

Billionaire's Ex-wife : Craving You Chapter 20

Billionaire's Ex-wife : Craving You Chapter 20

Chapter 20

(PRESENT TIME)

HAZEL

It took a level of carefulness and being overly paranoid to be able to hide my pregnancy period and Daisy away from the press and papara zzi. The fence surrounding my house is built so high to prevent them from capturing anything happening in the compound, my window glasses are tinted, preventing anyone from seeing anything happening in the house.

I equally built an underground parking lot that leads me straight to the heart of the city. Anytime Daisy needs to leave the house, they make use of the underground parking lot whilst I use the main gate.

I've been proud of myself for being able to hide Daisy from the Southwark, right until Ravel sent me those daisies. Those flowers made me question how long he has been watching me, and how well I've managed to hide Daisy.

The unanswered questions hiked up my paranoia, which was how I came up with the idea of homeschooling Daisy.

"Are you insane?" David blurted out, his glare directed toward me. "I understand how scared you are about Mr. Southwark finding out about Daisy, but limiting the little girl's social life is outright selfish."

Selfish? I scoffed. "I'm only trying to protect my daughter," I argued "I'm doing this for her sake!"

"You're going about this the wrong way." He fired back vehemently. "Homeschooling her is only going to limit her social experience Hazel, and you know it."

"Kids from the Royal families are homeschooled all the time and they all turned out fine." Maybe I shouldn't have discussed this with him.

"And what are you? A du chess?" He mocked, "You are no queen or du chess, and Daisy isn't a real-life princess!" Raking his fingers through his hair, he bit his lower lips.

"You shouldn't be comparing this situation to those of the royal families, because kids from the royal family attend lots of public events. Do I need to ask you how many events

Daisy has attended? None! She hasn't even been to the public park."

"I get your point, David," it's difficult not to. Plopping down on the sofa, I cradled my head. "What do you expect me to do David? Pretend that Ravel doesn't know about Daisy and won't come for her?"

"Homeschooling Daisy won't stop him from coming here." I heard his footsteps advance toward me before he settled down next to me. He placed his hand on my shoulder. "I think you're sweating over nothing Hazel."

Stiffening at his words, I slowly lifted my head and glared at him for uttering such a careless word. "How dare you say I'm sweating over nothing?" If Ravel finds out about Daisy and decides to fight for custody, I'll lose the case. "I may have made a lot of money David, but it's nothing compared to the Southwark." Plus they fight dirty.

"You didn't quite understand what I meant." Cupping my cheeks, he forced me to look at him. "It has been over a week since Southwark sent those flowers, I think if he knows about Daisy, he would have shown up by now. I honestly did not peg him as the kind of guy who will act ignorant to his child's existence."

"You're right." I nodded absently. "I am indeed fretting over nothing." Ravel knows nothing about Daisy's existence, and it will remain that way. "I just have to continue doing what I'm good at." Hiding my child from the public.

"Hazel," David whispered. He let go of my cheeks only to take my hands into his. "I'm your greatest supporter, but then I also have to tell you the truth. You won't be able to hide this forever."

I blinked at him, unable to voice a word because I know he is saying the truth. It was never my intention to hide this forever.

"Daisy is eventually going to grow up, she's going to have a phone and a social media account, she'll need you to attend some school functions and her graduation, she'll like to let people know that you are her mother and she will eventually ask about her father."

The first tears rolled down my cheeks and David quickly wiped it off with his thumb. "I'm not saying this to scare you Hazel,

Chapter 20

but I believe you'll be your daughter's greatest enemy When she finds out that her father knows nothing of her existence and that's all because of you."

"What are you trying to say, David?" I rasped, my lips quivering. "Are you saying I

should come clean and tell Ravel about Daisy?”

His thumb wiped away more tears that stubbornly kept rolling. “What I’m trying to say is, you either have to tell Ravel about Daisy or you find another alternative.”

“Another alternative?” My nose crinkled as I leaned toward him. “What do you mean by that?”

“If you aren’t going to bring Ravel in as the father figure for Daisy, then you have to find a replacement.” He explained, “You’ll have to find someone to fill in the gap of being Daisy’s father, someone who is ready to take up the responsibility of your pregnancy and the child that came from it.”

That’s not going to be easy. “Where am I supposed to find such a man?” No man is willing to entangle his name with such drama for any pay. “Finding such a man will be close to impossible David, plus I don’t want to have a stranger around Daisy.”

“He mustn’t be a stranger.” He remarked quietly, successfully confusing me further. “All I’m saying is that you needn’t go in search of a man who will act for you when you already have one.”

My hold on his hand loosened. “And who is he?”

“You are staring at him.” I let go of his hand completely. In a desperate attempt to keep me close or probably to make me listen to his reasoning, he grabbed my cheeks again and pulled me in for a kiss, placing his lips on mine.

Agatha chose that exact moment to walk into my office. Shocked by the image before her, she cleared her throat, pulling me out of my own shock. “I... uh... I guess this is bad timing. I’ll come back later.”

“No, wait!” I called out, jumping to my feet. I don’t want to be alone with him. “This is nothing, David was actually on his way out.”

He tilted his head. “Was I?” I glared at him which made him chuckle. “You don’t have to kill me with your eyes, I’ll leave.” Picking up his phone from the sofa, he walked out of my office.

Agatha still uncomfortable with what she just witnessed cleared her throat whilst avoiding looking at me in the face. “I honestly did not mean to interrupt, I just assumed you both were discussing Mr. Herbert.”

“I will appreciate it if you erase whatever it is that you saw in here.” I can’t believe he did that! The thought of it made my fist clench tightly. I’m going to have a long chat with him about this.

“So did he tell you?” Agatha asked, breaking me out of my furious thought. I blinked at her. “I mean about Mr. Herbert, the coffee shop owner. Has David discussed it with you already?”

“No.” I gestured towards the empty seat facing my desk. “Please, sit while I grab a drink.” I need it to clear my thought. Grabbing a bottle of vodka and glass, I sashayed to my seat and settled down. “What about Mr. Herbert, has he agreed to give up the coffee shop?”

Agatha nodded. “David met with him a few times last week and early this morning, he called me to inform me that he’s ready to sell.”

I’m guessing David offered him a sum he couldn’t refuse. “How much did David offer him?” I asked with a wince, already thinking about how this is going to take a hit on our account.

“That’s the thing I find strange,” Agatha muttered with a frown. “He’s requesting an amount lower than what we offered.” My brows jumped to my hairline. “Not only that, he says he’s moving to his hometown.”

His moving to his hometown isn’t surprising to me. “Why give it up on a lesser amount?” Clenching my fingers on the glass, I twirled the content. “David must have offered him something or said something to him.” I moved my gaze to Agatha. “Did you ask David?” “He claims he offered him free access to the gallery anytime we are exhibiting.”

Chapter 20

Well, that’s something too. “If that was what he wanted, he would have said so sooner.” Grabbing the tons of folders on my desk, I opened one of them. “Contact our lawyer and have him prepare for the transfer of ownership and payment so we can begin work asap.”

“Yes ma’am.” She stood up and bowed slightly before walking out of my office. The moment the door closed, my thought went back to my conversation with David about Daisy.

“Urrgh!” I growled, “Why do you have to torment me even after divorce?!”

My phone chimed on the desk and I quickly reached for it and smiled when I saw Elenor’s name. It’s been a long I spoke with her.

Clicking on the message she sent, my throat dried up instantly.

Hello Hazel, I’m currently in Seattle as we speak and I’m free this evening. Send me

your home address so I can drop by for dinner.

love Elenor.

Xx.