

Chapter 120

AMELIA

It was ironic really how one could get everything other people wanted and yet not be happy.

It was currently my situation now. I looked around my plush new office. My business expansion had been successful. Business was good. It was thriving and yet I was not happy. Not one bit.

My hands wandered over to my still flat stomach. I found myself doing this so often these days. I still found it hard to believe that a tiny version of me was growing in there, a version Damian was not yet aware of.

And for the umpteenth time, I found myself thinking about my decision to keep my pregnancy hidden from Damian. Actually it was the last thing I wanted to do- to keep it from him. I wanted to tell him I was carrying his baby but I had no idea of how to break the news to him.

There were several ways he could react. What if he got mad at me for hiding it? What if he denied being the father of the baby? It would break my heart. It really would. Wouldn't it be better if I didn't tell him about it at all? If that didn't happen, it meant I wouldn't have to deal with all that hurt. Perhaps it was the coward's way out but still...

I frowned at my phone as it rang, breaking into my thoughts. However, one look at the screen and I could feel my mood lift. I snatched it up, and pressed it to my ear.

"Hi mum," I said.

From thousands of miles away, her voice washed over me like salve put on a wound.

"Amelia dear, how have you been?"

'Not good. Not good at all' hung on the very top of my tongue.

I swallowed, pulling the words back in. It wouldn't do for me to ruin my mother's fun moments with tales of my problems. Besides, what could she do to remedy the situation?

She always had a way of overthinking and blaming herself for my predicaments. I couldn't put her through that.

"Nothing," I muttered.

"What was that dear? What did you say?"

"I- It's nothing important," I said quickly. "How is your trip going and how is Anthony?"

I could clearly hear the love for him in her voice as she told me he was fine.

"...And there's something else you need to know. Anthony and I are getting married."

It took me a few seconds to wrap my head around what she had just said. And then when I did, I couldn't stop congratulating them.

My mother finding happiness after my father was the best thing that could happen to her.

"Oh. Thank you dear," she said. "Anthony and I are planning to keep things really quiet though. It's going to be a private wedding. It will happen in two months."

"Oh. That's good. I'm- I'm really happy for you, mum."

"I'm happy too." She squirmed. "I may be old but I think there's still love for me in this world."

"Come on, mum. You're not old. I can't imagine how glad you must be. Oh, I'm really happy."

And I was. I really was. But to my horror, I felt tears prickle the backs of my eyes. My throat closed up and I knew I was going to cry.

My fingers hovered over the phone screen, seeking the red button to end the call as my eyes blurred with tears. I couldn't let my mother hear me cry but the sobs came out anyway before I could stop them. My mother began calling my name over and over again in a panicked voice.

"Amelia, what's wrong?" she asked again. "Are you crying? What happened? Talk to me!"

I quickly wiped my eyes, and took in a deep breath. "N-nothing mum. I'm just so happy for you."

"Amelia! Don't you even think about deceiving me. No matter how grown you are, I'm still your mother and I think I know the difference between your happy tears and sad tears. I can hear the pain in your voice."

"I'm sorry-"

"Stop apologizing and tell me what the problem is."

"I really was happy but then everything, all the emotions I had bottled away just came back-" I paused to take a really deep breath. I figured there was really no need now to hide what I was going through from her. She would wheedle it out of me anyway. "Mum, the truth is... I love Damian and I'm pregnant for him. But he has made it very clear that he doesn't want a child. Not now. Not ever. I've decided to keep the pregnancy a secret from him."

"You what?"

"I'm pregnant-"

"No. Not that part. However unplanned it may be, I'm happy you are pregnant. This is such a blessing!" I could hear the excitement in her voice. "It's what you've always wanted, to have a baby of your own. I can't believe you didn't tell me about this until now. I'm so happy, child."

"Thanks mum," I wiped my tears again. "I didn't know how to tell you since Damian doesn't want the baby."

"Have you told him about the baby? Or are you making assumptions? Amelia, he is the father. He has every right to know about it. Please don't make stupid decisions. Open up to him. I didn't raise you to be crafty. Tell him the truth and don't bear the weight of this alone. Do you understand me?"

"But what if—"

"There are no what if's in this situation. Tell him and if he cannot act like a man, you have the right to leave. You must tell him first and whatever you do next will depend on his reaction."

I paused for a moment before I nodded.

"Okay. I'll tell Damian about it. I think I really need to hear from you before making any decision."

"Good. And what about that no-good ex-husband of yours, Noah?"

"He's going bankrupt now. I got to handle a city project he thought he would get. He still hasn't recovered from the blow. Lucy, who he left me for, has given birth. It turns out the baby is not Noah's after all. She was playing him. In fact, I think he's the one who is sterile."

My mother let out a peal of laughter. "Good. Very good. That would teach him to examine himself before pointing fingers at other people. A cheater deserves the worst punishment. As for the project you got, rub it in his face every opportunity you get. Deal with him. Since he left you on the streets to fend for yourself, make sure he has nothing left when you're through with him. How does that sound?"

My mother's advice to deal with Noah brought me out of my sad state. I found my lips stretching into a smile as I said, "It sounds like a wonderful idea. You know I will always listen to you, mum."

The aroma of food sizzling in the fry pan filled the kitchen as I made dinner.

I wanted to make something special tonight, to set the mood for my announcement. I had decided to tell Damian about the pregnancy, thanks to my mother.

Deep down, I knew the outcome would not be good but at least, I would leave the marriage with a clear conscience. I wouldn't have to feel my guilt gnawing at me every day for lying to him about something like that.

I heard shuffling footsteps, and looked up at the door to find Damian walking in. All my determination to tell him about the pregnancy went flying out of the window the moment I saw the look on his face. He looked gloomy and I began to wonder what could have happened to make him look this way.

"Hi," I say tentatively, not exactly sure how to approach him.

He gave a quick nod of his head in acknowledgement, pulled out something from his pocket and held it out to me. I took it. It was a card of some sort, blue in colour.

"Thank you... I guess but what is this?" I asked, turning the card this way and that.

Damian's gaze couldn't quite meet my eyes when he said, "It's a feelings card." A what? "My therapist gave it to me. She was sure it would help."

"Your th- therapist," I spluttered. "A therapist? You? Therapy?" Several emotions and questions hit me at the same time.

"Yes. Er-" He cleared his throat loudly. "In the card, you are supposed to write in it and describe exactly how you view me. You have got to be very honest. What you write in there might help me understand what I need to do to fix myself."

I was gaping at Damian. I couldn't help it. I could have sworn with my life that he was the last person who would want to visit a therapist. What was going on? How on earth had he even managed to make such a decision in the first place?

"Uhhh. Damian," I said, keeping my tone serious. "Tell me the truth. Did someone hit you over the head?"

He grinned, then laughed. I joined in but I had a thousand questions to ask. Why was he in therapy? Or why did he suddenly decide to try therapy?

"No. I'm still sane and I'm still the same old Damian." He said, pulling me out of my thoughts.

"Okay. It's a relief that it's really still you. I'm going to fill the card." I replied. "Even though I have lots of questions."

"Thank you," he said quietly. "Maybe I can answer the questions during dinner."

"There is something I want to tell you." I blurted, gathering up the courage to tell him about the pregnancy. Something told me if I didn't tell him immediately, I would never be able to tell him again.

Before I could say another word, we both clearly heard my name and Noah's coming from the living room.

"What was that?" I asked Damian.

"It's the TV, I think. Let's see."

I followed Damian to the living room. On the big screen was Noah, seated in a studio somewhere granting an interview.

I scoffed. "Unbelievable." His desperation had led him to a gossip TV show, 'the Hot and Juicy Details.' What could he possibly be doing?

One of the interviewers asked, "And are you in any form of competition with your ex-wife?"

"Of course I'm not," was his reply. "Amelia can never be at my level no matter what she does. She's a small fry. Everyone knows that."

A frown crept to my face. It wasn't just bad that this TV show was the most hateful thing ever. They had managed to capture Noah's stupidity and hatred toward me as well.

"How does it feel to have be arrested twice in the last few weeks?" another interviewer asked.

"Those are just obstacles, obstacles Amelia and that stupid husband of hers keep throwing my way but I'm still thriving in spite of it. In fact, the top investors at my company have not budged. They are still solidly behind me. Whatever damage happened to my companies is just a temporary setback. My companies will become bigger and better than ever." Noah shifted in his seat to face the cameras and it felt like he was looking right at me when he said, "Watch out, Amelia. I'm coming for you."