

The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

Chapter 029

AMELIA

"Ma'am, there are some people here to see you," Ashley said, hurrying up to me while on my way into my office, and I felt my stomach drop with anxiety.

My palms began to sweat. I felt a myriad of emotions- nervousness among them. Was it Damian again? I could feel my cheeks heating up. Goodness! I really needed to get a grip. At this stage, I would never be able to maintain my composure whenever he was around- something I badly wanted to learn how to do.

He always seemed to shake my every thought whenever he was around me. I could barely think for myself or even hold up to the promises I made to myself.

"Is my-" I paused and spoke again, trying to frame my thoughts into words. "I mean, is it-" I stuttered, but Ashley seemed to know what I was trying to say.

She shook her head. "No, it isn't Mr Donovan... or his friends. They are-

"Some other people?" She nodded. "Okay."

I shut the door of my office more firmly and went over to the showroom. I stopped at the threshold and stared at the group of people looking appreciatively around the place. Just then, the door opened, admitting none other than Will, who was closely followed by several of my former colleagues, one of whom was Lucien.

"Will," I called out excitedly and hurried over to him.

My voice alerted the others of my presence, and they all turned to stare at me. I stopped in front of Will, wondering who to hug first. I hugged a beaming Will, then glided over to Lucien, who was grinning from ear to ear like the rest.

"Lucien. Will. What are you doing here?" Without allowing them to answer, I went on. "Oh, I'm so glad to see you all here."

Leaving Lucien's side, I greeted the rest of them. Even stern Amy, who almost always wore a stern expression, was smiling. Ignoring my outstretched hand, she pulled me into a hug.

"We all missed you, Amelia. I missed you," she whispered before releasing me and letting another eager co-worker wring my hand warmly.

With my hands on my hips, I stood back a little and surveyed all of them, a little overcome by emotion, still not quite believing they were here.

"Well," I began. "Well, this is- It's-

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"A surprise?" said Will helpfully.

"Yeah. Well. Are we going to stand around all day? Or aren't we welcome to come in?" There were gasps, and everyone turned to stare at Lucien, who had a twinkle in his eyes. It was immediately obvious that he had been joking. He fingered his moustache. "Jeez. Relax people. I was just joking. Don't you all have a sense of humour?" He bowed to Will, who was shaking his head and smiling again. "Of course, I'm not referring to you, boss."

"Still the same old Lucien," I teased.

"Of course I am. You weren't gone that long for me to change entirely."

"Lucien has a point, though," said Will. "I'm dying to see the rest of this place. If the showroom can be so grand, I wonder how everything else would be."

"More than grand, I'm sure," said a woman close to Amy, who was running her hand reverently at the marble countertop.

"Sorry," I said. "I'm just still so surprised you all came. Of course, I'll give you a tour of the place. Please, come with me."

I took my former boss and colleagues around the whole place. The tour went really slowly as they wanted to look closely at everything. Of course, the kitchens and their equipment absorbed most of their attention.

"Amelia, your bakery is nothing short of perfection, just as I expected," Will praised when we returned to the showroom. He sniffed the air appreciatively. "And with these wonderful aromas, I think you know what you're doing."

"Thanks, Will," I said, smiling.

Will was one of the most sincere people I knew. Praise coming from him was always well deserved.

"Yeah, I love it," said someone else.

"With state-of-the-art equipment like that and Amelia handling the place, nothing can go wrong," piped in Amy.

"Well, I'm all in a flutter, guys. Please, come and sit. I can't let you go just yet."

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A few of my staff who had been hanging around, listening in, sprang forward. They shifted two tables close together and arranged enough chairs around them to accommodate everyone.

When everyone was seated, I beckoned to one of my staff, who came forward with a pen expectantly poised over a notepad.

"We have every kind of pastry here," I told them. "What would you all like to have? Order anything. It's on the house. Please, let it be my treat," I added when Will opened his mouth to protest.

"Okay then," Will said.

"Right about time," Lucien cut in, smiling and rubbing his hands together as he placed his order.

"So, how did you find me?" I asked Will when everyone's orders had been taken, and Lucien had been teased for being too keen on food despite his trim figure.

"That was very easy," said a man, waving his hand like that was hardly a question worth asking.

"True," agreed Will. "Your bakery is the talk of town. Seeing as we are in the er- same line of business, it was only a matter of time before we found out that you owned this place. Besides, I saw a mention of this place in the business section of a newspaper. It's getting to be quite famous, you know. Your picture was right next to the newspaper article."

One of the men, Bill, chuckled. "Yeah. When Mr Will saw it, we were tidying up the café for the day. He showed us the newspaper article, and we could not believe our eyes. Lucien had been grumbling about wanting to go home earlier but didn't notice when he stayed up to an extra hour with us, talking about you and your bakery."

Lucien playfully punched him on the shoulder. "We almost couldn't believe it was you. We thought the owner of this place was your look-alike or something-

Amy nodded. "That was until we did a quick internet search and discovered you're actually Mrs Donovan, Damian Donovan's wife. And so, we closed up the café early today and decided to pay you a surprise visit."

The snacks they had ordered arrived then, and everyone dug in. I glanced guiltily at Will while twisting my wedding ring around and around on my finger.

"About that... hiding my identity, I'm sorry, really sorry," I said.

"That's quite all right," Will said. "There was no harm done. But the truth is that you could have knocked me down with a feather when I realised who you were and that you had been working at my little cafe."

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"I liked working there," I said.

"And I enjoyed every bit of your stay with us." His gaze swept around the table. "I'm sure they all did, too."

Everyone nodded enthusiastically in agreement, but no one else stopped eating long enough to talk. Lucien grabbed a muffin Bill had been reaching for, and everyone laughed.

Will picked up his fork again and said contemplatively, "But when I recall how you worked so, so hard with the rest of us... even taking out trash..." He sighed. "I would have treated you differently if I had known who you really were, Amelia."

"And I wouldn't have liked that. The reason I kept my identity hidden is because I didn't want any special treatment. It just felt good to be like everyone else, to be free, to blend in. Yes, I worked hard, but you and everyone were really nice to me, Will."

Will smiled, and his eyes got suspiciously misty.

Lucien cut short the awkward, emotional moment when he declared that the doughnut he was eating was the best he had ever tasted. I asked of the regulars at the café, and they began plying me with stories about them.

"Thanks for coming," I said an hour later as I hugged and shook their hands on their way out. "Come and visit again."

"Oh, we definitely Will," said Will.

I was in high spirits for the rest of the rest of the day. I hadn't even been aware that I had been feeling guilty about not being entirely truthful with Will and the others until we had spoken about it. An hour after they left, it was time to close. I was the last to leave the building after ensuring everything was in order.

"Bye, ma'am," some of my staff called out as they got into their cars and drove away, leaving me alone.

"See you tomorrow," I called back and waved.

I locked up the place. Twirling the keys around my finger, I was heading to my car when I felt the hairs on my neck prickle. It felt as though I was being watched.

A little alarmed, I looked around, peering at every shadowy corner. I saw nothing suspicious. So I shook off the feeling, shrugged, got into my car and drove away.