

**Chapter 51**

[Vivienne]

I can't help but crack a smile at Rosita's bluntness. It's exactly what I need right now.

Sasha's face pales a bit, but she quickly covers it up with a sneer.

"And who the hell are you? Can't you see we're talking here? Go bark up someone else's tree!"

"Bark? Honey, I'll do more than bark. You're not worth my time, you cheap piece of trash," Rosita snaps back, her voice laced with venom. "You think you're hot shit? You're nothing but a wannabe, a second-rate version of something you'll never be. I can just tell by looking at your face how many hours it takes you to look like this, and that's on a good day? Please. You're a pathetic joke, darling. Why don't we just admit it and move on?"

Rosita's remark surprises me a bit, but then I remember that I told her about Caden and Sasha's affair and the efforts this woman puts in to look like the one woman Caden ever loved. I can't help the snicker that escapes my lips. Perhaps after the hell of a day I've had, I've earned this moment.

Don't get me wrong, I'm far from someone who finds happiness in making fun of people, but some people, like Sasha, make it hard to keep your mouth shut. They just ask for it, to be shut up, to be reminded that not everyone wants to bow down to them and take their shit.

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Sasha's eyes narrow, and her lips twist into a sneer. "You think you're clever, don't you?" she hisses. "Just another one of Vivienne's little lapdogs, desperate for scraps that she doesn't even have. You're pathetic, defending someone who couldn't even keep her man."

Rosita rolls her eyes and steps forward, her body radiating a calm yet deadly resolve. "Sweetheart, the only thing Vivienne is desperate to get rid of is the trash in her life. If you think you're clever by trying to put her down, then you're just as delusional as you are tacky."

Sasha's face reddens, but before she can respond, I decide to step in. I shoot Rosita a grateful glance, but it's time I handle this woman myself.

"Get to the point, Sasha! Why are you even here? If you've got something to say, just spit it out and stop wasting our time."

Sasha crosses her arms over her chest, looking mighty clever.

"Fine, I'll tell you why I'm here," she says, her voice dripping with false sweetness. "I just thought you should know that Caden and I are going to make it official soon. He's finally ready to be with someone who appreciates him, someone who can actually make him happy. We already have the blessings of his parents, and you'd be happy to hear that the final roadblock to our happiness as a couple—it's you, by the way—is finally out of our way. And now, we can't wait to start our new life. Isn't that exciting?"

"That's what you're here to tell me?" I ask, glancing around at our surroundings.

We're in a police station, for God's sake. Does she even realize how ridiculous she sounds? What is she, five? Showing off her new toy because daddy finally got it for her? Idiot.

She smirks. "I thought you'd want to know. Maybe you'd stop chasing after something that's no longer yours. Caden's moved on, Vivienne, and it's time you did the same."

"Moved on?" I scoff, shaking my head in disbelief.

The fucker just kissed me right outside the station. But then again, it doesn't have to mean anything. It probably doesn't.

"Yeah. Good luck with that. You can have him, you know, and all the baggage that comes with him. Trust me, you'll need all the luck you can get."

Her eyes flash with anger.

"You're just jealous, aren't you? You can't stand the fact that he's happier with me than he ever was with you."

"Jealous? Of you?" I laugh. I'm sorry, but I can't help it. Sure, there was a time in the past when I felt bad for myself, but I'm past that. And she needs to wake up to the real world.

But I'll let her have this. It's all she's got. I can tell.


I shake my head. "You're right, Sasha. Absolutely right. Just look at my face. I'm green with envy. I envy how you're willing to settle for the bare minimum. I envy your ability to throw away your dignity for a man who doesn't even respect you. If that's what makes you happy,

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then congratulations. You've got exactly what you deserve."

She purses her lips and glares, perhaps finally left with nothing to say.

Maybe that's why she reaches into her handbag and slams a file against my chest.

"Here. Caden sent this for you. Congratulations, Vivienne. He no longer wants you in his life. He's officially done with you. And you know what he said when he signed those papers a few minutes ago?" She leans closer, looking smug. "Good fucking riddance." 



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[Vivienne]

I glance down at the file she's shoved into my chest, finally realizing that he might have actually done it.

After holding back for so long, he finally signed the papers.

I wonder, though: is it because I left him no other choice, or because he really is glad to see me go?

I shake my head. It doesn't matter anymore.

If the papers in my hand are actually signed, nothing else matters.

With a deep breath, I pull the file open, scanning the contents.

The legal jargon is a blur, but the bold, unmistakable signature at the bottom is clear.

Caden and I are officially done.

The finality of it hits hard, but there's a strange sense of relief mixed with the pain.

Rosita's hand on my shoulder pulls me back to reality. "You okay?"

I nod, though my eyes are still fixed on the document. "Yeah, I'm okay. Just... processing."

Sasha looks like she's about to burst with smug satisfaction. "Now that that's out of the way, I should get going. Caden and I have a

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fancy dinner planned to celebrate. You know, since I actually matter to him. So, I guess I'll see you around."

She walks away with her head held high and a bounce in her step.

"Can you believe that bitch? Ugh!" Rosita fumes once Sasha is out of sight. She glances at the file in my hands. "You good, Viv? Anything else you want to do before we get the hell out of here?"

I take a moment to think it over.

Then again, what's there more to think? It's over.

I take another deep breath and turn to face her. "Yes, please. Let's get out of this godforsaken place."

And we do. I'm just sad that I won't be continuing with the matter, but hopefully Ricardo, Gigi and whoever Caden was trying to protect would get their karma in some other form. I hope before they even think of doing what they did to Ro and me to someone else, they will get some form of divine punishment.

For now, that's all I can do.

Hope.

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[Caden]

I'm sitting in my car, out of sight, and watch as Vivienne and her friend leave the precinct. They drive away in a car. I note the number and dial for someone I know.

"Hey, man. What's up?" Johnathan responds from the other side. He's an old friend who runs his own security business these days.

"I want a favour, Johnny."

He laughs. "Leave it to Lawrence to get straight to the point. But sure thing. Just say the word, and it's done."

"I'll text you the car number. Just keep tabs on it for a while."

"Stalking someone?" he asks, sounding like he's enjoying this.

"Just do your damn job, Johnny. Don't worry about the money."

I hang up and sit back, watching as Vivienne's car disappears down the street. I don't know who the car belongs to, but I'll find out soon enough.

I pull out my phone and send Johnathan a quick text with the car number. He's good at what he does—if anyone can keep tabs on her, it's him.

Just when I'm done, the car door opens and Sasha slides in.

I must have been really in my head that I didn't even see her coming. Not that she needs to know. There are times when I don't even know she exists next to me.

"It's done," she announces cheerfully, looking so pleased with herself that it makes me sick.

I know I just sent off the papers, but now, sitting here, with her right

in front of me, all I feel is regret. What the hell is wrong with me?

I shouldn't even care that she's gone. It should make me happy to see her walk away. It's what she wants, anyway. Then why do I feel like this?

I grit my teeth and clench my hands around the wheel until it hurts.

She left me no choice.

If it were up to me, I wouldn't have given in so easily. But it wasn't just up to me anymore.

"Caden? Can you hear me?"

I snap out of my thoughts, glaring blankly. "Yeah, I hear you."

She fidgets in her seat, clearly not understanding why I'm so damn quiet. "You okay? You look upset. Are you regretting signing those papers? Caden, I want you to know that you did the right thing. She asked for this, didn't she? It's not your fault that she doesn't understand you."

I don't bother answering. What's the point? She doesn't understand me either.

Instead, I start the car and pull away. The car's engine roars, but the noise does nothing to drown out the thoughts hammering in my head.

When the car comes to a halt, I wait for her to leave.

But she doesn't. Instead, she turns to face me, frowning. "I thought



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we were going for dinner?"

"I'm not hungry anymore," I snap, barely looking at her. "I've got an early meeting tomorrow. We both need to get some rest."

"But Caden—"

"Leave, Sasha," I say to her, my knuckles tightening over the steering wheel. "I'm tired."



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