly reminded her, “Madam Grace, I think someone’s calling you.”

Grace patted Luna's hand. "I don't know that woman. She must be calling someone else."

She had no intention of letting Luna find out her son had once married Autumn—it would make him look like a divorced man.

"Oh."

Luna nodded in understanding.

Since Grace wanted to pretend she didn't know her, Luna would play along too.

She didn't want Grace and Julian to find out that Autumn was actually one of the heiresses of the Lewis family.

Seeing how flustered Grace looked only lifted Autumn's mood.

The more Grace refused to acknowledge her as a former daughter-in-law in public, the more Autumn felt like making herself known.

Back then, Grace had made her life miserable.

Autumn tolerated it all for Julian's sake.

But now that the divorce was happening, she had no reason to put up with any of it.

She intended to strike while the iron was hot and reclaim the money that belonged to her.

With that thought, Autumn caught up to Grace, curved her lips into a smile, and said, "Ms. Palmer, when exactly do you plan on transferring the six million dollars you owe me?"

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Grace froze for a moment, clearly not expecting Autumn to actually come after her, let alone speak to her like that.

This was nothing like the timid, eager-to-please Autumn she used to know.

Back then, Autumn was always meek and submissive around her, to the point where it was downright irritating.

But now, with this cold and distant demeanor, it felt like she was dealing with a different person entirely.

Luna tightened her grip on Grace's hand, a little anxious, and whispered, "Madam Grace, who is she?"

Grace turned her back and kept up the act. "I don't know her. She must be out of her mind. Six million? Why not rob a bank instead?"

Autumn didn't get angry.

She let Selena stand by, watching the scene unfold with visible annoyance.

She calmly pulled a contract out of her bag, lips curling into a frosty smile. "Is that so, Ms. Palmer? Don't forget, we signed a contract.

"Why not let the other Ms. Lewis here take a look? Maybe she can tell if there's anything wrong with it. What do you think?"

Luna's heart skipped a beat.

There was an unmistakable hint of threat in Autumn's words.

They both knew they had things they didn't want the other to find out.

Grace turned to Luna, confused. "You know Autumn?"

Luna was the Lewis family heiress.

She was from a famous, powerful, and wealthy family.

How could a poor orphan like Autumn possibly know someone like her?

Grace had objected to her son marrying Autumn from the start.

She brought nothing to the table and added no value to his career.

Someone with Luna's background was a proper match.

Once the cooling-off period for the divorce ended and they got the official papers, they could finally get rid of Autumn for good.

Luna gripped Grace's hand tighter and explained with guilt in her voice, "Madam Grace, I... I don't know her. Maybe she saw something about me online, that's why she remembers me."

Grace nodded, thinking that made sense.

How could a nobody like Autumn possibly know a Lewis heiress?

She clutched her handbag tightly, watching as Autumn walked toward them step by step with the contract in hand.

The clicking of her heels echoed like a hammer striking straight into the hearts of Grace and Luna, making them both increasingly uneasy.

Autumn stopped in front of them, holding up the contract as she swept a cold glance at the pair.

"Ms. Palmer, if you want to deny it, that's fine. I'm not unreasonable. But you know me—I can be quite stubborn.

"If I end up saying something I shouldn't or doing something a bit out of line, I hope you won't take it too personally."

She paused, then stared directly at them. "For example, I could send this contract to the Lewis family and mention a few things that might ruin this little alliance you're working on.

“Or maybe I’ll take it to court and let the whole world know about some less-than-glorious secrets.

“Either way, let’s not pretend this isn’t about you trying to take my money. Isn’t that right?”

At this point, both Grace and Luna understood exactly what she was implying.

Settling this quickly would benefit everyone.

If not, Autumn clearly wasn’t afraid to blow it all up.

Cold sweat broke out on Grace’s back.

Autumn’s threat was blatant, but there wasn’t much Grace could do—she was in the wrong from the start.

There was no getting out of it now.

Luna gripped Grace’s hand even tighter, too afraid to speak. “Madam Grace...”

Grace winced from the pressure of Luna's grip, clenched her jaw, and said, "You just want the money, right? Fine. I'll pay you. But you have to tear up the contract."

Losing six million dollars stung, but the thought of using it to buy her way out of this mess and out of Autumn's life made her feel a little better.

Once they were officially linked to the Lewis family, making that money back wouldn't be a problem.

That thought gave her some comfort.

Autumn smiled at Grace and said, "See? Things didn't have to be this hard. If you want me to tear up the contract, no problem.

"It's only three o'clock. The banks are still open. You can transfer the money right now.

"Don't worry. As soon as the money's in my account, I won't say another word. I'll tear up this contract you signed on the spot."

Grace knew Autumn meant what she said, so without questioning it, the group went to a nearby bank to handle the transfer.

When the payment notification came through, Autumn smiled, ripped up the contract, and tossed it into the trash bin.

Seeing Grace's pained expression made her day.

She had known all along that without some pressure, Grace would never pay up willingly.

Grace held the receipt in her hand and said to Autumn, "We're even now. Don't you try pulling any more stunts. I've got evidence too."

Autumn smiled. "No problem. As long as the money's in place, I've got nothing to say."

Love?

What a joke.

She'd never believe in that crap again.

From now on, the only thing she believed in was cold, hard cash. The link to the origin of this information rests in find*.novel.net

With the money secured, Autumn patted Selena on the shoulder.

“Grace Palmer bled money today. Come on, I’m treating you to a big feast.”

Selena gave Autumn a big thumbs up. “You’re brilliant. You used their little secrets against each other without even spelling it out.

“Sure, it’s a bit ruthless. But honestly? It’s super effective. Women like them deserve nothing less.”

Autumn smiled at her. “You can only fight shameless people with their own tricks. Otherwise, they think you’re a pushover.”

Just as the two of them were still basking in their victory, a man’s voice called out from behind them. “Ms. Lewis.”

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Autumn turned around and saw a young man standing behind her.

He was dressed in a black suit, wore gold-rimmed glasses, and had a polite smile on his face.

“Yes?” Autumn looked him over and was certain she didn’t know him.

The man maintained his polite smile.

“Hello, I’m Mr. Sinclair’s assistant. My name is Jesse Grant. Mr. Sinclair is waiting for you at a nearby café.”

Did the Sinclair heir really have that much free time to wait for her in a café?

Selena tugged on Autumn’s arm and whispered, “Autumn, the Mr. Sinclair he’s talking about—could it be that Sinclair?”

“Probably.” Autumn nodded. IF YOU WANT TO READ MORE CHAPTERS, PLEASE VISIT Find~Novel.net

“You know the Sinclair heir?”

Autumn thought for a moment, then shook her head.

“Not really. My uncle saved him once. That’s about it. I don’t really know him.”

That didn’t count as knowing him?

Selena was stunned.

If saving someone didn’t qualify as knowing them, what did?

Selena quickly grabbed her bag from the car and said in a rush, “Autumn, I just remembered that my mom asked me to come home for dinner tonight. I’ve got to go!”

She took off faster than a rabbit, disappearing from sight in seconds.

Autumn shook her head helplessly, then turned to see Jesse still waiting patiently.

Bracing herself, she said, “Let’s go.”

Jesse made a polite “this way” gesture, then hesitated for a second.

As they walked, he said to the visibly tense Autumn, “Ms. Lewis, you don’t need to be so nervous. The money transfer earlier went smoothly because Mr. Sinclair helped make it happen.”

“Huh?”

Autumn looked at him in surprise, not quite understanding.

“Normally, a transfer of that size would’ve required at least a day or two of review before the funds were cleared. Because Mr. Sinclair stepped in, the process was expedited.”

No wonder everything had gone so smoothly—Keith had been helping her behind the scenes.

Realizing this, Autumn lowered her head and followed Jesse, her heart uneasy and filled with uncertainty.

Inside the café, soft music played.

Keith, dressed in his usual black suit, was seated by the floor-to-ceiling windows.

Sunlight spilled across his nearly perfect profile, casting a golden halo along the edge of his face.

Autumn took a deep breath and followed Jesse inside, quietly rehearsing in her head how best to start the conversation.

Jesse walked up to Keith and respectfully said, “Mr. Sinclair, Ms. Lewis is here.”

“Good afternoon, Mr. Sinclair.”

Autumn quickly smiled and greeted him.

Keith gave a small nod, lifted his eyes to look at her, and gestured to the seat across from him. “Sit.”

After escorting her in, Jesse promptly left the café.

Autumn sat down across from Keith, stiff and unsure where to place her hands and feet.

Just then, a waiter approached and asked her, “What would you like to drink?”

“A juice, please. Thank you,” Autumn replied politely with a smile.

Once the waiter walked away, she straightened her back, but it only made her feel more tense.

Keith frowned slightly, his lips parting with a cool question. “You seem nervous around me.”

“I’m not.”

Autumn tried to act casual by placing her hands on the table, but her eyes darted around, avoiding his gaze.

Soon, the waiter returned with their drinks—coffee for Keith, and a glass of juice placed in front of Autumn.

Keith stirred his coffee with quiet elegance. “You’re planning to get a divorce?”

Autumn paused mid-sip. “Yes.”

“Do you need help?”

“No need.”

Autumn looked up and met Keith’s gaze. “Thank you for your help today. If it weren’t for you, things wouldn’t have gone this smoothly.”

“No worries.”

Autumn’s phone rang.

It was from the real estate agency.

A few days ago, she had dropped by to let them know she was looking to buy a place.

After giving them her preferences, they told her to wait, and she had been waiting ever since.

Autumn glanced at Keith, then picked up the call right in front of him.

A cheerful voice came through from the other end.

“Ms. Lewis, we’ve found a two-bedroom apartment that’s ready for immediate move-in. Let us know when you’re free to come take a look.”

“Alright,” Autumn replied.

After hanging up, she noticed Keith’s gaze deepen as it settled on her.

“You’re looking to buy a house?”

She took a sip of her juice and nodded. “Yes.”

She was getting divorced—it made sense to find a new place.

Otherwise, she’d have nowhere to go.

“Autumn,” Keith suddenly called her name.

She looked up at him, puzzled.

“If you ever run into trouble, you can call me.”

Keith pulled out his phone and opened the contact screen. “Let’s exchange numbers.”

Autumn wanted to say it wasn’t necessary, but when her eyes met the deep, unreadable look in his, the words stuck in her throat.

Sensing her hesitation, Keith added, “Don’t overthink it. I’m just looking out for you on your uncle’s behalf.”

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

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Chapter 14

Autumn froze for a second, not expecting Keith to go this far just because of a favor her uncle once did for him.

But a promise from the Sinclair heir wasn’t something just anyone could get.

Of course she had to take a chance like this.

Feeling a bit emotional, Autumn took out her phone, and the two of them exchanged contacts.

Keith glanced at his watch. "I've got something to take care of. I'll head out first."

With that, he got up and left, and Autumn left shortly after.

She stopped outside for a plate of pasta before heading home.

By the time she arrived, it was already past seven.

Zoe came over as soon as she saw her, handed her a pair of slippers, and said, "Ma'am, Mr. Carter is back. He's upstairs waiting for dinner."

Autumn paused while changing her shoes, then said, "I already ate. Both of you can eat without me."

"Huh?" Zoe looked at her in surprise.

Usually on weekends, Autumn would cook personally and wait at home for her husband.

Even though he rarely came home to eat, she'd kept up the habit for years.

Now that she didn't even cook and had eaten out instead, something clearly wasn't right.

Autumn acted like she didn't see him.

After changing her shoes, she went straight to pour herself a glass of water.

She'd been out all afternoon without drinking anything and her mouth was dry.

Julian frowned slightly, but didn't say anything and went to the dining room.

Zoe quickly brought out the dishes and set two places.

But Autumn didn't even glance over.

She walked into the living room, tore off the calendar page marked "3," crumpled it, and tossed it into the trash.

Another day gone.

The countdown was getting closer.

After that, she headed upstairs.

Every time she saw Julian now, she'd think of Luna's smug face from earlier.

And just imagining what they'd done last night made her stomach churn.

Julian only glanced at Autumn's back as Zoe spoke up to explain for her. "Sir, Mrs. Carter went out with a friend today. She already had dinner before coming home."

“She probably hasn’t been out in a while and got a bit tired from the day. Don’t take it to heart. ”
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“Mm.” Julian gave a brief response, then lowered his head and continued eating.

Upstairs, Autumn returned to the bedroom,
took a shower, and went straight to bed.

She was so exhausted she didn’t even want to move.

After finishing his meal, Julian went upstairs and saw that the bedroom lights were off, so he didn’t disturb her.

He grabbed his car keys and left the house.

He had originally planned to finish work early and have dinner with Autumn, but she’d already eaten out and gone to bed early.

It had been two days, and she was still angry.

Julian wasn’t about to coddle her anymore.

He left without another word.

Feeling irritated, he drove aimlessly until he reached a secluded spot.

When the urge for a smoke hit him, he parked and lit a cigarette.

He rolled the window down for some air, and through the haze of smoke, he thought he saw Luna.

She was wearing a sheer, short dress with a cutout design across the chest.

When she bent over slightly, the pale curves of her chest were barely concealed.

The tight fit of the dress hugged her slim waist perfectly, showing off her figure.

Just one glance made Julian’s body tense.

His expression darkened, and he frowned. “Who told you to dress like this?”

Luna curved her lips into a seductive smile. “Don’t you like it, Julian?”

With her beauty right in front of him, her eyes shimmering and voice teasing, Julian quickly lost control.

He opened the car door and shoved her into the backseat.

Once the door shut, he pressed down over her.

Luna pushed against him with a playful grin. "What's the rush? Let's play a little game."

"Not interested."

Julian's eyes were dark with desire, already impatient to tame this little vixen right here in the car.

"Don't rush. I prepared a bigger surprise for you today. You're going to love it."

Being turned down twice, Julian lost the mood.

He adjusted his clothes and sat upright.

Within moments, he had returned to his usual calm and composed demeanor.

Luna sat up from the seat and leaned in close, whispering beside his ear, "Are you mad?"

Julian turned his face away, lips pressed into a tight line without saying a word.

Luna pulled back slightly, reached behind her, and unzipped her dress.

Right in front of him, she slid it off.

She even dangled the dress in front of his face before tossing it onto his lap.

Then she slowly changed into the maid outfit she had prepared.

Once dressed, she straddled Julian's lap, gently tracing the curve of his throat with her fingers.

Her eyes seductive, she murmured, "Master, the game is starting. Ready for my challenge?"

Watching her every move, Julian's barely calmed restlessness began to rise again.

He grabbed her thighs, flipped her over, and pinned her beneath him once more.

With one rough motion, he tore the maid outfit apart. "What's the point of putting this on? You would've saved us the trouble by not wearing anything."

Luna's fists pounded lightly on his firm chest. "Julian, you're so mean."

The next morning was a weekend.

Autumn didn't wake up until ten thirty.

She had just reached for her phone to check the time when a call came in.

It was the agent again.

Autumn picked up. "Ms. Lewis, are you coming to see the apartment today? We found one at a very reasonable price. I think you'll really like it."

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

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Chapter 15

Autumn lifted the blanket and got out of bed. “Alright, I’ll head over now.”

The agent kindly reminded her, “Don’t forget to bring your ID and proof of address. We can get the paperwork done right away.”

“Got it,” Autumn replied, then quickly went to wash up.

She was more than ready to move out, but to avoid drawing attention, she had no choice but to move things little by little.

Zoe saw her coming downstairs and handed her a glass of warm milk.

“Ma’am, have some milk first to settle your stomach. Lunch will take a while.”

Autumn took it, drank it down, then said, “Zoe, I’m heading out for a bit. I won’t be home for lunch.”

Zoe hesitated before saying, “But Mr. Carter mentioned he’d be home for lunch today. Won’t you wait and eat together?”

Autumn paused, then shook her head. “No, I have something to do.”

With that, she picked up the car keys from the coffee table and walked out without the slightest hesitation.

Zoe stood there stunned.

Autumn really had been acting strangely these past couple of days.

After thinking it over, she ended up calling Julian.

It rang for a long time before he finally answered.

After Zoe explained why she called, Julian simply said, “Got it,” and quickly hung up.

Zoe was speechless.

Maybe she really was worrying too much for no reason.

Meanwhile, Autumn arrived at the agency, only to unexpectedly run into Jesse.

She paused, then walked over to greet him. “Mr. Grant, what are you doing here?”

Jesse adjusted his glasses. "Mr. Sinclair asked me to come and assist."

So, it was Keith again.

Autumn was surprised but didn't say anything else.

Another favor she now owed him.

The fully furnished two-bedroom apartment had a large balcony, plenty of sunlight, and came with everything she needed to move in right away.

1/3

Since Jesse was accompanying her, the staff were especially polite, and the price offered was even lower than the market rate.

Autumn knew this was Keith's doing.

Otherwise, at this price, there was no way she could've landed a place in such a prime location on Southbridge

Road.

She paid quickly.

Since the whole process was handled through back channels, the paperwork was processed in no time, and she got the keys just around lunchtime.

She turned to Jesse and said, "Mr. Grant, thank you for your help today. It's already lunchtime. Let me treat you to a meal."

Jesse waved it off and glanced at his watch. "Mr. Sinclair arranged everything. I was just following his instructions.

"If you really want to thank someone, thank him. I've got some things to handle back at the office, so I'll head out."

"Alright, take care." Updates are released by findnovel.net

After sending Jesse off, Autumn grabbed a quick lunch nearby, then headed home to start moving things.

Looking around the room, she wondered where she should begin.

Her eyes landed on the stack of textbooks piled in the corner, already coated in a thick layer of dust from being neglected for so long.

She might as well start with those.

She grabbed a cloth and carefully wiped each book clean before placing them into a cardboard box.

As she carried the box downstairs, she happened to run into Julian, who had just rushed back.

He glanced at her and asked casually, "Where are you taking those books?"

Autumn looked down at the books in her arms and replied offhandedly, "I was cleaning the room and saw these lying around gathering dust. Figured they're useless now, so I'm tossing them."

Julian's eyes narrowed slightly.

He glanced at the box without much interest and said, "Just let Zoe handle things like that next time."

He changed his shoes and hurried upstairs to the study, as if he came back just to grab something important.

Autumn didn't think much of it.

She placed the box of books into the trunk, and just as she was about to open the car door, Julian walked out with

a file in hand.

2/3

They met eyes for a brief moment but said nothing, each slipping into their cars as if they hadn't seen the other, acting like two complete strangers.

A trace of bitterness flashed through Autumn's heart, but she quickly pushed it down.

After moving the books to her new place, she gave the whole apartment a thorough cleaning, placed the books on the shelf, then started mopping the floor.

Around three in the afternoon, she received a call from Ethan.

She wiped the water from her hands and slid to answer.

Ethan's cheerful voice came through. "Autumn, I got two tickets to the CADD seminar. Where are you? I'll bring them to you."

Autumn glanced at the half-mopped floor. "I'm around Southbridge Road."

Ethan sounded surprised. "What a coincidence. I'm nearby too. Send me your location. I'll head over now."

Autumn hesitated for a moment.

“Why don’t you wait for me at the Sojourn Café downstairs? I just moved into my new place. It’s still a mess.”

“Sure, see you in a bit.”

After hanging up, Autumn quickly finished mopping the floor, grabbed her keys, and headed out.

Downstairs at Sojourn Café, Ethan was already waiting by the window when she arrived.

He wore a royal blue suit, his features gentle, and the glasses he wore gave him a scholarly air.

She walked over and greeted him, “Ethan, it’s been a while!”

Ethan stood up and replied, “It really has been a while.”

Since Autumn got married, she had thrown herself into her home life, and they’d barely kept in touch.

He would only reach out occasionally for work-related questions when he needed her input.

3/3

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

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After Autumn sat down, a server quickly came over to take her order.

She asked for a juice because her stomach couldn’t handle coffee.

Ethan handed her the invitation. “Here’s the pass for the seminar. It’s scheduled for next Friday.” Autumn took it with a smile. “Thanks, Ethan. You’ve really worked hard these past few years.”

She’d been a completely hands-off shareholder, leaving everything in Ethan’s hands.

For three years, she hadn't involved herself in the company at all, yet she still received generous dividends every quarter.

It hadn't bothered her before, but now she felt a little guilty.

It was like taking money for doing nothing.

Ethan just smiled and reached out his hand. "Welcome back to the company."

Autumn reached out and shook his hand. "Thanks. I'll be counting on you."

Soon, their orders arrived.

Ethan stirred his coffee slowly, then asked, "Autumn, I overheard you earlier—are you moving?"

"Yeah."

Autumn took a sip of her juice. "I'm planning to get a divorce, so I'm finding a new place."

Ethan already knew she was married, so Autumn didn't hide the fact that she was getting divorced.

“If there’s anything I can help with, just say the word. No need to be polite with me,” Ethan said sincerely, setting his spoon down.

“Alright.” Autumn nodded.

They chatted a bit about work and research, until Ethan suddenly added, “By the way, the organizers want you to give a speech at the seminar. Might be good to start preparing something.”

Autumn blinked, then smiled. “Is that really necessary? I’ve been out of the field for years.”

Ethan raised an eyebrow. “That’s what I hate most about geniuses like you. All our hard work feels pointless compared to raw talent.

“Even after all these years, no one’s managed to surpass you. So, tell me, what are you being so humble and afraid of? That’s not like you at all.”

Autumn’s lashes fluttered slightly before she nodded in agreement.

They chatted a little longer, then went their separate ways.

A few **days** later, Autumn unexpectedly saw Julian back at home.

She paused for a moment, then quickly pretended not to notice.

Julian was sitting on the couch, head down, looking at something on his phone.

Whatever it was, it had him smiling.

As soon as Autumn walked in, Zoe brought out the dishes and said, “Ma’am, today is your third wedding anniversary. Mr. Carter cleared his schedule and even brought home a cake to celebrate with you.”

Autumn froze for a second before realizing that it was July 7th.

Three years ago today, they had registered their marriage.

She had been so busy the past few days that she completely forgot.

They used to spend their anniversary together every year.

But now, it was the last thing she wanted.

Just then, Julian put away his phone, stood up from the couch, and started walking toward her while rolling up his sleeves.

“Go wash up, let’s eat. I got your favorite cake.”

Today, Julian was wearing a blue dress shirt, his tie loosened a little.

As he got closer, Autumn could clearly smell the cologne on him.

It was the same scent she had once caught on Luna.

She wrinkled her nose and took two steps back without a word, then turned around. “I’ll go wash my hands first.”

When she came out, Zoe had already set up a romantic candlelit dinner. For more chapters visit [find♦novel.net](http://findnovel.net)

The flickering candlelight felt like it was mocking her for being naive.

Julian was placing the cake on the table and adding candles.

A strong mango scent filled the room.

In an instant, it was as if a bucket of cold water had been poured over her, chilling her from head to toe and deep into her bones.

She was allergic to mango.

After knowing each other for so many years, there was no way Julian didn't know she was allergic.

He just didn't care.

His mind had been on Luna for so long that he no longer paid attention to Autumn.

Mango was Luna's favorite.

So, he remembered that.

But he forgot the fact that Autumn was allergic to it.

Her eyes turned cold at the thought, but she didn't expose him.

Swallowing the disgust in her throat, she walked toward the dining table.

Julian, ever the thoughtful husband on the surface, cut her a large slice of cake and placed it in front of her.

“Didn't you always love the cakes from this place? This one's their new flavor. Try it.”

Autumn sat still, not touching the cake.

She just stared at him, her expression calm and unreadable, like she was looking at a stranger.

“What's wrong?”

Julian noticed her stare and frowned, clearly annoyed.

Autumn picked up the slice in front of her and tossed it straight into the trash bin. “I'm allergic to mango.”

Julian's hand paused mid-cut, and as he watched her throw it away, his face darkened.

He assumed she was still holding a grudge.

"Autumn, what are you doing now?"

He set down the knife, eyes sharp as he stared at her.

3/3

When the Stars Forgot to Return My Wishes 17

Julian knew Autumn had been in a bad mood these past few days.

Since it was the weekend, and their wedding anniversary, he cleared his schedule and came home to spend time

with her.

He hadn't expected her to be so ungrateful, still trying to pick a fight.

Whatever patience he had left was wearing thin.

"I'm not the one picking a fight..." Autumn's gaze was calm, her heart already cold.

She stood up and smiled faintly. "I'm allergic to mango, and not only did you forget that, you brought home a mango cake for our anniversary?"

Julian froze for a moment, then said in a low voice, "It's just a cake. If you don't like it, I'll get another one."

Autumn pulled at the corner of her lips.

She should've known better than to expect reason from someone like him.

The saying that small details revealed true character was indeed true.

How could she still expect someone who had fallen out of love to remember what she liked?

She had been far too naïve. THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY Find_Novel (.).net

She didn't bother arguing with him.

Without another word, she turned and headed upstairs.

There was nothing left to say to someone this shameless.

Julian watched her walk away, completely losing his appetite.

He threw the cake into the trash and called Zoe to clean up the mess.

The meal he'd prepared all afternoon, and the carefully arranged candlelight dinner all ended in silence and disappointment.

Zoe came out and froze.

She had thought the surprise he'd prepared might help the two of them reconcile.

But what just happened?

Because of the house's soundproofing, she hadn't heard what they'd said outside and had no idea what went wrong.

Glancing at the untouched food and the cake now sitting in the trash, Zoe asked in confusion, "Sir, did you and Mrs. Carter argue again?"

1/4

Julian rubbed his temples, looking exhausted. "No."

Oh.

"Then Mrs. Carter must've lost her temper again," Zoe thought.

Lately, her moods had been getting worse—she was picking fights every few days.

It was really starting to become a headache.

After her shower, Autumn came downstairs to get some water.

The table had already been cleared.

She filled a glass, took a few sips, then walked to the coffee table and tore off the page marked “7 ” from the calendar.

She tossed it into the trash.

Then she refilled her glass, headed back upstairs, and got to work on her speech draft.

The next day was Thursday.

Autumn got up early and went to the kitchen to make herself some stomach-soothing oatmeal.

Zoe assumed Autumn was up so early because of what happened the night before and was making this breakfast to apologize to Julian.

So, she didn't think much of it and, seeing Autumn busy in the kitchen, left early to shop for groceries.

Autumn, still yawning, looked like she hadn't fully woken up.

She'd been up late finishing her speech draft.

Her stomach pain had been acting up more frequently, so she figured it was time to start eating more carefully.

That was why she was up early cooking oatmeal.

Just as she brought the steaming bowl to the table, Julian came downstairs.

Seeing her with the bowl in hand, he assumed she had woken up early to make it for him, trying to smooth things over after last night.

But as soon as Autumn set the bowl down, she sat down at the table, blew on it gently, and began eating small spoonfuls.

Julian's gaze darkened.

He turned and went back upstairs, only to come down again a few minutes later with his briefcase in hand.

The whole time, Autumn didn't look at him once.

It was as if he were invisible.

2/4

She had clearly decided to stay mad forever.

He was probably the only one patient enough to tolerate her dramatic moods. 1

Julian left the house, face stormy, briefcase in hand.

After finishing her breakfast, Autumn grabbed her car keys and headed out too.

Work at the beginning of the week was always heavier, and once she arrived at the office, she threw herself into

1. it. 1

Aside from a quick lunch and break, she worked non-stop until the end of the day.

Rubbing her sore temples, Autumn let out a breath, shut her laptop, picked up her bag, and got ready to leave.

Thinking of tomorrow's seminar, Autumn wrote up a leave request and knocked on Frank's office door.

"Come in," came Frank's voice from inside.

Autumn opened the door and stepped in, handing over the leave slip with a polite smile.

"Mr. Miller, I need to take the day off tomorrow. Hope you'll approve it."

Frank glanced at the note, assumed it was a sick leave, and signed it without much thought.

After leaving the office, Autumn felt in good spirits.

She grabbed her bag and clocked out for the day.

She hadn't finished her speech draft the night before, so she planned to work on it after getting home, while refining some new ideas that had come to mind.

In the underground parking garage, the elevator doors had just opened when she saw Alex leaning against her car, smoking.

As she approached, she also noticed Julian's car parked nearby.

He was in the back seat, seemingly resting.

Alex saw Autumn and quickly stubbed out the cigarette, tossing it into a nearby trash bin.

Then he stepped forward, blocking her path.

"Ma'am, there's been an issue with a project these past few days. Mr. Carter has been working non-stop and only just got a chance to rest. Please don't disturb him."

He truly believed Julian had enough on his plate with the company and now had to deal with the ever- troublesome Autumn.

She never helped, only stirred up drama,

The boss really had it rough.

Autumn gave Alex a glance, not even interested in arguing with him.

She moved to step around him and get to her car.

+25 BONUS

But Alex blocked her again. “Ma’am, please don’t make this difficult. I’m asking you to leave. Don’t interrupt

Mr. Carter’s rest.”

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

When the Stars Forgot to Return My Wishes 18

Chapter 18

Autumn glanced at Alex, then pointed to the car behind him.

“Mr. Song, that’s my car right behind you. Mind stepping aside?”

Alex was speechless.

While he stood there stunned, Autumn walked around him, got into her car, started the engine, and drove off without a second of hesitation.

She didn’t even pause and glance back.

Was this really the same Autumn who used to cling to Julian every time she saw him?

Or was this some new tactic—playing it cool to get his attention in reverse?

Just then, Julian’s phone rang.

It was Luna.

He seemed to have just woken up and squinted as he answered.

Luna’s sweet voice came through, “My brother just heard about the project developed by Z. He wants to speak with you personally. Can you come over now?”

Julian rubbed his tired forehead. "Send me the location. I'll head over."

"Okay," Luna replied softly.

After ending the call, she sent him the address.

Julian rolled down the window and told Alex, "Drive to Royal Crest Lounge."

Alex replied quickly and jumped into the driver's seat.

The car pulled out of the underground garage moments later.

Back at home, after dinner, Autumn went to the bedroom and continued working on her speech.

The seminar was tomorrow, and she needed to finalize her draft.

She sat at her desk, typing for hours—writing, deleting, and rewriting—until she finally produced something she was satisfied with.

After printing the speech, she glanced at the time on her phone.

It was already ten.

She quickly got up to grab her pajamas and take a shower.

When she came out, she went downstairs and tore off the calendar page for the 8th.

Another day gone, only twenty-two days left.

She grabbed a glass and filled it with water, then took out a pill bottle and shook one tablet into her hand.

Just then, she heard the front door open.

Julian had returned, reeking of alcohol.

He looked like he had just come from a business dinner.

Seeing her holding the bottle of pills, he asked casually, "You feeling unwell?"

Autumn tossed the pill into her mouth and took a long drink of water. "It's nothing. Just the usual acting up again. It's just a painkiller."

Julian changed into his slippers and headed straight upstairs without asking where she felt unwell or even glancing at the bottle in her hand.

If he had looked down even once, he would've seen the label clearly marked as cancer medication, but he didn't.

He had no interest in anything about her. Newest update provided by find~novel~net

He didn't even care enough to look.

Autumn put the bottle back into her bag, poured another glass of water, and went upstairs as well.

The next day, Autumn was up early again.

Julian's shoes were no longer on the rack, which meant he hadn't spent the night at home.

She barely spared it a glance before getting on with her day.

She spent a long time in the walk-in closet before finally settling on an outfit.

A light blue blouse paired with an ivory suit skirt, along with a touch of natural makeup and a pair of earrings she hadn't worn in ages.

Looking at herself in the mirror, Autumn was quite satisfied.

Julian never liked it when she dressed too formally, so these clothes had been tucked away for a long time.

The seminar was scheduled to begin at two in the afternoon.

After lunch, Autumn headed out early.

The event was being held at the Northhaven Convention Center, and by the time she arrived, the place was already packed,

Two security guards were stationed at the entrance,

Everyone had to show their invitation and scan the code to get in.

Autumn was looking down, rummaging through her bag for the invitation when a familiar yet distant voice

sounded above her.

"Autumn? What are you doing here?"

She turned her head and saw Simon and Hector standing there, with Luna trailing just behind them.

Luna quickly ran over and clung to Autumn's arm with a bright, cheerful smile. "Sister, you're here for the seminar too? Perfect, we can go in together!"

Watching Luna rush over, Hector frowned.

"Luna, why are you getting so close to her? Did you forget how she hurt you last time?"

“With her lowly undergrad background, she probably couldn’t even get an invitation. Coming here is just embarrassing.”

So that was what Hector thought of her—that she was useless.

Autumn lowered her gaze, her lashes casting shadows that concealed the flicker of hurt in her eyes.

Maybe they never really cared about the truth.

What they cared about was whether Luna got upset.

Luna playfully stuck out her tongue. “That’s not true, Hector. I’ve told you many times, she didn’t hurt me. You just misunderstood her.”

Hector snorted. “You should still stay away from her. She’s always been rebellious, full of bad ideas.”

“Don’t say that about her, she’ll be upset,” Luna said with feigned reproach.

Autumn quietly pulled her hand away and said coldly, “You’re right. I’ve always been the bad kid, so stay away

from me.

“You’re the golden children of the Lewis family. I’m not. So, there’s no need to guilt-trip me.”

She paused, then added, “And whether I embarrass myself by showing up here or not—that’s my business. It has absolutely nothing to do with you.

“After all, I have nothing to do with any of you. As long as you don’t say anything and I don’t say anything, no one will know.

“To avoid unnecessary trouble, let’s just treat each other like strangers. Don’t you think so, my good sister?”

3/3

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

When the Stars Forgot to Return My Wishes 19

Chapter 19

Autumn deliberately emphasized the words “good sister,” and she was sure Luna knew **exactly what she** meant.

As **expected**, Luna stiffened at her words, and her gaze toward Autumn was filled with **unease**.

Hector quickly stepped in front of Luna, glaring coldly at Autumn. “Cut the sarcasm, Autumn. Don’t **act like we** were dying to say hello to you.

“Let me remind you, everyone here today is a top industry professional. You, with just a bachelor’s degree, might want to save yourself the embarrassment.”

Autumn’s lips curled into a cold smile. “What I am or am not is my business. What’s it to you? Do you live by the sea or something, always trying to manage tides that aren’t yours?”

Since they already saw her as the wicked sister, she didn’t mind being a little more wicked.

Hector’s face turned red with anger. “You...”

Before he could say more, Simon’s face darkened as he barked, “Autumn, have you made enough of a scene? Everyone’s watching. Aren’t you ashamed?” 1

There it was again—accusing her of making a scene.

She'd heard it so many times that it no longer stung.

Meeting Simon's eyes head-on, she replied calmly, "You're all not ashamed, so why should I be? In your eyes, I've never had any dignity to begin with, isn't that right?"

For the longest time, Autumn couldn't understand why her two full-blooded brothers would side with the mistress' daughter. Latest content published on findnovel.net

Now, it was clear.

She didn't know how to act.

She wasn't good at playing the game or pleasing others like Luna.

But she had no interest in using manipulation to maintain relationships.

She was fine letting go any relationship that couldn't last on its own.

"Autumn, this is an important event. Can you at least **act** appropriately and stop creating drama?" Simon raised his voice, clearly losing patience.

“Sure.”

Autumn tugged the corners of her mouth into a mocking smile. “Didn’t you say I couldn’t even get an invitation? Then open those dog eyes of yours and look clearly at what this is.”

She pulled the invitation from her bag and waved it in front of Hector’s face before turning around and scanning the code to enter the venue with cool indifference.

Family?

What a joke.

She wasn’t expecting anything anymore.

So, what if they were her brothers—at the end of the day, they were just groveling at Luna’s feet.

She didn’t want either of her brothers, or Julian, anymore.

If Luna was so eager to snatch up what she discarded, then fine, she could have them.

Luna watched Autumn's every move, her hand unconsciously tightening into a fist.

She hadn't expected Autumn to actually have a real invitation.

Even her own invitation had been secured through her older brother's connections.

So where had Autumn gotten hers?

With that thought, Luna tugged on Hector's arm and asked with uncertainty, "Hector, where did she get her invitation?"

Hector frowned and turned to Simon. "Did you give it to her?"

"No." Simon shook his head and pulled out his own invitation.

"Come on, let's head in."

Inside, the venue was bustling with people coming and going.

Attendees gathered in small groups, their conversations all centered around AI in healthcare.

After entering, Autumn waited by the entrance for a while, but Ethan still hadn't shown up, and there was no one else she recognized.

So, she found a quiet corner, took a seat, and pulled out her phone to play a game.

She was halfway through a match when a familiar voice suddenly cut through. "Autumn, what are you doing here?"

When the Stars Forgot to Return My Wishes 20

Chapter 20

Autumn looked up and saw Julian standing there, staring at her with irritation in his eyes and a faint trace of anger in his dark gaze.

"You've really got some nerve, showing up here too. Do you seriously enjoy acting paranoid all the time?"

Just seeing her gave Julian a headache.

She was like a ghost that refused to go away.

Why did she have to be everywhere?

Autumn frowned, puzzled. "What did I do?"

She was just playing a game. How was that bothering anyone?

Every time she showed up somewhere he happened to be, he always assumed she was following him and there to cause trouble.

Even doing absolutely nothing became a crime.

She'd had more than enough of the self-centered way he saw the world.

Julian grabbed her arm and started dragging her toward the entrance.

“We’re all here to discuss AI and healthcare. If you came to stir up drama, you better leave now.

“I don’t have time for your nonsense. And if you offend anyone important, I won’t be able to protect you.”

Autumn calmly pulled her arm out of his grip.

“I’m here for the seminar, just like you. I’m not here to cause trouble. But you, grabbing me in public like that- aren’t you worried someone might see?

“Or do you actually want everyone to know I’m your wife?”

Looking at the man in front of her, she felt like he was a complete stranger.

In his eyes, her very presence was a nuisance.

Just thinking about all the foolish things she’d done for him made her want to slap herself.

She had thrown away her dignity and ended up with stomach cancer for a man.

Was it really worth it?

Julian’s face darkened when she pulled away.

His voice rose with frustration. “Autumn, don’t be ungrateful. Go home now.”

He was one breath away from saying she was embarrassing herself.

So that was all she was to him – some overly dramatic woman who existed only to make a scene.

Autumn let out a sharp laugh.

“No one here knows who I am. So even if I embarrass myself, it’s my business. Has nothing to do with you, right?

“But if you keep grabbing and dragging me around like this, in front of everyone, it’s not going to look good.”

Julian’s frustration only deepened at her indifference.

His face clouded over, and he opened his mouth, ready to snap back.

When he turned and saw Luna walking over, Julian stopped caring about Autumn entirely and headed in Luna’s

direction.

Just a moment ago, he was full of annoyance.

Now, with Luna approaching, his eyes were practically overflowing with tenderness.

Ha! A cheating man with a new favorite—how utterly disgusting.

Autumn's stomach twisted violently, and she rushed to the restroom.

Kneeling by the toilet, she vomited until her body shook.

Everything she had eaten that morning and at lunch came up. NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON

By the end of it, she was almost retching up bile.

Suddenly, her phone started ringing in her pocket.

Still trembling, she stood up, her stomach cramping again.

She reached into her bag with an unsteady hand and answered the call.

Ethan's concerned voice came through. "Autumn, did you make it?"

She flushed the toilet and pressed the button before replying, her face pale. "I'm here. I just started feeling a little sick, so I went to the restroom."

"Are you okay?"

"I'm alright. Probably just something I ate at lunch."

She held her stomach and forced her voice to sound steady.

Ethan's tone was gentle but worried. "If you're not feeling well, I can tell the organizers you won't be attending."

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