

A few weeks have gone by, I've been staying at one of the condo's Timothy owned, he said I could live here permanently, but I refused I wanted to start over away from the city, the hustling was too much for me, clearly 'the American dream' was not for me, I need to leave and find my own peace, thankfully Timothy and Jane both understood and were very supportive they helped me finalize the divorce, much to his disagreement I didn't take Noah for all he had, I didnt ask fro anything, didnt want anything, all I wanted was to be rid of him for good, and when I told Timothy he first wanted to hire a hitman because he thought thats what I meant by 'get rid' of him, he hired men to get my things, as well as provide me a body guard to keep me safe from the press, which I was grateful for, Aunt Jane has been coming by comforting me, and being my should to cry on throughout this whole thing, yes I have accepted it and began my journey of moving on, but that doesnt mean it hurts any less

I stood by the balcony as I looked towards the city it was almost 5 and the sun had began to set, I sat in silence as I watched the sun set, I felt contented being alone with out anything to worry about

"Val, honey" My aunts voice calls, as she enters the apartment, carrying with her a plate of what appears to be cupcakes, I could feel my heart warmth at the gesture, she always knows how to make me smile, cupcakes were my absolute favorite "I hope you dont mind me dropping by, I wanted to check up on you"

"Of course not auntie, you know how much I enjoy seeing you" I say as I walk to her talking te plate and hugging her

"How have you been holding up"

I sigh out, subconsciously hugging myself "with all things considered, better than I have expected, our divorce is final, I am no longer Valery Austin" I spoke acidly, as if his last name was posion to me "it feels weird honestly, I am now a single women again"

My aunt chuckled lowly "it gets some getting use to I suppose, its good that your doing good, me and your uncle were worried you havent been answering any of our texts and calls" giving me a pointed look

"I've havent been using my phone, I can't stand endless calls and texts, from my former friends" I spat out bitterly "I cannot nor will I forgive them for keeping my husbands a air a secret"

"Ah yes, the diligent wives, honey do not let them get to you, its sadly how some of those wives are like, they protect their husbands and reputations, by keeping secrets even from their so called friends, atleast you have learned from this whole thing right?"

"I guess you have a point"

being with Noah taught me a lot, it taught me that I shouldn't let people push me around or treat me like a maid just because I love and care about them, I learned I need to stand up for my self,

I moved to place where I knew I didn't belong, just so I could be with Noah, I changed who I was just too be with him, I don't even remember who I was before him

Being the 'Ceo's wife' was like a job, you had to be the perfect wife, no mistakes, no flaws, being the ceo's wife meant being friends with people who don't even like you, going to ever dinner and event with your husband for business and being a Ceo wife means not being yourself

I didn't realize how trap and empty I was till now.

I have done nothing with my life, no family, no job, no career, I have missed out so much because I was too busy being the perfect wife, but now..

Now I'm free

"This is a new chapter in your life" she encouraged, gleaming at me hopeful, she reassured as we sat down

If only I could have that hope, I felt a urge of dread facing the New York Society

"If only it was that easy, seeing all the gossip stories about me, can you believe that they have dubbed me as the CEO'S EX WIFE, like thats all I am, its like I am nothing with out him" I spat out bitterly "how can I carry on with my life if I am constantly reminded by Noah" I say throwing my hands up in frustratedly, I know I shouldnt care about what other people think of me, but I cant help but feel as what they say is true, I havent done anything worth mentioning in my life since I married Noah

"Again don't listen to them I had a similar title, most of the CEO's wives do, some of the girls do to, no matter how powerful the wife is, a title will be given, they especially like giving nicknames to the least powerful, whether it is known to the media, or if its only known to the wives"she began, I knew she was trying to calm me down and reasure me but hearing her saying these things made me ba led how she sees this as normal "They called me the broken dove" she blurted out, as sipped her glass of water shaking her head as she did so

I raised a brow "why 'broken dove'" if anything my aunt is anything but a broken dove

"The wives say it's because I use to be so pure and innocent and then when I married Timothy I seem broken apparently" she laughed out, it seemed to me she didnt mind the nickname, but I dont see why she loves Timothy and wouldnt she feel hurt if someone said he broke her, or maybe she found it funny cause it was true, now Im just confused, my aunt noticed my confusion and my sudden discomfort regarding those two, because I have always seen them as the perfect couple being told otherwises just confuses me "which is anything but true" she added, I let out a sigh in relief, she smiled at me reassuringly before continuing "others are scandalous like gardener lover, wife beater, cowgirl, walking sex tape, others may be childish or simple, like sandwich face, ghost, poison ivy or just ivy, my personal fav is "Red Queen" it belongs to Lily, people have come up with many stories on why she is called that"

"I didnt know that" I say as my interest started to come back "what did they call me"

"You said yourself dear, the CEO's Ex WIFE"

So the media has nicknamed me, and that was my nickname? Till when I wondered

"Thats crazy, before this whole thing that I had no nickname, how long does it last, why that one"

"Dont think of it as a bad thing honey"

"But it is, it means I am nothing with Noah"

"Honey he is nothing without not the other way around, you were never nothing, you were just a blank canvas who hasn't colored themselves yet, this is your chance"

A suddenly all the self doubt, seemed to be replace with motivation, and an idea that I thought was just what I needed

"Im gonna leave new york"