

Billionaire's Ex-wife : Craving You Chapter 16

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Chapter 16

FIVE YEARS AGO

HAZEL

Grabbing the old purse that is threatening to wither away because of too many responsibilities, I flung it across my shoulder and gathered my hair into a messy bun before bending to tie my shoelace.

If I had any form of feelings left in me, I would have felt ashamed to walk around in these sneakers. The once-white section that covered my toes is covered in oil stains from my escapades with angry customers. The denim material that covered the rest of my feet now has tiny holes that may fit my pinky finger if poked in aggressively.

Convinced that my laces are tightly secured, I stood to my feet and tiptoed past the mass of body sprawled out on the tiny cold floor, careful not to step on anyone or wake them up.

My life sucks. At twenty-one, I live in a shitty apartment with seven ladies who are as frustrated with their living conditions as I am, I work in a small restaurant that pays me so little that after handling my bills, I'm left with almost nothing, I survive on five pairs of cloth and the restaurant's leftover.

Some of you might wonder how I ended up here. Well, I wasn't the best kid while growing up in the foster system and honestly, I regret it. At the age of seven, I lost my parents and siblings in a fire incident, I was taken into foster care and I spent most of my time causing trouble, which made me bounce from one family to another.

Before the age of eighteen, I already have a boyfriend who did drugs and occasionally, I did drugs with him. I spent my time with him instead of the walls of a classroom and at the end of every term, I had the worst result to present.

That wasn't what broke the camel's back. Every hope was lost when I almost introduced my foster parents' kids into doing drugs, they found out and bundled me back to the social worker. Even while I was there, I kept on visiting my boyfriend Kelvin until I overdosed and he dumped my body outside the social worker building.

At that time, I was nineteen, I was sent into rehabilitation where I spent one year. After I

was declared clean and ready to face the world again, nobody came for me. I don't blame them though. Who would want to adopt a twenty-year-old adult who has been in rehabilitation?

From there, I started to face life, I moved away to a new city to get away from Kelvin and every other person. With each passing day, I regret all the decisions I made in the past, but then time is something that can't be reversed, and I can't be living in regret all the days of my life.

That was how I ended up in New York, living in an apartment provided by the restaurant where I work and sharing that room with seven ladies that I know nothing about except their names.

Grateful for the proximity of the restaurant and apartment, I strolled down the cold streets towards the restaurant, expecting my day to go on as usual. It's as if I'm living a life that is placed on replay.

During lunch, I was about to take my well-deserved break when Mr. Harrison called me from the kitchen. Stifling a groan, I dragged my feet to the kitchen. Don't get me wrong, I'm not complaining about my job, rather, I'm complaining about everything that has to do with Mr. Harrison, that man is a pure pe rvert. "You called for me sir."

Harrison glared at me. "How long is it going to take you to get your lazy self into this kitchen?" I remained mute, allowing him to carry on with the insult. He gestured towards the packed carton of fried chicken. "We have an order on those, I want you to take it to them."

I frowned slightly. "What happened to the delivery guy?" Delivering food to individuals isn't part of my job description.

"He already left to make some deliveries." He searched my face for any kind of discomfort and when he found what he was looking for, he scoffed. "Are you going to make the delivery or do I have to go find another homeless beggar to do it for me?"

"I'll do it." I'm sure he's angry because I refused to give him a massage yesterday.

"What's the address?"

Chapter 16

"Raveluxe." He deadpanned and I blinked with oblivion. Harrison scoffed with disbelief and irritation. "You honestly haven't heard about Raveluxe?"

"No, I haven't," I responded, mimicking his deadpan tone. "Just give me the full home

address so I can get moving.”

He scrubbed his hand down his face. “This isn’t a home delivery, it’s an office delivery.”

He looked around as if about to share a world top secret. “Remind me where I picked you up from again?”

Smiling tightly at him, I batted my lashes. “I picked your drunk ass from a dark alley Mr. Harrison, dragged you to an abandoned bus, and covered you with my blanket. I picked you up, not the other way round.”

Glaring at me, he waved me off. “Just get the delivery done, and please don’t fuck this up, this is one of my biggest delivery.”

I stared at the fifteen cartons of chicken. “Really?” I could have sworn I’ve seen Dante move out more cartons than this. “Are you sure about that?”

“Yes.” He grinned widely, “because I charged them double for each carton.”

My nose crinkled. “Why would you do that?”

“Because they can afford it.” He answered nonchalantly, whistling as he walked away. Sighing, I looked around, thinking about Mr. Harrison’s unavoidable future. If he keeps this up, he’s going to go out of business.

The gigantic building that stood before me made me look so small, inferior, and fragile. Shaking my head to rid the crazy thought, I walked into the building and stopped at the reception desk. “Hi, I’m here to make a delivery to the administrative block.”

She stared at me with a warm look. “Can I see your business card?”

Harrison can never afford a business card. “I don’t have one. You can let them know that Delicious is here with their delivery.”

She picked up the landline and made a call across. She confirmed that indeed the order was made from this building. “Take the elevator to the third floor, someone should be there to pick it up.”

“Thank you.” I hurriedly made my way into the elevator which took me to the third floor. Just like she said, I did find someone there waiting for me, but I was told to carry the cartons into the big hall and drop it on the desk. We processed the payment before I made my way back to the elevator.

From a distance, I noticed the elevator doors closing, and I sprinted into a run, hoping to make it in time before the door closes, but because I’m a walking disaster, I bumped into a man walking out of one of the rooms in the hallway.

The impact of the crash made him drop the files in his hand. The papers scattered all

over the floor and I scampered to pick them up. With each paper I picked, I noticed something. It's the same picture but with different coloring. It's almost as if the artist is looking for the best color for the magnificent jewel design.

"If you're done staring, you can hand them over." The young man snapped at me, almost angry that I'm staring at it.

Scampering to my feet, I handed him the papers. "I'm sorry about that, the drawing and design are so alluring."

In response to my compliment, he cocked his head. "I don't see an ID," he pointed out, "what department are you from?"

"Oh." I wiped my hands on my clothes, suddenly self-conscious. "I actually do not work here, I'm here to make lunch deliveries."

"Great." He muttered angrily to himself. "An outsider got a peek at my new work."

Clenching the papers, he side-stepped me and walked away.

"Red and green!" I blurted out abruptly, causing him to halt. He turned around and tilted his head yet again, "I mean the color combination. Try red in the heart of the jewel and green as the element surrounding it."

Chapter 16

He chuckled. "Why should I listen to you?"

"Because I have eyes for good things."

He slowly took in my dress and chuckled again. "I highly doubt that."