

REMARRIED AFTER I SECRETLY DIVORCED THE CEO

When the Stars Forgot to Return My Wishes 221

When the Stars Forgot to Return My Wishes 221 Summary

In Chapter 221 of “When the Stars Forgot to Return My Wishes,” Simon’s simple outing takes a dark turn when he discovers Autumn being bullied by her brother Ethan. The sight of Autumn cornered ignites a fierce rage within Simon, causing his heart to race and fists to clench as he grapples with the shocking scene. Just as he tries to process the situation, Ethan aggressively shoves him aside, intensifying Simon’s anger and prompting him to question whether they had misjudged Autumn all along.

Hector, another of Autumn’s brothers, confronts Ethan with fury, declaring that Autumn is not their sister and expressing disdain for her connection to their family. Their harsh words reveal a deep-seated contempt for Autumn, who they believe has brought shame to their family. The tension escalates as Ethan retaliates, accusing Hector of hypocrisy for defending their sister Luna, who he claims has her own disgraceful actions. Simon, unable to remain silent any longer, steps in to defend Autumn, challenging the brothers’ cruel remarks.

As the confrontation intensifies, Hector physically attacks Simon, landing punches that catch him off guard. The chaos reaches a boiling point, with Ethan trying to expose the truth about Julian and Autumn’s relationship. However, Autumn intervenes, urging Ethan to stop and suggesting they leave instead. Her urgency reveals her desire to keep the truth hidden for now, as she wants to prolong the inevitable fallout and allow Luna to face the consequences of her actions.

The chapter concludes with Hector, bloodied and furious, vowing to sever ties with Autumn and label her a traitor. His words echo the family's rejection and highlight the emotional turmoil surrounding Autumn's identity and relationships. The chapter captures a tumultuous mix of anger, betrayal, and the complexities of familial bonds, leaving readers on edge about the unfolding drama.

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****Chapter 221****

It had been a simple outing for Simon—just a brief meeting with someone. He had intended to return home and invite Autumn to dinner, a moment he had looked forward to. However, upon his arrival, he was met with a sight that twisted his stomach in knots: Autumn was being cornered and bullied, and the perpetrator of this cruelty was none other than her so-called brother, Ethan.

To claim that Simon was not seething with rage would be a blatant falsehood. His heart raced, and his fists clenched at his sides as he processed the scene unfolding before him.

Before he could even muster a response, Ethan, with a swift and aggressive shove, sent Simon staggering aside. He stumbled, barely managing to catch himself against the corner wall, the impact sending a jolt of pain through his body. A grimace crossed his face, but the initial shock of Ethan's unexpected appearance quickly morphed into a deeper, simmering anger.

Had they truly misjudged Autumn all this time?

Hector, standing nearby, stepped forward, his eyes blazing with fury as he directed his ire toward Ethan. “What kind of family do you think we are? We don’t have a sister like that. Our sister is Luna, a woman of honor. Autumn? She has no claim to our family.”

His words dripped with disdain, and Simon could see the contempt etched on his face. If Autumn chose to deny her connection to them, then so be it. They certainly didn’t want her either. What rotten luck had befallen them to have someone like her as their sibling?

“Oh?” Ethan shot back, his brow arching in disbelief. “If that’s how you feel, then what gives you the right to lay a finger on her? And let’s talk about disgrace—who could possibly compare to your precious sister?”

“She shamelessly crawled into her own brother-in-law’s bed and stirred up chaos among you siblings. That’s the sister you hold in such high regard?”

“You’re both blind and utterly foolish. Choosing your stepsister over your blood sister to steal from her—do you really think that’s noble? Don’t you find it utterly shameless?”

He could feel the tension in the air thickening, and Simon knew he could no longer remain silent. These two fools were beyond reason, and his patience had worn thin.

He hadn’t intended to expose such personal matters—after all, Autumn’s life was her own, and he had no right to intrude. But seeing her brothers ready to lay hands on her was a line he couldn’t allow them to cross.

“What kind of nonsense are you spouting?” Simon challenged, his voice steady despite the chaos.

Hector's chest heaved with indignation, his anger palpable as he retorted, "Just because Autumn shared a bed with you, that doesn't give you the right to slander our Luna!"

"Ah, you two are certainly cut from the same cloth. No wonder you get along so well—birds of a feather, right? No decent person ever comes from the same bed."

The moment the words slipped from Simon's lips, Hector reacted in a flash, delivering a punch that caught Simon off guard.

Before he could even regain his footing, another blow landed on the opposite side of his face, the force of it sending a shockwave through him.

Ethan, his tie pulled taut and veins bulging with fury, glared at Hector. "You think you're worthy of being Autumn's brother? Look at yourself! It was Luna who became the mistress, who climbed into her brother-in-law's bed. Yet you're too blind to confront her, instead coming here to slander Autumn.

"If you can't grasp simple truths, let me spell it out for you—Julian and Autumn..."

But Autumn interjected, her voice firm and resolute. "Ethan, stop. There's no point in reasoning with them. We should leave."

The urgency in her tone was unmistakable. She didn't want the truth to spill out just yet—not because she feared Luna, but because she wanted to prolong the inevitable fall. The game was only beginning, and to let Luna collapse now would be too easy.

Besides, she knew Luna would have a plethora of excuses prepared, and Julian would never admit to any wrongdoing. Revealing the truth at this moment would serve no purpose, so Autumn decided it was best to hold her cards close to her chest for now.

Hector wiped a trickle of blood from his mouth, spitting onto the ground with a snarl that echoed his fury. “Ethan, you dare strike me? And you, Autumn—standing there while your man beats me. You must be reveling in this, aren't you?”

“Don't ever think of returning to the Lewis family. From this day forth, we will never recognize a traitorous sister like you again.”

When the Stars Forgot to Return My Wishes 222

When the Stars Forgot to Return My Wishes 222 Summary

In Chapter 222 of “When the Stars Forgot to Return My Wishes,” Autumn is engulfed in a storm of betrayal and anger as she confronts Hector and Simon, who are tarnishing her reputation. The tension escalates when she decides to take matters into her own hands, using a mop to express her fury. The scene is chaotic, with Autumn feeling a rush of adrenaline as she splashes water on Hector and then uses the mop to metaphorically clean his mouth, emphasizing her disdain for his insults. Her actions reflect her deep frustration and a desire to reclaim her dignity in the face of their accusations.

As Autumn confronts the brothers, she asserts her independence and makes it clear that their opinions no longer matter to her. She recalls the moment their relationship soured, highlighting the misunderstandings that could have been easily resolved with simple communication. Instead of seeking clarity, Hector and Simon choose to attack her character, leaving Autumn feeling a mix of

anger and satisfaction as she watches them in disarray. This confrontation reveals the emotional toll their betrayal has taken on her, as she grapples with the loss of the bond she once valued with them.

The janitor, a bystander to this chaos, serves as a reminder of the mundane world outside Autumn's tumultuous emotions. Despite her rage, Autumn manages to show a moment of kindness by giving the janitor money to help clean up the mess, showcasing her complex character. This act contrasts with her earlier aggression, indicating that beneath her anger lies a desire for some semblance of normalcy and connection.

Luna's arrival adds another layer of tension, as she questions Autumn's actions and warns her about the consequences of her behavior. Autumn's icy response reveals her contempt for Luna's hypocrisy, as she recalls how Luna previously distanced herself from her. The situation escalates further when Autumn, in a fit of rage, douses Luna with water, mirroring her earlier actions with Hector. This chaotic scene offers a moment of catharsis for Autumn, allowing her to release some of the pent-up frustration she feels towards her family.

Ultimately, this chapter captures the raw emotions of betrayal, anger, and a desperate need for validation. Autumn's explosive actions serve as a powerful expression of her inner turmoil, revealing her struggle to navigate her relationships and reclaim her identity amidst the chaos created by those she once held dear.

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****Chapter 222****

Autumn's fury simmered just beneath the surface, a tempest waiting to erupt. The evidence of betrayal lay bare before them, yet they insisted on tarnishing her reputation. How could they be so blind to the truth?

Nearby, a janitor diligently mopped the floor, her presence a stark reminder of the mundane world outside this chaos. Autumn's eyes narrowed as she seized the bucket resting at her side, the cool water reflecting her anger. In a swift motion, she hurled its contents directly at Hector, the splash catching him off guard.

Before he could muster a response, she pivoted toward the woman, her voice dripping with sarcasm. "Excuse me, do you mind if I borrow this mop for a moment?" Without waiting for an answer, she snatched it from the janitor's hands, her heart pounding with adrenaline.

With a fierce swipe, she brought the mop across Hector's mouth, fury igniting her words. "Since your mouth seems to be a source of filth, let me help you clean it up. Perhaps then, you'll think twice before spewing your nonsense."

"Hector, you and I are done. Whatever I do from now on is none of your concern," she continued, her voice steady, yet laced with venom. "What gives you the right to waltz in here and hurl insults at me? All I did was switch rooms with Ethan, and you both turn it into a circus act."

With that, she swung the mop again, the bristles catching Simon as well, leaving the two brothers looking like beaten strays, their faces smeared with the remnants of her wrath. She felt a strange sense of satisfaction at their disheveled state, a reflection of how she felt inside.

Autumn's eyes glinted with cold disdain as she confronted them. "Since you only seem to acknowledge Luna, why even bother coming after me? Is your desperation really that profound?"

"I told you long ago—when you chose not to attend Mom's memorial, that was it for us. But you never listen, do you? So let me clarify things for you: who cut ties with whom? It was I, Autumn, who put an end to this. Not you. Do you understand?"

It was infuriating how these two fools charged at her without a shred of inquiry, twisting her actions into the most disgraceful of assumptions. A simple question could have unraveled the misunderstanding, yet they preferred to humiliate her instead.

How far they had fallen from the brothers she once sought to impress, now reduced to mere shadows of their former selves. They weren't even worth the attention she would give a stranger.

When her energy finally waned, Autumn let the mop drop to the ground with a thud, her eyes glistening with unshed tears of rage.

The janitor, visibly shaken by the scene, took a cautious step back. Though anger coursed through her veins, Autumn refrained from lashing out at the woman. She didn't want to become collateral damage in this absurdity.

With a quiet apology, she slipped the janitor forty dollars, her voice softer now. "I'm sorry, ma'am. This place is in disarray. Could you please help clean it up?"

The janitor's eyes lit up as she pocketed the money, a grateful smile spreading across her face as she began to tidy the mess Autumn had made.

Just then, Luna rushed over, her expression a mix of shock and disbelief.

Her gaze fell upon her two brothers, now in such a disarray, and her eyes quickly filled with tears. “Sister, how could you do this to them? Aren’t you worried that if you keep this up, you’ll never be welcome back in the Lewis family again?”

Though admitting that Autumn was her sister filled her with distaste, Julian was absent, leaving her no choice but to confront Autumn’s outrageous behavior.

Autumn shot her a frosty look, her voice dripping with irony. “Oh? Now you’re calling me sister? How amusing. Just the other night at dinner, you were addressing me as Miss Lewis. Tell me, who were you trying to impress with that charade? Would you like me to explain it to them for you?”

Luna was yet another fool who lacked the sense to keep her mouth shut. If she hadn’t shown up, Autumn might have forgotten about her entirely. Instead, she stood there, a constant annoyance.

As fate would have it, the janitor passed by with another bucket of water, and without a second thought, Autumn seized it, flinging it straight at Luna.

“Ah!” Luna shrieked, her body trembling as the cold water drenched her, her carefully applied makeup running down her face, creating a pitiful and laughable sight.

Still unsatisfied, Autumn lifted the mop once more, swiping it across Luna’s mouth with the same force she’d used on Hector. The scene was chaotic yet oddly cathartic, leaving Autumn feeling momentarily liberated from the weight of their judgment.

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When the Stars Forgot to Return My Wishes 223 Summary

In Chapter 223 of “When the Stars Forgot to Return My Wishes,” a fierce confrontation unfolds between Autumn and Luna. Autumn, fueled by disdain and anger, accuses Luna of being a shameless mistress and compares her to her mother, who had previously ruined Autumn’s family. Her words are laced with venom as she expresses her desire to humiliate Luna, believing that both women deserve nothing but scorn for their actions. The intensity of Autumn’s emotions is palpable, as she feels a sense of satisfaction in attacking Luna, whom she views as a reflection of her mother’s disgrace.

The janitor, witnessing the altercation, supports Autumn’s perspective, echoing her sentiments about mistresses being unworthy and deserving of punishment. This moment amplifies the tension, as Autumn’s brothers watch in shock, struggling to comprehend the brutality of the scene. Simon, in particular, grapples with doubt about Luna’s character, torn between his loyalty to Autumn and the possibility that Luna might indeed be the mistress she is accused of being.

As the confrontation escalates, Hector finally intervenes, furious at Autumn’s treatment of Luna. He recognizes Luna’s fragility and is enraged at the thought of her suffering due to Autumn’s actions. Hector’s protective instincts kick in, and he confronts Autumn, accusing her of intentionally sabotaging Luna’s chances at an upcoming expo. His anger is not only for Luna but also a deep-seated frustration with Autumn’s malicious behavior, which he believes stems from jealousy and insecurity.

Hector’s words cut deep, as he asserts that Autumn’s skills will never measure up to Luna’s, regardless of her underhanded tactics. His vow to never forgive Autumn for crossing this line reveals the depth of his emotions and the serious implications of their conflict. This confrontation marks a pivotal moment in their relationships, laying bare the complexities of jealousy, rivalry, and the impact of past grievances on their present interactions.

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As Autumn wielded the mop with fierce determination, she directed her scorn at Luna, her voice dripping with disdain. “Oh, so you enjoy playing the troublemaker, do you? Let me give that filthy mouth of yours a thorough scrubbing, then.”

“Once again, Luna, you shameless mistress, you push me to my limits. Do you genuinely believe I’m just going to stand by and let you get away with this?” Her words were sharp, each one a dagger aimed at Luna’s heart.

“Your mother was the other woman, and look at you—following in her disgraceful footsteps. Both of you are cut from the same cloth, a pair of wretched souls.” Autumn’s grip on the mop tightened, her knuckles whitening as she pressed down with more force, as if trying to erase the very existence of Luna.

“How dare you flaunt your role as a mistress? It’s unbelievable! You should be lurking in the shadows, yet here you are, parading around with that scumbag of a man as if you wear your shame like a badge of honor.”

“The level of shamelessness you and your mother possess is beyond comprehension.” Autumn’s voice rose, filled with venom. “She shattered my mother’s life, and now you think you can ruin mine too? Have you even glanced in the mirror lately? You’re not even close to being worthy.”

Seething with rage, Autumn felt a fierce satisfaction watching Luna and her companions flail about like rats caught in a trap. The janitor, a silent witness to the unfolding drama, stood frozen for a moment, her expression shifting as she absorbed Autumn’s words. A flicker of sympathy crossed her face, and she clapped her hands in agreement, her voice ringing out with approval.

“Good girl, you’re absolutely right! Women like her deserve to be forced into hiding like the vermin they are. The moment they dare to reveal themselves, everyone should rise up and drive them out.”

“Especially someone as brazen as her, seducing her own brother-in-law—she deserves nothing but punishment, no mercy at all.” The janitor’s voice was filled with a righteous fury, echoing Autumn’s sentiments. To her, mistresses were the very lowest of the low, a cancerous blight on society that warranted nothing but scorn and disdain.

Meanwhile, Autumn’s brothers stood in shock, their eyes wide as they witnessed the brutal scene unfold. They were momentarily paralyzed, unable to process the sight of Luna taking the blows. Simon, in particular, felt a pang of doubt gnawing at him. He knew Autumn well; her fiery temper was not without reason. She wouldn’t lash out at Luna without provocation.

But as Ethan’s words echoed in his mind, confusion clouded his thoughts. Could it be true? Was Luna truly the mistress?

Just then, Hector finally broke free from his stupor. He lunged forward, yanking the mop from Autumn’s grasp and flinging it to the floor with a resounding crash. Rushing to Luna’s side, he was met with the sight of her barely able to stand, and his rage ignited like a wildfire.

“Autumn! How dare you treat us like this—you will regret it! Where is the hotel security? How can they allow such a disgrace to happen without intervening?” His voice was thunderous, filled with fury that seemed to reverberate through the very air around them.

Hector’s anger boiled over. It was one thing for Autumn to lash out at him and Simon, but now she had laid her hands on Luna, who had always been fragile. The thought of her suffering, perhaps even falling ill from this ordeal, made his blood boil. What if she couldn’t attend the expo tomorrow? The very idea was infuriating!

Autumn must have orchestrated this deliberately, he thought, her aim to sabotage Luna's future, to prevent her from shining at the expo. Grinding his teeth, Hector let out a harsh snort, his eyes narrowing in fury. "Autumn, deep down, you know your skills can never compare to Luna's. So you resort to these underhanded schemes to keep her from competing."

"How can your heart be so twisted? Even if your little plan succeeds, you will never amount to anything significant. Even if you had a hundred years, you would never catch up to her. No matter what dirty tricks you employ, you will never measure up to Luna."

With each word, his rage intensified, his entire body trembling with the force of his emotions. Autumn had crossed a line this time, and in that moment, he vowed to himself that he would never forgive her for this.

When the Stars Forgot to Return My Wishes 225

When the Stars Forgot to Return My Wishes 225 Summary

In Chapter 225 of "When the Stars Forgot to Return My Wishes," tension escalates as Hector and Simon grapple with the fallout of Autumn's accusations against Luna. Hector, visibly affected by Autumn's presence, chooses to remain silent while Simon probes Julian about his past with Autumn. The atmosphere is thick with unspoken emotions, particularly as Simon expresses concern over Autumn's fiery temperament and the weight of her claims against Luna. This leads Simon to suspect that Julian may be hiding secrets that could explain the conflict between Autumn and Luna.

As the conversation unfolds, Julian's demeanor shifts when discussing Autumn, revealing a past conflict rooted in a professional dispute. He recounts how Autumn's significant errors at work led to her termination, framing the situation as a straightforward business decision rather than a personal vendetta. This revelation shifts the dynamics, with Luna observing Autumn's reaction and interpreting it as a sign of defeat. Luna dismisses Autumn as a rival, seeing her as someone who thrives on the approval of others rather than having any real power.

Simon, while momentarily reassured by Julian's explanation, recognizes the gravity of Autumn's financial misstep and ponders the implications for her future. He contemplates the possibility that Autumn, facing a significant debt, may resort to desperate measures, such as seeking assistance from the Lewis family, who could easily help her if she were to humble herself. Hector, however, expresses his disdain for Autumn's actions, accusing her of manipulating the narrative to place blame on Julian.

Overall, the chapter captures a complex web of emotions, including tension, suspicion, and the struggle for power among the characters. The interactions highlight the underlying conflicts and set the stage for potential confrontations as the characters navigate their intertwined relationships.

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****Chapter 225****

Hector's gaze fell upon Autumn, and a shadow swept across his face. He chose silence, sliding into the seat next to Simon, his body tense with unspoken thoughts.

Simon, ever the observer, fixed his penetrating gaze on Julian, a flicker of concern mingling with curiosity in his eyes. "Julian," he began, his tone sharp and probing, "have you ever been married?"

He was acutely aware of Autumn's fiery temper, a force of nature that could ignite at the slightest provocation. Yet, there was a weight to her accusations against Luna—she wouldn't hurl such a serious claim without cause. This wasn't merely a fleeting thought; it was a refrain she had sung before, and that repetition gnawed at Simon's instincts.

The notion that Julian might be harboring secrets began to take root in his mind.

As Julian ladled soup into a bowl, his hand hesitated mid-motion, a brief flicker of uncertainty crossing his features before he resumed his task as if nothing had transpired. The air thickened with unspoken tension, and just as Julian opened his mouth, Hector interjected, his voice rising with indignation.

“Brother, what sort of inquiry is that? You can’t possibly be swayed by Autumn’s nonsense, can you?” Hector’s eyes narrowed, his disbelief palpable. “I think she simply can’t stand it when Luna shines brighter than she does. It’s like she’s determined to sabotage them at every turn.”

He leaned forward, his voice dropping conspiratorially. “Remember the banquet? She wore that identical gown just to draw Julian’s attention away from Luna. It was a calculated move.”

Despite his growing doubts, Hector clung to the belief that Luna was innocent in this tangled web of emotions. Just two days prior, that lunatic had made a spectacle of them in front of Keith, and now she had the audacity to confront them again. It was infuriating.

While the bruises might fade, the sting of humiliation lingered, a constant reminder that pulsed with every slight movement.

Simon shot Hector a sidelong glance, a warning that silenced him instantly.

Turning his attention back to Julian, Simon pressed further, his voice steady yet probing. “You and Autumn had a history, didn’t you? Something went awry between you two?”

It was a theory that fit snugly into the puzzle they were trying to solve.

Autumn might be impulsive, but she wouldn't repeatedly tarnish someone's reputation without justification—unless there was a personal history, a conflict that brewed beneath the surface.

Julian set the bowl of soup down in front of Luna with an air of finality. “At the company, one of her reports contained significant errors that cost us one million,” he stated matter-of-factly, his tone devoid of emotion. “So, I had Alex terminate her employment and instructed the lawyers to pursue legal action.”

With that succinct explanation, he neatly categorized his relationship with Autumn as nothing more than a standard employer-employee conflict, a business decision devoid of personal entanglements.

Luna lifted the spoon to her lips, a small sip of soup warming her from the inside as she cast a sidelong glance at Autumn.

As she observed Autumn turning her face away, Luna interpreted it as a sign of defeat, a silent admission of her distress. Why would she waste her energy on someone who thrived solely by clinging to the favor of men?

In Luna's eyes, Autumn was a mere shadow, not worthy of her consideration—beneath her notice, a rival who posed no real threat.

Simon's expression softened slightly, as if Julian's words had put his mind at ease, if only momentarily. He let out a cold, dismissive snort. "If she made such a grievous error, then she must face the repercussions. An employee who incurs such a loss for the company is not worth retaining."

One million was no trivial sum.

For someone like Autumn, an average wage earner, it was an astronomical figure that could very well spell disaster. Simon mused that if she couldn't repay that debt, she might find herself crawling back to them for assistance.

Yet, even in this moment of contemplation, he noticed that Autumn showed no signs of humility, no hint of remorse.

Had she sought loans elsewhere? Was that the reason she had stooped so low, clinging to Ethan and trailing him to Vanguard, settling into the role of his mistress?

The image of her emerging from Ethan's room earlier loomed large in Simon's mind, prompting him to consider a serious conversation with her.

For the Lewis family, one million was a drop in the ocean—if she humbled herself and offered an apology, they would likely extend a hand rather than hold a grudge.

Hector, unable to contain his disdain, scoffed. "So, Autumn was at fault first? How utterly shameless of her to twist the narrative and lay the blame at your feet instead."

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When the Stars Forgot to Return My Wishes 226 Summary

In Chapter 226 of “When the Stars Forgot to Return My Wishes,” Autumn finds herself in a state of anxiety after receiving a friend request from Charles Penn, Selena’s uncle. The apprehension grows as she realizes the implications of this connection, prompting her to send him evidence related to her uncle’s past. Each photo she sends carries the weight of her family’s history and her determination to uncover the truth, but the terse acknowledgment from Charles leaves her feeling uneasy about what he might conclude from her findings.

As dinner time arrives, Autumn struggles to focus, distracted by her worries about her uncle’s case. Ethan, noticing her distraction, tries to engage her in conversation, but Autumn’s thoughts remain clouded by the unresolved issues surrounding her uncle’s death and the woman she believes played a key role in it, Jasmine Far. The unspoken pain of her uncle’s loss hangs heavily in the air, and despite her efforts to maintain a brave face, Autumn cannot shake the feeling of time slipping away from her as she pursues justice.

Ethan offers his support, mentioning that his cousin is a lawyer, which provides Autumn with a glimmer of hope amidst her turmoil. His kindness serves as a comforting reminder that she is not entirely alone in her struggles, yet it also brings forth a wave of melancholy as she reflects on her past choices and the toxic relationships that have contributed to her current state. Determined to sever ties with her toxic family, she seeks solace in her room after dinner, hoping to find peace.

However, her moment of respite is interrupted by an unexpected visit from Simon, who forces his way into her room with an urgent demand to talk. Autumn’s initial instinct is to shut him out, but he blocks her attempt, leaving her feeling trapped and frustrated. The encounter feels invasive, and she grapples with the absurdity of having a conversation with someone she believes has no place in her life anymore. The tension in the air reflects her internal struggle, as she is torn between wanting to confront the past and the desire to move forward.

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After departing from the tense atmosphere, Autumn's phone buzzed with a new friend request. The name that flashed on the screen sent a ripple of apprehension through her: Charles Penn, Selena's uncle.

Her heart raced, and her fingers quivered ever so slightly as she grasped the device. The weight of uncertainty hung heavily in the air around her, and she hesitated, her mind racing with possibilities. Finally, she mustered the courage to type a message: "Mr. Charles, good evening. I'm George Fang's niece."

Barely a heartbeat later, a voice reply pinged back, crisp and authoritative: "I know. Selena already informed me about you. Please send me all the evidence you've gathered so far—just snap some photos and forward them to me."

Autumn felt a jolt of anxiety shoot through her. Her hands trembled as she hurriedly dispatched the images she had meticulously prepared. Each photo encapsulated fragments of her uncle's past, a past she desperately wanted to unravel.

Moments later, his response arrived, terse yet definitive: "Received."

A wave of unease washed over her, tightening her chest. What conclusions would Charles draw from the evidence? The very act of sending those photos deepened her uncertainty, leaving her with an unsettling feeling that clung to her like a shadow.

When dinner time approached, Autumn found herself lost in a fog of distraction, her mind wandering far from the present.

Ethan, ever attentive, placed a piece of braised eggplant delicately on her plate, his brow furrowing with concern. “Are you still upset about what happened earlier?” he asked gently.

Snapping back to reality, Autumn shook her head, her voice steady yet laden with worry. “No, it’s not that. I’m just really anxious about my uncle’s case.”

“Your uncle? Wasn’t he already...”

The words “passed away” hung in the air, heavy and unspoken. Autumn’s throat tightened, and after a moment of internal struggle, she chose silence instead of uttering the painful truth.

Her gaze dimmed momentarily, but she forced a smile through the haze of her emotions. “I encountered the person who destroyed my uncle’s life a decade ago—Jasmine Far, the same woman who went to Vanguard with Luna.”

“I’ve collected some evidence and sent it to my uncle’s former superior, but I can’t shake the feeling that pursuing the case will be an uphill battle,” she continued, her voice barely above a whisper. “After all, it’s been ten years. Tracing it now won’t be easy.”

That thought gnawed at her—the fear that time had slipped away, leaving her with a cold trail to follow.

Yet, no matter how arduous the journey, no matter how long it took, she was resolute in her determination to ensure Jasmine and her family faced the consequences of their actions.

Ethan nodded, his expression one of understanding. "Autumn, if you ever need assistance, don't hesitate to ask. You know my cousin is a lawyer."

"If things get complicated, let me know. I'll reach out to him."

"Mm. Thank you, Ethan," Autumn replied, a small smile breaking through her worries.

His kindness wrapped around her like a warm blanket, offering a comfort she hadn't expected. It felt as though, apart from Julian and the Lewis family, there were still those who genuinely cared for her well-being.

If only she had recognized this sooner, perhaps the severity of her health issues wouldn't have escalated to such alarming levels.

The thought sent a wave of melancholy crashing over her, solidifying her resolve to sever ties with that toxic family once and for all.

After dinner, Autumn retreated to her room, seeking solace in the familiar surroundings. She showered, letting the warm water wash away the day's tension, then slipped into bed, her mind still racing.

As she glanced at her phone, disappointment washed over her—still no reply from Charles. The silence felt like an echoing void, amplifying her worries.

Just as she settled into the sheets, a sudden knock echoed through the stillness of her room. Autumn frowned, puzzled. Who could it be at this hour?

She had just said goodbye to Ethan—surely, it wasn't him again? Had he forgotten something important he wanted to share? No, she quickly dismissed that notion; if it were the case, he would have called instead.

So, who stood on the other side of the door?

Intrigued yet cautious, she slipped on her slippers and padded over to the door, opening it to reveal Simon standing there, his presence unexpected and unwelcome.

For a brief moment, Autumn froze, her heart racing as she instinctively tried to close the door.

But Simon was quicker, his hand shooting out to block her from shutting him out.

With a swift sidestep, he pushed his way into the room, invading her space with an air of urgency. "We need to talk," he declared, his tone leaving no room for argument.

Autumn was left speechless, her mind racing.

Was this his version of a conversation? Like a bandit barging in uninvited? Forcing a dialogue on her, regardless of her wishes—it was utterly absurd.

With a frustrated huff, she closed the door behind him, her annoyance bubbling to the surface. “What do you want to talk about? If I recall correctly, there’s nothing left between us worth discussing.”

When the Stars Forgot to Return My Wishes 227

When the Stars Forgot to Return My Wishes 227 Summary

In Chapter 227 of “When the Stars Forgot to Return My Wishes,” Autumn faces an unwelcome visit from her brother Simon and the Lewis family, whom she deeply resents. Their presence is a constant reminder of her discomfort, especially as they appear when she craves solitude. Simon’s condescending remarks about her financial struggles and choices add to her frustration, as he accuses her of becoming Ethan’s mistress rather than reconciling with her family. Autumn feels a mix of indignation and anger, recognizing the audacity of her brother’s insults.

As the confrontation escalates, Autumn’s demeanor shifts from defensive to assertive. She warns Simon about slander and challenges his entitlement, questioning the difference between his behavior and that of a common thug. Simon, taken aback by her defiance, struggles to reconcile his role as a brother with the harsh words he has chosen. His frustration grows as he reflects on how her choices have led to this moment, feeling that she has brought the conflict upon herself.

Autumn’s sarcastic retorts reveal her bitterness towards her family’s favoritism, particularly towards Luna, the daughter of their mother’s mistress. She recalls the painful memory of their mother’s funeral, where she felt abandoned by her brothers during her time of grief. This recollection deepens her resolve to distance herself from Simon and the Lewis family, as she recognizes that their relationship is irreparably damaged.

The chapter culminates in a heated exchange where Simon expresses his disappointment over Autumn's perceived ingratitude for his attempts to help. Autumn's cold laughter underscores the emotional chasm that has formed between them, highlighting her refusal to accept his assistance or the condescension that comes with it. The conflict serves as a poignant reminder of the complexities of familial relationships, marked by betrayal, resentment, and the struggle for autonomy.

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****When the Stars Forgot to Return My Wishes****

****Chapter 227****

Autumn had always harbored a deep-seated disdain for uninvited guests, but her aversion reached new heights when it came to the Lewis family. It was as if they thrived on her discomfort, appearing at the most inconvenient times, like a persistent shadow that refused to fade.

In the past, whenever she had sought them out, they were elusive, slipping through her fingers like sand. Yet now, when she wished for nothing more than solitude, they materialized at her doorstep, as if summoned by some cruel twist of fate. The audacity of people never ceased to amaze her.

Simon plopped down onto the worn-out sofa, stretching his long legs with an air of casual indifference, crossing them as if he owned the place. He lifted his gaze and regarded Autumn with a chilling coolness that made her skin crawl. "I heard you're drowning in debt," he remarked, his voice dripping with condescension. "That's why you've decided to become Ethan's mistress."

His words struck her like a slap, and she felt her heart race with indignation. “Autumn, you’d rather sell your body than come home and bow your head to us?” he continued, the disdain in his tone unmistakable.

He honestly hadn’t anticipated that she would sink so low. A simple apology, a gesture of humility back home, could have mended the rift, yet here she was, choosing the most humiliating path imaginable. It baffled him. No matter her flaws, she was still their sister—blood tied them together. If they had truly understood her plight, they would never have stood idly by.

Autumn’s delicate features hardened, her expression turning to ice. “Mr. Lewis, mind your words. If you continue like this, I will sue you for slander,” she shot back, her voice steady despite the storm brewing inside her.

Here he was again, wielding his words like weapons, as though she had no choice but to cower before him. What was the difference between him and a common thug?

Simon’s eyes darkened, his glare piercing through the tension-filled air. “Autumn, I’m your brother! How dare you speak to me in such a manner? Where’s your sense of upbringing?” His voice rose, filled with a mix of frustration and disbelief.

He had come with the intention of offering help, but her defiance only fueled his resentment. She had brought this upon herself, and now she could live with the consequences of her choices.

A mocking smile curled at the corners of Autumn’s lips, a bitter twist of irony. “Have you ever witnessed a real brother insult his sister merely to defend his stepsister?” she retorted, her voice laced with sarcasm. “You and Hector dote on Luna like she’s a queen—fine, do whatever pleases you. Just keep it away from me, and I’ll pretend I don’t see a thing.”

“But you didn’t even have the decency to show up for Mom’s third memorial. Instead, you were busy caring for the daughter of the mistress who shattered her marriage. What gives you the audacity to think I would ever forgive you?”

A sense of calm washed over her as she spoke. No matter what they hurled at her, forgiveness felt like a distant dream. The chasm between them was insurmountable; reconciliation in this lifetime was a fantasy.

“Autumn!” Simon exploded, springing to his feet, his voice rising despite his attempts to maintain composure. “I came here to help you, and this is the gratitude I receive?”

If it weren’t for the memory of their mother, he wouldn’t have bothered making the effort to visit tonight. Autumn’s temper had become increasingly volatile, and he found her sharp, unyielding nature more intolerable with each passing day.

A cold laugh escaped Autumn’s lips, a sound devoid of warmth. “Oh? Is that so? Should I be thanking you then—for barging in here just to hurl insults, all while claiming it’s for my benefit?”

“I distinctly remember how you bent over backward for the mistress’s daughter. Funny how your attitude wasn’t like this with her. What’s this? A double standard? Am I not allowed to have an opinion? Don’t you find that utterly laughable?”

Her mind drifted back to three years ago, at her mother’s funeral. The memory was like a knife twisting in her heart. Simon had spoken to her with the same coldness then, as if her grief were an inconvenience.

Her mother's sudden death had left her reeling, an emotional wreck, yet her brothers had treated her with a chilling cruelty that felt like a betrayal. In that moment of despair, she had wished for nothing more than to disappear. With brothers like these, she might as well have been alone.

Fury coursed through Simon as he glared down at her, his veins bulging with anger. "Autumn, what do you have that can even compare to Luna? I was only concerned you might lose your way, which is why I thought of helping you."

"Had I known you'd be so ungrateful, I never would have wasted my time coming here." His voice was laced with bitterness, a reflection of the deep-seated frustration that had been building between them.

When the Stars Forgot to Return My Wishes 228

When the Stars Forgot to Return My Wishes 228 Summary

In Chapter 228 of "When the Stars Forgot to Return My Wishes," Autumn confronts Simon Lewis, who intrudes on her without an invitation. Her sharp retort highlights her annoyance and desire to avoid unnecessary confrontation. Simon's ominous threat as he leaves adds tension to the scene, leaving Autumn feeling weary and unsettled. She tries to shake off the unpleasant encounter as she prepares for an upcoming expo.

The day of the expo arrives, and Autumn, accompanied by Ethan, steps into a lively venue buzzing with excitement. Unlike previous events where she kept her distance, this time she stands by Ethan's side. As they enter, Ethan is quickly surrounded by eager attendees inquiring about Vanguard's potential new project. The atmosphere is charged with anticipation as people express their admiration for Ethan and his company's previous achievements.

Ethan, while graciously accepting praise, is aware of the expectations placed upon him. He subtly acknowledges the contributions of his junior colleague, Autumn, who remains anonymous due to her preference for privacy. This moment reveals Ethan's deep understanding of Autumn's

motivations; she seeks to prove her worth through her work rather than through recognition. The crowd's reaction to the idea of a young woman being behind the revolutionary AI technology leads to skepticism and disbelief, questioning the validity of Ethan's claims.

As the conversation unfolds, the attendees grapple with the notion that someone so young could be the mastermind behind such significant advancements in the industry. Their surprise and doubt reflect the biases within their field, where youth and female talent are often underestimated. Despite the skepticism, Autumn's brilliance looms large, and Ethan's defense of her talents underscores the challenges they both face in a competitive environment that often overlooks the contributions of women.

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****Chapter 228****

Without a trace of politeness, Autumn shot back, her voice laced with a sharp edge. "Mr. Lewis, if memory serves me right, I never extended an invitation for a discussion."

The unspoken message hung heavily in the air—Simon had barged in uninvited, and she had no desire to engage with him.

Simon's response was a dismissive snort, cold and cutting. "Autumn, mark my words, you will come to regret your actions today."

With that ominous declaration, he stormed out, slamming the door behind him with such force that the walls seemed to shudder.

Autumn let out a weary sigh, momentarily at a loss for words at his theatrical exit. She took a deliberate sip of water, trying to wash away the unpleasantness of the encounter, and steeled herself for the evening ahead as she prepared for bed.

Time passed, and the day of the expo finally dawned. As Autumn and Ethan stepped into the venue, they were met with a vibrant atmosphere already alive with energy. Groups of people mingled, their voices a low hum of excited chatter about the latest developments in their industry.

In the past, Autumn had attended similar events with Ethan but had always kept her distance, opting to navigate the crowd alone. This time, however, they entered side by side. Yet, regardless of whether she was alone or accompanied, Autumn had never been one to shy away from the throngs of people.

As soon as Ethan crossed the threshold, he was quickly enveloped by a swarm of eager attendees.

“Mr. Sharp, we’ve heard whispers that Vanguard is on the brink of unveiling a groundbreaking new project. Can you shed any light on it?” one man inquired, his eyes gleaming with anticipation.

“Yes, Mr. Sharp. Four years ago, the AI diagnostic system your company launched sent ripples through the industry. We’re all on the edge of our seats, curious about what you have in store next.”

“I’ve heard that Mr. Lee will make an appearance today to kick off the bidding process for the new project. To be honest, I believe your company stands a strong chance of clinching it.”

Nods of agreement rippled through the group. “Absolutely. The AI diagnostic system developed by your team was even integrated at the national level. If anyone is poised to win this bid, it has to be Vanguard.”

Ethan offered a courteous smile, though he could feel the weight of their expectations. “You’re too kind. Remember, in a bidding war, everyone has an equal opportunity—nothing is ever guaranteed.”

“And let’s not forget, that AI diagnostic system wasn’t solely my creation. It was the brilliant work of a junior colleague.”

If it weren’t for Autumn’s insistence on maintaining her anonymity, he would have proudly proclaimed that she was the genius behind Z.

But now was not the right moment to reveal her identity; doing so would only stir up complications, and he knew that, in all likelihood, most wouldn’t believe him anyway.

Ethan understood Autumn deeply. She was driven by the desire to prove her worth through tangible results, to silence the doubters who dismissed her with nothing but her sheer determination.

As for the mockery and derision she faced, she had never wasted her energy on their opinions.

“Oh?” The middle-aged man leading the group raised an eyebrow, surprise flickering across his face as he regarded Ethan. “Mr. Sharp, are you being serious?”

The revelation that Z was an even younger woman than Ethan left the crowd in stunned silence.

They had always assumed that anyone capable of creating such revolutionary medical AI would either be older or, at the very least, a prodigy akin to Ethan himself.

Who could have imagined that the mastermind was an unknown young woman, someone they had never encountered before?

That single fact made them question the validity of Ethan's claims—how much of what he said was genuine, and how much was mere embellishment?

At that moment, a young man with glasses standing behind the middle-aged leader wore an expression of disbelief.

“Mr. Sharp, surely you jest. Your talents are already at the pinnacle of this industry.”

“Even if your junior colleague possesses remarkable skills, she's just a girl in her early twenties. How could she possibly eclipse your accomplishments?”

It was almost laughable. Their field was teeming with elite professionals, yet few were as young and accomplished as Ethan.

If what he claimed was true—if he truly had such an extraordinary junior colleague—then Vanguard should already be a dominant force in the industry.

Aside from the project that had been nationalized a few years back, Vanguard's growth since then had been rather unremarkable in comparison.

When the Stars Forgot to Return My Wishes 229

When the Stars Forgot to Return My Wishes 229 Summary

In Chapter 229 of “When the Stars Forgot to Return My Wishes,” the narrative unfolds around Ethan and Autumn as they navigate a significant meeting with executives. The group discovers that the AI diagnostic system they are discussing was developed by Ethan's mentor, stirring mixed feelings of admiration and frustration. While Ethan remains confident and composed, Autumn feels overshadowed by his presence, almost invisible to the executives who idolize Ethan. This dynamic highlights the underlying tension of recognition and respect in a professional environment.

A pivotal moment occurs when one executive finally acknowledges Autumn, prompting Ethan to introduce her as a vital member of their technical team. His pride is evident as he defends her capabilities against the dismissive attitudes of the executives, who struggle to see past her youth. Despite their polite smiles, it is clear that they underestimate her potential, viewing her as merely an enigma rather than a skilled engineer. This moment of recognition is both empowering and isolating for Autumn, as she realizes the weight of her contributions amidst the indifference of those around her.

As the meeting progresses, Autumn takes the initiative to guide Ethan with her insights, feeling a sense of purpose despite the ongoing oblivion to her role. Meanwhile, the arrival of Julian and his entourage introduces a new layer of tension. Ryan and Grant observe Autumn's interaction with Ethan, interpreting it as a bold move that could provoke Julian's jealousy. Their judgment of Autumn's actions reveals their belief that she is manipulating the situation to regain Julian's attention, leading to a sense of impending conflict.

Luna, who is with Julian, notes his calm demeanor in response to Autumn's actions, suggesting that she has lost her influence over him. This realization brings her joy, indicating a shift in the dynamics of their relationships. As Simon approaches the group with enthusiasm, the chapter closes on a note of anticipation, leaving readers curious about the unfolding drama and the consequences of Autumn's choices. The contrasting emotions of empowerment, jealousy, and the quest for recognition create a rich tapestry of interpersonal dynamics in this chapter.

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****Chapter 229****

In the midst of the ongoing discussions, the only conclusion they could draw was that the AI diagnostic system had been crafted by none other than Ethan's mentor. The very thought of it stirred a mix of admiration and frustration within the group. Ethan's mentor had once been a luminary in the field, but now he was consumed by other commitments, leaving the projects to languish in silence over the past few years.

Ethan stood there, a subtle smile playing on his lips, but he chose to remain silent. Beside him, Autumn felt like a shadow, completely eclipsed by his presence. To the executives, it was as if she didn't even exist, their eyes fixated solely on Ethan, the man they revered.

Little did they know that the very individual they discussed with such veneration—Z—was standing right there, overlooked and unrecognized. Their shortsightedness was almost comical.

Finally, one of the executives squinted, his gaze landing on Autumn, and he pointed toward her in a moment of clarity. "Mr. Sharp, may I ask who this young lady is?" His tone was polite yet tinged with curiosity.

At long last, someone had acknowledged her existence.

Ethan lifted his chin slightly, his demeanor exuding confidence as he introduced her. “This is one of our newest engineers—and the backbone of our technical team.” His words were infused with pride, a subtle defiance against the dismissive attitudes surrounding them.

He then turned, gesturing to the group of executives gathered around, eager to make sure Autumn received the recognition she deserved. They offered her polite smiles, but their expressions were devoid of true interest or understanding.

To them, she was merely a young girl—an enigma whose potential they couldn’t fathom. How could someone so young possibly possess any real capability? Yet, the fact that Ethan had brought her to such a prestigious event was a surprise that none of them had anticipated.

Whispers had already circulated about Ethan’s high regard for his new engineer, but to extend an invitation of such significance? That was a bold move.

Wouldn’t others at Vanguard harbor resentment toward this apparent favoritism?

Though the thought lingered in the air, the executives were not the type to engage in idle gossip. Soon, they resumed their discussions with Ethan, diving back into the world of business, leaving Autumn in a strange limbo.

Meanwhile, Autumn leaned in closer to Ethan, her voice a soft whisper as she offered him pointed reminders, guiding him deftly toward the core of the questions being posed. Her insights were sharp, and she felt a sense of purpose in the moment, even as the world around her remained oblivious to her contributions.

As Julian arrived with his entourage, his gaze flickered to Autumn, who was engaged in quiet conversation with Ethan. For a brief moment, shock registered on his face, but he quickly averted his eyes, as if he hadn't seen anything at all.

Ryan, on the other hand, was taken aback. His eyes widened in disbelief as he tugged at Grant's sleeve, his voice barely above a whisper. "Am I imagining things? Is Autumn actually flirting with Ethan? She knows Julian is here, and yet she's flaunting her connection to him right in front of everyone? Is this really the Autumn we thought we knew?"

He rubbed his eyes, hoping to clear his vision, but the scene remained unchanged, only solidifying his astonishment.

Autumn had the audacity to showcase her closeness with another man in such a public setting—wasn't this akin to trampling on Julian's pride?

Grant glanced over, a smirk creeping onto his face as he observed the unfolding drama. "Looks like she's finally realized her old tricks are no longer effective. Now she's trying something new to grab Julian's attention. But honestly, the lengths she's going to are outrageous. I doubt Julian will ever forgive her for this."

Their thoughts aligned, both Ryan and Grant shared a silent understanding that Autumn had crossed a line—there would be no turning back from this reckless choice.

“Play stupid games, win stupid prizes,” Ryan muttered under his breath, a hint of bitterness lacing his words. Autumn had chosen this path of self-destruction, and now she would have to face the consequences of her actions.

Luna, who was clinging to Julian’s arm, also caught sight of Autumn whispering to Ethan. Instinctively, she glanced up to gauge Julian’s reaction. To her surprise, he appeared calm, unfazed by the scene before him, as if Autumn were nothing more than a stranger. A wave of relief washed over her; it seemed Autumn had lost her hold on him completely.

The realization filled Luna with a sense of glee. After all, whether Autumn could maintain her connection with Ethan depended entirely on her ability to keep him interested.

Just then, Simon strode confidently over to greet Ethan and the cluster of executives.

“Mr. Sharp, Mr. Cowell, Mr. Warren, Mr. Lee—it’s been far too long!” His voice boomed with enthusiasm, cutting through the tension in the air.

When the Stars Forgot to Return My Wishes 230

When the Stars Forgot to Return My Wishes 230 Summary

In Chapter 230 of “When the Stars Forgot to Return My Wishes,” Simon interacts with the group while deliberately ignoring Autumn, who feels the sting of his neglect but has grown somewhat accustomed to it. Despite her disappointment, a flicker of hope remains in her heart. The atmosphere shifts when Ethan, noticing the tension, encourages David Cowell to include Autumn in the discussion, asserting her value as one of their core engineers. This unexpected attention brings a mix of skepticism from Simon and anxiety for Autumn, who knows she must prove herself in a circle that doubts her capabilities.

As Autumn leans in to whisper insights to Ethan, Simon perceives her contributions as a challenge to his authority, especially after his warning the night before. Meanwhile, Luna and Julian join the group, and while Luna feels a twinge of annoyance at Ethan's endorsement of Autumn, she quickly masks her feelings as she observes the group's dynamics. Autumn, however, remains focused and engaged in the conversation, determined to rise above the superficial judgments that label her as merely a pretty face.

The narrative shifts when David expresses curiosity about Luna, leading to a series of compliments about her achievements and contributions to AI projects. As praise surrounds Luna, she glances at Autumn, expecting a reaction of embarrassment. Instead, Autumn surprises her by confidently discussing technical matters with Ethan, showcasing her knowledge and skills. This unexpected display of competence leads Luna to reassess her initial underestimation of Autumn.

As the conversation progresses, both women find themselves in their respective elements—Luna receiving accolades for her accomplishments, while Autumn navigates the discussion with ease and confidence. Simon, observing his sister's success, feels a mixture of pride and admiration for her ability to hold her own, signaling a shift in the dynamics of their relationships and perceptions within the group. The chapter encapsulates themes of identity, validation, and the struggle for recognition in a competitive environment.

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****When the Stars Forgot to Return My Wishes****

****Chapter 230****

As Simon moved through the circle, he greeted each individual with a practiced smile, his gaze deliberately skimming past Autumn as if she were nothing more than a shadow on the wall.

Autumn had become accustomed to this behavior over time; the sting of his disregard had dulled, yet a small flicker of disappointment still ignited within her chest, a reminder of her unfulfilled hopes.

It was as if the universe conspired to highlight her isolation. Just then, when David Cowell posed a question to the group, Ethan, who had been observing the subtle tension, shifted in his seat. With a gentle motion, he directed his hand towards Autumn, as if to summon her from the depths of invisibility.

“Mr. Cowell,” Ethan began, his voice steady and clear, “Autumn is one of our core engineers. You should definitely engage her in conversation—I’m confident she can offer you significant insights.”

The attention of the entire circle pivoted towards Autumn, including Simon’s gaze, which bore a weight of skepticism that made her skin crawl. She could feel the unspoken doubts swirling around her like a thick fog. They didn’t believe in her capabilities, and she was acutely aware that proving herself would be a formidable challenge.

Especially since she had chosen to keep her true identity cloaked in secrecy. Yet, despite the hurdles that loomed ahead, she resolved not to let them deter her spirit.

With a quick glance at Simon, she leaned closer to Ethan, her lips barely moving as she whispered a few strategic words.

Ethan nodded, an understanding glimmer in his eyes, and then he confidently addressed the very question that David had posed, weaving in her insights without giving away the depth of her knowledge.

To Simon, Autumn’s quiet interjection appeared to be a calculated affront. Just the previous night, he had warned her against becoming too entangled in Ethan’s world, yet here she was, seemingly relishing her place beside him in full view of their peers.

It struck him as a waste of his efforts; he had no intention of concerning himself with her choices any longer.

As Luna and Julian approached, they caught the tail end of Ethan's endorsement of Autumn. A flicker of annoyance crossed Luna's features, but it was quickly masked by her practiced composure as she noticed the uncertainty etched on the faces around them.

To everyone else, Autumn was merely a pretty face with little substance behind it. No matter how eloquently Ethan praised her, the prevailing sentiment was that no one would take him seriously.

Julian and Luna stepped forward with an air of confidence, exchanging pleasantries with the group in a seamless manner.

After a few moments of polite chatter, Luna finally turned her gaze toward Autumn, who stood out in stark contrast to the others—like a lone chicken amidst a flock of elegant cranes.

What did she hope to achieve by trying to impress Ethan? In this circle, it was talent that commanded respect, not connections. Without genuine skill, she would forever remain a mere ornament, a decorative piece in the grand scheme of things.

It was David's first encounter with Luna, and curiosity sparked in his eyes as he turned to Julian. "Mr. Carter, may I ask who this young lady is accompanying you?"

Julian turned slightly, his demeanor effortlessly suave as he introduced her. “This is Luna Lewis, the heiress of the esteemed Lewis family and a doctoral candidate at Highend University.”

The moment the introduction concluded, a voice from the gathering chimed in, “I’ve heard of Luna! Not only is she a PhD candidate at Highend, but she’s also made remarkable contributions to the university’s AI projects.”

“Indeed, she has been pivotal in several developments in AI medical intelligence and has received numerous accolades. She’s truly a rare talent.”

“I also heard that after graduation, she joined her family’s tech enterprise. The Lewis Group is poised for an extraordinary future.”

As the compliments washed over her, Luna wore a subtle smile, her gaze flitting toward Autumn as if to gauge her reaction.

She had anticipated a hint of embarrassment from Autumn, but to her surprise, Autumn appeared unfazed. Instead, she was engaged in a lively discussion with Ethan, seamlessly shifting the focus away from herself.

Luna realized she had underestimated her.

Rather than stumble over unfamiliar territory, Autumn navigated the conversation with Ethan, effortlessly avoiding any awkwardness that might have arisen.

Before long, Luna found herself too engrossed in the technical discussions with the executives, who were eager to hear her insights.

She slipped into her element with grace, responding to each inquiry with a confidence that radiated from her.

Watching his sister bask in the spotlight, Simon felt a swell of pride rise within him, mingled with an unexpected admiration for her poise and expertise.