

Billionaire's Ex-wife : Craving You Chapter 104

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Chapter 104

HAZEL

PRESNT TIME

During the quietude of the early morning, I find myself unable to succumb to sleep's embrace. Daisy, remains in blissful slumber beside me, tightly clutching the preposterously oversized and luxuriously fluffy teddy bear that Ravel thoughtfully presented to her during his last visit.

Exhausted by my restless shifting and turning on the bed, I eventually surrender to the futility of my quest for rest and reluctantly extract myself from the sheets.

I retrieved my smartphone and an invitingly warm blanket. With these companions in hand, I walked quietly to the kitchen, where I aim to obtain a soothing glass of warm milk. Seated upon a stool, I gaze intently at the stovetop, observing as the milk gradually warms in the saucepan. Patiently, I waited for the milk to reach that perfect temperature that I desire.

Once the milk attained the ideal warmth, I carefully pour it into a glass, ensuring not a single drop is wasted, and then begin my leisurely return to the sanctuary of the bedroom.

I can't leave Daisy unattended for too long, especially with no baby monitor in sight and her nanny dozing off nearby. I settle into the single sofa positioned conveniently close to my bed. Tapping the screen of my phone, I navigate to my gallery.

After some searching, I finally locate a picture of David. I click on it, my gaze fixed intently on the image. Lately, he's been engaging in actions that have left me questioning many things. My thoughts drift back to the incident at his mother's place before I made the trip to New York.

It's clear that the little girl in the photo is David's mother's child, as their resemblance is striking. What baffles me is the necessity for her to be dishonest about it. I find myself torn between two options: should I consider hiring someone to investigate the matter, or should I simply let it go? After all, it's a personal issue within their family, not mine to meddle in.

With a weary sigh, I downed the last of my milk and set the empty glass on the bedside drawer. I then retreated back beneath my cozy duvet, hopeful that this time I would find some much-needed sleep.

My peaceful slumber was abruptly interrupted by a distant ringing tone. As I reluctantly cracked open my eyes, I realized that the sun had risen, indicating I had slept for longer than intended. Glancing beside me, I found the space empty. Even the used glass I had left on the bedside drawer had mysteriously disappeared.

A wave of panic washed over me as I initially feared my daughter was missing.

However, the reassuring thought that I wasn't alone in this apartment, that her nanny was also present, managed to quell some of my anxiety. I hastily abandoned my robe, opting for a short nightdress, and hurried to the living room, determined to locate my daughter.

As I rushed into the living room, my steps faltered at the unexpected scene before me. There, on the floor, was Ravel, engrossed in play with Daisy, who was surrounded by an array of new toys that I was certain he had brought with him. Daisy, the first to notice my presence, beamed with delight.

"Mama!" she exclaimed happily. However, her attention remained fixed on the captivating toys, and she made no move to come to me, clearly more absorbed in the playtime.

Ravel's gaze moved languidly, starting from my bare legs and lingering there for a moment before slowly ascending to my chest. His intent examination left me acutely aware of how revealing my nightwear truly was. I had chosen it for comfort, not expecting an audience.

For a brief, heart-pounding moment, his eyes rested on my chest before finally lifting to meet my face. The intensity of his gaze made me feel incredibly exposed, as if I had never felt so vulnerable in my life.

A flush of embarrassment crept across my cheeks, tainting them a rosy hue, and Ravel couldn't help but revel in my discomfiture.

"Good morning, Hazel," he greeted with a smug undertone, his smirk clearly indicating he was well aware of the

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awkwardness he had caught me in..

I instantly regretted my decision not to wear my robe, and in my haste to rectify my

attire, I tugged at the hem of my dress. Unfortunately, my attempt to pull it down only succeeded in exposing more of my chest. Flustered, I released the hem abruptly and attempted to adjust the V-neckline.

Ravel couldn't help but chuckle at my predicament. "Don't trouble yourself on my account, love," he quipped, a mischievous glint in his eye. "I am quite enjoying the show." His wink sent a delightful shiver down my spine. "Why don't you freshen up and join me for breakfast? I have something important to discuss with you."

My concerns about the situation snapped me out of my provocative thoughts. "Is everything okay? Did something happen?" I inquired, my worry evident in my voice.

Ravel rose from the floor, closing the distance between us. He placed both hands on my shoulders and leaned in close to whisper near my ear, his warm breath sending shivers down my spine. "Something will definitely happen if you don't cover up," he murmured suggestively.

My heart fluttered again, and I cleared my throat nervously. Pulling away from his touch, I practically sprinted to my room, his soft chuckle following me like a teasing echo.

An hour and a half later, I emerged from my room, my hair beautifully curled, a departure from its usual natural texture. And yes, I had taken the time to shave my body. Don't judge; I simply wanted to feel pretty today.

Ravel paused in his task of pouring fresh juice into smaller glasses when he noticed me approaching. His gaze drifted to my comically oversized pants, but he wore a warm smile as his eyes met mine. "You look beautiful."

His compliment brought a welcomed blush to my cheeks. "Thank you," I replied with gratitude, pulling out a chair and helping myself to some toasted bread. "When did you get here?"

"Early enough to find you still fast asleep," he answered, passing me a plate of scrambled eggs. "Did you stay up late? You didn't even hear me come into the room and pick up Daisy with the empty glass of milk."

I grumbled slightly. "I just couldn't fall asleep," I confessed. "But the glass of milk did help, though."

"You should have called me," he suggested, his tone caring. "I would have talked you to sleep."

A laugh bubbled up at his suggestion. "What am I, five?" I quipped, imagining the absurdity of him trying to lull me to sleep over the phone.

Ravel chuckled softly. "It worked in the past," he teased, his voice trailing off suggestively. "Or at least it worked after I've f u

"Okay, okay, I get the point!" I interrupted, my cheeks flaming red. Ravel's smirk in response only made me blush harder. Attempting to keep the conversation strictly PG, I decided to move to a more saver topic. "You mentioned you have something important to discuss with me?"

He picked up a piece of toast, his expression growing serious. "I want you and Daisy to move in with me, at least until you're ready to return to Seattle."

The playful smile on my face vanished, replaced by a more serious expression. "What is that supposed to mean?" I questioned, a hint of frustration in my tone. Just because I could banter with Ravel didn't mean I was ready to entertain the idea of moving in with him and playing the part of a loving couple. "Are you out of your mind? Perhaps drunk? Don't you think it's too early for that?"

Ravel reached for his phone and placed it on the table before nudging it in my direction. "For your safety," he began, "I had some of my men keep an eye on you, and they noticed something."

I picked up the phone and examined the image on the back, depicting a person I didn't recognize. "What's this?" I asked, puzzled.

"Your stalker," he replied solemnly. "He's been photographed outside the hospital on several occasions and lurking around your apartment."

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I scrutinized the image more closely, my brows furrowing in confusion. "Are you absolutely sure this isn't June's doing? She's the only one I can think of who might have a reason to stalk me."

Ravel shook his head, his expression serious. "I ended things with June," he confessed. "And with the settlement I offered, she seemed quite content to move on. So, I don't believe this man is connected to her."

I sighed, feeling a mixture of frustration and fear. "Why in the world would anyone want to stalk me?"

"That's a question I can't answer," he admitted. "But I want you to move in with me until we figure out who this stalker is, or until you're ready to return to Seattle." suggestion.

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