

# REMARRIED AFTER I SECRETLY DIVORCED THE CEO

## When the Stars Forgot to Return My Wishes 21

### Chapter 21

Autumn pulled a pill bottle from her bag, took out a tablet, and swallowed it dry.

The bitterness spread in her mouth.

Her brows furrowed as she forced it down, then spoke into her phone, “No need, I’m fine. I’ll be out in a bit.”

“Alright, I’m waiting on the left side of the entrance.”

“Okay.”

After hanging up, her stomach still ached.

She steadied herself against the wall and slowly stood up.

This episode felt fiercer than the previous ones.

Her whole body felt drained.

Clutching her stomach, she rinsed her mouth at the sink and walked out of the restroom, but the pain didn’t

ease.

Instead, it worsened with every movement.

It felt like thousands of ants were gnawing away inside her, the pain crawling through her limbs and bones.

She bit down on her lip, her face pale and colorless.

The pain made her steps unsteady, and she had to support herself against the wall to keep going.

“Autumn, what’s wrong?”

Someone came toward her and caught her just before she collapsed.

Autumn lifted her eyes weakly and met a pair of dark, worried ones.

It was Keith.

He was dressed in black again today, his jawline tense.

In his eyes, she saw her own ghostly reflection.

Autumn forced a faint smile from her bloodless lips. "My stomach hurts. "

Keith's eyes darkened as he stared at her. "How can it be this bad?"

Her face was far too pale for it to be a simple stomachache.

Autumn bit her lip again, saying nothing.

She'd already bitten through the skin, and blood was starting to seep out.

"I'll take you to the hospital."

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He bent down, scooped her into his arms, and walked quickly out of the venue.

Keith's instinctive action left everyone nearby stunned.

"Oh my God, who's that girl Keith Sinclair is carrying? He looks really worried."

"I think he deliberately covered her face. None of us got a clear look at who she was. "

"Which family's heiress is that lucky? Isn't the Sinclair family supposed to be engaged to the White family? Could that be the White heiress?"

"No, I just saw the White heiress by the entrance. And Keith came from the restroom area."

Julian and Luna, having finished chatting with a few others, also noticed Keith rushing toward the exit with a woman in his arms.

Judging by the outfit, it looked like Autumn.

Julian took a few steps in that direction, trying to get a better look.

Just then, Luna stepped over and blocked his view.

She smiled as she took Julian's arm and led him the other way.

"Let's go over there. My two brothers are still waiting for you."

Hearing that, Julian withdrew his gaze and quickly pushed Autumn out of his mind.

The women at this event were all dressed similarly.

He must have mistaken someone else for her.

There was no way Autumn would know someone from the Sinclair family.

When Keith reached the entrance, a voice suddenly called out, “Keith...”

He didn’t even glance at the woman, as if he hadn’t heard her at all, and carried Autumn straight out.

After placing Autumn in the back seat, Keith got in as well and instructed Jesse, “Drive to the nearest hospital.”

Seeing how pale and weak Autumn looked, Jesse didn’t dare delay.

He started the engine at once and pulled away from the convention center.

Autumn didn’t make it to the hospital awake.

She slipped into unconsciousness along the way.

Just before losing awareness completely, she vaguely heard Keith’s voice.

“Autumn, don’t fall asleep. Stay with me. Autumn...”

But that voice grew more and more distant, until it faded completely, and her mind went blank.

2/3

When she woke again, everything was white.

The sharp smell of disinfectant stung her nose.

Turning her head, she saw a man standing by the window—Keith, with his back to her, talking on the phone.

The sky outside had gone completely dark.

Had she really been unconscious for that long? What about her speech?

Keith hung up the phone and walked over to her. “You’re awake?”

Autumn gave a small nod and instinctively reached for her phone.

The screen lit up.

It was 8 p.m.

She saw numerous missed calls and unread messages, most from Ethan, and some from Zoe.

Maybe because the episode had just passed, her whole body still felt weak.

Even holding the phone made her hand tremble.

Back at the Carter residence, Julian returned home, exhausted, and kicked off his shoes.

Zoe quickly came over and said, “Sir, Mrs. Carter hasn’t come back yet, and she’s not answering her phone. Could something have happened?”

Julian paused mid-motion, then scoffed, but still replied, “Got it.” THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY find◆novel.net

After changing his shoes, he called Autumn.

She picked up almost immediately. “Hello.”

She hadn’t answered anyone else’s calls but picked up his right away.

Was she just waiting for his call on purpose?

A mocking curve formed at the corner of his lips. “Where are you?”

Autumn glanced down at her hospital gown. “Hospital.”

“Hospital? Autumn, can you stop making a scene already?”

Julian rubbed his forehead and added, “She’s the sister of one of our company’s partners. We’re negotiating a very important deal.”

Wasn’t she tired of pretending day after day?

Now she was even faking it all the way to the hospital.

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

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### Chapter 22

Autumn froze for a second—was he saying she was faking it again?

She let out a laugh of disbelief.

She never should’ve told him the truth and expected anything from someone like him.

“Fine,” Autumn responded blandly.

“Autumn, I’m trying to explain. What kind of attitude is that?”

“Oh? So, my attitude’s not good enough for you now?”

A sarcastic smile curled at her lips. “Then why don’t you tell me what kind of attitude would you call acceptable?”

Julian was so furious he could hardly breathe.

Even through the phone, she could hear his heavy breathing.

Autumn hung up.

She shut her eyes, feeling drained, as images of Julian once treating her with such care flashed through her mind.

But now, he didn’t believe a word she said.

How had he become so heartless in just a few short years?

She used to be so fixated on Julian because she couldn’t accept the idea of losing him to Luna.

But no matter how much she resisted, it didn’t change the truth—he was already in love with someone else.

“Autumn.”

Keith’s deep eyes locked onto her.

“I’ve scheduled a consultation with a specialist. It’s in three days. I’ll have Jesse take you there.”

His tone left no room for argument.

Autumn met his gaze with her tearful eyes, but quickly looked down, lips pressed together in silence.

Autumn instinctively replied, “I still have family.”

“Do they count?” Keith scoffed.

Autumn was speechless.

Fair enough.

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Lewis family really wasn't reliable. She had no comeback. Standing in front of someone like him, she felt completely invisible.

Just then, Ethan's call came through again.

Autumn quickly answered, and his anxious voice came from the other end.

"Autumn, I've called you so many times and you didn't pick up. Did something happen to you?"  
Read full story at [findlove.net](http://findlove.net)

Autumn glanced around the hospital room and replied in a slightly hoarse voice, "I suddenly had stomach pain and was brought to the hospital. Sorry for making you worry."

Ethan let out a breath of relief. "As long as you're alright. I've already explained things to the event organizers. It won't affect your participation."

"Thank you, Ethan."

After a brief hesitation, Ethan added, "Which hospital are you at? I can come over now. If you need someone to stay with you, I can take care of that."

Autumn cautiously glanced at Keith. "No need, someone's already taking care of me."

After a few more concerned words, Ethan ended the call.

Autumn set her phone aside, suddenly unsure what to say.

Jesse entered just then.

"Mr. Sinclair, here's the oatmeal Miss Jackie made, along with your favorite dishes."

"Mm." Keith gave a soft response.

Jesse quickly left the room.

Keith glanced at his watch, then turned to Autumn. "I've got work to handle. A caregiver will be coming in soon to look after you."

Autumn nodded. "Thanks for everything."

"Autumn."

Keith narrowed his eyes slightly and picked up the coat beside him. "Remember what I said."

Autumn looked at him in confusion, not quite sure which part he meant.

She quickly searched her memory, trying to recall his exact words.

But Keith had already turned and left with Jesse.

The caregiver arrived shortly after.

She introduced herself warmly, “Hello, Ms. Lewis. I’m the caregiver Mr. Sinclair arranged. Just call me Hilda.”

2/3

Autumn gave a slight nod and greeted her with a smile. “Hello, Hilda.”

Hilda kindly helped her unpack the meal container.

A rich aroma filled the room.

She couldn’t help but remark, “Your boyfriend treats you so well. He even asked someone to make oatmeal just for your stomach.”

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

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### Chapter 23

Before Hilda arrived, Jesse had already filled her in on Autumn’s condition, so she was well aware of what was going on.

Autumn forced a slight smile and corrected her, “You’ve misunderstood. He’s not my boyfriend.”

At best, he was just someone she knew, not even a close friend.

But this time, Keith had helped her, and she owed him a huge favor.

Hilda paused for a moment, but didn’t press the issue.

She ladled the oatmeal from the container and placed it in front of Autumn.

“Would you like me to feed you?”

“No need.”

Autumn shook her head. “I can manage on my own.”

She took the bowl, blew on it gently, and began sipping slowly.

The warmth settled in her stomach, easing the pain.

Meanwhile, Julian’s expression darkened the moment Autumn abruptly hung up on him.

He had no intention of getting involved in her affairs again.

Tossing his phone aside, he got up for a glass of water.

After drinking, he went straight back to work, quickly pushing aside the frustration.

Today's conference hadn't been a total loss.

At least he'd managed to connect with some major players in the industry through Simon.

By ten o'clock, Julian finally finished going through all his emails.

He rubbed his aching temples.

Just as he shut his laptop, a video call from Luna popped up. 1

He answered.

On the other end, Luna was sitting on a hotel bed in a sheer bunny outfit, her eyes half-lidded with desire.

She brought a glass of red wine to her lips, her gaze sultry and slow as she smiled seductively.

"Julian, are you still working? Why don't you come out for a little midnight snack and take the edge off?"

Taking in her provocative pose and curves, Julian ran his tongue along his molars.

"Didn't I satisfy you last night?"

Luna slowly slid one of her straps off her shoulder.

The already sheer fabric shifted with her movement, revealing the pale skin of her chest.

She threw a playful wink at the camera and lowered the other strap, baring her flawless collarbone. Fresh chapters posted on FindN ()vel.net

With every subtle move, the curves of her chest teased into view, sending a wave of temptation right through

the screen.

She curled her red lips into a smile, her sweet, high-pitched voice laced with seductive charm.

"Julian, are you coming? Offer expires soon!"

Desire surged in Julian's eyes. "Send me your location."

Luna stood up as her dress slipped to the floor.

She didn't care in the slightest and took another sip of wine.

The red liquid traced down from her lips.

She licked the corner of her mouth with her tongue. “I’ll be waiting at our usual spot!”

Autumn spent two comfortable days resting in the hospital.

Hilda took excellent care of her, tending to everything with meticulous attention.

All Autumn had to do was eat and sleep—Hilda handled the rest.

During this time, Julian didn’t call her again, as if her disappearance had no effect on him whatsoever.

Only Ethan called, asking how she was feeling and when they could meet up for a meal.

On the third day, Autumn’s scheduled consultation with the specialists arrived.

At nine in the morning, Jesse showed up at the hospital.

Adjusting the glasses on his nose, he said to her, “Miss Lewis, Mr. Sinclair asked me to take you to see Dr. Mills.”

Peter Mills was one of the country’s top cancer specialists and the maternal grandfather of Keith’s childhood friend, Lucas Whitman.

“Alright.” Autumn, who was sipping water, nodded and set the cup down before following Jesse out.

Peter was a man in his seventies.

Though his temples were graying and he wore reading glasses, he still looked energetic and sharp.

When he saw Autumn enter, he smiled and motioned for her to sit. “Please, have a seat.”

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

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Autumn sat down with a slightly stiff posture, her back straight and hands clasped neatly on her knees.

She looked just like a student meeting her teacher, sitting upright and properly.

Peter glanced at her and began asking about her condition. “How long has your stomach pain been bothering you?”

Lowering her head, Autumn tried to recall but couldn’t pinpoint exactly when the pain had started.

She only vaguely remembered that it had been a while.

She hesitated and replied, “I don’t really remember...”

“It’s alright.”

Peter adjusted his reading glasses, scribbled a few notes on the examination slip, then tore it off and handed it to her.

“Take this and get the test done. I’ll send the results and the necessary medication to your home in a few days. You can come back for a follow-up in a month.”

Autumn took the slip. “Alright, thank you, doctor.”

The words endoscopic biopsy were printed on the form.

She let out a quiet sigh and turned to leave.

“Wait a moment,” Peter suddenly called out to her.

“Young lady, aside from medication, your emotional well-being matters too. Staying away from unpleasant people and things will definitely help.”

Autumn paused, turned around with a smile, and said, “I understand. Thank you for the reminder, doctor.” For more chapters visit [NovelFind.net](http://NovelFind.net)

She was finally about to escape that nightmare.

From now on, it would be all about her career—no more foolish belief in so-called love.

The endoscopic biopsy was a bit complicated and

painful, but still far less so than the gastric puncture she’d gone through previously.

After the procedure, the nurse helped her out and asked her to rest in the hallway for about half an hour.

Autumn, feeling slightly uncomfortable, leaned back in the resting area and closed her eyes.

Jesse went to handle the discharge paperwork for her.

Half an hour later, the discomfort had eased a bit, and Jesse brought Autumn home.

The moment Autumn arrived, Zoe rushed out to greet her and took the items from her hands.

“Ma’am, you’re finally back. You have no idea. Mr. Carter’s been thinking about you nonstop these past few days.

“He said you were feeling down and went on a vacation. So? Did you have fun?”

Autumn pulled the corner of her lips. "It was quite nice."

Vacation, huh?

What a joke.

Julian really could make up anything with a straight face.

Good thing she no longer cared, or it would've driven her mad.

She'd been sick and hospitalized, and Julian didn't even bother to visit—yet he had the audacity to tell Zoe she was off on vacation?"

How unbelievable.

Lying in that hospital bed for two days gave her a lot of time to think.

When faced with life and death, everything else felt trivial.

From now on, she was going to cherish herself and stay far away from that scumbag and his mistress before their nonsense killed her from sheer

anger.

That wouldn't be worth it.

"That's good."

Zoe smiled and took her things inside.

She thought to herself, "If Mrs. Carter had enjoyed her time away, maybe she wouldn't fight with Mr. Carter again."

Just as Zoe was about to return to the kitchen, Autumn suddenly called out, "Zoe, I don't have much of an appetite for lunch. Just make me some oatmeal."

"Alright." Zoe nodded.

She didn't think too much of it, simply believing that Autumn probably hadn't eaten much while catching her flight and was just feeling a little off.

Autumn walked over to the sofa, knelt down, and tore off the past few days of the calendar.

She also tore off today's page—June 11.

After today, there would be nineteen days left on the countdown.

A while later, Zoe came out carrying the oatmeal.

Autumn took small sips until she finished, then headed upstairs for a nap.

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

“Autumn, our company’s hit a snag. I think you’re the only one who can help.”

Glancing at the screen, Autumn replied, “Sure, I was discharged today. Go ahead.”

She still felt a little unwell, but it wasn’t a big deal.

She could push through.

When it came to work, she always felt energized.

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

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### Chapter 25

Ethan sounded a little apologetic. “I’m really sorry to bother you while you’re still resting.”

“It’s alright. I’ve rested enough. Go ahead.”

After listening to the issue, Autumn calmly helped him analyze the situation and even outlined several possible

solutions.

On **the** other **end**, Ethan suddenly saw the light and chuckled. “Autumn, I knew it. With you around, we can always count on getting things resolved.

“I can’t wait for you to come back. You’ll save us so much time—maybe we won’t have to keep working overtime.

“I’m looking forward to it too.”

By the time they hung up, it was already past four.

Without realizing it, they had talked about work for over an hour.

Autumn opened her laptop.

She hadn’t worked in three days, and her inbox was filled with unread emails.

She carefully read through each one, replying one by one, making comments and notes when needed.

Autumn approached her work with great seriousness.

Every email received her full attention, and she made adjustments wherever necessary.

By the time she finished replying, the sky outside was completely dark.

A glance at the clock showed it was already 7:30 p.m.

She closed her laptop, stretched, and got up with her cup, heading downstairs.

Zoe spotted her coming down and brought over a bowl of oatmeal. “Ma’am, since you didn’t have much appetite this afternoon, I made you another bowl of oatmeal. Eat it while it’s hot.”

Autumn thanked her, took the bowl, and sat at the dining table, slowly sipping.

Just then, **the** front door opened.

Julian was back.

Today, he wore a gray suit, his features clouded with fatigue.

When he saw Autumn at home, he didn’t react much.

Zoe hurried over to take his briefcase.

“Sir, Mrs. Carter just came home this morning. She didn’t have much appetite, **so** I made her some oatmeal.”

1/3

“**Mm.**” Julian responded without much **interest**.

**Zoe returned to the** kitchen and brought **out** the dishes.

**Though** the table was filled with **delicious** food, Autumn had no appetite.

She **barely** took a few **bites** before standing to clear the table.

Julian wore a dark expression.

When he crossed paths with Autumn at the doorway, he brushed past her without a word and headed **straight to** the dining table.

He didn't spare her a single glance, and Autumn did the same.

The two of them might as well have been strangers.

Autumn picked up her bowl of oatmeal and walked toward the kitchen.

Zoe came over and, seeing the nearly untouched oatmeal in the bowl, asked with concern, "Ma'am, are you feeling unwell? You barely ate anything."

Autumn shook her head. "I'm fine. It's just been so hot lately. I don't have much of an appetite."

Zoe still looked uneasy. "Ma'am, you've been eating so little lately. Is your stomach acting up again? Do you want to go to the hospital for a checkup?"

"There's no need. I'm not feeling sick anywhere, just haven't had an appetite," Autumn replied after a slight pause, then shook her head.

Even an outsider like Zoe could tell something was wrong with her digestion, but Julian acted like he was blind to it all.

She suddenly recalled how long ago, whenever she had a stomachache, Julian used to panic and coax her into taking her medicine.

But things were different now.

Julian's heart was no longer with her.

All she could do now was give him the divorce and set them free. Get full chapters from [FundNovel.net](http://FundNovel.net)

Maybe Julian had been waiting to get rid of the burden she'd become.

Zoe paused to think, then her eyes lit up. "Ma'am, I've heard that some women lose their appetite in early pregnancy. Could it be that you're expecting?"

Autumn was briefly stunned.

She hadn't expected Zoe to jump to that conclusion.

Seeing that Autumn didn't respond, Zoe assumed she might not be **sure either** and added, "**Ma'am, why don't** you buy a few pregnancy tests and check, just in **case?**"

and waved her hand. “No need. I know my own body.”

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### Chapter 26

Zoe was about to say more, but Autumn turned and headed upstairs, leaving her standing there, puzzled.

After Autumn left, Julian also lost his appetite.

He took a few bites, then got up and went upstairs.

Hearing the sound of running water from the bathroom, he figured Autumn was taking a shower and went to the study to deal with work.

Just as he entered the kitchen, his phone rang.

It was Luna.

He closed the study door and answered the call.

“My brother’s really interested in the proposal you gave earlier. Do you have time to meet and go over the details?” The rightful source is [FundNovel.net](http://FundNovel.net)

Julian lifted a brow. “Where are you?”

“The usual spot.”

After ending the call, Julian draped his jacket over his arm and headed out.

As he passed the bedroom, he saw Autumn blow-drying her hair.

He paused for a few seconds but eventually walked away.

Once her hair was dry, Autumn took her medication and quickly went to bed.

She noticed Julian going out, but it had nothing to do with her anymore.

Her only focus now was to eat and rest well, getting her health back on track.

The next day was Monday, 2

Autumn got up early, made herself some oatmeal to soothe her stomach, and left for work after finishing it.

When she arrived at the office, she discovered that Frank had already assigned someone to take over her responsibilities.

It was a young man from their department—one of the more capable ones.

His name was Colin Lee,

He had neatly cropped hair, thick brows, bright eyes, and a refined look.

When he saw Autumn arrive, he greeted her with a smile.

“Good morning, Ms. Lewis! Mr. Miller asked me to take over your duties. I look forward to working with you!”

Autumn glanced at Colin and gave a small nod. “Morning.”

Once she got to her office, Colin followed her in.

Autumn began going over the work content and all the key points he needed to be aware of.

She even explained things in a way that helped him grasp the logic behind it all.

Colin’s expression lit up with sudden understanding.

By lunchtime, whispers were already going around among the staff—everyone was quietly talking about Autumn’s resignation.

One of the bolder colleagues walked straight over and sat down across from Autumn, then cautiously asked, ‘ Ms. Lewis, is it true? Are you really leaving?’

Autumn nodded. “Yeah.”

The colleague looked puzzled. “But why? You’ve been doing great here. Why leave all of a sudden?”

“Personal reasons. Not something I can really talk about.”

“1

Autumn took another bite of her lunch. “Besides, Mr. Lee taking over my work now. He seems like a good guy- diligent and capable.”

She had no intention of sharing her reasons.

The fewer people who knew, the better.

It would save her from unnecessary trouble later on.

“But we still hoped you’d keep leading us,” the colleague said, biting their fork and gazing at Autumn with a hopeful look.

Autumn had always been a good leader.

Whenever someone in the team made a mistake, she would patiently point it out and walk them through the correction, over and over again, until they got it right.

Sure, she could be strict sometimes, and they'd grumbled about her in private, but deep down, everyone respected her.

Under her leadership, their department's error rate was practically zero.

Every time the accounts were finished, Autumn would double-check them herself, catching issues early and fixing them right away.

With her around, they never had to worry about anything going wrong at work.

"All good things must come to an end."

Autumn took a few more bites, but her appetite faded, so she stood up and left.

That afternoon was packed with work.

She stayed busy until after six, long after the others had left.

Rubbing her aching temples, she shut down her computer.

She turned to Colin and said, "That's it for today. You can head home."

"Alright, Ms. Lewis. I'll get going then."

Colin gathered his files and stepped out.

Autumn organized the documents in front of her, grabbed her bag, and left the office not long after.

After dinner at home, she tore off the page for the twelfth on the calendar.

In just a few days, July 18 would be her birthday.

Just then, Ethan called to ask about a technical issue.

The conversation lasted until eight.

After hanging up, Autumn grabbed her pajamas, took a shower, and went straight to bed.

Three days later, she got a message—a package had arrived at her house.

She knew it was the diagnostic report and medication from Peter.

+25 BOI

After work, when she got home, Zoe handed her a small box. “Ma’am, a courier delivered this for you today. I signed for it.”

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

## When the Stars Forgot to Return My Wishes 27

### Chapter 27

Autumn took the box from Zoe, thanked her, and walked over to the sofa to open it.

Inside was a diagnostic report.

Even though she already knew what it would say, her heart still trembled slightly as she read it.

It stated: A large shadow was found on the left side of the stomach, suspected to be a tumor, with signs of metastasis.

Clinical diagnosis: Stage 2 stomach cancer. Long-term medication recommended. Follow-up scheduled for one month later.

She took out the medication inside.

It was different from what the doctor had prescribed last time, but the labels all indicated anti-cancer drugs.

Just then, Julian—who hadn’t been home for several days—came back.

He glanced at Autumn sitting on the sofa opening the package.

But it was only a glance.

He headed straight upstairs without sparing her another look.

Even though she had long accepted that Julian no longer cared, the memory of what they once had still stirred a wave of grievance inside her.

Autumn held the diagnosis in her hand, her eyes slightly reddening.

She should’ve known better than to expect anything from him.

After a moment, she picked up a lighter.

With a click, the corner of the diagnosis caught fire.

As the flame flickered, Julian came downstairs again, holding a brocade box in his hand.

Noticing what was happening, he casually asked, “What are you burning?”

Autumn's body flinched involuntarily.

Just as she was about to respond, Julian's voice sounded again.

"If you want to burn something, do it outside. Don't set the house on fire. It'd be a hassle to redo the renovations.

"1

Autumn was speechless.

His cold, emotionless tone stunned her for several seconds.

Had his disgust for her reached this point?

Her heart twisted into knots.

Watching his retreating back, she didn't even know how to describe what she was feeling anymore.

She was dying, and all he cared about was whether she might accidentally burn the house down and cost him money for repairs.

How absurd.

It wasn't until the flames scorched her fingers that she snapped out of it.

Startled, she dropped the paper to the floor and watched it turn to ash.

Just like her love for Julian, her heart had already turned to ash—beyond any hope of revival.

A few more quiet days passed. Content originally comes from FindNovel.net

On the weekend, Autumn was woken by a phone call.

It was from her grandmother.

"Autumn, it's your birthday today. I got you a cake and a present. Will you come home to celebrate?"

Autumn froze for a moment.

At this point, her grandmother was probably the only one who still remembered her birthday.

When she didn't respond right away, Ginny sighed on the other end.

"Don't worry, they all went on vacation last night. It's just me and Irene at home today. You don't need to worry about running into anyone."

Autumn's eyes welled up for a brief second.

Ginny always understood her.

She knew Autumn didn't want to see the rest of that family, so she chose to celebrate when they were away.

It felt so good to be remembered, to know someone still cared about her.

With a smile, Autumn said, "Alright, Grandma. I'll be there soon."

After hanging up, she threw off the covers and got out of bed.

She quickly had breakfast and then drove back to the Lewis estate.

Seeing Autumn return, Irene beamed with joy and rushed to greet her.

"Madam Ginny went out early this morning to buy your favorite dishes. The cake's already ordered—it should

be delivered in a bit.

"Come in, Ms. Autumn. Have some fruit first and chat with Madam Ginny. I'll get back to the kitchen."

Ginny, sitting on the sofa, waved her over with a warm smile. "Autumn's home! Come sit with me and keep me

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company."

Autumn walked over sweetly and greeted her. "Hi, Grandma."

Ginny handed her a beautifully decorated brocade box. "Happy birthday, Autumn! This is my gift to you. Open it and see if you like it."

Inside was a pair of emerald bangles.

At first glance, Autumn knew they were heirlooms—priceless treasures passed down in the family.

"Grandma, this is too valuable. You should give me something else instead," she said, gently pushing the box back.

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

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But Ginny placed the brocade box back into Autumn's hands. "No matter how valuable it is, it's meant to be worn. Once it's gifted to you, it's yours. Go on, take it.

“Your sister’s been eyeing those bangles for a while. She even dropped hints about them around her birthday a few days ago, but I didn’t give them to her. I saved these especially for you.”

Autumn nodded, a little touched. “Thank you, Grandma.”

Only her grandmother ever truly cared for her in the Lewis family.

The rest would be glad if she never came home again.

Ginny gently patted her on the head. “Good girl. To me, you’re the real gem of this family. I just wish I could do more for you.

Before Autumn could respond, the cake arrived.

Irene brought in the large box, and the sweet scent drifted in from afar.

It was her favorite—strawberry cake.

Autumn suddenly recalled the mango cake Julian had gotten her ten days ago.

That was the difference between someone who cared and someone who didn’t.

Being cherished like this felt so good.

Ginny got up to take the cake and pulled Autumn over to unwrap it.

Just like when she was little, her grandmother picked out the biggest strawberry for her.

“Autumn, come try this fresh big strawberry and tell me if it’s good.”

When she was a child, Autumn had been a little foodie—always rushing to grab what she liked the moment it appeared.

So, Ginny still remembered that habit.

The thought brought a shimmer of moisture to Autumn’s eyes. Read full story at [FindNovel.net](http://FindNovel.net)

She took the strawberry and bit into it.

It was sweet and tangy, better than any she’d had before.

“Mmm, Grandma, it’s delicious,” she said with a bright smile, finishing the whole thing in one bite.

Ginny affectionately ruffled her hair. “You’re still the same little foodie you were as a kid.”

During lunch, Ginny asked Autumn to make a wish.

Autumn folded her hands, closed her eyes, and made her wish:

“I hope Grandma stays healthy, and I hope life will go smoothly for me from now on.”

After blowing out the candles, she received a message from Zack: “Happy birthday, Autumn. Wishing you joy always!”

Then came a transfer notification.

She hadn’t wanted to accept it at first, but Zack kept insisting until she gave in.

Soon after, her uncle and aunt also sent her birthday messages and digital gift cards.

Autumn accepted them all with genuine joy.

It felt so good to be remembered.

Ginny glanced at Autumn’s phone screen, a trace of sorrow flickering in her eyes.

“Autumn, you still keep in touch with your third uncle’s family?”

Autumn was in the middle of accepting virtual gifts and nodded happily.

“Yeah, they’ve always been so kind to me. After all these years, they still remember my birthday.”

“That’s good.”

A hint of relief flashed across Ginny’s face.

Autumn hadn’t received much love from her parents or brother, but being doted on by her third uncle’s family was a blessing

Back then, she had married off her second daughter just to afford Richard’s education.

But her daughter ended up with the wrong man and died tragically, taking her unborn child with her.

Her third son, Henry, had held that grudge ever since.

All these years, he’d never been able to forgive them.

The only time he brought his family back was when his father passed away.

It was to pay their final respects.

That moment of favoritism had cost them a daughter, and it remained the deepest wound of Ginny’s life.

It was also why she couldn’t stand the partiality shown by the rest of the Lewis family.

People who played favorites rarely met a good end—it was a painful lesson burned into her memory.

Seeing her grandmother’s eyes turn red, Autumn gently pulled her down to sit beside her and cut her a slice of

cake.

“Grandma, don’t be sad. This year, the first slice of my birthday cake is for you.”

She understood where the tension between her grandmother and her third uncle’s family came from.

She had tried to help them make peace before, but every time they met, it always ended badly.

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

## When the Stars Forgot to Return My Wishes 29

### Chapter 29

Only the one who tied the knot could untie it; she couldn’t fix things for them.

That was something they had to do on their own.

During lunch, Autumn was surprised to receive a birthday message from Keith.

Her fingers trembled slightly as she read it.

The fact that Keith even knew her birthday completely caught her off guard.

She sent back a simple thank-you sticker, then set her phone down and continued eating.

Throughout the morning, messages kept pouring in—wishes from colleagues, classmates, friends, and even her best friend, Selena.

But there was nothing from Julian.

And nothing from the rest of the Lewis family either.

Maybe the only one who remembered her birthday in that house was her grandmother.

She thought about Luna’s birthday—the celebration, gathering, and attention.

And then there was her, with none of that.

A flicker of disappointment passed through her chest.

But she quickly pushed it down.

It didn't matter.

She could still live just fine on her own.

She didn't need anyone's pity.

After lunch, Ginny pulled Autumn upstairs to talk more about her third uncle's family.

They chatted for a long while.

Ginny even skipped her nap, listening attentively to everything Autumn shared.

Around two in the afternoon, Luna and the others returned.

Their hands were full of designer shopping bags, faces glowing with satisfaction.

Autumn happened to be coming downstairs just then.

Ginny had fallen asleep, so she figured it was time to head home.

Luna spotted her and, though clearly not surprised, put on a show of wide-eyed delight and walked over, taking her arm cheerfully.

"Why didn't you tell us you were coming home, sis? If we'd known, we wouldn't have gone out today."

Just then, Irene walked over and took the bags from Luna's hands.

With a smile, she said, "Today's Ms. Autumn's birthday. Madam asked her to come home for a little celebration.

When she heard that, Luna didn't look the least bit surprised.

Of course not.

She had planned it that way—dragging the rest of the family out on purpose just to make Autumn feel unwanted.

A glint of faux-regret flashed in Luna's eyes.

"I'm so sorry, sis. I didn't even realize it was your birthday today. If I'd known, I never would've asked our brothers and Dad to come out with me."

The words sounded apologetic, but there wasn't a trace of sincerity in her voice.

Autumn calmly pulled her hand back, giving Luna a quick glance filled with silent disdain.

She pressed her lips together and said nothing.

Just then, Hector walked in carrying a few bags.

When he saw Luna's reddened eyes, he didn't hesitate to jump to conclusions.

"Autumn, you never told anyone it was your birthday. We went out because we had plans. Why are you blaming Luna?"

"What, just because it's your birthday, the whole world's supposed to revolve around you?"

She no longer had any expectations when it came to family, but hearing Hector's baseless accusations still pierced her like a needle to the heart.

So, this was her dear second brother?

"If you've got a brain problem, go get it checked."

Autumn snapped back without hesitation. "The moment Luna tears up, you all assume I'm bullying her.

"You're unbelievable. I didn't say a single word, and somehow you've managed to invent an entire story in your

heads.

"What's even in those brains of yours—just garbage? Every time you open your mouth, it's nothing but crap. Don't you get tired of spewing filth?"

"You...!" Hector's chest heaved, struggling to catch his breath.

At that moment, Susan walked in.

She was clearly surprised to see Autumn home but quickly recovered and put on a warm smile.

"Autumn, you're back. Why don't you stay for dinner tonight?"

"No, thanks."

Autumn declined without hesitation.

Being around these hypocrites only made her lose her appetite.

Seeing her daughter's teary eyes, Susan set down her shopping bags and asked gently, "Luna, what's wrong, sweetheart?"

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## Chapter 30

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# When the Stars Forgot to Return My Wishes 30

## Chapter 30

Hector huffed in frustration.

“It’s all Autumn’s fault. It’s her birthday today, and when she saw none of us were home, she took it out on Luna.”

Autumn was speechless.

What exactly had she said or done? How was she taking anything out on Luna?

Susan pulled Luna into her arms, eyes red as she looked over at Autumn.

“Autumn, I know you’ve never liked me or Luna, but she’s still your sister.”

“You can treat me however you like—I was wrong in the past, and I accept that. But please, don’t hurt Luna. She’s innocent.”

Just then, Simon walked in, arms full of shopping bags.

When he saw both Susan and Luna teary-eyed, and Autumn standing off to the side like a block of wood, he immediately assumed the worst.

He set the bags down on the coffee table, his dark eyes settling on Autumn.

“You’ve really developed a temper, haven’t you? Every time you come home, the whole house turns into a mess.

“Everyone was in a good mood. We had a lovely day out, and now look—everything changes the moment you show up.

“Have you ever stopped to think that maybe you’re the problem?”

Autumn looked up at Simon, her eyes void of emotion, like she was staring at a complete stranger.

So, this was the same Simon who once promised their mother he’d look after her?

This was what “taking care of his sister” looked like.

She let out a cold laugh.

“I came back to spend time with Grandma, not with any of you. If you can’t stand the sight of me, just pretend

I’m not here,

“Why don’t you manage your precious little sister better? If she didn’t keep throwing herself at me like a leech, none of this would happen.”

Luna choked back a sob. “You’ve misunderstood me, sis. I was just so happy to see you. It’s been days, and I missed you.

“I didn’t know my presence would upset you so much. I’m sorry. It’s all my fault.”

Autumn’s indifference didn’t waver. NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS are published on Her silence was sharp, her expression frozen.

Seeing her so cold and detached only made Hector angrier.

He barked, “Look at how considerate Luna is. Whether she’s right or wrong, she’s the first to apologize.

“And you? You won’t admit a thing, even when it’s clearly your fault. I don’t know how someone like you came out of our family.”

Autumn stayed quiet, her lips pressed together.

To people who already despised her, even her breathing was an offense.

What was the point in saying anything?

Susan held onto Luna and choked out, “Autumn, I know you hold a grudge against us, but what’s done is done. We can’t change the past.

“Can’t you just let it go and try to get along with your father and brothers?”

“You’re the last person who gets to say that,” Autumn said, her face hardening, a cold smile tugging at her lips.

“Don’t think sitting in the seat of Mrs. Lewis means you’re safe.

“Let’s not forget how you got here. You took my mother’s place by being the other woman.

“And one day, someone will do the same to you—replace you and throw you out.

“When that day comes, let’s see if you still have the nerve to say these things.”

This woman had no right to lecture her, not until she’d lived through everything Autumn and her mother had endured.

When she couldn't even afford a meal, what good were a father and two brothers?

They were never hers to begin with.

After losing her mother and being betrayed by the man she married, Autumn had learned to survive alone.

She no longer needed anyone's pity or scraps to keep going.

Susan's face drained of color, and her body trembled.

She knew full well that over the years, Richard had kept mistresses—one after another—and she had quietly gotten rid of them all.

Being Mrs. Lewis wasn't the blessing everyone thought it was.

Behind the scenes, she spent her days pleasing every member of the Lewis family while cleaning up her husband's messes.

It was exhausting.

Simon's face turned dark.

He raised his hand and slapped Autumn across the face.

"You've really lost your manners, haven't you? Apologize to Luna and your stepmother. Right now."

Autumn clutched her burning cheek, stunned.

She stared at Simon in disbelief.

No matter how much he had favored Luna in the past, he had never hit her before.

This was the first time. And she hadn't even done anything wrong.

What right did he have to lay a hand on her?

She looked at him coldly. "Why should I apologize? I haven't done anything wrong. Stop trying to guilt-trip me.

"Tell me, Mr. Lewis, have you already forgotten who gave birth to you?"

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