



Chapter 12

Laura

"Sorry, but I'd like to just talk about the project," I said, looking serene on the outside, but on the inside, I was seething. I knew my ex-husband was crazy, but not to this extent. I mean, why the hell had he bought that place? Didn't he have anything else to do with his damn money? And why was he saying he had named me the owner?

"I'm sorry, but what do you mean you bought the restaurant for her, Mr. Davies?" Richard asked, completely confused.

"After everything you've been through in this place, Laura, Now you can do whatever you want to get revenge," Jason said, still looking at me, completely ignoring Richard's existence. 2

"What are you talking about?" I asked, astonished. Why the hell was he doing this?

"Waiter!" He called, and an employee approached our table.

"Yes, Mr. Davies?" The waiter asked as he approached. 3

"Call Pierre, please," he asked the waiter and my eyes widened slightly.

Mr. Pierre was the chef in the kitchen of that restaurant and also managed the place. At the time I worked here, it was this man who fired me in such a ruthless way, placing the blame on me and expelling me from the place as if I were a criminal. Jason had a roguish smile when he noticed that I remembered that man's name. What the hell was he up to? 4

"Okay, what's going on here?" Richard asked, already having an idea that this wasn't normal. I looked at him pleadingly and then at Jason. 5

"Why are you doing this?" I asked softly.



"I'm just giving you what you deserve," he said as if he were very sure of his words.

"Excuse me, Mr. Davies. Did you call me?" Mr. Pierre asked as he approached our table. "Is there a problem with the food?"

"The food is great as always," Jason said, and then he pointed in my direction with his gaze. "Do you remember her?" He asked the chef.

The French man looked at me with a question mark on his face, dug into his memory to see if he recognized me from somewhere, and then replied, "I'm sorry, Mr. Davies, but here we get a lot of new faces every day, and so it's hard to settle on one person, but I'd love for her to be introduced to me." He smiled with his usual smarmy air. Years had passed, but that man was still a perfect footlocker. 2

"Don't you remember her? She's different now, you see. Prettier and with a fey look, totally enchanting. But she used to work here," Jason said, seeming to be enjoying himself.

"Oh, what a pleasant revelation!" the Frenchman said, smiling, his thick accent evident in his words. "It's good to see you again, ma'am. You must have worked in the administrative area of the restaurant, that must be why I don't remember you exactly."

"I was a handyman, I cleaned the floors and the bathrooms, washed the dishes, and also served as a waitress when one of your permanent employees wasn't going to work," I replied with an exasperated air. The chef was blinking his eyes in confusion, unable to understand why a simple cleaning lady would become a customer in the VIP area today, and on top of that, she would be sharing lunch with Jason Davies himself. I sighed, wanting the matter to end soon. "I've already seen my old boss, Mr. Davies. Are you satisfied now? So, can we get back to talking about work?" 1

"Calm down, honey. Not so fast," he said and then looked at Pierre. "You

still don't remember her, do you?" The chef shrugged his shoulders in fear, starting to realize that he was in trouble, his look was starting to look distressed. Jason laughed in derision. "What do you mean you don't remember her? You fired her so cruelly because she displeased me when she served me that dinner. What do you mean you don't remember, Pierre?" At that moment, Jason was already screaming in anger, my eyes were wide open, and my heart was pounding. 5

"A thousand pardons, sir. Forgive the short and fallible memory of this old man who has dedicated his life hard to the kitchen," Pierre asked, as he stammered and was completely covered in fear.

"Do you know why I bought this place, Pierre? It was all because of that damn day. That fateful day when you and I were so cruel to her. Do you think I could have peace after that?" He spoke harshly to the man, who was cowering more and more in fear. Everyone in the room was glancing at our table because it was impossible to ignore that scene. "And you know what? You're not worth an inch, Pierre!" Jason insulted the man and then looked at me. "This restaurant is in your name, Laura. You own this place, so fire him!"

"What?" I was stunned.

"Fire him, pay him back in kind for what he did to you. Be as harsh and merciless with him as he was with you; don't hide yourself anymore, just fire him!" He said it firmly. 4

"Mr. Davies, please forgive me," Chef Pierre begged, throwing himself on his knees to my ex-husband. "Please, sir. This place is everything to me, don't fire me, please."

"You're asking me, you fucking asshole? I just said she's the boss here, and you're still asking me?" He looked insulted. The man had a desperate look, he withdrew and crawled over to me, kneeling beside me.

"Please, my lady. I'm sorry, please forgive me. Forgive me for my actions,



" he pleaded. Seeing that man in such humiliating conditions gave me conflicting thoughts.

But I touched his shoulder and said, "Please get up, Mr. Pierre. There is nothing to forgive. Just get up and go, go your way," I said firmly, trying not to cry.

I wouldn't cry now, I would save the tears for later. What this man had done to me that day had been inhumane; he had made me suffer and experience difficulties, but I didn't ask for it, I wasn't going to fire anyone, and I didn't want any of that. Furthermore, it wasn't his fault that he fired me at all, it was Jason, that demon, who was the only one to blame for all the bad things that had happened to me.

The man's face was troubled, but he nodded and stood up, leaving after a small bow. Jason was looking at me with a look of wonder.

"Amazing," he said, "even after all these years, you still have that kind and humble heart, Laura." He was smiling at me as if seeing sunlight for the first time after years of living in darkness. "Yes, I'm still kind. Very unlike you," I wanted to say but stood up.

"Enough of your stupid game, Jason Davies. I came here to talk about my project, and I want to leave personal matters out of it. If we're not going to talk about work, then I'm leaving," I said decisively, looking seriously at the man, and I wasn't kidding with my words.



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