

The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

Chapter 023

AMELIA

"I'm going somewhere, and I would really like you to come with me," Damian announced, grabbing the car keys off the table.

I got to my feet, looked at the time, and then at myself. I was wearing jeans and a shirt. "I'll go and change then."

I made a move to go to my bedroom.

"No. Don't worry. You're good as you are," Damian said.

"Oh. We aren't going to any fancy part then."

"No, not today." He stepped aside and gestured in the direction of the front door. "So... shall we?"

"Of course."

I suspected he wanted us to celebrate the success of his contract. The Mayor had awarded the contract to him, and the entire city was aware of it. Damian was now undoubtedly the most successful businessman in the city and Noah was nowhere close enough.

Damian handled the car skillfully, weaving through cars and avoiding traffic expertly as we headed to an unknown location.

"Where are we going?" I asked after he had been driving for quite a while, and silence lingered between us in the car.

He took his eyes off the road to glance at me. "You'll see."

Oh. I raised a brow. That was very cryptic. It wasn't like Damian to hold out on information. So, what was with all this secrecy? And then I remembered...

"It's a workday," I narrowed my eyes.

Damian nodded. "It is."

"And you are not at work. You usually return quite late from work, you know?"

"That's right."

"You must have a mountain of paperwork to wade through since you've been quite absent from work for some days now."

"And whose fault is that?" he eyed me wickedly.

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Damian looked thoughtful, and when he glanced at me, I saw that look that always sent butterflies to my stomach, and I knew what he was thinking. The temperature in the car went up a few notches. It was like there were only two of us in the world. I felt my body responding to his gaze, and then I heard a horn honk as if from a distance, and I recalled that he was driving.

"Eyes on the road," I said in a whisper.

Damian dragged his eyes away from me and stared out the windshield. I exhaled, opened the car window a little, and let the cool air from the outside blow on my overheated face. This was not the first time Damian skipped work today after we had first become intimate. My cheeks heated up when I remembered my first time with him. He had made it quite a habit to return early from work, and we would go at it. But taking a drive to some unexplained destination? He had not done that before.

"You didn't really answer my question," I said after a while.

"No, I didn't."

"Hey, are you going to keep communicating in monosyllables?" I was both amused and a little irritated at the same time.

Damian flashed a smile. "My last statement was technically not a monosyllable now, was it?"

My eyes narrowed. "But you know what I mean. Relax and enjoy the ride, Amelia."

I shrugged, leaned back against the seat, and tried to enjoy the drive as he said while I kept glancing at Damian. Damian drove through relatively unfamiliar roads. A while later, I looked around, puzzled about where we were headed. He didn't look perturbed, though. He drove confidently, but when I saw the locale we were going through, which was in the city's heart, I couldn't help wondering if he had somehow lost his way.

"Damian, are we lost?" I ventured after a couple of minutes.

He frowned a little. "Lost? Why will you think that?"

"Because..." I spread my hands. "Look at where we are."

"No," he said quietly as he turned a corner. "We are not lost."

"If you say so," I replied with a shrug.

I was not entirely convinced that he was telling the truth, though. It was not like Damian to admit that he was wrong or mistaken. He would probably consider his ego bruised or something of that sort if he did that. I snickered as I imagined him driving for an hour or so more, and then we would be stranded. It wouldn't be for long, though. I patted the pocket of my jeans and felt the familiar and now reassuring outline of my phone. As long as we got to somewhere where there was cell phone reception, we would be fine. Or... what if there was actually no reception? Damian's face would be a sight.

"And what are you smiling about? Do share."

"I wasn't aware I was smiling," I replied.

"Yes?"

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"Well, I imagined all the possible worst-case scenarios if we eventually got lost."

"You do have a lot of faith in me, Amelia," he said dryly. "Anyway, you don't have to keep imagining for much longer. We are almost there."

Where is there? I thought but did not ask. I looked around. We were driving through what looked like a business district, and a couple of minutes later, Damian pulled up in front of a building.

"We are here," he announced.

Good architects, perfect ones in fact obviously designed the building. It was large and imposing. Whoever built it had certainly spared no expense. It didn't look like a place of residence, though. It looked like a place of business, and because other stores and businesses were located around this area, I guessed that was a pretty accurate conjecture. I felt a tap on my shoulder and started. I turned to see that Damian was holding the door open for me. Jeez! How long had I been sitting there, staring up at the building? I scrambled out of the car.

"Step right this way," Damian said and walked to the entrance of the building.

For some reason, he seemed very pleased with himself about something.

"You're welcome, sir," said a voice as soon as we walked through the massive doors.

I had not noticed the man standing just inside the door. He was dressed in a security guard's uniform. The man looked from Damian to me. He gave me a polite smile.

"Good day, ma'am."

"Hello," I said.

The man started to say something to Damian, but Damian took him aside and began speaking to him about something in low tones. I could not hear what they were saying, so I drifted away from them to take their place. I was right in my conjecture that the place was not inhabited yet- apart from the security guard. I smelled wood, paint, and all the smells associated with a new building.

The place was obviously a store. There were large shelves, a gleaming counter, and looking chairs.

"Did you actually lose your way, Damian?" I teased when I heard him behind me. "Maybe you wanted to take us to a restaurant, and then you lost your way and brought us here so I wouldn't tease you about it."

I heard the smile in his voice when he said, "Oh really? And the security guard was conveniently here, waiting for us?"

I frowned as I ran my hand over the smooth countertop. The guard had actually seemed like he had been expecting us. "Yes. What was that about? Between you and the security guard I mean?"

"Never mind that. Where we are right is the display room where stuff will be sampled, but come along. I want to show you something."

I obliged. The place was even more prominent on the inside. He started down the corridor, stopped, and retraced his steps to a door we had just passed.

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"Oh. First things first," he said. He pushed it open, and I saw a large, well-furnished office. "It's an office, the office of the owner of this place. What do you think?"

"It's really lovely. Reminds me of your office."

"That's the idea. Let's go."

He opened a door and waved me into a large room with state-of-the-art baking equipment.

"It's a bakery," I said.

Damian stood at the door, watching me, gauging my reaction.

"It is," he said. "There is a much bigger room like this with similar equipment upstairs... but I think you get the general picture of the place."

Everything was neat, gleaming, brand-new. The workspace was a baker's dream. If I closed my eyes, I could imagine many people working here, churning out mouthwatering pastries.

"It's..." I struggled to find the words. "It's really a lovely place. Anyone would love to work here or to own a place like this."

"Good. It's fortunate you feel that way because this bakery belongs to you."

"What?" I spun around to gape at him.

"I know you have always wanted to own a bakery, so I decided to make that dream come true."

"You're serious?"

He nodded. The next second, I was flying into his arms. I hugged him tightly.

"Oh, Damian. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you," I gushed. "This is... it's too much. It's lovely. I love this place. Thank you."

"And you are welcome," he said quietly.

Impulsively, I held his cheek and kissed him. He gave a surprised gasp.