

Chapter 65

[Vivienne]

It's like watching a car crash in slow motion—the kind where you know it's going to end badly, but you just can't look away.

His eyes meet mine, and for a second, I see something there. Guilt, maybe. Or regret. But then it's gone, replaced by that cold, indifferent mask he always wears when he's around me.

I feel my hands clench into fists at my sides, my nails digging into my palms. I'm not sure if I want to scream, cry, or maybe both.

But I won't give the two of them the satisfaction of knowing that this display of theirs affects me in any way. I won't break.

When I came out of my room, I only wanted to know where they had put my clothes. My phone was in my pants, and without it, I felt kind of helpless.

Typically, I would ask Rosita, Elijah, or my brother for help, but they weren't around. And let's be honest, I didn't mind a little walk. I was feeling stiff anyway.

But I only take a few steps out of my room when Caden and Sasha fall into my line of sight. I stop dead in my tracks, my breath catching in my throat.

The look on Sasha's face makes it obvious she's already seen me, and the way she's clinging to him, closer and closer, makes it even clearer that Caden doesn't mind the intimacy either. And why would he? Has he not been fucking her behind my back? Even while we were married, there

were all kinds of rumors about them.

Sasha tightens her hold on him, her voice dripping with false sweetness as she calls out, "Oh, Vivienne. I didn't see you there. How...awkward."

I force a smile, doing my best to hide the pain that feels like a mountain on my chest. "No need to feel awkward, Sasha. It's not like I'm a stranger or anything. I'm not going to judge."

Caden looks like he's about to say something, but Sasha doesn't let him.

"Well, thank God. You know, Caden was just taking me home. But oh my God, what happened to your face? Did you get into a fight or something? Or did someone try to mug you? Was it a thief? I'm sure the place you stay at must be full of thieves and burglars."

She looks at me sadly, shaking her head. "It must be hard for you, all alone, with no one to protect you or talk to. But you know what? You can call me anytime you want. We can have a cup of tea and catch up. And also, I'm sure it would do you some good, seeing a friendly face, especially after what you went through."

I want to laugh. I want to scream. But I don't.

Instead, I just keep smiling. "That's so sweet of you, Sasha. Thank you for the offer. But I think I'm good. You take care of yourself, though. Don't worry about me. I can handle myself."

I'm done. I just want to turn and leave.

But just as I'm about to, Sasha screams like one of her organs just exploded. "Ow! Ow, my stomach! Oh my God, it hurts so bad. It hurts!"

Nurses and doctors rush in from all directions, surrounding Sasha and

asking her all kinds of questions.

"Miss, can you please tell us what happened?"

"What's wrong, Miss?"

"Does it hurt when I touch this area?"

"Is your vision blurry?"

"How long have you been feeling this pain?"

The questions keep coming, one after another, but Sasha doesn't have answers for any of them.

"I don't know. I don't know. Make it stop. It hurts. Oh my God, is it my baby? Am I losing the baby? Please, please, help me. Oh God, it hurts. Caden, Caden, what if something happens to the baby? I'm scared. I don't want to lose it."

I feel like I'm drowning, like the ground is opening up and swallowing me whole.

Caden is kneeling beside her, holding her hand in his, a worried look on his face.

He turns to the doctors, his voice sharp with urgency. "Why are you wasting time? Do something!"

The doctor nods and orders the staff to move Sasha to another private room. They wheel her away, the rest of the medical team following close behind.

"Miss, please, stay out of the way," one of the nurses tells me, and I realize I'm still standing there, in the middle of the hallway.



“Sorry,” I mumble, stepping back.

The nurse leaves, and suddenly, it’s just Caden and me, alone in the hallway.

I watch as Caden paces the hallway, running his hands through his hair, his face twisted in worry for her. For her.

And that’s when it hits me like a ton of bricks.

It’s not that Caden never wanted to have a baby.

He just didn’t want to have one with me.

I swallow the lump in my throat, forcing myself to keep it together. But the words spill out before I can stop them.

“Was it always her?”

Caden stops dead in his tracks, his back to me.

For a moment, he doesn’t move, and I wonder if he’s even going to answer. But then he turns around, his expression a mix of frustration and something I can’t quite place—pity, maybe?

“Vivienne, don’t do this,” he says, his voice low. “Not now.”