

No Longer Yours, Ex Husband

Chapter 4

[Vivienne]

During the entire drive to Elijah's place, I keep my gaze out and thought to myself.

Elijah tries to break the silence a few times, but I only have a word or two for him in response. I'm just not in the mood for a conversation. All I want is some space and quiet, so I can finally come to terms with what I'm about to do.

Once we reach his place, he comes around to open the door, and it's only then I realize that we have reached.

"I'm sorry, I kind of faded away," I mumble apologetically, but he only rolls his eyes.

"Don't be," he says and I like the way he's not making a big deal of anything. He behaves like he always does, always cool in the head. "You know I'm glad to be of help. You wouldn't have called if you didn't already know."

He's right. I do know. When I left my home for Caden, Elijah was the only one who came to tell me that he had always had my back. That no matter the circumstances, he would never disappoint me.

I nod and that's where we leave the conversation.

He leads the way to his apartment on the twentieth floor of this high-class complex and I do my best to keep my emotions in check.

"Now, tell me everything there's for me to know," he says when we are finally settled at his place and I have spent a good amount of minutes under the shower, rubbing off all the filth Caden left on and inside me.

I look up from the tea in my hand and sigh. "I can't do this anymore."

He doesn't interrupt and I continue.

"Caden...I always thought I would be able to change his mind, that he would change his ways once he realized that...that no one can give him what I can. I tried so hard, Elijah," tears burn my eyes, but I shove them away, angry that I'm still crying for that man.

"I tried so hard to make him love me. I waited and waited and waited, but he never showed me even a minute of affection. I feel so stupid now. So damn stupid. I don't know why I even

thought I could make him fall in love with me, that just because he agreed to the marriage, he would eventually grow to love me. I should have known better, right? I should have known he would never see me as someone he could trust, that he would always compare me with Astrid and find me lacking, that he would never see me as his wife, but as a piece of furniture he could use whenever he felt like it. I should have known. But I was stupid. I was so stupid that I got blinded by my own love for that man and willingly walked into my doom.”

Elijah curses under his breath. I know he hates Caden with all his heart, but he stays silent, listening to my rant patiently.

I look down at the cold tea and speak again, my voice hollow. “But I can’t do this anymore. I’m so tired, you know? So damn tired of everything. I don’t know how much longer I can tolerate his ignorance. I don’t know how much longer I can tolerate Caden humiliating me every single day. I just can’t do this anymore. I want out. I just want this pain to end.”

Elijah doesn’t reach for me or try to calm me down. He sits there, across the desk, as if he’s not a friend right now, but a professional who’s only doing his job.

“Alright,” he says then, leaning forward, hands on the desk. “I heard it all. But let me ask you again: are you sure about this?”

Am I?

If a month ago someone had asked me the same question, my answer would have been different.

But not anymore.

“Yes,” I say and inhale a deep, confident breath. “I’ve made up my mind.”

Elijah nods, looking pleased with my response.

“Alright, I’ll prepare the papers tomorrow morning and have them sent to Caden. If he signs them, then this marriage will be officially over by this time next month. But if he doesn’t—”

I cut him off. “He will. I know he will. He’s been telling me to leave him since the day we got married. Trust me, he’ll hold a grand celebration when he sees my sign on the divorce papers. I’ll be surprised if he hadn’t brought his mistress home by now.”

I may be a fool in Caden’s eyes, but I’m not that stupid. I know that deep down, he wants this marriage to end as well and so does his assistant/mistress.

They probably want it more than me.

“Okay, then let’s hope for the best. I’ll have everything prepared by tomorrow and I’ll tell you once Caden gives us his signature.”

When I'm finally alone in my room, I scroll through whatever handful of pictures I have of Caden on my phone. They all give me the same kind of pain he does in person. I squeeze out whatever tears I have left in my eyes and suck in a deep breath.

Then I select all pictures of him and press delete.

When I wake up the next morning, the first thing I hear is my cell phone screaming next to my head. I grab it as I sit up and without even looking at the screen, swipe my thumb to answer.

"It's good to know you finally came to your senses."