

No Longer Yours, Ex Husband

- Chapter 1 by Diti Koshy

Chapter 1

[Vivienne]

The dinner at the table turned cold an hour ago but no sign of Caden.

I check the time on the wall clock for the hundredth time perhaps, and try to suppress the hurt that once again rises to the surface like an angry volcano beneath my chest.

It's our third anniversary, and it's almost midnight now, but like every single day in the past three years, he's late as usual.

I don't know why I even try. My husband has dismissed me, rejected my efforts, and broken my heart so many times in the past, one would think I would have learned my lesson.

But unfortunately, I have been cursed to be always hopeful.

"Madam, should I reheat the dinner?" The head maid asks, pulling me out of my thoughts.

I suck in the hurt and wipe away the tears from my eyes, not wanting to look as devastated as I feel.

I smile at her like I always do.

"No. That won't be necessary," I say and get up from the chair, pretending to yawn, hoping to look tired. "I think Caden got caught up in the meeting again," because that happens so often that now it has become the best excuse of my life. "You can clean the table and leave when you're done."

I start to leave when she speaks again. "And what about the cake? Should I—?"

Before she gets to finish, a tear finally rolls down my face. I'm just glad with my back turned to her, she can't see how miserable I feel right now. "Distribute it among the staff. It's been a long, tiring day for all of us. Let them treat themselves."

Doesn't matter the fact that I baked the cake myself, that I spent almost my whole day preparing for the dinner and the celebration after. Nothing matters anymore.

I head upstairs to my room, wanting to get rid of the red gown I wore for the occasion. It wasn't my favourite color, but back in time when we dated for a few weeks, he once complimented me during one of our dates, saying that red looked good on me. It brought my hazel eyes out.

At that time, I was the girl over the moon at his words. I thought no one was more beautiful than me, luckier than me, fortunate than me.

I was wrong.

I discard the dress on the couch and walk into the bathroom to get fresh. By the time I return, my phone is already crying for my attention. With a strength that I no longer feel in my bones, I somehow drag myself to where I left it on the bed and almost frown at the name that flashes on the screen,

Samuel: Wanna see what Caden's up to tonight?

Not again, I think.

Samuel is Caden's older brother and although he's nice to me and all, I don't like the way he talks about Caden. He's always trying to paint a bad picture of my husband in front of my eyes, always trying to prove how I do not deserve him, how Caden hasn't moved on from his first love—Astrid—and still meets with her behind my back, and how everything I do for my husband is nothing but a waste of my time.

The truth is he's right. And I know that because at the time we got married, Caden made it pretty clear that Astrid holds a special place in his heart and that no matter what happens between us, no matter how long we stay in this marriage, nothing I do would change that fact ever.

I scoff at my stupid heart, because even though deep down I always knew he would never love me like he loved Astrid, I still stupidly acted like a lovesick puppy around him.

I tap on the screen and the text message opens with a picture on display. A screenshot of a News channel, showing my husband walking to an after-party with a blonde woman in his arm.

Not only is my husband glued to the hip of that woman, but they also seem to be sharing a passionate kiss.

On the lips.

What the fuck?

I throw the phone away and slump on the bed, crying my heart out.

I don't even know for how long I stay like that, curled up in myself, that when the next time I open my eyes, I feel a little disoriented.

I feel warm hands on my body, and someone whispering hot breath next to my ear.

It takes me a moment to catch up with what's going on around me and another moment to realize that it's not a dream.

Caden yanks at the strings of my night dress, revealing my breasts to him. Without wasting any time, he latches his mouth on one of my nipples, while pinching the other one roughly.

I hiss in pain. "Caden—" I say, my voice hoarse from crying.