

Billionaire's Ex-wife : Craving You Chapter 2

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Chapter 2

RAVEL

The relentless passage of time seems to drag on with excruciating slowness, leaving me yearning for anything that can distract me from the emptiness that awaits me at home. Rather than returning to the confines of my residence, I find solace in the familiarity of my office. In truth, I'd rather immerse myself in work than confront the bitter reality of my crumbling marriage with Hazel. Alas, some circumstances are unavoidable, and my plans for divorce are set in motion.

It has been a relentless week since I presented Hazel with the papers that would sever our ties. Yet, she remains stubbornly defiant, refusing to acknowledge the inevitable. I am reluctant to escalate matters by resorting to a court battle, as the last thing I desire is to become further entangled in the web of media frenzy surrounding my life. The prying eyes of the papara zzi already scrutinize my every move, and I am averse to subjecting myself to more unnecessary scrutiny.

However, dealing with a tenacious woman, or rather, my soon-to-be ex-wife, proves to be a formidable challenge. Every step toward achieving closure becomes an arduous uphill battle.

Twirling my pen absentmindedly, I gazed at the exquisite necklace design that Dino, my trusted collaborator, had sent my way. Its intricate beauty mesmerized me, momentarily transporting my thoughts away from the burdens that weighed heavily on my shoulders. In just two short months, an important exhibition awaited me, a pivotal event that demanded double the usual workload. Adding the complications of a messy divorce to this already overflowing plate was an unwelcome prospect.

As a jeweler, my company Raveluxe had garnered a global reputation for crafting unparalleled masterpieces adorned with the rarest and most exquisite gemstones. Year after year, our name resonated throughout the industry, and I was determined to uphold that legacy. This year, I yearned for nothing less than continued triumph and recognition.

In an abrupt intrusion, the door to my office swung open, disrupting my train of thought.

Elenor stormed in with an air of anger clinging to her every step. My dedicated secretary, Dana, hurriedly trailed behind, attempting to defuse the tension and maintain a semblance of order.

Dana's gaze held a mix of worry and helplessness as she addressed me. Her voice trembled slightly as she pleaded, "Please, sir, I informed her that you were not to be disturbed, but she disregarded my words entirely." Recognizing her earnest efforts to maintain order, I nodded in acknowledgment and motioned for her to leave. With a slight bow, Dana exited my office, leaving Elenor and me to confront our familial complexities. Closing my laptop and setting it aside, I focused my attention on my sister, raising an eyebrow in mild exasperation. Elenor, my sole sibling, held a significant place in my heart, and I loved her dearly. However, she was acutely aware that I preferred to keep personal dramas separate from my professional realm. It was evident that she had disregarded this unspoken agreement by barging into my office unannounced.

I leaned back in my chair, studying Elenor's agitated demeanor, allowing a brief moment of silence to pass between us. With a measured tone, I finally addressed her, seeking clarity amidst the tension that hung in the air. "Elenor, what brings you to my office today? Surely you know that I prefer not to have family disputes encroach upon my workspace."

"What on earth am I hearing?" she spat, her voice laced with indignation. Slamming her bag down on my desk, she assumed a defensive stance, crossing her arms and thrusting her hips forward. "Please, for the love of sanity, tell me this is some twisted prank."

With a calm yet curious demeanor, I motioned toward the vacant chair before me. "If you could kindly enlighten me on the matter at hand, perhaps we can determine whether it's a jest or something more serious. So, please, have a seat, and let's engage in a civilized conversation. Alternatively, if it's not of importance, I kindly request that you vacate my office so I can return to my work."

With an air of defiance, she plopped herself down on the plush leather seat, her fiery gaze piercing through me like daggers. "I had a conversation with Hazel a few hours ago, and the revelations she shared with me were simply incomprehensible."

Slightly amused by her vexation, I opted to feign ignorance, relishing in the opportunity to irk her further. "Oh, pray tell, what did Hazel divulge to you?" I inquired innocently, knowing full well the direction this conversation was taking.

She blinked rapidly, clearly taken aback by my apparent obliviousness. “Are you seriously going to play dumb, Ravel?” Her

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voice dripped with exasperation, her frustration palpable. In a hushed undertone, she muttered a curse under her breath, clearly frustrated. “Hazel told me about the damn divorce papers, Ravel.”

I maintained my impassive facade, blinking twice in succession, as if her words held little significance. “And?” I repeated, my voice devoid of emotion.

“What do you mean, ‘and?’” She gestured animatedly with her hands, frustration giving way to a touch of sadness. “What transpired between you and Hazel, Ravel? You two seemed genuinely happy.” Her voice dropped to a whisper. “For once in your life, you found happiness beyond your work. What went wrong?”

Nonchalantly, I shrugged and reclined in my seat, meeting her gaze with an unwavering stare. “Feelings have a tendency to evolve, don’t they?” I remarked casually. She furrowed her brow, struggling to comprehend my cryptic response. “I fell in love with her, Elenor. But just as love can bloom, it can also fade away. I have every right to fall out of love with her.”

Her words hung in the air, her determination to uncover the truth evident in her voice. “I refuse to believe that love simply fades away without reason,” she argued, her conviction unwavering. “There must be something that happened, Ravel. If you open up to me, I’ll do everything in my power to help you both fix your relationship.”

The notion of fixing what was broken struck a chord within me, igniting a fiery resentment. “And what am I to you, Elenor?” I retorted, my anger palpable as I leaned forward, locking eyes with my sister. “A mere broken toy, waiting to be repaired?” My lips tightened into a thin line as I held her gaze unflinchingly. “Since you and Hazel have taken it upon yourselves to discuss

my personal matters in my absence, then you can play messenger as well. Deliver this message to her.”

“Rave_”

Before Elenor could utter another word, my voice dropped to a cold, cutting tone.

“Inform Hazel that I have an upcoming exhibition in the next two months, and I refuse to be entangled in this unnecessary drama and distraction. She must sign those divorce papers before the week concludes, or consequences will be inevitable.”

The weight of my words hung in the air, suffocating the room with their intensity. Elenor's voice rose, incredulous at the transformation she witnessed before her. "Jesus!" she exclaimed, her disbelief echoing through the space. "What has come over you? This is so unlike you."

Refusing to dignify her with a response, I maintained my silence, my gaze unwavering as it bore into her.

"Is there another woman?"

Her question lingered in the air, probing the depths of my thoughts. Was there another woman?

I allowed a moment of contemplation to pass, as if weighing the gravity of her inquiry. Elenor's voice carried a mix of accusation and desperation as she leaned in, her hands splayed on my desk. "The only explanation for such irrational behavior from a man is the presence of another woman," she asserted, her eyes searching mine. "So, I implore you, Ravel, tell me the truth. Is there another woman involved?"

A

surge

of conflicting emotions coursed through me, but guilt was not among them. What more could possibly go wrong at this point? Suppressing any sense of remorse, I met Elenor's gaze head-on. "Yes," I admitted coolly, my voice unwavering. "There is indeed another woman in my life. And it is precisely why I require Hazel to swiftly sign those documents."

Elenor's eyes widened in shock, caught off guard by the confirmation she sought. The realization of her unpreparedness hung in the air, yet her unwavering determination pressed on. If she hadn't been ready for the response, why pose the question in the first place?

Silence reigned between us, the weight of my words reverberating through the room. Elenor's fists tightened, her frustration morphing into a simmering anger. "Mark my words, Ravel. You will come to regret this. Your actions will have consequences."

Rushing back against her statement, I met her gaze with unwavering resolve. "That's where you're mistaken, Elenor," I rebutted firmly. "I will never regret my decision to pursue a divorce from Hazel."