

# The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

## Chapter 067

AMELIA

The restaurant Colin had invited me to was chic and nice and I was really surprised. The Palm was a five star restaurant and it took weeks to get a reservation. Colin had always had impeccable taste and I couldn't deny that. He must have made a lot of enquiries and effort to get a reservation in hours.

After I had admired the exterior of the place to my satisfaction, I made a mental note to myself to add a little of their decor to my business, if the need for renovations ever came up. As I went in, Colin spotted me before I saw him. He was sitting at what had to be the best table in the place. He smiled and waved me over. I could see no signs of his bodyguards.

"Is it just me, or are you looking even better than you did at the airport?" he teased.

"Really? Well, I think you need your eyes examined."

We laughed and I felt myself already relaxing. Colin beckoned to someone over my shoulder. A waiter came forward to take our orders. As we waited for him to bring our food, I really looked around. I noticed that there were not many people at the restaurant.

"It's nice and peaceful here," I told him. "No wonder it's tasking to get a reservation here."

"Yeah. That was why I chose it. I remembered you really don't like crowded places that much." He smiled. "I had actually requested for more privacy tonight. Hella expensive but I think it's worth it."

I smiled at him. "Another thing you remembered. Thanks again for the flowers."

He waved off my thanks. "Anytime."

"Hey. I don't see your bodyguards today. You didn't come with them?"

"I did," he replied. "I expect they are lurking around somewhere." He suddenly straightened as our food arrived. "Ah. Here it is. Trust me. You're going to enjoy every bite of this."

The meal was delicious as promised. Over the delicious meal and very pricey wine to top it off, our conversation turned to what each of us had been up to during the years we had lost contact.

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"Nothing really eventful has happened in my life so far," I said seconds after deciding that my divorce from Noah was hardly a suitable topic of conversation for dinner. I did not want his pity. Most of all, I did not want to relive painful memories. "There have been ups and downs but er- I own my own business now and that's a huge plus if I do say so myself."

Colin nodded thoughtfully. He fingered the stem of his wineglass and stared at me.

I had the feeling he was about to probe further for information, so I quickly said, "You still haven't explained why you left high school so suddenly without a word to anyone. One moment you were there. The next moment... it's like you just vanished into thin air. Your leaving got people talking, you know, especially since you were one of the popular kids."

Colin gave a sad smile. "I didn't want to leave, but I had to, right after my mother died in a road accident. It was the best decision for my mental health."

I gasped and palmed my lips. "Oh Colin, I'm so sorry. I had no idea. I'm so sorry I brought this up--"

"Hey. It's okay, Amelia. Really. You didn't know. How could you have if I didn't tell you." He leaned forward to pat my arm reassuringly before leaning back against his seat. "It all happened a long time ago anyway. After she died, things at home weren't the same. My dad had a hard time coming to terms with her passing. I... I had an even harder time. So I stopped coming to school and stopped doing all the other things I used to do. I wanted to start over, to sort myself out. You know what I mean?" I nodded because I understood clearly the need to start over, to seek for a new beginning. "And that is the story of how I went off the grid, for a while at least."

I remembered as clearly as if it was the day before, how I had felt in the aftermath of Colin leaving.

I couldn't quite meet his eyes when I said, "You know... after you left school, I was so sad that I cried my eyes out for a whole week."

"You did?" I ventured a look at him and saw surprise etched on his features. "But why? Why were you so heartbroken when I left?"

I rolled my eyes. "Isn't it obvious? I had a huge crush on you back then."

He considered this for a long moment, so long that I was beginning to feel uncomfortable with divulging that bit of information. A smile crept up Colin's face. "Well. I must say I'm beyond flattered that you took an interest in me even then. It now gives me a rather high opinion of myself." He grinned and I giggled. The grin slowly faded off his face as he asked, "So... are you seeing someone presently?"

Crap! I supposed I had set myself up for that one by telling him I once had a crush on him. What was I supposed to say now? I could lie and say I wasn't married, but that would not be a wise move. All it would take was for Colin to do a quick Google search and he would find out that I was married. The news of my marriage to Damian was practically littered across newspapers, blogs and even social media. How would I ever face Colin again when he eventually discovered the lie?

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"In a manner of speaking... yes. I'm actually married. I got married some months ago to Damian Donovan." Colin blinked and stared at me in shock. After several minutes of silence, I was forced to say, "Hey. Is everything okay?"

Colin rallied. He cleared his throat. "I'm fine. It's just that I wouldn't have ever expected you to have gotten married to him. It's the Damian Donovan you are talking about, right? The popular one?"

"Yes, it is."

"He's a known playboy, Amelia. Didn't you know that? I have heard a lot, and I mean a lot about him and what kind of life he leads."

Colin shook his head pityingly. I felt very ashamed, but I could not very well tell Colin that all he had said was a lie, could I? Not when even I knew that it was all too true. Damian was a philanderer. But what did that matter to me anyway? It was not as if I was really his wife. I tried not to let the hurt I felt whenever I was reminded of the fact that Damian was seeing other women show.

"I'm curious, Amelia. How did you two meet?" Colin sipped his wine slowly, his expression indicating casual interest in the topic.

"We met at a social function and spent a good time talking. I found I like his charisma and his dedication to business." I lied. To take the focus off me, I added quickly, "Tell me about your own love life. Have you found the one yet?"

Colin sighed. "Unfortunately, I haven't. I am very, very single. What I want is to settle for nothing less than the right partner... when I find one."

Colin stared right at me so long and so hard that I blushed. Had he by any chance thought I was the one? I cleared my throat, thought of what to say to ease the tense moment. Thankfully, he went on to other topics of conversation and I found myself relaxing again.

He'd ordered more food and we laughed over several past experiences. Colin was fun to talk with, he always had something interesting to say. I slowly found myself comparing him to Damian in that aspect.

It was quite difficult to get a conversation out of Damian. All he merely offered most of the time was a nod and if I was lucky, a grunt. Most of our conversations happened during disagreements or sex.

It was very late in the evening when we left the restaurant. I was completely full and happy as Colin walked me to my car.

"Thank you for a pleasant evening."

"I should be the one thanking you. It was night hanging out with you again," he said as he held the car door open for me. "We should do this more often. I would really love that."

I hesitated, but figured this was the time to set things straight.

"Colin, I'm married," I said quietly.

He let out a laugh. "I know that now, Amelia. Just remember that you are free to make any decision. That being said, I still hope to see more of you."

With a smile and a wave, he walked away. I bit my lips anxiously as I watched him leave. At some minutes past 9, I got home. My steps faltered when I saw Damian in the sitting room, with his arms crossed on his chest, looking like a thundercloud. He had clearly told me he would be late from work, so why was he back so early?

He glared at me with visible anger. I looked away from him, not acknowledging him in any way. I tried to walk past him with the hope that I would get to my room without a confrontation. But I had no such luck.

"I'm not invisible, am I?" He blurted, his tone dripping with sarcasm and anger.

I raised an eyebrow. Someone was certainly really pissed and he wasn't doing a great job at hiding it.

"I'm not quite sure-" I shrugged. "Why are we having this conversation?"

"Do you have any idea how late it is? Where have you been?"

"I got caught up at work. Good night."

Without waiting for a response- and he looked about ready to blow his top- I went up to my room.