

Billionaire's Ex-wife : Craving You Chapter 101

Billionaire's Ex-wife : Craving You Chapter 101

Chapter 101

RAVEL

PRESENT TIME

After safely dropping Hazel off at her apartment, I made the decision to return to the hospital to retrieve my wallet, which I had carelessly left behind.

My original plan had included a stop at my manor to collect fresh, clean clothes for the next day and gather some essential work documents before making my way back to the hospital. However, as I approached the hospital, I couldn't help but notice that my car's gas gauge was perilously low, and to compound the situation, I realized that my wallet was not in my possession.

Navigating the hospital parking lot, I found a suitable spot to park, and after disembarking from the vehicle, I headed for the elevator that would take me to Elenor's room. While en route, I took a moment to send Hazel a thoughtful goodnight message, ensuring she knew I was thinking of her. The elevator journey was punctuated by a cheerful "ping" as it arrived at my destination, and I stepped out, proceeding toward Elenor's room. Just as my hand hovered over the door, poised to push it open, my ears caught the unmistakable sounds of a heated exchange of words between Raymond and Anne. It struck me as particularly unusual since I had never before heard Raymond raise his voice at her.

"What the hell do you want from me?" He snapped at her, his frustration evident.

"Haven't you caused enough trouble?"

Intrigued by their heated exchange, I discreetly leaned closer to the door, straining to catch every word of Anne's response. "Why do you constantly hover around my daughter instead of doing your job?" she demanded.

Raymond's anger flared as he retorted, "It's clear that your son doesn't keep you informed. I've resigned." His voice was filled with a simmering resentment. "But, Anne, I'm not going anywhere. I should have been by Eleanor's side all these years, and that's where I'm staying."

Anne scoffed dismissively, her heels softly echoing on the cold tile floor as she inched

closer to him. "You can't possibly mean that!" she bellowed. "You, of all people, know what I'm capable of."

Raymond's fist tightened, his anger unabated. "In fact, I have no idea what you're truly capable of," he countered with defiance. "My father is no longer in the picture; what else can you use to manipulate me?" A furrowed brow revealed my confusion at Raymond's revelation. Had she been blackmailing him all this time, coercing him into complying with her demands?

"What more can you possibly do, Anne?" Raymond continued, his voice filled with frustration. "You've already taken the drastic step of disconnecting the life-support machine, causing his heart to stop beating. What more could you possibly want?!"

Unable to remain a passive observer any longer, I pushed the door open and entered the room, my gaze fixed firmly on Anne. My expression was stern as I questioned her, my voice trembling with concern. "What did Raymond mean by saying you disconnected the life-support machine?" I fervently hoped my suspicions were unfounded. "Anne, did you deliberately cause his father's heart to stop beating?"

She fixed a hostile glare on Raymond, clearly displeased that I was now privy to this unsettling revelation because of his words. "It was bound to happen sooner or later," she muttered with a chilling lack of remorse. "That man was nothing more than a lifeless body accumulating debts for his son."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. "Please, for the love of sanity, tell me you're joking," I implored, desperately hoping that Anne was simply trying to shock us. I knew she was ruthless, but this level of cruelty was beyond my comprehension. "Tell me you didn't take someone's life."

Her frown deepened, but she defended herself, albeit callously. "I didn't kill anyone," she argued coldly. "I merely stopped paying the bills, and nature took its course."

I turned to Raymond, feeling a mixture of disbelief and anger. "Was she the one responsible for paying your father's hospital bills?" I asked him incredulously. "Was she the one covering the cost of the oxygen that kept him alive?"

1/3

Raymond nodded, confirming my worst suspicions. "Yes," he admitted, and I winced, wondering why I had been kept in the dark about this shocking revelation. "She's been footing the bills ever since he was admitted to the hospital."

I couldn't help but feel hurt and confused by Raymond's choice. "I offered to cover those bills," I reminded him, my voice tinged with disappointment. It stung that he had refused my offer of help, only to turn to my mother for assistance.

Raymond sighed, his response laden with frustration. "I didn't really have a choice," he muttered. "My father owed your family a significant sum of money, and your mother insisted that I take responsibility for settling those debts. I couldn't possibly come to you for that, Ravel. I still have some self-respect left."

I raised an eyebrow, struggling to understand his logic. "Yet you went to my mother?" I questioned, my tone conveying my confusion and a touch of irritation.

"She insisted on paying it herself, while also adding it to the debt my father already owed your family," he clarified, his lips tightening as he spoke. "You see, my father was admitted to this hospital along with yours, and when I attempted to discuss his medical bills with the doctors, I was informed that the Southwark family was handling them. I assumed it was your mother and spoke to her about it, but she insisted that I must repay the debt. Given that my father had already been here for a week, the bills had escalated considerably, and I couldn't afford to pay the full amount upfront. So, I reluctantly agreed to her terms, allowing her to add it to what my father already owed, with the intention of paying it off gradually."

I pinched the bridge of my nose, struggling to make sense of this tangled web of financial arrangements and family debts. Turning my gaze back to Anne, I asked, "But why did you instruct the doctors to remove life support?" My tone conveyed a mix of confusion and concern, as I tried to understand the motives behind such a drastic action.

Anne responded with a dismissive eye roll, taking a seat on the cream-colored sofa. "It's not as if I did it without his presence," she retorted coolly. "He was there when the decision was made to turn off the life support."

Raymond, still simmering with anger, couldn't contain his frustration. "I didn't have a choice!" he shouted at her, his voice filled with resentment. "You stopped covering the bills five months ago, and you never informed me!"

My eyebrows shot up in astonishment. "So, they turned off the life support because you couldn't pay for the accumulated five months of bills?" I asked, aghast at the gravity of the situation.

Raymond nodded, his expression pained. "I couldn't come up with the entire sum all at

once,” he admitted, his voice laden with regret. “The amount was simply too overwhelming.”

“Why didn’t you reach out to me?” I questioned, a tinge of hurt in my voice. “When you found out that Anne had stopped paying the bills, why didn’t you call me for help? I could have cleared the hospital bills and whatever debt his father owed my family.”

Raymond’s bitter chuckle cut through the tension in the room. “I would have told you if you’d bothered to answer my calls,” he retorted with a hint of anger in his voice. “I tried reaching out to you that night, multiple times. I even called Elenor, and none of you answered my calls.”

Regret gnawed at me as I realized how my neglect had contributed to this situation. “I’m genuinely sorry, man,” I offered, taking a step toward him, though he instinctively moved back, a visible wince crossing my face. “I allowed my own pain to cloud my responsibilities toward you, and for that, I apologize.”

Raymond clenched his jaw and exhaled heavily. “You don’t owe me anything, Ravel,” he replied, glancing briefly at Elenor and Anne before returning his gaze to me. “If you don’t mind, I’d like to step out for some fresh air.” Without waiting for a response, he turned and briskly exited the room.

Left alone with my mother, I struggled to comprehend how she could act so heartlessly. “How could you so casually end the life of the only family he had left?” I questioned, my voice filled with disbelief and disappointment.

Her response remained unapologetic as she shrugged off my moral concerns. “He pushed me into it,” she argued, attempting to justify her inhumane actions. “I wouldn’t have taken that step if he hadn’t boldly declared that he intended to date my daughter to my face.”

I couldn’t help but scoff at her reasoning. “That’s it?” I retorted incredulously.

“That was the sole reason I agreed to help with the medical bills,” she continued, her tone unwavering. “He promised to stay

2/3

3/3

色

SEND GIFT

away from Elenor while I helped keep his father alive. He broke that agreement first, so the blame lies with him, not me.”

“Can you even hear what you’re saying, Anne?” My disbelief deepened as I struggled to come to terms with her callousness. Her inability to acknowledge the gravity of her actions left me questioning many things about her character. “Just when I was beginning to see you in a more positive light, you go and commit something so utterly despicable.”

I couldn’t shake the sense of disappointment in her. Once Elenor recovered from this ordeal, I resolved to ensure that Anne would never appear before me again. She seemed completely oblivious to the fact that she had just lost a son.

O

COMMENT