

The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

Chapter 025

DAMIAN

I snapped my fingers impatiently at my secretary.

"Reread it," I said as I continued to move around the office.

Her brief glance at me hinted at her surprise. Then, she began for the third or fourth time to read to me the reports on the progress of the bullet train railway project that we were handling.

"The engineers say the project is expected to take a minimum of..."

Again, I stopped paying attention to what she was saying. Her voice merely droned on in the background. I had tried reading the report myself, but it had been so damn hard to focus, and so I had enlisted the help of my secretary to read it to me. It had made no difference because my thoughts had kept on straying.

Since getting the contract for the railway project, I have focused all my attention on the project's success. I knew, as did anyone with half a brain that the successful execution of this project would pave the way for more projects in the future. Still, the real reason I spent almost my every waking moment at the office or the site was because I needed a distraction from Amelia.

Now, the distraction of work was no longer working. I couldn't concentrate, couldn't do anything productive. Today, I was as useless as a dummy at work all because I couldn't get Amelia out of my head. My secretary cleared her throat loudly, drawing my attention back to her. She took a sip of water on the table at her side and went on reading. She was at the part about quotations for the materials we would need for the project.

"Stop," I told her.

She blinked. "What?"

"It's okay. Stop reading."

She flipped through the documents. "But sir, I'm not done yet."

"I know."

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She nodded, gathered up the documents and her laptop, and began to hurry to the door as though she was afraid that I would change my mind and have her go again through the reports that I had not been paying attention to. After taking one more turn around the room, I decided that a change of environment would probably do me good to help clear my head. I took the elevator to the floor beneath mine to see one of my staff who worked closely with me to head the project.

I met him in the corridor, probably coming from some office or the other. He looked surprised to see me.

"You wanted to see me, sir?" he said, and I nodded curtly. "You could have sent for me. I would have come--"

"No need. I wanted to come down here."

"Okay. I'm sure you want to go over the reports I sent to your secretary--"

"Not yet," I cut in again. "I er- haven't had time to do that yet."

He blinked. If I were not his boss, he probably would have asked me to explain why I was supposed to be in my office, handling the paperwork that had to do with the project, but here I was. He nodded and said nothing and began filling me in on the details of what he was working on. I was surprised when I found myself in front of the cafeteria. I looked around, slightly confused.

"Everyone on my team is on lunch break, sir. I was about to grab some lunch, too. It's lunchtime," he said, correctly guessing the bent of my thoughts.

"Oh."

I glanced at my watch. It was lunchtime, but I couldn't tell whether I was hungry or thirsty, or tired or... Hell! I couldn't even tell whether I was on my head or heels. I felt all hot and bothered, even though the air conditioning system in the building was functioning perfectly. I was about to walk away, but he was already pushing the cafeteria door open, so I followed him inside. My staff were sitting around, eating their lunch. The men on the table we approached rose to greet me, then sat back down to continue eating. The project's team lead beckoned to one of the men, who promptly approached us.

"Mr Donovan," said the team lead. "He will be in a better position to tell you how much work the workers had done today. He just returned from the site about an hour ago."

The man he had called forward began talking as he carefully wrapped the doughnut he had been eating in a serviette. For some reason, I couldn't take my eyes off the pastry. It somehow reminded me of Amelia, who would no doubt be hard at work right now at her bakery, her lithe form encased in those really tight jeans she liked wearing to work.

An image came unbidden of the one time I had seen her in the kitchen, not appropriately dressed and cooking up a storm like she sometimes did, but dressed in one of my baggy t-shirts.

Then she had bent to pick something up, exposing a glimpse of her naked bottom to my view, and at that moment, I had wanted nothing more than to take out my hard-on, place it between those soft, firm globes of her bottom, revel in the feel of her as I grasped her hips and worked my way into her, while she threw her head back and moaned my name as she always did when she came.

"Shit!" I muttered to myself as I felt my member stir in my pants at my wanton thoughts.

I folded my arms loosely around my groin before anyone else could notice the slight distension in my trousers.

"Sir?" the two men said in unison.

I flushed. "Nothing. I just remembered that I have to be somewhere now."

I hurried out of the cafeteria before they could respond, went to my office, and grabbed my things. I badly needed to work out the lust from my system so that I could be myself again.

"Hey," I said as I poked my head through the door of my secretary's office as I headed out. She stopped typing at once and gave me her full attention. "I'm going somewhere. Shift all of my appointments, if there are any..." I trailed off and grimaced when I realized that I could not remember if I had any important appointments for today, even though I remembered my secretary reading my day's schedule out to me this morning.

"And er- if there's anything really important you need to contact me about, you can call me," I went on.

I was hurrying to the elevator before her door had closed. I turned on the ignition of my car and quickly dialed Jada's number. I felt sure that Jada, one of the most recent in my long line of mistresses, would take care my... needs.

"Why, hello, handsome," she purred. "Long time, no see. I've been--"

"Are you home?" I croaked.

"You're in luck. I am."

"I'm coming to you," I said and rang off immediately to concentrate on my driving.

Jada was at the door to welcome me as soon as I pulled up in front of her house about thirty minutes later. In half an hour, she seemed to have already gotten herself ready for me. Her raven black hair fell in waves across her shoulders. The mascara she had applied made her pretty brown eyes pop. I caught a whiff of her seductive perfume long before I got to her.

"Jada..." I breathed as I reached out to enfold her in my arms.

She giggled and danced backward out of my reach.

"Easy, Romeo. We don't want to do it on the doorstep, do we? My bedroom is much more... comfortable."

She led me to the bedroom, holding the tip of my tie, swaying her ample hips as she walked. I stared, trying to empty my mind of thoughts of Amelia. She looked over her shoulder and tipped me a suggestive wink. Once we got into her bedroom, Jada gently pushed me until I was sitting on the bed. She straddled me and pressed her lips to mine. I kissed her- or tried to. The feeling of her lips and her body against mine did nothing to arouse me.

With deft fingers, she unbuttoned my shirt and began trailing kisses down my torso just the way I liked it. She cupped my groin and slipped the other hand into my pants. I didn't stir at all, like the way I had when I had thought of Amelia. With a sinking heart, I realized that I was no longer sexually attracted to Jada. As she began to unbuckle my belt, I gently but firmly placed my hands on her hips and got her off me.

"I'm sorry. This isn't working," I said as I quickly buttoned up my shirt and trousers.

She stared at me, her mouth agape. "But Damian... that can't--"

"I'm sorry," I said again as I stalked out of the room and her house.