

Chapter 115

AMELIA

I sat in the hospital's waiting room, fancying I could still hear Lucy's screams. In actual fact, I couldn't. The moment I had gotten her to the hospital, several nurses had wheeled her away into the labour room which was quite far away from where I was sitting.

Between Lucy and I was a long corridor, several wards and a closed door. I sighed, and glanced at the clock on the wall. Its hands seemed not to have only moved an inch for the last five minutes.

Was it only five minutes that had passed? It actually felt like fifty to me. With another sigh, I settled back into my seat. I had just been about to ask a doctor, a nurse, anyone if Lucy had given birth yet though I knew she hadn't. It was much too soon. I raked my fingers through my hair. Damn! The suspense was killing me.

I kept seeing the fear and panic on Lucy's face as she realized the baby was about to come, and for some reason, seeing firsthand what a woman went through just before the birthing process began made me emotional.

I wondered, for what felt like the umpteenth time, if I would ever be in Lucy's position, if I would ever bring a new life into the world. If that would ever happen, I wondered who the father would be.

For a brief moment, I saw Damian's face in my mind's eye. I saw a fond smile on his face as he held a tiny infant which had a perfect blend of my feature and his. I saw him rock the baby, coo nonsensical words to it and then look at me with pride and love, so my love. The picture was immediately shattered by the sound of my phone ringing.

Gosh! But I was stupid, and was stupidly engaging in silly fantasies.

I dug the phone quickly out of my purse, feeling indescribably sad that I couldn't indulge in my fantasy for a few more seconds.

"Where are you, girl?"

It wasn't until Queenie spoke that I realized I had the phone pressed against my ear.

"Hi Queenie," I said.

There was a long silence from her end. I was about to rouse myself long enough to ask her how her day had gone when she asked if I was okay.

"I am. I-"

"Where are you?"

"I'm at a hospital."

"Give me the address."

I did and she immediately hung up. That was one of the things about Queenie. She liked to ask all the questions she had face to face if possible and my stay at a hospital was definitely going to call up a lot of questions.

Thirty minutes later, Lucy was still in labour. Queenie arrived, made a beeline for me.

"And what are you doing here?" she asked with a worried frown on her face. "Are you sick?"

"No, I-" I hesitated, suddenly realizing Queenie would not at all be pleased when she learnt of the reason why I was here. But then I couldn't hide the truth at this point. She would find out anyway. "Lucy came over to the project site and started accusing me of something-"

Queenie's eyes narrowed. "What does she think you are supposed to have done now?"

Briefly, I told her of all she had said about the paternity of her child.

"Can't say I'm surprised. Like I said before, I wouldn't put anything past her but that does not still explain what you are doing here."

"While she was talking, her water broke."

"Ah."

"I brought her to the hospital."

"Okaaaay?"

"Right now she's er-"

"Giving birth?" I nodded. "And you're waiting here because of her?" I nodded again, sheepishly. Queenie threw up her hands in exasperation. "Well, damn me! I can't believe you, Amelia! Are we talking about the same Lucy here? The one who took your husband, broke your home? The friend who betrayed you?"

"Yes, but. I just had to help. It was an emergency. A baby was involved."

"Fine. Let's just say for argument's sake that you had to, why are you still here then? Lucy is not your responsibility. In fact, not to sound callous, though I suppose in a way I am, that woman deserves everything that is coming to her after what she did to you."

"Don't think of it that way," I said quietly.

"And just how am I supposed to think of it?"

"Let's look on the bright side. Lucy did me a favour even if she didn't know it at the time. She saved me from spending the rest of my life with a terrible man."

"Oh boy!" Queenie rolled her eyes, leaned back against the chair. "I swear, Amelia, you're too good for this world. If I were in your shoes and that blonde bitch had-"

She stopped and stared at someone walking towards. I followed the direction of her gaze and saw Noah who had a very sour expression on his face. Just like Lucy, he looked unkempt. His shirt was rumpled in several places and in one spot it looked torn. As he walked, he held his arm stiffly by his side and I got the impression that it had been broken. It looked like he had been given a sound beating from someone. The moment he spotted me, he stopped walking. We stared at each other for a moment. He glanced at Queenie who didn't bother to hide the fact that she was openly staring with curiosity and hostility. Noah flushed and I who knew him well knew that a cutting word was rising to his lips. I was the first to break the tense silence.

"What are you doing here?" I asked.

"None of your business really," Noah replied with a sneer. "But if you must know, the hospital called me, told me to come here since my so called wife is giving birth." His face suddenly twisted into an expression of hate so intense that it made him ugly. He seemed to completely forget that Queenie and I were right in front of him when he said, "It will serve her right if I took the baby before she even got a chance to see it. Then Lucy would feel my pain. She would know how it feels to have something you want so badly taken away from you."

I was on my feet before I even made the conscious decision to stand up.

"You can't do that!" I said. "Don't you dare think of hurting the baby."

Noah stared at me in surprise, then burst into laughter.

"And who are you to tell me what I can or can't do?" he demanded sharply.

"Amelia," I heard Queenie call but I didn't so much as glance in her direction.

I had eyes only for the horrible man who would dare think of separating a newborn from its mother just because of some issues he was having with its mother.

"You're sick in the head if you're actually thinking of doing that. Have you no limits?" I rapidly began to close the distance between us but was stopped by Queenie holding on to my arm. "If you hurt the baby, I'll-"

But Noah had already disappeared down the corridor. I wanted to go after him, to make sure he didn't get to carry out his threat. Queenie pulled me aside, snapped her fingers in my face.

"Amelia," she hissed. "Snap out of it. What did you think you were about to do?"

"You heard him. He-"

She grabbed both arms, gave me a little shake. "Stop this right now. Bringing Lucy here and waiting was bad enough. Now you're meddling in their affairs? Listen, whatever happens between Lucy and Noah is none of your business. Stop getting involved! Do you understand? Do you?"

Realizing she was right, I nodded. I wasn't really achieving anything by sitting here other than worrying myself half to death about something that didn't really concern me.

Queenie let go of me long enough to pick up my bag. She gestured towards the exit.

"Now please can we leave?"

"Yes," I answered.

"I kind of understand why you did all what you did back there," she said when we got to my car. "It was all for the baby."

"Yes. I- I just couldn't help it."

She laid a hand on mine. "It's okay. Don't ask me how I know, but I know that you are going to be a mother, an amazing one at that." She regarded the little smile I gave her. "I'm actually being serious now. It's going to happen for you, Amelia. It is."

During that drive back home, I pondered on Queenie's words. I would have liked badly to have believed what she said about knowing I would experience the joys of motherhood, but hope was cruel and my heart had been broken enough already. I spent the entire drive wiping tears from my eyes.