

# No Longer Yours, Ex Husband

## Chapter 2

[Vivienne]

“Shh,” he hushes me, sucking my nipple harshly in his mouth. “Let’s just get over with it.”

I gasp loudly as he bites down hard, making my whole body jerk with the sharp ache. I try to push him away, but it proves nothing in front of the force he is. He’s far stronger than me, far more persistent.

“Stop resisting!” He snaps, yanking my hand away from his shoulder and pins it down above my head. “Isn’t this why you kept calling and texting me all day, wanting me to give you my attention? Isn’t this why you wore that sexy red gown tonight?”

He grinds down his erection on my thigh, making me aware of the fact how hard he is right now.

Is it because of the time he spent with Sasha or because of me? I can’t even tell anymore.

“You never came!” I bite down a moan and glare up at him. “You promised to come home early today, Caden. It’s our anniversary!”

He looks at me as if I had grown another head, tipping his face to the side, his dark eyes glinting in the moonlight pouring through the windows. “You think I can ever forget that?”

I don’t know what to say to that. Is he being sarcastic or serious? It’s so hard to get a read on him sometimes.

“How do I know? You never showed up. Instead, you were busy attending afterparties with your slutty assistant. Why can’t you see that she’s—”

“Not another word, Vivienne.” He grunts, resuming his ministrations, dropping his face in the crook of my neck and kissing everywhere. “I don’t want to talk about it.”

He unbuckles his seat belt with his free hand and throws it away. I shiver under his gaze as he pulls his cock out and starts pumping it in his fist.

“Fuck, I need to be inside you right now,” he murmurs to himself.

I watch with my mouth agape as he brings my left leg up and slides two fingers inside me. My whole body trembles at the intrusion. I wince when he adds a third finger. I can feel the stretch of my walls as he pushes them further, the slight sting that comes with it.

It hurts, but the pleasure outweighs the pain.

When he deems me wet enough, he grabs a packet of condom from his pant pocket, rips it open with his teeth and sheaths it over his length.

My frustration once again bubbles to the surface. Why does he always need to use protection? He knows I want to get pregnant, yet he doesn't even give me a chance to make that happen.

"Caden, please—" I beg, trying to touch him, but he grabs my wrists and pins it down again.

"Please, what?" He asks, rolling the condom down his length. I stare at the thing and almost curse it to hell.

"Please, fuck me bare," I say, hoping to change his mind. "I want to get pregnant. You know that."

His eyes darken at my words.

For a second, I think I succeeded in changing his mind when he stops midway, but then he shakes his head and grips my hips hard.

"No."

"But Caden—" I try again, but he cuts me off.

"No means no, Vivienne. Now stop talking and take what I give you."

I blink back the tears as he once again kicks my legs apart and lines his cock up with my entrance. "I hate you," I say, as he starts pushing his cock inside my pussy.

He grunts, bottoming out. "No, you don't. You love me, and that's your biggest problem."

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An hour later, I watch him getting dressed in the bathroom, putting on his clothes like nothing happened.

I cover my naked body with the sheet and try to hide my tears.

When he finally returns to the bed, I know he wants to say something. I wait for him to say what he needs to say.

But instead of saying anything, he simply picks up his wallet from the nightstand and leaves without sparing me a glance.

I feel numb.

But before the numbness spreads like wildfire and consumes my heart completely, I wrap the sheet around myself and follow him.

I find him downstairs in the living room, picking up his keys from the drawer.

He finally looks at me, and I feel like a knife is piercing my heart.

“Where are you going?” I ask, wanting to cry.

He looks at me like I’m an unwanted pest that he wants to get rid of. “None of your business.”

I clench my fists, swallowing the hurt. “Are you going to see Sasha again? Aren’t you done romancing her in front of the whole world? Aren’t you done embarrassing me? When will you grow tired of humiliating me, Caden? Just when?!”

He closes the drawer and walks past me like I said nothing.

I follow after him.

“You can’t keep doing this to me, Caden. It’s unfair. You’re my husband, you can’t keep humiliating me in front of everyone. It hurts me so much. I—”

“What do you want me to do then?” He asks, stopping abruptly in his tracks, and turns to face me.

I open my mouth to say something, but nothing comes out. I don’t know what to say.

He laughs bitterly, “That’s what I thought. Go to sleep, Vivienne. And stop texting me all day long. I don’t know what you want from me, but whatever it is, I can’t give it to you.”

And with that, he readies himself to leave once again.

But I’m so done with this man, so damn done, that when he turns his back to me, I scream at the top of my lungs.

“Fine. Let’s get divorced then!”

He pauses, as if my words have taken him off-guard. But then his shoulders relax a little and his head tips to the side. “Is that what you want?”

I almost choke on my tears, but somehow manage to speak again.

I have to do this. There’s no other choice. I’m so tired of this toxic cycle. So fucking exhausted.

“Yes, that’s what I want. I want to divorce you. I can’t stand you anymore. I hate you. I want to be free from you. So, yeah, let’s get this fucking divorce, and go our separate ways.”

This time he turns to me and gives me a look that makes me feel like the most worthless thing in the whole world.

He rolls his cold eyes. “Fine, whatever. Send me the divorce papers tomorrow. I’ll sign them immediately.”

With that, he walks out of the house, slamming the door behind him.