

# The Billionaires Ex-wife –

## Chapter 1

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Katherine looks at the letter in her hand, her personal copy of the settlement. Her heart aches on nights like these, laying alone in bed is something she had grown used to these past five years but the pain was still there.

She hates cold nights, the thought of waking up in the morning to nothing but an empty home and bed unnerved her.

She sighs deeply, she used to dream about him, coming back for her but it never happened sometimes she still does. Now it's started to dawn on her that he never would. After all she has nothing a billionaire could ever want. There are plenty of other women who would be more than happy to fill her shoes. That was always the problem though.

She sets the papers down on the bedside locker thinking about how the cheap bugger photocopied them in black and white rather than in colour. It makes her roll her eyes a little, the tight arse, its not like the coloured ink used would cost a lot to replace and even if it did, to him he wouldn't have seen a difference in bank balance, the amount he rakes in every hour.

She tosses in bed trying to shake the thoughts of her old life. Her marriage. Her ex husband, the billionaire and the image of him cheating on her with her best friend.

Such a typical cliché. Man with too much money has a wife, he isn't happy so he finds someone better, gets caught and he is divorced and free to mingle with whomever he pleases. wife is devastated and somehow manages to build her life up but still feels something is missing.

No, she stops herself. This happens all too often, one minute she's happy living life and then he comes along and infiltrates her life, well mentally that is.

She thought she had moved on she even had a date last night, he was tall, lean, had blonde hair with those bright baby blue eyes that pierce into your soul. He was funny and made her laugh. His name was dylan he works in the office with her too it was where they met, she could tell the way he looked at her he was interested but was she? She didn't know.

The clock on her bedside locker read 3.45 am and as usual she had spent hours thinking about a man no longer in her life. She told herself off for being so silly he won't ever come back he didn't need some average woman he could have anyone. He definitely didn't stay up for hours at night thinking about her. She rolled on her back closing her eyes to get 40 winks before work in the morning.

Katherine woke up to find the light streaming through the window the next morning. Her blinds left unpulled and yesterdays clothes still on. she looks in the mirror on her bedside locker and shakes her head God she is a mess.

Getting up of the bed she stretches her aching muscles and trudges slowly to her bathroom.

The hot water of the shower pours over her body and she lets herself be enveloped in the warmth, her muscles relaxing as the water massages her aches and pains. After her shower she steps into her usual outfit for work a blouse and fitted skirt alongside a pair of heels. She puts her usual light makeup on and her naturally curly hair is put up in a high ponytail.

The thought of going to work today makes her queezy. She hasn't seen Dylan since their romantic date. And somehow telling him she isn't interested in further contact doesn't seem that appealing.

She walks out of her apartment locking the door behind her and takes the elevator down to the car park.

The drive to hudsons law firm is a short one about fifteen minutes but today it seems to drag and she can't help but feel something strange is going to happen.

Finding a space in the office car park has always been a nightmare and although she is early as usual its still a struggle. After spending fifteen minutes waiting for someone to leave she finally finds a space and sighs in relief looking at her watch. Still early.

The office is buzzing and smells like morning coffee. Every desk Katherine walks past holds a coffee cup from the barista across the road. But she always found coffee too bitter she prefers something a little sweeter like a smoothie or orange juice.

As Katherine approaches her desk she drops into the chair and inhales a large breath.

Being up all night doesn't help anything. She feels absolutely exhausted and she looked it too.

Mickey the boss walks over to her desk and she turns her head up to look at him. He was wearing a navy suit with a striped tie.

"Katherine I have good news for you" his smile never reaches his eyes but she smiles back anyway.

"Oh really sir please enlighten me" waiting for his response makes her nervous. No talking to Mickey always makes her nervous. He has the ability to give her the sack with a click of his strangely manicured fingers and she has never forgotten it.

"I have a new case and you're the lawyer on it" he smiles again. "After the good job you did with the last case I'm sure you can handle it. Here is the folder and the client's appointment is in five you should get to the meeting room now" with that Mickey turns on his heels and stalks off leaving Katherine staring at him mouth hanging.

He's lucky she's always in.

She huffs and gets out of her rather comfy chair gathers up her bag and leaves in the direction of the meeting room.

Standard meeting rooms at the Hudson are quite nice actually. They have a long table in the middle with chairs at either side a coffee and tea table and a digital screen is in each corner. They have one glass wall so everyone can see who's having a meeting but the glass is fogged a little so it still gives the privacy each client needs to feel comfortable during meetings. It still lacks any personality but then again it's a law firm it certainly shouldn't be painted pink with rainbows.

There are 4 main meeting rooms and the one she carries out her meetings in is still dark so she has beat the mysterious client to it.

She unlocks the door letting herself in and starts preparing for the meeting. The door of the room swings open and Katherine raises her head smiling in the direction of the door.

But her eyes widen and her smile drops as she looks at the person standing in the doorway.

"Hello katherine" his deep voice is still as sexy as she remembers sending a chill down her spine. She tries to find words to reply but her mouth is dry and coincidentally her throat seems to have vanished to.

"Shall we get down to buisness then" the man standing beside him speaks up clear confusion is written all over his face while he stands there looking even sexier than the last time they saw each other.

His muscular figure is hugged perfectly by his armani suit. It fits in just the right places and as hard as she tries it would be impossible not to drool at the sight of him. His hair toussled to give the impression that he doesn't need to put effort into looking good. Which is true he doesn't. He's sexy in the shower, after waking up and even after sex.

Katherine shakes her head out of it. She has to focus she has a job to do but thats impossible when your staring at a greek god who just happens to be your ex husband the man who cheated on you. The man you caught cheating on you. The man you caught cheating on You with your best friend.

No that's the past katherine act civil act like that doesn't mater after all. The past is in the past.