

## Chapter 8

[Vivienne]

I look to my left and find Caden standing next to me.

His jaw is clenched and he looks furious.

He turns to face Sasha and I can see her flinching under his gaze.

"Caden, I don't know why she hit me—"

"You don't know?" Caden asks, tipping his head to the side. "I believe you must have said something to my wife, didn't you?"

He lets go of her then and she instantly retreats, looking shocked by his behaviour, holding her hand to her chest.

Then, he looks at me and I have to take a step back.

I have nothing to fear him, but I still do. There's something about the way he's looking at me as if he's pissed off beyond any explanation.

He grabs my arm and drags me towards the elevator.

"What are you doing? Let go of me." I try to yank my arm away from him, but his hold only tightens.

He doesn't say anything.

I look at the guards following us. They seem unfazed by the whole scene.

When the elevator doors open, Caden pushes me inside and then

signals the guards to stay put.

I'm confused. He asked his guards to drop me home and now he's coming himself?

Did he change his mind?

During the small ride, Caden doesn't say a word. He just continues to glare ahead, as if ready to burn down the entire building.

I shift on my feet, suddenly feeling uneasy.

I know he's angry and I know I shouldn't have slapped Sasha, but she started it first. She insulted me and I acted on my instinct.

When the elevator finally reaches the parking, he drags me out and I stumble on my heels, trying to keep up with his long strides.

"You're hurting me, Caden. Stop!"

He doesn't reply. He opens the passenger door and shoves me inside.

I want to ask him why he's acting so weird, but he doesn't give me a chance.

He closes the door and walks around to the driver's side, his brows furrowed and his eyes dark.

I shrink back, slightly scared of his behavior.

When he takes a seat, I try to speak but he cuts me off. He roars so loud, I flinch back into my seat.

"What the hell do you think of yourself? You think you can just walk

into my life whenever you want and act however you want? Is that it?"

I look at him, shocked by his behavior.

He continues. "You wanted this marriage, Vivienne. You wanted to be my wife. And now you want to end things? You think it's that easy? You think I'm just gonna sign those divorce papers and let you walk out of my life?"

I sit there, frozen. I have never seen him like this. Caden is always calm, always cool, but today, he seems so angry that I don't even recognize him.

"Answer me!"

I jump when he yells again.

But before I open my mouth to say something, he grabs me by the back of my neck and pulls me towards him.

His fingers dig into my skin and I wince, trying to pull away but he only tightens his grip.

"Caden—"

"Shut up!" He growls, and slams his lips onto mine.

I gasp and he uses that opportunity to slip his tongue into my mouth.

I try to push him away, but he doesn't let me go. He kisses me like there's no tomorrow, biting my bottom lip, and sucking on my tongue.

He kisses me hard, long, and deep, until I'm dizzy and breathless.

Nothing I do or say works. He rips my top apart, buttons flying



everywhere and I scream, hitting his chest, begging him to stop.

But Caden doesn't listen.

He flips me over and unzips my skirt.

I struggle against him, trying to break free, but he only holds me tighter.

"Caden! Stop it. You're crossing your limits."

"You crossed your limits first. I'm just returning the favor."

When nothing I do works, I jab my elbow into his gut and he groans, finally letting me go.

I take the opportunity to get out of the car, but I don't make it far.

Caden grabs me by the waist and throws me over his shoulder.

"Put me down!"

I kick my legs in the air and hit his back, but he doesn't pay any attention.

He carries me all the way back to the car and then tosses me into the backseat.

Thankfully, he shuts the door loudly and moves behind the steering wheel instead.

"We're going home," he announces, and before I get to leave, he starts the car and takes off.

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By the time we reach home, I can barely wait to get out of the car.

As soon as the car comes to a halt, I'm out like a bat out of hell.

"Vivienne—"

"Shut up!" I say and storm in the opposite direction of his home, not wanting to see him ever again. "You disgust me. I hate you."

"Vivienne!" He calls after me but I ignore him, stopping only when another car enters the gates and pulls over in front of me.

Elijah steps out, suited and looking all professional.

I had managed to text Elijah about the circumstances during the car ride and asked him to meet me at Caden's place. And he arrived just in time.

"Elijah!" I run towards him and throw myself into his arms.

He hugs me back, rubbing my back soothingly. "Are you okay?"

I nod my head, burying my face into his chest.

"Get in the car. I'll deal with this myself."

I shake my head, looking at Caden getting out of his car. "No. I can't leave you alone with him. He's not in his right mind."

"Don't worry, I can handle him."

"Handle what?" Caden asks, coming to stand next to us.

Elijah finally turns to face him and I see his jaw ticking.

"Mr. Lawrence."

Caden narrows his eyes at him. "Why are you here?"

"My name is Elijah Walter and I'm representing Vivienne."

Caden scoffs, looking at me. "Vivienne doesn't need anyone to represent her."

"She does when she wants to file for a divorce."

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