

Chapter 49

[Vivienne]

I see it—the tiniest crack in his facade, the brief flash of uncertainty in his eyes. But just as quickly, it's gone, replaced by that same cold, calculating look he always wears like a second skin.

"You're bluffing," he says, though his voice lacks the conviction it usually has. "You wouldn't walk away from this marriage as if it means nothing to you. Because it does. That's the only reason I haven't signed those divorce papers yet. Three years, Vivienne. We've been married for three years. And for a person like you—the emotional kind—that's a long time, long enough to make it your whole life. That's why you can't walk away from this. Those divorce papers are a joke, and if you don't stop bringing them up again and again, I swear to God, I will sign them, and you'll be left with nothing but regrets. So enough with your bluff, already. You understand? Just drop this damn case and come back home. You've been gone for too long, and it has started to piss me off."

I feel my heart pounding in my chest, but it's not out of fear or doubt.

It's anger—pure, unfiltered anger.

I take a deep breath, forcing myself to stay calm, even though every fiber of my being wants to scream at him.

"I'm not bluffing. I don't care how long we've been married or how much time I've invested in this sham of a relationship. What I care about is my sanity, my self-respect. Those divorce papers aren't a

joke, Caden. They're my way out—my way of taking back my life. And if you still think it's a bluff or a trick to make you fall in love with me, you're in for a rude awakening, darling. I want this for real, more than anything I've ever wanted, more than I ever wanted you."

The pain in my heart when I say those words feels like a physical stab to everything I am. I don't know why it still hurts so much, but it does. And I don't know what to do with it. Maybe he's right to think that I can't walk away from him; maybe he does know me better than I thought he did.

There's just one little problem.

I'm not the same person anymore. These last few days have changed me in ways I can't explain. My eyes are opened. I see the world from a different perspective now. I see him differently too. I see him as the man he has become. I see how this man, who used to be so beautiful in my eyes, inside and out, has turned into this ugly, disgusting human being who reeks of nothing but arrogance and entitlement.

And if that isn't reason enough, then what is?

"Who is it?" His words pull me back to reality, making my eyes snap to his face.

I blink, confused.

"Is it the guy who calls himself your lawyer? Or is it the one you were on a date with that night at the steakhouse? Or wait, maybe there are two. Maybe one doesn't do it for you anymore. Is that right, Vivienne? Is that why you want this divorce so badly? You want more dicks inside you, and I wasn't enough? Maybe if I fuck you more, you'll

come to your senses? Would that work for you? I'm sure I can be better than they can."

My brain takes a minute to process what he just said to me.

And that was it—my breaking point.

My hand comes up of its own volition, hitting his cheek with enough force that my palm stings.

"You son of a bitch. Do you know why I want you to sign the papers, why I want this divorce? I hate you, Caden. I fucking hate you. You make me sick. You make me want to throw up just thinking about your filthy hands on me. How can you be like this...so heartless, so cold and emotionless? How can you be like—" I cut myself off.

No. This is exactly what I need to stop doing. I need to stop thinking he can be any better than he is now.

I shake my head at him. "Actually, you know what? You're right again. I want a divorce for the exact reasons you think, and the more I think about it, the better I like it. This was exactly what I was looking for all this time, what I needed. I'm glad you put it this way. Yes. Yes. Yes. You're fucking right. I want you gone, gone from my life. I want more men, all kinds of men. You're not enough. You're not even that good. Trust me. I know. I have suffered. Enough. So you better get that pen and sign those papers. Right now. You have an hour. And when you're done, you know where to find me. I will be sitting with Detective Lopez, discussing how I never want to drop this case EVER."

And then, I leave.



I leave before I do something I'm bound to regret. 1



Diti Koshy



Author

*“Who else is with Viv? Team hate-Caden-for-life?
Or Team hate-Caden-until-he-gets-some-sense-
into-him?”*

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