

REMARRIED AFTER I SECRETLY DIVORCED THE CEO

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Keith was clearly asking that on purpose. It was just too much.

“Mr. Sinclair, it’s late. If there’s nothing else, you should get some rest. I just left the office, so I’ll head back now. See you tomorrow.”

After hanging up, Keith pushed the door open and got out of the car. The gloom from earlier vanished, and his mood instantly lifted.

The next morning, Autumn didn’t wake until seven-thirty.

The first thing she saw was a message from Keith.

“Remember not to have breakfast today. Otherwise, the check-up will make your stomach uncomfortable. Head over first; I’ll be at the hospital before nine.”

Reading it, Autumn felt a warm glow in her chest. It was nice to be thought of.

But a second later, she reminded herself not to rely too much on anyone.

Otherwise, the ending could be even worse than now.

If she went through something like this again, she'd lose what little she had left to love.

She had to keep reminding herself to stay clear-headed, never again becoming that lovesick fool.

When Autumn arrived at the hospital, it was only eight-thirty.

She went straight to the floor where Peter's office was.

As soon as the elevator doors opened, she was surprised to see Jasmine standing there, supporting a middle-aged woman while waiting for the lift.

When she got a clear look at the woman's face, Autumn recognized her—it was Jasmine's mother.

This floor was the oncology department.

So, Jasmine's mother must have cancer too?

Ha. Karma. 2

Jasmine froze for a moment upon seeing Autumn, then lifted her chin high and sneered.

"Well, if it isn't Miss Lewis. What brings you here. Don't tell me you've got cancer too?

"You know what they say when arrogance reaches its peak, disaster follows. Looks like karma caught up to you real quick

"That's why people shouldn't get too full of themselves. You never know when retribution will strike, don't you think?"

Who would have thought she'd run into Autumn first thing in the morning while bringing her mom for a check-

up?

Just her luck.

When enemies crossed paths, tempers always flared.

Autumn looked at Jasmine's arrogant expression and curved her lips into a cold smile.

"So, you believe that saying too? When it comes to arrogance, I could never compare to you and your lot, could I?"

"As for the matter of framing my uncle back then, we haven't settled that yet. Don't be in such a hurry, Miss Far -we'll take our time with that old score.

"After all, what goes around comes around. Sooner or later, it'll be your turn to fall. Don't you agree?"

Fuming, Jasmine stepped into the elevator and deliberately bumped into Autumn, snapping, "Stop trying to scare me. You're just an orphan. What could you possibly use to clear your uncle's name?"

"Let me tell you the truth. Back then, it was only with the Lewis family's help that my family got that sum of money and walked away without consequences.

"So, what if you're the Lewis family's precious daughter? Your father and two brothers still sided with Luna over you."

At that, she couldn't help admiring her aunt and Luna's skill.

They'd taken a losing hand and somehow turned it into a royal flush.

It was also thanks to the Lewis family finding them a lawyer that they'd won the case, taken the money, and left without trouble.

The amount hadn't been much, but for their family at the time, it was a fortune.

Autumn showed little reaction to Jasmine's words.

She had already guessed as much.

Still, there was a faint sting. If the Lewis family hadn't helped back then, her uncle wouldn't have ended up in such a miserable situation.

"We never framed your uncle. Don't go making baseless accusations when you've got no proof." READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT [Find★Novel.net](#)

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The one who spoke was Jasmine's mother, who had kept quiet until now.

Maybe it was guilt, but even her voice lacked conviction.

Clearly, Jasmine hadn't taken after her mother's timid, evasive nature.

She must have inherited her father's—rotten to the core, shameless to the point of not knowing what shame

was.

With that thought, Autumn's lips curved into a cold smirk.

"You know exactly what you've done. Justice lives in people's hearts. I may not have proof now, but that doesn't mean I never will.

"And let me make one thing clear—my ties with the Lewis family are gone. Without them, I'll only get better and better."

With that, she didn't bother to check Jasmine's reaction and turned to leave.

Jasmine ground her teeth in fury. "Autumn, just you wait—I won't let you have it easy."

It was peak morning hours at the hospital, and a crowd had gathered by the elevators.

People were growing impatient at Jasmine blocking the doorway without moving.

"Miss, there are plenty of people waiting for the elevator. Standing here and blocking it—what's that supposed to mean?"

"Exactly. We've got check-ups to get to. We don't have time to watch you argue. Either get in or get out, but don't waste everyone's time."

"You're just a young woman, yet your mouth's so vicious. And now you're hogging a public elevator? Serves you right that your mother's seriously ill."

"Young people these days got no manners at all. Taking up public resources and acting so high and mighty. Hurry up and move before you hold up the rest of us." Get full chapters from FindNovel.net

One older woman yanked Jasmine and her mother away from the doorway, and the crowd piled into the elevator, muttering curses as they went.

Jasmine stomped her foot in frustration, wanting to get in, but could only watch the doors close.

These rude old geezers was just infuriating.

So, they could use the elevator, but she couldn't?

For the next half hour, every elevator was either in use or too packed to squeeze into.

Jasmine's pretty face twisted in rage, but unwilling to take the stairs, she stood there seething.

When Autumn arrived at Peter's office, the old man hadn't come in yet, so she had no choice but to sit in a chair outside and wait.

Not long after, Keith showed up carrying a food container.

Inside was oatmeal.

The moment the aroma reached her, Autumn's stomach growled with hunger, but she couldn't eat now.

Bringing breakfast at a time like this, when she was starving, felt like pure temptation.

As if sensing this, Keith set the oatmeal on the windowsill nearby, then walked over to her.

He sat down beside her, his gaze warm and gentle. "Nervous?"

Autumn shook her head.

Suddenly, warmth spread in her palm. She looked down and saw that Keith had slipped a lollipop into her hand.

Meeting his eyes, she asked in surprise, "What made you think of getting me a lollipop?"

The last time she'd had one was when her brothers gave her some as a child.

Her mother had been afraid she'd get cavities, so she'd never bought them for her.

This was the first time as an adult that someone had given her a lollipop, and it caught her off guard.

Before she could think more about it, Keith said, "I heard candy can ease a lot of pain. After the check-up, you can have one—it'll make you feel better."

Autumn glanced at the lollipop in her hand. It was her favorite strawberry flavor.

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That was thoughtful of him.

It would be a lie to say she wasn't touched.

"Thanks, Senior."

Autumn carefully slipped the lollipop into her pocket.

Just then, Peter came over in his white coat.

Seeing how close they were sitting, he teased, "I knew you two had a story, and you still denied it. Newest update provided by find◆novel.net

"You young people really know how to keep a relationship under wraps. Don't tell a soul, huh?"

At his words, Autumn instinctively pulled her hand back and looked up at him. "Dr. Mills, you've got it wrong. Keith and I aren't..."

She hadn't even gotten the words "dating" out before Peter cut her off. "I know, I know. You want to say you're not together, right?"

"Fine, I'll keep your secret. I promise no one else will hear it from me."

Autumn's small face flushed crimson. Did he actually think she was trying to hide something?

She shot Keith a pleading glance, hoping he would explain.

But...

Keith only smiled and said, "Dr, you're so busy, and yet you came all the way here. I feel bad for troubling you."

Still that same neither-confirming-nor-denying attitude.

Autumn sighed inwardly. She really shouldn't have counted on him.

Peter's expression grew earnest. "Alright then, if you really want to thank me, let it be with a toast at your wedding."

"That way, I'll have a reason to pressure Lucas into settling down. That boy—who knows what's going through his head?"

"Every time I bring it up, he says you're older and not married yet, so he's in no rush either."

"It's infuriating. No, now that you're in a relationship, I'll make sure to get on his case when I go back. I'm still waiting to hold a great-grandchild."

Listening to him, Autumn thought the way their family interacted seemed so relaxed and easy.

She liked that kind of atmosphere.

Unfortunately, her own home was far too chaotic for her to have it.

She could only envy it from afar.

As for the "wedding" remark, she decided to ignore it entirely. The old man was just misunderstanding the

situation.

If she kept explaining, it would only make her look like she was embarrassed and trying to hide something.

Forget it, if it made him happy, he could think whatever he liked. She didn't mind.

A flicker of something unreadable passed through Keith's eyes as he looked at Autumn.

"Are you ok? "

She'd been about to shake her head, but when her gaze met those deep eyes that seemed to see through everything, she changed her mind and nodded.

The follow-up was simple—just a painless endoscopy—but even so, she still felt a little uncomfortable when she came out of the examination room.

Keith guided her to a bench outside and handed her a cup of warm water. "Drink some. You'll feel better. "

Autumn took it, thanked him, and sipped a few mouthfuls before setting it aside.

Seeing that she still looked drained, Keith let her rest against his shoulder, then unwrapped a strawberry lollipop and held it to her lips.

She opened her mouth to take it, but the moment she realized she was leaning on his shoulder, she straightened as if shocked by a sudden jolt.

"What's wrong?" Keith's gaze was steady, his tone low.

"Nothing. Thanks for today, Senior."

The truth was, she was in a defensive state right now—part of her instinctively resisted physical contact, even with someone who had been helping her through the hardest moments.

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Seeing the startled look on her face, Keith actually took the time to explain. "You looked so weak I thought you could use a shoulder to lean on. Don't read too much into it."

Even so, his careful gesture had still startled her. He was pushing too fast.

She pressed her lips into a faint smile. “I wasn’t overthinking it. Thanks for the offer, Keith, but I’m fine now.”

She really hadn’t thought anything of it—she simply resisted physical contact these days, probably because she was still in a guarded state.

Keith handed her the oatmeal he’d brought earlier. “You didn’t have breakfast this morning. You must be hungry by now. Have some to warm your stomach.”

She accepted it, thanked him, and ate slowly, forcing it down despite the lingering discomfort.

The test results came out half an hour later. When she handed the report to Peter, he frowned immediately.

As the saying went—if a doctor could still smile, it wasn’t too bad. But a frown meant trouble, and a sigh meant

worse.

Seeing that deep crease in his brow, Autumn’s heart climbed into her throat.

Had the cancer cells already started spreading?

If so, would it mean chemotherapy and surgery?

The thought alone made her palms clammy and her pulse race.

Keith suddenly took her hand, feeling the dampness in her palm.

He looked down at her. “Nervous?”

This time, she didn’t pull away.

She nodded. How could she not be nervous, with Peter frowning at the report like that?

Sensing no resistance, Keith gave her hand a light squeeze, his gaze turning even darker, steadier.

“Don’t be afraid. Peter’s one of the best in this field. He’ll take care of you.”

She nodded. His reassurance was like a steadying weight in her chest, easing the tight coil of fear inside her.

The tension in her body began to loosen.

When Peter finished reading the report, his expression stayed grave as he looked at her.

“What have you been exposed to these past few weeks? How could it have spread so quickly in just a month?”

The young woman in front of him was barely in her early twenties, yet her stomach cancer had already progressed dangerously close to the late stage.

Hearing this, Autumn lowered her head, a tight prickle running over her scalp.

She had suspected her condition hadn’t improved, but she hadn’t expected it to have spread.

In a quiet voice, she explained, “I’m sorry, Dr. Mills. I’ve been around some people and situations lately that upset me. I promise I’ll keep my distance from them from now on.”

This past month had been nothing but stumbles and strain, with plenty she couldn’t make sense of—enough to worsen her illness.

Never again. If she wanted to live longer, she had to cut those people out of her life.

Peter didn't respond to her explanation.

Instead, his gaze shifted to Keith. "Is this how you take care of your girlfriend? She's this sick, and you still let her get upset? That's unacceptable.

"Her condition is serious—leaning toward the late stage. If it keeps going like this, she'll be facing chemotherapy and surgery." Original content can be found at

Adjusting his reading glasses, he continued, "My advice is to change her medication for now, take a more conservative approach, and come back for regular check-ups. And keep her mood steady.

"Even the best medicine is only an aid. The most important thing is a healthy mindset. Do you understand me?"

Keith met his accusing stare without flinching, his voice tinged with apology. "Thank you for the reminder, Dr. I won't let her get upset again and make things worse."

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Autumn glanced up at Keith.

What did he mean by that—was he planning to take care of her from now on?

She didn't dare let her thoughts go any further.

She wasn't afraid of giving her all, but life was unpredictable, and people's hearts could change.

If things fell apart later, she wasn't sure she could bear it.

She collected a few bottles of new medication, different from what she'd been taking before, and unease began to creep in as she stared at them in her hands.

Looking over at Keith, who was taking a call nearby, she felt a wave of uselessness.

Not only had she let her condition worsen, but she was also making him worry.

He'd been on the phone almost the entire time they were together.

He was clearly busy.

And yet she kept troubling him. Chapters first released on findnovel.net

It wasn't right. The guilt sat heavy in her chest.

When he finally hung up and his tall, steady figure walked toward her, she said, "Senior, if you're busy, you can go ahead. I've got the medicine, and I can head back on my own."

His dark eyes held hers. "Are you feeling unwell? Do you want me to drive you home?"

She shook her head. "No need. I drove myself here. I can get back fine."

Seeing she was firm, he didn't press the matter.

After a few words of reminder, he left the hospital.

She stuffed the medicine into her bag, tossed the paper bag into a nearby bin and froze at the sound of Irene's voice behind her.

"Miss Lewis, what brings you to the hospital? Are you feeling unwell?"

Autumn's heart gave a sharp jolt.

Had Irene seen her putting the medicine away?

Anxiety prickled at her skin.

If Irene found out she was sick, her grandmother would hear about it in no time.

She couldn't let that happen—she didn't want her worrying.

Her scalp tightened, her fingertips turning pale, the whole moment feeling like getting caught doing something

she shouldn't.

Pulling herself together, Autumn turned with a smile. "Just a mild cold. I came to get some medicine. It's nothing serious.

"By the way, Irene, what are you doing here? Is someone sick? Are you bringing them food?"

Running into Irene at the hospital left Autumn uneasy, probably because she'd nearly been caught putting away

her medication.

A faint trace of guilt clung to her.

Irene, holding a sheet of medical paperwork, sighed. “Madam Ginny fainted suddenly this morning. Everyone else was out, so I had no choice but to have the driver bring us here.”

Her grandmother’s health had never been good, and after injuring her leg, it had only declined further.

Dizzy spells and headaches came often now.

Sometimes she’d sleep so deeply at mealtimes that no one could wake her, and when she did eat, it was barely anything at all.

Hearing that her grandmother was sick, Autumn immediately took Irene’s hand, her worry plain.

“Irene, how is she now? And it’s Saturday—how could no one be home? What about Susan and her daughter?”

Judging from Irene’s expression, it seemed she hadn’t noticed Autumn hiding the medicine.

Good. If she hadn’t seen, there was nothing to explain.

Still, the fact that her grandmother had collapsed and no one in the family was there was strange.

If she remembered correctly, aside from her eldest brother, who was always busy, the others didn't have much on their plates.

Saturday was usually a rest day. If her grandmother had fallen ill in the morning, how could the house have been empty?

At the mention of it, Irene's eyes filled with resignation. "Miss Susan said they haven't gone out for fun in a long time. After finally securing the Vanguard contract, she wanted to go out and celebrate."

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"Whenever Miss Luna is home, she gets whatever she asks for. This time was no different—she suggested the trip, and the whole family went along with it."

Her grandmother's health had been poor for a long time, but no one in the family seemed to truly care, especially Luna.

Every outing was her idea, backed with some perfectly crafted excuse, and the rest of the family simply indulged

her.

This time, with her grandmother collapsing while the entire household was away.

If Irene hadn't found her in time, Autumn didn't even want to imagine the consequences.

She told herself not to get angry, but the breath she exhaled carried a sharp ache in her stomach.

Luna again. Could that woman not cause trouble for once?

On the anniversary of her mother's death, she'd been the one behind the chaos.

Now, with her grandmother fainting, she was also the one who had pulled the whole family away from home.

No one in their right mind would believe it wasn't intentional.

When Autumn stepped into her grandmother's room, she saw the old woman lying on the bed in a hospital gown, eyes closed, motionless.

A nurse was inserting an IV line, and the sight brought tears spilling down Autumn's cheeks.

Her grandmother was nearly ninety years old, and when she'd collapsed, not a single family member had been by her side.

If something truly bad had happened... what then?

This time, they'd been lucky. But what about next time?

People always said children and grandchildren were a safeguard in old age.

If paperwork had been needed for treatment, there wouldn't have been anyone to sign. What if that delay had cost her life?

Autumn didn't want to follow that thought any further.

Her heart ached like it was being pierced with needles, and more tears ran freely down her face.

She hadn't cried when undergoing painful tests, when hearing the words "mid-stage cancer," or when told the disease had begun to spread.

But now, seeing her grandmother's pale face and still form, she broke down completely.

She didn't think of herself as sentimental.

She could accept whatever happened to her, but when it came to her grandmother, the ache came from the deepest part of her heart.

Sniffing, Autumn stepped forward, tucked the blanket more securely around her, then sat beside the bed and took her grandmother's frail, aged hand in her own.

In just a few days, her grandmother seemed to have grown even thinner.

The weathered face, already marked by age, had almost no flesh left on it.

Just then, the attending physician knocked and stepped inside.

He was a young male doctor.

Autumn quickly got to her feet, anxiety spilling into her voice. "Doctor, how is my grandmother? What made her collapse so suddenly?"

The doctor glanced at the old woman, still unconscious on the bed, then sighed and motioned for Autumn to step outside.

She followed him out, and when they reached the rooftop terrace, she asked again, “Doctor, please—what’s going on with her?”

He frowned, clearly debating whether to tell her the truth.

The old lady had insisted he keep her condition private, but now that her health was deteriorating so quickly, he felt it was necessary for the family to know.

Gripping the chart in his hands, he began carefully, “Miss Lewis, your grandmother’s condition is worsening, and it’s possible...” Check latest chapters at findnovel.net

He never finished the words “her time is near,” because a voice called from the doorway, “Autumn, you’re here.

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Irene followed behind, holding her grandmother’s IV high, both of them moving in a rush.

The old woman hadn’t even bothered with shoes and was now slightly out of breath.

Autumn hurried over and took her hand. “Grandma, you’re not well. Why would you come out without shoes? Did something happen?”

The sight of her barefoot had startled her so much she thought there might have been an accident.

She quickly looked her over, checking for any sign of injury.

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

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She didn’t want anything to happen to her grandmother.

As long as Ginny was still around, she had something to hold on to.

If Ginny were gone too, she would truly be left all alone.

Ginny clasped Autumn’s hand in return and smiled as she explained, “I heard from Irene that you’d just arrived, so I couldn’t wait to see you.

She had just woken up when Irene told her Autumn came by and stepped out with the doctor to discuss her condition.

Without a second thought, she pushed past the dizziness, threw back the covers, got out of bed without even putting on her shoes, and hurried toward the rooftop.

Irene was startled by her actions and rushed after her, holding the IV bag high as she jogged to catch up.

By the time they reached the rooftop, she saw the doctor about to reveal her true condition and quickly called out Autumn's name in alarm.

Thankfully, she had made it in time.

The doctor hadn't yet said anything.

If Autumn found out she didn't have much time left, how devastated would she be?

The young doctor understood Ginny's intention, let out a silent sigh, and walked toward the doorway.

Seeing him approach, Autumn quickly asked about what he hadn't finished saying earlier. Latest content published on Find-Novel.net

"Doctor, you didn't finish before. Can you tell me now?"

Ginny shot the doctor a sharp, warning look, her meaning crystal clear—he had better keep quiet or face the

consequences.

In her middle years, Ginny had spent many seasons in the business world alongside her late husband, her gaze carrying the sharpness only a seasoned negotiator could possess.

That single look, though calm, carried an undeniable weight.

The doctor cleared his throat and said, "Your grandmother's dizziness is only from weakness. With some care, she'll be much better. It's nothing serious."

She didn't want her family knowing the truth, yet here he was, ready to tell them.

He was meddling where he shouldn't.

Best to stay out of other people's family matters.

With that, he decided to leave.

Autumn pressed her lips together and thanked him. "Thank you for letting us know, Doctor. I appreciate it."

Watching the doctor's back as he walked away, Autumn felt something wasn't quite right, though she couldn't immediately put her finger on it.

At that moment, Ginny tugged her arm. "Autumn, I'm fine. Irene was just too worried, so she brought me to the hospital."

“See? The doctor said there’s nothing wrong. Now you can relax, can’t you?”

Once the doctor left, the tension she had been holding onto eased all at once.

Only then did she feel the dizziness hit hard, though she forced herself to bear it.

The doctor had said that at her age, her organs were deteriorating, and illnesses would follow one after another.

Knowing her days were numbered, she now felt an unprecedented sense of peace.

As long as she saw Autumn, the one she cared for most, settled in life, she could leave without regret.

After taking her grandmother back to the ward and helping her lie down, Irene hung the IV bag on the stand by the bed.

Autumn noticed with concern that her grandmother’s hand, where the IV was inserted, had swollen into a large lump.

She quickly ran out to call a nurse to change the needle.

When the nurse saw the badly swollen hand, she removed the needle while scolding Autumn.

“What were you doing? When a patient is on an IV, they can’t move around freely, let alone walk around casually.

“Don’t you even know such basic common sense? How could you not notice it was this swollen? Is this how you take care of someone?”

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Autumn stayed silent under the nurse’s scolding, knowing the nurse was only upset because Ginny, at her age, now had to be stuck with a new needle again.

It wasn’t a pleasant thought. The source of this content is Find~Novel.net

Once the nurse had replaced the IV and left, Autumn looked at her grandmother, eyes closed and resting weakly, her heart filled with conflicting emotions.

Seeing Autumn there tending to her, and with Ginny already asleep, Irene said, “Miss, it’s almost noon. I’ll go back and make lunch, then bring it over.”

“Alright.” Autumn nodded.

She quietly watched her grandmother’s face, glancing now and then at the IV bag above, careful as if afraid to disturb the elderly woman in bed.

Her mind drifted back to what had happened on the rooftop earlier.

It seemed the doctor had been about to reveal her grandmother’s condition, but Ginny had stepped in to stop him, as if deliberately hiding something from her.

That left Autumn uneasy.

Ginny’s health was poor, but no one in the family truly knew her actual condition.

She had once thought Ginny kept it secret on purpose, but now she realized the Lewis family had simply never cared enough to find out.

Even before her grandmother's leg had healed, they couldn't wait to go on trips.

Clearly, they had never truly put Ginny's well-being in their hearts.

At times, she genuinely felt sorry for her grandmother—after a lifetime of hard work, she was now sick and old,

with no one to care for her.

It was a sad thought.

Ginny only woke up when Irene returned.

Autumn helped her sit up and propped a pillow behind her back.

Irene took a thermos of oatmeal from her bag, the aroma drifting up.

Autumn took it, ready *to* sit down and feed her grandmother.

But Irene took the bowl back and urged her, “Miss, it’s already close to one. You should go have lunch. Leave this

to me.”

Reminded by Irene, Autumn suddenly felt a bit of discomfort in her stomach.

Without fussing, she took her own meal from the thermos and went to eat in the corner.

Irene’s cooking was excellent, and Autumn rarely ate as much as she did now.

Still, she knew she couldn’t eat too much or she’d feel unwell.

She threw the leftovers into the trash bin at the ward’s doorway, rinsed the lunch box, and then walked back

inside.

By then, Ginny had finished her oatmeal.

Having just woken from a nap, she looked a little more refreshed.

When she saw Autumn come in, she smiled and waved her over. “Autumn, come here. I have something to tell you.”

Autumn obediently walked over, handed the lunch box to Irene, and sat down by her grandmother’s bed.

She smoothed back the white strands of hair from Ginny’s forehead and asked with concern, “Grandma, what is it you want to tell me?”

Her grandmother’s condition fluctuated.

Autumn might not have known medicine, but she was certain it couldn’t be as simple as the doctor’s claim of mere weakness.

Still, with Ginny clearly intent on hiding it, she couldn’t bring herself to go back and ask the doctor, nor did she want to question her grandmother directly.

She knew Ginny was proud—if she didn’t want to say something, no amount of asking would make her.

Ginny reached out, took Autumn’s hand, and asked cautiously, “Autumn, tell me honestly, do you have someone you like?”

Someone she liked?

The first image that came to Autumn's mind was Keith's distinguished, handsome face.

She might not even have noticed it herself, but in the past, whenever someone mentioned a man she liked, the first person she thought of had always been Julian.

She didn't know when it had changed, but somehow, the one in her mind now was Keith and she herself hadn't

even realized it.

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Without realizing it, it seemed so many things were undergoing subtle changes.

Even she found the thought hard to believe.

Seeing her blushing, Ginny assumed she was simply shy.

She asked with a smile again, “Autumn’s all grown up now and has someone she likes. Tell me, whose family is he from?”

“When will you bring him back for me to meet? You know my greatest wish is to see you happily settled.”

Her Autumn truly had grown up, and knowing she had someone she liked filled her with comfort.

She could hardly wait to see what he looked like, and even more, she wanted to meet him herself—to judge whether he was the kind of man worth trusting with Autumn’s life.

This was something only she could do; counting on the other members of the Lewis family was out of the question.

At times, she truly feared that if one day she were gone, there would be no one to look after Autumn’s future.

They always said marriage was a gamble, and there were plenty of women who ended up in miserable marriages with the wrong man.

Autumn’s scalp tingled under her grandmother’s questioning.

What kind of questions were these?

When had she ever said she had someone she liked? She had been ready to tell the truth.

But seeing the joy on her grandmother’s face, she suddenly didn’t want to spoil the moment.

Ginny’s health was poor, and in recent years she’d had few reasons to smile.

Autumn didn’t want to take this one away from her.

With that thought, she forced herself to say, “Grandma, I do have someone I like, but he might not feel the same about me.

“When we’ve confirmed our relationship and are ready to talk about marriage, I’ll bring him home for you to

meet.

Though she said it, she knew in her heart it wasn’t true.

She suspected she would only end up disappointing her grandmother.

After all, the failure of her first marriage had left her wounded to the core and with cancer.

She might never marry again.

Knowing she had a terminal illness, how could she choose to marry and drag someone else into her suffering?

But this wasn't something she could say—she didn't want her grandmother to worry.

Hearing her response, Ginny's face lit with warmth.

“Our Autumn is the best girl in the world. The boy you like will definitely like you too. Check latest chapters at Find~Novel.net

“Take my advice—if you like someone, you should tell him. Otherwise, it's too easy to miss your chance.”

After so many years, finally hearing that Autumn liked someone was truly joyful news.

Autumn forced a nod. “I understand, Grandma. I'll remember what you said.”

Even though it was a lie, seeing how happy her grandmother was made her feel it was a harmless one.

At two in the afternoon, Ethan called Autumn.

She glanced at her grandmother, who was asleep in the hospital bed, then stepped into the hallway with her phone to answer.

The moment she picked up, Ethan's voice came through. “Autumn, get ready. This Monday at ten, you're coming with me to Seaview City for a business trip.

“It's the city's annual technology expo. I've got two invitations, so I can take you along to meet some industry leaders.”

Holding her phone, Autumn stared at her grandmother's ward door, hesitation creeping in.

With no one else from the Lewis family around, what would happen to her grandmother if she left for the trip?

Sensing something was wrong, Ethan quickly asked, “Autumn, what's the matter? Did something happen recently that makes it inconvenient for you to travel?”

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

When the Stars Forgot to Return My Wishes

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The Seaview City Technology Expo was held only once a year, and those who received invitations were industry elites from across the country.

This time, Ethan's invitation was entirely thanks to Autumn; without her, they would never have been able **to** get one at their level.

Autumn sighed. "My grandmother is sick, and the rest of the family isn't here. I'm not sure **if I** can leave."

When the elderly were ill, they were at their most vulnerable. If no family was around, she worried her grandmother would feel lonely and hurt.

Ethan was silent for a moment before saying, "But Autumn, if you miss this year's expo, you'll have to wait until next year. It would be such a waste if you didn't go.

"I heard Mr. Lee will be announcing at the expo that he's recruiting a few industry leaders for a new medical AI research project.

"There will only be three spots in the end, and candidates have to pass three rounds of exams. Mr. Lee hopes you'll be there to take part."

A national-level recruitment exam—people would be fighting for the chance to compete.

While there was no shortage of talent in the country, those with true genius were rare.

As the saying went, hard work was worth nothing in the face of innate talent.

Autumn felt tempted but still said, “Let me see how things go and I will give you an answer tomorrow, alright?”

She knew very well how valuable this expo was, but she simply didn’t feel comfortable leaving her grandmother.

Looking at Ginny reminded her of her first hospital visit, that overwhelming sense of being alone and helpless- something she still remembered vividly.

Her grandmother was old now; she didn’t want her to feel that way too. It was far too painful.

After standing outside for a while, Autumn went back into the ward.

She had barely sat down when a text from Keith came in.

It was a photo.

Opening it, she saw an image taken in his office—cool white tones that suited his temperament perfectly.

Right after that, another message arrived: “I working overtime at the office. What are you up to?”

Looking at the photo and the message, she was momentarily stunned.

Why would Keith share this with her?

She honestly didn’t know how to respond.

Not understanding why he had sent her these, she couldn’t help wondering—what was he trying to say?

Lost in her thoughts, Autumn was startled when a voice call from Keith came through.

Bracing herself, she answered.

His slightly hoarse voice came over the line. “What are you doing?”

Autumn glanced at her grandmother in the hospital bed, about to reply, when a nurse walked in.

The nurse, holding a blood pressure monitor, said to Autumn, “I’m here to take your grandmother’s blood pressure.”

Autumn quickly stood and stepped aside.

As she moved away, Keith’s voice came again. “You’re still at the hospital?”

Her fingers tightened slightly around the phone. “Yes, my grandmother’s sick, and I’m here taking care of her.”

She hadn’t expected him to call and ask what she was doing—it left her feeling a little flattered.

“Are you going to the Seaview City Technology Expo next week?”

Autumn pressed her lips together, not answering.

Just then, the nurse finished taking the reading and jotted the numbers on the chart taped to the bedside table.

Seeing the nurse looked like she had something to say, Autumn quickly told Keith, “I have something to take care of here, I’ll hang up for now.”

After ending the call, the nurse came over and said, “Your grandmother’s blood pressure is a bit high. Keep an eye on her condition.” This update is available on findnovel.net

Autumn nodded. “Alright.”

Once the nurse had left, Autumn tucked the blanket around her grandmother, who happened to wake up at that

moment.