

Billionaire's Ex-wife : Craving You Chapter 9

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Chapter 9

a mix of astonishment and excitement. As the reality sank in, my lips stretched into a radiant smile. "This is incredible news, David! Why do you appear as though something is amiss?"

David winced, a touch of unease crossing his features. "Let me finish, Hazel," he mumbled, his brows furrowing.

His sudden change in demeanor fueled my concern, furrowing my own brow. "Alright... go ahead," I encouraged, my voice laced with a hint of apprehension. Knowing David's usual playful nature, the seriousness in his tone was enough to raise red flags. "What's the matter?" I pressed, eager to understand the cause of his distress.

"The event is actually taking place in New York," David dropped the bombshell, and an instant wave of tension rippled through me. "I'm fully aware of how much you despise that city, and I understand that returning there will be challenging for you." I maintained an unwavering gaze, absorbing his words with rapt attention. "You don't have to go to the event. I'll graciously accept the award on your behalf, sparing you the_"

"That's not necessary," I interjected firmly, cutting off his train of thought. His assumption had caught me off guard, and I felt compelled to set things straight. David arched an eyebrow, clearly taken aback. "Are you rejecting the award?" he inquired, his voice tinged with curiosity. He moistened his lips and leaned forward, his concern palpable. "Hazel, this award has the potential to open doors for the gallery. You can't afford to turn it down."

I couldn't remain seated any longer, driven by an inner resolve. Gracefully, I stood up and sashayed towards my precious daughter. "I can't keep running away from them forever," I whispered softly, my voice filled with determination. "I am going to attend that event."

"In other words, you want to go against my advice and attend the event?" David's presence suddenly materialized behind me, his warmth seeping into my senses. "Hazel, that is an incredibly risky decision," he warned, his tone laced with concern.

Taking a defensive stance, I crossed my arms, confronting David directly. "Why? Why

do you consider it such a terrible idea for me to accept an award that I earned on my own merit?" I challenged, a mix of determination and frustration evident in my voice. David ran his hands through his perfectly styled hair, disheveling it in his evident agitation. "You, out of all people, understand precisely why this is a risky proposition," he responded, his tone laced with a hint of exasperation. I defiantly jutted my chin out, refusing to offer a retort, even though he hadn't explicitly asked for one. Sensing my resistance, he continued, gesturing towards Daisy. "And let's not even start discussing the complications involving the baby."

"This has nothing to do with Daisy," I argued, my voice firm as I crossed my arms, turning my gaze towards my precious daughter. "He will not learn about her because I have no intention of bringing her with me to New York. As for Ravel, he has no involvement in the art world, so the chances of running into him are slim to none."

"And if you do encounter him?" he countered, his voice laced with concern.

"Then so be it," I hissed, my frustration mounting. What was his deal? I hadn't wronged Ravel in any way,

so I saw no reason

to continue running from him. I reminded myself that we were not the only divorced individuals in the world. "I have no reason to be afraid or hide. If our paths cross, then I will face it head-on."

"You don't have to do this, Hazel," he stressed, taking a step closer to me, his worry etched on his face.

"Yes, I do," I asserted firmly, holding my ground. "It's my name on that award, and I refuse to let fear dictate my choices."

Exhaling heavily, David pressed his lips together, clearly grappling with his own thoughts. "Fine. If you insist on going, then I'm going with you," he declared, surprising me with his statement.

I blinked at him, momentarily taken aback. "Why?" I questioned, a mix of confusion and curiosity coloring my voice. "Do you think I can't handle Ravel on my own?" Did he perceive me as someone so weak?

David's expression softened, his gaze filled with sincerity. "I'm going with you because, after you confront Ravel, you're going to need a friend by your side," he explained, his tone gentle. "Even though I hope you never have to encounter him, I want to be there to support you."

I hope so too.

Chapter 10

RAVEL

Clutching the delicate stylus in my hand, I meticulously etched intricate stone patterns onto the necklace. Yet, despite my efforts, a nagging feeling persisted, as if something was amiss in the image. My jaw clenched as I fixated my gaze upon the drawing, desperately trying to discern the source of the problem.

Once upon a time, it would only take me a maximum of two weeks to create a captivating jewel design. But now, the process stretched over two long months, and even upon completion, I found myself lacking the confidence I once possessed in my artistic prowess.

Letting out a frustrated groan, I released my grip on the stylus and reached for the glass of scotch beside me. Raising it to my lips, I discovered that it was empty, just like the bottle of scotch resting on the table.

Pushing back my seat, I stood up and wandered over to the mini bar, intent on retrieving another bottle of scotch to soothe my frayed nerves. Just then, the door to my home office swung open, and in stepped Elenor, her face contorted with a frown.

Raising an eyebrow in response to her unexpected intrusion, I trudged wearily back to my table, my grip tight on the bottle of scotch. "I thought you had erased me from your life," I muttered, my voice laced with a mix of bitterness and resignation.

Her reply carried a hint of sharpness. "I wouldn't be here if everyone wasn't worried about you." The words stung, and I fought the urge to scoff. "Nobody has been able to reach you for a week now, Ravel, not even your secretary."

Pouring another generous measure of scotch into my glass, I took a gulp, the burn momentarily distracting me from the mounting tension. With the stylus back in my hand, I resumed my work. "That's because I'm working," I retorted, a touch of sarcasm lacing my

words. "Is it inconceivable for a businessman to seek solace?"

Elenor rolled her eyes, gracefully gliding toward me. Settling herself nearby, she observed me as I sketched. "Ravel," she called out, capturing my attention. I lifted my gaze, silently acknowledging her. "What's your deal with that Jane girl?"

Intrusive as ever, Elenor couldn't resist meddling in my affairs. "What do you mean?" I replied, feigning innocence.

Her eyes narrowed with suspicion. "I saw her coming out of your room," she accused, clearly trying to catch me off guard.

Letting out an exasperated sound, I dropped the stylus and intertwined my fingers, resting my elbows on the desk as I gave my nosy sister an amused look. "And?" I retorted, keeping my response deliberately brief. Her glare intensified, clearly not satisfied with my nonchalant attitude. "What's wrong with one of my domestic staff entering my room? If they don't clean it, should I expect you to do the job?"

Her annoyance flared, and she hissed back at me, maintaining her suspicious demeanor. "You don't have to be sarcastic," she shot back, leaning back in her seat. "So, you're saying there's nothing going on."

I couldn't contain my frustration any longer, and I pinched the bridge of my nose, grabbing the scotch glass from the table. Irritation bubbled up within me as I snapped back at her, "What if there is something going on? Need I remind you that I've been divorced for two years now, and I have every right to do as I please?"

"Two years is hardly enough time to forget about Hazel," she retorted, her words dripping with skepticism. "It's still fresh."

"And you're not immune to being thrown out of my house!" I shot back, my anger escalating. "Instead of constantly scrutinizing me and my relationships, maybe you should focus on making your own relationships work!"

Her face contorted with anger. "Don't you dare, Ravel!"

I scoffed in response. "Don't I dare what?" I spat, my frustration boiling over. "This is your fifth relationship this year, Elenor. Focus on yourself and stay out of my personal life!"

She abruptly stood up, snatching the scotch bottle from the table and brandishing it above my head, the liquid staining the wedding portrait of Hazel that hung on the wall. "You think my life is fucking messed up?" she laughed hysterically. "Maybe I should help you take a good hard look at your own life, so you can see just how much more messed up it is compared to