

Billionaire's Ex-wife : Craving You Chapter 103

Billionaire's Ex-wife : Craving You Chapter 103

Chapter 103

RAVEL

PRESENT TIME

A multitude of events were unfolding simultaneously. I'd been relentlessly attempting to get in tow with Kayudar since he departed from Eleanor's ward, yet my efforts remained fruitless. With each am reading to my calls being rerouted to his voicemail, I couldn't help but empathize with the frustration they may have experienced with my contact me on that fateful night..

As I made my way into my home, my jacket casually slung over my shoulder, I was taken aback by the sight of June porturing on the sofa, engrossed in a Netflix movie, a bowl of popcorn in her hand.

She greeted me with a warm smile, "Welcome home, Ravel, It seems nearly impossible to catch a player of you, done engage in a conversation these days."

Without acknowledging her, I silently ascended the staircase, retreating to my room. My primary agenda was to potens myself with a much-needed shower, change into clean attire, and gather the essential items required for my two to for hospital.

After luxuriating in the soothing flow of the shower and meticulously selecting a change of clothes for the following day along with the requisite office documents, I made my way to the kitchen, intent on acquiring some fresh fruits to susedio me for the night. As I enteredWithout acknowledging her, I silently ascended the staircase, retreating to the solitude of my room. My primary agenda was to refresh myself with a much-needed shower, change into dean air, and rather the essential items required for my imminent return to the hospital.

After luxuriating in the soothing flow of the shower and meticulously selecting a change of clothes for the following day along with the requisite office documents, I made my way to the kitchen, intent on acquiring some fresh fruins no suodin the during my hospital visit. As I walked down the stairs, I couldn't help but notice June's warddu your, yokoy my every move until I disappeared into the kitchen.

A few minutes elapsed before I discerned the soft cadence of her footsteps drawing

nearer. Without taking any focus of the fruits on the table, I inquired. "Is there something you wish to discuss? My voice was calm and measured as I continued to deftly dice the fruits, arranging them on a small takeout plate.

In an unexpected moment, her gentle hands enveloped my waist, and she let out a plaintive whine, I miss you so much Ravel. It's as though you've become a rare sight these days, and it's difficult not to notice your absence

Dropping the knife with a gentle clatter, I delicately pried her fingers apart, freeing myself from her grasp. Sure you've brought this up, it's high time we had this conversation," I stated firmly. Her brow furrowed in confusion, sagging to comprehend my words.

I pulled out one of the stools adjacent to the kitchen island and gestured for her to take a seat "Please, have a seat? I implored, my expression serious.

She reluctantly complied, crossing her arms defensively. "What's going on?" she inquired, her curiosity mixed with a tinge of concern. "Why do you look so serious?"

Leaning against the kitchen island, I locked eyes with her, blinking slowly. "June, it's time for this to end I need my some unwavering "In fact, let me correct that it's ending tonight."

—

June responded with a disbelieving scoff. "Tell me this is some sick, twisted joke that isn't even remotely funny"

I met her anger with a composed demeanor, squarely facing her. "I did make it clear from the beginning what this was all! I always mentioned that it would eventually come to an end, I stated calmly. I also promised that I'd eventually stop with something nice or provide you with a check, whichever you prefer?

She sniffed indignantly, her frustration evident as she tucked her tongue into her mouth. So, you just want to discard me? Her tone dripped with bitterness. "Is it because Hazel came back and you have a child with her? Is that the reason

1/3

"I don't owe you any explanations," I informed her with a measured calmness. "I've always been clear about our arrangement, and all I owe you is the settlement I promised." I held firm, reminding her that she had understood the terms from the very beginning. There was no reason for me to feel sorry for her.

I attempted to inject a bit of optimism into the situation. "Look on the bright side, June. You can go back to your boyfriend and have an open relationship now."

She responded with a snort of frustration. "The brighter side would have been marrying you, having your last name," she lamented. "But I guess I won't be getting any of that."

I shrugged in response. "It is what it is, June,"

Despite the pain my words had caused, June nodded in agreement, nervously biting her lower lip. "I'll take the check and a house," she stated, and I raised an eyebrow at her second request. "What? I can't spend the entire sum on just a house," she added with a hint of defensiveness. She leaned back, pursing her lips. "I'm also keeping the car you bought me, and I need a place to live."

I reassured her, "That's not a problem. I already have a real estate agent who can help you find a suitable place. Just stop by my office tomorrow, and you'll get the check."

June tilted her head, displaying a hint of reluctance. "Why the rush? You do realize I'm not leaving until you hand me the keys to my new apartment, right?"

I responded in a measured tone, "That should be ready before the weekend. So, please, stop by my office tomorrow for the check before I change my mind." My decision was driven by practicality, not emotions, given the nature of our relationship over the years.

Concluding our conversation, I picked up the plate of diced fruits, carefully placing it in a plastic bag, and also retrieved some milk from the fridge before making my way toward the door. I couldn't deny that this had gone smoother than I had anticipated.

However, just as I was about to leave, June posed an unexpected question, causing me to pause. "What's so special about her that you can't just let her go?" Her inquiry was direct, and I turned around to face her, narrowing my gaze.

"I'm talking about Hazel," she pressed on. "What makes her so special?"

I considered her question for a moment before responding, "When you've experienced a deep, profound love with someone, you'll understand." I cautioned her, "Don't attempt to rationalize or understand what I have with Hazel. It's a complex connection, and trying to make sense of it will only leave you with more questions than answers."

Intrigued, June rose to her feet, a thoughtful expression on her face. "I wasn't really expecting you to answer that," she mused as she took a step closer to me. "Let me pose another question, then."

I cautioned her, "I can't promise I'll answer."

“That won’t stop me from asking,” she replied with determination. “If you were willing to go back to her or forgive her so easily, why did you go through with the divorce in the first place?” Her voice held a rasp of frustration and confusion.

Reiterating my stance, I maintained a firm tone. “As I’ve mentioned previously, June, I’m not obliged to provide you with an explanation.”

With a sense of resolution, I went on to clarify our agreement further. “Regarding your apartment, rest assured it will be ready for you by the weekend. However, upon my return on Monday, I expect to find no trace of your presence in my house. Is that perfectly clear?”

June’s grin widened even more, her satisfaction palpable. She responded with confidence, “So long as I have the money and the house, your message is crystal clear. You won’t find me here when you return.”