

# No Longer Yours, Ex Husband

## Chapter 5

[Vivienne]

“It’s good to know you finally came to your senses.”

To say I know the voice of the woman on the line would be an understatement.

“What’s the point of calling me right now, Sasha?” I say and suppress a yawn. This is the worst thing to wake up to. To hear the sound of the woman behind my failed marriage. Well, one of the reasons.

She laughs, sounding more excited than I want to know.

“Just making sure it’s not one of your stunts to get Caden’s attention. We both know you’ll do anything for that man, even fake a divorce request to get him running to you.”

I grit my teeth, my hands turning white around the phone. I can feel my temper rising, but I control it somehow.

“Trust me, Sasha, you haven’t seen half of what I can do to get Caden’s attention.”

She laughs, mocking me. I try not to lose my temper.

“I don’t doubt it, Vivienne. But you should know by now that Caden wants nothing to do with you. You were just a replacement, remember? Your marriage has been a farce since day one.”

I clench the phone tighter, so close to screaming my head off.

“Well, at least I had a relationship that was somewhat respectable in the society. What do you have? A one-night stand that kept on repeating itself? Do you even know how pathetic you look with Caden? No one takes you seriously because you’re just a slut.”

She gasps. I smile, feeling satisfied.

“You bitch!” She snaps and I can hear the rage in her voice. I grin, liking how she sounds like right now. “How dare you talk to me like that! I’m—”

“You’re what? His lover? Caden’s little plaything? The woman he fucks behind my back?”

Okay, I’ll be honest. I’m kind of enjoying this. Why didn’t I do this before?

“You’re crossing your limit, Vivienne. I swear to God, I’ll make you pay for this.”

I snort. “Whatever,” but then I remember that she’s also his assistant and I smile to myself. “Oh, and please pass on my message to Caden. Tell him that the divorce papers will reach him by this afternoon. In fact, I’ll bring them to his office myself.”

And without giving her a chance to say something, I hang up.

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**[Caden]**

I’m busy reading a contract prepared by our legal team when Sasha bursts into the conference room, her whole face red for some reason.

I lift a brow, but she only shakes her head, flashing a fake smile that I can’t help but roll my eyes at.

If Sasha thinks she doesn’t know how much she tries to copy Astrid, my former lover, she’s mistaken big time. But I don’t say that to her, it’s not my place. If she wants to waste her time trying to impress me with all the surgeries she went through over the last three years to look like my supermodel ex-girlfriend, there’s nothing I can do.

Not everyone can accept me like Vivienne does.

Not everyone is as patient as her either.

“This looks fine to me,” I say and get up, everyone follows. “Make sure it reaches the Warners as soon as possible. I don’t want to give them even a second of relief from the previous matter. Make them sweat. Make them feel pressured. Show them we mean business and we won’t hesitate to sue if they keep on dragging this for long.”

Everyone nods their heads and I dismiss them. When Sasha and I are the only people in the room, that’s when she bursts into tears. “Caden, I’m so sorry.”

I frown. “Sorry for what?”

She sniffs, wiping her eyes. Then, she grabs the box of tissue papers on the table and blows her nose.

I watch it all with my brows raised. I don’t know why women have to act like this. Why are they always crying? Do they have nothing better to do?

I sigh, my patience wearing thin. “Spit it out. I don’t have all day to listen to your sob story.”

I know I sound harsh, but I can't help it. I hate it when people cry. Can't they man up? Crying doesn't solve shit.

"I—" She hiccups. I frown. "Vivienne called me and—"

I tense, my mind already alert.

"I just called to let her know that she needs to attend the dinner at Grover's with you next week but she..." She snuffles, another set of tears falling down her cheeks. "She insulted me and called me a slut. She even accused me of having a one-night stand with you."

I roll my eyes. It figures.

"Sasha, if that's all you have to say, then leave. I don't have time for this."

"But Caden—"

I glare at her and she gulps, shutting up instantly.

"I said, leave."

"B-But—"

"Leave."

She finally gets the hint and leaves the conference room.

I lean back in my chair, massaging my temples to ease the incoming headache.

But then I grab my phone and dial for Vivienne.

I wait and wait and wait, but she doesn't pick up.

I try again, but still the same result.

Well, fuck it. I don't have patience for this. If she wants to stay mad for what happened last night, then she's more than welcome to do so.

I text her instead.

Caden: Stop acting like a child and call me.

A minute later, she replies.

Vivienne: If only you stop acting like a man-whore.

I scoff.

Caden: That's what you think about me?

Vivienne: That's what everyone thinks about you.

Vivienne: Don't believe me? Watch the news.

I freeze at those words. But I do as she says. I grab the remote from the table and switch on the TV.

My blood boils at what I see.

There's a clip of me kissing Sasha at the party yesterday.

And the headline: CEO Caden Lawrence cheating on his wife with his secretary?

Fuck.