

## Billionaire's Ex-wife : Craving You Chapter 11

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#### Chapter 11

#### RAVEL

A few paces away from the closed door, my gaze fixated on the wedding portrait of Hazel and me that adorned the wall. The longer I stared at it, the more Elenor's words echoed in my mind, seeping into my consciousness. Perhaps there was a painful truth hidden within her twisted remarks-I was undeniably tormented in my own mind.

Lost in my thoughts, I remained fixated on the photograph, desperately searching for answers amidst the chaos of my emotions. It was in this vulnerable moment that a knock reverberated through my office, interrupting my thought.

At first, I contemplated ignoring the intrusion, wanting to be left alone with my thoughts. But when Raymond, announced his presence, I reluctantly granted him permission to enter. He stepped into my office, offering a slight nod as a gesture of acknowledgment. Without diverting my gaze from the picture, I posed a direct question to Raymond. "Were you able to track it down?" My voice held a tinge of frustration as I awaited his response.

"No, sir," he replied, his voice tinged with defeat. The clenching of my jaw revealed my mounting anger. "Just like last time, the device was promptly switched off after the text was sent, and it possesses robust security measures."

I scoffed, my disappointment palpable. "So, in simpler terms, you're highlighting your incompetence." Sliding both hands into my pockets, I returned to my seat, the frustration radiating from my entire being. "How many times have I entrusted you with this task, and how many times have you come up short?"

"I apologize, sir," he muttered, his words failing to pacify my annoyance. The last thing I wanted was an apology that carried no weight. Before I could unleash a fitting response to his unwanted apology, a knock sounded twice on the door, followed by it swinging open, revealing June's face peering in.

She offered a warm smile in my direction. "Rose is here to see you," she informed me. It appeared my secretary had somehow managed to find her way to my home. Letting out a weary sigh, I ran a hand down my face in exasperation. "Bring her up here," I

instructed June, who nodded before closing the door behind her.

Turning back to Raymond, I made my feelings clear. "Your apologies mean nothing to me, Raymond. Find out who that despicable person is."

"I will, boss," he responded resolutely.

As Rose entered the room, June exiting right after her, Raymond made a move to leave too. However, my stern glare forced him back into his seat. I shifted my focus to Rose, wondering why she would go to the trouble of seeking me out at my own home.

"What could be so crucial that you felt the need to track me down at my house?" I questioned, trying to understand the reason for her unexpected visit.

From her purse, she produced an invitation card. "This invitation has been sitting on your desk for over a week now, and they've been pestering me for a response," she explained, her fingers interlocking as she maintained a neutral expression. "I need to know your answer so I can get back to them."

As I opened the boxed invitation, my brows furrowed in confusion. "What does art have to do with me?" I questioned aloud, my perplexity evident.

Leaning forward, Rose shifted into her professional demeanor. "Apparently, they believe you possess great talent in designing and creating jewelry. If that doesn't fall under the realm of art, I'm not sure what does."

A scoff escaped my lips as I leaned back in my chair. "Do they honestly think I have the time for this?" I dismissed the invitation, tossing it back into the box before pushing it towards Rose. "I already have more than enough on my plate, and dedicating awards to artists whom I know nothing about isn't something I'm inclined to do."

Suddenly, Raymond cleared his throat, capturing our attention. Both sets of eyes turned towards him, curious about his

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interruption. "Is this about the AICA-USA Award?" he inquired, his tone carrying a hint of curiosity.

"Yes, it is," Rose replied with a furrowed brow, clearly indicating her preference for discussing the matter with me rather than Raymond. "Do you happen to know anything about it?"

Raymond's attention shifted back to me, and he hesitated for a moment before responding. "Not much," he admitted. "What I do know is that Ms. Hazel has been

nominated and stands a good chance of receiving an award.”

Rose’s glare intensified, her frustration evident. “Well, that’s just great!” she deadpanned. “I was hoping to get you involved since you’ve been declining all public appearances for the past two years.”

Turning to Raymond, I sought confirmation. “Hazel is attending?” He nodded in affirmation, prompting a realization within me. “Accept the invitation,” I declared, my voice firm. Leaning back in my seat, I locked eyes with the bewildered pair before me. “I am going to attend the AICA-USA Award ceremony.”

Raymond blinked slowly. “Surely you can’t be serious.”

“You know I don’t bluff.” If Hazel is coming, nothing is going to stop me from showing up.

Raymond stared at Rose, as if expecting her to do something about it, but Rose simply stared back at him with a stoic expression.

Chuckling at his expression, I smacked my lips together, taking his attention away from her. “Stop looking at Rose like that, she wants me to go on that event, so if anything, she’s going to encourage me.”

He sighed with dejection. “I’m not going to be able to talk you out of this, am I?”

“No, you’re not.” I retorted, glaring at him. “I’m not a kid that you can talk out of someone’s Raymond, be mindful of your words towards me.”

“I’m sorry sir.”

Waving off his apology, I turned to Rose. “Get my designer on the line, and have him make me the finest suit.”

I’m dressing to impress.