

The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

Chapter 066

DAMIAN

I woke up the next morning thinking that Amelia would have finally gotten over whatever was making her act so weirdly the previous day. I was wrong.

When I went downstairs, breakfast had been prepared as usual, but a place had been laid out for only one person. As I lowered myself into my seat, I glanced at my watch. It was a few minutes to 7. Amelia didn't leave for the bakery until half past 7 or thereabout. Wasn't she going to work today then? Was she ill or just letting her staff handle business for the day?

"Good morning, sir. Do you need anything else?"

The housekeeper, Molly, had appeared at my elbow. I swallowed the bit of toast lodged in my throat so fast I almost choked. Molly would know where Amelia was.

"Where is my wife?" I asked her. "Has she had breakfast already?"

"I should think so, sir although I didn't see her eating. She was up very early this morning."

I frowned. So Amelia was still sticking to having her meals alone.

"And she's now in her room I suppose," I said half to myself.

"Oh no sir. She left for work already. Very early too. Should I get you anything else?"

"No!" I snapped. "Just- just leave."

For a moment, Molly stared at me, surprised at my rudeness. Her mouth turned down at the corners as she huffily left the dining room. I couldn't care less. My morning was ruined. Totally and utterly ruined. All of a sudden, I couldn't stand the sight of the well prepared meal in front of me. Why would Amelia cook and then take off? Was I some kind of monster whose company she couldn't endure even over breakfast?

I was certain she had left that early because of me. What the hell was wrong with her anyway? How could someone move overnight from being friendly to avoiding me like I had the plague? I angrily flung my napkin into my plate of untouched food.

In a thoroughly bad mood now, I finished getting dressed and headed off to work. After about a couple of hours there, I began to wonder if it wouldn't have been better for me to have spent the entire day at home. I was due for a meeting, but I wasn't even in the right frame of mind to attend. My thoughts kept going in circles; from how pissed I was at Amelia, to the work I at hand, and then back to Amelia. I could not help it. So I gave up, laid my pen down, turned my chair to face the huge glass window which showed the city spread out before me, and thought of my problem.

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What was that Amelia's mother had said?

'You will never find a woman as good as my daughter.' And then the part that had struck me. 'If you're smart, and I know you are, you won't let her go.'

I had known all that, of course, even before Dorothy had mentioned it. In the few months of living with Amelia, the realization that she was a good woman, the sort that would make a man really happy, had not been hard to come by. But marriage wasn't the sort of commitment I was willing to indulge in.

Until yesterday, I had chosen not to dwell on that part since our course was already set because in a few more months, we were to go our separate ways.

But what if there was an alternative ending to our story? What if our marriage didn't have to end? I was not the sort of person who practiced self deception. I knew a time in my life would come when I would need to take a wife and maybe have a child or two or even three. I could actually do worse than marrying Amelia. It had been a master stroke of luck that I had chosen on Amelia to be my 'wife'.

How else would I have known that apart from her obvious good looks, she was hardworking, virtuous and had a flair for business too? Look what she had done with the bakery and the other businesses I opened up for her. She was churning out profits. She fit right into my world too. I could go to functions with her on my arm and feel confident that she could hold her own in any conversation. Wasn't it even because of her the mayor had given me the railway contract?

Our marriage- or our continued marriage- would also be advantageous to her. Not many men would be inclined to marry a woman who had been married and divorced twice. They would erroneously think the problem was from her. They wouldn't know that one of the men she had married had been a douchebag and the other had married her for convenience-practically, she had married two douchebags.

I did not believe in love, of course. Love was for high school kids and those poor souls who still managed to view the world with rose-tinted glasses. Love is limiting; it takes a man and turns him into a weaker version of himself.

Love would not play a role in our marriage. Amelia and I had other better things going on for us. Since we were already married, it wouldn't be difficult to convince her to remain married to me, if she was reasonable, of course. In fact, if one looked at it carefully, one would see that I was even doing her a favour. She was everything a man could want in a woman, but then so was I. I was a catch and I knew it.

The only problem now was pitching this idea to her. What would be the best offer to make? I wondered. After a while, I figured that maybe I wouldn't really need to rack my brains about finding a way for Amelia to accept my 'proposal'. What had worked once before could still work again.

50 million dollars had been enough to convince her to be my contract wife for a year. Perhaps that amount or something higher could sway her once more. Could it? Would she really spend the rest of her life with me because of the comfort I can provide? I really hoped she would.

With that cheery thought, I turned back to my desk and pressed the button on the intercom.

"Tell the others that I'm ready for the meeting," I said to my secretary.

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AMELIA

'We should meet up today to catch up and have some fun. How does this evening sound?'

The text was from a strange number. I swiped up to get to the bottom of the screen where I saw Colin's name.

Colin! I had completely forgotten to save his number after our meeting at the airport. I quickly remedied that. I re-read the text again and wondered if I had the time for it.

Damian had told me he would be returning home late tonight. Besides, having some fun sounded good. I quickly typed a reply.

'I'm in.'

Colin seemed to have been waiting for my answer because he called the minute I sent the message.

"You just made my day," he said. "Are you at work?" I said I was. "At your bakery, I suppose."

"Yes."

"Okay. Text me the address of the bakery."

"Why? Are you planning to show up here unannounced?" I joked. "You know I'm a very professional woman and you'd need an appointment to see me." I chuckled.

"Maybe, or maybe not. Now that you mention it, I will certainly put it on my to-do list." From his end, I heard the sound of a pen scratching on paper as he said slowly. "Number one... showing up at Amelia's uninvited and unannounced."

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I laughed. It felt good to laugh with all that was going on between Damian. I didn't expect Colin to show up in my life but it seemed he had come at the right time. I began to look forward to tonight because I so desperately needed some more laughter in my life right then.

"Text me that address," Colin reminded me before hanging up.

I sent it to him. In under an hour, Rose poked her head through the door and told me I had a delivery of flowers.

"Flowers. For me?" She nodded and smiled. "Who's it from?"

"I don't know, ma'am, but I bet the delivery guy does," she said.

I followed her to the showroom where the delivery guy was waiting. I hardly glanced at the dotted line where he asked me to sign. I had eyes only for the large bouquet of flowers he had handed over to me. They were tulips. And I now had a pretty good idea who they were from.

As I carried them into my office, I searched for and a note with the word Colin written on it. I replaced the old flowers on my desk with the beautiful ones Colin sent me. I stood back to admire the effect. The showy flowers seemed to light up the room.

"Perfect," I murmured.

I wondered how after all these years, Colin still remembered that tulips were my favourite flowers. I was very touched by the gesture. With a slightly goofy smile on my face, I texted Colin again.

'Thank you. I got what you sent. They're beautiful. I was surprised you remembered that they were my favourite.'

Colin replied less than a minute later.

'I remember everything about you from high school. Everything.'