

The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

Chapter 028

DAMIAN

"I hate what you do to me," the words kept replaying in my head repeatedly. But what hurt me the most was the look on her face when she said that. I didn't want to hurt her. I didn't.

Leaning back in my [Q chair](#), I stared and kept staring at one of the plaques that decorated the walls of my office. It had a considerable amount of words written on it, outlining a series of mottos people were supposed to live by, but what my eyes kept getting stuck on was the word 'admit'. That word called to me.

I sighed. With every day that passed, I was beginning to admit to myself that I had never enjoyed sex as much as I did with Amelia. She was like a virus in my blood, some sort of drug that I couldn't get out of my system. Had I thought that having sex with her the second time would rid me of my craving for her? That was a laugh! In retrospect, I would say that going back for more had even worsened the situation.

It would be liberating to have someone to talk about this to, someone who would talk some sense into me. My eyes lighted on my phone, and I sat up quickly. Of course, I had someone- Anton. I dialled his number at once, hoping he was currently not working. Anton picked up at the first ring.

"Damian," he said. "Long time, no speak. I thought you had completely forgotten that I existed. Out of sight, out of mind, aye?"

"I could say the same thing about you, but don't exaggerate, please. I spoke to you a few days ago, on Monday, if I'm not mistaken."

"Ah. It feels like ages ago. Time seems to go by really slowly here in Paris."

"Hmm. I would have thought it was the exact opposite."

"No. No." And he began to tell me all about his dealings in Paris. I was lucky to have called while he was relaxing in his hotel room before he left for a much-talked-about fashion show. Anton had gone to Paris a while ago. He was working on signing a popular model based in Paris to model for his fashion brand.

"I'm making progress, I guess," he finally said. "The model's a bit temperamental, so I'm walking on eggshells here, but I'm getting there. I just have to keep coaxing her until she signs, and then-" He sucked in a deep breath. "I'll finally be able to breathe again. Enough about me. So, tell me. How are things at your end?"

I said nothing, wondering where to begin.

"Ah, the pregnant pause." There was a creak as Anton settled into his [Q chair](#). "Tell me what's going on, Damian."

"It's... Amelia. I think- I know I am getting attracted to her. And by attracted, I mean seriously drawn to her."

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There was a moment of surprised silence. The muted sound of a television in the background abruptly ceased, and then he spluttered. "But-but how? Why?"

"I don't know." I started to shove my fingers through my hair but forced myself to stop. It was something I had been doing lately. A glimpse of my reflection in the polished surface of my portrait on the desk showed me my hair was in disarray. "I can't explain it. It just... happened."

"Just happened? I find that hard to believe. Something must have led to this... attraction, as you call it."

"It's just that I have been finding it increasingly difficult to avoid her since we are staying in the same house."

Anton snorted. "Damian, your place can hardly be referred to as a house. It's a freaking mansion with a whole lot of rooms. You could even arrange it so that you two actually don't have to see each other. Your place is that big."

"I tried. Trust me, I tried. Amelia and I have separate bedrooms, but the things her asshole of an ex-husband did to her and kept doing to her... it almost broke her. I found myself trying to comfort her as best as I could. One thing led to another, and then..."

"And then?" he prompted.

"And then we had sex."

"Shit!"

"Yeah. Shit is right," I said gloomily.

"Well, at least it was a one-time thing, right?"

"Er-"

"It wasn't? Damnit, Damian! How many times?"

I undid the top button on my shirt and fiddled with my tie, which suddenly felt way too tight. Damn! Even thinking of Amelia and I having sex was getting me worked up.

"How many times, Damian?" Anton asked again.

"Several times," I replied. "I've kind of lost count."

Anton groaned. "You- Damn! This is not good."

"Tell me about it."

"Okay. Now listen. You've made a mistake. You weren't supposed to get under the sheets with her, but that's done. It happened, and you can't take it back. But it would be best if you did not let your feelings get involved in all this. If you do, it will be a regular shitstorm. Remember the plan?"

"Yes. Yes."

Anton had been the one to come up with the plan for me to get married to Amelia, the then-wife of my biggest rival, to propose a contract marriage that would run for a year, to use the marriage to secure possession of my late uncle's company and to tick Noah off. That was killing three birds with one stone. Only now, the plan seemed to be unravelling right before me. I was doing most of the unravelling, and I could have kicked myself for it.

"Then stick with the plan, or you will end up ruining everything," Anton advised. "Remember that a relationship with Amelia is the last kind of complication you need in your life now."

"I know. I'll get her out of my system... somehow."

"You do that," Anton said, softening now. "I know she's a beautiful woman, but she's off limits. A year will soon come and go, and everything will return to normal."

"Can't wait," I said with feeling.

"Yeah. Also, as your moral support, I will be back as soon as I wrap things up at this end. For now, just hang in there, man."

I promised I would, though I couldn't help wondering if I could keep my promise. Hadn't I promised myself several times that the last time would actually be the last time I touched Amelia? And then what had I done each of those times? I had crawled right back into her bed. I forced myself to listen to Anton and answer his questions about work and other stuff. A door opened at his end, and I heard a woman's voice, heavily accented, call his name and say something else.

"My model's here, and I've got to go," he said.

"I'll keep in touch."

It was a few minutes to closing time, so I gathered my things and cleared my desk. Before heading home, I decided to stop at a mall to pick up a few things I needed. I waved off the mall assistant's offer of help to wheel my cart when she realized who I was.

I was studying different aftershave brands, deciding whether to switch things up a little and try something new, when someone called my name. I stiffened. I knew that voice. Slowly, I set the bottles of aftershave down before turning.

"Damian," Lucy said, beaming at me like we were long-lost friends. "I was over there-" She pointed an aisle a few paces off. "-when I thought I spotted you. In fact, I was pretty sure you were the one. Not a lot of men have your build, you know. You're quite a head turner."

"Ah. I see. Did you want something?" I gestured to the shelf I was at and shifted away from it.

She flashed a smile. "No. I just came over to say hello."

"Well then... hello."

"Oh, Damian." She fluttered her lashes and stepped closer until she was right in my face, and I could smell her cloying, designer perfume. "You're really a man of very few words, as they say. I guess that is part of your appeal. I'm so sorry that we didn't have any opportunity to really talk the last time we met at the mayor's place. You know, that evening, I couldn't help wishing that it was just the two of us, having dinner, talking, chatting. I bet I could listen to you talk all day. I'm sure you wouldn't be a bore." She tossed her long, blonde hair over her shoulder. "I don't like men who bore me."

"Of course you don't."

Noah was undoubtedly beginning to bore her already, or she wouldn't be here, shamelessly flirting with me. The woman had all the morals of a tomcat. Something in my tone made Lucy's smile slip for the first time.

"Well, Lucy. I'm glad we've finally had this... talk you've been dreaming of. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to run."

I gave her a stiff bow. The smile on her face was now more like a grimace. I turned on my heel and left.