

No Longer Yours, Ex Husband

Chapter 7

[Vivienne]

Without waiting for my response, he grabs my wrist and pulls me with him.

I stumble a little, but somehow manage to keep my balance.

But Caden doesn't slow down, not even for a second.

He drags me with him until we reach the end of the corridor and enter his office.

When the door shuts close behind us, he throws me into the room and I stumble on my heels, crashing against his desk. For a second, something passes his face, his features soften, but by the time I blink, that expression is gone and he's back to scowling.

He walks around the desk and takes a seat, his gaze never leaving mine.

"Why are you here?" He asks, his voice calm but I can hear the rage underneath.

"I came to give you this." I take the envelope from my purse and throw it on the table.

Caden doesn't even glance at it.

"I told you I'm done with you and here's the proof."

He stares at me, his eyes darkening. "You want a divorce? Is that it?"

I nod my head, proud of myself for not cowering under his gaze. I might look tough on the outside, but inside I'm trembling like a leaf.

His eyes fall on the envelope, his jaw ticking. Then he grabs it and tosses into the trash bin under the desk.

I gape at him, completely baffled by his actions.

"Go home. We'll discuss this later."

I can't believe him. I'm here to give him what he had always wanted and this is how he reacts?

I cross my arms and glare at him. "No."

He narrows his eyes. “Excuse me?”

“I said, no. Are you suddenly deaf?”

He doesn’t like that, not my words, not my tone, and that’s obvious by the way he’s looking at me right now. He gets up from his chair, his mere existence taking up so much space the room suddenly feels small.

“I have another meeting in ten. I truly have no time for these stupid games of yours. So, just do as I say, and leave. I’ll come home tonight and we can talk over dinner.”

Is he even listening to me? I shake my head, stepping away. “Sure, but you’ll have to do that dinner thing alone. I have already moved out. You won’t find me there.”

His brows furrow and swear to God I have never seen someone so angry.

A part of me wants to reach out and appease him, to tell him that everything is okay, but another part of me wants to be selfish and see how far I can push him.

“Home, Vivienne. Now.”

“No.”

“Vivienne—”

“I said, no.”

I turn around to leave when he grabs my arm and whirls me back.

“Let me go.” I try to yank my arm away, but his hold only tightens. Then, he presses the intercom and the voice of the same receptionist comes through the device.

“Sir?”

Caden looks at me, his eyes full of promises.

“Send two guards in to escort Mrs. Lawrence home, and ask them to stay put until I arrive.”

There’s a long pause from the other side before the receptionist finally blurts out. “Yeyes, sir. Ri-right away.”

The call disconnects.

“What’s the meaning of this?” I ask him, but he only takes a step forward, and keeps on moving until my back is pressed against the edge of the desk and I almost gasp.

Caden puts both his arms on either side of me and leans down, suddenly too close for my liking. “Exactly. What’s the meaning of this?”

He’s probably talking about the divorce papers.

I scoff, meeting his gaze, not wanting him to see how much his existence or this proximity affects me. “if I didn’t know any better, I would think you’re upset.”

But he clearly isn’t. He’s probably just trying to make sure I’m not setting him up somehow.

His dark eyes darken some more and I find it hard to breathe. “Oh, so this is just another way you have come up with to get my attention. Is that it?”

“God, you’re so arrogant. You really think that highly of yourself, don’t you?”

He smirks, bringing his hand up and tucking a stray hair behind my ear. I try to jerk my head away, but he puts his palm on my neck and holds me in place.

However, before he could say something more, there’s a knock on the door and just like he asked for, two guards entered the room.

“Take her home and make sure she stays there,” Caden instructs them, without breaking our eye contact.

Then, he leans even closer, so close that his lips almost brush against mine.

I shiver, not liking the way he’s looking at me.

“And if she tries to escape, tie her up and wait for further instructions.”

I freeze at his words, my eyes wide as saucers.

Did he just say what I think he did?

I look at the guards, hoping they would refuse, but they only nod their heads.

Caden steps away and I immediately straighten up, rubbing my arms.

“Leave.”

I look at Caden and then at the guards.

They take a step forward and I take two back. “No. I’m not going back to that place.” I turn to face Caden. “You can’t force me.”

He gives me a bored look and my stomach sinks.

“Don’t fight this, Vivienne. It will only make things harder for you.”

I hate that I don’t have a choice. I hate that I’m being forced to go back to that place that I once called my home, but it’s not.

Tears burn my eyes and I hate it. I can’t believe I went crazy for this man. I can’t believe I thought he was the love of my life.

I feel so stupid right now. So, damn stupid.

I grab my bag and walk towards the door, refusing to look back at Caden.

But before I could reach there, he called my name and I stopped, still unable to look at him.

“We’ll talk about this tonight.”

“No. We won’t. You just proved my point. I don’t want to be with a man who treats me like this. I deserve better, Caden. I deserve someone who will love me, cherish me, and protect me. And you...you’re just a selfish asshole.”

I turn to leave, satisfied with the look on his face.

Maybe now he would know I’m not the same Vivienne he knows. Maybe now he would realize that I can live without him, and that I don’t need him.

The guards follow me and I head towards the elevator, not wanting to be here a second longer.

We walk past the reception and while the receptionist still looks guilty and embarrassed, her head hung low, Sasha doesn’t shy away from giving me her best death glares.

I ignore them though and head straight for the elevator.

While we wait, Sasha comes to stand next to me and whispers into my ear. “Don’t worry. I’ll make sure he signs those papers and gets rid of a cheap whore like you.”

“Watch your mouth!” I’m so angry after how Caden behaved that I don’t have the patience for her crap.

I whirl around and slap her across the face.

Everyone in the lobby gasps.

Sasha’s hands fly to her cheek and I can see her skin turning red. “How...how dare you? You bitch—”

She tries to do the same. Her hand comes flying towards my face. But before it makes contact, someone catches her wrist in mid-air.