

# I Want You Back

## Chapter 1

Today, I decided to cook my husband's favorite dish. I always enjoyed pleasing him and taking care of our marriage. I wanted him to know how much I loved him and how happy I was that he married me.

We got married right after college, and we had been together for five years. My husband, Jason Davies, a billionaire, was somewhat distant and indifferent to me, but I was fighting every day to win his heart. I thought I was making progress until that fateful day, when everything fell apart.

Jason entered our house that night and went straight to the kitchen, looking for me. He had a striking presence; he was tall, handsome, and well-dressed in his CEO attire. He looked irresistible, especially in his navy blue tie that matched his blue eyes and jet-black hair. I fell in love with him the moment we met.

I smiled warmly when I saw him in the kitchen doorway, happy to have him back home. "Oh, you're back early," I said, moving toward him to embrace him and give him a welcoming kiss, as I always did. However, this time he pulled away, rejecting my affection, which left me confused.

"We need to talk. Can you come with me, please?" he said, asking me to join him in his office. I noticed he held a rectangular envelope in his hand, and his jaw seemed clenched, indicating a serious matter.

"Is there a problem?" I asked, feeling uneasy. He sighed, appearing uncomfortable, and simply nodded.

"I'm waiting for you in the office," he said, leaving the kitchen.

I asked the household cooks to keep an eye on my special sauce to prevent it from spoiling and ruining the dinner I had carefully prepared for Jason. Then, I left the kitchen and went to my husband's office.

We lived in a sophisticated mansion in the upscale neighborhood of Manhattan, surrounded by servants and luxury. Despite that, I enjoyed cooking for my husband and taking care of him.

I adjusted my long, wavy, brown hair in the hallway mirror before walking into his office. My almond-shaped eyes were brown like my hair, and I was moderately attractive. I should have been smiling, but I was visibly anxious because of my husband's abrupt request. He had never treated me with such coldness.

I took hold of the door handle and gently turned it, stepping into the office, where Jason was seated on the other side of his desk, the envelope still in his hand.

"Sit down," he said, pointing to one of the empty chairs in front of him. I offered a half-smile, my face still displaying confusion. He was not the husband of the year, but he had never treated me so harshly before.

"What's going on, Jason? Does this have something to do with your recent trip to London?" I asked as I took the seat, as he indicated.

He had traveled to London on business a few weeks ago, and ever since he returned, he had been so busy that he barely spent time at home. Today, he said he would come home, so I prepared a special dinner to celebrate his return. I had learned to handle his business trips, given his importance and influence.

"I'm not talking about work; this is about us," he replied, handing me the rectangular envelope that had been in his hand all along.

I took the envelope and opened it, revealing a small stack of printed papers. Completely innocent of what this could be, I reluctantly read the content of the first page: A DIVORCE AGREEMENT. I gasped in shock as I flipped through the document.

"What does this mean?" I asked, still in shock.

"If you go to the last page, you'll find my signature there, which clearly means I've already signed the divorce. I just need you to sign on your part," he said calmly, handing me a pen.

"What are you talking about, Jason? Why divorce?" I asked, my voice trembling and my heart racing. Why was he asking for a divorce? What was happening? Why was he changing his mind like this?

He sighed before responding, "There comes a point in a marriage when a couple reaches their limit, and we should just get a peaceful divorce. You can keep all your marital rights and start your life as you wish. Just sign these papers to end this civilly."

"No, Jason. I won't sign anything," I said, shaking my head in disbelief. "For heaven's sake, what's happening? After everything we've been through, you just show up here demanding that I sign a divorce? You can't take me by surprise like this and act as if it's something trivial. We're talking about our lives and our relationship!"

"Which relationship, Laura? There's no relationship left between us. I want a divorce, period!" he said, hurling those harsh words at me.

He was acting so cold, showing no consideration for me. The Jason I knew had never treated me with such disdain.

"For what reason, Jason? Can you at least tell me why you want to divorce me?" I asked, tears welling up in my eyes. I still couldn't believe what was happening. Furthermore, I would never have expected this from my husband.

He slammed his hand on the table and stood up abruptly. "Just sign these damn papers!" he shouted at me, and I cried, shaking my head.

"I won't sign anything, Jason! You're out of your mind, our story can't end like this. I'm your wife, I love you, and you love me too. We got married to be together forever. Our story just can't end like this..." I cried in anguish.

I got up from my chair and approached him, who was now looking out the office window. "Jason, whatever I'm doing wrong, please just forgive me and let's talk about it," I pleaded, taking his hand. He pulled his hand away, refusing to touch me.

"Stop insisting, damn it! Can't you see I'm not interested anymore?" He was harsh, treating me as if I were nothing. Treating me as if I were not the woman he had taken to the altar and promised to love and protect until the end of his days. How dare he treat me like this after promising to make me the happiest woman in the world?

Consumed by anger, I took the divorce papers and ripped them into pieces, wanting to get rid of what was ruining my marriage.

"What are you doing, you crazy woman?" He tried to stop me, but it was too late.

"I'm not signing any divorce papers, Jason Davies!" I insisted, and he cursed before adjusting his short hair, now looking at me.

"You may have torn those papers, but I have a copy," he said triumphantly, "and no matter how many times you tear it, I will always demand that you sign it until you give in and set me free from you, Laura."

"No..."

"The servants must have already packed my things, as I instructed. I'm leaving. You can only contact me through my lawyers. I'll be waiting for you to release this divorce as soon as possible," he said.

Then he turned and left the office, leaving me in tears behind him.