

The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

Chapter 015

AMELIA

"Hi," Damian said tentatively as he walked into the living room.

"Hello," I said, hurrying and making space for him on the couch.

He chose the couch farthest from me, and I fought the brief flare of annoyance. I understood him better now. He had endured my hug last night, but it would take him much more than twelve hours, maybe even a lifetime, to heal from his mental and emotional scars.

"How do you feel?" he asked quietly as his eyes roved over my face and body.

"Better. Much better."

And I actually was. After forcing down some food and taking some painkillers last night, the aches in my body had reduced and were almost non-existent now. An ice pack had helped reduce the swelling on my face. All the evidence of last night was my slightly bruised lips and tiny cuts, which I was sure makeup could cover.

"I can see that." He nodded in satisfaction. "Slept, okay?"

I shrugged. I had a restless night. My mind had replayed last night's incident in my sleep, and I had had a nightmare about it. I just hoped it would be the last.

"You'll be fine," Damian said. "I came to talk to you about something important. You need a car, Amelia. You shouldn't have to take a cab or walk to wherever you want to go."

"A car?" I asked in surprise. "What for? I get around pretty much easily. Noah had three cars. I had none, and I really didn't mind. I mean, ordering a cab is pretty much easy these days. So..."

"Ordering cabs does not befit your status as my wife... and even as the successful event planner you're becoming. Have you ever imagined how it looks for you, who is hosting a party to arrive at the event in a cab while the others arrive in their fancy cars? I know how the rich think, Amelia. They like you now very much, of course, but soon, their tongues will start wagging, and they will start wondering why the wife of a billionaire doesn't have a car of her own."

I sighed wearily. "But that is the same argument you gave to try to make me spend your money."

"Yes. I say it because it's true. Having all the trappings of a wealthy woman will make our marriage seem real in everyone's eyes. Don't you see?"

"Yes." I nodded. "You have a point."

"Good. That's settled." He rose to his feet. "You'll get a car today, then? Or do you have some function to attend today?"

"No. Not really. I'll get it today."

"Okay. Oh, and though the kind of car you want is entirely up to you, don't buy something common or cheap. Buy something that stands out. Spare no expense. I transferred a considerable sum to your account this morning."

I nodded, and he grunted, leaving the sitting room as quickly as he came. I wondered why he kept asking me to spend his money freely even when he would pay me for our contract. Maybe he cared about me more than he would admit, or perhaps I was just being delusional.

Damian left for work soon after handing me a card for the best car dealership in town. I soon began to prepare to go out. A little makeup covered my bruises. I donned jeans, a baggy shirt, and sandals and left for the car dealership.

Many fancy cars were there, their bodywork gleaming and screaming money. I strolled to the office, looking around to check if I could see something I liked. In the far distance of the lot, between rows and rows of cars, close to a sleek, grey sports car, I spotted a tall, thin man wearing a suit shaking hands with a casually dressed man, the sign of a deal well struck.

I walked further. A man, short and dapper-looking, stood at the entrance of the car dealership, scrolling through his phone. He looked up expectantly, with interest, as I approached. His gaze lingered on my clothes, and suddenly, his expression became one of bored indifference. He pocketed the phone and stood straighter, waiting for me to approach him. Wasn't he supposed to come forward as I was a customer?

"Good morning," he said in clipped tones. "How may I help you?"

"I'm here to buy a car... obviously."

"Obviously," he repeated, once more eyeing my shirt.

What was with him? Had I accidentally spilled something on my shirt, makeup, maybe? On the pretext of pulling my phone out of my pocket, I stole a surreptitious glance at my clothes. There was no single stain.

"What kind of car?" the salesman asked.

"Well..." I paused. I didn't exactly know how the purchase of cars was made, but from the little I knew, if one didn't have an exact make and model of a vehicle in mind, then they looked around until they found what they liked.

"I was thinking I'll look around for any car that takes my fancy," I continued.

"Okay. You can look around then."

I began to move toward a row of luxury cars, but he stopped me with a "Please, excuse me."

I turned. He pointed in the opposite direction towards a row of cars I knew were just of the regular kind. "I think you should look there first."

"No. I want to check these out."

He shrugged his shoulders in a gesture that clearly said, 'Suit yourself.' I wondered briefly if he had woken up on the wrong side of bed this morning. I dismissed his annoying attitude as I looked the cars over. Most were really something. I began to understand why men went crazy about cars. I hurried forward when a cream-colored vehicle caught my eye. As soon as I got close, I knew it was the one. It was a Dodge, the latest model. I had often seen the ads on TV. I ran my hands over the car. I waited impatiently for the salesman, who had been walking languidly behind me, to catch up.

"Can I have the keys to this one?" I said, tapping the car's bonnet. "I want to check out the interior."

He nodded and strolled away. He returned with the keys, which I snatched from him. I opened it and got in, already loving the new car smell. The car's interior was spacious and lovely.

"This is really good," I said when I had gotten out.

"Yes," he agreed. "We sell only the best here. We certainly don't sell scrap or used cars."

"I know that," I said slowly, wondering why he was stating the obvious. "Anyway, I'll buy the Dodge. I love it."

He arched a brow. "The Dodge? It's quite expensive. Perhaps you should go for something smaller, more... pocket-friendly. We might have something that would suit your needs."

I flushed angrily. "And what are you implying?"

"Nothing at all," he returned, looking around. "I was just making a helpful suggestion."

Suddenly, he stiffened as he glimpsed something over my shoulder. He darted forward, all smiles. I gaped at him. The bored-looking man had undergone a dramatic change in an instant.

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"Welcome, madam. Welcome," he called loudly.

I turned immediately, curious to see who and what was responsible for this dramatic change, and locked gazes with Lucy. Dressed in tight jeans and a low-cut blouse, designer sunglasses, and, of course, heels, she looked like she was going to a party, not coming to purchase a car.

Seeing her made my blood boil, but I kept calm. It was best not to let her know how much the sight of her, representing everything I hated, affected me.

"Well, well, look what the cat dragged in. I wish I could say you look well. I really do," she said after we had stared at each other for a long while.

As I opened my mouth to give a suitable retort, she dismissed me with a wave of her carefully manicured nails and turned to the salesman, who was staring and simpering at her.

"You're welcome," he said again, as though eager to get a response from her.

Her painted lips curved into a smile. "Thank you. I'm here to buy a car, the best car there is."

"Of course. Of course. I'm sure we have exactly what you need. If you'll step right this way--"

"No," Lucy said, her gaze resting on my hand, which was placed on the car. She pointed to it. "I'll take that one."

"The Dodge? That's a perfect choice--"

"Hey," I called. "I'm still here, remember. What are you playing at? I came to buy it first, so attend to me right now."

The salesman frowned at me. "I'll attend to you later." Again, he turned to Lucy. "I'm sure you'll want to check it out."

"No need," Lucy smirked. "I'm sure it will do. Let's go to your office, so I'll pay."

In disbelief, I watched them walk away. I stood by the car for a long moment. Then I stormed into the office. Before I arrived, the man had already placed documents for the sale of the vehicle in front of Lucy, who was glancing through them.