



### Chapter 46

[Vivienne]

I don't know what to expect when I see Caden standing there, wearing his usual scowl, not saying anything, just staring. He must have come to the precinct for something absolutely important. Why else would he come himself when he has so many people—lawyers included—working for him, doing everything at his word?

But surprisingly, he doesn't look as shocked to see me, and that makes me wonder.

Rosita stands right next to me, but he doesn't even bat an eye at her. For a moment, no one says anything, and we don't have to. Because just then, Detective Lopez appears next to us and greets my ex-husband.

"Mr. Lawrence. Detective Lopez. We spoke on the phone?" He offers his hand to Caden.

It's only then that Caden blinks and shifts his dark eyes to the detective, nodding curtly. "Yes, we did. Can we talk somewhere more private?"

"Of course, of course," the detective says, flushing when Caden doesn't even acknowledge the handshake. What a jerk! Had he always been this arrogant? Of course, he had. Why else did I have to try so hard to get his attention? Why else was I always on edge, worried that I would offend him somehow?



I shake my head. Those days are long gone. I might have cared about his actions and reactions when we were married, but that's changed now. Now that my eyes are open to the real world, I'm not afraid of him. I don't give a damn if he turns those dark eyes on me again, silently warning me like he did so many times in the past.

"This way," the detective says, showing him the way, and Caden follows, not even bothering to say a word.

Once he's gone, however, Rosita tugs at my arm. "Holy shit. That was Caden Lawrence?"

I nod, watching him take a turn and disappear. "Yeah, it was."

"Damn, Viv. That man is smoking hot."

I scoff. "Yeah. But his personality makes up for it. The jerk is so cold and full of himself, he could choke on it."

"You really think so, huh?" she asks, and my chest hurts for a reason I don't understand.

I can't tell Rosita how much it actually bothers me that she's admiring my ex-husband's looks, even though I understand what she means. Caden is undeniably handsome. But his looks are just a mask that hides the cold monster underneath.

He might fool everyone else with those dark eyes and soft lips, but I know better than to let myself be deceived again. He's already hurt me enough to last a lifetime, and I'll be damned if I ever give him the chance to do it again.

Rosita must sense my discomfort because she tugs at my hand again. "But who cares how he looks? He's going to hell anyway. I hope his balls burn there. That man has too many issues to even bother with. You don't need his shit, Viv."

I nod at that. She's right. I don't need him in my life, not when I have enough of my own problems.

Speaking of which...

I turn to face her. "We should find that waiting room and order something to eat. I'm starving."

An hour later, Detective Lopez walks into the waiting room while Rosita and I are planning our upcoming dinner at my new place.

We both rise to our feet when he stops in front of us. "Ms. Sinclair, I was hoping to understand what you plan to do with the complaint you've filed. Are you planning to take this matter to court, or are you just looking for some kind of assurance? Like an apology from Ricardo and the woman in question—Genie? By the way, Genie has confessed, so now it's up to you."

Rosita raises an eyebrow at me, and I turn to look at the detective. It seems we're on the same page because when Rosita speaks, she voices exactly what I'm thinking.

"What kind of question is that? You know he drugged us. He had her drug us."

The detective nods. "Yes, I understand. I'm just asking because

some women prefer not to go to court due to the stress, the long wait, and other factors, and that's okay. I'm asking because we've seen cases like this before. Women report crimes, but they don't want to proceed with court, which makes the situation difficult for us."

I nod. "Well, I'm not the kind to sit back and watch."

I glance at Rosita, who doesn't look too pleased either.

"Of course." The detective takes a deep breath. "I'm just warning you, though, this can take a very long time. You have to be ready to face a lot of people, some of whom could be really horrible to you. It could get very ugly and even more traumatizing, so just make sure you're prepared. We've seen people change their minds at the last second."

Something about his tone makes me suspicious, as if he's more concerned with deterring us than with our well-being. It feels like a tactic to intimidate us from pursuing legal action against criminals.

"Is there a problem, Detective?" I ask. "It seems like you're the one who doesn't want us to go through with this."

He immediately shakes his head, chuckling awkwardly. "Of course not. We just don't want you to go into this blind and get your hopes up, only to have them come crashing down."

I don't buy that for a second.

"You know what? I think it's time we take this to your superior and talk to them instead."

Chapter 46

The detective shakes his head, looking visibly pale. "There's no need. I just... wanted you to think this through. In fact...you know what? Just give me a minute, I'll be right back."

I'm too baffled to respond. He looks almost... worried? He spins on his heel and leaves before we can even form words in response.

What the hell just happened?

SURPRISE GIFT: 100 BONUS FREE FOR YOU [GET IT](#)

[Comments](#) [Support](#)

5/5

Commented [Ma1]: