

No Longer Yours, Ex Husband

Chapter 3

[Vivienne]

It takes me a minute to process what just happened. I don't know why I said those words. I don't want a divorce. I love Caden. I want to be with him forever. I want to have kids with him. I want to build a family with him.

But he's so done with me, that he didn't even hesitate to agree to my demand.

Tears spring to my eyes, and for the first time in a long time, I feel broken.

I slump to the floor, hugging my knees to my chest.

I cry until I feel numb.

I cry until I feel empty.

I cry until I feel nothing.

And then when I can't cry anymore, I pick myself up and head back to my room.

There's no point in staying back anymore. Caden doesn't want me.

It's more obvious than ever.

I pack my stuff and get ready to leave.

When I'm done packing, I call someone I haven't contacted in a while.

He picks up in the second ring, and even though I try to keep the hurt at bay, it still shines through my voice.

"Hey, Viv. What's up?"

I take a deep breath, not knowing how to say what I need to say. So I just go with the flow. "I want to divorce Caden. Can you help me?"

A pause. And then, "I'm sorry, what?"

I swallow the lump in my throat, and repeat myself, "I want to divorce Caden. Please help me with it. I don't want to stay in this marriage anymore."

“Viv...what happened...where are you right now?”

I sniff, wiping my tears away. “I’m in Caden’s house. But I want to leave as soon as possible. Just tell me if you can help me or not. I’m done repeating myself to anyone who asks me the same question.”

I hear him sigh, and for a moment, I think he would refuse to help me. I don’t know why I called him instead of my best friend, but I needed someone to help me right now and he’s the only lawyer I know.

“Of course. I’ll help you. Just tell me where you are right now. I’ll come to get you.”

I breathe out a sigh of relief and tell him the address.

“Alright, I’ll be there in 20 minutes. Stay put, okay?”

I nod and hang up.

I go to the bathroom to freshen myself up, and try to get rid of the puffy red eyes. I know I look like a mess, but I don’t care about it right now.

All I want to do is get out of this house and never return to it ever again.

True to his words, Elijah shows up at the house twenty minutes later.

To my huge surprise, he looks far more handsome than he looked the last time we met three years ago. He’s wearing a sharp suit and looks much more professional than he ever did. Perhaps it’s the seriousness he had garnered in his deep eyes, or the way his chin is peppered with a faint beard, he looks different somehow. Different but handsome.

But that’s only a brief thought that crosses my mind, because the moment he steps inside the house, I throw my arms around him, not able to stop the hurt from leaking through my eyes.

“I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to—”

“Hey.” He says soothingly, running a hand down my spine. “Enough. No more crying, alright? Let’s get you out of here. I’ll take you to my place. We can talk about everything when you feel better, okay?”

I nod, wiping my tears away. “Okay. Just give me five minutes. I need to grab a few things.”

He nods. “Sure. I’ll wait in the car.”

I grab my purse and suitcase, and head to the door. But before I get the chance to leave, my phone rings again. Caden’s name flashes on the screen.

I debate for a moment if I should answer it or not, but eventually press the green button and put the phone against my ear.

He doesn't even wait for me to say hello.

"I just called to let you know that I'm leaving for Washington tonight. I don't know when I'll be back so don't wait up."

I clench my jaw, gripping the handle of my suitcase tighter. Has he already forgotten that I asked him for a divorce? That I don't want to have anything with him anymore? Does he take me so lightly that he thinks our argument over the divorce isn't even worth his concern?

I'm so mad at him and I'm about to say something when he hangs up without giving me the chance to speak.

I stare at my phone for a moment, gritting my teeth, feeling angry and disappointed at myself. How could I marry such an insensitive asshole? How could I give my heart to someone who doesn't even care about it? How? How could I be so blind and an idiot?

I don't know how long I stand there staring at the screen of my phone, but when I look up, I find Elijah leaning against the side of his car, watching me quietly.

I can't decipher what he's thinking, but the frown on his face tells me that he wants to ask me if I'm alright.

I give him a smile I know he knows is fake and head towards him.

"Ready?" He asks, opening the trunk of his car and helping me load my suitcase in it.

I nod. "Yeah."

"Good. Let's go then."