The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce Chapter 057

AMELIA

"Mom?" I looked from her to Damian who had a half amused, half exasperated expression on. They had come driven home together. "Did you run into each other on your way home?"

"No." My mother came to sit beside me. "I went to see Damian in his office. It's a really nice place by the way. Did I mention that?"

"You did," said Damian.

"And... why exactly did you go there, mum?" I said.

My mother was not one to make visits without a purpose. Had she gone to confront him about the condoms? That was definitely something she could and would do.

She frowned at me. "To hear you talk, one would think I was trespassing."

"I didn't say that," I countered.

"What's wrong in going to see my son-in-law?"

"Mum-"

She threw her hands up. "Okay fine. I also stopped by to give him something I felt you two needed."

When I looked blank, Damian explained.

"It's a herbal drink. She says drinking it should increase my chances of getting you pregnant."

I groaned, passed my hands across my face as I felt my cheeks heat up in mortification. Why did my always manage to find every possible way to embarrass me?

"That really wasn't necessary, mum," I said. "We don't need... help."

"I'm sure your husband is very virile, dear but I'm sure a little help won't hurt, will it?"

Damian was struggling to keep a straight face.

"No, it won't," he said quietly.

She sniffed. "What you should be saying is thank you, Amelia. Anyway, I'm glad one of you has the right attitude about it. Damian thanked me. I'm just looking out for you two, you know."

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Damian mouthed 'What could I do?' when I caught his eye.

"I'm off to bed," mother declared, pushing to her feet. "Remember, Damian. Two teaspoonfuls before bed everyday should do the trick. And Amelia? Don't forget that you both should use those positions I told you about if you want a boy."

"Positions? What positions?" Damian said when she had left.

Judging by the way his lips twitched in amusement, I had a strong feeling he knew exactly what she had been talking about.

"Don't even ask," I groaned and hurried off to the bedroom, so he could not see my cheeks flame at the thought of getting intimate with him.

Anton was at the house early the next morning which happened to be a weekend. I had decided to stay home with my mum mostly because Damian was not home. Since he wasn't around, I wouldn't really have to make the effort to put up a show for my mum. Damian and I had been putting in a lot of effort lately after the serious slip he had made at the restaurant.

My mother brightened the moment she heard Anton's voice from the hallway. He came into the living room, brandishing a rectangular gift wrapped bundle. I pointed to it.

"What's that?" I asked.

"It's a gift for you, Dorothy."

A smile spread across my mum's face. "For me? But it isn't my birthday yet."

"I know. I know. But I figured this is something that can't wait until your birthday. It's something you really need."

I went to sit on the other sofa to give them space. They were best buddies now and they would want to sit together. My mother took the parcel from Anton, held it to her ear, shook it, glanced at Anton who could hardly sit still for excitement. I leaned forward to look as her deft fingers undid the wrap.

"A phone?" She stared at the phone pack blankly.

"An iPhone," Anton corrected. "It's the latest model."

I fell back against the sofa, rolled my eyes. What was Anton thinking, getting her a phone? I had told them all about her dislike for phones and gadgets just over a week ago.

"What's an i- You know what? It doesn't matter." She slid the phone across to him. "Hasn't Amelia told you that I don't use phones and gadgets?"

"She has, but-"

Anton looked to me for help. I shrugged. "Don't look at me. I told you."

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"Dorothy, it's not just your regular kind of phone." He removed the phone from it's pack and held it out to her. "Look, it has..."

My mum listened to him with the air of someone trying to get an irksome conversation over with. I hid a grin. Anton sounded like a car salesman trying to talk an unwilling customer into buying the latest model of a car. I could have told him to save his breath, but I didn't have enough energy to bother. I stopped listening to Anton after a while. Once more engrossed myself in the talkshow we had been watching on the television.

"No, thanks," my mother finally said when he was done with his spiel. "I'm sure the phone has all the features you say it has, but I've gotten by without having a phone all these years and I certainly don't need one now."

"I told you so," I mouthed at Anton who gave me a dirty look in return.

To my surprise, he put the phone back in it's pack with a mournful air.

"I understand, Dorothy," he said in low, sad voice. "I was just so excited when I bought it. I was looking forward to show you all the cool stuff the phone could do. There's no problem though. I should be able to get some of my money back, though I don't think they will give me a complete refund since I've already handled the product..."

"I'll take it," my mother said.

My mouth hung open.

Anton demurred. "Oh. But you really don't have to-"

"But I want to. You can't go through all that trouble getting me a phone for nothing. You say you can download a lot of country songs with it, right?"

"Oh yes." Anton tipped me a wink.

In a second, he had handed the phone over to her. Her fingers hovered over the screen.

"Where do I tap? Oh. I know. This pink box with the sign of a music note, right?"

"Yes. It's that one. You're a natural at this, Dorothy."

For the next half hour, my television show was forgotten as I watched Anton teach her how to operate the phone. After going through the basics, he started talking about dating apps. He actually talked her into creating a profile. If I wasn't there, I wouldn't have have believed that my mother would give a second's thought to anything that had to do with dating. Since my father died, she had never let herself be with another man. Anton bullied me into taking several pictures of her while he 'arranged the background'. He even managed to get her to change her outfit twice.

"You have a hit," he crowed minutes after posting her picture.

My mother frowned. "What's a hit?"

Anton chuckled. "Someone on the dating site liked your profile and sent you a friend request."

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We gathered around to see his pictures. He was a good looking elderly man, looked well to do.

"He was certainly a looker when he was younger," Anton said. "He's still got the looks even now."

He nudged my arm, and jerked his head in my mother's direction while she stared at the picture.

"He's right, mum." I rubbed my arm. "He is good looking. He could be nice too. You could give him a try."

"So what do you say? If you want to chat with him, just tap on that green circle and you both can get to know each other."

She thought for a moment, then shook her head decisively. "No. I don't think I want to-"

"But-"

"I'm not ready yet."

I gave Anton a look that clearly said don't push it.

"Oh well. It's okay. I've been able to get her to accept a phone," Anton said later that afternoon as I walked him to the door when he was leaving. "At least, I accomplished something today."

Frankly, I thought he had accomplished a miracle.

DAMIAN

A text message from Lora. I slowly picked up the phone as tried to recall when last I had contact with her. Then I remembered. It was the evening I had gone to warn her off Amelia after she had foolishly tried to set Amelia's bakery on fire.

I hesitated for a bit before tapping on the message icon because I had a strong feeling that I would not like whatever Lora had to say. The letters in bold, black caps seemed to leap out at me from the screen.

I'VE GOT INFORMATION THAT WILL RUIN YOUR CHANCES OF GETTING YOUR UNCLE'S COMPANY. WANT TO KNOW MORE?

"Shit!"

I shoved my fingers through my hair and read the message again. I thought I had plugged up all the possible loopholes that could pose a threat to me acquiring the company. What was this now? Did Lora actually have the information she said she had? Or was she just bluffing?