

Chapter 126

AMELIA

I turned my head a little to get a good look at the wall clock and saw it was just a quarter past eight.

Good. I nodded. The gossip show would start soon, and I was amped for it. I adjusted until I was very comfortable in my seat and took yet another bite of popcorn.

On the big television, an ad for a new washing machine was being aired, and then my phone pinged, signalling that it was time for the show. I grabbed the remote and quickly changed the channel. Just as I did, the familiar soundtrack of the gossip talk show came on.

The words 'STRAIGHT TALK WITH MILES' popped up on the screen in bold caps. The message grew more extensive and slowly faded into the background.

What appeared next on the screen was a live studio in which was seated a tall, youngish man, very much like Anton in looks. I immediately recognized him as Anton's friend in the talk show biz, the one who was going to help me dig up dirt on Noah, the one who was to talk about Noah today on his show based on all the information I had given him. A smile stretched across my lips as a thrill of excitement shot through me.

This was it. This was where Noah got served for what he had done. If Anton was right about his friend's capability -and I was pretty sure he was-then Noah would never be able to retaliate.

I turned up the television volume just as Miles said, "... and welcome to yet another episode of Straight Talk with Miles where we tell you of the latest happenings and give you the latest gossip, gossip that you wouldn't have heard anywhere else. I guarantee it." Miles started to talk about a trendy A-list actress and the messy divorce she was undergoing.

After a few minutes dedicated to this story, he waved his hand airily and said, "Now enough about all that. Tonight, I will give you some insider information about someone who has been in the news for all the wrong reasons." I found myself leaning forward even though I could hear everything he was saying. This had to be the news feature on Noah. It had to.

Miles smiled into the camera. "Guess who it is. Guessed right? Well, it's none other than Noah Allen. Yes. You heard right. Right here on this show, you'll hear what you've never heard about Noah before. I guarantee that every word you hear will be the truth and nothing but the truth. Stay tuned. We'll be right back."

The television screen blanked out, and an ad began playing. Munching on some popcorn, I tapped my foot impatiently, waiting for the program to resume. It did after a couple of minutes.

"Welcome back," Miles said, his smile getting wider. "Now, it would interest you viewers to note that contrary to what Mr Allen has been publicising, there are other... reasons as to why Noah's marriage crashed. All the reasons he gave were not true. I have it from a good source that he divorced his wife, the now Mrs Donovan, because he thought she was barren. But in actual fact, reports have it that he was the sterile one. Sad right? Ironic right? And this is not even all. Not by half. Instead of seeking medical help just like any other man would do, Mr Allen has been going around attacking his ex-wife, calling her names online and offline, harassing her any chance he gets, inferring that she was the one incapable of bearing children. By the way, the ex-wife, Amelia, has never for once come out to say something bad about him. In my opinion, that is being petty, really petty of him, don't you all agree? Let me see your comments. You know our social media handles, people. For those of you just joining the show, our handles are now displayed at the bottom of the screen." He swiped through the tablet he had on his lap. "Jane here completely agrees with me, and so do other listeners." Miles paused in his narration to read some comments, all of which were against Noah and what he had done. I knew then that if the video of my bodyguards defending me from Noah resurfaced now, it would do me no harm. No one would support him with all his errors laid out bare for all the world to see. In fact, they would all accuse him of harassing me, which was basically what he had done.

"... Lynn here says Noah has done so much bad." Miles looked up from his tab and shook his head at the camera. "No, you're wrong there, Lynn. You don't know the half of it yet. Now, let's talk about Lucy, the one Noah left Amelia for. I also have it on record that Noah was still unable to get her pregnant, and that's what led to the end of the marriage. Who's the father of the child she was carrying, you say? Well, your guess is as good as mine, people. But if you ask me, I'll tell you it's Karma that came for Noah. He cheated on his ex-wife with her best friend, and the one he cheated with cheated on him right back."

Miles tsked and shook his head slowly from side to side. "I guess it's no wonder that the man has been all over the place lately, behaving oddly and making accusations that he can't prove. He's been acting all... loco." Miles pulled a comical face of a crazy person that left me in stitches. I shook with laughter, holding on to my sides when they began to ache a little.

"Let's also talk about his business, something the man takes great pride in." Miles continued. "The truth is that Noah Allen's business is sinking. He's been literally begging people to do business with him to save him from bankruptcy. So far, he's been unsuccessful. No investor thinks his company is worth saving, especially given all the bad publicity he's been getting. At this point, I must give some kudos to Amelia for staying with such a man as Noah for all those years. I wished she could have even left him earlier. I mean, everyone can see how she almost immediately became successful and popular after she married Damian Donovan. Now she's a household name, but she was under Noah's shadow when she was with him."

I leaned back in my chair, all smiles. The show was great, and Miles was brilliant. I couldn't have wished for anything better. I wished I had thought of exposing Noah a long time ago, but somehow, this moment was perfect.

As I was about to grab more popcorn, I heard footsteps and turned to see Damian walking towards me.

"Hi," I said. "Welcome."

To my surprise, he dropped his briefcase at my feet and hugged me tightly. After hesitating, I hugged him back warmly before letting go.

"Er- what's going on?" I queried. "That hug was-"

"What?" He grinned from ear to ear. "I had a really good day at work and missed you so much, so I had to hug you."

"Oh." I found myself blushing a little. It felt good to hear him say that he missed me.

"And what's this?" He pointed to the tray of snacks on the centre table. "Did you invite someone?"

I blushed and licked my lips. There were different snacks on the table, most of them half-eaten.

"I was a little hungry," I admitted. "And I was waiting for you so we could have dinner together. Hence, the snacks."

"A little?" Damian raised one brow. "It doesn't look like you are a little to me." He chuckled. "You know, I've noticed you have been eating quite a lot lately. Are you bored? I know most people binge eat when they're bored or depressed."

I felt my heart literally skip a beat at his words. I sat looking at him with a frozen smile on my face. Would he now immediately figure things out and realize the secret I had been keeping from him? He was smart, way too smart to notice something like this and not ask to probe further. He would find out the truth.

Oh, but if he did, he would be so pissed. It would look like I had been lying to him all the time I had denied being pregnant. To my immense relief, he didn't say anything more, he just playfully chucked me under the chin.

I laughed a little, laughter that sounded forced to my ears.

"Well, I couldn't help it," I said. "I got a little bored waiting for you to come home, so I decided to eat a little. Oh, and by the way, I made your favourite."

"My favourite?" He rubbed his hands together excitedly. "I'm hungry already. Where's the food?"

"Certainly not here. Why don't you go and change? Before you're done, food will be served, and we'll have dinner together. How does that sound?"

"A delicious idea," he joked and nudged me playfully on the shoulder. "I'll change right away." What had gotten into him?

In one quick movement, he snatched up his briefcase and hurried upstairs to get changed. I stood up slowly, more than a little nervous.

I couldn't keep this secret any longer. I had to tell him that I was carrying his baby, no matter the circumstances.

"It's tonight or never," I muttered to myself.