

Billionaire's Ex-wife : Craving You Chapter 3

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Chapter 3

HAZEL

As days went by, my husband's absence became more noticeable, and I grew increasingly worried. I had been relentlessly trying to mend our broken marriage, exhausting all possible efforts to reignite the love that once connected us. I arranged an intimate dinner date, hoping it would lead to open and honest conversation, but Ravel showed no interest, leaving me disheartened. Undeterred, I planned holiday trips to spark adventure and new beginnings, but Ravel ignored my efforts. Seeking professional help, I booked a therapy session, but he refused to engage. Despite all this, finding out I was pregnant gave me a glimmer of hope, thinking it could change his heart.

In my determined state, I left the bathroom, holding the pregnancy test firmly. With the test safely tucked away in my bag. I quickly changed into comfortable clothes-a pair of jeans and a loose top. I hastily put my disheveled hair into a loose bun and shielded my tired eyes with sunglasses, wanting to avoid any curious looks. As I stepped out of my door, the world remained oblivious to the inner turmoil that had taken over my life.

Stepping into the hallway, I collided unexpectedly with Jane, who regarded me with curiosity etched across her features. Her inquisitive eyes locked onto my poised figure. "Are you about to venture out?" she inquired and I nodded in response. "Lunch is almost ready."

"I'll skip it," I quietly declared, my voice barely audible. The thought of nourishment seemed trivial and insignificant in the face of a crumbling relationship that demanded my immediate attention. "Please inform the maids that they can share my portion or make use of it as they see fit. I simply have no appetite." I muttered.

Upon arriving at Ravel's office, I discovered that he had already left. However, I wasn't discouraged and was determined to explore other options. Despite the troubled relationship between Ravel and his mother, I believed there was a chance that he may seek comfort or shelter within the fragile family ties, even if they were strained. With an unwavering resolve to leave no stone unturned, I made the decision to visit his mother's

residence. Although it seemed unlikely that he would be there, given their history, I couldn't afford to disregard any potential leads

I parked my car next to Mrs. Anne Southwark's elegant vehicle and stepped out, making my way towards the front porch. To my surprise, it seemed as though they were anticipating my arrival. Mrs. Southwark's daughter, Elenor, was the first to greet me, her arms open wide for a warm embrace.

"Is everything okay, Hazel?" Elenor asked, concern etched on her face.

I shook my head, fighting back tears as I bit my trembling lips. "I haven't been able to reach Rav since Monday, and I'm really worried. I just wanted to know if he's here because he hasn't been at the office."

Elenor's eyes filled with empathy as she took in my distress. "Ravel actually left just an hour ago. He mentioned that he was going home to gather a few things."

Relief washed over me, and I managed a weak smile. "Thank you so much," I murmured gratefully. Turning to leave, I was halted by the sound of Anne's voice.

"What exactly is your problem?" she demanded, her tone sharp and accusatory. I turned around, meeting her gaze with furrowed brows.

"Didn't my son give you until this weekend to sign those divorce papers?" Anne continued, her frustration palpable. "What are you still doing running around New York, desperately searching for him?"

Anne's disdain for me had always been apparent, her disapproval of our marriage a constant shadow hanging over our relationship. So, it came as no surprise that she reveled in the unfolding divorce saga, finding satisfaction in my pain.

"Mum!" Elenor hissed, her voice laced with frustration. "Now is not the time to be an antagonist! Can't you see she's hurting?"

"My son is hurting too," Anne retorted, her tone sharp and unyielding. "Stuck in a loveless marriage just because this gold-

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digging while she refuses to sign those divorce papers."

Her words stung, igniting a fiery anger within me. I clenched my fists tightly, summoning every ounce of composure to

true emotions. With a forced smile, I responded, determined not to let Anne's venom penetrate my armor.

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"I really must get going, Elenor," I mused, deliberately ignoring Anne's bitter outburst. "I don't want to miss Rav at home." Turning on my heel, I walked briskly to my car, my heart heavy with a mix of sorrow and frustration.

As I settled behind the wheel, I took a moment to gather my thoughts, trying to push away the hurtful words that still lingered in the air. Starting the engine, I drove away, the distant rumble of the car serving as a soundtrack to my troubled thoughts.

Pulling over outside my porch, I handed my keys over to Adam to park the car properly before stepping into my house. The first place I searched for Rav was in his office, but when I didn't find him there, I headed for our room.

I was almost by the door when I heard a soft moaning coming from my bedroom. My heart beat quickened with fear. With shaky fingers, I opened the door and stepped in, and the sight before me is one that crushed my heart into million pieces.

My husband and Jane in bed, with her nipples in his mouth. My purse slipped from my hold and fell to the floor, making a noise that juttet them out of their ecstasy. "What... why?" Unable to form a coherent word, I placed a hand on my chest to ease the stabbing pain.

Ravel rolled off Jane's body and covered her naked body with the duvet. He was still fully clothed, not that it made any difference to me.

In a voice quivering with hurt and disbelief, I mustered the strength to confront Ravel, my voice barely above a whisper. "How could you do this to me, Ravel?" Each word escaped my lips with a tremor, laden with the weight of betrayal.

His response, devoid of remorse or regret, cut through the air with callous indifference. "I wish I could say I'm sorry, Hazel, but I'm not." The words hung in the air, suffocating any hope of reconciliation. "I fell out of love with you, and I fell in love with the woman lying on that bed. I tried to suppress my feelings for her, to give you enough time to sign the divorce papers before indulging in her presence, but your stubborn refusal thwarted my attempts. What would you have me do? Live a life of celibacy due to your unwillingness?"

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Every fiber of my being trembled as I took a hesitant step towards Jane, seeking some form of understanding, however elusive it may be. "Out of all the men in this vast city of New York, Jane, you chose to be with my husband," I whispered, my voice tinged with a

mixture of pain and disbelief.

Her voice barely audible, Jane whispered a feeble apology. "I'm sorry. I've always been in love with him, which is why I couldn't resist when he came to me."

Ravel swiftly interposed his body, shielding Jane from my gaze, much like he had protected me in the past when his mother sought to confront me. "You have no right to speak to Jane," he muttered with a defensive edge in his voice, "Whatever you need to say, direct it towards me."

A bitter laugh escaped my lips as I defiantly wiped away the tears that had stained my cheeks. This despicable man standing before me was not worthy of my sorrow. "I will grant you the divorce you so eagerly desire," I declared, fixing a piercing gaze on the woman standing beside him. "I have already reviewed the terms, and once I sign those papers, nothing you possess will be mine, apart from the portion given to me and nothing that belongs to me will be yours."

He nodded, acknowledging the terms that had been laid out.

"We will become two strangers, devoid of any attachment," I continued, my voice filled with a mixture of determination and pain. "I hope you keep to your words and not come back for me Ravel, because I'm never going to forgive you for this betrayal."

I turned away from their presence and entered the closet, where I retrieved the carefully prepared divorce papers. With a determined breath, I signed the documents, symbolizing the end of our marriage. Upon returning to the room, I tossed the papers towards Ravel, an act of finality and closure. "I wish I could say that I curse the day I met you," I murmured softly, but for the sake of our unborn child, I will not. "I genuinely hope you find some semblance of happiness, Ravel."

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I summoned my strength and left behind the man who shattered my world and the woman involved. It was a painful but necessary goodbye as I walked out of the bedroom, leaving behind my life as Mrs. Southwark. The farewell carried a mix of pain, acceptance, and a glimmer of hope for a brighter future.