

Billionaire's Ex-wife : Craving You Chapter 109

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DAVID

PRESENT TIME

I've never felt so incredibly foolish in my entire life, and the weight of my life choices has never been more pressing than it is right now. What conceivable excuse can I possibly conjure up to justify my presence here? Clearing my throat with a nervous swallow, I fixed my gaze upon her and inquired,

"Could we perhaps find a quieter place to have a conversation?"

She squinted at me and replied, "I've got somewhere to be, but we can talk in the hospital cafeteria if it's quick." Her gaze followed as I casually discarded my silly jacket in the elevator, and she scoffed. "You better have a darn good reason for all of this madness; otherwise, it's going to be hard to understand."

"Absolutely," I assured her, my mind racing to conjure the most plausible excuse. The elevator chimed, signaling our arrival, and the doors slid open. Hazel gracefully exited and glided toward an unoccupied table in the cafeteria. I pulled out a chair and seated myself, positioning myself directly across from her. Trying to be polite, I inquired, "Would you like to order something?"

However, my attempt at courtesy was met with an irritated glare. "If I'm hungry, I can manage to get my own food," she retorted sharply. "What I really want to know is why you're here."

With a sense of unease, I ventured, "Would you believe me if I said I'm here to visit Elenor?" I couldn't help but cringe inwardly at the flimsiness of my excuse. I don't even believe that, how did I expect her to?

Relaxing further into her chair, Hazel interlaced her fingers thoughtfully. "I must appear quite naive in your eyes, don't I?" Her question prompted a deepening frown from me. "I mean, that's the only logical explanation for you thinking I'd actually buy that excuse."

She cast an almost accusatory glance at the face mask I was still clutching. "Honestly, why go to such lengths as wearing that lab coat?"

Letting out an audible exhale, I pondered my response, searching for a blend of honesty

and deception. "I just had this urge to see you," I finally admitted, though her eyes remained narrowed with suspicion.

"And you couldn't achieve that without this elaborate disguise?" Her voice dripped with disbelief. "So, how long have you been in New York?"

"I only arrived last night," I fibbed once more, earning an even more scrutinizing gaze. "I didn't inform you because I had a strong hunch that you wouldn't exactly welcome my unexpected presence."

She bit down on her inner cheek, a sign of her lingering doubt. "Go ahead, ask me how much I believe you."

Despite my skepticism about her request, I obliged. "How much do you believe me?" I inquired.

"Not even one bit." She placed both hands on the table, interlocking her fingers. "I'm asking you again, why did you go to the extent of disguising yourself as a doctor?"

The real reason was that Southwark had already begun to keep tabs on me. If he discovered that I'd been shadowing Hazel for these past few days, it might lead to an investigation into my actions, and that was the last thing I wanted. I sighed, crafting a response that blended truth and deception. "Honestly, I had this strong desire to see you, but I was afraid I'd catch you with Ravel, and I didn't want to be embarrassed for skipping work just to come see you."

She blinked at me slowly, her emotions safely locked away. It was almost impossible to know what's going through her head. "David, I get that you have feelings for me, I do, but that doesn't justify ditching your office duties or, frankly, stalking me."

I knew I should probably make my exit before digging myself into a deeper hole. "I actually planned to return to the office today," I fibbed once more, even though my intention was to leave soon. "I genuinely apologize if I made you uncomfortable or scared, Hazel."

She managed a smile, but it appeared strained. "Just head back to Seattle, David, or I might have to take the kind of action

any boss would when they catch an employee slacking."

I tilted my head, my curiosity getting the best of me. "Are you implying that you might fire me, Hazel?"

"You can bet on it, David," she replied in an unsettlingly calm tone. Rising to her feet, she grabbed her bag. "I value our friendship, but I'm also a businesswoman who needs

to keep her business on track.” With one final strained smile, she turned and walked away.

The more I observed her retreating figure, the tighter my jaw clenched in frustration. I couldn’t shake the feeling that Ravel was behind this. “I really don’t want to do this, Hazel,” I muttered to myself, the words filled with reluctance. “But you’re pushing me into a corner.”

I retrieved my phone and dialed June’s number. She picked up promptly. “Where the heck are you, June? I need to meet with you right away.”

“Where are you?” June inquired in return.

“I’m currently outside the hospital where Elenor is admitted,” I conveyed, my steps taking me further away from the building. “Could you please meet me here?”

June’s voice carried a note of frustration. “David, seriously, what are you doing there? Are you actively trying to land yourself in trouble?” Her muttered curses added to the tension. “Honestly, I’m not sure I want to be seen with you right now. So, what’s the reason for this call?”

I cut to the chase, revealing the latest development. “Do you even know that there’s another woman living in your man’s house?”

She responded with a dismissive tone. “You mean Hazel? I see she finally moved in with him.”

Continuing my stroll down the paved path, I questioned her, “Why am I the one keeping you informed about what’s happening with the man you claimed to have under control?”

June let out a resigned sigh. “Just let me handle my affairs, and please, don’t mess things up for me,” she hissed, irritation lacing her words. “I’ve got everything under control, and I’d really appreciate it if you didn’t interfere.”

Her claim of having everythin

under control didn’t sit well with me. “Judging by the way things are unfolding, it doesn’t seem like you have much control at all,” I retorted. “If Hazel is now living with Ravel, it’s a sign that we’re losing this battle, and I need you to take action.”

My words appeared to trigger her anger. “How about you rein in your woman?” she shot back. “Maybe if you do that, I won’t have to work as hard as I am right now.”

Flagging down a taxi, I quickly provided the driver with my address before refocusing on the conversation with June. “I’m already taking steps on that front,” I assured her. “Just be sure to work your angle with Ravel.” With that, ended the call.

Knowing Hazel as well as I did, I anticipated her return to Seattle soon. When she did, I had a plan in mind to ensure she wouldn't be heading back to New York anytime soon. It was time to introduce Daisy into the equation.

I cared for that little girl too much to bring harm to her, but I had a strategy that would keep Hazel occupied. She'd be too wrapped up in dealing with Daisy to think about Ravel, Elenor, or rekindling her relationship with Southwark. And when that time came, I'd be there to pull her into my comforting embrace.

SEND GIFT

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COMMENT