

The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

Chapter 076

AMELIA

I cracked my knuckles, put on an apron but stopped moving. Someone was behind me. I turned to see Molly staring at me in surprise. She had a weird expression on her face but I smiled back.

"Good morning, ma'am," she said. "You'll be wanting breakfast. I'll get it started."

She started to move towards the cooker.

"Oh no. I'm making breakfast for myself and Damian this morning so you don't have to bother."

Molly stared at me in surprise before nodding and moving on. She was no doubt thinking that things were now being done differently around here which was true. I had woken up this morning with a desire to cook for Damian as I used to. It was the least I could do to apologize for my behaviour yesterday. I finished making breakfast fifteen minutes before he was due to come downstairs. I set the table, dished out the food and settled down to wait while sipping a cup of coffee.

Damian walked into the kitchen a few minutes later. He was already dressed and looked much better than the previous day. He paused at the door of the kitchen when he caught sight of me, gauging my reaction. I smiled at him.

"Good morning," I said.

He blinked, looked behind him. When he saw no one else there, he mumbled a greeting. He walked into the kitchen, looked around as though he didn't quite know what was going on or where he was.

"Come and sit down. I made breakfast for us."

"You made breakfast for... us." He repeated the words slowly, appeared to be processing them.

"Yes." I patted the chair to get his attention. "Come and eat or your food will get cold."

"My food... Cold.. Yeah."

"Are you going to keep repeating everything I say?" I asked in amusement.

"Sorry. What?"

"Never mind."

He hesitated, nodded, shuffled to the chair, slowly lowered himself into it and began to eat really slowly. After every mouthful, he would pause to stare at me before eating again. The befuddled expression on his face was quite amusing, moreso when he attempted to dip his sausage into his cup of coffee before recollecting himself and conveying the sausage to his mouth. I clapped my hand to my mouth, but a giggle escaped anyway.

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"What's so funny?" he asked.

"You." I snorted laughter. "The way you look and the way you're acting is really funny."

"Ah." He shook his head as if to clear it. "I suppose I'm in shock. You actually spoke to me. You made breakfast. For a moment there, I thought I was dreaming."

"You're not dreaming." I shook my head. "Do you remember what you said last night? Or anything at all from last night?"

His fork fell into his plate with a clatter. "Last night? You mean yesterday at the er- scene of the accident?"

"No. I don't mean that at all. I actually mean last night. You came to my room and-" Seeing the increasingly puzzled expression on his face, I broke off. He obviously could not remember. Must have been the alcohol. "Never mind. It's obvious you can't remember."

"But what did I say? I can't remember a thing. Damn! I must have been more messed up than I thought after those drinks."

"It's nothing. Forget it."

"I'll be the judge of that." I pretended to reconsider, then shook my head. "Please, Amelia. I want to know if I made a fool of myself."

I hid a grin. "I guess you'll never find out then."

He groaned, but the mood between us lightened considerably when we resumed eating. When we finished, Damian cleared his throat loudly.

"Amelia, I er- wanted to ask you to have dinner with me tonight," he rubbed his jaw delicately. "It's been a while since we had an evening together. Also, there are certain important things I would like to talk to you about."

"Fine," I said. "We will have dinner together."

"Great," he cried excitedly before recovering his equanimity.

"I'll be home by 7 then." He downed his remaining coffee, smacked his lips. "Breakfast was delicious by the way. I didn't realize until now how much I missed your cooking." He suddenly leaned forward and for a moment, I didn't realize what he was about to do.

I began to think that perhaps he had dropped something. I started to ask what it was when I looked up and saw his lips close to my cheek. There was a very long, awkward moment when we stared each other in the eye. I could feel my cheeks heating up. Damian gulped and quickly pressed a kiss to my cheek. He hastily got up. He coughed quite loudly and started to say something and then went out. He was obviously very embarrassed. My laughter followed him out the door.

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I spent some time that morning ordering a dress online for dinner that night. By the time I was done, I found I was already running late so I decided to pick up the dress on my way back from work that evening.

"Someone is here to see you," Rose told me the moment I walked through the doors of the bakery.

"I can see that," I muttered.

The person in question had spotted me too. He pushed aside his latte and came to me, grinning from ear to ear, evidently pleased to see me. My decision to no longer be distant with Damian had finally put things into perspective for me and I sighed as I realized that I had been using Colin as just a distraction, a distraction I no longer needed. Now, it looked like he had gotten his lines crossed. I supposed I was partly to blame for encouraging him. In a way.

I fixed a smile on my face. We exchanged greetings. He fell in step with me as I walked to my office.

"What brings you here this early in the morning?" I inquired after going through the motions of waving him in to seat and offering him refreshments which he refused.

"First of all, I must say it's a nice place you've got here."

"Thanks."

"And that is why I've come. Precisely because of this place. I want to share my ideas of a partnership with you."

I said nothing, not thinking, but certain that I had heard Colin correctly. The first question to cross my mind was what on earth a tech company could want with a bakery. I couldn't wrap my head around the concept. The very idea of a partnership was ludicrous. I was about to tell him this, though not using such strong terms, when my phone rang. My face broke into a smile when I saw it was my mother calling.

"A moment please while I take this," I said.

"Sure."

I left Colin fiddling with the knick-knacks on my desk as I walked over to the window to take the call.

"Hi, mum. How's it going?" I asked. "Did you have a great time?"

That was all it took for her to launch into details about her travels with Anthony. I was glad to note that what she and Anthony had had not waned one bit. Rather, it seemed to have grown even stronger.

Surprisingly, she seemed excited to visit more places with him. I knew she liked him but it was clearer now that their relationship might work out.

"I have to go now, dear," she said about five minutes later. "I can see Anthony waving to me. We're going on a boat cruise this morning."

"Have fun, mum." I told her. "And send my greetings to Anthony."

"Bye." She ended the call and I sighed.

"Sorry about that," I said, returning to Colin who was still waiting in my office. "It was my mother on the phone. She's on a vacation with her love interest. She called to give me the scoop on things."

"That sounds wonderful," he said. "Dorothy must finally be living her best life now. I'm very happy for her."

I froze, his words seemingly stopping me from sitting. A second or two passed and I slowly lowered myself into my chair.

Before I could school my expression, he noticed and leaned closer. "What's wrong?"

"It's just-uh." I chuckled dryly, trying to find a way to politely speak to him. "I don't think I recall mentioning my mother's name to-"

I was interrupted by Colin's chuckle. "You should see your face right now. Don't be so surprised. You're married to the Damian Donovan. You are celebrity whether you like it or not. Everyone knows everything about you."

"That makes sense," I nodded but I didn't believe it myself.

It did not make sense at all. With keeping my mother's identity under wraps and her not having access to the buzz and social media for many years, I was quite sure no one knew about her. I began to have an eerie feeling about Colin.

He had sent flowers to my home and claimed I told him the address. Perhaps, I didn't tell him and I had blamed it on alcohol. I had always found that suspicious but knowing my mother's name was far stretched.

I did my best not to show the direction of my thoughts or that I was displeased until he left a while later.

When I was finally alone, I turned on my computer, and typed my name in the search bar. I painstakingly read the articles on my background that came up. There were about ten of them. In none of them was my mother's name mentioned. The articles all stated that my mother was alive but that was it.

I spent the next fifteen minutes reading more articles about me. My mother was never mentioned in those articles. The emphasis was on my marriage and divorce with Noah.

I eventually pushed aside my computer to ponder on everything since Colin had clearly lied to me.

If this was all the information on my mother that was available in the public space, then how had Colin found out her name?