

# The Love That Waited

A Memoir of Self-Worth,  
Second Chances, and Love After  
the Storm

By: Heather Davis



# Sneak Peek: The Love That Waited

I didn't choose the first chapter for this preview — I chose the one where everything finally started to shift.

The Fixer Retires is where I stopped trying to prove my worth through what I could give, fix, or carry. It's the part of my story where I finally started asking myself harder questions — and listening to the answers. Where I began choosing myself in small, quiet ways that added up to something life-changing.

I'm sharing this chapter because it speaks to the part of me that used to over-function, over-love, and stay too long — and maybe it'll speak to that part of you too.

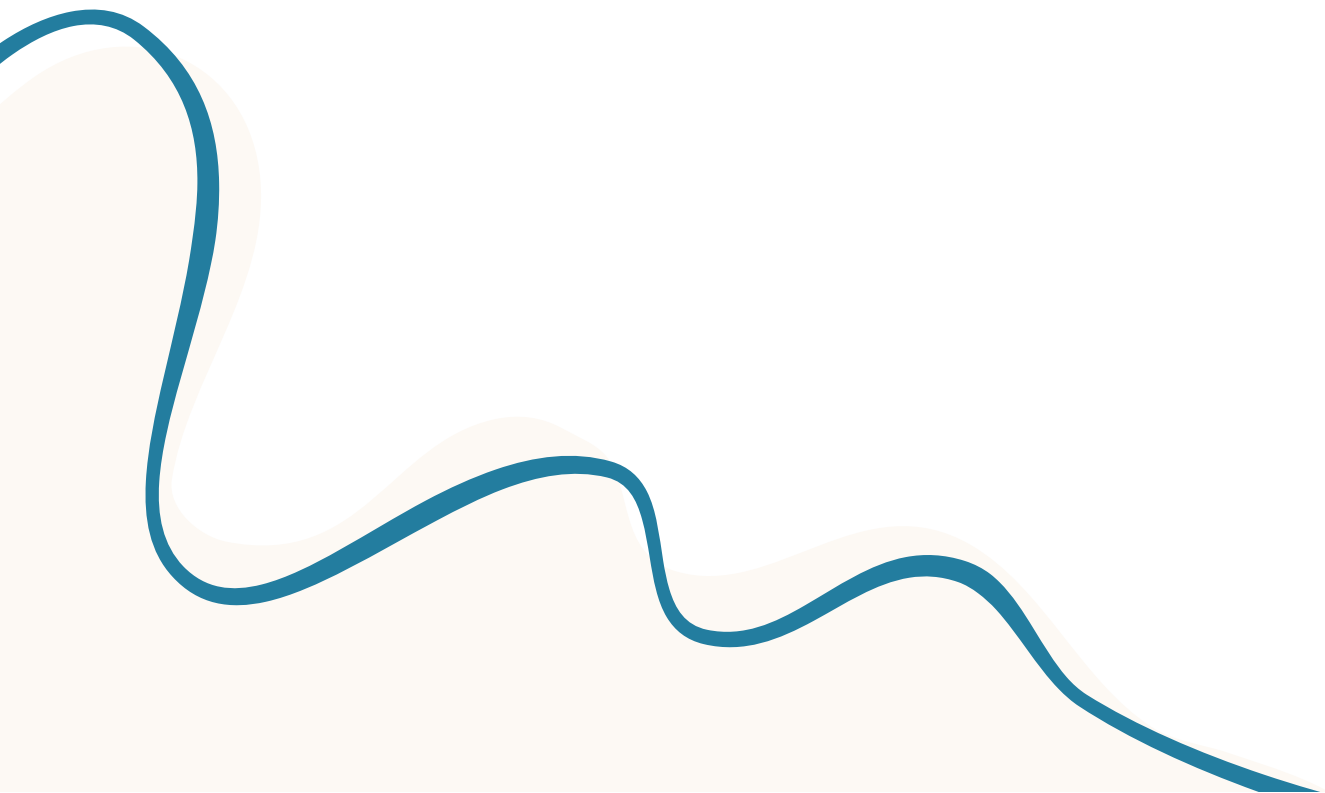
Thank you for reading.

*xoxo,  
Heather*

# Chapter 13

## The Fixer Retires

*"I didn't love from a place of confidence.  
I loved from a place of survival."*



- 13 -  
The Fixer Retires

Once I started listening to myself,  
I realized I'd never actually known what real love was supposed to feel like.

Somewhere along the line,  
I confused love with effort.  
Not the mutual kind—  
where both people show up, grow, and meet each other halfway.  
I mean the kind that felt like labor.  
Like I had to manage everything just to be worthy of staying.  
It wasn't love—  
it was me doing too much,  
giving too much,  
and making someone else's problems mine to fix.

Because when you've only known conditional love,  
the unhealthy kind starts to feel familiar.  
The kind that leaves you exhausted—  
like you have to earn your place just to be allowed in the room.  
The kind that makes you believe if you just do enough,  
stay quiet enough,  
anticipate the mood shifts well enough...  
maybe this time you'll earn it.

I cooked. I cleaned. I forgave.  
I folded the laundry—  
and my feelings.  
I over-explained. I overlooked.  
I poured and poured until I forgot what it felt like to be full myself.  
And every time it didn't work,  
I tried harder.

With The Taker, I overcompensated constantly.  
I tried to prove I could be everything he wasn't—  
responsible, grounded, driven.  
I did the work of two people and told myself that's just what love required.  
I thought if I carried it all without complaining,  
maybe he'd finally meet me halfway.

But he never did.

With The Mirror, I made myself smaller just to keep the peace.  
I tiptoed around his moods,  
twisted myself into someone I wasn't.  
I told myself he just needed someone to show him real love.  
That I could be the one to help him heal.

Because deep down,  
I still believed I had to do something to be loved.  
Prove that I could bring value to their life.

But I've been working on that.  
Peeling back the layers of performance—  
to figure out who I am when I'm not trying so hard.

I was sitting on the couch late one night,  
watching a rom-com I'd put on to pass the time,  
when a scene caught me off guard.  
One of the characters listed four questions to ask yourself when you want to know if  
a man is your true love.  
They were simple—  
maybe even a little cheesy.  
But something about them stuck with me.

They validated what I already knew.  
They reminded me that I made the right choice when I walked away.

1. Is he kind?
2. Can I tell him everything in my heart?
3. Does he help me become the best version of myself?
4. Can I picture him as the father of my children?

#4 hit me the hardest.

Because even though I didn't know these questions back then,  
I'd already felt the answer in my gut.  
I couldn't picture it.  
Not with him.  
Not even for a second.

And it wasn't just because he was unstable or manipulative.  
It was because something in me knew.  
Knew I'd be doing all the work.  
Knew I'd be raising two kids instead of one.  
Knew I'd be covering for his absence,  
his chaos, his anger.  
Knew he would never protect our child—  
because he couldn't even protect me.

That question mattered.  
Because it snapped me out of the fantasy.  
Out of the hope.  
Out of the "maybe if I just..." story I'd been telling myself for years.

It was the beginning of the end for The Fixer.

I started setting boundaries.  
Quiet ones at first.  
Even though it was hard to do without feeling guilty.  
I stopped explaining myself so much.  
Stopped giving out chances like candy.  
Stopped choosing people who only loved the version of me that served them.

And every time I chose myself,  
it got a little easier.

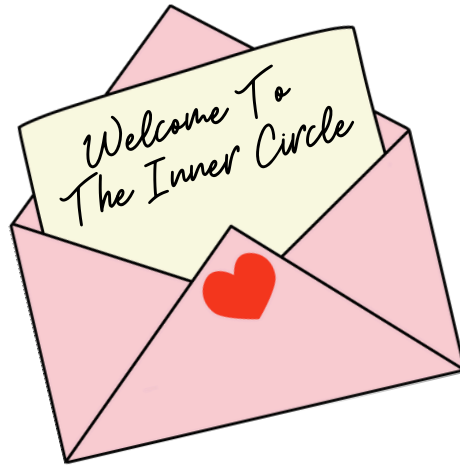
I started pouring that same energy—  
the problem-solving,  
the compassion,  
the resourcefulness—  
into me.  
Into my peace.  
My business.  
My home.  
My son.  
And slowly,  
I started to feel whole again.

I don't hate the woman I used to be.  
She loved deeply.  
She held on when it would've been easier to let go.  
She believed in people—  
even when it hurt her.  
She always looked for the best in them,  
because she needed to believe there was something there worth holding onto.

She just wanted to feel safe.  
Wanted to believe people would show up if she just kept giving more of herself.  
She didn't know love wasn't supposed to hurt.  
She just knew she didn't want to lose it.

But she's tired.  
And she deserves rest.

So this is my quiet goodbye to her—  
the version of me who thought love had to be earned,  
fixed, or rescued.  
The one who kept offering love  
like it could heal anything—  
until she realized she deserved some of that healing, too.



You're in. And I'm so glad you are.

This chapter was just a glimpse into everything I've unlearned, rebuilt, and reclaimed — and there's so much more I can't wait to share with you.

As part of my Inner Circle, you'll get exclusive updates, launch details, and some heartfelt extras along the way.

Thanks for being here. Really. It means more than you know.

*xoxo,  
Heather*

P.S. - Visit [www.heatherdaviswrites.com](http://www.heatherdaviswrites.com) for more.