

## Chapter 19

Laura

"Are you sure everything is okay?" I fearfully asked Richard, who was on the other end of the line, to make sure Anne was okay. "Is she fine

"Don't worry so much, dear. I already dropped her off at daycare; she's fine; she just misses you," he said, reassuring me. I sighed, a little relieved. Likewise, I had never spent a night away from my daughter, but now with this project that forced me to temporarily move to Manhattan, I was going to be away from her for about three months, and no matter how much I would return to Staten Island every weekend anyway, I was still missing my daughter. 7

"Well then, don't be late to pick her up when she leaves, okay?"

"Okay, Mommy," he laughed at me, and I rolled my eyes, entering the elevator of a building while I went to the Nemesis offices. It was the first day I had agreed to start work, so I was going to meet with the directors to agree on how we would work. 2

"I'm just worried, Richard." 1

"You're worrying about nothing, your baby is fine. Just focus on your work and enjoy it," he said, and I nodded, smiling.

"You're right. See you later." I turned off my cell phone and looked at myself in the elevator mirror.

I was wearing a dress, a formal dress that was tight and beautiful, black heels, and light makeup on my face, but with red lipstick. My hair was also loose and well combed, falling down my back. I felt ready to face the beast outside, so when the elevator stopped, I got out and went to the



### Nemesis offices. 1

That place was like a busy studio, with stylists, models, and employees going from one side to the other, very busy with their work.

"Hey, are you Laura Thompson, the new marketing director?" A man approached me, and I nodded with a smile.

"Yes, it's me."

"Oh, I'm glad you came. Please come with me, the boss is already waiting for you," he said, showing me the way, and I went along with him. "The place is giving a bad first impression, isn't it? It's just that it's the brand's campaign season."

"Oh, it's okay."

"You can call me Orlando, I'm the secretary. Whenever you need something, just call me," he said, being friendly. He seemed to be a happy person.

"Nice to meet you, Orlando." I smiled at him, but the next question broke it in half.

"Is it true that you are Jason Davies' ex?" I opened my eyes in shock. How did he find out...? "If you're wondering how I know, Jason Davies himself told everyone as soon as he arrived. You should have seen it. My ex-wife is coming here today, as soon as she arrives, send her to the boardroom, he said." He was laughing like someone was telling gossip. "He left us amazed because, firstly, Jason Davies never showed up here, we didn't even know this place was his, and secondly, since he started showing up here, he's never spoken a word to anyone outside the directors." 2

"Oh, that's sad..." I ran my hand through my hair, feeling embarrassed



about the whole situation. Why did Jason have to tell these people that I was once married to him? If his wife found out about this, would she like it?

Orlando stopped me in front of a door and pointed with his arms, "This is the board. Good luck, babe," he said and left. I sighed and pushed the door inside, entering the boardroom.

There were a handful of men in suits who stared at me as I walked in, Jason Davies was one of them. He was looking at me with his deep gaze, and it was as if time stopped and the rest of the world disappeared from his perspective. He had such a deep gaze that I was unaware of, he had never looked at me like that, not even when we were married.

"It's so good to see you again, Laura," he said with a tender smile on his face. I even had to look away. I smiled at the other men, approaching them with a handshake.

"Hello, nice to meet you, gentlemen. Laura Thompson, at your service," I said.

Jason Davies was the last man I saluted. When our hands came together in a squeeze, I could feel the firmness of his warm hand. He was still looking at me, so the squeeze took longer than expected.

"Hello, Mr. Davies," I said formally.

One of the directors introduced me to everyone briefly, and everyone welcomed me, but I could feel a certain tension in the air as if these men couldn't handle the information that Jason and I had been a couple in the past. As much as I tried to separate the personal from the professional, I noticed that it would be almost impossible because Jason was there and made a point of always touching the personal.



For example, when he interrupted the film director to compliment my dress, he said, "You look beautiful in that dress, light colors suit you very well. Remember when I gave you that dress in our third year of marriage? You were stunning that day, as you are now," he said, smiling as if he and I were in a private place where he could talk about such personal matters and not in a damn meeting with the directors of one of the biggest clothing brands in the city.

I smiled fairly, just wanting to bury my head in a hole and hide from shame. The directors were so embarrassed that they didn't even know where to put their hands.

"Sorry, but can I meet the team I'll be working with?" I asked the film director, trying to ignore my ex-husband, who could only afford the worst trouble.

The man nodded, smiling in relief. "Sure, please come with me, ma'am." He pointed the way, and I followed him, but Jason was also going with us. "Oh, there's no need to come with us, Mr. Davies," the director said, unable to understand why Jason was coming with us. Jason shouldn't even be here in the first place, for God's sake. He didn't have a multibillion-dollar company to manage. [1](#)

"I'm coming with you!" Jason responded somewhat harshly, making the older man flinch.

"O-of course, sir. I'm sorry, you can come with us. It's this way," he said, almost shaking, and led the way again. My God, Jason was so unnecessary. I rolled my eyes and followed the man.

The director introduced me to the entire team, who were young and lively people, but it was also worth noticing the suggestive looks they threw in my direction, especially when Jason Davies didn't come out from behind me as if he were my bodyguard. [1](#)



"You seem to be well-qualified professionals, I can already predict that this station's advertising campaign will be a success." I praised with a smile the team I would already be working with over the next few weeks and said goodbye to them to get to know other sectors such as the set filming, but when I turned around, I ended up tripping over my shoe and lost my balance, almost falling to the ground, but I felt powerful arms wrap around my waist and hold me back so I wouldn't fall.

It was none other than Jason Davies and at that moment I was kind of caught in his gaze as his arms covered me. ③