

Billionaire's Ex-wife : Craving You Chapter 5

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Chapter 5

HAZEL

(FIVE MONTHS AFTER DIVORCE)

(SEATTLE)

I rolled up my sleeves and gazed at the canvas before me, casting a glance at the paints scattered on the floor. It was an unconventional choice to be in the drawing hall on a Saturday, while most students were enjoying the weekend with their families.

I made a conscious effort to avoid idleness, as it left me with too much time to ponder the end of my marriage with Ravel. We had agreed to keep our divorce away from the prying eyes of the media, but somehow, someone had leaked the news, causing a frenzy on the internet.

Fortunately, the focus seemed to be more on Ravel than on me. The information that was leaked made it appear as though I had cheated on him, rather than the other way around. Surprisingly, the paparazzi showed more interest in the betrayed husband, and to be honest, I didn't mind. It granted me the privacy I desperately needed during this difficult time.

Suddenly, the grand entrance door swung open, and a young man entered, his attention fixated on his phone. He strolled halfway into the hall, completely oblivious to his surroundings, until he finally glanced up and noticed me, causing him to come to an abrupt halt.

His gaze shifted between me and the door, a hint of surprise evident on his face. "I didn't expect to find anyone here today," he muttered, slipping his phone into his pocket. His brows furrowed as he glanced at the small paint buckets scattered on the floor. "Is this something you do regularly?"

Engaging in small talk was the last thing I wanted at that moment. Without paying much attention to his question, I dipped my brush into the paint, observing as the bristles absorbed the vibrant color. "Perhaps you should focus on why you came here," I replied, my voice tinged with a touch of indifference. Raising the brush, I made deliberate strokes on the blank canvas before me.

He chuckled softly, acknowledging the truth in my words. Hastily, he made his way to the paint room, selecting a paint of his choice before settling down by the window. We continued our painting in a comfortable silence for the next couple of hours, a silence that I greatly appreciated. However, just as I began to find solace in the quietude, he abruptly stood up and walked over to my table, dropping a can of juice.

In response to his unexpected gesture, I raised an eyebrow, silently demanding an explanation. He returned my questioning gaze with a warm smile, revealing a charming dimple on his left cheek. "You've been engrossed in your drawing for hours," he rasped gently. "I don't think it's advisable for a pregnant woman to become dehydrated."

His words made me instinctively glance down at my loose-fitting shirt, and a frown formed on my face. "Is it that obvious?" I asked, feeling a mix of curiosity and concern. At five months pregnant, my baby bump was still quite small compared to the exaggerated images I had seen online. I had secretly been relieved that my belly hadn't grown significantly, as it allowed me to keep my pregnancy hidden from the prying eyes of the few papara zzi who still followed me.

He shook his head reassuringly. Flashing me another smile, he made his way back to his seat. "No, it's not obvious at all," he replied, his tone friendly. "I've spent a lot of time around pregnant women, so I've learned to recognize certain facial and body features.

His statement caught me off guard, causing my eyebrows to shoot up. He chuckled, understanding my surprise. "Last year, I painted numerous artworks for the obstetrics ward, so I was often surrounded by pregnant women and nursing mothers."

"That's it," I mumbled, packing up my stuffs, "we're done here." Standing up, I slung my bag over my shoulder, leaving the abandoned juice can behind on the table. "I appreciate your concern, sir, but I would prefer if you didn't pay any further attention to me," I uttered softly. Casting one last glance in his direction, I exited the hall.

Fatigue washed over me as I finally arrived back at my apartment. I was utterly drained. Placing an order for dinner, I decided to take a quick shower before it arrived, hoping it would refresh me.

Sinking into the comfortable cream-colored sofa with a bowl of pasta and a warm glass of milk, I picked up my phone and

Chapter 5

began scrolling through the news. However, my brows furrowed with each article I read, as the headlines seemed to revolve around Ravel. It was hard to avoid, considering the

extensive coverage of his exhibition that inundated the internet.

Frustration welled up within me as I observed that Ravel was conspicuously alone in all the pictures. It seemed he had left his mistress at home, carefully avoiding any public scrutiny while the media continued to paint me as the unfaithful wife. I could almost guarantee that the moment I was captured in the company of another man, Ravel would shamelessly parade his supposed lover for all to see.

In my anger, I gripped the fork in my hand so tightly that it threatened to snap in two, but my attention was abruptly diverted by an incoming phone call from Elenor. Taking a deep breath, I released my grip on the fork and answered the call. "Elen?"

"Hazel," she greeted me cheerfully, her voice filled with warmth. "What's up? I feel like it's been ages since we last talked."

Chuckling softly, I wiped away the bitter tears that had escaped and rolled down my cheeks while I had been fixated on Ravel's picture. "We spoke just last night, Elenor," "That's practically a whole day," she exclaimed in a dramatic manner. "But let's not dwell on that." The sudden shift in her tone caught my attention, causing me to lean forward in my seat. "How much longer do you have left in school?"

"Seven months," I replied, curiosity piqued. I had enrolled in an advanced art class that required a year to complete, and I was currently five months into the program.

"Well, I happened to meet someone during a work trip, and I believe he could be of great assistance to you once you open your own art gallery after finishing school." The sound of a door closing reached my ears, momentarily interrupting our conversation before she continued. "I'll forward his contact information to you. Give him a call and discuss your gallery plans with him."

While I appreciated her willingness to help, I couldn't help but feel a strong desire to accomplish this on my own. "I don't think that will be necessary, Elen."

"Why?" she exclaimed, clearly taken aback by my response.

"I've already made it clear that I won't accept help from anyone associated with the Southwark family," I reiterated firmly. I could hear her muttering a curse under her breath in response. "I'm sorry, Elen."

I was determined to prove myself and succeed on my own merits. I swore to myself that my accomplishments would not bear any trace of the Southwark name.

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