

## Billionaire's Ex-wife : Craving You Chapter 17

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#### Chapter 17

#### (PRESENT TIME)

#### HAZEL

Ravel is flaunting that dark-haired bi tch all over the internet, and the fact that I care shows that I need urgent medical attention.

“Are you

even listening to me?” Agatha asked with an exasperated sigh. “If only you’ll take your attention away from your phone, we’ll actually get some work done.”

Muttering an insincere apology, I dropped my phone on the coffee table, making sure to put it on vibration so I won’t get tempted to pick it up again. “Remind me why we’re having a meeting on a weekend,” I murmured, balancing Daisy on my arm.

“That’s because you’ve gotten triple your workload ever since you got that award.

Almost all influential artists want to collaborate with you.” She opened a file on the table.

“I’m sorry to say this Hazel, but if you want to make this work, you’ll have to sacrifice your Saturdays.”

“Weekends are for Daisy,” I argued softly. I’m going to lose this argument and I know it, all I have to do is find a better compromise. Agatha drives a hard bargain, that’s why I put her in the line of business negotiations.

“I offered to bring the work to your house.” Daisy picked interest in her pen and reached forward to grab it but I pulled her back. “You should increase my paycheck.” She deadpanned.

Rolling my eyes, I picked up the paper, praying that my energetic baby doesn’t pick interest in it too. “Don’t be silly Agatha, Saturdays are part of your working days. It’s in the contract you signed.”

“Which is why I’ll die single and lonely with my vibrator.” I glared at her choice of words in front of my baby. “We have more requests coming in, and we’ve run out of space to hang the artwork. What are we going to do?”

“Stall them.” I stared at the list of artists that should be hanging their works in my gallery

if only I make out space for them. "Do not give them a definite answer until I make out space for them." Returning the list on the table I pushed it towards her, away

from Daisy's reach. "The coffee shop." It's taking longer than necessary, "What's the man saying?"

Daisy wriggled on my arm, demanding I let her go, which I did. Immediately her feet touched the floor, she waddled towards the sofa. I kept my eyes on her. "Why is he making it seem like I'm the bad guy?"

"He's trying to milk the opportunity." Agatha reasoned.

"He's only being unreasonable and selfish." I hissed angrily but quickly smiled when Daisy turned to me and stared at me with those blue eyes that reminds me so much of Ravel. "He makes almost no sale daily, and I offered to buy him any spot he wants here in Seattle in exchange for his shop space." I need to bring the da mn thing down and expand my gallery.

Someone knocked twice before the door pushed open and David walked in. He smiled at Daisy before going to lift her into his arms. Swallowing the profanities that threatened to escape my throat at the sight of David, I stood up to fix myself a drink. "This meeting isn't ending anytime soon, is it?"

David chuckled as he tickled Daisy. My daughter's giggle filled the room. "I'm not here for any meeting." He clarified, "As a matter of fact, I had no idea Agatha was here. I only came to visit my little princess."

As if noticing that we were discussing her, she blabbed on. Daisy Blacks. In a spur of anger and resentment towards Ravel, I came up with the name Daisy, so sometimes, I regret that I named her out of pain and anger. She's a flower that blossomed in my life regardless of how that name came to be.

"What were you both arguing about before I walked in?" He asked as he settled down on the sofa with Daisy on his thigh. "Hazel's face says it's something important."

Sighing tiredly, Agatha plopped on the backrest. "It's about the coffee shop man, Mr. Herbert, he's not agreeing with our motion that he sells the place to us so we can demolish and expand the gallery."

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David frowned, slowly getting pissed by the situation too. "What's his reason for not giving the space up?"

“Customer base,” Agatha muttered with sheer frustration. “I swear it, I haven’t seen that man make any sales in that shop.”

That’s clearly because there is a better coffee shop sitting pretty, opposite his. People swarm in and out of that place, leaving the poor man with zero customers. I don’t blame them though, once upon a time, I pitied the man and decided to patronize him. To cut the whole story short, I almost lost my tastebuds after I took a sip of his coffee.

It tastes like wet charcoal. No sh it.

Mimicking Agatha’s position, David rubbed his lower lips with the tip of his index finger, slightly lost in thought. “Let me have a chat with him on Monday.”

I paused with the glass mid-way to my lips. “Why? Are you planning on negotiating with him?” Before he could respond, I got my response from the look in his eyes. “Forget it, David, you are not a better negotiator than Agatha. If she’s unable to convince him to sell, I don’t think you’ll be able to achieve anything either.”

“Give me a chance to convince him otherwise,” he insisted, pleading his case. “Clearly, Agatha is yet to get the man to spit out the main reason he isn’t selling the space. You can’t tell me he’s not selling because of customer base, even the old man knows he has no customer.”

I eyed him skeptically. “So what exactly is your plan?”

“Find out the real reason he’s not selling and what exactly is his price.” He grinned at me. “Everyone has a price, Hazel, you just have to find it.”

For a moment, I couldn’t help but see something crazy flash in his eyes. It may be in my head, but I saw that feral look in his eyes that Ravel has whenever he wants to get something desperately. “Fine.” I breathed out, relenting. “Whatever you do, please make sure it’s legal.”

He nodded with an easy smile. “I will.”

We moved on to other issues that needed to be attended to. Before we could round up everything, it was already dinner time, so they had to stay back to have dinner with me. David opted to feed Daisy dinner, which I had no problem with. He was practically in the room with me when I pushed her out and they have this bond that I believe David intentionally created. “You know you don’t have to do all that right?” I blurted out randomly.

David and Agatha looked up, not sure who I was exactly referring to, but when he noticed that my gaze was locked on him and Daisy, he spoke up with uncertainty, his

brows furrowing. "What exactly are you talking about?"

"Feeding Daisy, showing up on her birthdays, doing almost everything to make sure that you captured the moment she took her first step. You don't have to do all of that." It makes me feel a bit guilty for keeping her father from her.

"You're right, I'm not obligated to, but I chose to do all that because I want to," David answered, punctuating every word. "I love being around you and Daisy, and I'm selfish with the memories I'm creating with the both of you."

Agatha scoffed. "You both should get married already." She sipped her wine, eyeing David from the rim of her glass. "You like her and I think she likes you too, so what's stopping you both from officially dating?"

Frowning slightly, I picked up my fork. "I see David as a friend, please do not whisper ideas into his head." I know David will gladly agree to date me, it is what he wants, but then I made my stance clear from the beginning. "Besides I've been down the road of marriage, I don't think it's something I'll want to repeat."

David's face tightened but he tried to hide it by burying his face into his wine glass. "I really hope you can change your mind in the future."

mind

-I hope not.

Mary, my housekeeper walked into the dining room with Daisy flowers. Four pairs of eyes stared at her, three out of confusion and my baby girl out of admiration. "Who are those for?" Why did I have to sound so silly? This is my house, so

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who else will the flower be for?

"They are for you Ma'am." She handed it over to me and walked away.

Deep down, I know one person who can send me Daisy flowers despite being allergic to flowers. The card attached to the flower confirmed my suspicion.

David cleared his throat, trying so hard not to let his displeasure seep through his voice.

"Who is sending you flowers?"

Scoffing at the wits of that egocentric and truculent bastard. "Who else do you think will have the crazy thought of sending me flowers?" It annoys me that he thinks he can do this like this.

"Your ex-husband?" Agatha gasped out, snatching the card off my grip. She read it out aloud. "Happy wedding anniversary, wife."

“Why is he calling you his wife?” David jeered.

I glared at him for asking such a silly question. “That’s Ravel we’re talking about, he’ll seize any opportunity to be an asshole.”

Agatha snickered. “But is it really your wedding anniversary?” I nodded and she dared to coo. “I think I’m more surprised that he remembered than fact that he sent flowers.”

“Stop making it sound like he did something sweet.” David snapped at Agatha, shutting her up. “Sending your ex-wife whose image you messed up some flowers is far from being romantic. I think he’s being an asshole like Hazel said.”

I couldn’t reprimand him for using that word in the presence of my baby because I used it first. Massaging my temple to get rid of the creeping headache, I leaned forward and glared at the two adults who are arguing over irrelevant issues. “Can you both not argue over the fact that he sent flowers?”

David pinched the bridge of his nose. “And What exactly should we be arguing about?”

His silt gaze voiced his suspicions. “Do you like the fact that he sent you flowers?”

“Don’t be silly David.” Why should I like anything that has to do with Ravel? “I think we should be more worried about the fact that he knows my address here in Seattle,”

Agatha cocked her head, not getting the reason why I’m slowly panicking, “If he knows my address,” I stressed, “then there is every possibility that he knows about Daisy.”