

The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

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Chapter 001

AMELIA'S POV

"Yes. This is Amelia Carter speaking." I said as soon as the person on the other end picked up. "I would like to make a reservation for two tomorrow in one of your private booths."

"Alright ma'am," said the woman. "Please hang on."

I heard the rattle of computer keys in the background and kept my fingers crossed. I wanted my anniversary to be perfect so I couldn't afford any disappointments.

The restaurant I had called was a very fancy, very exclusive one, and was usually booked weeks in advance.

I breathed a sigh of relief when a moment later, she said, "We have a spot just for you."

I told her the time my husband, Noah, and I would be arriving, and went through other details for the evening. The woman assured me I would be getting the VIP treatment when I told her my husband and I were coming to celebrate our second wedding anniversary.

I began humming a tune as soon as I hung up. I stood up to get my computer and caught sight of my reflection in the mirror.

There was an excited flush on my cheeks, and a sparkle in my eye. I looked like a school girl who had just gotten her first date to the prom. Only this was better. It had been two years since I had gotten married to Noah, two years of bliss and perfection.

I got my laptop and surfed the net. After about an hour, I found the perfect gift for him online: a Patek watch worth \$25,000. I ordered it, paid and gave the exact time that I would want it delivered.

I wasn't bothered about the price because I knew Noah would get me something more expensive and would even send me a weekly allowance.

After preparations for the next day was done, I didn't know what to do with myself. In order to resist the temptation of staring at the clock every few minutes, impatiently waiting for Noah to come home, I went downstairs and started setting up the dining table for dinner.

I was so attuned to Noah that I knew the moment he walked through the door. In a flash, I dashed to the front door. With a huge grin on my face, I ran towards him. My steps faltered a bit when I noticed that he looked rather grim. But I didn't let that stop me from going in for a hug. Perhaps he just had a really stressful day at work.

Just as I reached for him, he moved away and gave me look that sent a chill up my spine. His lips curled in disgust. It was like he had smelled something bad. I froze, frowned, and sniffed myself. I smelled of perfume and strawberry shampoo, and there was nothing offensive about that.

"Honey, what's wrong? What's the matter?" I asked.

Noah looked at me but didn't respond. He moved as far away from me as possible and dropped his suitcase. I stood rooted to the spot, my mind in a whirl. We hadn't had a quarrel. I had done nothing to offend him, so what was with his sudden coldness?

The sight of the front door opening again interrupted my thoughts. My best friend, Lucy, sashayed into the house like she owned the place.

"Lucy? You didn't tell me you were coming," I said.

Lucy's baby blue eyes regarded me with contempt. She casually flicked her long, perfectly styled, blonde hair over her shoulder and took a seat. I gaped at her. Talk about rudeness! And in my own home too! What was with her? What was with everyone's weird attitude today?

Deciding to leave Lucy's attitude for later, I walked up to Noah, pitched my voice low so that she couldn't hear. "Honey, listen. I don't know what... this is about, but if I've offended you in any way, I apologize. If there's a real problem, we can talk about it after our anniversary."

Noah let out a short, bitter laugh.

"Anniversary?" he sneered. "I thought you were smart enough to read the handwriting on the wall, Amelia. But you're dumber than you look. There isn't going to be any anniversary celebration. Not for you and I anyway." While I stood in stunned silence, he bent, pulled out a sheaf of papers from his briefcase and threw them in my face. "Here. Take a look."

Slowly, I bent and picked them up. A glance was sufficient to tell me that they were divorce papers and he had already signed them. I instantly felt a tear in my chest and the entire room started spinning around me. I clutched my chest, my breath hot and tears streaming down my face.

"Why?" I wailed when I finally found my voice. "Why do you want a divorce? What have I done?"

"I would have thought it was fairly obvious. We've been married for two years and we have no kids. You can't even boast of having a miscarriage at least. Who's going to inherit all this wealth I built after I'm gone. Huh?"

"Noah. Noah. Please. Think about what you're about to do. I can still give you children."

He made an impatient gesture. "There's no need for that. I already have a child on the way. Lucy-" Noah's eyes lit up when he said her name. "Lucy is carrying my child as we speak."

I had entirely forgotten about Lucy after Noah had dropped the bombshell. I stared right at her, hoping and praying that she would smile, laugh and tell me that it was all a sick joke, a prank. She met my stare and deliberately rubbed her stomach.

I felt a stab of almost physical pain stab through my heart when I realized this was all true. My best friend and husband had been sleeping together. The shock made me stagger back a step. Tears fell unchecked down my cheeks, blurring my vision.

"But why... how?" I croaked. The pain was eating right through my heart and I thought I would die immediately.

Noah raised a brow. "Want me to describe the whole process of making a baby to you?" Lucy giggled at his joke. "Amelia, we're done. Let's look at it this way, Lucy here is even better suited to bear my children. She's a fast rising fashion designer from a respectably wealthy background. She's wouldn't be a liability like you. You're a nobody. You have no talents, no personality, no charisma. Now, look at Lucy and you'll see a woman with the looks and the poise to carry on the Carter name."

And though what Noah had done hurt so bad that it felt hard to breathe, I loved him so much and I could not bear the thought of letting him go. I divested myself of my last shred of pride and fell on my knees before him. I put my hands together in a gesture of entreaty.

"Noah. Please. It's just been a couple of years. We can still sort this whole thing out. I'm hopeful that I can still get pregnant. I'll go see a fertility doctor, I'll eat right. I'll do anything, anything at all. Just give me a little more time."

"Two years is more than enough time," he retorted hotly. "Just sign those papers and get out of my life."

I heard a snigger and turned once more to Lucy.

"You two faced backstabber," I cried, scrambling to my feet. "What did I ever do to you? How could you do this to me?"

Lucy let out a laugh and shrugged. "No hard feelings, friend. I just did what needed to be done. I gave Noah what you couldn't give him after two shitty years of marriage."

"Lucy-" I began.

"Alright. Alright. That's enough," Noah interjected. "Amelia, go upstairs, pack your things and leave my house."

"Noah. Please-"

I approached him. He jerked back, swore, and ran upstairs. In a couple of minutes, he returned with suitcases crammed full of my clothes. He added the divorce papers on top and wheeled them outside.

I fell on the floor, sobbing. He came back, pointed at me. "Get out," he thundered.

"No, Noah listen-" He grabbed me by the arm, cutting short my protests. "Please, don't do this to us. Noah, please.."

"There is no us!" he barked as he shoved me outside. No matter how hard I cried and struggled, I couldn't break his hold. He dragged me outside the gates, gave me a shove that had me stumbling and I fell to the ground, bruising my elbow and knee.

"Get out and stay out. Don't ever come back here," he yelled, and then shut the gate in my face.

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