

# The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

## Chapter 021

DAMIAN

It's been two days since Amelia and I had sex for the first time. It had become a routine even though it was forbidden in our contract.

Both of us hadn't said a thing about it. It seemed like she was just as uninterested in discussing it as I was. There was no need to bring it up as long as it didn't cause any issues between us, and I hoped it wouldn't.

But far bigger things had come into the picture. And I needed to tackle them.

I waved Amelia into a chair and took one myself.

"What's up?" she said as soon as we had settled down.

"It's a business thing I want to inform you about. So, the mayor of this city is about to embark on a project. He wants to build a bullet train railway."

Amelia's eyes lit up with interest. "Oh. That is a huge project."

I nodded in agreement. "It is. I bid for the contract. If I get it, it will greatly boost my company and reputation." I paused. "But the thing is that Noah wants this contract, too." Amelia's face suddenly tightened as it always did whenever Noah was mentioned. "After my company, his company is the only one in this city that can pull off a contract this big."

"So, in essence, he's the competition."

"You got it. The major is a very... confusing man in some ways. It's hard to tell which of us he really favors for the job. He seems to like Noah and me equally well enough. He has invited Noah, me, and some investors to his house for a dinner party the day after tomorrow. I suspect that at the party, he will try to figure out which of us he likes best for the job. You will have to come with me, of course."

"Of course," she said without hesitation. "I'll be thrilled to support you."

"But you do realize what this entails, don't you? It means you must sit at the same table with Noah and be courteous to everyone, including him. I am quite sure that Lucy will be there too. Are you sure you can handle it, Amelia?"

"Yes. I guess Noah will be too busy trying to make a good impression on the mayor that he won't have time to be an ass."

My lips twitched in amusement, and I nodded. Amelia was nobody's fool.

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DAMIAN

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On the evening of the event, I had to admit, staring at my reflection in the mirror, that I looked excellent. Amelia looked even better. She was quite an eye-ful in a green velvet, strapless dinner gown that showed off the color of her eyes, diamond earrings, and a matching necklace.

Amelia and I arrived at the mayor's house just seconds before Noah and Lucy did. They, too, had gone all out, dressed to impress the press. There was a tense moment when we had to acknowledge each other's presence. I gripped Amelia's hand and murmured a greeting to them, and Amelia did the same, looking unfazed. Then, the effusive wife of the mayor made an appearance. She greeted us warmly.

"Please, step right this way," she said, beaming at each of us in turn.

She led us through a grand, impressive foyer and into a dining room where the investors the mayor had invited were already seated, sipping champagne and talking.

"We are not late, I hope," I said good-humouredly as I shook the mayor's hand.

"No. No." He chuckled. "I sent for all of them an hour earlier."

The mayor made the introductions all around, but his gaze lingered on Amelia as we settled down. Fortunately, Amelia and I sat at the opposite end of the table from Noah and Lucy.

"It's nice to meet you in person, Mrs. Donovan," the mayor said.

"Oh. Please call me Amelia."

He inclined his head. "Amelia. I heard a lot about your amazing skills as a hostess. You're quite the talk of town."

Amelia beamed. "Thank you, sir. You're too kind."

The mayor's wife nodded to the waiter serving drinks. He disappeared from the room and almost immediately returned with several others bearing trays laden with food and drinks. Soon, we all began to eat and make small talk.

When conversation flagged, the mayor's wife, who had been shooting glances at Amelia, occasionally cleared her throat and said, "That's quite a beautiful dress you have on, dear."

"Thank you." Amelia beamed.

She looked down at her chubby figure a little sadly. "I wish I had the figure to pull off wearing a dress like that the way you do."

"Oh, but you look really nice in what you're wearing. It would be a very boring world if we all looked and dressed the same." The woman grinned and lightened up considerably. "I was even about to ask who your designer is--"

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"I'm a fashion designer," Lucy cut in. "I have an eye for the good stuff, and as soon as I spotted your clothes, ma'am, I knew it was the work of a great designer."

The mayor's wife preened, and she and Lucy began discussing clothes and designers. Lucy shot a brief, malicious look at Amelia. Amelia kept her expression open and pleasant. My hands tightened briefly on the fork just before one of the investors conversed with me and the mayor.

"By the way, I have an idea I'm still working on," the mayor said when we had been talking about the stock markets for a while. "You know, it has always been my dream to continue to put this city on the map."

"That is true," I said.

"So my wife and I, on our vacation, traveled last year to a scenic location out of the country, and the resort we stayed in was the most beautiful I had ever seen. Isn't that right, dear?"

"Yes," chipped in his wife. "We had the time of our lives there."

The mayor nodded. "And so I decided on building a never before seen kind of resort here in this city. There's a large tract of land close to the beach that is a perfect location, but the thing is that a lot of homes around that area will have to go." The mayor laid down his glass and frowned. "I've reached out to the homeowners. The city has offered them adequate compensation and suggestions on where to build, but they are all unreasonable about moving." He looked apologetically at Lucy and Amelia. "Pardon my language, ladies."

A tall, bald man on the mayor's right shook his head sadly. "It's a pity that people fail to see things that are for the greater good."

"True," said Noah. "What are a few homes compared to the millions a resort like that will rake in for the city?"

Lucy patted Noah's arm and murmured in agreement.

"Thank you, Noah," said the mayor. "Those were exactly my sentiments. Every other person I pitched the idea to, apart from the homeowners, agreed--"

"I disagree."

There were gasps of surprise as everyone turned to Amelia. She suddenly flushed at the center of attention but went on.

"I don't think building that resort is for the greater good," she said.

"And why do you say that?" The mayor sounded quite irritated.

"You see, sir. The value of all those houses you will demolish is not strictly monetary. Many people have sentimental attachments to their homes, and compensations can't replace that."

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"I know that, of course, but when you're in politics, you have to make certain tough decisions, and this is one of them."

"This doesn't have to be one of them," Amelia insisted.

My heart sank. What on earth had come over Amelia? She was ruining my chances of landing this contract by antagonizing the mayor.

I cleared my throat loudly. "Honey, I'm quite sure the mayor knows what he's doing. He's had years of experience in politics. So why don't we just er- concentrate on dinner--"

"Oh, but let her speak her mind, Damian," Noah said.

He tipped his wine glass in my direction, and the asshole smirked at me.

"This doesn't have to be one of those times, sir," Amelia said, pursuing her earlier train of thought, and I saw my hopes of getting the contract going down the drain. "I'm sure there are other locations you can build your resort in. You will have the love of the city's people when they see that your regime has a human face to it."

"She may have a point there, you know," said one of the investors.

The other investors murmured in agreement.

Gradually, the mayor's brow smoothed out, and he smiled. "I think you're right. Thank you for your honesty, Amelia."

The mayor's wife leaned across the table and took Amelia's hand.

"You've got spunk, you know," she said. "I love it when people, women especially, speak their minds." She winked conspiratorially at Amelia and lowered her voice to a loud whisper. "I know that my husband can be a bit of a bully, so it's sometimes hard to tell him some things to his face."

"I heard that," the mayor said, and everyone laughed.

I exhaled in a rush and relaxed. Noah and Lucy gave forced smiles and maintained a sullen silence for the rest of the evening. Not that anyone noticed them anyway. The mayor's wife seemed quite taken with Amelia.

The evening was a success. Amelia and I returned home in high spirits, though I was still worried about who would get the contract.