

REMARRIED AFTER I SECRETLY DIVORCED THE CEO

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The unspoken meaning was clear-if Luna was willing to be the garbage dump, then Autumn would gladly toss the trash her way.

She didn't want any of it. Anything that could be stolen was never hers to begin with. The rightful source is FindNovel.net

And if it was never truly hers, there was nothing to mourn.

Let it all blow away with the wind.

At those words, Luna's face went pale for a moment, though she quickly regained her composure.

But as she looked at Autumn's calm and composed expression, a strange sense of unease crept in.

Jasmine bit her lip, fuming. “You’re just being bitter because you can’t have what we have. You’re clearly jealous of Luna, but you refuse to admit it.”

She was still furious over the two slaps, but with Luna holding her back, there was nothing she could do.

And Autumn just kept going, her words stinging like needles.

It was absolutely infuriating.

“What exactly am I jealous of?” Autumn arched a brow.

“Jealous of how manipulative she is? How good she is at turning people against each other? Or how she schemes to hurt me just to win favor?

“Or am I supposed to envy how she rolled around in bed with Julian, all while hiding like a coward so no one would find out?

“If this were the old days, she’d be paraded through town with a scarlet letter for sleeping with a married man.

She’d heard these kinds of accusations all her life. She was tired of it.

It had always been Luna who was jealous of her-knowing deep down she was the one who came after.

To secure her place in the family, Luna schemed every time Autumn returned home, setting traps to trip her up.

And yet the Lewis family turned a blind eye,

The moment Luna cried, Autumn was the one blamed.

They all rushed to scold her.

Jasmine's face turned green with rage. She pointed at Autumn and yelled, "You..."

Autumn cut her off sharply. "Luna, keep your dog on a leash. If she tries me again, don't blame me for what happens.

"I don't care how you and Julian sneak around. Go ahead, gorge yourselves in secret-I couldn't care less. But if you try to drag me into your mess, I won't just sit and watch.

"And about my uncle, I'm not letting that go. We'll see how this plays out."

With that, she walked into the tech department.

Jasmine glared after her, fuming.

“Luna, why did you stop me? Did you see how smug she was? She slapped me twice! That was way out of line.

“If you hadn’t held me back, I’d have gone at her. Just a shameless seductress-what’s so great about her anyway?”

Autumn was nothing more than an orphan-how dare she act like she could trample all over them?

Jasmine just couldn’t understand where that arrogance came from.

What baffled her even more was why Luna was holding back.

When it came to someone so shameless, why show mercy at all?

Luna glanced at Jasmine, who was still fuming, and said calmly, “If I lost my temper as easily as you, Autumn would’ve outplayed me a long time ago.”

It had been nearly twenty years since she joined the Lewis family, and all this time, she'd kept her true nature carefully hidden.

She never let her anger show, and she never argued openly with Autumn.

Autumn's weakness had always been her temper-too hot-headed, ready to explode at the slightest trigger, especially whenever her mother was brought up.

Autumn would lose it completely if anyone mentioned her, lashing out at whoever in her path.

Jasmine pouted, about to argue, but Luna added, "Say whatever you want to her, but don't bring up her mother again, unless you're in the mood to get slapped."

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When Autumn returned to the tech department, she noticed Claire was looking at her a little strangely, but she didn't think much of it.

As she was organizing the documents on her desk, she turned and saw Claire standing behind her, looking like she had something to say but couldn't quite get it out.

Amused, Autumn asked, “What’s wrong? You look like you’ve got something on your mind.”

She figured Claire wanted to say something. For more chapters visit [Find★Novel.net](#)

Ever since Luna had shown up earlier, Claire’s demeanor toward her had shifted a bit.

It made her wonder if Claire had overheard something and misunderstood.

Claire hesitated, then stepped closer and asked, “I just wanted to know... are you and Mr. Sharp really... involved like that?”

The rest of their team quietly stopped what they were doing and subtly turned to look in Autumn’s direction.

Autumn stacked the papers in her hand, her expression calm as she countered, “So you all believe the rumors? Haven’t you already gotten a sense of what I’m capable of?”

Several faces looked awkward.

Claire scratched her head and said sheepishly, “We were just curious, that’s all. Don’t take it personally.”

“It’s just... my friend’s cousin said she used to be your classmate, and that you didn’t exactly have the best reputation back then. So, I asked without thinking.”

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Though Claire had known Luna from university, they were technically in the same grad school, he hadn’t stayed in touch after graduation.

He hadn’t expected her to reach out, claiming to represent the Lewis Group for a partnership. But things hadn’t gone smoothly, apparently because of Autumn.

He wasn’t sure why Luna had contacted him—he couldn’t do much to help with the business deal anyway. (1) But her cousin clearly held a grudge against Autumn and didn’t hold back in trash-talking her.

Combined with all the office gossip lately, Claire had made some assumptions.

That was why he’d come to ask.

Autumn just shrugged. “It’s fine. Truth speaks louder than rumors. I’ll prove I didn’t get this job through any

back door.

“I just hope you won’t be like the rest-don’t judge me through a lens of gossip.

“After all, we’re working together every day. I’d really rather not do that in a toxic atmosphere. Don’t you agree?”

Everyone nodded. They actually felt the same.

Even though Autumn had only joined a few days ago, her skills were already clear.

A mere undergrad with that level of talent-even the PhDs among them couldn’t help but feel a little humbled.

After work, Autumn planned to visit the cemetery.

In a few days, it would be the third anniversary of her mother’s passing.

Her aunt had told her that, in older generations’ eyes, the third anniversary was a significant farewell-a time to gather close friends and family for a proper memorial.

But there weren’t many relatives on their side.

After the divorce, her father's family had cut ties completely.

Her mother's side was nearly nonexistent.

After her uncle passed, there was no one left.

If it weren't for her uncle's family treating her kindly—especially her uncle, who often offered her comfort and advice—she probably wouldn't have made it through.

Her mother's final wish was to see them one last time.

But she hadn't gotten that chance. She passed with that regret still in her heart.

Autumn genuinely hoped her two brothers would come to the memorial this time.

After all, this would be the final goodbye.

It had been a long time since she'd visited her mother, and there was so much she wanted to say.

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She picked out a bouquet of carnations-they symbolized love and blessings for a mother.

The florist asked her to wait for a moment, so she sat down.

As she turned her head, she spotted Hector.

He was here to buy flowers too?

Was he also going to visit their mother's grave?

Because Autumn was seated further inside, partially hidden behind a display of bouquets, Hector didn't notice her right away. This content belongs to Find[[N](#)]ovel.net

He stepped in, holding a box of mango cake, and said to the florist, "Could you wrap a bouquet for my sister, please? Thank you."

The moment she heard that, it felt like someone had dumped a bucket of ice water over Autumn's head.

The chill spread from the top of her skull to the soles of her feet.

So, she had been wrong.

She thought, like her, he remembered that their mother's death anniversary was just a few days away.

She thought he might be here to visit their mom.

But instead, he was here to buy flowers for Luna.

How ironic.

They had probably long forgotten what day it was. Let alone remembering the third anniversary.

After all, they hadn't shown up the past two years either.

The first year, they claimed they were away on business and couldn't make it back.

The second year, Susan had gone abroad for surgery, and they were too busy looking after her.

When they returned, she asked why they hadn't come.

Their response? "The living matter more than the dead."

Autumn could only laugh at that.

These were the two ungrateful sons her mother nearly died twice giving birth to.

She wondered what excuse they would use this year.

After paying, Hector turned around and finally spotted Autumn.

He immediately walked over and grabbed her arm.

Without hesitation, he started accusing her, "Autumn, why did you convince Ethan to cancel our deal? What do you even gain from this?"

He truly couldn't believe that the moment Autumn got close to Ethan, her first move was to sabotage the Lewis family.

He had no idea how she'd gotten involved with Ethan, but he was sure it wasn't through anything respectable.

Not when just recently she was still tangled up with Julian-and at yesterday's banquet, she'd been suspiciously cozy with the Sinclair heir too.

It made no sense.

Why did they all act like they were under some spell, falling all over themselves to please her?

He had to admit that Autumn's tactics were impressive.

To have two such outstanding men wrapped around her finger like that was no small feat.

The only consolation was that, thankfully, Julian hadn't fallen for her spell.

If he had, Luna would've been devastated.

There was no way she could ever compete with someone like Autumn.

With that bitter thought, Hector let out a cold scoff.

“Autumn, don’t think you can just rely on men and expect everything to go your way. On one side, you’re flirting with the Sinclair heir, and on the other, you’re tangled up with Ethan Sharp.

“Are you that desperate for a man? One’s not enough, so now you’re juggling two? Aren’t you afraid one day you’ll slip and drown in your own mess?

“You think rich men are fools? Once they see you for who you really are, they’ll drop you like a disease.”

His anger only grew.

He paused for a moment, then snapped, “You cozy up to Ethan, and the first thing you do is target the Lewis family. How did we end up with a backstabbing sister like you?

“Seems like you’ve forgotten your own last name. Do you really think any of this is going to make us pay attention to you?

“Don’t kid yourself. All you’ve done is make us despise you even more. Someone as shameless as you doesn’t deserve to be called our sister.”

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Hector was still fuming, spewing one accusation after another, yet it still didn't feel like enough.

Autumn had crossed the line this time.

Luna had hurt her foot when she returned to the company, and he had just gotten off work and come to pick up her favorite cake and flowers before heading to the hospital.

But as her older brother's words spilled out, Autumn didn't hesitate.

She raised her hand and slapped him hard across the face.

Hector held his cheek in stunned disbelief. "Autumn, you actually hit me, you..."

Before he could finish, another slap landed, this time on the other cheek.

Now both sides matched.

Autumn's eyes were blazing red.

She couldn't hold back the fury in her voice as she shouted, "Whatever Luna says, you all believe without question. But when it comes to me, you think I'm just making excuses."

"You take the words of a mistress's daughter over your own sister. If Mom knew, how heartbroken would she be?"

"Hector, look me in the eye and tell me-have you really lived up to the promises you made to Mom?"

She was shaking with anger.

To think her own brother could say something like that to her.

The disappointment was gutting.

This was the same brother she'd once gone out of her way to please.

But he trusted Luna and her mother completely.

He had never once believed her, as if her very existence was nothing more than a bad joke.

Hector stood frozen, hands clutching both sides of his stinging face, utterly shocked that Autumn had dared slap him twice.

Furious, he raised his hand, ready to strike back.

“Autumn! I can’t believe how ungrateful you’ve become. You actually hit your own brother? I’m going to teach you a lesson today.

“You’ve made one mistake after another, and when your brother calls you out, you still act this arrogant? You’ve lost all sense of decency.”

But before his hand could reach her, a male employee stepped in and grabbed his wrist.

He calmly warned, “Sir, hitting a woman is never okay. No matter what she did, you shouldn’t raise your hand to

her.

“A man’s hands are meant for work-not for violence. Don’t you think so?”

Still seething, Hector shook the man off. “What do you know? She hit me first-are you blind?”

It was the first time in his life anyone had ever slapped him and it came from his own sister.

The more he thought about it, the angrier he became.

Autumn had really gone too far-at least, that's what Hector kept telling himself.

Just then, a female florist walked over with a freshly wrapped bouquet of carnations and handed it to Autumn.

"Ma'am, your carnations are ready. Are these for your mother?"

Autumn took the bouquet and nodded. "Yes."

The florist smiled, a bit envious. "She must be a very lucky mom."

"She passed away."

Autumn answered softly, her expression dimming instantly.

"Oh... I'm sorry."

Autumn shook her head, her voice catching slightly. “It’s alright. It’s been almost three years. Her third death anniversary is coming up soon. We’re planning a small farewell ceremony.”

She said it loud enough for Hector to hear.

If he had even the slightest heart, he’d know exactly what she meant.

Sure enough, after hearing her words, half of Hector’s rage seemed to deflate.

He reached out and grabbed her arm, asking, “When exactly is Mom’s third death anniversary?”

He might be disappointed in Autumn, but when it came to their mother, he still held deep respect. NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON find*.novel.net

They hadn’t expected her to pass so suddenly.

And back then, Luna had insisted she hadn’t traveled in years and begged them to take her on a trip.

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Because of all sorts of reasons, they'd been in a bad mood during that time, and after Luna's constant pleading, they eventually gave in and went with her.

They never expected that, by the time they got back, they'd be met with the news that their mother had passed just a few days earlier.

They were devastated. That became a lifelong regret for both him and his older brother.

Later on, he wasn't even sure why, but every year on her death anniversary, something always came up.

In the end, they never made it.

But this year marked the third anniversary. They had to attend the farewell ceremony.

Otherwise, he and his brother truly would be unfilial sons.

A cold smirk tugged at Autumn's lips.

“Didn’t you guys just not want to show up? When Mom passed away, you were off vacationing with that precious mistress and her daughter, never even came back to see her one last time.

“And for the past two anniversaries, you skipped those too. Do you honestly think that counts as being respectful?”

Just thinking about how her brothers chose Luna and Susan over her and their mother made Autumn’s chest ache with cold disappointment.

If her mom was watching from above, she’d be furious too.

What they’d done was truly unforgivable.

“Autumn!” Hector raised his voice. “What’s done is done-we should be looking forward, shouldn’t we?”

“I know you have issues with Luna and her mom because of how things happened, but my brother and I did nothing wrong. Can’t you just talk to us like a normal person?”

He truly didn’t understand.

Autumn's anger had always been directed at Luna and her mother-so why did she seem to hate him and his brother now too?

The only explanation he could come up with was that Autumn held grudges and had an extreme personality.

Autumn let out a laugh, bitter and sharp.

"You two did nothing wrong? It's always someone else's fault, isn't it? You're unbelievable.

"Don't start twisting the narrative. Mom's third anniversary is on the fifth of this month.

"If you don't show up this time, we're done. From that day forward, you are no longer my brothers."

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With those words thrown out, Autumn didn't wait for Hector's response.

She turned and left the flower shop.

Outside, the sky had grown dark, and the air was heavy, as if rain could fall at any moment.

Just like her mood-tight and suffocating.

She looked up at the sky, and a fat raindrop splashed against her cheek.

The cold sting of it made her flinch.

She stopped by a nearby supermarket, bought a black umbrella, and took a cab to the cemetery.

Outside the car window, the sky darkened even more.

Thunder rumbled, lightning flashed, and the rain began pouring down harder and harder.

The driver, a middle-aged man, glanced at the downpour outside and couldn't help but turn slightly to ask, " Miss, with the rain coming down this hard, are you sure you still want to go to the cemetery?"

Judging by the weather, the rain didn't look like it would stop anytime soon.

A young woman going alone to a cemetery in a storm-he couldn't help but feel concerned.

What if she got soaked? What if she got sick and no one was around to notice?

Autumn looked at the rain pelting against the window, then down at the bouquet in her arms.

“It’s fine. I haven’t gone in a long time. I’ll just stay for a short while, then head back.”

Back then, her life had been so wrapped up in family drama, she barely had time to visit her mother.

The last time she went was months ago during the spring memorial season. UPDATE FROM

The driver didn’t say anything else.

When they arrived at the cemetery, the rain had eased a little, but the wind was still strong.

Autumn got out of the car with her umbrella.

The moment she stepped out, a gust of wind flipped her umbrella inside out, and icy rain slammed against her, soaking her clothes completely.

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The cemetery was nestled on the western outskirts of Northhaven, far from the noise of the city, wrapped in a still, solemn quiet.

The soft chime of wind bells only deepened the sense of reverence.

Rows of black tombstones stood silently in place, radiating a haunting sense of abandonment.

Autumn quickly found her mother's grave.

The black-and-white photo on the headstone brought everything rushing to the surface.

Her eyes filled with tears and overflowed instantly.

She didn't know if it was from skipping dinner or the anger stirred up by Hector, but a sharp pain throbbed through her stomach.

She placed the flowers in front of the grave and cleared the overgrown weeds beside it, then slumped weakly against the tombstone.

The rain began to ease, and Autumn let the umbrella fall to the side.

Cold raindrops soaked her thin clothes, making her shiver.

But the chill outside couldn't compare to the cold in her chest.

She dropped all pretenses-her usual calm and resilience-everything crumbled.

Her tears spilled like a broken string of pearls as she poured out all her recent struggles to her mother.

Pain gripped her stomach again.

Autumn took a pill from the small bottle in her bag and swallowed it dry.

She pressed past the bitterness lingering in her mouth, then leaned back against the grave, continuing to speak to her mother about all she had been through.

By the time the sky turned fully dark, Autumn finally left the cemetery.

Taxis were hard to come by in the area, so she walked to the nearest bus stop.

She picked up a small container of oatmeal from a downstairs shop and took it home.

After a few bites, she lost her appetite entirely. Her body felt heavy, so after showering, she went straight to bed.

In the middle of the night, Autumn woke up groggy, her head pounding and her body burning with heat.

Her lips were dry and cracked.

She must have come down with a fever again.

Her health had been declining.

She was in the rain for a while, and she was already sick.

It was pathetic how fragile she'd become.

Moving slowly, she reached for her phone. The screen glowed 12:00a.m.

She pushed back the covers and got out of bed, hoping to get some water.

She didn't have any fever meds at her new place, so staying hydrated was her only option.

Her hands trembled from the heat and dizziness as she picked up a glass.

But her grip slipped.

Crash. The glass hit the floor and shattered with a sharp, clear sound.

She instinctively bent down to pick it up, but moved too quickly, and a sharp shard sliced across her finger.

She gasped softly, clutching the bleeding finger, biting her lip as panic welled up inside her.

She didn't know what to do.

Just then, a knock sounded at the door.

Autumn glanced toward it, confused. Who could it be at this hour?

Once the dizziness in her head eased slightly, she slowly made her way over and opened the door.

A tall figure stood outside.

With the lights off inside, the man was backlit by the dim sensor light in the hallway, his features obscured in shadow, giving him an air of mystery.

Keith stepped inside and reached out with his long fingers to switch on the wall light.

"Why are you sitting in the dark?"

His eyes immediately landed on Autumn's hand, and the trace of blood.

His brows furrowed slightly. "You're hurt?"

Instinctively, Autumn hid her injured hand behind her back, but Keith caught her wrist before she could pull

away.

The moment he touched her, he felt the heat radiating from her skin. [READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT Find-Novel.net](#)

He raised his hand and gently pressed it to her forehead.

"You've got a fever?" His dark eyes narrowed.

"Autumn, are you trying to kill yourself? You're burning up and still haven't gone to the hospital."

His scolding left her stunned.

She blinked up at him, confused-why was he more panicked than she was when she was the one who was sick?

Without another word, Keith scooped her up in his arms and turned toward the door.

"I'm taking you to the hospital."

Autumn instinctively struggled. "I can walk on my own."

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But the moment Keith shot her a glance-even though his expression remained calm and unreadable-Autumn instantly felt the weight of it.

There was pressure in his gaze, quiet but undeniable.

-Hospital-

The cold had hit her hard.

Combined with her weakened immune system from the cancer meds, her condition quickly worsened.

After a round of tests, Autumn was completely drained.

Lying on the bed in the emergency room, her eyelids were growing heavier by the second.

Outside, voices rose in the hallway. She suddenly recognized a few of them.

“She’s in a lot more pain now, Hector-go find a doctor, quickly!”

“How is she hurting this much all of a sudden? Should we ask the doctor to run some tests?”

“I think we should. Even if they said it’s just a sprain, better safe than sorry. A scan tomorrow might give us peace of mind.”

“Enough chatter. We’ll deal with tomorrow when it comes. Right now, just get the doctor. We need someone to check on Luna!”

As the voices faded down the hallway, Autumn let out a breathless laugh.

So that was why Hector had come to the hospital.

He was here for Luna. No wonder he’d been so harsh earlier.

A twisted sense of irony settled in her chest.

A sprained ankle was enough to draw the whole Lewis family to her side.

Meanwhile, she was burning up, weak to the point of collapse, and not a single person had shown up to ask if she was alright.

She was the kind of person who had family but might as well have had none.

All she felt now was an overwhelming sense of loneliness.

Just then, Keith returned with the paperwork after settling her hospital fees.

A nurse came in shortly after to administer an antipyretic injection and hook her up to an IV.

Autumn closed her eyes for a moment, her voice soft and weary. “Senior, I’m sorry to trouble you again. Could

you send me the receipt later? I’ll transfer you the money.”

Keith didn’t respond.

Instead, he poured her a glass of water. “The doctor said you need to stay hydrated. Sit up and drink a little.”

She didn’t have the strength to argue, so she leaned against his hand and took a few sips.

The cool water eased her throat.

He set the cup down and gently pulled the blanket up around her shoulders. “Get some sleep. You’ll feel better after resting.”

Her eyes were already heavy.

She closed them the moment her head hit the pillow, and soon, she drifted off.

When Autumn woke up again, it was already morning.

She instinctively touched her forehead-no more fever.

Not seeing Keith around, she naturally assumed he had already left. Check latest chapters at find-novel.net

She felt much better now.

The fever had broken, and there was no longer any reason for her to stay in the hospital.

She pulled back the blanket and got out of bed. Just as she reached the door, she heard voices outside.

It was still the Lewis family.

“Brother, Autumn really went too far this time. She deliberately targeted Luna and upset her so much she ended up falling. You’ve got to do something-we can’t let her keep getting away with this.”

“This partnership was important. I don’t think Autumn has the ability to sabotage a deal like that on her own.”

“You’re still defending her at this point? She might not, but Ethan Sharp does!”

“You mean Autumn got involved with Ethan, and the first thing she did was come after our family?”

Autumn didn’t listen any further. She had already opened the hospital room door.

Leaning against the doorframe, her pale face still tinged with illness, she let out a cold laugh.

“If you’ve got something to say, say it to my face. What kind of man stabs people in the back behind closed doors?”

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Hector turned his head toward the hospital room door and saw Autumn standing there, that familiar sneer on her pale face.

The sight made his blood boil.

He stormed over and shouted, “Autumn, tell me where I’m wrong! You just can’t stand how much we care about Luna, so you’re doing all this for attention, aren’t you?”

“Isn’t it pathetic-trying to get our attention like this?”

His face still stung from the two slaps she’d given him at the flower shop yesterday. Newest update provided by FindNovel.net

The longer he thought about it after going home, the angrier he became.

Even after icing his face for a long time last night, the faint marks were still there.

It was humiliating.

And now, seeing the person who caused it all, standing here mocking them in front of their older brother-it made his fury surge all over again.

Autumn’s lips curled faintly.

Her already pale face seemed even more bloodless now. “You really do think too highly of yourselves, don’t you? Like the world revolves around you.

“If I really wanted to go after you, do you think I’d stop at something so mild?”

“Use your moldy brains for once. You’re the ones messing up, yet you’re trying to pin it on me? I don’t need that garbage.”

The Lewis family always had this habit-whenever something went wrong, they looked for someone else to

blame.

Never once did they reflect on their own faults.

That was the kind of people they were. Shameless.

Sometimes, she felt like Luna and the rest of them were the real family.

They shared the same character, after all.

Right then, Simon stepped forward, speaking in that condescending tone of his.

“Autumn, how long are you going to keep making a scene? We haven’t even held you accountable for slapping Hector yesterday.

“And now here you are, full of sarcasm again. Do you even understand what the word manners means?”

As the head of the company, his schedule was packed-he didn’t have time for family drama.

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He didn’t even know when Autumn had started becoming so aggressive.

He only remembered that as a child, she’d been sweet and obedient.

He used to be so fond of her.

But somewhere along the way, she became a compulsive liar, combative and extreme.

Say a few words to her, and she’d explode, attacking everyone in sight.

He just couldn’t bring himself to care about a sister like that anymore.

“Manners?” Autumn let out a cold laugh. “And you’re the ones lecturing me about that? Don’t you think that’s hilarious?”

“Oh, your lovely stepmom sure has manners-driving my mother away and using her illegitimate daughter to climb to the top.

“And your sweet little sister Luna? She’s the picture of class too-wrecking someone else’s marriage just to throw herself into the role of mistress.”

Those two were devils, plain and simple.

Sure, no affair happens without the man’s fault, but if those women had even a shred of decency, there wouldn’t have been an affair to begin with.

At the end of the day, when one had got no shame, anything could become possible.

“Sister... how could you say something like that?”

A soft, trembling voice came from behind her, laced with a hint of choked-up sadness.

Autumn turned and saw Luna standing there, eyes rimmed with red, lip trembling like she was moments from

tears.

Her injured foot was wrapped in gauze, making her look especially frail and delicate.

Susan stood beside her, supporting her arm as she swayed unsteadily.

Her eyes turned red as well.

“Autumn,” Susan said, voice thick with emotion, “I know you’ve got a lot against us, but you can’t just accuse

us like this.

“Luna was in a proper relationship. How did that turn into being called a mistress by you?”

Autumn let out a faint scoff.

Mother and daughter playing the mistress card like it was a badge of honor.

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They were utterly shameless.

Hector stepped forward to support Luna, then turned and snapped at Autumn, “You’ve gone too far. Apologize to Luna and Susan, right now.”

Before Autumn could speak, Simon grabbed her injured hand.

She gasped in pain, her face going a few shades paler.

He shoved her in front of Luna and Susan, his voice icy. “You made a mistake, so act like it. Apologize.”

Autumn was still recovering from her fever, her head foggy and her balance unsteady. Find the newest release on [find♦novel.net](https://findnovel.net)

With that shove, she stumbled straight toward the floor.

But before she could hit the ground, an arm caught her and pulled her into a broad, warm chest.

She looked up with effort and saw Keith.

His eyes were cold as they swept over the Lewis family. “This is how you treat your own sister?”

Seeing Keith there, Simon froze for a few seconds before quickly forcing a smile.

“Autumn was being disrespectful to her elders. We were just trying to teach her a lesson-no harm intended.”

He hadn’t expected Autumn to actually fall.

It caught him off guard.

He’d been about to help her up, but Keith was faster.

Susan flinched under his look, her face going pale.

This man was terrifying. The moment he appeared, the pressure in the room shifted.

From his presence to the way Simon treated him so deferentially-everything about him screamed power.

And all she could think was-who was this man, and how did Autumn know him?

Luna didn’t recognize Keith, but she could read the room.

She bit her lip and choked out, “Sir, it’s just... my sister said some very hurtful things about us, and my brothers got upset.

“If she doesn’t want to apologize, that’s okay too. My mom and I won’t hold it against her.”

Autumn had looked ready to apologize a moment ago.

But the second this man arrived, everything shifted, which only proved one thing-this man was no ordinary figure.

His aura alone made it clear: he was someone powerful and untouchable.

Susan quickly echoed Luna’s words, “Yes, yes, let’s just forget it. Autumn doesn’t need to apologize.”

She’d always been good at reading the room.

She knew how to shift her stance the moment the wind changed.

And right now, it was clear the tide had turned.

Smoothing things over was the smartest move.

But Hector, seeing the mother and daughter standing there looking so wronged and pitiful, grew furious.

He stepped protectively in front of them and glared at Keith.

“I don’t care if you’re the Sinclair heir. You still have to be reasonable. Autumn was the one who disrespected her elders first.

“If you keep shielding her like this, you’re just going to spoil her!”

Keith’s eyes swept over Hector, sharp and cold. “Are they your biological mother and sister?”

The implication was clear: defending the mistress who destroyed their parents’ marriage, and her daughter who ruined his sister’s, while attacking his actual sister?

What a joke.

Of course, none of them grasped the deeper meaning.

But Keith didn’t care. As long as it made them uncomfortable, that was enough.

Hector choked on his words.

Simon quickly stepped forward, trying to smooth things over with a polite smile. “Mr. Sinclair, my younger brother’s still immature. Please don’t take his words to heart.”

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When the Stars Forgot to Return My Wishes

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Keith let out a cold, mocking laugh. “Autumn’s younger than him, yet he gets room to make mistakes and she doesn’t? That’s a double standard.”

The words landed hard.

Simon’s face burned with embarrassment.

He opened his mouth, trying to respond, but Keith didn’t give him the chance. Follow current novels on find [N]ovel.net

He guided Autumn straight into the hospital room.

As soon as the door closed behind them, Keith shot her a sidelong glance.

“Did your mouth stop working? You just stood there and let them gang up on you?”

When he arrived, she was standing there, silent, taking every blow they threw at her.

It pissed him off.

Autumn bit her lip, then looked up at him.

“I did talk back. They just didn’t believe me. They even said I had no manners and told me to apologize to that mother-daughter duo.”

Hector must’ve already forgotten what she warned him about yesterday.

Barely a night had passed, and he was back to defending them again.

Some people were so full of prejudice, no one thing could change their minds.

That kind of bias was buried deep-only real pain could shake it loose.

“Here, have some oatmeal. Warm your stomach a bit.”

Keith set the oatmeal on the bedside table, opened the lid, and handed her a spoon.

She took it, murmured a thank-you, and began eating quietly. It was surprisingly good.

She made herself eat a few more bites this time but still couldn’t manage much before stopping.

After tossing the leftovers into the trash, Keith handed her phone to her.

“Call your boss and ask for time off. You keep running a fever. You’re staying in for observation.”

“But my fever’s gone. I should be fine to leave,” Autumn said instinctively.

One look at Keith’s sharp, penetrating gaze, though, and she quickly lowered her head.

Softly, she explained, “My mom’s third death anniversary is coming up. I need to prepare a few things.

“The fever came from getting caught in the rain at the cemetery last night, not from illness.”

So much had happened lately. She hadn’t visited her mother in a long time.

All those bottled-up feelings had finally found a way out, and once they did, there was no holding them back.

She got drenched before she realized it.

By the time she realized something was wrong, she was already drenched.

Her body had gone cold, so it wasn’t surprising she caught a cold and developed a fever.

Hearing her explanation, Keith’s tone softened considerably.

“You don’t need to worry about that. Your aunt-in-law will take care of everything. If you don’t want them to worry, just focus on getting better.”

“Okay,” Autumn replied.

Then she called Ethan. He picked up almost immediately.

“Autumn, calling this early-did you just get a great creative idea?”

Autumn glanced down at the slippers on her feet.

“Ethan, I’ve got something going on today, so I won’t be able to come in. Just wanted to call and ask for the day off.”

She had only just started working there and was already asking for leave.

Even she felt a little embarrassed.

After all, no one hired someone just to have them flake out half the time.

Ethan replied cheerfully, “Got it. Will you be in next Monday then?”

Autumn looked down and thought for a moment.

“Next Monday is my mom’s third death anniversary. We’re planning something significant, so I probably won’t make it.”

After that, she’d finally say a full goodbye to her mother,

Just thinking about her brought tears to her eyes again.

Her mom had endured so much for her-nearly a lifetime of hardship-and just when they were about to turn a corner, she was suddenly gone.

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