

The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

Chapter 061

AMELIA

I was still basking in a postcoital glow when the sound of a door closing made me thoroughly wake up. I sat up. Beside me, Damian stirred.

"What's the matter?" he said.

His words punctuated by yawns which he tried to stifle unsuccessfully with one hand.

"It's my mother. I think she's back. She went on the blind date Anton planned for her today," I explained further.

"Oh." Interest flared in Damian's eyes. He sat up quickly and began hunting about for his clothes. "We have to go find out how it went. I'm curious."

"I'm very curious," I said.

I pulled on my clothes. Together Damian and I went downstairs. We met my mother just returning to the living room from the kitchen. We exchanged greetings, and then I could rein in my curiosity no longer.

"Tell me, mum. How did it go?" I asked.

She plonked down on the sofa. I perched on the sofa close to hers, and Damain settled down beside me.

"It was..." She hesitated and shrugged. "It went okay, I guess. At least he didn't turn out to be a creep like we were scared of." She pointed one lacquered finger at her handbag placed on the center table. "I didn't have to use your pepper spray and taser."

I shifted impatiently. "Details, mum. Give me details to work with here. Even Damian wants to hear all about how your date went."

My mother's gaze slid to Damian's at once.

He nodded. "Yes. Anton got us all psyched up for your date and I can't help wondering if it was as interesting as he had promised."

"Nothing of note happened. To tell the truth, the date was very uninteresting."

I leaned back against the sofa. "Oh."

"But we'll be going on a second date the day after tomorrow."

Damian and I exchanged a look.

"I don't think I quite understand, Dorothy," said Damain slowly. "You said the date was far from interesting."

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"I did."

"But you're going on another date with him."

"I am."

My mother did not explain further, but I was at least happy that the date had not been a total disaster. If she wanted to see him again, then the man, whoever it was, was not that bad. And since she didn't want to say more on the subject for now, I decided it to ask her particular details about the man after her second date.

"Anton will want to hear this for sure," Damian said, half to himself.

Anton heard of it, of course. He was in raptures about the success of her date, and had already began envisaging a relationship between her and the man.

When I told him not to be too sure about it, he said airily, "I'm sure that they'll end up together since I'm the one who set this up after all. Your just wait. This second date won't be the last."

I rolled my eyes after that particular phone call. Anton could be so annoyingly sure of himself sometimes, but in this case, I kind of wanted him to be right. My mother deserved happiness in her life again once more. It turned out that Anton's prediction came true a week later.

"Oh, by the way I forgot to tell you two something," my mother said just when we had finished dinner a week after her second date.

I felt my eyes narrow suspiciously at her airy, breezy tone, and also because my mother rarely ever forgot to do or say anything.

"Anthony will be coming over for dinner tomorrow evening," she continued.

"Anthony?" Damian repeated, looking at me for clarification.

I shook my head, an indication that I didn't know who he was.

"Yes. Anthony is the guy I went on those blind dates with," she explained.

"Well! I didn't know you two had hit it off so well," I said with a grin.

"I wouldn't go as far as that, but he is really nice, so maybe something can come of it after all," she said. "It's just dinner so I don't think it's a big deal."

I couldn't stop grinning, and neither could Damian. My mother already really liked this guy. That much was obvious. She would not have invited him over to meet her family if she didn't.

And so the next day came. I returned early from the bakery in order to make an elaborate dinner in preparation for Anthony's visit. By the time I got home, my mother had already gotten started. The best silverware was already laid out on the dining table and something that smelled delicious was simmering in the pot in the kitchen.

"I figured I should get started before you got here," she said, handing me an apron while she resumed hunting for something in the kitchen cabinet. "I don't want only you to bear the burden of entertaining Anthony. I'm the one who invited him to dinner after all."

"Or," I said with a twinkle in my eye. "You couldn't wait to blow him away with your delicious recipes."

She let out a peal of laughter. "Okay. You got me. There's that too."

Damian and Anton got to the house a full hour before Anthony was to arrive. Damian looked expectant. Anton looked quite forbidding.

"I thought you would be the happiest, seeing as this was your idea from the start," I said to him when my mother went to get dressed.

"That's what I told him just minutes ago," piped up Damian, pausing in the act of idly flicking through a magazine.

"I am happy," Anton said. When I was about to tell him that he didn't look it, he added, "On the inside, but I'm going to give this guy a hard time at least because to be absolutely sure that he's the right person for Dorothy."

I caught Damian's eyes. He rolled them and shrugged. I didn't try to dissuade Anton from his line of action. I too wanted to make sure that she was with the right man. Exactly at 7pm, the doorbell rang.

"That must be him," my mother trilled, straightening her pretty gown and hurrying to get the front door.

"Well, here goes nothing," I murmured to Anton who sat beside me.

A minute later, she returned followed by a tall, rather distinguished looking man holding two large bouquets of flowers. We all rose to greet him. He was friendly enough as he shook hands with Anthony and handed the flowers to my mother and I. My mother pressed hers to her nose and sniffed.

"Roses," said Anthony, turning to her with a smile. "I remembered that they were your favourite."

She smiled and a little colour suffused her cheeks. "They are beautiful. Thank you."

"Anthony?"

We all turned to see Damian returning to the living room.

"Anthony it's you," Damian said in surprise.

Anthony's face split into a grin. "Why, if it isn't Damian Donovan."

The two men exchanged a handshake, clapped each other on the back heartily.

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Anthony looked around at us. "So this is your mother in law, your wife and your er--"

"Friend," Damian said helpfully since Anton's lips remained pursed.

"So you two know each other?" my mother asked.

"Yes," replied Damian. "Incidentally, we are business partners. And I must say Anthony is a good man."

"We'll see about that," murmured Anton.

After talking for a while, we adjourned to the dining room.

"This is delicious," Anthony declared after a bite to the food mother had made. He turned to my mother. "I detect a faint taste of lemon. You must have made this. I remember you talking about a recipe that included adding a dash of lemon."

She beamed and nodded. Even Anton, who had been giving him a cool, assessing look, looked surprised. Damian looked impressed and so did I.

"A man that pays attention to details. How refreshing," I said.

Anthony waved off the compliment. "Oh, it's just that everything Dorothy has to say somehow turns out to be so interesting. It's hard not to play close attention to someone like that."

He smiled sweetly at her, took her hand. Anton cleared his throat loudly.

"So, what are your plans for this relationship," Anton asked coolly.

"I'm definitely here for the long haul," Anthony replied promptly. "I believe I have you to thank for setting up our first date."

Anton inclined his head. "That's correct."

Anton was pleased but hid it well. He eventually thawed towards Anthony as the evening progressed. Anthony was an excellent conversationalist. He was charming and friendly. The evening went better than anyone had expected.

I was still riding on the euphoria that my mother had found someone nice the next morning when I got to the bakery that I really didn't notice the woman seating at a table, not until Rose jerked her head towards a spot behind me and said, "There's a woman who's been waiting for you, ma'am."

"Who--"

The question died on my lips when I turned and saw Lora watching me.