# Chapter 005

## AMELIA

It almost felt like I was on a literal high as I watched Noah being thrown out of the mall. When Damian had spoken of me getting sweet revenge on Noah, I never imagined that it would feel so good.

There was one thing I knew about Noah. It was that he didn't he didn't accept defeat... not that it did him much good anyway. He raved, cursed, swore and struggled with the guards. In the end, the guards had to practically bundle him out like a sack of potatoes. In the struggle, his neatly pressed shirt got rumpled, his tie got awry and he looked half demented. There were sniggers and outright laughs as most of the shoppers gathered around to watch the unfolding scene. I daresay most of them brought out their phone to take pictures and videos of him. I didn't bother to turn. I struggled not to laugh myself. It would seem very petty, especially to those who knew my history with Noah.

Noah, panting like he had run a marathon, managed to turn around. His eyes, almost bulging out of his eyes in anger, met mine.

"You won't get away with this," he thundered. "I'll make sure I get you for this, you..."

Thankfully, the guards carried him around the corner and out of sight before he uttered the next words. I breathed a sigh of relief at that, as I had lately come to know that he had a foul tongue. There were murmurs of conversation as the shoppers began to disperse. The ones whose eyes I met gave me looks of respect. I drifted back to the clothing section and continued shopping.

Word certainly travelled fast. I had barely been there for a couple of minutes before I was approached by several, eager to please, mall employees who gave suggestions on what I should buy, carried my purchases and practically fell over themselves in an effort to please me, their new employer. On my way back to the car, after shopping, I had to admit that there were certainly perks to getting married to a man who was able to purchase an entire shopping mall at the drop of a hat. I didn't even want to think about how many protocols he had to bypass in order to revoke Noah's ownership.

I drove past several companies on my way home and wondered if he could easily buy them like he bought the mall.

When I got home, I couldn't help gazing at the portrait of Damian in the living room. I felt my heart warm towards him for what he had done. I felt a smile creep up my face. I had not felt as happy as I did now, in a long while. I counted the hours until he got home.

That evening, from my room, I heard Damien's car pull up in front of the house. In a flash, I was out of my room. I could hear his low, quiet voice before I got downstairs.

"...Yes. I dropped it at the office. No... The meeting didn't hold."

He looked up at me when I got to the bottom step. One finely arched brow lifted when he spotted my grin. There was a flicker of something in his eyes, interest maybe, and then the shutter he kept over his emotions went up. Hs gaze drifted away like it always did, dismissing me. Usually, I would feel hurt at this, but I was too excited to be offended. He lowered his tall frame onto the sofa and carried out his phone conversation in low tones, while I could barely stand still. I bobbed up and down on my feet, grinning from ear to ear.

The moment he hung up, I launched myself into his arms, just as he was about to get to his feet. He gave a startled grunt and sat back down.

"Thank you, Damian," I squealed excitedly, hugged him tightly and buried my face in his shirt. "Thank you. Thank you. Thank you. I don't know how you did it. I wish you could have seen his face. I-"

I stopped talking when I noticed how rigidly he held his body. It was like he had turned to stone in my arms. He didn't even seem to be breathing. I pulled away at once, and he looked down at me with an unfathomable expression.

"What on earth was that about?" he ground out through gritted teeth.

He sounded so angry. I felt a little deflated.

"I- I just wanted to thank you for helping me put Noah in his place. I mean for buying the mall for me... and all that."

"And is that a valid reason to hug me without consent? Buying just a mall is nothing. I told you that I have a lot of money. What would you then have done if I had bought something more? For now, you're a billionaire's wife, so kindly act the part."

I swallowed nervously. "The hug was just a way of showing my thanks. I was excited and-"

"Well, rein in your excitement next time," he snapped. "And please don't ever encroach into my space again for a hug or anything of that sort."

He tugged at his collar, straightened his pristine shirt which I had roughed up a little, and brushed away an invisible speck of dust. I resisted the urge to roll my eyes at his fussiness. One would think that I had splattered mud all over him. It was just a hug for Pete's sake! Even unmarried people hugged each other all the time.

He got to his feet, grabbed his phone, briefcase and marched off into his room without another word. Hurt, I watched him leave.

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### DAMIEN

I focused on putting one leg in front of the other and moving. I could feel Amelia's eyes

boring into my back. It felt like I was a stranger in my own body. I felt decidedly... odd. The moment I got into my room, I closed and locked the door. I fiddled with my tie. It took several tries for me to loosen it. I flung it on the floor. I felt as if the damn thing was strangling me.

I couldn't remember having felt this way in a long time. Amelia's innocent hug had done this, had made me all hot and bothered. The memory of her breasts pressing against my chest and the smell of her perfume sent the blood roaring through my veins once again. She had turned me on without even trying. For a moment there, I had imagined taking her right there on the sofa, doing things to her that would make her squeal and moan in...

Frustrated, I shoved my hands through my hair.

"Get a bloody grip, Damien," I muttered to myself.

Damn! This was not good at all. Amelia was the one woman I couldn't have sexual relations with. Heaven knew I didn't need any more complications in my life. In a year, she would be out of my life, fifty million dollars richer. I threw open my window, closed my eyes and let the cool, fresh air calm my frazzled nerves.

On the bright side, Amelia was certain not to initiate physical contact with me again, certainly not after I had told her off so harshly.

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## AMELIA

The next morning, I woke up very early. I was still somewhat upset at Damien's reaction to my hug, but gratitude for what he had done won. In the bathroom, inspiration hit. If there was anything I knew how to do very well, it was cook. I could show Damien how thankful I was by cooking him breakfast. I hurried to the kitchen, glad to know that it was well stocked. I was bringing out all I needed when someone cleared her throat.

I stopped, turned to see the housekeeper standing just outside the door. Even this early, she was already in her uniform. She looked as though she had been up for hours, and it was just minutes after 6.

"Hello," I greeted her with a smile.

She bowed. "Ms Donovan. Good morning. You don't have to do that. Whatever it is you want to eat, the cook can-"

"I'm actually making something for Mr Donovan... my husband," I added.

The word 'husband' still felt unfamiliar on my tongue.

The woman nodded. "You don't have to-"

"I want to make something special for him myself," I interrupted with a smile.

"Very well, ma'am." She bowed and retreated.

I cooked as fast as I could, as I got the idea that Damain was an early bird. After a taste of

meal, I knew I had outdone myself. Even if Damien was a picky eater, he could not fail to be impressed by what I had prepared. I laid everything on a large tray. I was relieved to see that it was still a few minutes shy of seven. I hurried into Damien's room.

I open the door slowly and walked in. My eyes roamed the room quickly but I couldn't spot him. I certainly didn't hear him leaving so where could he be?

As my thoughts darted all over the place on where Damian could be, the bathroom door flung open and he stepped out, completely naked.