

Billionaire's Ex-wife : Craving You Chapter 8

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appreciate your enthusiasm.”

As we continued on our journey, driving down the road, my mind began to shift its focus to the challenges that awaited us. I shared my thoughts with David, allowing a touch of contemplation to enter my voice. “You know, I do have a few connections in the industry who might be able to assist us in developing the gallery,” I explained. “However, since I no longer have Southwark attached to my name, there may be individuals who are less willing to work with me. That’s where our joint effort will come into play.”

Without a moment’s hesitation, David blurted out, “Count me in!” His unwavering commitment to the idea only added to the growing sense of excitement between us. It was clear that we were both ready to embark on this venture together, facing the challenges head-on.

I couldn’t help but smile at David’s impulsive and enthusiastic response. “Well then, welcome aboard, Mr. David, my future employee,” I playfully declared, savoring the lightheartedness of the moment. It was as if a new chapter had begun, and laughter had become a more frequent companion ever since David had entered my life.

As we continued our drive, the idea of having David by my side began to settle in. I realized that his presence could be a real blessing. His genuine passion for art and his infectious enthusiasm had the potential to be invaluable assets in our shared journey toward building the art gallery of our dreams.

I envisioned David and me working together, discussing different art styles and selecting pieces that resonated with us. His unique perspective could bring a fresh breath of creativity to the gallery. I could already imagine the smiles on visitors’ faces as they explored the beautiful artworks we’d carefully curated.

With David by my side, I knew that together, we could overcome any obstacles that lay ahead. His willingness to take a leap of faith filled me with confidence, and I couldn’t wait to see our dreams unfold before our eyes. The art gallery we would create wouldn’t just be a physical space; it would be a reflection of our dedication, love for art, and the beautiful bond we were forming as partners on this incredible journey.

Chapter 9

TWO YEARS LATER

HAZEL

“Daisy!” I exclaimed, my voice filled with a mix of frustration and amusement as I caught my nearly two-year-old daughter. red-handed, gnawing on my hairbrush. On the other end of the phone, David chuckled, thoroughly entertained by the situation. Rolling my eyes, I retorted, “This is not funny, David.”

Undeterred by my reproach, Daisy continued her relentless assault on the brush. Determined to put an end to her unconventional teething adventure, I rose from the vanity chair. As I approached her, she caught sight of me and promptly. discarded the hairbrush, grinning mischievously. Her baby babble filled the air as she cheerfully exclaimed, “Ba-da-la!”

“I wish I understood what you’re trying to say, sweetheart,” I murmured with a hint of affection, scooping her up from the floor and cradling her on my hip. But no sooner had I settled her on my hip than she reached out for my pearl necklace, her tiny fingers curiously exploring the smooth, iridescent orbs. With a playful gleam in my eyes. “I think I’ll bring her with me to work today,” I informed David, considering the possibility. David’s image flickered on the screen as he waved playfully at Daisy through the FaceTime call, momentarily capturing her attention. “What about her nanny?” he inquired, curious about the arrangements for Daisy’s care

“She left early this morning for family emergency.” Maybe I should consider hiring two nannies for situations like this.

“If you decide to bring Daisy to work, it’s crucial to be extremely cautious of the prying eyes of the paparazzi, David mused, his brows furrowing slightly. “She bears an uncanny resemblance to your ex-husband,” he reminded me, his voice filled with a mix of concern and caution. “With just one glimpse of her photo, he might instantly realize that the baby is his.”

I exhaled audibly, my frustration momentarily overshadowing my usual composed demeanor. “David, I am well aware of the potential risks involved,” I responded, my tone tinged with a touch of irritation. Realizing that applying lipstick with Daisy cradled in my arm would be an exercise in futility, I abandoned the idea and swiftly grabbed my purse before stepping out of my closet. “The creation of that underground parking lot was not without purpose.”

David visibly relaxed into his seat, a sense of relief washing over him. "Well, that's reassuring to know," he said, his tone lighter now. "However, I do have an important matter to discuss with you, so I strongly urge you get your ass here as soon as possible."

A playful chuckle escaped my lips as my index finger hovered over the end button, signaling the end of the call. "I'll catch up with you later, David," I remarked with a light-hearted tone. Ending the call, I swiftly made my way to the parking lot, where my car awaited.

Robertson, my trusted personal security, was there to assist me in securing Daisy safely in her snug baby seat.

Robertson, with his keen understanding of how to shield Daisy from the prying lenses of the paparazzi, was an invaluable asset. That's precisely why I compensated him generously for his exceptional services. Taking a moment to appreciate his rapport with Daisy, he engaged in a brief playtime session before taking the driver's seat, ensuring that we were ready to hit the road.

An hour later, as I settled into my office, David nonchalantly strolled in. Ignoring my presence momentarily, he made a beeline for Daisy, who was engrossed in playful amusement with her pacifier. Emitting a series of endearing baby noises, David managed to elicit a joyous giggle from Daisy.

"Come on, David, leave the baby be and let's focus on work," I playfully admonished, a gentle smile tugging at the corners of my lips as I savored the sweet sound of Daisy's laughter. "You mentioned having something important to discuss with me. Let's get down to business."

"Yes, indeed," David confirmed, giving Daisy a tender peck on the cheek before sauntering over to my desk and settling into the vacant chair. With an air of importance, he leaned forward, capturing my full attention. "I have some news for you, Hazel. You have been nominated for The AICA-USA Award."

My initial reaction was one of disbelief, causing me to blink rapidly. "You must be joking," I exclaimed, my voice tinged with