

## Chapter 13

Laura

At that moment, not even Richard could stop me, he saw that something was very wrong there, and he could see that I was uncomfortable with the whole situation, so even though at first he thought that Jason Davies was my salvation, now he certainly was no longer thinking this.

I was still looking firmly at my ex-husband, who was looking at me with a smile stuck on his face. In his eyes, there were sparks of excitement, as if, for the first time, he were truly living.

"All right, let's talk about work," he said. "Now you can sit back down, Laura." 1

I nodded and sat down lightly in my chair, having to do my best to control my emotions. Jason was still looking at me, and I picked up my glass of wine and drank it to keep from saying all the things that were stuck in my throat. I mean, he dares to appear in my life again and thinks he can give me justice by buying that restaurant and offering it to me so that I can get revenge on my old boss? Why does he think he can do this? Just because he was a goddamn billionaire?

"Well," Richard began to say to smooth things over, "you seem quite generous in trying to make amends to Laura for what happened in the past, Mr. Davies. Employees end up being treated unfairly by their bosses."

Richard was thinking that Jason bought that restaurant for me to try to make up for a random moment when the billionaire went to eat there and ended up negatively evaluating the employee, which in this case was me, which ended up leading to my expulsion from the place. For Richard, Jason's gesture of even buying the establishment for a previously injured employee was extravagant, but he was a billionaire and could do whatever he wanted with his money. Little did Richard know that the

matter between Jason and this former employee of the Charmé restaurant (which was me in this case) was much deeper than he imagined.

"It's been an honor for me to meet you in person; you're so generous and kind to the disadvantaged," Richard was still saying, but the icy look Jason threw at him silenced him.

I cleared my throat before speaking. "So, how do we feel about the advertising project? You've already analyzed it, and so we're waiting for a response."

"To tell you the truth, I haven't read the project," Jason said.

"What?" I was confused. What do you mean he hadn't read my project?

"Because I don't need to read it to know that you did a great job," he said, and it sounded like a pickup line. 2

I blinked, completely embarrassed. Why the hell was my ex-husband doing that? Why was he acting so strangely? Was he flirting with me, or was it just me? Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Richard shift slightly and uncomfortably in his chair. He had also noticed that Jason Davies was flirting with me. 2

"Good. For those who never saw my potential, I'd say you're waking up now, Davies," I replied, leaving no room for him. 1

He chuckled briefly and replied, "People change, my dear. Time passes, and people change," he replied. Did Jason want me to believe he had changed? Was that really what he wanted? But he was very brave. I sighed and crossed my legs. 1

"Since you didn't even deign to view the project demo, then I'll give you a brief explanation," I said, taking an iPad out of my bag, letting our illustrative images pass through, and handing it over. "We present a new advertising system that not only improves the quality of the model of



marketing currently used but also makes it more attractive. Our team will be covering everything from the ground up, from creation to launch. We have a wide range of well-known actors and extras, but Nemesis can include its brand's poster boys and girls." 3

Jason was reviewing the images and videos on the iPad while I explained further, but he cut me off with a sigh and left the iPad on the table, massaging his temples as if he were annoyed.

"Haha! It's okay if you don't want to talk about the project right now, Mr. Davies. We understand that you are a very busy man and certainly have more important things to pay attention to," Richard said to Jason with an amused air, trying to defuse the situation. After all, asking a man as important as Jason Davies to analyze a mere project for an advertising activity for next winter was almost like asking the president to choose the best color uniform for his servants. 1

"No, Richard. Let Mr. Davies give his opinion. After all, that's why he came to this meeting, right?" I said it without a hint of mercy in my words. I didn't want anything to do with Jason Davies, if this man wanted to harm me, then he had an apparent motive. Richard must have thought I was already crazy. 2

"I don't want to talk about this project," Jason said exasperatedly. "It's not that the project isn't attractive, it's just... Damn, Laura. It's been five years, you won't even tell me if you're okay? You're being so hard on me. Before, you cared about me, but now you're treating me like I'm a piece of shit. Fuck this project, fuck everything, I just need to know if you're okay." 3

"Look, this is the last time I warn you, if you continue to talk about personal matters, I will leave!" I said it harshly.

"Why are you acting like this? It would be much better for you to be cursing me than treating me so dryly," he insisted. "Is it serious that you forgot about me after everything we've been through?" He asked

demandingly, and I was furious. I got up in a rush, grabbed my bag, and left that place. "Are you going to keep running away from me, Laura? How long will you run away?" He was still hiding behind me, but I ignored him and ran out of that establishment. 6

"What the hell! Good heavens!" I screamed in anger as I was already in the parking lot. I couldn't believe that that man had come back to bother me; he was simply unbearable and irritating. Furthermore, I hated him so much!

"Laura! Laura!" I saw Richard running towards me. "What was that there? Why did you treat that man so badly? Do you have any idea how important he is? For God's sake, it was all a disaster. My God... Are you okay?" He held my shoulders, supported me, and realized that I was almost bursting into tears. My heart was tight, almost exploding; all my senses were uncontrolled, and I was on the verge of despair.

"He's my ex... He's my ex-husband, Richard," I said, sobbing.

"What?" Richard was in shock, his eyes suddenly lighting up in understanding. "Holy crap..." 2

"Just get me out of here, please..." I asked him and finally let the bad feelings take over.



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