

Billionaire's Ex-wife : Craving You Chapter 112

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Chapter 112

RAVEL

PRESENT TIME

As I was in the midst of gathering a few essentials at home, planning to soon return to the hospital, my phone unexpectedly began to ring. It was quite the surprise to see Raymond's name flash on my phone screen. I couldn't quite recollect the last time he had made the effort to call me, especially since his father's passing and the conversation where he mentioned his intention to quit.

With a sense of curiosity, I hurriedly zipped up my suit bag and picked up the phone, eager to hear what he had to say. "Hey, what's going on?" I asked with genuine interest. A wave of enthusiasm washed over Raymond's voice as he exclaimed, "You won't believe it! Elenor has awakened. She's fully conscious man, and she's asking specifically for you."

"Oh my goodness! She's awake! My sister has awakened! She fought and triumphed! I always knew she'd overcome this!" I exclaimed in utter astonishment and joy. Without a second thought, I grabbed my car keys and dashed out of the room, deliberately leaving the suit behind. At that moment, what did a suit or work matter when Elenor had awakened?

I hopped into my car, swiftly turned the ignition, and zoomed out of the premises, unapologetically disregarding traffic regulations in my eagerness to reach the hospital as quickly as possible.

Finally, I screeched to a halt in the hospital parking lot. As I exited the car, I practically sprinted to the elevator, impatiently watching the floor numbers tick by. Upon reaching the floor where Elenor's room was located, I rushed down the corridor, seized the doorknob, and eagerly pushed the door open.

In that heartwarming moment, Elenor, cocooned by the caring presence of Anne, Raymond, and a cadre of diligent doctors, gracefully lifted her eyes as the door swung open. Her smile radiated like a beacon of hope, and she eagerly extended her arms, an invitation for the warmest of embraces. Without a single thought for anyone else in the

room, I hurried into her welcoming hug, my grip filled with an overwhelming mix of joy, relief, and sheer gratitude.

Elenor responded with a soft, melodious giggle while I waged a silent battle against the tears threatening to well up. "Promise me," I whispered, my voice quivering, "promise you won't ever subject me to that kind of anguish again. It felt like you've taken a whole decade off my life."

Interrupting our emotional reunion, the doctor courteously chimed in, "We shall leave you all now. Thus far, everything appears to be in order, but we'll await the results of the tests to provide absolute confirmation."

Anne nodded graciously, expressing her gratitude as the medical team exited the room, their footsteps fading into the corridor. Elenor, with a tender, almost fragile tone, called out, "Mom," and Anne, still reeling from the relief of her daughter's recovery, turned to her with an attentive gaze. "I'm hungry," Elenor softly declared.

Anne's face lit up with a broad smile as she lovingly brushed away her tears. "I'll order something for you," she offered, reaching for her phone to place the food order.

However, Elenor gently halted her with a whispered request.

"I want you to eat your food, Mum," Elenor softly insisted. I couldn't help but feel a sense of amazement, as before the accident, Elenor's relationship with Anne had been strained to the point where she wouldn't even answer her calls. The fact that she now called Anne "Mum" was a shocking surprise.

Anne, her heart swelling with joy, didn't detect anything suspicious in this newfound affection. She approached Elenor's bedside, cupped her daughter's cheeks tenderly, and planted a loving kiss on her forehead. "I'll hurry home and prepare something special for you," she promised.

Elenor responded with a gentle, appreciative smile. "Thank you." Anne grabbed her purse and swiftly exited the room, security detail trailing behind her.

her

Half an hour passed since Anne had left the room, and Elenor slowly propped herself up on her pillows with Raymond's assistance. "It was Anne and June," she suddenly declared, her words catching us both off guard.

Raymond fixed her with a puzzled expression before returning his attention to Elenor.

"What are you talking about? What did Anne and June do?" he inquired, clearly perplexed by her statement.

Elenor attempted to shift her position but winced in pain, a stark reminder of the extensive damage her legs had suffered in the accident. It was evident she wouldn't be mobile for a while. "I overheard June and Anne talking," she continued, her voice tinged with seriousness. "They were discussing something related to Hazel's sabotaged art exhibition."

Initially, I was bewildered by her revelation, but it didn't take long for that confusion to morph into anger. "What on earth are you suggesting? Are you absolutely certain about this?" I demanded, my voice trembling with a mix of disbelief and indignation.

"Yes," Elenor asserted with conviction. "And I believe they have someone close to Hazel involved in this scheme, or perhaps someone who works for her, and this person must have been in cahoots with them for quite some time. And the person is a He."

"He?" I repeated, still trying to wrap my head around the shocking revelation.

"Yes, He. I remember them mentioning a 'he' that day, although they didn't disclose a name. He provided the contact information for the artists."

As I pondered this, one name came to mind – David. He was the only man I knew who had been closely associated with Hazel. "Could David be capable of such betrayal?" I questioned, struggling to reconcile this potential betrayal with his feelings for Hazel. It seemed absurd that he would do something to harm her.

Raymond, his brow furrowed with deep concentration, posed a crucial question. "Does June know that you overheard their conversation?"

Anne shook her head and clarified, "I left before they could realize that I had been there, listening."

I noticed a hint of something in Raymond's tone that prompted me to press him further.

"Why did you ask? Did you notice something suspicious?" I inquired, eager to uncover any additional details.

"Hazel did," Raymond replied, confirming my suspicion. "I meant to tell you what she shared with me, but various distractions kept getting in the way, causing me to forget." I shot him a raised eyebrow, silently urging him to cut to the chase. "She mentioned that she saw June attempting to disconnect the machines attached to Elenor while she was unconscious."

My eyes widened in disbelief at this shocking revelation. "Is that the reason you sent me that text, urging me to have Elenor's accident case reopened?" I inquired, my mind

racing with the implications of this newfound information.

Raymond nodded thoughtfully. "I didn't want to rush to conclusions, especially because Hazel wasn't entirely certain about what she saw. But after what Anne just revealed, I'm willing to bet that June attempted to disconnect those machines."

Elenor, wearing a puzzled expression, voiced the question that was on all our minds.

"Are you suggesting she's trying to kill me? Why would she want to do that?"

I connected the dots, providing the missing piece to the puzzle. "She might be attempting to silence you and prevent you from sharing what you overheard during their conversation that day. It's likely she spotted you eavesdropping."

Raymond leaned back in his seat, his index finger unconsciously rubbing his jaw as he contemplated the implications. "Could she have been involved in causing the accident then?" he pondered aloud, his voice laced with a mix of suspicion and concern.

"It's plausible that she didn't cause the accident," I reasoned. "Perhaps the accident was genuinely accidental, and she seized the opportunity to keep you silent."

Elenor's anger flared, and she responded firmly, "That's attempted murder. That woman tried to kill me when I was helpless. We should report her and get her arrested for it."

I interjected, offering a dose of reality, "We don't have concrete evidence. In a court of law, these are mere speculations. If we want to see her behind bars, we'll need solid evidence to support our claims."

As we discussed our next steps, my phone suddenly vibrated in my pocket, and I quickly retrieved it. Hazel's name illuminated the screen, and I answered the call with unabashed joy. "Hello, babe! Elenor is awake," I exclaimed, unable to contain my excitement.

A chill ran down my spine as I heard Hazel's voice, fraught with emotion. She sniffled, as if she had been crying, and delivered the devastating blow, "That's good news, Rav, but I have some very bad news." My heart sank, and my expression darkened as I braced myself for what she was about to say. "Our daughter has been kidnapped."