

# The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

## Chapter 011

AMELIA

For almost a whole week after the house party, I was still a major news item in the entertainment section of magazines, newspapers, and blogs. There were talks and speculations on when and if ever I was going to host another party, and if so, who was going to be on the invitation list.

I didn't want to pander to the public's wishes, not really. Still, after lazing about mostly at home with nothing to do and remembering how very in my element I was while preparing for the house party, I decided to host another one. But this time, I would take it further, and it would be a big party.

A color-themed party was what I opted for, and I began preparations right away. Thankfully, Damian's sprawling mansion had enough space to accommodate any other would-be party crashers. How easy it was for me to organize everything still amazed me.

"I think you're a natural at organizing events, Ms. Donovan," said the foreign chef I had hired when she and her assistants stepped into the grounds and saw the extent of the decorations.

Though everyone I worked with on the party project had assured me everything was picture-perfect, I still could not help feeling nervous when the party day arrived. Perhaps the last event was a fluke, and I had just gotten lucky. Perhaps people had just been curious to know and meet Damian's new wife, so they wouldn't bother coming now that their curiosity was satisfied. These thoughts were not likely to be true. I knew that, but I supposed it would take time for me to get over what Noah's rejection had done to my psyche.

I didn't really have much time to second-guess myself. Luxury cars conveying the guests began to arrive an hour before the time slated for the event. There were many faces that I didn't recognize, and I began to mingle, trying to get to know everyone or at least giving the appearance of successfully doing so.

The ladies and even some men oohed and aahed over my dress, a floor-length sequined number. The paparazzi were also present at the party, which went on far into the night. I didn't expect it to be a huge success, but at the end of the night, I was impressed with myself.

The following day, Damian placed a glossy magazine on the breakfast table before me. He had a slight smile on his face, one he usually gave me whenever he was impressed.

"Apparently, you're a smashing success," he said matter-of-factly, but I was sure I detected a hint of pride in his voice.

"Thank you," He didn't know how much his praises meant to me.

"I'll be going to work now. Have a great day." He said before leaving.

All through that day, I saw myself on the television, in newspapers and magazines, and got a lot of tags on my social media accounts, hailing me as a virtuoso of hosting parties and planning events. Apparently, my party had gained better recognition than any other event held that year. I got an email from one of the biggest advertising companies in the city.

I found my eyes constantly reading the second paragraph part of which read,

... following the amazing success of the parties you have hosted, we are confident you have a natural flair for it. So, we would love for you to sign a contract with us to host parties for the employees of our firm....

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My gaze drifted to the next paragraph, where they included their offer for my services. The amount offered literally made me rock back on my heels and whistle. I blinked and reread it. The company was ready to pay me a fortune to host their events.

The email made my day. It made me feel like I wasn't just the trophy wife of a billionaire. It turned out that I was useful for something after all. I was somewhat surprised when Damian sought me out in my room after he had returned from work later that day.

"Got a moment?" he asked.

"Sure." I sat up and faced him.

He removed his jacket and perched on the dresser close to the door. Just then, his phone rang. He held up a finger.

"Please, excuse me while I take this," he said quietly. He picked up the phone and listened. "Yes, yes.... No, I haven't forgotten." He glanced over at me. "Yes, she's right here, and I will tell her. But only if you get off the phone first," he added good-humouredly.

"Was whoever it was talking about me?" I asked as soon as he dropped the call.

"Yes, he was, and that was what I wanted to talk to you about. At work today, I got a surprise visit from most of my business partners. They've been keenly following your success as a hostess all over the media, and they came to me with a proposal."

"Which is?"

"They want you to host a party for them, an elaborate one. They are willing to pay you an impressive fee for your service. The amount they are willing to pay is subject to negotiation, of course."

I couldn't stop the smile that spread all over my face.

"Your business partners?" I asked. Damian nodded. "Wow. That means this offer is huge."

"It is," Damian allowed. "My partners wanted me to run the offer by you to make you more inclined to accept before you start getting offers from others..." He trailed off and studied my face closely. "You've already begun getting offers?"

I nodded. "Yes. I got one this morning."

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"Good for you. I expect you'll get more before the week is over. Everyone everywhere is talking about your skills at putting parties together. So, are you going to take up my partner's offer?"

"I'll think about it and let you know."

True to Damian's words, I got several offers from brands and companies the very next day, and they just kept coming. I decided to take up some of the offers. Again, I was besieged by requests to throw another grand party, and I obliged. The party eclipsed the former ones and made a buzz as a major event.

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NOAH

Amelia! Hearing her name alone left a sour taste in my mouth. Unfortunately for me, her name was all I ever heard these days on the news, the television, social media, and on the lips of all the blind fools who saw her as a rising star in the world of event planning and management. I hastily exited the post that had been made about her, which someone had tagged me to. The post said something about her hosting a party at an event center tonight. I flung my phone on the center table.

I plopped down on the sofa and turned on the television, ready to interest myself in the business news. On came a news headlines about the changes in the stock market. Next came a video of Amelia hosting a party at her home, surrounded by a flock of admirers. The broadcaster doing the voice-over spied how the new Mrs. Donovan was currently swamped by big multinational companies asking her to host their events.

I had a sudden, mad impulse to hurl the remote control through the television. With a lot of effort, I mastered my emotions and turned off the TV set, and the yammering of the reporter ceased. The thing was that I could not unsee the stats showing how successful Amelia had become.

I shot to my feet and stomped to the fridge, got out a case of beer, and methodically set about drinking it. I cursed Amelia with every sip I took.

"Hi honey, I'm home," Lucy called about an hour as she walked through the front door.

She stopped short when she caught sight of me.

"You've been drinking?" she gasped. "Why Noah?"

"It was just a few drinks. Nothing more," I growled.

I got to my feet and swayed a little. I had suddenly decided to attend Amelia's stupid party to see what all the bloody fuss was about.

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"You're drunk," Lucy exclaimed. "Is everything alright?"

I felt a sudden sharp stab of annoyance at Lucy. Did she always have to state the obvious? And does she have to act like my mother? She had no right to question my choices or even tell me what to do. She put out a hand to steady me. I shook it off.

"I'm fine," I said. "There's no need to police me over alcohol."

I shuffled to my room and threw on the clothes I had worn to work this morning. I grabbed my keys and headed out. Lucy still stood where I had left her. She looked at me worriedly.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"To the party Amelia is hosting tonight," I replied after some hesitation.

She gaped at me. "But why? What are you going to do there?"

"I want to see firsthand what all the fuss about her stupid parties is about. I'm sure Damian must have paid those reporters to hype her and make her out to be more successful than she really is."

"But Noah. Please think this through. You're drunk-"

"I'm not," I snapped. "I'm standing on my own two feet, right?"

"But- but you weren't invited. They'll throw you out. They'll-"

"I'd like to see them try," I said darkly.

I sidestepped Lucy and walked out the door as she called after me.