

Billionaire's Ex-wife : Craving You Chapter 4

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Chapter 4

HAZEL

Today marks the long-awaited day when the finalization of our divorce is set to take place. Honestly, the mere thought of facing Ravel in person fills me with an overwhelming sense of apprehension and discomfort. That's precisely why I made the decision to have my lawyer represent me throughout this ordeal. Every time I close my eyes, a vivid image of him entangled with that woman on our sacred bed haunts my mind. Consequently, encountering him today would undoubtedly unleash a torrent of emotions that I am not prepared to face.

"Are you absolutely certain you don't want to be present?" she inquired for what seemed like the hundredth time. "I can't help but feel that you should confront that despicable man one last time before relinquishing his pitiful surname."

I couldn't help but chuckle at her remark. "Well, Elenor, that pitiful surname happens to be yours as well," I responded, tilting my head ever so slightly from the comfort of my reclined position as I fixated my gaze upon her. "Shouldn't you be inclined to support him, given the bond of family?" It bewildered me why she despised the situation with equal fervor as I did. I couldn't help but wonder how she would react upon discovering that he had engaged in an affair with Jane, my favourite domestic staff.

"It's bit ches before family." She muttered, looking up from her tablet to flash me one of those killer smiles that cost designers a fortune.

Rolling my eyes, I licked my lips. "I actually think it's the latter before the former." I corrected, I couldn't help but gaze down at my finger, which now felt oddly bare without the weight of the wedding ring that had adorned it for years. Surprisingly, even after a whole week without it, the absence still felt foreign to me.

"That's not true," Elenor argued, "I make my own rules, and my rules says bit ches before family." Finally dropping the tablet, she joined me on the bed, lying flat on her stomach. "So what's the plan."

"I'm going to use my savings to secure a place of my own, where I can settle in and embark on a year-long journey dedicated to nurturing my artistic talents," I declared,

determination sparkling in my eyes. "And once that phase is complete, I plan to liquidate all the properties I acquired from Ravel and utilize the proceeds to bring my long-cherished dream to life-an art. gallery that will showcase my work and the creations of other talented artists."

Art had always been a passion of mine, but Ravel, in his misguided concern, discouraged me from pursuing it professionally. "I don't want you to be burdened with stress all the time," he used to say, unintentionally stifling my artistic ambitions. However, the time for merely dabbling in art for personal pleasure had come to an end. Now, I was ready to embrace the potential of monetizing my creativity.

Elenor snapped her fingers, bringing me back to the present moment. "Hazel!" she exclaimed, capturing my attention. I blinked rapidly, refocusing on our conversation. "I was asking where you intend to settle down permanently."

Sharing that information with her wouldn't be wise. I had no desire for any members of the Southwark family, particularly Ravel, to track me down or discover the existence of my child. "I'd rather not disclose that just yet," I replied, sensing her disappointment radiating from her pouted expression. "I'll come find you if I need see you."

Letting out an audible sigh, she smacked her lips in frustration. "I understand, Hazel. Even though I'm your friend now, I can't forget that I'm still a Southwark. I know how desperately you want to uproot them from your life."

Regret filled my heart as I muttered a sincere apology. Apologies were all I seemed capable of offering her in that moment, knowing the complexity of the situation. However, Elenor graciously waved off my apology with a warm smile. "You don't have to apologize," she assured me, her eyes brimming with understanding

As my phone rang, interrupting our conversation, I offered Elenor an apologetic smile before answering the call. It was my lawyer, delivering the much-awaited news that the divorce had finally reached its conclusion. Expressing my gratitude for his diligent efforts, I ended the call and shared the significant update with Elenor. "I am now officially a single woman," I announced, my tone devoid of excitement. Not only a single woman but also soon to be a single mother.

Elenor couldn't contain her joy and let out a delighted squeal, planting a wet kiss on my cheek. "Congratulations!" she exclaimed. "We should celebrate this momentous occasion with a few bottles of champagne."

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However, the thought of indulging in champagne didn't sit well with me, considering my pregnancy. "I think I'll pass," I replied softly, declining her offer. "I have an early morning flight tomorrow, and I don't want to risk oversleeping or dealing with a hangover."

Understanding my reasoning, Elenor reached out and pulled me into a heartfelt hug.

"I'm going to miss you," she confessed, a touch of melancholy in her voice.

"There is always FaceTime and Skype." I reminded her, trying to lighten the mood.

Despite the physical distance, we would find ways to stay connected and maintain our friendship.

Her whining tone persisted as she lamented, "But it's just not the same as having you there in person." She pulled back slightly, her hand gently cradling my cheek in a display of affection. "I truly, sincerely hope that you find the happiness you truly deserve."

Deep down, I shared that sentiment. I yearned for a new chapter filled with genuine joy and fulfillment.

The following morning, before the crack of dawn at a weary hour of five in the morning, I completed the check-out process at the hotel. With a heavy heart, I made my way to the airport, bidding farewell to the bustling streets of New York City, which had become a painful reminder of the past.

As I boarded the plane, a glimmer of hope flickered within me, silently praying that this journey marked the end of my association with this city, longing for a future where I would never have to set foot on its streets again.