

Chapter 125

AMELIA

Noah got to his feet seconds after the initial surprise of my rejection had worn off. Luckily, I was already walking to the mall as fast as possible. When I looked back, I saw him coming after me. I increased my pace but managed to get into the building with Noah right at my heels, his face as red as a tomato. Red with rage.

"Stop him," I said to the first security personnel I saw. I pointed to Noah, who was quickly approaching the mall's entrance. That man is after me. He wants to cause a scene. Make sure he doesn't get in here. Quickly!"

Thankfully, the security guard didn't ask any questions. He just nodded to his colleague on his other side. They hurried to Noah and intercepted him before he could get to the door.

"I'm sorry you can't go in, sir," the guard I had spoken to told him and turned back to glance at me. I nodded, indicating that I was content with their actions.

Noah was too busy staring at me even to notice that one of the guards had his hand on his sleeve. He tried to push past the guards, but they wouldn't let him budge.

"Get your hands off me," he growled at them, his eyes burning with so much anger.

"I was telling you, sir, that you must leave," the guard said. "You can't go in."

"What do you mean I have to leave?" Noah barked. "Out of my way! I need to see that woman. I will see her. What right do you have to stop me?"

"That isn't possible." One of them answered. "We try to ensure a safe environment for everyone, but right now, you seem to be threatening that woman."

I waved at Noah and smiled. His jaw ticked, and he hit one of the guards on the chest.

"She's right there. Who the hell are you to tell me what's possible and what is not? Do you know who I am?"

I sighed. Typical narcissistic Noah! Everyone had to crouch at his feet because he was somehow the King.

The second guard gave the first an exasperated look. They both rounded Noah and began to back him out of the place.

Noah suddenly stopped and lunged at me. The guard's response was instantaneous. As one, they gripped each of his arms and refused to let go, no matter how much he shouted, raved, and cursed.

"Call them off now, bitch!" he kept shouting. "Tell them to let me go."

As they half dragged him away, I smiled and waved at him again, taking special care to make sure that he saw me. His face reddened, and he let loose a vile string of curses that were enough to make a person's ears blister.

When they had dragged him out of sight, I turned and went further into the mall. I found I was somewhat uneasy even though he had been dismissed. I quickly dug out my purse and called one of my bodyguards, who picked up on the first ring.

"I need you here, at the mall," I said, my eyes involuntarily darting from place to place. "Heroshe Mall. Please get here as soon as possible."

I felt stupid. What had I been thinking, coming here without at least one bodyguard? And then calling them after insisting I could take care of myself.

I should have known that there was a strong chance of running into Noah or someone I really didn't want to interact with. And with what had just happened, I was pretty sure that he would be waiting outside the mall for me.

Noah would wait till I exited the mall to strike, even if it was until the next day. I knew more than anyone how petty he could be, but more than that, he was also dangerous. He could come up with the idea that the best way to get back at me for what I had done to him was to hurt me. Physically.

"Is there a problem, Mrs Donovan?" the bodyguard asked quietly over the phone, and I snapped back to reality.

"A man threatened me at the mall. I need you all to come quickly."

"We'll be right there," he said, and the line went dead.

I shook off my worried feeling and continued shopping, confident that backup was on its way. My bodyguards arrived just as I put the last item I wanted to buy into my shopping cart.

"Ma'am, Is he here?" one of them asked as he looked around. "The man threatening you."

"No- well, I don't know. Maybe he is about somewhere. Just keep a close lookout."

They nodded and accompanied me to the counter to pay for my purchases.

And then, it was just as I had expected.

Noah was there waiting when we exited the mall and went to the parking lot. As soon as he set his eyes on me, he began to advance angrily, his fingers clenching and unclenching like he was practising how to wrap them around my throat.

"You bitch!" he yelled. "You thought you were going to hide in there forever, huh? Now I've got you. I'll teach you a damned good lesson."

Just as he broke into a run, my bodyguards advanced and cut him off. Noah had really lost his mind because any sane man would not publicly embarrass himself like he was. Only a man who had lost everything and wasn't scared of losing more would act like him.

"Don't you fucking touch me! Let me talk to her!" he yelled, utterly oblivious to the scene he was creating. "You are nothing but a gold-digging bitch, Amelia. You hear me? Nothing but a nobody!"

He went on and on in the same vein, calling me unprintable names, all the while trying to break free of the guard's hold on him as he cursed.

It was pathetic to watch him making a fool of himself, but also rather satisfying in a way. I had never seen him so angry before, though. He had gone from red to almost purple with rage. If he were an older man, one would think he was about to have a stroke or a heart attack.

"Go home, Noah," I cut in when he mentioned my mother. "Go home and take a chill pill. My mother and I have done nothing wrong to you, have we? You can channel your anger into something else, maybe roller derby, since you want to be such a bitch."

"Chill? I'll show you, chill!" he cried and actually tried to tackle my bodyguards. It was comical, especially since the shortest of them was his height.

He was immediately wrestled to the ground, and I burst into unrestrained laughter. Pregnancy hormones were really doing a number on me.

But I couldn't help it. One minute, he was standing and yelling; the next moment, he was lying flat on his back, blinking up at the sky and me in a dazed sort of way.

I heard voices, looked around and saw that quite a crowd had gathered. Lots of people were watching and also taking videos.

"Let's go, madam," I turned to see one of my bodyguards pointing at our car. "We should leave before this gets out of hand."

I nodded, silently agreeing that it was the right time to go. Even though I wanted Noah to be humiliated so badly, I didn't want to end up on TV with him. I followed my bodyguards to the car.

Just as they were about to drive away, something smashed into the windshield of my car, and I screamed.

I opened my eyes to see a damaged windscreen. I gasped and stared in shock. Noah, reeling on his feet, his clothes dirtied and torn, had just thrown a large stone at my car.

"I'll kill you," he shouted, shaking his fists at the sky. "I'll kill you, Amelia, even if it's the last thing I do."

At that moment, the mall's security personnel came running to intervene. They grabbed Noah and dragged him away just as my car shot forward.

"Ma'am, are you okay?"

I nodded even though I felt far from okay. I wrapped my arms around myself, goosebumps masking my skin a little. I shouldn't have been surprised that Noah would resort to violence, but I was. The man was simply an asshole without trying so hard.

As we drove home, I couldn't stop thinking about what would have happened if that stone had hit me instead. I supposed I had aggravated Noah much more than I thought.

I scoffed at the memory of him getting down on his knees, foolishly believing I would forgive him because of his lame apologies. And then threatening to kill me less than an hour later.

I came to the conclusion that he was just bluffing. Noah couldn't really harm me. I was too well protected.

But those videos of us would circulate online now or maybe soon. Noah, vengeful as he was, could use the videos against me. He could tell people that my bodyguards attacked him for no reason, to gain sympathy and, of course, to turn everyone against me. I had to use this incident against him before he could use it.

But whose help could I enlist?

"Anton!" I exclaimed in my mind a moment later. I pulled out my phone and dialled him immediately.

"Well. Well. This is rather a pleasant surprise," he answered, and I could picture him smiling.

"It wouldn't be a surprise if you called me often," I replied and chuckled. I don't mean to be rude, but I need a favour from you—an urgent one."

Anton, due to his work and personality, was well-connected in the city. He knew many journalists and celebrity gossip talk show hosts, exactly the people I needed to put my plan into action.

"Ah. This sounds serious. I'm listening."

I briefly recounted the incident at the mall and my fears of what would happen if Noah were allowed to twist the facts to suit him.

"That's good thinking there, Amelia. Excellent thinking. You are right to call me because that is exactly the sort of thing that Noah would do."

"Yeah. So what next? Do you think I should like... grant an interview with a newspaper or a blog or something of that sort?"

"Umm. Well, something like that. I don't think you need to be interviewed personally. A good friend of mine runs a top-rated celebrity gossip show. He will be only too happy to do me a favour and get your story firsthand. What do you think?"

"I think it's perfect," I said without hesitation. "I will text you every detail I want him to air on the show."