

# The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

## Chapter 013

AMELIA

"I'm sorry," I muttered and pulled away.

Damian nodded politely but said nothing. I felt my face flush in shame. Damn! I was such a fool. What had I been thinking, attempting to kiss Damian? He had made it quite clear that he wanted no form of physical intimacy with me. Why couldn't I reason or act responsibly around him?

It was just that he had sounded so kind, so sincere, and pissed at what Noah had done that I had allowed myself to imagine that we were about to have something romantic. Damian looked everywhere in the room but not at me. I felt annoyed at myself for causing him this much embarrassment. No doubt, from now on, he would be extremely wary of coming close to me whenever I was in an emotionally vulnerable state.

I clambered off the bed, wanting to get as far away from him as possible so I could stew in my shame. Then I just stood there as I recalled being in my room. Maybe I could escape to another part of the house. Damian sensed my distress. He got off the bed.

"You get some rest, Amelia," he said, still without looking at me. "Goodnight."

Without turning, he left. I glared at the retreating back and then at the door, which he shut gently behind him. I felt a slight ripple of anger at Damian. Would it kill him even to feign some tenderness for me?

But then, why was I getting upset at him? It was Noah, after all, who had reduced me to a blubbing mess. I sighed. I felt a lot of things. But I didn't have any right to be upset with Damian. We had a deal, after all: no feelings or romantic entanglement.

I drifted to the open window and tried to sort out my feelings. I was hurt, angry, and embarrassed, but mostly, I felt stupid, really stupid, for pathetically trying to get Damian to kiss me. One thing was certain, though- I needed to numb that feeling, preferably with a drink.

After the spectacle I had made of myself the last time I had gotten drunk at home, I felt sure Damian would have a lot to say if he saw me drinking here. I would have to do my drinking at a bar. I washed my face, changed into something casual, and headed out. I caught myself almost walking on tiptoes as I approached the living room. I relaxed when I didn't see Damian. I was not sure I could bear to face him again this evening.

The bar I went to was a regular one, nothing fancy, not too far from the house. I didn't want the risk of running into someone I knew or any rapidly growing acquaintances I had been getting since I had begun hosting events. Tonight, I just wanted to be Amelia, not Mrs Donovan.

On the narrow sidewalk, a guy and three women laden with shopping bags, moving fast, walked towards me. The guy, spotting me, stepped aside from his back to a storefront and gestured for me to pass. I nodded my thanks and noticed that the guy, a boy in his teens, gave me an appreciative glance as I passed by.

The bar had just a handful of customers, considering the late hour. Heads turned in my direction when I pushed the door open. That was all the attention I got as all returned to nursing their drinks.

"What will you have, ma'am?" the bartender asked as I climbed onto the stool.

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"A martini," I replied promptly.

He nodded, poured the drink, and slid it over to me. I grabbed it before it slid over to me and emptied the glass in two long gulps. I began to drink more slowly when I was on my fourth martini.

Hours later, I left the bar, not exactly drunk but tipsy. Sadly, the alcohol had not done much to elevate my mood as I had hoped. There were only a couple of customers at the bar now, and one looked like he was passed out. A pleasantly chilly wind was blowing outside. I was strolling in the general direction of the house, in no hurry, when I heard loud laughter up ahead. About four teenagers were sheltering in front of a closed store.

"Hello," one of them called just as I was about to walk past the closed store.

I stopped, turned, and saw that one of the boys had detached himself from the others. His hand was raised in a wave, and he smiled familiarly at me.

"I'm sorry. Do I know you?"

"No, not really," he said.

He strolled with light, effortless grace towards me. He still kept smiling down at me. He looked vaguely familiar.

"Hello," he said again. "I saw you earlier this evening on your way to the bar. You seemed to be in a hurry then."

Then I recognized him- the guy who had let me pass, preventing me from getting jostled by the hurrying women with the shopping bags.

"Oh. Yes. I remember you," I said.

I was about to continue when he said, "I'm sorry to take up your time, but as soon as I saw you, I couldn't help wishing we could be properly introduced."

I raised a brow. "Introduced?"

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"I mean no offense," he said, smiling shyly. "You know, I never thought I would get the opportunity to see you again talk less of even speaking with you because you are so obviously out of my league."

"And what makes you think I'm out of your league?" I asked, curious in spite of myself.

"Well, for one, you're far too pretty."

"Too pretty for the likes of you," one of the boys called.

The others laughed uproariously. I blushed at the compliment. The other boy gave me a friendly wave. After some hesitation, I waved back, and then the other two waved enthusiastically at me.

"I haven't been to forward, I hope," the first boy said, carefully studying my expression. "Is this the part where you hit me in the face with your purse and tell me to get lost?"

I smiled in spite of myself. "No, I'll skip that part today."

He chuckled. He gestured in the direction of his friends. "Hey, want to meet my friends? They are pretty cool, but they can be annoying sometimes. They don't bite," he said, noticing my hesitation.

I shrugged and followed him there. I shouldn't have, but like they say, alcohol never does anyone good.

"Hello again," said the first boy, darting forward and shaking my hand warmly, closely followed by the others.

The boys were all tall, good-looking, in their late teens.

"You're the prettiest girl Ray here has ever said two words to," the shortest of them said with a glance at the boy who had first approached me.

"That's true," chipped in another. "He's usually tongue-tied around beautiful and stunning ladies such as yourself."

"Thanks for the compliment. You lot aren't bad-looking," I replied, feeling my mood lift.

Being called beautiful, even though by teenagers, felt good. Flirting for the first time in a very long while felt great. I found myself relaxing further as the boys ribbed each other. I laughed at their jokes, feeling good at being the center of attention, and then my gaze fell on my watch a while later. I gasped as I saw how late it was.

"Hey guys," I said. "It's been fun talking, but I have to go. It's quite late."

They gave a collective groan.

"Don't go," pleaded Ray.

I smiled and shook my head. "I'm sorry, but I have to. I'll see you guys around, I guess. Bye."

I stepped forward and suddenly found one of them blocking my advance.

"What's this?" I asked, shocked.

"We insist that you stay. We want to have some fun... with you," said the boy on my right.

They all chuckled. The sound sent a chill up my spine. They no longer looked friendly. They looked... predatory. I looked around wildly and realized that the entire street was deserted. Shit! What had I gotten myself into? I glared at the boy in front of me.

"Please, step aside," I ordered, trying so hard to sound unafraid.

"I don't think so." He grinned and tried to grab my breasts.

I shrieked and jumped back. They all began to laugh. While I had been focused on the first boy, the four surrounded me. My heart thudded in my chest as panic tried to swamp me. I fought it back, but I could gradually feel myself giving in to it. My hands slipped into my purse. I grabbed my phone and unlocked it with my fingerprint. I remembered Damian was the last person I had called.

"Listen to me," I gasped. "Let me go, and I'll forget this ever happened."

While talking to them, without bringing my phone out of my purse, working by touch and memory of my phone, I dialed Damian's number.