

The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

Chapter 020

DAMIAN

I could not concentrate on work. I saw Amelia's face wherever I looked: in the files I was supposed to be going through, on the screen of my computer, in my head, everywhere. I shoved my fingers through my hair and swore under my breath, irritated and angry with myself. I didn't tolerate this sort of behavior from anyone, especially my staff. I always put my company first and gave a hundred percent at work. Yet here I was, doing the same thing I loathed.

My body craved Amelia's, and I wondered why she affected me this way. I had been with dozens of other women, all exceptionally beautiful and stunning, but I had never craved them the way I did Amelia. I was like a young, inexperienced boy who couldn't get enough of a woman's body. Amelia and I had made love so many times last night that I had lost count, yet all I could think of was kissing her again, hearing her moan softly, and lying in bed with her all day.

I had managed to drag myself up from bed to work. Thank goodness the sheets had been draped over her as she slept. If that perfect body of hers had been laid bare to my view, I'm not sure I would have ever made it to work. The memory of her naked, willing body writhing underneath mine stirred me up. I felt myself hardening in my trousers. I pushed away the files I had been staring blankly at for the last half hour, shot to my feet, cursed, and stomped to the window.

"Get a damn hold of yourself, Damian," I muttered through gritted teeth.

"... sir?"

I half turned and saw my secretary was in the office. I didn't even know when she had come in, and she had been speaking to me.

"What is it?" I asked her without turning away from the window.

"Sir, I asked if you had finished going through the files," she said.

"No. No, I haven't. I will do that later." Later? That was a laugh. I would never be able to do anything productive while in this condition. I glanced at my watch. "I have to leave to attend to something really urgent. I don't exactly know when I will be back, so shift all my appointments."

"Will do that, sir."

When the door closed behind her, I snatched up my jacket and hurried out of the office. The key to getting back control, I thought to myself as I drove quickly to the house, was to get Amelia out of my system. Making love to her several times more would cure me of whatever this was. Yes, that was the solution.

I could hear loud music the moment I stepped through the door. It got louder as I got to the kitchen. Amelia was moving around the kitchen, humming the song and rummaging in the fridge for something. She wore one of my t-shirts that fell below her knees and looked incredibly beautiful.

She didn't notice my presence as I continued to watch her. A spoon fell from her hand onto the floor. She bent to pick it up, and I saw she was wearing absolutely nothing underneath the shirt. I felt the blood surge through my veins. I wanted nothing but to yank that shirt off her and see the rest of that body. I found my feet moving towards her. She stiffened, turned, and registered my presence for the first time.

"Damian," she gasped, big green eyes widening. "What are you doing here? I thought you were at work. Did you forget-"

I splayed my hands on either side of her and pressed my lips to hers, cutting short her questions. She moaned softly and deepened the kiss. That was all she needed to drive me crazy with desire. I quickly wound her hair around my fingers and pressed her to me as my tongue invaded her warm, wet mouth. She responded eagerly to the kiss. I could feel myself lengthening every second, my erection struggling to be let out of my trousers.

Amelia's hand somehow managed to get between our closely pressed bodies. She cupped my hardness from my trousers, and I felt the fragile control I had slip away. I pulled away. I wanted to carry her to the bedroom- any bedroom would do, but I couldn't wait that long. My eyes lingered on the kitchen counter. I grabbed her hips, carried her there, and placed her on it. I breathed heavily, charmed by her. I couldn't think coherently. All I wanted was to bury myself in her. She began to trail kisses down my face while I fumbled with my belt buckle. Finally, my cock sprang free.

I moved her legs and spread them further apart. I slipped a hand between us and found her wet. She'd been dying to be with me. Good. I couldn't wait any more. I paused for only a second and slammed into her. She moaned, her fingernails raking down my back. I clutched her ass and thrust faster, picking up a swift, relentless rhythm. She pumped her hips, meeting every one of my thrusts.

Between us, there was nothing but raw pleasure and passion. She closed her eyes and tilted her head back as I increased my pace. I never knew I'd be fucking Amelia, and now, I didn't know if I would ever stop. Her body had diseased me, and I didn't want to be cured.

"Dam..." I slammed into her before she could finish, and she cried out, her knuckles white from holding onto the counter.

She tightened around me, and I knew I was close. But not before she exploded, screaming my name, and I did the same seconds later. Ever so slowly, I pulled out of her. I leaned my forehead against hers as I panted and fought to bring my breathing under control.

"That was..."

She trailed off, unable to continue.

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"I know," I whispered.

There were no words to describe the earth-shaking experience we had just had. My body seemed to burn from the intensity of our lovemaking. After some moments, I reluctantly stirred. I pulled up my trousers and zipped my fly.

"I need to shower... to cool off so I can be more of myself again," I said.

Amelia smiled in understanding and pressed her legs closed. I shuffled to the bathroom, stripped, and stepped under the shower. I felt pleasantly lethargic, sated, satisfied, and more at ease than I had felt since morning. I glanced at the soap, but it felt like too much work to pick it up, so I just turned the shower on and let the water cascade down my back. The heat made me tired. I leaned against the glass for a brief spell and closed my eyes.

Warm, soapy hands spread across my back, gently massaged my shoulders, and my eyes immediately snapped open.

"It's just me," Amelia whispered against my back as I started to turn. "Let's stay like this for a while."

"I didn't hear you come in," I said.

"No. The shower makes a lot of noise when you turn it all the way up like that. Besides, you looked like you were half asleep in here." And she giggled a beautiful, happy sound that gave me an answering smile.

"Yes, for some reason, I feel exhausted." I paused. "Amelia, you'll get your clothes wet."

"And who said I was wearing any clothes?" She pressed herself against me suggestively, and my blood fired up immediately.

I felt the hard points of her nipples pressing against my back. My heartbeat accelerated as I pictured her behind me, naked and slippery and wet. The languor vanished immediately. It was as if the past few minutes with her in the kitchen had never happened. I wanted her now, and I wanted her badly. She murmured in protest as I turned. I grabbed her, kissing away the water beads on her upturned lips. She gasped when she felt my erection pressing into her abdomen.

I pulled away long enough to pant the words, "Put your hands on my shoulders and hold on."

She did. I wrapped her legs around my waist, pushed myself into her tight sheath, and lost myself in her once again.

After it was over, I gently let her down and dried myself. I managed to slip on some boxers and climbed into bed, exhausted. I felt the bed dip a little and felt Amelia's hand on my shoulder as she said something about baking cookies. I mumbled something in reply and drifted off to sleep.

I woke up an hour later feeling very refreshed. A glance at the clock told me I had slept for over an hour. Just as I wondered where Amelia was, she peered around the door, saw I was awake, and came in.

"Good timing," she chirped.

"Hey, you."

She was now wearing shorts over my shirt, which was fortunate. At least I could now think clearly.

"I baked some cookies," she said.

She uncovered a dish on the tray she placed on the bed.

I stifled a yawn as I peered into the dish. "This looks really delicious. I heard you say something about baking, but I thought I was dreaming."

"Why don't I feed you?" she said as I reached for a cookie.

I leaned back on the pillow and grinned up at her. "Knock yourself out."

She scooted closer to me and began to feed me the cookies. By her free and straightforward manner, I knew she had lost her reservations about me. Yet, I was bothered by one question in my head. Was I falling in love with this woman? Or was it just pleasure?