

Chapter 18

"No! Jason doesn't love me; he never loved me; he is incapable of loving me."

"But he loves you, it was right there in his face at that damn lunch."

"No, it wasn't! Don't be fooled by that man, he could never love me, and things won't change now!" Richard was so mistaken; he didn't know Jason Davies; he didn't know anything. He didn't know how much I had dedicated myself to my marriage to make Jason Davies love me, and in the end, I got a divorce and his indifferent look at my pain. No, Jason Davies didn't love me and would never love me. 1

Richard passed his hand over his still-dazed face. "I just don't want to lose you, Laura. I'm scared, I don't know what my life would be like if you and Anne left me." 2

"We're not going anywhere, Richard; we're not going to leave you," I said, trying to reassure him.

He nodded and sighed slowly, taking the back of my hand to his lips, where he kissed it. I smiled, stroking his hair. "I know that lately you've been living to take care of me and Anne, but you don't worry so much. Everything will be fine," I said, and he nodded again.

"It's OK."

"Nothing much will happen in Manhattan, I'll go and come back safely."

"Then Anne can stay here with me, it's safer, and she won't be exposed," he suggested, and I nodded, knowing he was right.

"Okay, she can stay with you."



He hugged me so tight, even though we were still in the car in the parking lot of my house. The hug was long, and when we separated, he was looking at me now with so much expression, his look was deep and covered with feelings. I saw his face approaching mine, and I was sure he was going to kiss me. I remained static without knowing what to do. Likewise, I wanted to kiss him, after all, I loved him, but at the same time, I wanted to move my face away, but neither I nor he did anything because the window glass was hit lightly, making us jump in fright and look in the direction of the window sound.


It was Anne who was trying to peer into the tinted glass, I cleared my throat and adjusted my hair. "It's just Anne, she must miss us," I commented.

"Yes... She's adorable baby girl," he also commented and I opened the car door.

"Hi, sweetheart," I said and my daughter, who was holding her doll, asked.

"Why are you guys taking so long to get out of the car? Dinner is ready."

Richard and I ended up laughing and getting out of the car, acting naturally while we talked to Anne. We ended up deciding to leave that topic for another time.

"You're starving, aren't you, you foodie?" Richard said, going to take Anne in her arms and making her laugh horribly. 

"I'm not a foodie, Ricky," Anne said with a giant smile as she hugged Richard. "You're a glutton!"

"I'm nothing, it's just that there's a little monster in my belly that makes me eat so much." Richard was joking with her, making Anne's eyes



widen in fright. ↴

"Seriously, there's a monster in your belly?"

"Uhum, and I'm going to put that monster in your belly too! Aaargh!" He said, tickling Anne's belly, which made the girl burst out laughing. ↴

"No, please stop! Don't put a monster in my belly!" ↴

I laughed seeing how well they two got along, I did not doubt that Richard was the father Anne deserved to have.

"Very well, boy and girl. Let's go in or the food will get cold," I said, approaching them.

"Okay, ma'am," Richard said.

"Okay, ma'am," Anne imitated him as they laughed.