

Billionaire's Ex-wife : Craving You Chapter 12

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Chapter 12

HAZEL

For the umpteenth time, David told me that we have to leave for the airport, but here I am, repeating the same instruction for the twentieth time. "Remember to give her the ducky doll and give me a call to wish her good night before putting her to bed."

"For Go d's sake Hazel!" David groaned, his head craned towards the heavens, "You've said that a million times!" I rolled my eyes; speak of exaggeration. "I'm sure Daphne gets the memo. Let's go or we'll miss our flight."

"Fine! I'm coming!" Leaning down, I kissed a sleeping Daisy on the forehead before walking out of her room. David who has been waiting in the hallway fell in line behind me. "You're going to be gone for only twenty-four hours."

He held the door open for me as I got into the back seat before joining me. "I'm going to be gone for more than twenty-four hours if I get that award." I glared at Agatha seated in front, "A certain someone agreed to interviews."

Agatha, my secretary and social manager chuckled. "Interviews are requirements if you get the award." She picked up her tablet, "I'm sure David agrees with me too."

"Let's stop using the word if," David mumbled as he leaned back and closed his eyes.

"She's going to win the award, I'm sure of it."

My lips stretched into a smile. "Thanks for the vote of confidence." Copying his position, I closed my eyes. "Wake me when we get to the airport."

"Why don't you hold that sleep until you get on the plane?" Agatha requested.

I rolled my eyes inwardly. "Whatever."

It took us eight hours to get to our hotel room. Thankfully, I was able to get some sleep on the plane, because the moment we arrived at the hotel, Agatha told me to grab a shower because the makeup crew and designer are on their way to the hotel.

I took a quick shower and grabbed something to eat before the crew arrived. Just as planned, they opted for smokey eye makeup and a wet hair look, topping it off with a long Versace red gown with high slits.

I was almost done with getting ready when David walked into my room, dressed in a black tux and a red brooch complimenting my dress. His gaze slowly racked my body as he took in my dress, his gaze lingering on the slit and my bare thigh. "You look breathtaking."

My cheeks stained red. "Thank you." Smiling to get rid of the tension, I grabbed my clutch. "You don't look bad yourself."

He chortled. "As opposed to looking good?" I shrugged in response, my eyes twinkling with mischievousness. Shaking his head, David stretched out his hand, offering me his open palm. "Come on, let's get this over and done with it."

I can't wait to get back to Seattle. Accepting his open-palm invitation, I allowed him to lead me out of the hotel to the limo waiting for us outside.

Just as Agatha predicted, the paparazzi went crazy when I stepped out of my car, my hand interlocked with David's. We posed for the camera, modeling the Versace outfit. I'm certain that some of them can't wait to get home and write nothing but lies about my relationship with David.

Agatha walked over to me and whispered in my ear that we should get going and just as I was about to walk away from the red carpet, the crowd went crazy. Curious to know the reason for their craziness, I looked at the black sleek Benz that just pulled over.

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David leaned in. "I bet my ass it's Jeremy Beckham." Jeremy is my competitor in the art curating out to steal your shine, which was why he let you walk in first." iness. "He was always

Almost rolling my eyes, I leaned in to tell him that not everyone is as dramatic as he is, but when my eyes captured who got down from the car, the words got stuck in my throat.

What is Ravel doing here? My palm which was once lying lazily on David's arm tightened its hold, squeezing tightly. David, noticing my sudden tensed demeanor trailed my gaze and it led him to Ravel.

"Why weren't we informed that he'll be showing up?" David hissed at Agatha through clenched teeth.

"I had no idea." She mumbled, trying to keep a relaxed face for the sake of the camera. "This shouldn't be a problem right?" She glanced at me. "I've seen a couple of people divorced that are in this event."

“Just zip it.” David scolded her. He placed his other hand on mine which was resting on his arm. “If you want to leave, I’ll make it happen.”

As if sensing that we are discussing him, Ravel turned his head and locked his gaze with mine. I could I sworn that he smiled at me. The crazy b astard smiled at me! We held each other’s gaze for a little too long before Nooked away. “I’m receiving that award myself.”

“You sure about that?” David asked skeptically. “You don’t have to do this if you don’t want to.”

“Let’s go find our seat, these heels are killing me.” I held onto David’s arm tightly as he led me into the grand hall. Following the number on the invitation card, we made our way to our seats at the corner of the hall.

Against better judgment, my eyes kept wandering around the hall, trying to catch sight of Ravel, and thankfully, I didn’t see him anywhere.

“Are you looking for someone?” David whispered in my ears, his voice clipped, almost sounding angry. “Don’t tell me you’re looking for Mr. Southwark.”

Blinking rapidly, I took my gaze away from the crowd and settled it on David. “I’m just curious to find out where he’s sitting.”

“I’m sure he’s somewhere in the front.” Agatha chimed. “I heard he’s the one presenting the awards, so he must be somewhere in front where he can be easily accessed by the organizers.”

“If only you paid more attention to details, Hazel wouldn’t have stuck in the same room with him.” David retorted, clearly still offended that Agatha was oblivious to the fact that Ravel will be showing up.

“Let her be, David.” Even if she knew, I would have still shown up. “We are already here, let’s not make the night more stressful.” Picking up the champagne glass that Agatha picked up for me, I took a sip, praying and hoping that this night will go on without any more surprises.

“You got to be f ucking kidding me!” David growled. Curious to know what got him so worked up, I turned around. “Why the heck is he coming towards us?” He glared at Agatha. “I thought you said his seat is somewhere in front?”

“That was just an assumption, David!” Agatha snapped at David, “Stop coming at me with the biting words David, you’re an employee just like me!”

Zoning out their bickering, I stared unblinking at the lady on Ravel’s arm. June. The

same lady he cheated on me with. How dare he?! The more I glared at them, the more my blood boiled with fury.

“Hazel?” David called out softly, his voice breaking me out of my fury daze. “If you hold the glass stem any tighter, it’ll snap.” Placing a hand on my cheek, he turned my face away from the approaching couple. “Are you okay?”

Clearing my throat, I nodded. “I’m fine.” Why am I even angry? It’s not like their relationship is news to me. Lifting the glass, I took another sip, hoping they’ll walk past but to my dismay, Ravel stopped at our table and pulled a seat out for Jane before settling down next to her.

“What the heck is going on?” David demanded, his eyes bouncing from Ravel to June, but he got ignored.

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The bartender smiled at me instead, ignoring every other person at the table. “Hello, Hazel.”