



## Chapter 23

Laura

I forced myself to laugh mockingly at his words. "So you missed me when I was your human alarm, promptly waking you up every day at the same time for you to go to work? Did you miss how I made myself available to keep you tidy? Did you miss me in the kitchen? Or when I prepared your bath when you got home? It wasn't me you missed, Jason, it was my helpfulness."

I had given myself to that marriage; Jason had nothing to complain about me because I was an exemplary wife; even my mother-in-law adored me and said that his son was in good hands. But what did I get in exchange for all this? A rejection and an end to the marriage without any shred of consideration for me. So he didn't come and say that he missed me because he cared about me. After all, that wasn't true. 2

"I don't deny that I missed your care," he confessed. "There is no money in the world that can buy dedication like yours." 1

"Yes, Jason. Because I never did anything for your money, I did it because you were my husband and I loved you, but what did you do with that love I gave you?"

"I did something horrible, I guess," he tried to joke, and I rolled my eyes, going back to work. I'm glad the things he said no longer affect me. 3

"But it wasn't your helpfulness that I missed, it was you. Laura. Just like you say, you did all that because you loved me and cared about me. That's exactly what I missed—your love for me. When you left, it didn't take me long to realize how much I loved you. I thought I didn't love you, but every day that I went to sleep without you, that I woke up without you, and my days continued to become lifeless gray, I discovered that it was you who gave meaning to my life, it was you who gave light and shine to anything you got with this kindness and divine dedication."



"Stop it..."

"I was wrong all along when I thought I didn't love you, but I have always loved you since the first day I met you, but wrong emotions made me make wrong decisions. I know what I did was irredeemable, but I will be very honest, Laura. I want you back, I want you back so much that my whole being hurts for the lack of you." 4

At that moment, I was looking at him, and I couldn't detect any lie in his words, it was as if Jason was telling the truth, which surprised me. 3

"Do you want me back? Why? Are you sure what you want, Jason? Because, as far as I know, I'm not woman enough for you, I'm not your kind of woman. You don't like women like me who are decent and pure, don't you? You like the ones that are bolder than Kendall, the ones that will make you feel very emotional, right? Furthermore, you made sure to make it clear to me the whole time when we were married."

That brought back harsh memories of the unnecessary comments Jason made to me.

"I'm sick of always seeing your brown hair. Why don't you dye it red or blonde? I bet it would make you more attractive." He practically called me ugly.

"A little gym membership would help you stop being so skinny like that." He commented.

"Can you do a cosmetic procedure and see if it improves your body to make it more attractive? It's a bit annoying that you have almost nothing to offer me in bed." 3

He didn't realize it, but comments like that ruined my self-esteem. So I tried to do everything for the better—go to the gym and work out my body to look like the women in the magazines he liked; dye my hair; and even try to dress more daringly, all to try to please him, but Jason never seemed to be satisfied. Both in sex and everyday life, he always said that I



didn't satisfy him. 3

"What did you always call me, Jason? Unsalted?" I laughed sarcastically, remembering that. "I was so young at the time, so immature. I was just a girl, thinking I could win a man's heart by doing whatever he wanted. I had no self-love and no self-esteem because I was living for you. But I'm sorry to say, Jason, that I'm still the same as I always was. I haven't changed, Jason, I still like romantic comedies rather than horror films, and I still prefer to stay at home rather than go to bars and stuff my face like there's no tomorrow. I'm still the same, Jason, only now I love myself, I know my worth, and I take care of myself. Likewise, I will never again let people like you put me down just to feel superior. The time I was married to you was the worst time of my life!" 4

I made it very clear how much I hated him for everything he had done to me in the past—that heartless piece of shit. He backed away a little, looking hurt.

"I know I've done horrible things in the past, but Laura. You have to forgive me." 2

"Let me tell you what you want, Jason. You don't want me back. You want your butler back; you want that Laura from the past who was easily erased and subjugated by you; and you want to go back to feeling the rotten pleasure you felt when you diminished me when you stepped on me and I made myself inferior. This is what you want." 3

"That's not true, I want you back because I love you."

"No, Jason. You don't love me! Why do you insist on continuing with the pain of the past? Can't you see that I've changed for the better? I'm a new woman, Jason. A new Laura Thompson who isn't at all interested in your shitty games. Oh, you found out that Kendall is no good, uh? Did you cry because you were so stupid that you didn't see this before? So screw you, Jason Davies, because I don't care; I don't care about your pain; I don't even care about you!"




For God's sake, it just felt so good to say those words to him. I wanted so much for me to suffer, I wanted so much for him to see the smile and the excitement in my expression.

"Don't say that, Laura. Can't you see I'm being sincere?"

"Have you forgotten who you are, Jason? You are the great and powerful fucking billionaire Jason Davies. I bet more than half the women in New York would love to have the honor of having your company. In other words, a woman is what you don't miss. They would love to hug you and comfort you while you cry and mourn the blow you took from blonde Kendall."

"Okay, but I just want you. Can you understand that?" He insisted.

"Oh, what a shame, Jason. Because this woman here," I pointed at myself, "is not interested in you at all, you stupid male. Now, please, get out of my office!" I pointed to the door. 

He stood, his expression troubled by my harsh words. I bet a man like him had never been dumped by a woman before, did he still like to think he owned all the shit? Did he still like to think he owned me? Well, he was very mistaken.

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