

Billionaire's Ex-wife : Craving You Chapter 111

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Chapter 111

HAZEL

Upon the moment the jet touched down at the airport, I quickly discovered that David was there, standing by and eager to pick us up. My initial reaction was one of skepticism regarding the idea of getting into the car with him. However, upon further reflection, I pondered the potential scenarios that could unfold. I took comfort in the fact that I had Robert with me, and I couldn't fathom David deviating from his usual character in Robert's presence.

Ultimately, I made the decision to position myself in the back seat, opting for a more cautious approach. I instructed Robert to sit in the front seat, mainly to enhance our collective awareness and ensure our safety in David's company.

Although it was evident that David wasn't thrilled with my choice of seating, he chose to keep his reservations to himself.

As the car smoothly exited the airport driveway, David set the mood with some gentle background music, creating a more relaxed atmosphere within the vehicle.

Occasionally, he stole glances at me through the rear-view mirror.

"Agatha mentioned that you'd be returning today, so I inquired further about your flight schedule from her," he remarked.

I offered a polite yet somewhat tense smile and replied, "You really didn't have to pick us up. I could have easily called my own driver." It was hard not to feel uneasy around him. After all, he had practically stalked me in New York. I had told no one about my whereabouts during my stay there, yet he managed to locate me and shadow my movements. It was a deeply unsettling and concerning behavior on his part.

Once again, he glanced at me through the rear-view mirror, his expression a mix of remorse and dejection, as if carrying the weight of his past actions. "I want to use this as an apology for what happened in New York," he admitted with a heartfelt sigh. "I genuinely didn't mean to intrude on your privacy like that, and I deeply regret it."

I replied, trying to maintain composure, "It's okay." Deep down, though, I couldn't deny my lingering reservations and concerns. I decided to withhold my comments until Rigger

provided me with more information from the ongoing investigation. “Besides, it was probably for the best. I don’t think it’s a wise idea for you and Ravel to meet, given the circumstances.”

David nervously chuckled, his voice tinged with uncertainty, “I couldn’t agree more. Speaking of which, are you two getting back together?”

I hesitated for a moment, choosing my words carefully, before deflecting the question with a slight smile, “Let’s not discuss that, David. It’s a topic for another time.”

“That’s not a no either,” David commented, his tone thoughtful. “I just want you to know that whatever your decision is, I will stand by you and support you.” He pulled over as the traffic light turned red. “I may have confessed my feelings for you, but I want you to understand that you don’t owe me anything, and I don’t expect you to.”

I nodded, a sense of independence and self-reliance that had grown since my divorce with Ravel echoing in my thoughts. “I’ve always believed that I don’t owe anybody anything,” I replied softly.

The remainder of the journey was carried out in silence, interrupted only by the hum of the car’s engine. It continued this way until we reached the street leading to my apartment.

My residence was situated on a vast piece of land, surrounded by natural vegetation that I had thoughtfully preserved. I had carefully positioned my house in the heart of this green oasis. It was a decision I had never regretted, choosing a home outside the city until this moment.

As David turned onto the familiar street, our attention was immediately drawn to the sight of two vans blocking the road ahead. He cautiously reduced his speed, and my curiosity prompted me to lean forward. “Who on earth are those people?” I exclaimed with a mix of concern and irritation. “This is private property, and they have no business being here.”

David brought the car to a complete stop, his unease obvious. He attempted to open the car door and step out, but Robert, sensing the danger, quickly intervened. “I’ll go check it out,” he said, his hand discreetly reaching for the concealed firearm in his waistband. With a heightened sense of alertness, Robert left the car and moved slowly towards the mysterious vans, while David and I watched with bated breath.

However, Robert’s approach was abruptly cut short as one of the van’s doors swung open, and two armed men emerged, pointing their guns directly at him. Before Robert

could react or draw his own weapon, a hail of bullets was unleashed upon him.

A piercing scream, so loud that it startled Daisy, erupted from my throat. David, desperately trying to maintain his composure in this terrifying situation, slammed his foot on the accelerator and rapidly reversed the car. However, our escape attempt was cut short as the assailants began firing at us, ultimately hitting our tire.

I instinctively grabbed Daisy from beside me, prepared to make a desperate escape on foot. But as I opened the car door, a bullet struck it, forcing me to slam it shut again. We sat frozen, fear gripping us, and watched through the windshield as the menacing figures advanced towards us. I fumbled for my phone and dialed 911, but before I could utter a word, the door was violently yanked open.

My phone was snatched from my hand, as was David's. The masked man who had taken our phones passed them to another masked figure behind him, disconnecting the call and leaving us utterly defenseless.

Forced to sit on the floor with David, I held Daisy protectively against my chest. The masked man shifted his attention to David, his voice muffled by the mask. "You were the one behind the steering, correct?"

David exchanged a quick glance with me before responding, "Yes, I was driving."

The masked man nodded, his demeanor cold and unfeeling. He raised his firearm and fired, the bullet piercing David's arm, causing him to cry out in agony. "That's for trying to be clever," the masked man stated casually. "You made me waste more bullets than I intended."

He then redirected his gaze from David to me, taking a step closer and leaning down. "I apologize for the inconvenience, Ms. Blacks," he said with a peculiar mix of remorse and indifference. "I'm especially sorry about your security man. It was a matter of choice, it was either him or us and we chose what's best for us."

My voice was reduced to mere whimpers, my fear palpable as the heartless intruder grinned in response. He extended his hand toward me, and I instinctively recoiled, shrinking away in terror. He chuckled sinisterly. "I don't want to touch you; I just want to borrow your baby."

Tears streamed down my face as I pleaded desperately, "Please, is it money you want? I'll give you triple, everything I've worked for, just please don't touch my daughter."

The man tilted his head, seemingly unmoved. "That's a pity, ma'am, because she's the

one we came for.” With brutal force, he reached forward and ripped Daisy from my arms, handing her over to the man behind him.

I wailed as Daisy cried, propelled by instinct to get off the floor and reach for my daughter. However, the gun was now ominously pointed at David’s head. “Don’t give us another reason to end another man’s life,” the masked man warned coldly, his threat hanging heavily in the air.

Frozen in place by fear and helplessness, I watched as my precious daughter was shoved into one of the vans. Before my eyes, that very van, with Daisy inside, sped away, leaving me in a state of despair.

The masked man’s voice broke through my turmoil. “It seems your husband, Southwark, is a very stubborn man,” he remarked cryptically, drawing a confused frown from me. Did this have something to do with Ravel? “Tell him,” the man continued, “that if only he had paid heed to simple instructions, this wouldn’t have happened.” With those chilling words, he entered the other van, and both vehicles vanished into the distance.

Stranded, without a phone, I was left to confront the grim reality of the situation. My gaze moved from Robert’s lifeless body on the floor, to the spot where the van had been moments ago, carrying my daughter away, and finally to David.

David winced in pain as he attempted to stand, his bleeding arm a stark reminder of the harrowing events that had just transpired. “I need to get to the hospital, Hazel,” he implored urgently, his voice filled with desperation.

My mind was still reeling from the shock of Daisy being taken away, but David’s words snapped me back to the grim reality of the situation. “Did they just take my daughter away?” I muttered, my voice trembling.

“Hazel!” David snapped, his tone insistent. “I need to get to the hospital now.”

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Reluctantly, I nodded and took the car keys from him. Without wasting another moment, I got into the driver’s seat, determination burning within me. First, I would rush David to the nearest hospital to tend to his injuries, and then I would report this heinous crime and do everything in my power to find my daughter.

SEND GIFT

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COMMENT