

## Chapter 22

To my chagrin, my door was opened, and Jason walked in without even being invited. "I'm sorry I'm late, I had problems with traffic. I even had to come here by helicopter," he said quite excitedly, and I frowned.

"I was just missing this one," I muttered to myself, quite disgusted.

"What? Do you have a headache?" He asked after noticing me more closely. "It's a migraine, right? Have you been drinking, by any chance?" He was getting closer.

"It's none of your business, but yes. I had wine last night," I replied, turning my gaze to the computer. Jason got me a glass of water and approached me, handing me the water and a medicine pack.

"I know what it's like, take this medicine, and it will help you. I also always get sick with migraines," he said, offering the medicine, and I looked at him suspiciously before taking it. "I remember you were pretty weak at drinking before, has that changed now?" He asked, but not like he was accusing me of anything.

"It's been five years, Jason. Things wouldn't be the same as before," I replied rudely, in fact, I still couldn't drink that often, but Jason didn't need to know that. He laughed.

"So you want to talk about what's changed in the five years we've been apart?" He asked and sat on my desk looking at me.

"I just wish I could work in silence," I quipped with my eyes on the computer screen.

"Well, I guess things stay the same for me," he said, successfully ignoring me. "I still go to my parents' house on the first weekend of the month, mom still makes me that lemon pie." He was talking with a nostalgic air, and I couldn't help but pay attention. He was talking about things that were so familiar to me, things that were part of my daily life



when I was married to him. "Remember the dog that we saved and took off the street? It was actually at your insistence, right? You were always kind and worried about the lives of animals and things like that. But unfortunately, the dog died because he had a chronic illness." 3

I remembered the dog, of course, I did. I bit my lip to try not to react, I knew what Jason was trying to do, he was trying to make me remember the past, but I wasn't going to fall for it.

"Gardener James has resigned," he continued. "He said he needed to go live with his daughter in another state. I hired a new gardener, but you must already know that the mansion's gardens were never the same when James went. Oh, and I stopped going to the golf club." This time, I looked at him.

"What?" Jason always loved golf, he always went every Monday afternoon. He laughed lightly, but also full of expressions.

"As incredible as it may seem, golf started to get boring, I didn't see any fun in it so I decided to give up." He shrugged.

"For someone passionate about golf, I would say this is quite a change," I said, trying to appear disinterested, but in reality, I was stunned to hear that news.

"You weren't there, Laura."

"What do you mean?" Was he going to start saying that I made a mistake in golf since he never played with me? I mean, I had no role in it. 2

"You may not have participated in the games, but before you left, you always waited for me with my coat and asked me how the match had gone," he said, looking melancholy now. "It was in these little things that I missed you terribly—your little cares that at the time I couldn't appreciate, but that I missed so much. Laura, you have no idea how much I missed you." 4