

Billionaire's Ex-wife : Craving You Chapter 106

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HAZEL

PRESENT TIME

To ensure my daughter's safety, I agreed to temporarily live with Ravel until I am prepared to return to Seattle. I have already made plans to depart this weekend with the hope of returning later. While I believe I can manage matters from a distance, I still feel the need to be physically present in the office to fully understand what's happening.

As soon as we entered Ravel's home, he suddenly stopped me by taking hold of my hand. "Would you prefer to stay in the guest room, or would you feel more comfortable in our bedroom?" he asked.

I looked at him quizzically. "You mean your bedroom?"

He winced at my choice of words. "Yes, I meant my bedroom."

I shook my head and gracefully handed my bag to the housekeeper while discreetly scanning the area for

June. "Ravel, this is, your home," I began, "and it wouldn't be proper for me to take over your bedroom. I'll opt for one of the guest rooms."

Ravel winced, as if my words had caused him some discomfort. "Very well," he replied, "I'll let you freshen up while I prepare dinner. He handed Daisy over to me before heading toward the kitchen.

After refreshing both myself and Daisy with a warm shower, I joined Ravel in the dining room. He handed me a glass

of wine and volunteered to feed Daisy. I gladly passed her over to him, well aware of how playful yet stubborn she could be during mealtime.

Ravel cleared his throat to capture my attention. "Someone has been planted in your apartment to impersonate you. Hopefully, the next time he show up, we'll be able to catch the stalker."

Nodding slowly, I set my fork down on the table. "Can I see that picture again, please?" I requested, a hint of concern in my voice.

Ravel lifted his head, arching an inquisitive brow. "Do you think you might recognize the person?" he inquired, then handed me his phone.

Taking the phone, I replied, "I'm not sure, but I just want to double-check something." I clicked on the picture and stared at it intently, my mind racing with questions. Why did the person in the photo bear such a striking resemblance to David from behind? I knew David was in New York, but he had no knowledge of my current location, making this situation all the more confusing.

"Hazel?!" Ravel's sudden and insistent call startled me, yanking me out of my contemplation. "What's going on in your mind? I've been trying to get your attention for quite some time now." He scrutinized me closely. "Are you feeling alright?"

"Yeah." I lied. I can't say for certain that he is David, so it is best not to implicate him, but stuff like this is going to make me look into him. I returned the phone to him. "Can I ask for a favor?"

Ravel smiled widely, the eagerness to please me in his eyes. "Anything for you Hazel."

Daisy pushed away the spoon that he tried to put in her mouth and I almost chuckled. "Can you recommend a private investigator for me?"

He tilted his head. "Should I ask why you need one?" I shook my head and he nodded. "I have quite a few in my contact list, I can always forward it to you."

Appreciative, not only because he offered to help, but because he did not prob, I smiled. "thank you Ray, I'd really appreciate it."

Nodding, he passed Daisy over to the nanny when it dawned on him that he won't be able to stop her from poking her hand into the stew sauce. "I don't know why you need a private investigator, but I want you to be careful."

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Smiling at him, I nodded. "Speaking of which, where is your female companion?" his jaw clenched at my question. "I can't seem to see her around her." The mocking yet angry bite in my tone did not go unnoticed by him. "Did you tell her to hide because I am coming around?"

He took his time, eating the chicken in his mouth and swallowed. "I ended things with June, so you will never see her anywhere around my house or me."

I scoffed. "Is that supposed to make me feel better?" whether or not she is still living with him or not does not erase the fact that he cheated on me with her.

Ravel sighed. "What do I have to do to make you forgive me?" he whispered. "What do I have to do is make you forgive me? I know it is impossible to forget, but all I ask is the opportunity to make amends."

Suddenly feeling sorry for the way I spoke to him, I signed. "I am sorry. I shouldn't have brought things up like this." I somehow knew that there was a possibility that she was not here because Ravel mentioned the last time that he ended things with her and paid her off.

He shook his head. "Don't apologize, I deserved it." He resumed eating and after that, he calmly stood up, dropped his plate in the sink, and walked towards the door. "Good night Hazel." Without waiting for a response from me, he climbed up the stairs and retreated to his room.

After waiting for him for so long, hoping that he would eventually come downstairs and when he didn't, I went in search of him. It is either he is angry with me, or he is in there blaming himself the more.

Halting in the familiar hallway that leads to a bedroom that used to be mine, I knocked on the door twice but got no response. I knocked again and this time, I heard shuffling feet before the door opened and he leaned on the doorway, slightly surprised to see me. "Is everything okay? Do you need something?"

I cleared my throat nervously. "I uhh..." I cleared my throat again. "Can I come in?"

He stared at me for a moment, sighed, and pulled the door wider. I ducked under his arm to get into the room. He closed the door softly behind me. "What do you want Hazel?"

Ignoring his question, I stared at the huge familiar portrait on the wall, directly facing our bed. "You never took this down?"

I felt his body warmth behind me. "I couldn't get myself to do it." He whispered. "Taking it down would mean accepting that our marriage was indeed over."

Brows furrowed with confusion, I turned around and stared at him. "I don't understand." I mumbled, "Isn't that what you wanted?" I asked him. "Need I remind you that you were the one who gave me those divorce papers on the grounds that you have fallen in love with June?"

He slumped down the bed. "Lies." He mumbled. "I did what I had to do to make you sign those divorce papers."

This doesn't make sense. "Why exactly did you do it?" I can't have him confusing my emotions.

Exhaling heavily, he stood up again, approached me, and grabbed my hand gently. "I did what I had to do Hazel."

His vague explanation did nothing to clear my confusion. "What did you have to do?"

"Why do you need a private investigator?" he asked suddenly and my defenses went high. I may not really understand who David is anymore, but he was there for me when I needed someone.

“You said you weren’t going to ask,” I muttered.

“And that’s because I trust you.” He stated. “I know this may be a difficult request, but I need you to trust me too Hazel. Do you

think you can do that for me?”

Lifting my head, I stared at him for a moment, his cold blue icy eyes pleading with me to trust him. Taking a very big leap, I stood on my tiptoe and placed my lips on his.