

## Billionaire's Ex-wife : Craving You Chapter 102

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Chapter 102

RAVEL

THREE YEARS AGO

ANNIVERSARY NIGHT

Today, I handed Hazel the divorce papers, and her reaction was precisely as I had anticipated. To my disappointment, I found myself resorting to using harsh and hurtful words, aiming to provoke her into harboring animosity towards me. My intention was to make her loathe me, hoping that this would expedite the signing of the divorce papers without unnecessary complications.

Following the unpleasant exchange of words, I simply couldn't bear to remain in that house and witness her tears. The mere sight of her crying had the power to make me reconsider this entire ordeal. Therefore, I decided it was best to leave. I gathered the remaining tiny fragments left of my heart and departed from the house.

Raymond was noticeably taken aback when I knocked on his door that fateful night. His brow arched in a mix of curiosity and concern, clearly wondering why I was at his doorstep at such a late hour. However, despite his uncertainty, he graciously opened the door and ushered me inside.

I wasted no time in heading straight for his well-stocked bar, where I grabbed a whiskey bottle and, without any ceremony, began drinking directly from it. Raymond observed my actions with a watchful eye, recognizing that something significant must have transpired. He couldn't help but voice his suspicion, asking, "You've handed her the divorce papers, haven't you?"

With a bitter chuckle, I had to bite my lip forcefully, desperately attempting to contain the tears that threatened to flow freely. "Raymond, you can't imagine the look on her face," I lamented, shaking my head in regret as I recollected that painful moment. I took another substantial swig from the bottle. "She's never going to find it in her heart to forgive me." Raymond let out a deep, contemplative sigh, then moved over to the bar. He retrieved two shot glasses with deliberate care, all the while prying the whiskey bottle gently from my grip. "Ravel, I distinctly recall advising you to wait until after your anniversary

celebration,” he chided me. “It seems you’re not one to heed wise counsel, are you?” I observed as Raymond filled my glass, the weight of the situation sinking in. “What difference would it have made?” I mused, my voice tinged with a bitter irony.

“Celebrating our marriage today and ending it the very next day, that would have been cruel, don’t you think?” The memory of the pain and confusion in her eyes as I uttered those words to her haunted me.

Raymond, equally burdened by the circumstances, mumbled, “I’m sorry, man. I wish there was something I could do to ease your situation or change the course of events, but it’s beyond my control right now.”

Brushing away the tears that trickled down my cheeks with the back of my hand, I gazed down into my glass, lost in thought. “It’s unbelievable that my secretary didn’t cancel the dress order like I instructed,” I confessed with a sigh. Just last month, I had placed an order for a dress for Hazel from a Louis Vuitton store, accompanied by a special request for a note inside, encouraging her to prepare for a date. I explicitly told Dani, my secretary, to cancel that order, but it seems she failed to do SO.

Raymond’s eyes widened with surprise. “You actually walked in on Hazel wearing that dress?” He asked incredulously, and I simply nodded in response. His exclamation followed, laden with frustration, “Da mn, if you ever hope to win her back, you’ve got a long road ahead of you.”

Running my hand down my weary face, I reached for the bottle and glass. “You don’t mind if I crash here tonight, do you?” I inquired.

“Of course not,” Raymond reassured me, giving my back a light tap, a gesture of support and affection. “You can have the bed, I’ll take the sofa.”

I chuckled softly, though my heart was heavy. “I won’t object, even though I doubt I’ll be getting much sleep tonight.”

The following morning, as I stirred from sleep, I discovered that Raymond had gone the extra mile. He had ordered a suit

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for me from an online store, and it had been delivered to his house. Despite his protests, I insisted on paying for my suit.

After a refreshing shower, I emerged from the room and entered the living room, where I found Raymond holding a plate of pancakes. He extended the plate toward me, offering,

“You should eat something, you drank on an empty stomach last night.”

However, the idea of food was far from my mind. How could I possibly eat when I was certain that Hazel hadn’t had breakfast either? How could I contemplate a meal when my wife believed I was leaving her for another woman? I couldn’t hide my disappointment when she had asked that question. “I’ve got an early morning meeting at the office, Raymond,” I responded tiredly. “Wrap up your breakfast, and please, drive me to work.”

He nodded and proceeded to take his plate into the kitchen while I waited in the car, lost in my thoughts.

Days passed, a relentless mix of quick and agonizingly slow, with Hazel’s absence hanging heavily over me. I found myself avoiding my own house altogether, often seeking refuge in one of my penthouses. Adding to the turmoil was the fact that Elenor harbored a strong resentment toward me as well. She had paid a visit to my office recently, taking the opportunity to chastise me for the pain I had caused Hazel. In her eyes, I was undoubtedly the biggest jerk for what I had done.

Reflecting on my actions, I couldn’t help but agree with Elenor’s assessment. I was indeed responsible for causing Hazel immense pain. And due to a single mistake made by Dani, my former secretary, for failing to cancel the dress order that made my wife dress up for a dinner that would never happen, I had decided to part ways with Dani and replace her with Rose.

I decided to pay a visit to Anne, fully aware that she must have already heard about my divorce plans with Hazel. But I needed to make one thing abundantly clear to her – under no circumstances should she contribute to Hazel’s pain. My car came to a halt, and I stepped out, determined to find her.

I eventually located her in the study, engrossed in a book. Anne looked up as the door opened, and her eyes lit up at the sight of me. “Welcome, son,” she greeted warmly, rising from her seat and circling the table to welcome me. “I’ve heard the good news. Congratulations.”

My expression turned into a glare. “You seem to be the only one who views the end of her son’s marriage as a ‘good thing,’” I retorted, my frustration palpable. I clenched both hands into fists, reminding myself that she wasn’t the source of my current troubles.

“Sue me for being happy that my heart desires has been fulfilled.” Anne replied with a self-satisfied smile.

I scoffed in response. "That's precisely why I'm here," I deadpanned, my expression serious. "The fact that I'm divorcing Hazel doesn't give you license to insult her." Anne's smile only widened. "What greater insult is there than the fact that the gold mine she hoped to exploit has been taken away from her?"

My patience wore thin, and I took a menacing step closer to Anne. "I've refrained from crossing certain boundaries because you're my mother," I warned, my voice laced with a dangerous undertone. "But if you ever make her cry or utter a single wrong word to her, and I find out about it, I'll forget that you're my mother."

Anne rolled her eyes dismissively. "Ravel, it doesn't need to come to that. I have no intention of meeting with her anyway. After all, she's no longer a part of this family."

"I've stated my piece," I replied firmly, leaving no room for doubt. "I hope you take it seriously." With that, I exited the study

room.

As I descended the stairs, I unexpectedly crossed paths with Elenor. She came to a sudden halt upon seeing me and wasted no time in questioning my presence. "What are you doing here?" she asked, her tone brimming with curiosity. But before I could respond, or even consider explaining myself, she lifted her index finger. "Forget I asked. Frankly, I don't care."

Ignoring Elenor's earlier comments, I continued my path towards the door, intent on leaving. However, she halted me with a request, "I'm guessing you're headed to your office. Can you give me a ride? I need to meet someone there."

I suspected that the "someone" she referred to was Raymond. "Actually," I corrected her, "I'm heading home, not the office."

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Her response was unexpectedly tinged with excitement. "Really?" she inquired with a glimmer of hope. "Have you patched things up with Hazel?"

I responded with a deadpan tone, "I'm just going to pick up a few of my clothes."

She cursed at me.

Unfazed by her curses, I left her behind and entered my car, driving off toward my home.

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