

Billionaire's Ex-wife : Craving You Chapter 110

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I found myself genuinely enjoying our collaboration, and as a token of my appreciation, I was ready to compensate him generously, willing to pay double whatever fee he might charge. "Could you please share your payment terms?" I inquired with genuine curiosity. "I refrained from discussing it with Ravel, given our upcoming meeting."

Rigger smoothly rose to his feet, deftly picking up his bag in the process. "That won't be necessary," he calmly interjected, "Mr. Southwark has already handled my payment." His statement left me with a perplexed frown.

I couldn't help but furrow my brow at his words. "I assure you that I'll be delivering tangible results within the month."

Seeking clarification, I probed further, "Could you tell me when Rav...Southwark offered to pay you?"

With a matter-of-fact tone, he corrected, "He didn't offer; he already paid me. The moment he presented the job, payment was promptly settled when I agreed to take it." His explanation prompted an incredulous scoff from me. With a slight, respectful bow, he concluded, "I've already secured your contact information, so expect to hear from us soon." And with that, he gracefully exited the booth.

I couldn't help but ponder why Ravel had kept me in the dark about this payment arrangement. What if I had chosen not to proceed with Rigger after our meeting? It would have likely resulted in refund complications and unexpected hurdles.

Ravel generously offered to drive us to the airport personally. Throughout the journey, I couldn't help but steal glances at him as he skillfully maneuvered through the traffic.

"Why do you keep stealing glances at me?" he finally asked, a hint of amusement in his voice. "Are you already missing me?"

I couldn't help but scoff at his playful comment. "Why didn't you inform me that you had already paid Rigger for the job I hired him for?"

With one hand firmly on the steering wheel, Ravel reached over and gently squeezed my thigh, holding my gaze. "Because I knew you'd react exactly like this."

I felt the need to assert myself. "I'm not a charity case, Ravel. I have every right to react

this way. If I didn't believe I could pay him, I wouldn't have engaged his services in the first place."

"You did mention the numerous settlements awaiting you from those artists who sued you for time negligence," Ravel gently reminded me. "I understand you wouldn't want me to handle those artist payments, which is precisely why I took it upon myself to assist by covering this expense. That way, you can allocate your resources toward resolving those fines."

Deep in thought, I realized there was no justifiable reason to be upset with him. Opting to convey my gratitude, leaned closer and planted a heartfelt kiss on his cheek. "I truly appreciate you looking out for me."

His response was an ear-to-ear grin as he brought the car to a halt at a red traffic light. "You know, my lips aren't that far from my cheek. Why stop there?" Ravel playfully teased, turning towards me and puckering his lips. "Do you think you could give it another shot?"

"Has anyone ever told you that you're quite silly?" I couldn't help but ask, earning an infectious, ear-to-ear grin from him. Leaning in, I pressed my lips against his, savoring the moment. It wasn't until the persistent honking of cars behind us interrupted us that we reluctantly pulled apart. Chuckling, he pressed the pedal and drove us onward. Just before boarding the jet, Ravel bent down to kiss Daisy's forehead before handing her over to her nanny. He then pulled me close, his lips meeting mine in a tender, lingering kiss. "I understand you have to leave for business, but can I at least try to convince you to stay?"

I shook my head with a gentle smile. "I'll be back before you know it. Just focus on your work, spend your time with Eleanor, and you'll see how quickly time will fly by."

"In your absence?" Ravel shook his head, a hint of doubt in his expression. "I highly doubt that."

I kissed him once more, savoring the connection before reluctantly pulling out of his warm embrace. "I'll be seeing you soon, Rav."

His smile was radiant as he replied, "I love you, Hazel."

At that moment, as I gazed into Ravel's eyes, I questioned myself. Was I still angry with him for what he had done? Yes. Did I feel hurt by his recent secrecy? Absolutely. But that didn't change the undeniable truth: I still loved him.

"I love you too, Ravel," I confessed, feeling a rush of emotion.

He placed a hand over his heart and playfully winked at me, clearly elated by my admission. Little did we know that after today, smiles would be a rare commodity in our lives for a long time to come.

SEND GIFT