

Billionaire's Ex-wife : Craving You Chapter 13

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Chapter 13

RAVEL

Hazel looks as beautiful as ever. I may have pulled her out of my life, but that doesn't deter the fact that she's a very beautiful woman; always has been. "Hello, Hazel." The moment I called out her name, her fingers clenched tightly on the stem of her champagne flute. "It's nice to see you again."

Lifting her gaze, she smiled at me, the wrinkles that form at the corner of her eyes any time she smiles, clearly missing. "I wish I could say the same, Mr. Southwark."

My jaw clenched at her formality. "What happened to Rav?" I'm used to hearing her call me that.

Tilting her head, she blinked slowly at me, as if bored by my presence. "That seems rather unprofessional, don't you think so Mr. Southwark?"

The young man seated next to her placed his hand on hers and my eyes followed the movement. "If you feel comfortable calling me that, then it's fine." Flagging down a waitress, I picked up two champagne flutes and passed one to June, who muttered appreciation. Leaning back, my hand leisurely relaxed on June's seat. "Congratulations on your nomination Hazel."

She smiled tightly yet again. "Thank you, Mr. Southwark." The other young lady whispered something to her before walking away. "And please, I'd appreciate it if you call me Ms. Blacks." She stared at me intently, "Only family and friends are allowed to call me by my first name, and you're neither of those."

Chuckling, I bit my inner cheek. "I was once your family Hazel," I'll be caught dead before I refer to her by her father's name, "Doesn't that count for something?"

"No, it doesn't." She deadpanned, her expression relaxed, "Do not insult your date by insinuating such."

My date? I turned to June and smiled at her. "I'm not being disrespectful and she knows that." If anything, I'm only trying to have a civil conversation. "We're stuck on the same table the whole night, don't you think it's only right that we pipe down the aggression?" "Aggression?" Hazel let out a short mocking laugh. "Correct me if I'm wrong Mr.

Southwark, but I haven't snapped at you even once ever since you occupied that seat." Twirling the content of her glass, her lips stretched into a smile. "If you think I'm being aggressive, then you need to check your conscience, Mr. Southwark."

The other girl who walked away earlier returned and picked up Hazel's purse. The young man stood to his feet and helped Hazel up. My eyes slowly frisk her body, starting from the swell of her breast, down to her hips, and when it settled on the ridiculously high slit, my jaw clenched.

A feminine voice cleared, snapping me out of my thought. I almost chuckled at being caught ogling. "I was about to tell you that my eyes are up here."

Poking my tongue into my left cheek, I smirked. "If you're going to flash your body like that, you shouldn't be upset when we ogle." With my smirk still locked in place, I placed my hand on June's lap. "I'm very sure I'm not the only male who almost got a f u c k i n g bo n e r just by looking at you."

Hazel's tiny fist clenched into a tight ball. "I can see you aren't less of the animal you were two years ago." She leered at June, "Even though I shouldn't, I can't help but feel sorry for the woman in your life right now."

June scoffed at Hazel's words. "Don't feel sorry for me Hazel, I'm living a better life than I was when I was under your beck and call."

Hazel simply shrugged nonchalantly. She grabbed the trail of her dress and turned to leave, and for a moment, it felt like I panicked. "Where are you going?"

Craning her neck, she stared at me for a moment and shook her head with bitter disappointment before walking away. I had a lot I wanted to say to her, a whole lot, but my phone pinged, stealing my attention and giving her time to walk me.

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Slipping my hands into my jacket, I brought out my phone and frowned when I saw a text message from a very familiar number. I gritted my jaw as I quickly read the message. Stifling a curse, I chuckled the phones over to Raymond. "The bastard is in this hall or somewhere close. Find him."

Confused, he quickly read the text before jumping into action. June waited for Raymond to leave before speaking up. "Is everything okay?"

My eyes scanned the crowd, a futile attempt to find anything or anyone that might stand out. "Yeah, everything is fine."

Smiling warmly at me, she placed her hand on mine. "I'm glad everything is fine. For a moment, I thought Hazel got to you."

My face squeezed into a frown. "What?"

"No need to be upset Ravel, as long as I continue to remain the woman you love, then I'm happy." She leaned forward and placed her head on my arm. "I know how much you love teasing people, which is why I'm not going to read meaning into what just happened here."

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Do I? I mean do I love teasing people or did she just assume that? Suddenly sensing a growing headache, I massaged my temple.

For the rest of the event, I found my eyes drifting across the room to find Hazel. The few times I found her engrossed in her phones, I smiled, and the other times I find her holding that man's hand, I felt like going across the room and flinging him. out through the window.

"Mr. Southwark?" Averting my gaze from Hazel, I blinked at Desmond, the anchor of today's event. "We need you on the stage. It's time to present the awards." Thankful for the distraction, I walked away with Desmond.

Standing on the stage, I presented the award to the names the moderator called out.

With each individual, I held their hand and posed for a picture. Each time, I anticipated Hazel's, waiting for him to call her out.

When I heard about her nomination, I did everything humanly possible to make sure she gets this award, not because she isn't able to get it without my help, but because people like Jeremy Beckham do not know how to fight fair and a ss holes like him need as shole like me.

"And this year's award for the best art curator goes to," Desmond announced and I searched the crowd for Hazel. I found her seated rigidly, waiting anxiously for the name to be called. "Ms. Hazel Blacks."

Her body visibly relaxed as she smiled. Even without seeing the wrinkles by the side of her eyes due to the distance between us, I could tell she is genuinely happy.

Involuntarily, I found myself smiling too.

That smile left my lips when the young man whose name I found out to be David stood

up, took her hand, and escorted her to the stage. She didn't let go of his hold nor did he until she stood right in front of me, ready to receive her award.

Plastering that smile with no wrinkles on her face, she held the other end of the award and posed for the camera. Shortly after the pictures, I gave her a customary handshake which kind of went on for too long, due to my unwillingness to let go of her hand.

It took more effort and more fake smiles from Hazel before she was able to pull her hand away from my grasp. The moment she did, David leaned and whispered something to her to which she nodded. Hazel gave a brief appreciatory speech before returning to her seat.

Ten awards later, I was finally relieved of my duties. The urgency for fresh air led me towards the elevator and luckily for me, I saw Hazel getting into the elevator too.

Ditching the elevator that was meant to take me to the rooftop, I opted for the elevator that was going to take Hazel down.

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Raymond hastened after me as I quickened my steps, but I stopped abruptly and faced him. "I'm getting on that elevator with Hazel because I want to have a conversation with her." I looked above his head, "I want you to keep her friends at least thirty minutes."

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Raymond frowned. "I don't think that's a good idea, Sir."

"It's a good thing I didn't ask for your input, Raymond." I took slow steps away from him.

"Be sure to keep them away." Thirty minutes with Hazel alone should be more than enough.