

Billionaire's Ex-wife : Craving You Chapter 19

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Chapter 19

18+

PRESENT TIME

RAVEL

Riding the elevator to my house which used to be my place of peace and solace after a long day at work didn't seem like that anymore. Squaring my shoulders to get rid of the ache, I stared at Raymond through the elevator mirror wall. "Did you send the flowers?" Slipping his hands into his pocket, he held my gaze through the mirror. "As against my advice? Yes, I did send the flowers." Raymond has been with me from day one, longer than I can remember and he knows every sh it going on in my life and also the fact that I will not fire him no matter what he says.

"Watch your tone with me," I warned him sternly, "I'm not in the best of moods." Today is my f ucking wedding anniversary, and every little thing seems to irritate me today.

"Someone needs to be your voice of rationality whenever you become emotionally consumed and do things without thinking it through."

"And I'm guessing that someone is you." I snapped, glaring at him. He may not only be my security but also my friend, but that won't stop me from throwing a punch if he continues to get on my nerves this night.

"Sending flowers to your ex-wife, who is trying to live her life is so da mn wrong." He mused, "Did you even think of the consequences of your actions? What do you think will happen if that ba stard finds out?"

Swiveling around, I abruptly grabbed his collar and pulled him in, putting us face to face with each other. "Do not lecture me on what I already know!" I don't need a f ucking reminder. "And as for that b astard, you need to find him or her, whoever the f uck that is!"

Sensing that I'm at the point of losing it, Raymond reigned in his claws, keeping whatever word of reality he has to say to himself. "I'll find that person, sir, I promise you, and if you want to continue sending gifts to Hazel, I won't judge, as long as you don't go searching for her home address yourself. You can always send it to her through me."

Pinching my eyes shut, I let go of his collar and took a step back. "Sorry man, I didn't mean to grab you like that."

He placed his hand on my shoulder and squeezed gently. "It's fine. I totally understand how you feel and your need to send stuff to her."

Sending flowers to her was a thoughtless and reckless act on my side. "I won't be sending any more sh it to her." The elevator pinged, and I stepped out of it, walking into my penthouse. Raymond followed me into the penthouse and plopped down on the sofa whilst I strolled upstairs, to my room.

When I opened the door to my room, the sight that greeted me wasn't one I was expecting. June, stark naked and splayed out on my bed. My brows dampened into a frown. "What are you doing?"

"What does it seem like I'm doing?" She whispered, her hands massaging her boobs. Every other part of my bedroom was dark except for her image on the bed, thanks to the bedside lamps she turned on. "I know I told you I want to attend all those red carpet events, that I want to be seen in public with you, but I am also a woman Ravel, I want to feel the touch of a man."

I'm too tired to deal with this bulls hit right now. "Get dressed and leave my room before I have Raymond throw you out naked."

Her fingers trailed her cleavage down to her stomach. "Why? Because of Hazel? Do you still love your ex-wife Ravel?"

My jaw clenched at her question and before I could give her a fitting response, my phone chimed. Ignoring her for a moment, I pulled out my phone and clicked on the image text I just received. To say I was angry before will be an understatement.

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I was angry when I walked in here and saw June, but now, I'm livid. Another text was sent, accompanying the image. I eyed June suspiciously. "Where is your phone?" I queried, approaching her slowly.

She shrugged, her finger hovering above her sex. "I don't know, somewhere in my room." Lifting her head, she probed her elbow on the bed, balancing her head on her hand. "Why? Do you want to take a picture?"

Halting at the foot of the bed, I stared down at her. A thought crossed my mind and I quickly sent Raymond a text before dropping my phone on the bedside drawer. "Touch

yourself”

Her eyes widened with excitement. I guess she wasn't really expecting things to take this turn. When was the last time I tried this with her? I'd rather not say.

Her fingertips teased her clitoris before she started rubbing them in a slow circular movement. With both hands buried in my pockets, I watched her pleasure herself. The more she took her time teasing and massaging her clitoris, I fought the urge to glance at the wall clock.

When it was obvious that she wasn't chasing her release but rather more bent on pleasuring herself, I rolled the sleeves of my shirt, placed one knee on the bed, and placed my middle and fourth finger on her wet sex, coating my fingers with her juice before penetrating her with both fingers.

“Ravel..” she moaned, arching her back and rocking her hips hard on my finger. With each fastened pace with my finger, she moaned louder.

“Stop fighting it,” I warned her when I felt her clench around my finger, in an attempt to fight an orgasm. She clenched against my fingers again, blatantly ignoring my warning. Fastening the pace, I went faster and deeper, and within minutes, she came undone, screaming my name loudly.

The moment she came, I pulled my fingers out and walked away. Breathless, June called after me. “Where are you going?” “To take a shower.” Craning my neck, I glanced at her. “On your way out, inform Margaret to come to change the beddings.” Without waiting for her response, I walked into the restroom and slammed the door behind me. By the time I made it out of my room, it was very late, somewhere around one am in the morning. Unable to sleep due to personal issues that are nagging me, I went in search of a bottle of alcohol. When I reached the mini bar, I found Raymond already helping himself with a glass.

“What are you doing up?” I queried as I grabbed a whiskey glass to help myself with whiskey. “Can't sleep?” It's his duty to keep me safe during the day, but at night, he's required to go to bed while the other security keeps guard.

“My brain refused to settle down.” He muttered, gulping down all the whiskey in his glass, only to refill it. “I've been wondering how this bastard has managed to stay hidden.”

Perching on the stool, I took a sip. “Try to catch some sleep Raymond, I don't want you falling asleep whilst driving me around tomorrow.”

He chuckled. "Do you think we should tell your family? Maybe if they are all on the lookout, we'll catch that wa nker faster." Involving my family will be useless. "Elenor won't be able to do much, and I refuse to get Anne involved in this." She's only going to worsen the situation, and I'd rather not have that.

Raymond sniffed. "So what are you going to do? How long are you going to keep doing this?"

"As long as it takes our team to find that viper." I haven't taken a life in my entire existence, but right now, I'm considering doing so. "I'll make them suffer for all these years of suffering."

He stared at me, his eyes reflecting just how much he hates the situation. "I really hope you get the happy ending that you so deserve."

I will have that happy ending, even if it means sacrificing all I have. Eager to put an end to this emotional conversation with Raymond, I grabbed the whiskey bottle. "You'll have to grab another one from the shelf, this one is coming with me."

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He gave a sharp nod and silently watched me walk away. His silence only lasted a few seconds. "Boss?" I halted. "If you are tired of having her around, let me know."

My fingers tightened on the glass. "Did you get my message?"

"Yes, I did."

"And did you do it?"

"Yes, I did." He took a deep breath. "I have a lot of questions, but I guess I'll have to wait for a better moment."

There is nothing like a better moment. "If this is about what happened between me and June tonight, then keep your questions to yourself." I'm very sure he heard her moan, it's not like she tried to keep her voice down. "I do not regret it, and I never will."