

Billionaire's Ex-wife : Craving You Chapter 107

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Chapter 107

RAVEL

PRESENT TIME

I wasn't expecting things to take this direction at all last night. Having Hazel kiss my lips and having her warm naked body on mine last night is something I won't trade for anything in this world. Having her naked and fair skin sleeping next to me this morning is truly a blessing.

Unable to keep my hands to myself, I reached forward and removed a hair from her face before reaching down to kiss her face. Last night, I had purposely taken her with no condom, hoping that she will get pregnant. Call me a coward, but that is the most efficient way to constantly inform that wanker David that she is mine.

I'm fully aware that the threat still exists, and it lingers ominously in the back of my mind. Although things may seem calm for now, the blackmailer might be lying low, silently observing how everything unfolds, biding their time for another strike.

Pushing that concern aside, I glanced at the wall clock and with a gentle roll, I slipped out of bed, determined to prepare something special for her. She'll undoubtedly be tired when she wakes up because I kept her up late last night.

As I left the room, I couldn't help but smile upon hearing Daisy's cheerful laughter, accompanied by her nanny's soft and reassuring chuckles. The sound was a comforting reminder of the happiness that surrounded me at the moment.

Upon entering the kitchen, the laughter gradually quieted down, replaced by a warm and welcoming atmosphere. Daisy greeted me with an infectious smile that brightened up the room. Without hesitation, I reached for her, pulling her into my embrace, and began peppering her delighted face with affectionate kisses. Her joyful giggles filled the air, a

melody that warmed my heart and made the worries of the outside world seem distant and insignificant.

My housekeeper, Mrs. Mary Reynolds, cleared her throat politely, attempting to gain my attention. "What would you like for breakfast, sir?" she inquired in her customary respectful tone.

Balancing little Daisy on my hips, I carried her over to the spacious kitchen island. "I was thinking of whipping up something special for Hazel myself," I replied, my voice filled with a hint of excitement.

Mrs. Reynolds nodded in acknowledgment and, with a gracious gesture, opened the refrigerator to display the array of breakfast options at our disposal. Daisy's nanny, aware of the morning routine, suggested that I hand her over so she could prepare for her morning bath.

Taking stock of the ingredients, I decided on preparing a delectable dish of chicken and waffles. It seemed like a manageable task, possibly because Mary was there to supervise the culinary venture.

After cooking up a delicious breakfast, I carefully arranged it on a tasteful tray, complete with a chilled glass of orange juice. With the tray in hand, I made my way upstairs to our bedroom. As I entered, I found Hazel still nestled in the embrace of slumber, her peaceful form illuminated by the soft morning light filtering through the curtains.

Placing the tray gently on the bedside table, I couldn't resist the urge to lean down and plant a tender kiss on her cheek. Slowly, her eyelids fluttered, and her eyes began to open.

"It's morning already," I softly whispered in her ear, planting a gentle kiss on her lips to rouse her from sleep. Slowly, her eyes fluttered open, and a warm smile spread across her face. "Good morning, sleepyhead," I greeted her with a smile of my own.

She giggled and attempted to sit up, inadvertently causing the duvet to slip, exposing her bare chest. I couldn't help but stare, and she playfully remarked, "You're quite insatiable," covering herself with a bashful grin.

'It smells wonderful in here," she commented as I approached the bed, carrying a tray

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laden

"After how loudly you screamed last night, I thought you might need some energy," I teased, finding her blush utterly endearing.

Her disheveled, post-lovemaking hair only added to her charm.

She reached for a waffle, took a bite, and let out a contented moan. "Did you make this?"

she asked between bites, eyes widening in surprise. I nodded with a grin which made her eyes widen the more. "Really? You made the waffles yourself?" Her astonished expression prompted a hearty laugh from me. "Well, Mary might have given me some tips on what to add and when," I admitted with a playful smirk.

She snorted, clearly amused. "I knew you couldn't have pulled this off alone," she said before devouring more waffles. "But, thank you, I truly appreciate the effort."

I rolled my eyes in mock exasperation. "If you're genuinely grateful for my effort, then express it," I teased, swiping the waffles from her hand with a mischievous grin.

I reclined on the bed, propped up on my elbow, watching her savor her meal. The soft morning light filtered through the curtains, casting a warm glow on her face. "You know," I began, my tone slightly more serious, "I've been dreaming of this moment for a long time." I let out a wistful sigh, my gaze drifting to our wedding portrait that hung on the wall. I could feel her eyes on me, even before I turned to meet her warm, loving gaze.

"If you desperately wanted this moment, then you shouldn't have done what you did, or at least you should have told me why you did it," she responded, her voice carrying a hint of vulnerability. Her gaze remained fixed on mine, searching for answers in my eyes. "I'm going to trust that you have your reasons, and I'm going to believe that you will eventually tell me."

Her words struck a chord with me, and I gave her a quick, grateful glance, my smile tinged with relief. I had always felt unworthy of her, and her understanding was a gift I cherished. "Thank you, Hazel," I whispered sincerely, my fingers lightly tracing patterns on the bedsheet.

She reached for the juice and took a long sip, her expression contemplative. "Don't thank me just yet, Ravel," she continued, her voice soft but unwavering. "We're not going to move past this stage until you give me a valid reason." Her gaze bore into mine, urging me to open up. "The fact is that this secret will always take us two steps back, and I won't be able to stop myself from taking that step back until I understand why."

Licking my lips, I directed my gaze into the empty space, contemplating her words, and then nodded slowly. "I understand that you don't fully trust me yet, Hazel, and I'm okay with us taking things one step at a time."

She finished the last of her drink, then gracefully got out of bed, wrapping the duvet around her to shield her body. Her next question hit me with a weight I couldn't ignore. "Does Raymond know about the reason you did what you did?"

I nodded in response, my voice steady. "Yes, he does." Raymond had been my confidant throughout this crazy journey, aware of every twist and turn in my life. He knows ever

anything—

how I had to go public with June because I received a text from the mysterious sender instructing me to do so, how I had to play the role of a loving partner towards June because it was demanded of me, and even how I was compelled to touch June to ensure Hazel's safety.

"So Raymond knows about the reason you did what you did, and I don't, right?" Hazel asked, her tone dripping with frustration. I nodded in response, still unsure of where she was going with this.

"Do you get the point now, Ravel?" She asked, trying so hard not to sound snappish. "It simply means that this isn't about me not trusting you; rather, it's about you not trusting me."

My eyes snapped up to meet hers, surprised by her perspective. "I trust you, Hazel, with my life," I assured her, my voice

earnest.

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"Do you?" Her doubt was evident, and it struck me deeply. I hesitated, torn between the desire to protect her and the need to

be honest.

"I love you, Hazel," I declared, my voice filled with sincerity. "That's one thing you shouldn't question." I knew that the truth had to come out eventually. The new investigator Warren had

introduced me to had promised to provide a lead before the month was over. "When the time is right, I'll tell you everything you need to know. I'll answer all your questions, but for now, it's just not the right time,"

Biting her lip, Hazel nodded, deciding to let the issue rest for the time being. "I need to have a shower and then go check up on Daisy."

I couldn't resist a teasing grin. "Want me to join you? You know, for the sake of water conservation and all that."

Her laughter filled the room as she shook her head. "If we get in there together, we won't be getting out of the shower anytime soon."

She was right, and we both knew it. I watched her sensuously sway into the bathroom and closed the door behind her. As I picked up the tray to return it to the kitchen, my phone chimed with a new message. I furrowed my brows in concern as I read the message.

My heart raced as I read the threatening message. It was from the anonymous sender who had been manipulating my life for years.

I SEE YOU ARE BACK WITH YOUR WIFE, BLATANTLY IGNORING MY MESSAGE. I BELIEVE IT IS TIME TO REOPEN HARRISON'S CASE, LET US SEE IF YOU WILL REKINDLE WITH HER BEHIND BARS. YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO TO STOP THAT FROM HAPPENING.

I guess if you indeed think of the devil, he does show up.