

Chapter 277

"But I walked away without a cent, left with nothing—do you know why? To cut ties with your family once and for all.

"You think I'd be interested in shares from your company? What if you hand me an empty shell? I'm not falling for your tricks."

The offer was tempting, but she would never compromise. Those were things she had already chosen to give up, so they held no appeal for her now.

She didn't want anything from the Carter family.

A divorce should be clean.

To keep tangling over assets would only leave a lingering mess.

If not for their excessive schemes this time, she wouldn't have wasted so much effort dealing with them at all.

Julian pressed his lips together before saying, "Ten percent. No more. Autumn, don't be too greedy. 2

"You worked as finance director at Carter Group, so you know the scale of its revenue. With that kind of money, you could live comfortably for the rest of your life.

"Think carefully. Dropping the case is simple enough for you. Give me an answer tomorrow."

With that, Julian left.

Autumn watched his back as he walked away.

Having spent three years inside Carter Group, she certainly knew how vast its revenue was—hundreds of millions flowing in annually.

But she had only ever seen those numbers on paper; not a penny of it had ever touched her hands.

All her years of effort had earned her nothing from Julian.

At the divorce, she had even walked away in debt by a million.

And now, just to save his sister, he was willing to throw ten percent of Carter Group's shares on the table as a bargaining chip.

A storm of conflicting emotions swirled in her heart. Once upon a time, there had been feelings between them.

Now, all they spoke of was profit, nothing more.

After lunch, Autumn returned to Vanguard and buried herself in work.

Ethan was surprised to see her at the office, wanting her to rest, but he couldn't sway her determination to push the project forward.

By the time she got home that night, it was past nine.

She dropped onto the sofa, exhausted, and fell asleep almost instantly.

But not long after, her phone rang.

Half-asleep, she fumbled to answer, her voice groggy. "Hello?"

On the other end came Keith's deep, magnetic voice. "What's wrong with your voice? Were you sleeping?"



Her reply was hoarse. "Mm, what is it?"

Keith glanced at the tightly shut door. "I brought you some snacks. Come out and get them." 1

Autumn's scattered thoughts slowly cleared, and she suddenly recalled the night before—when Keith had pulled her forcefully into his arms.

Her head felt heavy and feverish.

She touched her warm forehead and muttered, "No need. I'm already in bed. You can keep them for yourself."

The last thing she wanted was to be held by him again.

She didn't exactly dislike it, but that didn't mean she liked it either.

The experience wasn't pleasant—Keith was too domineering, with no trace of gentleness.

"Sleeping this early?" Keith picked up on something off about her. "Your voice sounds strange. Do you have a fever again?"

"No." Autumn denied instinctively, though her head grew heavier.

Keith's tone hardened, tinged with impatience. "Autumn, are you opening the door yourself, or should I have the building staff unlock it?"

