

## Chapter 121

AMELIA

With my fingers steepled under my chin, I sat in my office, thinking about all Noah had said on TV during the interview, an interview which I was sure had been watched by the practically the whole city. Or maybe the entire world.

The man certainly could sink to the lowest depths I myself would not even have considered for a moment. Even right now, I still couldn't fathom how he could continue being so petty and stupid. Petty enough to continue throwing shades and making wild accusations against Damian and I.

Mostly, I felt that Noah was stupid. Very stupid indeed to have crossed me. I would have thought that by now, he would have realised the fact that it would be against his interests to keep antagonising me but he kept on doing it over and over and over again.

It was obvious the interview was a way to salvage his dying reputation and financial status. But he could have simply tried to save his ass without dragging me down with him.

The most aggravating part of it all this was that the stupid interview had come just when I had been about to tell Damian about the pregnancy.

Noah had completely ruined the mood, the perfect mood. Damian had stalked off to his room quietly but I could tell he was angry. Perhaps, he tried to hide it because of his sudden therapy sessions.

Now I didn't know when I would ever get the courage to even broach the subject of the pregnancy to Damian. With each passing day, the secret got too difficult to keep.

Even though Queenie suggested telling him over a dinner date, I was still terrified that he would react angrily in public.

But I had to tell him somehow.

Only if Noah wasn't such an asshole. Only if he managed to keep his mouth shut for another night instead of threatening me on Tv.

Anger coursed through me and I swiveled in my seat. Noah couldn't threaten me and get away with it. No.

I had to do something. We were certainly not in a competition but I needed to show him who's boss.

But how?

I thought hard for some minutes and then the perfect idea flitted into my mind.

"In fact, the top investors at my company have not budged," Noah's words suddenly came back to me.

His investors!

What investors was he talking about when I knew that his business was on the verge of bankruptcy. Or wasn't it?

Quickly drawing my computer close to me, my fingers flew over the keyboard as I did a quick Yahoo finance search for Noah's top investors and then-

"Bingo!" I exclaimed triumphantly.

I lipread the information that popped up on the screen. There were two companies, two major companies, who were funding Noah's company. I whistled at the amount of money these companies were reputed to have pumped into Noah's company over the past year alone. I knew then that if these companies pulled out their funding, Noah's company would lose its buffer and would almost certainly crash.

I committed the names of these companies to memory. Their names were Prudential Financial and Fidelity Investments. I thought for a brief moment, and wrote their names down in the little notebook I always carried around.

Next, I checked out their company websites and got the contact information of their investment portfolio managers. I noted the phone numbers down too.

"Here goes phase two," I muttered to myself as I shifted in my seat.

This was it. I was about to put the plan into motion. Noah was about to go down and I was going to facilitate the process without any scruples. Noah had asked for it after all. He had drawn the battle line himself and I would be a bleeding coward if I did not respond. He had left me no choice but to do this.

I decided to put a call across to the first company- Prudential Financial. I dialed the number and waited.

A female voice came on the line. "You are on to the offices of Prudential Financial. How may we help you?"

"I'm Amelia Donovan." By her sharp intake of breath, I knew that the woman on the other end knew who I was. "I suppose you are familiar with the name?"

"Yes. I believe I am." Her voice was professional once more, the show of momentary surprise immediately glossed over. "How may we help you, Mrs Donovan?"

"Well as you may also know, I am also currently in charge of the yearly city project. I will like to make you an offer, a really juicy offer if I say so myself."

"May I know the nature of this offer you speak of?"

"I'm afraid not. What I have to discuss is not something that can be talked about over the phone. I will like to have a meeting with your investment manager tomorrow if possible."

"Very well, ma'am."

"That is great."

And we concluded on the meeting tomorrow and the time. The moment I finished talking with her, I called Fidelity Investments and scheduled a meeting with them also.

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The office of the managing director of Fidelity Investments was plush. It screamed money and affluence. A name plaque, with the name 'Smith M.D' engraved in gold sat on the large oak desk.

Mr Smith and I stared at each other from opposite sides of the desk. His gaze was very assessing. I daresay mine was too. It looked like he was the sort of man who would be a very hard nut to crack. But crack him I certainly would.

I was absolutely prepared for anything that would be in my way to get revenge. Noah wouldn't see me coming and I'll hit him hard. Too hard that he would never recover.

"So Mr Smith," I said. "Business brings me here. I am a business owner as you are well aware. I need a committed investment from your company. I have a lot of market potential so I'm sure this partnership would be profitable to us both of us in the short and long run."

His lips twitched and I thought he was having a little muscle spasm. The next moment, he burst into laughter. Mocking laughter. I let him finish, and kept my composure. He could laugh all he wanted but I would get my way. I promised myself that.

"I'm sorry, Mrs Donovan," he said, dabbing at the corner of his eyes with a silk, monogrammed handkerchief. "But you must see the humour in this as well. Listen, you own a bakery and a mall. Is that not so?"

I kept my expression deadpan as I said, "It is. But they are business, are they not?"

"They are but I mentioned them just so I could confirm if there were any other businesses you owned which may have skipped my mind. But the answer is now apparent. You own just those two. Now I'll be honest with you. Fidelity Investments partners with certain classes of businesses. Your mall and bakery can in no way be compared to the companies we are currently funding. I understand that you are trying to expand your business and you're a big shot in the city but we can't help you."

I let out a little laugh of my own. "Oh now I see where your skepticism is coming from, Mr Smith. It would interest you to know that my mall and bakery generates more than 1 million dollars monthly. With the projected expansion, there is a guarantee that they will generate more." I paused, well aware that the amount I had mentioned had given him a pause. Still, I knew he would need more details to agree to my request. "Of course, the amount I say my businesses make can be verified if you wish so you can be certain that I'm not exaggerating. There's also a little detail I feel it's important for you to know. Perhaps you are not aware but Noah Carter, whose company you fund, is on the edge of bankruptcy. It will not be in your best interests to still fund a dying company. I'm sure that my 'little businesses' are currently doing better than his."

"And how are you so sure of this?"

"I'll ask you a question in turn, Mr Smith. When was the last time you were even marginally satisfied with the return of your company's investment into Noah's company? I'll go out on a limb and say with certainty that it's been quite a while. And then there is another thing. Noah has been all over the news lately so much so that he has acquired quite a bad reputation. He makes spurious, inciting accusations without a shred of evidence. I have said before, and still say again that those are the signs of a man who is fast going downhill. Don't you think?"

Smith's brow furrowed as he thought, staring sightlessly at the blotter on his desk.

It wouldn't be long now, I thought.

He finally raised his head.

"I would like to know what you can offer then." He rubbed his nose. "And for client confidentiality, I would not discuss your ex-husband with you. I am aware of his recent situation but he has survived similar circumstances. The company hopes he will survive this too."

"I highly doubt that," I replied with a wide smile. "He's going down this time."

He cleared his throat and shifted in his seat, "Tell me, what's your proposal? Why should we invest in you, Mrs. Donovan?"

I gave him a small, confident smile. "I give you a guarantee that I am the best person you could work with since I am already working on a multi million dollar project for the city. The return on that single project if this company agrees to work with me will be enormous. There is nothing we won't be able to achieve. That is a fact."

"Impressive," Smith murmured after thinking for some seconds. "All you have told me about the project is impressive." He quickly typed on his computer and I suspected he was doing a quick google search. His eyes widened for some seconds before he focused on me again. "I can see that this project will be enormous and it could house thousands of businesses. It's the biggest investment ever. You have convinced me. Let's shake on it." He leaned forward, and stretched his hand across the desk to shake my hand. I took it, and gave him a firm handshake. "I look forward to doing business with you."

"Likewise, Mr Smith. Likewise." I replied casually.

I composed myself even though I could barely contain my excitement. I had actually done it! But there was still one thing left in my plan.

"Before I present your offer to the board for approval, is there anything else you would like to add? Any conditions you would insist on since you want to work with us?"

And that was it. My final plan.

"Actually. Yes. There is one more thing." I said.

"Alright. I'm listening."

"I want you to completely withdraw your funds from Noah's company." His eyes widened but I continued. "I would not want to partner with a company funding my ex husband. You must have calculated the possible return of your investment in my project. Now, what does Noah bring to the table?"