

## Billionaire's Ex-wife : Craving You Chapter 14

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#### Chapter 14

#### HAZEL

Leaning against the walls of the elevator, I waited for the doors to close and for the elevator to begin its descent. The door almost jammed when someone suddenly stuck his feet in between the doors, which made it glide open again.

Unbothered about who was about to enter the elevator, I kept my eyes down but the moment that familiar cologne penetrated my nostrils, my eyes snapped up and locked with those cold blue eyes.

He flashed me a dimpled smile. "You're not going to walk out of the elevator just because I walked in right?"

I fought against rolling my eyes. "I'm sure the space is big enough for more than two persons." Ten minutes should be enough to reach the first floor and I'll be away from him.

Ravel nodded with a smile before stepping in fully. He kept mute until the doors closed and the elevator began its descent. "Congrats once again on your win."

Folding both hands in a defensive stance, I stared at the mirror wall ahead. "Thank you."

He doesn't have to sound like a broken record by repeatedly congratulating me.

Smacking his lips, I felt his gaze on me. Even without the mirror in front, I'm able to tell when Ravel is staring at me: the hairs on my body tend to pickle any time he stares intently at me. "Who is he?" He blurted out the question out of the blue.

Surprised that he thinks he has the right to question me, my left brow arched. "Excuse me?" Definitely, I heard him wrong.

"I mean the blond wa nker that keeps following you around." He clarified, "I presume David is his name. Who is he to you, and why is he always lurking around you like your shadow?"

Astonished, I scoffed with disbelief. "And I should answer that question because?" His lips thinned with restrained anger. "What exactly is your deal with my crowd Ravel?"

He gritted his jaw as if restraining himself from saying something. "You don't have to answer, I'll find out if I want to."

Always arrogant. I can't believe I was once turned on by his arrogance. Tucking my purse in my armpit, I turned to the right, facing him fully. "I'm already stressed having to deal with the press and papara zzi, please Ravel, don't add to it."

He slipped both hands into his pockets and stared at me, his face relaxed and almost filled with warmth. "You never liked the attention from the press which was why I tried to keep you away from them."

"I guess you should be given an award for husband of the year." I retorted sarcastically. Returning to my initial position, I clenched my fist, making sure to put enough distance between us. I do not want the papara zzi to start speculating when this elevator opens. "I'd appreciate it if we rode this elevator in silence."

For a moment, I thought he agrees with me because the silence stretched for a few seconds, but then suddenly, he made the most outrageous request. "Have lunch with me tomorrow."

My lips pressed together angrily. "You must either be drunk, or you're high on drugs because that's the only way you'll be able to think that it is right and normal to ask me out for lunch."

"It's just a harmless lunch date, Hazel." He pressed on with an easygoing smile. "You don't have to read too much meaning into it."

I stared at the floor numbers and almost exhaled with relief. One more floor to go. "I'm going to believe that there is nothing wrong with your sanity Ravel." I glared at him, "This conversation didn't happen."

"Yes, it did." He countered. Suddenly, the lights in the elevator went off and the box halted. "We're not leaving this elevator until you agree to have lunch with me." I tried to reach for the emergency button but he quickly grabbed my hand. "If you try to hit that button again Hazel, I'm going to kiss you. You know I don't bluff."

My eyes widened with shock, a shock that only lasted for a few seconds before it got replaced with anger, blood-boiling

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anger. With all the energy in me, I lifted my hand and slapped him hard across his cheek. His face swiveled to the left. "How dare you, Ravel?!"

He stuck his tongue into the cheek that received the impact of my hand. "I hope you know you're the only one who can get away with hitting me." I lifted my hand to slap him again but he quickly got hold of my it in the air and smirked arrogantly. "Just so you

know, you're turning me on."

What the actual f uck? I pushed him away roughly. "Just so you know, I'd rather suffocate in here and die than have lunch with you." The venom in my voice did not go unnoticed, "That's how much I despise you, Ravel!"

His jaw clenched as he stared at me. "How difficult is having one lunch with me?" He took a step towards me, "Surely you can stand me for a few hours."

"No!" I hissed, "As a matter of fact, I can't stand you, Ravel! You f ucking disgust me and I see your lunch invitation as nothing but an insult to me and my personality! And you know what?" I sneered, "I may have allowed you and your family to insult me because I was married to you, but hear me Ravel, I have absolutely no reason to take it now, so f ucking tread carefully!"

Ravel literally froze and stared at me with wide unblinking eyes. "Did you just swear?" Flabbergasted, I scoffed. "Did you really just ask me that? Out of every da mn thing I said, all you decided to hear was the fact that I used profanities? Are you shi tting me right now?"

He licked his lips and smiled. "I never in my life thought I'd hear you cuss." His blue eyes twi nkled with mischievousness, "Please, say another bad word for me."

My gaze frisked the grown adult who was literally behaving like a child offered candy. "You're crazy." Gathering my dress, I sat my a ss down on the floor, making myself comfortable. "When you're ready to get this thing moving, let me know."

I don't know what, I was expecting him to say or do but him doubling over in laughter wasn't what I was expecting. Ravel bent down as deep laughter rolled out from him.

"And they say I'm the crazy one." Shaking his head, he offered me his hand. "I think you should stand, allowing the papara zzi to see you sitting like that isn't the best image."

My chin jutted out in defiance as I searched for the best word to tell him off, but before I could say any other thing, the lights came back on and Ravel's grin widened. His brows arched in suggestively, silently asking if I'm going to keep sitting or take his hand and stand.

Ignoring both his offer, I gathered the trail of my dress once more, with my purse still tucked in my armpit, and rose to my feet. In response to my snubbing, Ravel chuckled, returned his right hand to his pocket, and took a few steps back to put a reasonable distance between us. His face returned to that indifferent stoic expression, right before the doors opened.

No one, absolutely no one will be able to guess that he has been grinning and smirking in this elevator a few seconds ago. Luckily for the both of us, there was no papara zzi, lurking in the hallway, just Agatha. She ran towards me the moment the doors opened. Skeptically, she eyed Ravel who walked away without any form of acknowledgment towards her. "Did he get stuck in there with you?" She questioned with tucked brows. I stared at Ravel's retreating back. "Obviously." Agatha took notice of my parched voice and handed me a bottle of water. "Can you please not tell David that I got stuck in the elevator with Ravel?" She eyed me suspiciously, "I'm not in the mood for his dramatic response."

She chuckled. "I know right?" Gesturing towards the thin hallway, she led me toward one of the rooms. "Mr. Southwark didn't say anything disturbing to you right?"

Apart from the fact that we should have lunch together? "No, He didn't." Ravel is someone who always gets what he wants, and I somehow feel he won't stop until I'm seated across the table with him tomorrow afternoon. "What was our initial plan?"

"Few interviews tonight, a few more tomorrow morning and afternoon, and in the evening, we leave for Seattle. Why?"

"We'll have to run a raincheck." I mused and Agatha halted her step. "After these interviews tonight, I'm leaving for Seattle." Ravel can go f uck himself.