

The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

Chapter 046

AMELIA

It's been two days since Lora attempted to destroy my bakery. I've been on edge, bothered and terrified of everything.

Damian had assured me nothing would happen, but I didn't believe him. If she could do it once, she could definitely do it again.

I had tried to convince him to get her arrested or sued in court, but he claimed we didn't have substantial evidence to do that. Evidence my foot!

From the descriptions of my staff and past experiences, we had all the evidence we needed against her. But Damian was bent on letting her go till we had something substantial to hold against her. Damn him and his ex.

I sighed and continued typing on my MacBook when a knock came on my door.

"Come in," I called out, not lifting my head from my screen.

The door opened and closed sharply. "Nice place you've got." I knew that voice.

I lifted my head to meet Anton's gaze. What was he doing at the bakery?

"Anton? What are you doing here?" I shook my head. "Please, forgive my manners. Have a seat."

He smiled. "Thank you."

"How may I help you? I assume you didn't come here for nothing."

"I need your help," Anton said, leaning over the table to smile at me as he lowered himself into a chair.

I eyed him curiously. "My help? You always seem very self-sufficient, Anton. So what could you possibly need my help with?"

There was a knock on the door of my office. Ashley came in, placed a tray of muffins and a milkshake in front of Anton and left.

"Thanks," he said and popped half a muffin into his mouth. "I need your help planning a birthday party for Damian... a surprise birthday party."

"Oh." I thumped my forehead with the heel of my hand. "I've been so caught up in things that I've forgotten. It's in a week, isn't it?"

"Uh-huh. I've been brooding over the idea for a while now, and then last night, I just got a brainwave. I realized that you, Damian's wife, are like the most talked about, the most sought-after event planner in the city."

I rolled my eyes. "You're such a flatterer, Anton."

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"But it's true. So, who better than you to help me plan Damian's birthday party?"

"Fine. You don't have to butter me up to get me to help you." I pulled a blank sheet of paper towards me. "So, are we talking about a big party or a small one."

"A house party will be okay, but first, there is something I think you should know going forward."

I laid my pen down. "This sounds serious."

Anton's grin resurfaced. "It's not that serious. I just wanted to give you a heads-up that Damian hates birthday parties. He hates surprise parties even more."

"Hmmm. You're planning to throw him a party."

"Yes."

"A surprise birthday party."

"Yes."

"So let me get this straight. You're planning not only a party but a surprise birthday party. That's like an embodiment of all he hates."

"You got it, Amelia. I couldn't have put it better myself. I know he hates it, and that's part of why I think it's an excellent idea. I wouldn't be a good friend if I didn't get on his nerves occasionally." We laughed over that.

"Funny that you're also planning on roping me in to do this."

Anton nodded. "Right again. That way, if Damian gets really pissed, he'll get pissed at both of us and not just me."

We had a sketchy conversation over what we would need for the party.

"Of course, you'll be in charge of the cake," he said when we were rounding up. He helped himself to the last muffin. "There is no way we're giving that contract out. Your muffins are out of this world, and if Damian's birthday cake is like this, he'll probably want birthday parties every year."

"Don't count on it," I said with a chuckle.

After Anton left, I pored over some cake designs during my spare moments that day. A couple of hours later, I got started on the take. I waved off the help of my employees. I wanted to do it myself. The next day, I called on Anton, and he came over to the bakery to see the cake for himself.

"Nice," he said admiringly as he walked around the tiered cake, taking it in at every angle. "I knew it would be great."

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"Yeah. Now the cake is done. How about the other aspects of the party?"

Anton whipped out a small notebook from his jacket pocket and ran his fingers down a page. "About that... for the guest list, I've already sent invitations to our close circle of friends and Damian's really close business associates."

"And that would be how many persons?"

"Give me a moment to confirm." Anton ran his fingers down the list, counting under his breath. "That would be thirty guests in total, excluding you and I, of course." He suddenly paused when his finger got to the bottom of the page. "Oh. I forgot to call one more person. Give me a minute." He pulled out his phone and turned away to make a quick call. He returned a couple of minutes later with an air of satisfaction. "All done. I just called the last of them. I'm officially done with the guest list. So, while planning, plan for an extra person."

I frowned as something occurred to me. "All these people you invited... I hope you remembered to tell them that it is a surprise birthday party, emphasis on surprise."

"Of course I did," he said with a self-assured smile. "Did you think I would let someone tip Damian off after my endless days of organising and planning?"

"Plotting is more like it," I said with a chuckle.

He smiled. "I agree. Shall we head to your office now?"

In my office, for about an hour, we discussed further details about the party. As the party time drew closer, I became more excited about it. Damian had done quite a lot for me: purchasing my car, gifting me the bakery, and the mall, and defending me from Noah. I hadn't really had the opportunity to do anything for him. This was my chance to do something.

The day before the birthday party, Anton unexpectedly appeared at the house.

Damian was typing away on his computer, and I was studying an inventory of what I had at the bakery.

Damian looked up in surprise when Anton walked in.

"Hey. Anton. Did I invite you over to dinner tonight?" he said.

Anton shook his head. "Oh. No. No. I just decided to stop by and er- just look in, you know."

Damian looked blank for a moment. "Oh. I thought I invited you over and then forgot. I seem to be forgetting a lot of stuff lately." With a slight shake of his head, he resumed typing.

"I'm starving, Amelia. How about you give me whatever you have in the house?" Anton said. He jerked his head toward the corridor, a signal that he wanted to talk.

"Oh. Yes. Of course," I said loudly, for Damian's benefit.

"Where have you been?" Anton hissed as soon as we were in the corridor, out of Damian's sight. "I went over to the bakery, but you weren't there--"

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"Yes. I left early to buy some stuff for-" I glanced in the direction of the living room. "-you know what."

"But I've been calling your phone for hours nonstop. Why haven't you been taking my calls?"

"Oops. I turned off the ringer volume this afternoon, and I forgot to turn it back on. What's up?"

"My plans for the catering are falling apart. That's what's up. I asked my personal assistant to book some caterers, but I'm just getting to know that she completely forgot to." Anton sighed. "The party is tomorrow, and I don't know of any other outfit good enough."

"That's okay. I know several. They'll take up the job. No worries."

Anton heaved a sigh and grinned. "Thanks, Amelia. You're a lifesaver. How about the drinks? Have you--"

Anton stopped talking the moment we heard Damian's voice.

"... Have Kathy look into it. I won't be able to make time to do it myself."

Damian was on the phone. As he approached, he looked at us, then away. A minute later, he returned from the kitchen holding a water bottle. He was still talking on the phone as he returned to the living room.

"Do you think he heard us?" I asked Anton.

"He didn't," he said dismissively. "Didn't you see how he looked right through us? He has nothing on his mind these days but the railroad project."

In my office, I was poring through the files of the railroad project. I felt tired, and I ached a little. My phone buzzed, signalling a text from Amelia. My heartbeat instantly accelerated after I read the text twice.

I need you at home in an hour, it read. A winking emoji followed this.

A smile spread across my lips as I read the message for the third time. This could only mean one thing. I was getting lucky tonight. I quickly stuffed the files into my desk drawer.

I made a quick stop at a pharmacy, bought some condoms and stuffed them into my pocket while I hurried to my car and drove home.

The whole house was dark, which was odd since Amelia was in. Or maybe she wanted me to find her in the dark before we made love. I dropped my briefcase carelessly in the dark and pulled out a condom from my pocket.

"Amelia?" I called in a slightly unsteady voice as I stepped over the threshold.

I gasped with surprise and jumped backwards when the room was immediately flooded with light. There were some twenty or thirty persons in my living room. A smiling Amelia and Anton were right in front of the small crowd.

"SURPRISE!" they all yelled in unison.