

# I Want You Back

## Chapter 5

Laura

After I divorced Jason, things quickly started to become torture for me. I lost friends and people who I thought liked me but who only smiled at me because I was married to Jason, and now that I was separated from him, I no longer had any influence on them, so they started to pull away from me.

I started to realize that I had dedicated myself all these years to pleasing my husband and completely forgotten about myself. Furthermore, I had gotten out of a marriage, and I had nothing—not a career, not a job, or anything else—that could support me because I spent the last years of my life after college taking care of my ex-husband, worrying only about him. And trying to win his love, but in the end, nothing came of it.

And now I was here at square one, without even knowing where I was going to start my life over. I knew I needed to get a job to be able to support myself because I can't always depend on Ava and Terence, who have been lending me money in the last few weeks. I knew I needed to start somewhere.

Likewise, I dried my face with the towel as soon as I finished cleaning myself. I had barely woken up, and I had already gone straight to the toilet to vomit.

Recently, I was feeling good. At first, I thought that because of the stress I was facing lately, I was already expected to get sick, but with Ava's help, I discovered that I was expecting my ex-husband's child, which almost destroyed me.

Having his child at this point in the championship was out of the question, I had already separated from him, and now this child was on the way to making my path even more difficult.

Since I needed a job to support myself, I accepted a part-time job at a restaurant that would pay me \$13 per hour to serve as a waiter. Even with the nausea I was feeling due to the pregnancy, I needed to work, so I put my head down and went to do my chores.

"You're Laura, right?" My boss asked me as soon as I had already changed my clothes and put on my waitress uniform.

"Yes, sir. I'm Laura," I replied, and the man nodded.

"Look, we have a shortage of waiters in the luxury wing of the restaurant because one of our permanent workers got sick. You're going to have to replace it, okay?" He said. The waiters who served in the luxury area of the restaurant were much better trained and more experienced, and knowing that the owner of the

restaurant was choosing me to replace one of his employees in the VIP area meant that my work was being well approved. Who knows, maybe I will leave with a good tip today?

I smiled and nodded, then replied, "Of course, sir. I can handle it."

The man took me to the VIP area of the restaurant that was upstairs, being in that kind of place was not a surprise for me since I had spent five years of my life married to a billionaire, and from time to time we would go for walks and luxurious parties. I was willing to do my best because I needed money. The boss gave me a table at which I had to serve a high-class couple who had booked, but I didn't expect the couple to be my ex-husband and his new wife.

They arrived at the restaurant exuding ostentation and happiness like a beautiful young billionaire couple in love. The way they talked and interacted made me feel nauseous. I was paralyzed in the corner, not having the strength to move.

"I loved that gift you gave me, Jason, my love," Kendall said. "The color of that yacht matches the stone in my ring." She shook her fingers in front of Jason as they both laughed.

"I can give you as many yachts as you want, my sweetie," my ex-husband told her, and the lunch I ate earlier almost came up my throat, my tears also threatening to come out.

I had to go to them; I had to smile at them and serve them, but I couldn't take it. No matter how much I needed that money, I couldn't take it, the wound was still too fresh. Then I turned around, wanting to run from there.

"Hey, waitress!" I heard his voice calling me, and I froze instantly, still facing away from the couple. "Aren't you supposed to bring the menu?"

"By God, what an incompetent girl!" Kendall complained, "I'm going to rate this fifth-rate place one star." Her voice was so annoying, for God's sake.

I swallowed my tears and turned around with the menus in my hands. "Sorry, lady and gentleman. Welcome to Charme, the best restaurant around," I said formally as the waiters were instructed.

"Laura?" Jason was the first to recognize me, looking at me in surprise.

"What?" Kendall was shocked and then laughed. "Now you're working as a waitress, Laura? Unbelievable!" She seems to be having a lot of fun now.

"I hope you don't give me a negative review, Kendall," I warned her, and she looked shocked.

"What did you call me? That's Mrs. Davies to you, waitress!" She corrected me, and I widened my eyes, unable to hide my surprise.

"Y-you guys got married?" I looked at both of them. You could almost hear the sound of my heartbreaking.

"We got married this past weekend," Jason replied without much emotion in his voice.

"So fast," I thought, but my thoughts ended up spilling out of my mouth, and Kendall threw her head back laughing.

"You're so stupid. What did you think? That Jason would come back to you one day?" She ridiculed me, maybe deep down I still had a glimmer of hope... "What are you doing standing there like an ugly statue? Go there and bring me some wine, you worthless woman!" She ordered, and I closed the door for her, that was already too much.

"Look here, you can't order me around," I was starting to say, but I was stopped by Jason.

"Yes, she can, we are paying for this place, and you are paid to serve us, so bring what my wife ordered!" He was harsh and thick in his words, looking at me with some disgust. He wanted to humiliate me. Was this the man I once loved? I swallowed hard and went to get their wine.

They went back to talking as if nothing had happened, while I served them expensive food and drinks. "Oops, my spoon!" Kendall exclaimed after a while as she dropped her spoon on the floor. The spoon was right next to her foot, but she still approached me rudely. "Hey, waitress. Come get my spoon!"

I approached the table and bent down to pick up that damn spoon. That's when I felt a cold liquid wet my head and run down my face. Kendall had spilled her wine on me.

"For God's sake, Kendie," Jason said, but instead of helping me, he was laughing at me along with his new wife. The people who watched that just laughed at my situation, thinking it was funny for a waitress to be humiliated like that.

"This is where you belong, Laura, in the gutter!" She belittled me. I couldn't take it, it was all too much. Heavy tears were falling from my eyes, mixing with the wine that ran down my face and soaked my uniform.

"Why are you doing this to me, Jason? Why are you making me suffer so much?" I begged, wanting it all to come to an end.

"I just want you to go away, Laura," he said. "Go away and never come back!" Humiliated, despised, and helpless, I got up and left that place as heavy tears blurred my vision.