

The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

Chapter 027

DAMIAN

"I guess we have covered everything, right?" I asked, looking around the table at my business partners.

"We sure did," Matt said, and there were murmurs of assent from the others.

I began to gather up and arrange the files in front of me. The other men started to talk amongst themselves. From beside me, Matt stifled a yawn and patted his tummy, which was scarcely concealed by the suit he wore.

"It's been a tedious meeting. I'm starving," he said.

I smiled at him. "Hold your horses, Matt. We'll soon be on our way for our usual business lunch in a few minutes."

"Hey, Damian," Chris, three seats away from me, turned to me.

"Yes?"

"I heard your wife owns a bakery now."

"Yes," I replied. Most of the other men in the room had stopped talking and seemed to be waiting for me to say something more. "She's making quite a success of it so far," I added.

I quickly turned away and began stuffing the papers into my suitcase, hoping that would put a stop to the questions about Amelia. The last thing I wanted to be reminded of was her. I had enough trouble keeping her out of my thoughts as it was.

"Here's an idea. Why don't we have our lunch at her bakery?" Chris suggested, and I froze, my heart thrumming in my chest.

"Good idea," someone cried.

"Count me in!"

"I wonder why I didn't think of that." Matt beamed at Chris. "That's actually a wonderful idea."

"It isn't," I said quickly.

I was instantly the focus of everyone's attention. I flushed and replayed what I had just said in my head. It didn't sound good at all. I backtracked. "I meant that perhaps we should stick to the plan to have lunch at our usual restaurant. They'll be expecting us-"

"They won't. You haven't made a reservation yet, have you?"

"Well-"

"I'm sure he hasn't," Matt interrupted. "We never make reservations beforehand, remember? They always have a table ready for us."

"Still, we can go to my wife's bakery next time. It's quite a long drive to the place, and even if you all don't want to go to our usual spot, there are other excellent restaurants nearby. Besides, I'm sure all of you are quite hungry. I know I am."

Steve waved off my words. "We can all wait, I'm sure. Let's check out your wife's place. I haven't seen her, you know, except on TV. But I've heard so much about her."

"What you've seen and heard doesn't do her justice," Matt told them of the party she had hosted at the house and how successful it had been. When he was done speaking of her in glowing terms, the other men were more eager than ever to check out her establishment and make her acquaintance.

I groaned inwardly. There was no getting out of this now. Matt, though a good sort, could unknowingly be a pain in the ass sometimes. This was one of those times.

If I offered up another protest, I would be doing what I had warned Amelia several times not to do. I would make people wonder why I was so reluctant to go and see the wife I was supposedly madly in love with.

And so when Matt eventually turned to me and said, "Besides, having lunch there is going to be a big boost for your wife's business. I know I'll definitely recommend your wife's bakery to my wife in case she needs pastries and stuff. What do you think?"

I managed a smile, nodded, and pushed to my feet. "Of course, you're right. Let's go."

But I heartily wished this would be the first and last time I got dragged to Amelia's place; at least I had brought my... cravings under control. All four of them stood up and headed out at once without even waiting for me to lead the way.

I barely paid any attention to the jokes and stories the men swapped as we drove to the bakery. My heart beat faster, and my palms got sweeter as we approached. It would be lucky if Amelia had left the place for some reason. Still, I felt disappointed at the thought that I might not see her.

The mouthwatering aroma of different baked goods wafted to our nostrils as soon as we walked through the door. My business partners sniffed appreciatively. Several of Amelia's staff looked curiously at us. Three started forward, but a short woman from behind the counter beat them to it.

"Hello, sirs," she said, coming to an abrupt stop in front of me. Her gaze swept from me to my companions. She stuck out a hand to shake me, immediately thought better of it, put it back at her side and settled for a stiff bow. "You're all welcome."

"Thank you," I said, and so did the others.

"You're Mr Donovan? The Damian Donovan?" said a man who had appeared at the woman's side while she had been talking.

The woman gave him a reproachful look but looked eager enough to hear my response. From her manner, I had a feeling that she had already gotten a pretty good idea of who I was.

"I am," I said quietly. "And these men with me are my business partners..."

Then came another round of greetings from those within earshot after I had confirmed my identity.

"You're welcome, sirs."

One of the men began shifting around some perfectly placed chairs and fussing with the placemats. He gestured to the chairs. "Please, have your seats. I'll get your orders right away."

"Yes, as we know what it is you want to order," the little woman said, glancing at the man, who flushed.

Matt spoke up. "Thank you, but we'd love to see Mrs Donovan first."

"My wife, Amelia," I clarified when they just stared.

Her name galvanised them into action. The little woman hurried away.

"She's in the kitchen now, sirs. I'll take you there," the man close to the chairs said.

I waved off his offer. "Thank you, but I know my way around."

I led the way to the kitchen, and they followed me eagerly. Matt made a remark about my restlessness, and they laughed. I chuckled, although I didn't find him funny. The little woman stepped aside when I pushed open the door. I barely noticed her. My eyes were fixed on Amelia. Colour instantly flooded her cheeks the moment our eyes met. I kept telling myself to act normal as I had an audience in the room with me.

I gave her a brief hug for their benefit and had to force myself to pull away. It was a relief when the introductions were done, we got out, and a couple of Amelia's overhelpful staff had helped us get settled and served us something to eat.

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Minutes later, Amelia appeared, wearing a smile that seemed too wide, too big, decidedly artificial. The others who didn't know her as well as I did seemed to see nothing wrong with it.

"I hope you're all enjoying yourselves," she said.

Matt stopped midchew. "We are. These muffins are divine."

"I second that. It's a really nice place you've got here." Steve looked around. "And you seem to have gotten yourself quite a good customer base."

"Yes, thank you." Amelia's head began to turn in my direction, but she stopped herself. She kept twisting her fingers nervously. I could feel the tension rolling off her in waves. "Umm. If there's anything you need, anything at all, please ask." She swallowed. "I have to check on my cake."

As Amelia turned and hurried away, her shoulders drooped. I took bite after bite of my snack without tasting what I ate. I hesitated, then pushed to my feet.

"Excuse me, gentlemen. I'll be right back," I told them.

I had to knock twice before Amelia unlocked the kitchen door. Her breath hitched in her throat as soon as she saw me. I closed the door softly. She opened her mouth to say something but ended up flicking her tongue along her lower lip unconsciously. I could feel the sexual tension between us in the room, and I knew she felt it, too.

"Amelia, are you okay?" I asked, knowing she was anything but. "You looked really pale and tense."

"I-I'm fine."

She moved backwards, and I immediately grabbed her, the last vestiges of my restraint gone. I wanted her closer, much closer. Unable to help myself, I shoved my fingers into her hair. She didn't move; she just looked up at me with her beautiful eyes.

I covered her mouth with my own, and then she began to move, pulling me close and deepening the kiss with much intensity and passion.

"I've fucking missed you," I whispered, my hands dancing around her body. I kissed her until we were both panting for breath, and our lips were slightly swollen.

When she pulled away, she glanced up at me. "I hate what you do to me."