

Chapter 35

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[Caden]

I'm still trying to piece the night together when Vivienne starts throwing accusations at me. Every word she says, every glare she shoots my way, hits me straight in the chest like a thousand arrows.

"You know what? This act of yours has made things final for me. I want that divorce, Caden. And I want that divorce now."

But when those final words come out of her mouth, something snaps in me. Ever since I woke up, I have tried to be patient, to hear her out, but what the actual fuck?

"So that's how this is going to be?" I say as she starts to head for the door, still not able to walk straight as she sways a little, probably because of the hangover she is trying to fight.

Before she gets to open the door, however, I stalk over and slam it shut. She turns to glare up at me harder, but I've had enough of her mindless accusations.

Especially when she doesn't even know what happened last night.

Or maybe she does, and now she's trying to put the blame on me because it's easier to do so than admit what she did.

"Let me go, you fucking psychopath! Don't touch me!" she starts to yell, hitting my chest with her closed fist. "I said I don't want to be with you anymore, do you hear me? Let go of me."

I snarl and grab her chin between my thumb and index finger, forcing her to look into my eyes. "You think you can fool me with your theatrics? Huh?" I growl. "Tell me, Vivienne. How does it feel? Telling those lies when you know it was your fucking hand that undressed me?"

"What—"

"You can act all you want, but I remember everything. And let me tell you, the way you acted last night—all wanton and desperate and eager and all over me—makes me think you might have been pretending to be drunk the entire night just so you could get a good fucking. Tell me, sweetheart, is that it?"

Vivienne blinks at me, confused, before shaking her head. "What? No, what the hell?! That's not true—"

I lean down so close to her face that I can see her pupils dilating and her chest rising and falling with heavy breaths. "Really? So you're telling me I didn't find you gagging for it like a slut on my cock? Is that it? Or is it because your plan to seduce me and convince me to fuck you failed? Was that it?"

I see the hurt in her eyes, and I hate myself a bit more for saying such things, but she is being unfair. How can she accuse me of something so vile without solid proof?

But I have lived with this woman for three years, and I know she likes to play the victim to get my attention and sympathy. It's nothing new. But this is getting really tiring. ①

Vivienne shoves at my chest hard. "Stop it! You're just saying that to confuse me. You did this. You did this to show me that I can never get rid of you. You did this because you can't digest the fact that I'm finally over you. But you know what? I'm still going to fight for what I want. I want out of this marriage. I want to move on with my life and never be a part of yours ever again. You're the worst person I ever had to live with, Caden."

And this is exactly what she's good at. She's always good at making it about me and what I do to her. She twists every situation to fit her narrative, to paint herself as the victim and me as the villain.

But what about what she did? What about the way she is always whining and crying and pushing me to my limits? What about her selfishness?

"You're such a hypocrite," I chuckle and let out a long sigh.

I run my fingers through my hair and walk away from her to grab my pants from the floor. "Always playing the victim card when in reality, it was your own choice to be here. So how about you own up to the fact that you seduced me and got what you wanted. My time. My attention. My cock."

"What?! No!" Vivienne looks appalled.

But I'm not finished.

Once I'm done buttoning up my shirt and grabbing my jacket, I turn around and face her once again.

"Now that I think about it, you got one more thing last night."

I close the distance between us until she's backed up against the wall, and I'm so close to her face, I can smell the faint hint of peach on her body and that familiar fragrance of hers. "My seed in your cunt. Congratulations."

Vivienne pales immediately, her face white as a sheet.

"What? Are you seriously—"

"Of course, that's true, Vivienne. We had unprotected sex, so guess what?" I tilt my head to the side, watching her face as the horror of what happened slowly sinks in. "You got knocked up. I came in you raw. Not once but twice."

She opens her mouth to say something, but nothing comes out. I suppose that's what happens when you're caught with your pants down and are trying to come up with excuses.

"How could you?!" She looks so scared and vulnerable, and all the anger from before slowly dissipates.

But I don't have time for another round of her guilt trips. I'm done with this shit.

I back away, grab my keys from the nightstand, and, without another word, leave the hell out of the place.