

Chapter 9

[Vivienne]

Caden looks as if he has seen a ghost, but then his expression changes, and his gaze hardens.

"What the hell does that mean?"

"It means that my client wants a divorce, and as her lawyer, I suggest you think twice before you say or do anything from this moment onwards. Otherwise, a divorce won't be your only problem. We will also file a case against you for physical assault and mental harassment. So, if I were you, I would cooperate and make this easy for everyone involved. Think wisely, Mr. Lawrence. Sign the divorce papers, and no one gets hurt."

I've never been more thankful to Elijah than I am at this moment. He stands there, calm and composed, while Caden fumes, his jaw clenched.

"Are you trying to threaten me?"

I tense at his tone, suddenly scared of Caden's reaction. But Elijah only straightens up and looks him in the eye.

"I'm just doing my job."

Caden stares at him for a few seconds, and I swear I think he will attack Elijah, but then he looks at me, and a look of disappointment crosses his face.

"Is that really what you want?" he asks, and I nod, more than ready to

end this... to end us.

"Yes. That's what I have been saying, Caden. I want this. I want this more than anything."

At my words, Caden looks away, just like he always does when he is trying to clear his head and think. His gaze returns to us, and he nods. "Fine. Let's do this," he turns to look at me. "But don't come crying to me later on, Vivienne. I will not take you back, no matter how much you beg for it."

I scoff. "Trust me. Once the divorce is finalized, you won't see my face ever again."

Caden frowns, but instead of saying anything more, he turns around and heads inside the mansion.

For a long moment, I stare at the door, wondering if this is really over.

Tears burn my eyes once again, but this time, I let them fall. I purse my lips and let it all out.

It's only when Elijah squeezes my shoulder I break out of my heartbroken thoughts.

"Ready?" He says and I nod, wiping my face of any tears that are left.

"Yes. Let's go."

After we leave Caden's house, Elijah doesn't say anything for a long time. Something he always does, as if he knows I need a moment to myself, as if he understands how hard it's been for me and still is.

But after a while, he breaks the silence. "Are you okay?"

"I am now."

"Good," he says. "So, what's next?"

I have been thinking about it too. What's next? What do I want to do with my life now that I'm going to get it back? Perhaps it was time to go back to my roots, to embrace what I left behind a long time ago.

"I think I want to go home."

Elijah looks surprised; he pulls the car over to the side of the road, looking at me in disbelief.

"Do you really mean that?" he asks, baffled, but then he shakes his head, as if not wanting me to get him wrong. "I mean, you have gone so far to make sure no one ever found out about your family's opulent background, I just want to make sure that's exactly what you want."

He's not wrong. To marry Caden, it was me who broke all ties with my family. My mom and dad have always been against me marrying into the Lawrence family. I never asked why they were against me pursuing Caden, but they never tried to explain it either. They just gave me two choices. Caden or them. And guess whom I chose?

I scoff, hating myself for the pain I put them and myself through.

"I have been meaning to call Mom and Dad but couldn't gather up the courage. I hurt them so badly, Elijah, and for what? For that man who never even loved me? I feel so stupid now."

"Hey," he reaches over and flicks the rolling tear off my face, his plush lips spreading into a small comforting grin. "It's okay. Mistakes

happen. The good thing is you're back, and your mom and dad will be more than happy to know that you're finally coming home. You have no idea how much they have missed you, Viv. There hasn't been a single day when they don't talk about you, when they don't miss you."

The mention of my parents brings more tears to my eyes. I can't help it. Blinded by the one-sided love for the man who never loved me, I broke their hearts. I chose a cold monster over my warm and loving parents.

"I know," I look down at my hands and trace the lines of my palm. "I miss them too. I want to see them, Elijah. Can you take me home?"

He smiles, giving a gentle squeeze to my hand. "I'm glad you're finally doing this," he puts the car back into gear. "Come on, let's take you home."

AD is coming

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