

Billionaire's Ex-wife : Craving You Chapter 6

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Chapter 6

RAVEL

(SEVEN MONTHS AFTER DIVORCE)

The jewel exhibition was absolutely flawless, a true embodiment of perfection. My team of social media managers and business strategists were concerned that the aftermath of my divorce would have a negative impact on the exhibition. Surprisingly, it had the opposite effect, generating even more attention and interest.

Although I must admit that I'm not particularly thrilled about the fact that my business received a boost from leaving my wife, I have come to accept that unexpected things happen in life, and we must move forward. It's not as if I deliberately orchestrated this situation as a marketing strategy.

After responding to my final email of the day, I shut down my laptop, carefully placed it in my bag, grabbed my coat and keys, and left my office. Raymond, one of my personal security guards who had been diligently standing watch outside my office, immediately fell into step as I walked out.

I handed him my bag as we entered the elevator, and as we descended, Raymond cleared his throat before breaking the silence. "Ms. Hazel will be visiting New York next month."

My body instantly tensed, and my fingers clenched tightly around my jacket. "What on earth is she coming to do in New York?" I muttered under my breath, frustration evident in my voice.

"She's attending the opening of Ms. Elenor's beauty brand," Raymond replied. "The invitation was sent to her this morning."

A bitter smile crossed my face. "She won't honor that invitation. She's too smart for that. Given the current chaos with the papara zzi, she knows it would be utter madness to make a public appearance." I paused, a sense of irritation building within me. "And if Elenor is extending invitations, why wasn't I included?"

Raymond remained silent for a moment, causing me to turn and glare at him. "I don't have an answer at the moment, sir," he finally responded. "But I'll swiftly find out before

you retire for the night.”

The elevator dinged, signaling our arrival as the doors slid open. Frustration simmered within me as I muttered, “Forget it.” I knew exactly why I hadn’t received an invitation—it was because she didn’t want me there. “Focus your energy on securing me an invitation, and let it be known to anyone who cares to listen that I will be attending the event.”

“Yes, boss,” Raymond replied dutifully.

Having Hazel in New York was the last thing I desired. I knew it would only bring trouble, and that was something I wanted to avoid at all costs. The best way to prevent her from coming was to make it abundantly clear that I would be present. Knowing Hazel, she would never willingly be in the same vicinity as me.

Suddenly, my phone chimed, capturing my attention. Slipping my hand into my pocket, I retrieved it and tapped on the message icon. Pausing momentarily before getting into the car, I furrowed my brow as I read my mother’s text, inviting me to dinner.

“Take me to my mother’s place,” I instructed Solomon, my driver. He nodded curtly before maneuvering the car into the bustling streets of New York.

The frantic pace of life had taken hold of me, blurring the passage of time. Lost in my laptop, I was jolted back to reality when Raymond, my chauffeur, discreetly cleared his throat. I lifted my gaze, momentarily disoriented. “Why did you stop the car? Tinkered, my curiosity piqued.

Raymond met my gaze and replied, “We’ve arrived, Mrs. Anne’s manor.” His words prompted me to glance outside the window, and a faint smile tugged at the corners of my lips. How had my life become so consumed that I failed to notice my surroundings? Stepping out of the car, I leisurely made my way towards the entrance, paying little heed to the greetings from Anne’s security personnel. My purpose for being here had nothing to do with seeing my mother; in fact, being in her presence was something I loathed. I had only come with the intention of coaxing an invitation out of Elenor.

Chapter 6

The memories of our regular Friday family dinners flooded my mind, and I strained to recall the last time I had actually attended one. It must have been three years ago, a fateful evening when Anne had publicly humiliated Hazel in front of the household staff. As I entered the manor, Elenor’s exasperated voice filled the air. “Oh, just kill me!” she exclaimed upon catching sight of me. It was no secret that I had become her least

favorite person ever since my divorce with Hazel had been finalized. "I thought you had sworn off these Friday dinners?"

Anne, always quick to interject, snapped back at Elenor. "Shouldn't you be pleased that he's taking a step towards reconciliation?" Her words were laced with a venomous undertone, and she swiftly redirected her attention to me, her face adorned with a disingenuous smile. "We're delighted to have you back with us, son," she greeted, her pretense of warmth barely concealing her true intentions.

"Speak for yourself, Mum," Elenor muttered under her breath, her fingers delicately pouring wine into her glass. "His mere presence only manages to dampen my already somber mood.

used to be her favorite, or so I thought. "It's good to see you too, Elenor," I responded, attempting to maintain a pleasant tone. However, her eye roll made it clear that my efforts were in vain. "I heard news that you've started distributing your invitation cards," I began, trying to keep the tone light. "I must admit, it came as a surprise when my secretary didn't receive one on my behalf."

Elenor paused, her eyes narrowing as she locked her gaze onto me. "That's because I don't want you there," she retorted sharply, her words laden with resentment.

A mischievous smile tugged at the corners of my lips. "Why is that, dear sister?" I teased, unable to resist needling her. "Because Hazel will be attending?"

The mention of Hazel's name caught Anne off guard, causing her to momentarily choke on her food. It was evident that my comment had struck a nerve. "You sent an invitation to that cheating woman," she sputtered, her voice tinged with disbelief, "and not to your own brother?"

My gaze shifted to Anne, and I felt compelled to set the record straight. "Hazel didn't cheat," I corrected firmly. "The press merely insinuated it, but that doesn't make it the truth."

Anne responded with an exasperated eye roll. "The fact remains that she chose Hazel over her own family."

"Hazel is family," Elenor interjected, her voice strained with tension.

"She was family," I clarified, knowing it would strike a nerve with Elenor. Another glare from her confirmed my assumption. "But regardless, I would appreciate an invitation to your party, Elenor. I wouldn't want to inadvertently sabotage your efforts for such an important event."

“Sabotage?” Elenor scoffed, a hint of disbelief in her voice. “What could you possibly do, brother?”

A sly smile curled on my lips as I leaned back, meeting her angry gaze with a calm demeanor. “If I don’t find an invitation card on my desk tomorrow morning, I might just arrange an event of my own on the very same day as yours.” Her eyes narrowed in fury as she registered the implications. “Let’s see who captures the attention of the press and papara zzi, shall we? I believe we both know the answer to that.”

Elenor’s eyes widened in shock, and she nervously licked her lips. “You’re actually willing to go through with that?” I nonchalantly shrugged, determined to do whatever it took to ensure Hazel stayed away from this city. “Every day, I see more and more of your true despicable nature.” Her anger flared as she forcefully pushed her chair back and rose to her feet. “I’ve had enough. I’m done here.”

Anne made a feeble attempt to convince Elenor to stay, but Elenor snatched her purse and stormed out of the house. Disregarding her outburst, I reached for my wine glass. “Well, that didn’t go well,” Anne muttered, also reaching for her wine glass. She then turned to me and continued, “I was on the phone with the Miller family last night, and they seemed to believe that forming a family alliance between our families would be mutually beneficial.”

Gripping the wine glass stem tightly between my fingers, I tilted my head inquisitively towards Anne. “Correct me if I’m

Chapter 6

mistaken, but the Millers don’t actually have a son in their family, do they?”

“You’re absolutely right,” she concurred.

“Then who exactly is this proposed marriage alliance for?” I pressed, a hint of skepticism in my voice.

Her smile tightened, lips forming a thin line. “It’s between you and their daughter, Anastasia.” I continued to gaze at her impassively, awaiting further explanation. “Now that you’re single once again, son, what better opportunity could we ask for?”

“Better opportunity?” I scoffed, disbelief evident in my tone. “For whom exactly? For them or for us?” I couldn’t bear to sit and listen to her absurdity any longer. With deliberate calmness, I released my grip on the glass and slowly stood to my full height.

“Do not entangle yourself in a futile alliance that will never come to fruition.”

She rose to her feet as well, a puzzled expression on her face. "But why?"

"Because I said so," I declared firmly. I didn't go through a divorce just to find myself trapped in another marriage.