

Billionaire's Ex-wife : Craving You Chapter 7

Billionaire's Ex-wife : Craving You Chapter 7

Chapter 7

Hazel

As I pulled into the parking lot, I hastily reached for my purse with my left hand, my right hand gripping my phone tightly against my ear. "Don't worry, Elen," I reassured her, preparing to exit the car. "It's not your fault that Ravel wants to attend the event."

"F**k that ba stard!" Elenor exclaimed, her frustration palpable. I couldn't help but cringe, knowing how Anne would react if she heard Elenor spewing profanities. "If he wasn't my brother, I swear I would have strangled him ages ago. How can someone be so manipulative and wicked?"

Despite the odds, a chuckle escaped my lips at Elenor's vivid description of Ravel. "You won't be joining us, right?" She asked, needing confirmation.

"No," I replied firmly. Even if Ravel wasn't planning to attend the event, I had no desire to be there either. The thought of flaunting my seven-month-old baby bump in front of his family was not appealing. "I really have to go, Elen. I'm running late for class,"

"Alright, I'll talk to you later," Elenor said before disconnecting the call.

As Elenor disconnected the call, I hurriedly withdrew the phone from my ear, fumbling to return it to my purse. Lost in my own thoughts, I collided with someone, causing me to lose my balance.

In that heart-stopping moment, it felt as if my soul had momentarily vacated my body. My hands flailed in the air, and my mind raced with worries about the potential impact of the fall on my unborn baby. However, my fear was quickly alleviated as the person I bumped into instinctively wrapped his arm around my waist, providing a stabilizing support.

Startled by the realization of how close I had come to endangering my baby due to my carelessness, I blinked rapidly at the stranger. Gratefully, he recognized my shock-induced stillness and gently guided me to a nearby seat in the hallway, coaxing me to sit down.

Complying with his suggestion, I sank into the seat, feeling a mix of relief and gratitude.

Sensing my need for refreshment, he offered me a bottle of water, which I accepted with gratitude. Taking a generous gulp, I felt the cool liquid soothe my parched throat.

"Thank you," I managed to utter, my voice filled with genuine appreciation.

As he settled down beside me, a warm smile graced his face. "It's okay. Mistakes happen," he reassured me, his voice carrying a comforting tone.

The weight of the realization still lingered within me-this mistake could have had dire consequences for my unborn child. Placing a trembling hand on my baby bump, I took a deep breath to steady myself. Gathering my courage, I looked up at him. "You're the guy from the hall the last time, aren't you?" I asked, a glimmer of recognition lighting up my eyes. His eyes were difficult to forget.

His smile widened, revealing that captivating left cheek dimple once again. "Yes, I'm glad you recognized me," he replied, his voice laced with genuine pleasure. Extending his hand for a handshake, he introduced himself. "I'm David, by the way."

Accepting his hand, I shook it firmly, gratitude surging within me. This man had truly saved me from potentially harming my baby, so it felt only right to extend kindness in return. "I'm Hazel," I replied, offering a small smile. "Although, I'm sure you already knew that." It was hard to miss the news of my divorce, which had garnered significant attention.

He smiled in response, but his gaze flicked to his wristwatch, indicating our potential lateness for class. "Are you feeling okay now? We don't want to be too late."

My mind weighed the options. I was already running behind schedule, and by the time I waddled my way to class, lectures would likely have already begun. "Thank you again for saving me from the fall," I expressed my gratitude, "but you don't have to sit with me or wait for me."

He met my words with a gentle determination. "I know I don't have to, but I choose to," he replied, his sincerity evident. His response left me frowning, unsure of how to interpret his grand gesture.

Chapter 7

Sensing my confusion, he continued, "Don't look at me like that, Hazel. I'm only trying to be a friend. Hopefully, next time we run into each other in the hallway, you won't just walk past me without a word,"

His words struck a chord within me, and I found myself momentarily speechless, my thoughts racing, "You want to be friends?" I finally managed to utter, a mix of surprise

and skepticism coloring my voice. "But I'm a pregnant divorcée who will only bring trouble to your name once the papara zzi captures us together."

His smile remained unwavering, his gaze sincere. "I don't want to be friends with just any pregnant divorcée, I want to be friends with you, this beautiful pregnant woman sitting right here," he emphasized.

Remaining skeptical, I continued to scrutinize his words and intentions. "Listen, David," I began, my tone firm. "If you're here hoping for a romantic relationship, I need to make it clear that you're looking in the wrong place."

He raised his hands in a placating gesture, his eyes earnest. "Hazel, I genuinely just want to be friends with you," he assured me. "Perhaps, for now, until you're ready to consider dating and trust again. I believe it's important for us to establish a foundation of friendship before even considering anything else."

My frown deepened, and I shook my head resolutely. "Don't even entertain the thought of anything else, because it's not going to happen," I asserted, my voice laced with caution.

Acknowledging my boundaries, he nodded in understanding. Taking the initiative, he stood up and reached for my bag. "We should get going if we don't want to be locked out of class," he reminded me, his focus shifting to the present task at hand.

Carefully rising to my feet, I issued a warning to David, aware of the added challenge of my slower pace. "Just so you know, it's going to take me forever to get there. I'm ten times slower than before because of this extra stomach," I half-joked, acknowledging the physical limitations imposed by my pregnancy.

A warm smile played on his lips as he replied, "I don't mind." To ensure I kept up with him, he intentionally dragged his feet slightly, matching his pace to mine. As we made our way, we engaged in casual conversation, discussing random topics ranging from school policies to our shared interests. Thankfully, when we arrived at the class, the understanding professor allowed us in after David explained our tardiness.

Chapter 8

HAZEL

After the class had come to an end, I happened to notice David patiently waiting at the bus station. Without a moment's hesitation, I kindly offered to give him a lift. Polite as ever, I asked him for his address, and he promptly shared it, showing his gratitude for the kind gesture.

“Thank you for offering me a ride home,” he murmured appreciatively as we arrived at my car.

Brushing off his words, I replied with a gentle smile. “You mentioned that we’re friends now, and it wouldn’t feel right for me to leave my friend waiting at the bus station. It’s the least I can do.”

David let out a soft chuckle, his eyes filled with warmth. “I must say, it’s truly a pleasure to be considered a friend by you,” he remarked sincerely. Folding his hands, he glanced around the interior of my car, clearly enchanted by its charms. “You have quite an extraordinary vehicle.”

A grateful smile adorned my face. “Thank you,” I responded. This car had been a wedding gift from Ravel, and despite my attempts to return it, he stubbornly refused to take it back. I had even tried selling it to car dealers on several occasions, only to find myself hesitating at the last moment, unable to part with it. The car seemed to hold a certain sentimental value that I couldn’t easily let go of.

Shifting the course of our conversation, I directed my attention towards David’s future plans. “So, what are your aspirations once we graduate? We only have five months left.”

Relaxing into his seat, David turned towards me, pondering his response. “I’ve always had a deep desire to work in an art gallery,” he shared, his voice brimming with determination. “I imagine myself curating the stunning creations of others while also showcasing my own artistic endeavors on those very walls.”

As we paused at a red light, the vibrant cityscape temporarily froze around us. “That’s truly captivating,” I replied, genuinely fascinated by his ambitions.

David’s eyebrows shot up in surprise, his eyes widening. “Really?” he exclaimed, a touch of disbelief in his voice. “Most people tend to discourage me, urging me to stick to painting for the obstetric ward.”

I couldn’t contain my laughter at his comment, the sound filling the car. With a mischievous twinkle in my eyes, I stepped on the accelerator, propelling us forward.

“Why on earth would they say that?” I asked, genuinely puzzled. “I’ve seen your paintings, and they are undeniably exquisite and enchanting.”

David’s face lit up with joy, and he couldn’t help but smile broadly. He placed a hand gently over his heart, feeling a rush of gratitude and excitement. “You have no idea how much that means to me,” he expressed, his voice filled with genuine appreciation.

Seeing an opening to discuss business, I seized the moment and decided to share my

own plans. I could feel the anticipation building within me as I prepared to reveal my idea. "On that note," I began, unable to contain the enthusiasm in my voice, "I've been pondering the idea of opening an art gallery, and I truly believe that I can help make your dream come true."

Caught off guard by my unexpected proposition, David blinked rapidly, his mouth slightly agape. He seemed to be searching for confirmation, his eyes locked with mine. "Wait, hold on," he stammered, his voice betraying his surprise. "Did I hear you correctly?"

With a confident nod, I reassured him, affirming my words. "Yes, you heard me correctly," I confirmed, my voice steady and sure. "I'm offering you a remarkable opportunity to work alongside me, with a fair salary that reflects your talent and dedication. Additionally, we can come to a mutual agreement on the percentage for the display and sale of your artwork in the gallery. It's truly a win-win situation for both of us."

David's astonishment remained evident on his face, overwhelmed by the unexpected turn of events. He couldn't contain his emotions any longer and blurted out, "I feel like hugging you right now!" His voice conveyed genuine surprise and gratitude, Amused by David's eagerness, I couldn't help but let out a giggle at his immediate response. It was heartwarming to see his excitement. "Well, hold on there," I responded, shaking my head playfully. "No need for the hugging just yet. But I truly