

# The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

## Chapter 026

AMELIA

My heart stuttered for a second as I smelled his perfume and felt the sheets slowly peel off me.

"Damian," I whispered because we were in the dark, and it seemed only fitting to whisper in the dark. "How- when did you get in here?"

My last word ended in a groan as I felt him plant a burning kiss on my back. I tried to turn, but his body was pressed against my back.

"Sssh," he whispered.

Damian swept the sheets onto the floor. His hands slid underneath my nightie. He wrapped one hand around my waist, and the other made its way to knead my breasts. He tugged on my nipples and rubbed them between his fingers.

"Damian... please..." I moaned.

"Hush now," Damian murmured, his lips close to my ear.

This was torture: the constant mood swings, the attitude he gave me and the unsure feelings he planted in my head. Yet, I wanted to kiss him. I wanted to touch him, but his arm prevented me from moving an inch. And then suddenly, he flipped me over until I was lying on my back. I couldn't feel him anywhere close to me or around me. Only the faint whiff of his perfume told me that he was still in the same room with me. I opened my eyes; I wasn't aware I had closed and looked around. It was pitch black. The night was moonless, and I could not see a thing.

The next instant, I heard the soft rustle of clothes and felt his hands grip my thighs, roughly pulling them apart. Then his mouth was on me, between my legs. I whimpered. My legs shook, and just as I reached for him to press his mouth closer to my wetness, he shifted to fasten his lips to my oversensitive nipples. My eyes rolled back in my head at the sensory overload. When I thought I could not take it anymore, Damian slid a finger inside me. Just as my body began to get used to its intrusive feeling, he slid another finger in and yet another.

Slowly, torturously, he pushed his fingers in and out, aided by my slickness. My nails raked across his back. My mouth fell open as I tried to absorb the pleasure he was giving me. I tried to hold out for a few more seconds but couldn't. I sobbed with pleasure as I felt the climax coming on like a crashing wave. Damian suddenly withdrew his fingers and stopped all movement.

"No!" I shrieked, frustrated that he stopped when I was so close to the edge.

He nudged my legs apart with his knees. He pressed down against me, and I sucked in a breath when I felt his erection slowly press against my core, seeking a way in. I arched my back to take him in, and a little moan escaped my lips as he thrust into me.

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My eyes fluttered, then flew open with a sharp intake of breath. It was all a dream, I realised sadly as sweat trickled down my back. The bird kept screeching as it flew past my window. The sound soon faded. With a shaky hand, I turned on the bedside lamp, flooding the area around the bed with a soft, warm glow. I wrapped my arms around myself as I tried to calm my erratic breathing. When that didn't work, I strode over to the window. I didn't take up to a couple of steps before I realized that my panties were soaking wet. I ached and burned for release. My nipples tingled at the slightest contact with my nightdress.

Damn! I could not remember the last time I had felt so aroused. It was hard to believe that it had just been a dream. It had all felt so real. I drew a chair close to the open window, sat and turned my burning face to the cool night air. It took another hour before I could get back to sleep.

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I didn't feel well-rested when I woke up the following day. The dream had rented a whole lot of space in my head. Even the long, cold shower I took didn't do much to help. I got dressed and shuffled into the kitchen to see what I could take for breakfast. I was there before I noticed Damian was sipping a steaming cup of coffee and reading a newspaper. Those grey eyes met mine, and the sensations I felt, or thought I felt last night, came rushing back.

"Good morning," I croaked. I grabbed a bottle of water I didn't want from the counter and dashed out of the place before he could respond and before I could make an ass of myself. I didn't go to the kitchen again or any part of the house until I was sure he wasn't there. After eating my breakfast alone, I hurried off to work.

The key, I thought to myself, several hours later, was keeping busy. As long as I kept my mind occupied, the stupid fantasies I kept having about Damian didn't keep playing in my head. I decided to keep myself busy with baking for an important client.

"Madam." I turned. Ashley was at the door. "Some men are here to see you."

My brow furrowed. "Some men?"

Ashley nodded and got all dewy-eyed. "Yes. Your husband, Mr Donovan, is with them."

Damian? What on earth was he even doing here? I wiped my suddenly sweaty palm on my apron and quickly checked my phone. He had not left a message to inform me of his arrival here. And then I heard his deep, quiet voice just outside, talking to someone. He laughed. The next second, Damian walked into the kitchen, closely followed by several other men. Ashley instantly stepped aside for them to pass but kept staring after Damian in a flirty manner. She glanced at me, flushed, recollected herself and slipped out of the kitchen. My heart stopped, then started again when Damian briefly enfolded me in his arms.

"Hi, honey," he murmured, smiling down at me, a smile that didn't reach his eyes.

"Damian." I also managed a smile for our audience.

He shifted, giving me a clear view of the men he had come with. I was immensely grateful that he didn't casually drape an arm over my shoulder or waist like usual when we were in public. I didn't think my heart could have had that much physical contact. Still, I was intensely aware of him as he stood beside me and introduced the men, his business partners, who took turns shaking my hand.

"It's lovely having you all here," I said when the introductions were done.

"I'm glad we came," said one of them. "We decided to have our business lunch there, and judging by the mouthwatering stuff I spied on in your showroom, I think we came to the right place."

His colleagues laughed. I laughed along with them, even though that was the last thing I felt like doing.

"We came to see you at work here," Matt said. "Now, we'll go get ourselves something to eat. I'm starved."

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"Alright. My staff will attend to you. I'll be with you all shortly."

The oven timer pinged, and I turned it off. I tried to get myself under control. I took several deep breaths and moved absentmindedly around the kitchen, picking and dropping things, adjusting a knob here, a dial there, thinking of how I would face Damian again. The hug had left me giddy, even though I knew it was just for the benefit of his business partners. I finally ended up in front of the oven. I frowned as I stared at it. Something wasn't right, but what was it?

"Shit! The cake!" I exclaimed and turned the rail off.

In my preoccupation, I had turned on the oven again. When I eventually brought out the cake, the burnt smell alone told me that it was ruined. Not wanting to but having to, I went to see Damian and his business partners. I found them already eating. While avoiding eye contact with Damian, I smiled, nodded when they spoke, and said a few words I couldn't even remember as soon as they were out of my mouth. Then I turned and escaped to the kitchen, fighting the urge to run there. I locked myself in.

"Calm down, Amelia. Calm down," I told myself over and over again.

A knock sounded on the door a couple of minutes later.

"Who's there?" I called.

I waited for an answer, but the knock only repeated. I unlocked the door. Standing right in front of me was the man in my dreams. I opened my mouth to say something, probably to ask him why he wasn't out there, eating with the rest. Not a sound came out.

Damian's brow furrowed. "Amelia, are you okay? You looked really pale and tense."

"I-I'm fine," I stuttered.

He came further into the room. I took a small step backwards. Damian noticed the movement. His hand shot out. He grabbed my arm and pulled me close.