

# The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

## Chapter 064

AMELIA

"I feel a strong connection between you and Damian."

I tried not to groan. I had known this was coming. For most of the drive to the airport, my mother had been strangely quiet. That usually meant that she had something weighty to say, and considering her frequent topic of discourse was usually about Damian and I, I could not say I was surprised. Since I quite agreed with her sentiments, I was half inclined to shed tears of vexation, so I settled for 'joking' about Anthony.

"I thought you were quiet because you've been thinking about seeing Anthony," I said.

She took her eyes off the road to give me a reproachful look. "Don't make jokes. I'm being serious. You seem well suited to each other. I feel something... strong and probably genuine between you two and if I, a third party can feel it, I'm sure you and Damian do."

Ugh! Getting her to talk about Anthony usually guaranteed her not talking about anything else.

I heaved a sigh. "Mum, need I remind you that our marriage is merely transactional? There is nothing going on between us. Maybe what you're seeing is what we've made everyone else see. We're getting pretty good at it, you know. Good at pretending that we are a happily married couple. Not that I'm exactly proud of it," I hastily added.

"I know pretence, Amelia but I still stand by what I said-"

"Mum, Damian and I will divorce in less than a year so..."

I shrugged, a gesture that said things had already been set in motion and that there was nothing I could do to stop the divorce when the time comes. The thought made me so sad surprisingly. I turned my head away to hide the sadness in my eyes. Her warm hand gently rested on my arm.

"Amelia..." Her voice was softer now, almost pleading. "You may have gotten into this marriage with not so good intentions, but it doesn't mean things have to remain that way."

"Damian and I will-"

"Get divorced in less than a year. I know. You know what I hear in your voice whenever you say that? I hear you repeating it to yourself because you want to convince yourself that is the right thing to do. My advice to you is this; if you are in love with Damain, which I strongly suspect you are, you have to try and save the marriage." She shook her head sadly. "That husband of yours... he's stubborn. From what I've seen, his pride might make him let you slip through his fingers but it's your job not to let that happen. You don't have to leave because it started off as a contract. You can have another wedding, in a different country. Hell."

I stared at her suspiciously, remembering the few minutes when she had had spoken to Damian right before we left. Damian had seemed very thoughtful after that. "Was that what you told him before we left?"

"Maybe. Maybe not. Just think about what I said, dear."

She patted my arm one more time before folding it in her lap. As much as I didn't want to, I found myself thinking about what she had said about saving my marriage. My mother was right as usual. I was in love with Damian but I would not set myself up for heartbreak by fighting to save something that was nothing more than a business transaction to Damian. Damian liked me. The sex was really good, great even. But like and good sex were not enough to sustain a marriage. Love was needed, but he could never love me back so what was the point in prolonging the marriage beyond a year? It would be foolish for me to even consider that. I had been a fool for Noah. I would never be a fool for another man.

Just when I was thinking we weren't going to get there and I was going to sit through another lecture on marriage, the airport came into view. My mother's introspective mood vanished. Her excitement about the trip returned as we carried her suitcases to where they would be checked. By the time this had been done, I found we had ten minutes before her flight was due. We went over the list of things she was to go with.

"If you actually did forget something, you can always buy whatever you need over there," I pointed out when she started worrying if she had packed a particular gown she was sure Anthony would like.

She smiled sheepishly. "I guess you're right. It's just that-"

A voice from the public address system, began to announce her flight.

"That's you, mum."

"Yes, that's me. I have to run now. Promise me you'll take care of yourself and that you'll call-"

"I will."

"At least Anton has gotten me a phone." She frowned at her bag. "Where did I even put that thing?"

"It's in your pocket, mum. Now, hurry or you'll miss your flight for sure."

She gave me a quick hug, hurried along with the others. She turned back one last time to wave, and then I lost sight of her as she was swallowed by the small crowd.

I could not believe she only stayed with us for a few days. She shook up the entire house like a tornado and I was quite sure Damian won't forget about her easily.

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With a slight chuckle, I turned and headed toward my car.

I was strolling back to the car when I heard someone call my name. I stopped and turned. Everyone else was going about their business except a man in the distance who appeared to be waving at me. He was flanked by four hefty men, dressed in dark power suits who could only be bodyguards. I couldn't see the features of this man since he was so far away but something in the way he held himself struck me as familiar. I waited for him to come closer.

"Amelia," he said, beaming. "I saw you and I almost couldn't believe my eyes." I looked him over. That tall, lean figure, those laughing blue eyes, close cropped hair, but without the beard now. I gasped. It could only be- "Don't you recognize me? I'm-"

"Colin!" I squealed excitedly.

His smile got wider as he hugged me tightly. He swung me around until I felt a little dizzy.

"Put me down," I said, laughing. I mock punched him on the shoulder. "Can't you see people are watching? Oh Colin. I can't believe it's you. I almost didn't recognize you because of the-"

"Beard, I know." He rolled his eyes. "I get that all the time. I spotted you and I knew it just had to be you." My gaze drifted to the bodyguard on his right who suddenly moved to prevent physical contact between Colin and a man who was barreling along, putting himself and his overlarge suitcases into people's paths and almost knocking half of them over. Colin jerked his head to include all of his bodyguards. "Hey. Ignore them. I do."

Colin smiled good humouredly at the guard, who gave him a tight smile in return and resumed scanning the area with his eyes. My attention was again riveted on Colin.

He was my friend from high school. Also, my first crush but I wasn't sure he knew that part. We had been inseparable for a long time before he suddenly left high school and never came back.

"You look good, Colin," I said.

"And you look as beautiful- no- more beautiful than ever."

I blushed over the complement and asked, "How have you been? Have you been in the city all this time?"

"To answer your first question, I've been... fine. I just flew in today. Business brings me here. I'm now the CEO of Techfy." Techfy. The name rang a dim bell. "The biggest tech company in this city," he added upon noticing my confusion. I was about to offer my congratulations when he told me he had become CEO after his father died.

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"Oh my! I'm so sorry to hear that, Colin," I murmured sympathetically.

"Thank you. Not having him around still takes some getting used to, but I'll survive. Enough of gloomy topics! Tell me about yourself. How are you really and what are you into now?"

"I'm okay. I own a bakery now."

"That's great. I remember you used to love cooking then, especially baking. I'm sure you're really good at what you do. I think I'll stop by your bakery sometime. We should totally catch up too but I can't do that if I don't have your digits."

I didn't notice him trying to pull out his phone but he suddenly held it up and smiled.

"Ah. I didn't see that coming. Still up to your magic tricks, I see."

He bowed. "Guilty as charged. You know, I was actually considering a career in magic before I was named owner of Techfy." Laughing, I keyed in my number. He saved it, dialed it.

"Now you have my number too. I warn you though, I'm really going to bug you with calls from now on."

"I look forward to it." He smiled. "You haven't changed so much. Well, you've definitely become more beautiful. But you've still got that young, cute face."

"Don't flatter me, Colin." I tried to hide my smile. "It's great to have you in the city."

"Let's catch up some other time." His blue eyes glimmered as he smiled.

"Call me."

"I will."

We said our goodbyes and I watched him walk away, now flanked by bodyguards who moved as one unit. Some people, ladies especially, stopped to stare. I knew they were thinking exactly what I was thinking- about how good he looked.