

The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

Chapter 063

AMELIA

"WHAT?"

I could physically see how my confession hit my mother like a train. Her eyes were wide like she had seen a ghost.

"Tell me... this isn't true," she said.

I opened my mouth to say it wasn't true, to lie my way out this situation, but I knew deep down that it was no use. I could feel her eyes boring into my skin. She could read my expression. She knew me too well and I was sure it was plain on my face that I had spoken the truth, at least this time.

"Amelia..." She took a turn around the room and came to stand before me once more. "Amelia, I wouldn't have believed this of you. You disappoint me."

"I didn't have a choice, mum."

"You did. Everyone has a choice, but sometimes it's just easier pretending that you don't. What made you even decide to get into this?"

"Damian made the offer..."

I told her about the condition of Damian's getting his uncle's company, about getting my revenge on Noah by marrying his hated business rival.

"So... revenge and money. That's the driving force of your marriage? This can't be right. How many people even know about this... arrangement of yours?"

I clasped my mother's hand. "No one knows, mum apart from Anton and now you. Please, you mustn't tell anyone about this. If it ever came out that my marriage is based on a contract, I could get arrested and prosecuted."

Her eyes widened in alarm. "Oh my! Is it that serious?"

"Yes, it is." I hesitated, but my need to get to appreciate the seriousness of the situation made me go on. "There are even one or two people who already suspect what Damian and I have done, but they can't prove it."

"But this is very serious, Amelia. Isn't there a way you can get out of this? No child of mine will go to jail."

"I won't go to jail as long as it remains a secret."

"I certainly won't say anything to anyone." I gave her a little smile of gratitude. "But that doesn't mean I'm still not disappointed by what you have done," she snapped.

I sighed and plopped down on a chair. "Noah broke me and Damian found me at a vulnerable condition. Trust me, I regret doing this sometimes but I've come too far to quit."

"I'm really sorry your marriage with Noah didn't work out. You should have come back home," she licked her dry lips. "You deserve better than what you're getting here."

Painfully, I knew she was right. "I know mum," I pulled her closer and flashed her a weak smile. "I promise you that Damian is not as bad you think he is. He's just dealing with a lot of things. And as for me, I'm growing to be independent woman."

"In a contract marriage?"

"With Noah, I could not do the things I loved. I didn't even realize I had skills until I left the marriage. Damian opened my eyes to see my capabilities and I'm still grateful to him for that. He made me realize I could do anything and be anyone."

"You don't need a man to know that," she answered dryly.

"I know," I pulled her in for a hug, tears pooling in my eyes. "I know this is not the life you envisioned for me but I'm positive it will get better. Alone or married."

"I love you my child."

"I love you too mom."

At dinner that night, my mother looked around in that way she did when she had something important to say.

"I'll be leaving soon," she announced.

"Mum! Does it have anything to do with- Is it because-"

"No, dear. It has nothing to do with what you told me the other day," she said.

She shot a glare at Damian, who she still hadn't been forgiven. She still seemed to think that he had somehow manipulated me into getting into the marriage no matter how many times I had told her that I had been a very willing participant.

"Then why, Dorothy?" asked Damian. "You know you're always welcome to stay as long as you want."

Underneath the table, I patted his thigh. All through my mother's stay, he had been nothing short of nice to her. She gave an offended sniff in Damian's direction before focusing on me. For some reason, she started blushing.

"Anthony wants us to go on a cruise around Europe. He talked me into it and now I find myself looking forward to the trip."

"I'm glad you're happy, Dorothy," Damian said.

"I'm sure you'll have fun," I said. "Anthony is a good guy."

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She beamed and continued with her meal. "Unfortunately, I cannot guarantee the same for my daughter."

I rolled my eyes. "So when are you leaving?"

"Very soon."

Two days to my mother's departure, we decided to go shopping. Or rather, I made her go shopping. There were some things, clothes especially, I felt she had to buy here to take along with her on her travels.

"This is fun," she declared about an hour later. "You know, the parking lot of this place is a zillion times bigger than our largest store back home."

I laughed at her exaggeration, and then the smile froze on my face.

"What do you think?" she asked. She picked up two pairs of thick, woollen socks. "Should we take this or this. We... Why- what's the matter, Amelia?" She asked when she noticed the pale look on my face.

The matter was that I had just seen Noah and Lucy at an aisle close to us. I was about to hurry my mother along, but then Noah's eyes met mine, and widened when he saw my mother. He hesitated for just a second, and then came towards us. I groaned. My body was blocking my mother's view of Noah, but if I moved, she would see them and when she did, even if I wanted to avoid Noah, my mother would stand her ground.

Just before I decided to try to get her to move anyway, Noah called out cheerfully, "Hi Amelia. Dorothy? Is that you? I can't believe I'm seeing you again."

She pushed me aside to get a better look.

"Noah," she said after staring at Noah for a while. She somehow made his name sound like a swear word.

Noah smiled at my mother despite the fact that she was looking daggers at him. Noah could be so stupid sometimes. The best thing he could have done was to ignore us, but his overconfidence in his charm had him approaching anyway. Even Lucy, who was trailing behind him, was looking from Noah to my mother. She seemed to think, as I did, that this was a bad idea.

"It's been so long, Dorothy," he said, beaming at her like they were old friends. "It's really a pleasure seeing you again."

"I can't say it's a pleasure seeing you again," she said with a withering stare at the hand he had extended for a handshake.

I hid a grin when Noah's smile slipped. He dropped his hand to his side. He started swinging his arm back and forth as though he didn't quite know what to do with it.

"I wonder why you would say something like that," he said. "We always got along so well."

My mother let out a peal of derisive laughter. "You seriously didn't think we would actually continue to get along after all you put my daughter through, did you? If you did think that way, that would make you stupid, and I never would have described you as a stupid man. Or maybe I was wrong about that anyway... in the light of fairly recent events."

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"Uhhmm. I know you're angry. Understandably so after our divorce, but er-" He glanced at me as though wishing me to help him out. I almost laughed. Was Noah so conceited he believed that I would save him from my mother's tongue-lashing? Seeing there was no help to be gotten from me, he shook his head slightly and continued. "Amelia and I have gotten over what happened. We're both good now. Divorces do happen all the time after all. An unfortunate occurrence, but sometimes necessary."

"Well, we're not good, Noah and we never will be. I'm really not surprised that you're so flippant about divorce seeing as you threw my daughter out of your house. But good riddance, I say! Thank goodness she's doing better than the likes of you."

Noah flushed angrily. "Now, there's no need to be rude."

But my mother was now giving Lucy a once over. "-and you left Amelia for this one, I suppose." She tsked. "I may be able to see the charm, but now I'm sure you're a fool for not being able to see that she's a spiteful woman with the morals of a tomcat. A woman who steals her friend's husband intentionally should never show her face in public. You disgust me."

Lucy instantly drew herself up to her full height. "Excuse me?" she shrieked.

"No. You excuse me," my mother retorted. "I can't stand being in the presence of you two any longer." She linked her arm with mine and began to pull me away. "Come on, dear. Let's get out of here and try another shopping mall."

I smirked at Noah, who for once had nothing to say, and marched off with my mother. It was during times like this that I really, really loved having my mother around.

TWO DAYS LATER

DAMIAN

All too soon, the time came for Dorothy to leave. Her cab was at the door. I carried the last of her luggage down the stairs. The cabman took it from me to the car.

"This is it then," Dorothy sighed as she glanced at the cab.

"I'm very sorry to see you go," I said and I really, actually meant it. She had grown on me. "We'll miss you."

"I'll miss you especially, mum," Amelia pouted.

"And I'll miss you two,"

Amelia hurried off to say something to the cabman who was trying to wrestle a suitcase into the trunk of the car. Dorothy gripped my shoulder.

"Damian, a few words of advice before I go. You will never see a woman as good as my daughter. I know all mothers will say that of their children, but it's the truth. Your marriage to her isn't real but you are lucky, really lucky to have her. If you're smart, and I know you are, you won't let her go. Don't be Noah or you'll spend the rest of your life regretting it. Good bye."

She patted my shoulder and headed for the cab. For some moments, I could not move, her words jabbing at me like a dagger. But I feared that what really shook me was the subtle realization that she was right.