

The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

Chapter 018

AMELIA

I heard the front door open, and I was out of my seat in a flash.

"Hey, Damian. How was work today?" I asked as I fell into step beside him, smiling with a cheeriness that I didn't feel and hoping this time he would thaw towards me.

"Very well," he replied dryly, as usual.

He kept walking, his eyes fixed as always on the stairs. Talk about being rude! I tamped down on my annoyance.

"My day at work went pretty well, too," I offered.

Besides the brief flash of annoyance that crossed his face whenever I mentioned the cafe, he gave no further indication that I had spoken.

"Have you already had dinner? I can make you something," I said in a last-ditch effort to get him to say something.

"Don't bother," was the response.

He stopped and turned to look at me for the first time when I began to climb the stairs after him. Up went that annoying brow.

"Did you want something?" he enquired.

Yes! A little friendly conversation for a start. I yelled at him, but only in my head. He shifted impatiently when I didn't answer immediately and looked longingly up at the stairs.

"No," I finally answered.

"Good." Taking the stairs two at a time, he began to climb.

Good? I glared at his back, then stalked off to bed after a while. Damian was at the dining table when I came downstairs the following day.

As I set my place at the dining table, I could have sworn that he began to gulp his breakfast after he had given me a muttered 'good morning.' When I finally sat down, he hastily got up, leaving a quarter of his food untouched.

He grabbed his coffee cup and gulped down the coffee hastily, managing not to spill a drop on his crisp, white shirt.

"Off to work?" I said as he shut the briefcase at his feet and began to lock it.

He gave me an isn't-it-obvious look that made me flush.

I tried again. "Want me to pack you some lunch?"

"No."

"Okay. Will you be working late? You're leaving rather earlier than usual."

"No."

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No, he'd be working late, or no, he wasn't leaving earlier than usual.

He didn't expound; he just grabbed his briefcase and left after a grunt that sounded like 'goodbye.' I sighed.

I had kept telling myself not to expect anything from Damain, but it was hard to get used to the way things were between us. I tried to force myself to eat, but I ended up just pushing the food around on my plate.

I felt deflated and defeated. Whenever I tried to get through to Damian, I got confronted by the impassable wall he had built around himself.

To think that I was going to live in the same house with him and endure this sort of cold treatment from him for a year! This thought further soured my mood. I gave up on breakfast and strolled over to the cafe, arriving just as it opened.

Will greeted me as usual with a sunny smile. "Good morning, Amelia. Beautiful morning, isn't it?"

I looked listlessly out of the window. It was a sunny day with blue skies and a cool breeze, but I had hardly even noticed.

"I guess so." I shrugged and went into the back room to put on my apron.

Will frowned, pursed his lips, but said nothing. Nothing seemed to go right that day. I accidentally broke two saucers and a plate. For the first time, I scorched the bread I was baking.

"Stupid oven," I growled as I flung the bread into the trashcan.

Will, who had just come into the kitchen to get something, peered into the trashcan.

"Lighten up, Amelia. It's just bread."

He laid a kindly hand on my shoulder, then walked out. Around noon, my colleagues began giving me wary glances as I began growling out answers to their questions.

I knew I was being an ass, but I couldn't help myself. When we had a little lull, I went to the backyard and sat in a corner, all by myself.

"You seem a little out of sorts today, Amelia," Will said from behind me.

I began to scramble to my feet.

"No. No. Sit." He gently pressed me back down and sat beside me.

"I'm sorry. I just wanted to take a little breather..."

Will waved off my apology. "That's quite alright. Something bothering you?" I hesitated. He noticed. "It's okay. I didn't mean to pry. How about you take the day off? I'm sure you'll feel better by tomorrow."

"But the customers-" I protested.

"I'm sure we can manage for one day. It's totally fine."

I thanked him, and he hurried back inside to continue working. I went in soon after and grabbed my jacket and handbag.

"Going out?" asked Lucien, one of my colleagues, who walked into the backroom just as I was about to leave. He pointedly glanced at my handbag.

"You could say that. Will gave me a day off."

"Oh. I'm not surprised. I knew something was up when I did this and got no reaction from you."

He stroked his goatee, and my lips twitched in amusement. Lucien was a tall, young man, good-looking, with a ridiculous-looking goatee that grew sparsely on his chin but which he refused to shave off no matter how much everyone teased him about it.

"Are you going home?"

"Yes."

"Do you want to talk about whatever is bothering you?"

"No. I don't think so."

"Oh. Personal stuff. Huh?" I nodded.

"Lucien! Get back here and try to get this coffee machine going," called someone from outside.

"Keep your hair on, Amy. I'm coming," he called back.

"Sounds like you're needed in there," I observed.

"The machine can wait. So... if you don't want to talk about it, let me take you to dinner this evening. You don't want to spend the entire day home alone, do you?"

"I don't know about that..." I hedged.

"Come on, Amelia. We can just sit and talk. It will help you get your mind off whatever is bothering you."

Lucien was right. There wasn't any harm in having dinner with him, was there? After all, I was always alone at home, and even when Damian returned, it didn't change anything.

"Okay. I'll come."

He grinned. "Good. How does 6 p. m. sound? Good?" I nodded. "I'll text you the address. You'll love the place I'm going to take you to."

"Lucien!" Amy called again, louder this time.

Lucien rolled his eyes. "Bye, Amelia. Duty calls."

DAMIAN

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My phone rang at exactly six thirty. I stood up to take the call. I had been sitting in front of my computer for the last few hours, and my muscles ached a little. The caller ID showed that it was one of my clients who did business with my firm.

"Hello," I said.

"Damian. Hi." I noticed he sounded strained, hesitant even. "I don't know if I'm stepping out of line, telling you this, but I felt you should know..."

"Know what?"

"I just left a restaurant, and I saw your wife, Amelia, there with another man. It seemed like they were on some kind of date."

"Amelia?" I spat. "Are you sure she's the one?"

"Of course I am. I was at your-"

"Send me the address. Now." I barked.

He rattled it off, and I dashed out the door, pausing only long enough to grab my car keys. I ignored the startled query of my secretary at the reception, hopped into my car, and drove like a maniac to the restaurant. I didn't want to dwell on my inner voice asking me why I was so pissed that she was with another man.

Fuming, I stepped into the restaurant and looked around. And there Amelia was, leaning close to a young man, talking and laughing at something he was saying. What was so funny about whatever he said? Why did she fucking look so happy? Was he the reason she adamantly started a job? Did she want to be closer to that scumbag who didn't care if she was married or not? My jaw twitched with anger, and dangerous thoughts filled my head. How dare he flirt with Amelia? I marched up to them.

"Get up," I growled at Amelia.

"Damian." She gasped. "What- what are you doing here?"

I didn't trust myself to speak without shouting, so I pursed my lips and grabbed her arm, pulling her up and out of the chair.

"Hey, Mister!" The man scrambled to his feet. "You can't do that."

I turned to him, my fist clenched. "Stay the fuck away from my wife!" His eyes widened with shock and I realized Amelia hadn't mentioned she was married. He was hearing it from me for the first time.

Ignoring him, I pulled Amelia towards the door.

"Damian," she hissed, struggling to loosen my grip while shooting embarrassed glances around her. "What the hell are you doing? Let go of me."

I dragged her all the way to the car, shoved her in, locked her door, then slid into the driver's seat. The man she was with stood at the restaurant door, gaping at us.

"How dare you! You can't boss me around! You said I was allowed to do whatever I want!" she raved, pounding on the rolled-up glass. "How dare you treat me like a child."

I turned to her, my anger barely contained. "Do you know what people are going to say? Do you know it was a client of mine that called? You could have jeopardized the whole contract!"

"I don't care!!" She fired back, her eyes glimmering with anger and her chest rising and falling. At that moment, I noticed how beautifully she'd dressed for this man, how her cleavage was nearly pushing out of her dress each time she breathed. Did she do that all for him? Why?

"So you've been sleeping with him," I found myself blurting out. "How long have you been fucking him, Amelia?"

She shot me a fiery glance, and I realized I'd said something very wrong. Instead of replying, she lifted her hand, and I felt it collide with my face in a hot slap. "You may have fucked your cheap mistresses and now believe every woman is cheap. Listen to me. I'm not one of them!"

I stared at her, unable to say another word. With my lips set in a grim line, I turned on the ignition and drove us home in silence.