

## Billionaire's Ex-wife : Craving You Chapter 18

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#### Chapter 18

#### RAVEL

#### FIVE YEARS AGO

The red and green combination was a huge success. Raymond thought I was crazy for abandoning my idea of color combination and going for that of a stranger that bumped into me in the hallway. To be fair to my ego, I never wanted to pay heed to her words. It all started out as curiosity then by the time I finished the painting, I ended up falling in love with it.

I wasn't the only one who fell in love with the jewel and its color combination, the royal family for whom I was contracted to make some piece of jewels equally fell in love with it. To cut the whole story short, it was a huge success, and I'm here at a restaurant called 'Delicious' to show my appreciation to that young lady.

It took Raymond less than two hours to find out her name and where she works. It wasn't much of a hassle for him because she just made a recent delivery to the company.

On a normal day, you can never get me here, ordering anything, not because the restaurant is a cheap ass one, but because the tables are almost cramped together. You can easily hear what the person at the other table is whispering to his date. If there is anything I like so much, I'm sure it's an airy space.

"Can we take your order, sir?" A blond man asked me with a smile whilst clutching a notepad and a pen.

Blinking back to reality, I stared at the young man. "Get Hazel Blacks to serve me." I won't be ordering shit if she isn't the one holding the notepad.

"Do you know her sir?" The young man asked skeptically. "This might be a small restaurant, but we're protective of our fellow staff."

Holding the man's gaze unblinkingly, I leaned back. "Are you daft or something?" This question emitted out of genuine curiosity, but the young man took offense by frowning slightly. "I just addressed her by her full name and you ask me if I know her?"

"Knowing her name does not scream familiarity." He argued slightly. My jaw clenched at

the unnecessary banter between us. He noticed the change in my demeanor and immediately retrieved his claws. "She isn't on duty yet."

"I'll wait." I insisted in a flat tone, hoping that he'll get the memo that I'm done seeing his annoying face, but I guess the waiter is too slow to read the underlying meaning of words.

"What?" He blurted out with arched brows. "She's not coming in until five in the evening, and that's four hours from now." His eyes darted around quickly before returning to me.

"Are you going to sit here for four hours straight?"

His fidgeting behavior gave him away. I tightened my lips with distaste. "If you're done lying, you can get out of my face."

He paled instantly. "Why the heck do you think I'm lying?" The entrance door opened and Hazel walked in. The man licked his lips nervously whilst I arched a brow at him. He muttered an apology before scurrying away.

Oblivious to my presence, Hazel greeted few of her colleagues with a smile and almost walked past me, but I grabbed her hand, halting her. Her body tightened the instant I grabbed her, and I realized just how inappropriate my action was.

She turned around with a tight smile, her eyes telling a different story with the smile plastered on her face, but the moment her gaze landed on me, her features relaxed for a bit. "Hello, sir."

I let go of her hand and offered her a smile. "Please call me Ravel."

"Ravel." Facing me fully, she tilted her head. "I haven't seen you here before which means you have no business being here, not unless..." Her words trailed off as her eyes widened. "I did not sell off your design, I swear!"

"There is no way you could have recreated that, not unless you took a picture of it, which you didn't." The jewel has already been worn by the Royal family, and anyone who recreates it is answerable to them and not me. "I'm actually here to see you."

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She blinked slowly, eyeing me skeptically. "What for?" Crossing both hands, she shifted from one foot to the other, unable to calm herself. "Mr. Ravel, I'm sure you and I will agree that you have no reason to come looking for me."

Actually, I do. If I'm being honest with myself, I'm not only here because I want to appreciate her for her contribution to that piece. "What do I have to do to get you to sit down with me for lunch?"

Looking around with uncertainty, she bit her lower lips. "You'll have to buy fifteen cartons of fried chicken."

Dipping my hand into my jacket, I retrieved my wallet. "How much does a carton cost?" Without waiting for a response, I pulled out w ads of cash from my wallet and dropped it on the table. "That should cover it."

Stupefied, she blinked rapidly. "I was only joking Mr. Ravel." She swiped the money off the table and tried to shove it back into my hand. "Take it back before Harrison sees it." I'm guessing Harrison is her boss. "I guess it's a little late for that." A young man is standing behind her, and his arrogance shows he owns the place.

"What's going on here Hazel?" Harrison questioned through clenched teeth. "What's your reason for dragging money with a customer?"

"I'm willing to buy whatever chicken you fried today if I get to spend some time with Hazel without interruption

He's going to jump on the offer. I can already see greed rolling in his eyes. "We have forty-five cartons of fried chicken, are you willing to buy all sir?"

Hazel scoffed.

Uncertain if the cash in my wallet can cover the bill, I opted to write him a cheque. Hazel and her boss stared at me with dropped jaws as I signed the cheque. I handed it over to Harrison. "That should be more than enough"

He grinned widely. "You can have her for the whole day."

My jaw clenched at his words. He doesn't have to sound like he just sold her off. I kept my hardened gaze on his far back as he walked into the kitchen. "Why did he just sound like he owns you?"

Hazel pulled the seat out and sat down. "Well, I equally feel like I got sold to the highest bidder." She snapped. The bite in her tone made me return my gaze to her and that was when I noticed the glare. She's upset. "What do you want from me, Mr. Ravel?"

Enough with the formality. I'd rather she drops it. "Call me Ravel."

"How can I help you?" She asked again, her voice tighter and angrier than before.

"What exactly do you plan on doing with forty-five cartons of fried chicken?"

I shrugged. I tip my driver more than what I just spent. "I'm sorry if my actions offended you, but I'm only here to show appreciation."

Her nose crinkled. "For?"

“The color combination. The Royal family loved it. It was their favorite piece.”

Her eyes widened, almost falling off its socket. “That was for the Royal family?” She blurted out, shocked by my words. I only smiled in response. “Who exactly are you?”

I’m surprised she doesn’t know who I am. “That’s beside the point, don’t you think?”

When she failed to give me a response, I tilted my head. “I’m a man who likes to reward people when they earn it, and you Hazel Blacks, you’ve earned it.”

“How did you know my last name?”

Raymond. “I’m going to write you an open cheque next week,” I informed her, watching her closely. The normal reaction for every rational person is shock, which entails widened eyes, but not this woman seated across me, she narrowed her eyes instead, an act that says she finds my words suspicious.

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“You’ll write me an open cheque?” Her eyes narrowed further, “You know what that means right?”

“Yes, I do.” It means I want to see her again.