

# The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

## Chapter 056

AMELIA

"I am asking you a question, Amelia," said my mother impatiently. "Explain these."

She tossed a handful of the condoms on the sofa. I licked my lips nervously. I still couldn't think of what to say. Why had I even allowed her to do Damian's laundry in the first place? I should have known that if there was something dodgy to be found in his room, my mother would be the one to find it.

I took a deep breath and tried again to speak. "Mom, I-"

What could I say? That Damian probably still used the condoms to sleep with other women? That some of the condoms were given to him as a sample by someone? I probably would have gone with the later explanation, wild though it seemed, if not for the fact that Damian probably had a lifetime's supply of condoms in his drawer.

"I know exactly what's going on here?" said my mother with a very disapproving look.

My heart plummeted to somewhere in the region of my stomach. I felt beads of sweat pop out on my upper lip despite the fact that the air conditioner unit was going full blast. Had my mother somehow found out about the nature of our marriage?

"You- you do?" I stuttered.

"Of course I do," she snapped. "I suspected it the moment I asked you about you trying to determine the sex of your baby. You were so uncomfortable."

"I was?" I said again without thinking.

Was it possible for the heart to sink any lower than the region of the stomach? It felt like mine was doing just that.

"Yes. Damian has all these condoms because you both, for some reason that is beyond me, have decided not to have kids yet." I felt my eyes widen in surprise and relief, while my mother's narrowed suspiciously. "What? Am I wrong?"

"No. No. You're not. Not at all, mum."

Easy, I told myself. She thankfully hasn't figured out the truth yet, but don't mess it up. Act convincing.

"You're... right," I said. "Damian and I talked about it just after we got married. We figured that we still have a lot of time ahead of us so we figured having kids could wait, so we have been using condoms. We decided we could start trying for kids maybe in another year or two."

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"Or ten," she said tersely. "I found enough in there to stock a small pharmacy, Amelia. And to think you didn't tell me the truth when I first spoke to you about having babies..."

"I knew you would not approve."

"Of course, I don't approve! First, you keep news of your marriage away from me, and then you keep this away from me as well. I'm disappointed at this decision of yours, Amelia."

I hung my head in the appropriate show of remorse. "I'm sorry, mum," I murmured.

Judging by the mollified look on her face when next I peeked up at her, my show of remorse was convincing.

At least her tone was a lot more mellow when she said, "You and your husband have to rethink this decision of yours. There is nothing wrong in having your kids now. Besides, I'm not getting any younger, you know? It wouldn't be bad if I could boast to my friends back home that I have a grandchild on the way."

"I know, mum. I will talk to Damian," I promised.

The only thing I was actually going to talk to him about would be to find a better hiding place for his damned condoms.

"Talk to him," she reiterated right before she marched out with her back stiff with disapproval. When she was out of sight, I flopped onto the sofa, boneless with relief.

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DAMIAN

The door closed behind my secretary as she left my office, but the good news she had brought from the engineers on site still lingered in the room with me. Today, we had completed the first phase of the railway project. I felt a smile creep up my face at the thoughts of the many challenges my company had surmounted during the execution of this project. The recent one had been putting a stop to Noah's attempts at sabotage.

I was in a celebratory mood, and I could think of one person who would be overjoyed to know that the bullet train railway project was going so well. I called her up on the phone. Amelia reacted as I knew she would. She was full of congratulations when I told her of what had happened.

"Get ready," I said when I could get a word in. "I'm taking you and your mother out for dinner to celebrate. I'll pick you both up in an hour's time."

"Oh. Goody! She'll love that."

In under an hour, I picked up Amelia and Dorothy, took them to a restaurant I had already made reservations in.

"Nice place," said Dorothy as she seated herself and looked around. "You people certainly do yourselves well here."

"Makes you think of moving to the city, huh?" Amelia teased.

Dorothy smirked. "Not a chance. I will never get used to the hustle and bustle you all need to put up with here. I love the peace and quiet of the town. Besides, I'm too old to change now."

"You're not that old, Dorothy," I murmured.

That earned me a warm smile. In a way, Amelia's mother was actually not too hard to please. It was just that I constantly felt like a bug under a microscope whenever I was in her presence. Those shrewd, grey eyes of hers certainly didn't miss anything.

When the first course of our meal was taken away, she turned to me and said, "Tell me about this project Amelia says we are celebrating."

I caught Amelia's eye. Dorothy couldn't have asked a better question. This was the perfect opportunity to talk about how Amelia's influence with the mayor had landed me the contract. While telling the tale, I put in anecdotes about how the mayor and his wife had been wowed by the love story between Amelia and I.

"Well, that's what happens in good marriages," said Dorothy when I had finished. "Both parties are better together."

"Champagne?" said a waiter who had appeared at our side.

I nodded, signalled for him to pour. He filled our glasses and left. Amelia was reaching for her glass when her phone rang. Her response was automatic. She reached for her handbag and almost knocked her glass over. I caught it in time.

"Thanks," she murmured. "That was pretty careless of me."

She took the glass from me too quickly. Some drops of wine spilled on her dress, on the area just above her breasts. Instinctively, I snatched up a serviette and began to mop up the liquid before I realized that my fingers were actually brushing against her breasts. I jerked my hand back to stop the contact, accidentally spilling some more wine in the process. Ever since I had put a stop to our getting intimate the last time, I had been wary of touching Amelia intimately.

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"Sorry," I murmured and quickly thrust the serviette into her hands so she could do dab at her dress herself.

Amelia bit her lip and gave an infinitesimal shake of her head. Too late, I remembered that we had an audience- Amelia's mother. Shit! I had messed up. What husband apologized for accidentally touching his wife's breasts?

Hoping to cover up the awkward moment, I forced a smile on my face, turned to Dorothy, who unfortunately had been keenly watching our exchange and said, "I hope you're enjoying the food."

She nodded. Her lips were pursed, her eyes watchful as she kept shooting curious and suspicious glances from me to her daughter throughout dinner.

To my intense surprise, Dorothy showed up at my office the very next day. I barely had time to recover from my surprise after my secretary informing me of her presence before she walked right in.

"Well, Dorothy," I said, standing up to greet her. "This is a rather pleasant surprise."

She beamed and dropped into a seat. "I thought it was time I paid you a visit. You have a really nice place here."

"Thank you." I returned her smile, but I couldn't help feeling that there was a very strong motive for her seeking me out at work.

Amelia's mother didn't strike me as a woman who would just do something on a whim.

Sure enough, she began to rummage in her handbag as she said, "Hang on. I brought something for you."

She placed a bottle full of some frothy, reddish liquid in front of me.

"Thank you," I said.

I hefted the bottle, sniffed at it while wondering what on earth it was for.

"I bet you don't know what that is," she said.

"I don't," I admitted.

"It's a herbal drink I got for you. Two teaspoonfuls of that before bed everyday will increase your chances of getting Amelia pregnant."