

The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

Chapter 019

AMELIA

I was so mad. I couldn't recall ever being this pissed in a long, long time, maybe except for the time when Noah had embarrassed me at the mall.

I stole a glance at Damian, who was driving much too fast. It would serve him right if the cops ordered him to pull over and give him a speeding ticket. I could clearly see that his cheek was reddened where I had slapped him. My fingers curled. I did not regret hitting him. Not one bit.

Finally, he drove through the gates of the house. Before he brought the car to a stop, I scrambled out of it, relieved that at some point during the drive, he had unlocked the door.

"For heaven's sake, Amelia!" I heard him growl from behind me. "At least let the damn car stop first."

I took a few steps forward, retraced my steps, slammed the car door as hard as possible, and was satisfied to hear him gasp in surprise. There! I heartily wished something inside had gotten broken. It's good that it was Damian's favorite car, too.

I spun around and marched into the house. What I needed at the moment was a long, cold shower or a hot one, something that would relax me and stop me from continuing to boil in rage. I flung my purse on the sofa and went upstairs to my room.

"Stop right there, Amelia," Damian said.

I gritted my teeth and turned around.

"Don't you dare... Don't you dare bark orders at me," I warned. "Or else..."

"Or else what?"

"Don't test me, Damian. Trust me, you don't want to see me when I'm furious."

"And what the hell will you do if you get furious? You know what, scratch that. What was the meaning of that stunt you pulled? Who was that guy, and why were you on a date with him?"

"It's not your concern," I shouted.

"It is. For now, you are my wife--"

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"This is just a bloody contract marriage, and you know it. The agreement was that we could do whatever we wanted."

"Don't you dare throw my words back in my face," Damian retorted hotly. "I know what I said. When I said you could do anything you wanted, it didn't involve galloping around town with random men."

"Men?" I snorted. "Were you blind? I was at the restaurant with a man. How many other men have you seen me with, not that it's any of your business?"

"Not my business?" Frustrated, he ran his hand through his usually perfectly styled hair, disarranging it. "When will you get into that brain of yours that I am a public figure, a very popular public figure, and that whatsoever you do reflects either positively or negatively on me? I have always tried to teach you how to comport yourself like the wife of a billionaire. The media are always all over me like ants on sugar--"

I gave him a once-over. "Yes. You are very modest," I mocked.

"This isn't about bloody modesty." He raised his voice. "I am simply stating facts. What if some reporter was at the restaurant or in that vicinity and had already taken pictures of you? Do you want your pictures in all the magazines and newspapers with speculations as to what is really happening between us? You didn't even bother to ask how I knew you were with that creep in the first place."

"You are obviously a control freak. So I wouldn't put it past you to have been having me watched or followed. Then, you lied that your client told you. I know men like you!"

Damian gave a short, bitter laugh. "Seriously? You honestly think I have nothing better to do with my time than to monitor your movements?"

I shrugged. "You tell me."

"For your information, and like I said earlier, a client called to tell me that he saw you cozy with some guy. That client is a notorious gossip. Who knows how many others he told of your escapade."

"You know what, Damian? You and your stupid client should really go get a life. Not everything and everyone revolves around you."

Damian took a threatening step towards me. I stood my ground. His eyes narrowed. "Know what I think?"

"That you're an asshole who had absolutely no right to drag me out of the restaurant like I was a child?"

"Well, you behave like a child at every turn, and I think you are stupid and naive."

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I gasped, drew back my hand, and slapped him across the face. "You don't get to slap me again!" he thundered and grabbed my hand.

For the first time that evening, I was scared. Damian looked madder than I had ever seen him. I began to struggle to loosen his grip. His arm slid around my waist and pressed me to him.

I opened my mouth to yell at him to let me go, but the next instant, he mashed his lips against mine. The tip of his tongue invaded my mouth, and I gasped again. Damian's lips were everything I had dreamed of and imagined they would be. I moaned, buried my fingers in his hair, and deepened the kiss.

I shouldn't have been kissing him, not after what happened tonight. But I couldn't help it; I had never been kissed like that before. His kiss was rough, frenzied. I could feel his anger, but underneath all that was the passion and desire for me that was barely restrained.

When Damian finally pulled away, I was dazed and breathless. I gently touched my lips, which were swollen and a little bruised from his punishing kiss. His gray eyes were clouded, misty with desire. I shifted uneasily. An awkward silence stretched between us.

All the anger I had felt earlier had drained away, and I felt more than a little confused. I didn't know how to relate with Damian now. What was I supposed to do after we had shared a kiss? Walk away? Stay? Attempt to kiss him again? I stared down at my knotted fingers.

Ever so slowly, he reached out and tilted my chin up until he was looking me right in the eye, and I knew he could see the passion burning hot and fierce there. His thumb gently ran across my bottom lip.

"Amelia..." he sighed and swallowed, at war with himself.

Then he groaned, hauled me against his body, squeezing me tightly, and his lips molded mine. My thoughts were in a whirl. I couldn't think beyond the feel of my body pressed against his. This form of closeness did not satisfy me for long.

I wanted to feel Damian against me without the restriction of clothes. Half expecting him to pull away because of his phobia of being touched, I slipped my hand into his shirt and caressed his back. He stiffened for a moment, and then his kiss grew more urgent and demanding. He was lost in the moment, as was I.

Growing bolder, my hands traveled across his back, over his shoulders, slid between the waistband of his jeans, and cupped his bottom. Damian moaned into my mouth. Suddenly, he reached down and grabbed me, holding my legs on either side of his. I groaned and ground my hips against his. In this position, I felt his hardness pressing against me.

Then, he carried me up the stairs, taking it two at a time. He slammed the bedroom door behind him as soon as we got in. He let go of me, and I stood on my own feet. Damian swept my hair back with one hand and trailed quick kisses down my neck. Swiftly, he began to undo the zipper of my dress. My skin burned with his touch, but I embraced the warmth and passion that swiveled around us.

When my dress fell to the ground, he stared greedily at my breast, pushing out of my bra. With a slight intake of breath, he quickly undressed himself, tossing his clothes around the room. I had barely gotten a look at his perfect, well-sculpted body before he led me to the bed.

Cool air rushed over my skin, but his gaze scorched me as he stared into my body revealed. He undid my bra; my nipples hardened into points as his fingers grazed them. His hands settled on my hips, and he grabbed my panties at both sides, pushed them down my thighs, and tossed them to the floor.

Our breath rose and fell at the same rhythm. Damian parted my legs and focused his attention there, saying nothing but studying me with hungry eyes. As if he had all the time in the world, he began to run his fingers slowly through my thighs.

Then he slowly plunged a finger deep inside me, then added another, until I cried out and shook with pleasure. He covered my mouth with his in a hot, demanding kiss, his palm cupping my breast and the other ravishing my body.

His lips trailed beautifully down my neck until he wrapped my nipples with his mouth and sucked them gently. I blinked up, dazed by all the desire erupting in me.

My back arched off the bed as I moaned. A myriad of sensations coursed through me, and I suddenly, desperately wanted Damian inside me.

"Please, Damian... Please," I groaned.

He obliged and pressed against me, seeking entry. I lifted my hips to welcome him, and he pressed an inch, and I cried out when he buried himself completely inside me. My body opened and accepted him; my fingers dug deep into his back as he slowly began to move.

He started slowly, waiting for me to catch up to his rhythm, and when he noticed I had, he began to go faster. It was a rough combination of needs and desire, all the desire I'd bottled up for weeks. For minutes, we maintained each other's rhythm until I felt he was holding back, either not to hurt me or for some other reason.

"Let go," I whispered, running my fingers across his hardened chest. "You don't have to hold back."

"I don't think I can stop myself," he groaned, fighting to control himself. But I didn't need that control. Fuck it. I wanted all of him, all of the feelings he had for me, and I wanted him to show them to me.

"Then, don't stop," I told him and pulled him closer. I caught a slight glimmer in his eyes before he pushed himself deeper inside me, stretching me widely.

"You don't know how long I've wanted this," he grunted and slammed inside me. I cried out, a raw combination of pain and passion hitting me. He increased his pace, and my eyes closed as ripples of pleasure rippled through me with each thrust.

With each thrust, I felt myself move closer to release, and I grabbed him tighter. Sweat broke out on my forehead, and my fingers dug into his shoulders as I finally reached climax and exploded. Pleasure surged between us, and I heard him cry out as he joined me, and in that moment, I felt we were meant to be.

I woke up at a few minutes past seven, tired, spent, but satisfied. A smile crept up my lips when I recalled what Damian and I had been up to last night. Languidly, I got up and checked the bathroom.

He wasn't there. One of his briefcases was gone. He had gone to work then, but I wasn't bothered. Again, I smiled and breathed a sigh of satisfaction.