

# No Longer Yours, Ex Husband

## Chapter 6

[Vivienne]

“Stop watching that!” Elijah yanks the remote from my hand and turns off the TV.

“Hey,” I try to stop him, but the screen is already black.

“This is not moving on, Viv. You should know that better than anyone.”

He’s right. I shouldn’t care about what happens in Caden’s life anymore. If the world thinks he’s a cheater and a manwhore, then maybe they are right. And that maybe is a good thing because now I have one more reason to divorce him.

A few hours ago, when he texted me and I told him what the media was calling him, he didn’t even care to deny their claim. He just stopped texting altogether, leaving me like he always did whenever he was done with me.

I was so mad at him that I instantly blocked him and his assistant.

I know it’s childish, but that’s all I could think of at that moment. I just wanted to do something to release this pain in my heart. And it helped. Somewhat.

“You’re right,” I say and get up. “I should stop wasting my time. Are the papers ready?”

He nods, arms folded across his chest. “Are you sure you want to deliver them yourself? I can send them through someone else and make sure they get to him.”

“No,” I shake my head because this is the one last thing I’ll do for him. “I can do it. Besides, I need to look him in the eye and tell him this is over. Only then will I be able to move on for real. I don’t want to hide behind you like some coward, Elijah. I want him to know that this is what I want, that I’m finally letting him go.”

The drive to Caden’s office isn’t a long one. When we reach his office complex, it only takes me ten minutes to get to the elevator and another five minutes to reach his floor.

I know he texted me last night that he would be leaving for Washington, but according to one of the posts on Instagram—who apparently knows my husband’s whereabouts better than I do—he returned a few hours ago, with his mistress by his side, obviously.

When the elevator doors swish open, the reception comes into view.

I walk straight to the woman who sits behind the desk and ask to see Caden.

The woman looks up from the screen of her computer and frowns, trying to recognize me.

But I know she can't. Caden never made our marriage public, something I always thought was because of his parents. They never liked me, not even a bit, always trying to prove I was no good no match for their son. I tried so hard to change their mind, but couldn't. They had made up their mind, I suppose. And they hated me even more when Caden refused to divorce me a few times when they suggested in the past.

"I'm sorry, but do you have an appointment?" The receptionist asks and I shake my head.

Well, I did inform Sasha of my arrival but I should know better than to think she would do me any favours in this lifetime.

"No—" I have barely said anything when she rolls her eyes and goes back to focus on her computer screen.

I grit my teeth. This woman clearly has no idea who I am.

I knock my fist against the marble desk and she glares at me, annoyance written all over her face.

I flash her a sweet smile, the kind that will surely leave her confused.

"Tell Caden Lawrence that his wife is here to see him."

Her eyes widen, shock written all over her face. But then she recovers and scoffs out a laugh. "Nice try, but Mr Lawrence doesn't have a wife. Now please, leave before I call security."

I can't believe my ears. This is what I get for being such a pushover all my life.

But I'm so done, so damn done with this life of humiliation that no matter how but I'll put Caden in his place.

I'm about to lose my temper when a door opens to my right and a loud heels clacking sound fills the whole lobby.

I look that way and find Sasha walking towards me.

She looks shocked to see me here, but then the shocked expression changes into something ugly and vile.

"What are you doing here?" She hisses, her hands going to her waist.

I smile, not because I want to, but because I don't want to give her the satisfaction of knowing she got to me with her attitude.

“I came to see Caden.”

“Well, he’s busy at the moment. So, leave before I call security.”

I almost laugh at her threat. “That’s it? Why stop there? Call my husband too. I’m sure he would love to hear you talk about security.”

She flinches at the mention of Caden as my husband and I smirk.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” she says, her face turning red. She looks over my shoulder and puts a fake smile on her disgusting face. “This woman is crazy. Please escort her out of the building.”

Before I can react, two tall and bulky men appear beside me and grab my arms. Sasha and the receptionist both look satisfied with my helpless state. I grit my teeth, trying to yank my arms away from these men’s hold, but it’s useless.

“Get off me!” I yell when one of the men starts dragging me towards the elevator.

But Sasha only smirks, crossing her arms across her chest.

“Don’t come back here again. Otherwise, you’ll get to taste my wrath. Do you understand?”

I glare at her but she’s not paying attention to me anymore.

The guard continues to drag me to the elevator.

I try to struggle again, but it’s pointless. These guards are bigger and stronger than me.

“What’s going on here?”

Everyone freezes.

I look towards the direction of the voice and find Caden standing at the end of the corridor.

He stands there, with his perpetual scowl, looking so handsome and pissed off that I can’t help but stare at him.

“Caden!” Sasha runs towards him and grabs his arm. “I tried to stop her. Look, she’s creating a scene...”

I roll my eyes. “Stop lying, Sasha. Everyone here watched how you tried to throw me out of the office.” Then, I turn my gaze to Caden, who’s still glaring at me. “And will you please tell your people who I am and ask them to let go of me?”

Caden glares behind me. “She’s my wife, you idiots. Let her go.”

“What? Mr Lawrence is married? Since when?” The guards murmur, looking all surprised, but not before muttering apologies for their behaviour and rushing away.

I rub my arms, facing the receptionist who looks like a fish out of water. Nervous. Embarrassed. Not sure what to do with herself. When her eyes meet mine, she comes skipping out of the desk. “I’m so sorry, madam. I hope you’ll forgive me. I was just trying to do my job.”

What she was doing was trying to humiliate me, and I wouldn’t be surprised if she had done that to someone else as well. As much as I want to teach her a lesson, I ignore the feeling. She’s not my concern. I have come here with only one thing on my mind, and that’s the only thing that matters to me anymore.

Caden walks over to where I stand and stops right in front of me.

He looks angry, but I don’t care.

I stare back at him, not backing down.

“In my office. Now!”