

My Husband Chose Her Over Me Novel

Chapter 7

My Husband Chose Her Over Me Novel – Chapter 7 “I want a divorce.”

The words hung in the air. Elara’s face was a storm, emotions flickering across it like lightning—determination, anger, and something else I couldn’t quite place.

“What?” I laughed, certain this was some bizarre joke.

“I’m serious, Caden.” She repeated.

“Very funny, Elara. Now what’s really going on?”

Her eyes narrowed, those deep brown pools I’d once drowned in willingly now freezing me with their intensity. “I said I’m not joking, Caden. I want a divorce. I’m done being a chess piece in this family’s game.”

My smile died. The room seemed to shrink around us, the walls closing in. “You can’t be serious.”

“I’ve never been more serious about anything in my life.” Her voice didn’t waver. This wasn’t an emotional outburst—she’d thought about this. Planned it, even.

“Elara, listen to yourself,” I said, running a hand through my hair. “We’re having a rough patch, sure, but divorce? That’s—”

“A rough patch?” She laughed, but it was hollow, devoid of any humor. “Is that what you call the last three years of my life? A rough patch?”

My heart hammered against my ribs. This wasn’t happening. This couldn’t be happening. “You’re angry right now. We shouldn’t be having this conversation when you’re this upset.”

“I’m not upset, Caden. I’m finally seeing things clearly.”

I grabbed my jacket from the back of the chair. “I’m going out. We’ll talk when you’ve cooled down.”

“Running away won’t change anything,” she called after me. “I’ll still want a divorce when you come back.”

I slammed the door behind me, the sound echoing through the house like a gunshot.

The cool evening air hit my face, but it did nothing to clear my head. What had gotten into her?

I'd barely made it down the front steps when I heard the door open again. Elara stormed after me, her hair wild, face flushed with anger.

"Don't you dare walk away from me when I'm talking to you!" she shouted. "I'm not done!"

"Well, I am," I shot back. "At least for now. I can't talk to you when you're like this."

"Like what? Honest? Is that what's bothering you, Caden? That I'm finally being honest about how miserable I am?"

I spun around, ready to fire back, when another voice cut through our argument.

"What is going on out here?"

My mother stood at the top of the steps, her slender frame silhouetted by the porch light, face a perfect mask of controlled concern. But I knew her better than that—I could see the tension in her shoulders, the slight twitch at the corner of her mouth.

"Nothing, Mother," I said quickly. "Just a disagreement. Go back inside."

Elara let out a bitter laugh. "A disagreement? Is that what we're calling it now?" She turned to my mother, chin raised defiantly. "I was just telling your son that I want a divorce."

My mother's eyes widened, her hand flying to her throat. "You what?"

"I said," Elara repeated, each word sharp as glass, "I want a divorce. I'm done being a pawn in this family's game of status and appearance."

The color drained from my mother's face. "Elara, lower your voice. The King must not—"

"I don't care!" Elara's voice rose. "I don't care what anyone thinks anymore! I've spent three years caring about what everyone else thinks, and where has it gotten me? Nowhere!"

My mother descended the steps, her movements deliberate, controlled. "Divorce? In this family? Have you lost your mind?"

I stepped between them, sensing the dangerous current running through the air. "Mother, please. This isn't helping."

"No, let her speak," Elara said, her voice trembling. "Let her tell me how a divorce would ruin your family's precious reputation. How it would be a scandal. That's all any of you care about, isn't it? What people will say?"

"You knew what you were marrying into," my mother said coldly. "The expectations. The responsibilities. This isn't just about you and your... feelings." She spat the last word like it was poison.

"No, it's about appearances," Elara fired back. "Heaven forbid anyone sees a crack in the perfect façade of this family!"

“Enough!” My mother’s voice cut through the night. “Do you have any idea what you’re suggesting? A divorce before Caden’s second wedding? It’s unheard of! It would cast a shadow over the entire event!”

“Of course,” Elara laughed bitterly. “The wedding. That’s what matters to you, not the fact that your son and I are miserable together.”

“We are not miserable,” I interjected, but the words sounded hollow even to my own ears.

“Aren’t we?” Elara turned to me, eyes glistening with unshed tears. “Look me in the eye and tell me you’re happy, Caden. Tell me this is the life you wanted.”

I opened my mouth, but the lie wouldn’t come. I couldn’t say it, not when she was looking at me like that—like she could see right through me, to all the doubts and regrets I’d been burying for months.

“This conversation is over,” my mother declared.

“I’m done taking orders from you,” Elara said, her voice steady despite the tears now streaming down her face. “I’m done pretending. I’m done being paraded around like some prize at your charity events. I’m done with the snide comments, the constant criticism, the way you’ve made me feel like I’m never good enough!”

“How dare you?” My mother took a step forward. “After everything we’ve done for you? After we welcomed you into our home, our family?”

“Welcomed me?” Elara’s laugh was brittle. “Is that what you call it? The constant reminders of how I don’t belong? How I’m not from the right background? The right family?”

“Watch your tone, young lady,” my mother warned, her voice dropping to a dangerous whisper. “You’re treading on very thin ice.”

“Or what?” Elara challenged. “What more can you do to me that you haven’t already done? You’ve treated me like I’m nothing but an accessory to your perfect family image!”

“Elara, that’s enough,” I said, my voice firm. “You’re upset, but this isn’t—”

“Don’t you dare defend her!” Elara rounded on me, eyes flashing. “Not after everything she’s put me through! Not after you’ve stood by and watched it happen!”

I saw it before it happened—the flash of fury in my mother’s eyes, the way she raised her hand. I moved without thinking, stepping between them just as her palm came down in a vicious arc.

The slap landed on my cheek with a crack that seemed to echo across the neighborhood. Time froze. The three of us stood in shocked silence, the reality of what had just happened sinking in.

My mother’s face crumpled, her hand still suspended in the air. “Caden, I—”

I raised my own hand, cutting her off. My cheek burned, but it was nothing compared to the fire raging in my chest. I'd never seen my mother hit anyone before. Never thought she would.

I turned to Elara, whose eyes were wide with shock, tears still streaming down her face. At that moment, something shifted between us.

"Go to your room," I said, my voice low and controlled despite the storm raging inside me. "Now."

She opened her mouth to protest, but something in my expression stopped her.

"Go to your room now!" I yelled, pointing to the direction of her room.

Without another word, she turned and walked back into the house, her shoulders slumped in defeat.