The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce **Chapter 094**

AMELIA

The guilt came in stages. First I was so pissed at what Damian did that I did not want to pay attention to the voice in my head which kept telling me that I had made a wrong move.

Then I told myself that I had perhaps been too harsh, but that Damian had deserved it.

But by the next day, I was convinced that Damian had not deserved the comment I made about his father. That had been hitting way below the belt, and I never felt more ashamed of myself as I did when I woke up. I didn't know how to apologize to him, what to say, especially since it was a very sensitive topic to him.

I felt a mixture of relief and disappointment when Molly told me that Damian had left for work really early. Relief because I did not know to face him. Disappointment because I really wanted to talk to him. And then there was a crippling fear that he had gone to see Monique, still desperate to piss me off.

I wouldn't ever forgive myself if he did something stupid because of my comment. Ugh.

I took myself off to work after managing to grab a few bites of the sandwich I made. Then I began to wish I had just stayed home because I could not concentrate on anything. I thought about Damian, about our argument, about how I had stupidly managed to alienate him further. He had told me about the most vulnerable part of him and then what did I do?

I had turned around and used it against him. What would my mother say if she knew the mess I had made of our relationship? Ever since she left, I have made one foolish mistake and yet, another.

Several times that day, I picked up my phone, debating on whether to call Damian. But I had nothing to say to him or maybe I just didn't

I groaned, buried my face among the papers littered across my desk, and allowed the misery wash over me.

know how to speak to him. He needed someone that would soften his heart without a long dramatic speech.

And I knew just the right person.

"What's wrong? Something's wrong," Anton said the moment I murmured a hello.

"How did you know?"

He exhaled. "Well, you've never called me this early. Are you okay?"

"You have to help me," I said desperately. "Please say you will help me." "Whoa! Hold up and tell me what the problem is."

I heaved a deep sigh before answering. "It's Damian... I think I messed things up with him. We had an argument and my big mouth ruined everything. I said things I shouldn't have, used what he had told me against him and now... I don't think he'll ever forgive me. I need you to help me reach him and talk to him."

"What on earth did you say?"

There was a deliberate silence from me as I contemplated telling him. I had to. "I told him he is just like his father."

I expected his reaction. "I feel so stupid." I rubbed my forehead. "Please, tell me you'll help me. I don't know how to face him."

"Jesus Christ! Amelia!"

"I will, Amelia," he said without hesitation. "I promise. Just hang in there."

Hang in there.

Easy for him to say. I felt like I was falling apart, unraveling every second as I relieved every horrible second of our argument.

"We have a big client in the showroom," Rose exclaimed excitedly, her head poking through my door.

I had been so engrossed in thought that I nearly jumped out of my skin.

"Rose!" I scolded, bending to pick the pen that had fallen from the table. "Haven't you ever heard of knocking?"

"But- but I knocked and-"

And I didn't hear her because I was lost in thought. I gave my head a little shake. I really really had to get it together. I softened my tone when I asked her to repeat what she had said.

name..." she repeated.

"We have a really important customer," she said, "I didn't get her name but most other people seemed to know who she is... I didn't get her

She looked like she expected me to shout at her and that made me feel bad. I gave her a smile to gloss over my earlier peevishness. Rose and I had a cordial, easy relationship so it wasn't strange for her to pop into my office to give me 'tidbits' of information she felt I needed to know.

"I'll go see who she is then," I said. "Lead the way." My steps faltered as I got to the showroom. I saw a hated, familiar looking figure who unfortunately had already seen me before I could

leave.

I cleared my throat and murmured 'Likewise' purely for the sake of the others in the area. I would have probably clawed at her if my staff weren't staring at us.

"Amelia Donovan, right?" Monique drawled, her carefully painted lips curving into a smile. "How good to see you."

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"A little bird told me this was your place," she continued. "It's lucky you're here. I was just about to send one of your staff to call you. As the

"What do you want?"

The question came out sounding terse so I forced my suddenly uncooperative facial muscles into the semblance of a polite smile.

boss, I'm sure you'll be able to advice me better."

Monique raised a brow, deliberately smoothed her designer dress over her hips before saying, "What else am I here for but to buy what you sell? I'll need a custom made cake. Something like this." She picked up a cake brochure, pointed to a picture. "Advice me on the best

flavours for this, please." I grabbed a writing pad, made a quick sketch of the cake and of every detail of it. Not wanting to touch her, I slapped the paper down on the counter. She picked it up, and studied it for a long time.

things I could never be. All the things I was trying to be. She had confidence too, lots of it. I saw it in the way she carried herself. She drew attention to herself wherever she went even without

I looked her over. I knew it was pathetic, but I couldn't help feel threatened by her. Monique was rich, beautiful, independent, fierce all the

trying. It was certainly true now. A large number of my customers kept giving her quick admiring glances. "This will do," she finally and handed the paper to me.

object in the room.

"We?"

"We'll get working on your order," I said, getting ready to beat a hasty retreat. "We'll get it over to you when-"

the one to bake and design my cake. You should give your orders a personal touch, you know. It's good for up and coming small businesses

like yours. When you're finally established in... say a decade or so, you can then rely completely on your staff to do the work for you."

I quickly signalled for Rose to take it as the sight of her made my skin crawl. Monique began to look around, her eyes dancing on every

"I... don't understand." She looked me right in the eyes. "I was merely referring to your use of the pronoun we. I assumed you were the baker here, and would be

I felt my cheeks heat up. The bitch was deliberately goading me. I supposed it had been too much to hope that she had come just to purchase a damn cake. And would leave without being an absolute bitch.

aspects except I want to. My staff is quite capable of handling your order. And this is the biggest establishment of its kind in the city. I assume you don't know that because you're still new." She gave me another one of her abominable smiles. "Of course. I'm sure you're right. You must forgive me. I tend to always give business

As loftily as I could, I said, "I'm the boss here, Monique. I have a lot of people working for me so I don't usually concern myself with some...

advice to people I meet. I guess it's because I'm a genius when it comes to business." Her lips curled as she looked around once more. "But I'm beginning to understand that not everyone, not every woman, can be as successful as me." I gritted my teeth to keep back a retort. I knew if I opened my mouth, there would be dire consequences. For her.

Amelia." A muscle ticked on my cheek when she mentioned Damian but before I could muster a word, she sashayed out dramatically.

I marched into my office, locked the door and then I lost it. "Fuck!" I yelled, sweeping the contents of my desk onto the floor.

"I'll be leaving now," she continued. "Please ensure my order is sent over in time. Make sure it is made exactly to the specifications I

approved. Damian will be coming to my place later for dinner. The cake is for dessert so it's got to be really special. See you around,

"Shit!"

my skin off. How could I let Amelia get to me so easily?

DAMIAN

unacceptable.

She hadn't even called or texted me all day. But I didn't blame her. Everything I'd done for the past week was infuriating at least. Completely

I couldn't count how many times I had said that today. Each time I remembered I'd accepted Monique's proposal, I felt like taking a piece of

I didn't want to see Monique after work but I knew I had to. I needed to end what I started as quickly as possible. Maybe I just-My phone started to ring noisily and I rushed to pick it, hoping it was Amelia. Disappointed, I sighed when Anton's voice came on.

"Amelia told me you both had a falling out," He without preamble. "She's really sorry about what she said. But tell me what's actually going

on." Sorry? Did she blame herself for what I did? I guess that makes my situation even worse.

"... and when Amelia said that, I snapped. I called Monique immediately and accepted her offer. Now, I can't easily back out of it." "But you have to find a way to," Anton answered. Yes genius, I already knew that. "Or do you plan on being her gigolo now? Because that's

I told Anton of all what had happened between Monique, Amelia and I.

more or less what you're going to be if you go through with this." "Of course not. I'll carefully back out of this." I sighed and leaned back into my seat. "I'll go see her tonight and end what I started."