

## Chapter 64

[Caden]

The moment I step out of Vivienne's room, I feel like the whole world has shifted under my feet and everything's turned upside down.

I loosen my tie, hoping to relieve some of the pressure around my neck, but it's no use. I feel...weird, almost sick to my stomach.

But then I come face to face with Elijah Walter and suddenly everything makes sense.

"Stay away from her," he practically growls as soon as he spots me. "This is my first and last warning to you."

I roll my eyes, scoffing. "And what makes you think you have a say in any of it? Who even are you to her?"

"I'm a lot more than you could ever hope to be to her. That's for sure."

The smugness on his face makes me want to punch it right out of him, and it takes every single ounce of self-control not to do something I'm sure I'll regret later.

Instead, I tighten my hands into fists and slide them into my pockets.

"More than I could ever hope to be, huh?" I nod, feigning thoughtfulness. "That's rich, coming from someone like you. But let me make something crystal clear—that woman inside? She's my wife, and a piece of paper can't change that."

Elijah's jaw tightens, but I don't stop.

“And don't think for a second that your little threats mean a damn thing to me. You think you can waltz in here, puff out your chest, and act like you're some kind of savior? Please. You're playing house with someone who'll toss you aside the moment she realizes you're nothing but an inadequate version of what she really wants—what she'll always want.”

I step closer. “So, here's my first and last warning to you, Elijah: stay the fuck out of my way. Because when she finally comes to her senses—and she will—she'll be back where she belongs. With me.”

His face flushes with anger, his fists clenching at his sides.

I don't wait for him to say anything, however—I don't have to—and walk past him and down the hallway.

“Excuse me, sir!” A voice calls from behind, and I turn around to find one of the nurses waiting for me to acknowledge her.

I arch a brow, barely masking my irritation. “Yes?”

“Uh, the patient you came here with is looking for you. I thought I'd let you know. She looks really anxious.”

The nurse leaves, and I suddenly remember why I have been in the hospital in the first place.

Sasha.

Fuck.

I make my way back to the private ward she was moved to after her initial examination. Open the door, and find her arguing with one of the other nurses.

“Ma’am, please, you need to calm down. I’m sure your husband will come as soon as he’s done with the basic formalities. Please, lie back down. It’s not good for your health.”

“I don’t care about the damn formalities! I want him here now!”

“Ma’am, I understand, but—”

“But nothing! Get out of my way. I don’t need you or your bullshit advice.”

I step into the room, letting the door slam behind me. The sound draws their attention, and the nurse looks visibly relieved to see me.

“There you are,” Sasha breathes, finally sagging back onto her bed. “Where the hell have you been? For a second, I thought you went back to the office—”

“Something came up,” I cut her off, walking further into the room and turning to the nurse. “When can she leave? This was supposed to be a routine checkup, but it’s taking too long. Is everything alright?”

“We’re waiting for more results, but it will be done soon enough. I’ll go and check what’s taking so long.”

Before I can say anything, she rushes out of the room.

The moment we are alone, Sasha takes my hand in hers, her eyes teary. “I was so scared, Caden. I thought you left. I thought...”

“I am here,” I tell her, not sure what else to say. “It’s going to be alright.”

She shakes her head, her grip tightening. “You don’t understand, Caden.

It was horrible. I thought I was going to die."

"It's over now. There's nothing to worry about."

She pulls me closer, wrapping her arms around my waist. "Don't leave me. Promise me you'll stay with me."

I let her hold me. "I'm not going anywhere. I'm right here."

An hour later, Sasha's reports arrive and doctors give her the consent to leave.

I offer her my hand and she takes it, her smile widening.

"Thank you, Caden," she says that, but when she tries to get down from the bed and back to her feet, she almost stumbles and falls, her legs still wobbly.

I catch her in time, holding her steady. "Take it slow. You're still weak."

"I'm so sorry. I feel like my head is spinning."

I hold her by her elbow, letting her lean on me. "Come on. Let's get you out of here."

We walk out of the ward and head for the elevator, but Sasha slips again and I catch her, pulling her closer to me. "You okay?"

"Sorry. It's like the floor is moving. Can you...can you carry me?"

"What?"

"Please, Caden, I'm so tired and weak. It's just a few steps. Please."

I stare down at her for a long moment before shaking my head.

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There's no point in arguing.

I pick her up and she wraps her arms around my neck, smiling gratefully.  
"Thank you."

"Yeah, sure."

I start walking again. But then my feet freeze all over again when my gaze anchors on the other end of the corridor.

Because there she is.

Vivienne.

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