

Billionaire's Ex-wife : Craving You Chapter 105

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Chapter 105

RAVEL

THREE YEARS AGO

Arriving at the grand manor, I immediately noticed the conspicuous absence of Hazel's car from the driveway, a telling sign that she was not present. With a thoughtful gesture, I turned off the engine, paying little heed to the security personnel who were loitering in the vicinity.

As I made my way out of the car, I chose to disregard the security detail that lingered nearby. Crossing the threshold of the imposing house, my first encounter was with the housekeeper.

"Could you kindly inform me of my wife's whereabouts?" I found myself asking almost reflexively, though I couldn't help but inwardly cringe at the unintentional use of the term 'my wife. If I intended to carry off this divorce charade convincingly, I realized I had to stop using the term 'my wife.

In response to my inquiry, the housekeeper calmly replied, "She left following a conversation with June."

June should know about Hazel's whereabouts. "Where can I find June?" I questioned the housekeeper, who promptly gestured toward the pool house, indicating that June was likely busy cleaning the pool. With a brief nod of acknowledgment, I set off in the direction of the pool.

Upon entering the pool house, I immediately posed the question that burned in my mind, "Where did Hazel go to?" I addressed June, whose startled reaction to my abrupt query led to an unfortunate loss of balance. My eyes followed her unexpected tumble into the pool, irritation simmering just beneath the surface.

My displeasure only grew as June struggled to regain her composure. "I'm sorry, sir," she stammered, wringing the hem of her dress to rid it of the excess water that clung to her skin. In her haste, the shirt she wore clung more tenaciously to her body, revealing more than intended through the now translucent fabric.

I maintained my gaze firmly fixed on her face, determined not to let my eyes wander.

“Stop doing that,” I snapped, my annoyance clear in my tone.

She halted, glanced down at her now clinging shirt, and for a brief moment, I could have sworn I detected a sly smile on her lips. Blinking rapidly, she returned her attention to me. “Do you require something, sir?” she inquired politely.

“Where is my wife?” I winced internally at my recurring choice of words. “Did she happen to mention her destination to you?” I asked, hopeful for any clue.

June shook her head, her expression devoid of any valuable information. “I offered her lunch, but she declined and instructed me to share it with the other staff,” she explained. My suspicions were confirmed; she hadn’t been eating. Concern crept into my voice as I asked, “How long has she been gone?”

June tilted her head, mentally calculating the time. “She’s been away for quite some time, likely over two hours,” she replied. With a nod, I retraced my steps, making my way to our bedroom to fetch a change of clothes. Just as I was in the midst of packing, my phone rang, and I found myself hesitating as I glimpsed Eleanor’s name flashing on the screen.

I ran a tired hand over my eyes, contemplating whether or not to answer. Eventually, I resigned myself to the call and swiped to accept, placing the phone to my ear. Warily, I responded, “What do you want, Eleanor? I’m not in the mood for your insults right now.” Eleanor’s voice came through, tinged with a hint of indifference. “I just hope they’ll achieve their intended effect,” she muttered flatly. “I’m only calling because I’m concerned about Hazel.”

My interest was immediately piqued at the mention of Hazel’s name. I leaned forward, urgency in my voice. “What about Hazel? Did something happen to her?”

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She responded to my question with a scoff. “I see someone still cares about her,” she deadpanned, her tone lacking any warmth. “Hazel left here about thirty minutes ago, and she didn’t seem okay at all. She appeared seriously distressed, and she’s the one driving.”

My brows furrowed immediately. “Why the hell is she driving?” I retorted with frustration. It should have been Adam behind the wheel, not her.

Eleanor’s patience wore thin, and she shot back, “How the hell should I know? She came looking for you here, and I told her you had gone home, so I assumed she went home to find you. I just wanted to check if she’s there.”

“No, she’s not,” I replied tersely, a wave of exhaustion washing over me. “I’ll call Adam right now to find out where she is.” Without wasting any more words on Eleanor, I ended the call and dialed Adam’s number, my impatience evident. “Where the hell are you?”

“We are five minutes away from home, sir,” Adam replied in a robotic manner.

I couldn’t hide my frustration. “What on earth do you mean by that?” I muttered as I left the bed and headed to the window. I forcefully pulled the curtains open. “Why is my wife driving?”

Adam’s response carried a hint of uncertainty. “She insisted, sir,” he explained, his voice wavering slightly. “But don’t worry, sir, I’m following closely behind her.”

I clenched my jaw, struggling to control my anger. “She’s not in the right state of mind to focus on driving,” I remarked, my tongue pressed against my cheek as I attempted to quell my irritation. “Just ensure she gets home safely. We’ll discuss this later.” Without further ado, I ended the call, my concerns for Hazel’s safety at the forefront of mind.

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Stepping away from the window, I made my way into the closet, intending to resume packing. However, my attention was soon drawn to a familiar file that lay on the dresser. It contained the divorce papers, and I couldn’t help but pick it up. As I opened it, I noticed that the crucial spot for Hazel’s signature remained conspicuously empty.

A sense of frustration welled up within me. Would she ever sign this document? I was about to return the file to its place when a devious idea crossed my mind. I recalled how Hazel had always emphasized fidelity during the happier times of our marriage. Perhaps the surefire way to make her sign the papers was to create a situation where she believed I was cheating.

Leaving the closet behind, I walked over to my bedroom door and instructed the housekeeper to summon June into the room. Judging by her earlier behavior, she seemed like a willing participant in the charade that was beginning to take shape in my mind.

June knocked timidly on my bedroom door and, after granting her permission to enter, she hesitantly stepped in. Her demeanor exuded nervousness as she mumbled, “Sir, you sent for me,” her gaze firmly fixed on her shoes.

I took a deep breath, fully aware that the path I was about to tread would have profound consequences, particularly for Hazel. “Undress,” I ordered, my voice firm and unwavering. Her head snapped up in shock, her eyes wide with surprise. “Why do you

appear so startled, June?" I continued, my tone laced with a calculated mix of confidence and provocation. "I'm well aware of your desires. I've noticed the way you look at me when I'm shirtless, or when I kiss Hazel, and your deliberate antics to make your body more visible through your shirt when you jumped into the pool."

"Sir, I don't think you..." June attempted to interject.

"Undress," I repeated with commanding authority. "If you have no interest in this, you are free to leave."

June hesitated for a moment, her gaze locked with mine, before she reluctantly began to undress. I observed her dispassionately, my mind focused on the charade at hand. When she stood before me entirely nude, she

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regarded me seductively, her eyes glinting as she moistened her lips. "Do you want to feel it?" She asked, jingling her breast-softly. It took everything in me not to cringe. I jerked my head towards the bed. "Go lie on it and touch yourself."

She went over and did as instructed and while she was lost in her self-created ecstasy, I heard Hazel's car drive in. Certain that she was going to find me, I walked over to the bed, towered over June and took her nipple into my mouth.

This should be enough to make her sign the divorce papers.

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SEND GIFT

COMMENT