

Billionaire's Ex-wife : Craving You Chapter 10

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mine.”

I was taken aback by the sudden outburst of profanity from Elenor. Where had she learned to curse like this? Meeting her angry gaze with an equally intense glare, my jaw tightened. “Get out of my office, Elenor,” I commanded, my voice laced with frustration.

Her response was a scoff, and she defiantly crossed her arms. “Why?” she taunted, pushing my buttons further. “You don’t want to hear the truth about how messed up you are? You claim to have divorced Hazel because you don’t love her anymore, yet you keep your wedding picture with her hanging in your office. You’re drowning in alcohol because you can’t find inspiration anymore your muse is gone! If that doesn’t fit the definition of messed up, then I don’t know what d_”

Before she could finish her sentence, I impulsively lunged toward her, my hand reaching out to encircle her neck tightly, ready to throttle her if she dared to further provoke me. “You’re da mn lucky you’re my sister _”

To my surprise, instead of trembling in terror, she had the audacity to smile at me, an eerie grin stretching across Her face like a madwoman. With a raspy voice, she managed to utter, “And what exactly would you have done?” She struggled for breath, taunting me further, “Would you have resorted to violence, just like you do with poor Hazel whenever she upsets you?”

My mind raced, trying to make sense of her twisted words. What the hell was she implying? Fueled by frustration, I forcefully pushed her away, feeling the weight of my anger in every step as I stormed towards the door. Without hesitation, I swung it open, gripping the doorknob tightly. “I have never laid a hand on Hazel, and I never will,” I declared, my trembling with intensity.

voice

As my grip on the door knob tightened, I mustered all the strength within me to maintain my composure. With gritted teeth, I commanded her, “Get out of my office, Elenor.”

As she snatched her bag from the table, her eyes pierced into mine for a lingering

moment. "I suppose it's a relief to know you're still breathing," she taunted, her voice dripping with sarcasm. She gracefully swayed towards the door, but just before leaving, she paused and faced me once more. "You might want to check on your secretary. She seemed quite concerned about you." With a final disdainful glare, she exited my office, and I slammed the door shut behind her.