

# The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

## Chapter 016

AMELIA

"And what the hell do you think you are doing?" I yelled as the salesman handed Lucy a pen to sign the papers.

He looked up in surprise. "As you can see, I'm attending to a customer. So just hold on, and I will be right with you after I'm done attending to her."

He came to stand beside Lucy and pointed at a dotted line on which she would sign.

"Oh no, you don't!" I hissed. I stalked forward, snatched the documents away, and flung it to the floor.

Lucy sprang to her feet immediately. "What the hell are you playing at, Amelia? Why are you aggressive?"

I ignored her and addressed the salesman. "You will attend to me at once. I will not tolerate disrespect from you or anyone for that matter."

The salesman began to turn red in the face. He pointed towards the exit. "Lady, I think you have to leave. You're causing a scene."

Lucy laughed long and loud, cackling like a witch.

"You heard him," she smirked and inspected her painted nails. "Beat it. Obviously, this establishment is for a better class of people, and you don't fit into that category."

"You shut your mouth," I snarled.

Lucy's blue eyes widened in a challenge. "Oh, and if I don't?"

"What on earth is going on here?" demanded a voice from the doorway.

All three heads turned in that direction. The thin, bespectacled man I had noticed earlier stood looking at each of us in turn. The salesman subtly altered his aggressive stance, and from the way he deferred to the newcomer, I inferred that the thin man was the owner of the place.

The man fixed the salesman with a glare. "Jay, do you mind explaining what is going on?"

"Sir-" he began, and I cut him off with a wave of my hand.

"Are you the owner of this place?" I demanded in a lofty tone.

"Yes, madam. I-"

"And is this how you treat customers?"

"Madam, I-" He came closer, pushed his spectacles up his nose, and did a double take. "Mrs Donovan?"

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Behind me, the salesman gasped.

"Yes?"

He closed the distance between us rapidly. All smiles, he clasped my hand in a warm handshake. "Oh my! It is a surprise and an honor to have you here. I know your husband. He is a fine young man, and he is making indelible marks in the business world. I have had the privilege to attend a party you hosted, and I must say, the reports we hear on the media of your prowess at organizing events do not do you justice."

"Thank you," I murmured, a little mollified.

He released my hand, and his smile slipped. "But it appears something has upset you. Please, tell me what it is."

"Yes, I'm upset," I replied, frowning again. "I came here to buy a car. A Dodge caught my fancy, but your employee here-" I pointed an accusing finger to the salesman who had gone as white as a sheet. "-seemed to think I could not afford it. He made all sorts of snide comments, which I decided to ignore, and then this woman here-"

"You will address me as Mrs Lucy or Mrs Allen. I'm Noah Allen's soon-to-be wife," she added when she didn't get the reaction she had expected from the manager.

He inclined his head politely. "Good to see you here too, madam." He turned to me once more. "Mrs Donovan, you were saying..."

"She came in, saw me talking to your salesman right in front of the car I wanted to buy, and she insisted on buying the same one. Your salesman left me standing there and began to attend to her. He had already brought the documents for her to sign before I called him out."

"As was your right, Mrs Donovan."

"So I ask, is this the kind of establishment you run here?"

"I assure you that it is not." The manager, his eyes flashing behind his glasses, turned to his salesman, who blanched. "So... this is true, isn't it?"

The salesman's prominent Adam's apple bobbed up and down.

"No sir," he croaked.

"I don't understand. Are you by any chance implying that Mrs Donovan is lying?"

"You're wasting my time," Lucy snapped.

The manager favored her with a polite yet stern look.

"Please, give me a moment to sort this out. Yes, Ray?"

"No sir... I mean, yes, sir," the salesman gulped. "I'm sorry, sir. I- I didn't know she was the Amelia, I mean Mrs Donovan-"

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"And because you didn't know who she was, you decided to dismiss her. Is that what I pay you for?"

"No. I apologize. I'm sorry. It won't happen again."

The manager took off his glasses and cleaned them slowly and deliberately with a handkerchief. He emanated rage but hid it well. "Of course, it won't. I'll make sure it doesn't. You're fired, Jay."

"Sir!" He gasped, eyes wide and unbelieving.

He looked to Lucy for help, but she only kept glaring at the manager.

"You heard me," reiterated the manager. "Take the stuff you came to work with and leave this instant."

"Please-"

The manager sighed in exasperation. "Get out, Jay. You can either walk out on your own two feet, or you can be carried out. Your choice."

Bowing his head, Jay, the salesman, with a reproachful look at Lucy, who didn't even spare him a glance, slunk out of the door. The manager watched him go with a look of disgust on his face. Then he turned to Lucy and me.

"I'm quite sorry about that. Please accept my apologies, Mrs Donovan."

"That's quite alright," I allowed graciously.

He beamed and rubbed his hands together. "Excellent. So where were we? What kind of car did you have in mind?"

"The latest model Dodge parked outside."

"Ah. The cream-colored one?"

"The very same," I replied.

"You made an excellent choice. You have an excellent eye. Apart from the appearance of the car, it's also built for speed and-"

"And that is the same car I want to buy," Lucy interrupted, stepping forward. She waved her debit card around. "I was just about to sign the documents of purchase before all this trouble started. Now, if I could continue from where I stopped, you will save my time so I can get out of here. I'm a very busy woman, and I have lots of business appointments today."

"I'm afraid you put me in a very difficult position, madam. I don't think things can work the exact way you want them to," the manager said apologetically.

"What do you hell do you mean by that?" Lucy drew herself up to her full height.

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"I understand that Mrs Donovan was here first and was also the first to express interest in buying the vehicle-"

"You're absolutely correct," I chirped.

"That means the car will be sold to her. You see, it's quite unfortunate that model is the only one we have at the moment, except you're willing to wait-"

"Wait?" Lucy scoffed. "Hell no! I want the car, and I want it now."

The manager spread his hands helplessly. "I'm afraid my hands are tied in this matter. But perhaps I can interest you in another of our models. It-"

"I told you. It's that car or nothing. Are you going to sell it to me or not?"

He shook his head regretfully. "I'm afraid not, madam."

"Then to hell with you," she screeched. The veins stood out on her neck. "I'll get this pathetic excuse for a car dealership shut down. And then you can blame it on this bitch, Amelia."

"Madam!" the manager exclaimed, shocked.

She flipped him the bird and stalked off.

"What a day," the manager muttered, pulling out a handkerchief and mopping his sweaty brow. "I'm sorry about all this, madam."

"Not a problem," I said happily.

The fact that I had scored one over Lucy kept me satisfied. I paid for the car, signed the necessary documents, and had it delivered to the house that very afternoon. I was brimming with excitement the whole day, and when Damian returned home that evening, I gave him just a few minutes to settle down before knocking on the door of his room.

"Can I help you?" he said when I entered his room.

I was stumped for some seconds. This was not how I had imagined our conversation going.

"Er- I just wanted to tell you how the purchase of the car went," I said. "So I went to the car dealership you recommended, and there was this attendant who was rude to me. He thought I couldn't afford the car I wanted. So, Lucy, that's Noah's mistress, came and wanted the same car, and... are you even listening to me?"

I asked because he kept scrolling through his phone.

He raised his head reluctantly and looked at me. "Is there a point to your... tale? You got the car, didn't you?"

"Uhhh. Yes."

He grunted and kept on with whatever he was doing with his phone. I realized with a sinking heart that Damian had reverted to his cold attitude.