

The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

Chapter 030

AMELIA

"You came here straight from the bakery?"

Damian's quiet voice nearly made me jump off the couch in surprise. As I did every time I came home, I flopped down on the living room couch and began to massage my aching feet. Damian was never in sight when I returned. He [specialized](#) in always keeping out of my way except for the few occasions when we got thrown together, and he couldn't keep his hands off me.

I had expected him, as usual, to be holed up in his room or his study, as he always was, so I didn't notice him sitting on one of the couches. He raised his brows when I did not answer and put away a book I suspected he had not been reading. He had the air of someone who wanted to get something off his chest.

"Er- good evening, Damian," I answered, wondering why he was suddenly interested in where I had been. He inclined his head in response to my greeting and repeated his question. "Yes, I came straight from the bakery."

He glanced at the clock. I followed the direction of his gaze and grimaced. It was some minutes after 10! I hadn't realized it was as late as all that.

"You're late." His brow furrowed in disapproval.

"Yes." I paused, then said. "Is there anything you wanted me to do for you?"

Was he hungry? Surely, he wouldn't wait up for me before having dinner. He hardly ever ate anything I cooked. Besides, the housekeeper must be somewhere around and would not wait to be told to rustle him up something to it.

Damian gave me a searching look and ignored my question. "Is this the usual time you close from work? I would have thought you would have closed hours earlier."

I frowned. Damian's tone was clipped. He seemed to have a bee in his bonnet about something, though for my life, I could not figure out what that 'something' was.

"We finished past 8," I explained. "It was a really busy day. We had a lot of orders to send out."

Damian cut in. "Something your staff couldn't handle? I believe you have enough employees to run the place. Or am I wrong?"

"Yes... but I had to stay to oversee things there. And then, when I finally left, there was crazy traffic. I was even stuck at a spot for like an hour."

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Damian made an impatient gesture. "8 p. m, 10 p. m. What is the difference really? They are really late hours for someone to return from work."

"Yeah. Well, I don't know about that, but business is going really well, and that's why we close late. That's a good thing, right?"

"Wrong."

I blinked. "What?"

"It's wrong for you to return from work around this time consistently. You've been doing this for quite a while now."

"And why is it wrong? Don't you want me to work anymore?"

"Of course I do. But when I told you to work, to start a business, I don't recall ever advising you to work yourself to death."

"Work myself to..." I scoffed. "Have I ever complained to you or anyone about the workload?"

"You don't need to," he answered quietly with a pointed glance at my foot.

I was still massaging my foot longer than I intended, and I stopped immediately. Damian suddenly leaned forward, his arms hanging loosely around his knees.

"Look, Amelia. I don't know why I keep hammering on this every time, but I would have thought you'd have seen where I'm coming from by now. You're a very wealthy woman now, and that bakery is entirely yours. Yours," he repeated, wanting the fact to sink in.

"I'm perfectly aware of that," I said, a tad impatiently, unsure I liked where this conversation was heading. "You've done a great job reminding me that I own the bakery."

"Good. Good. Since you are aware of that fact, that means as an entrepreneur, you also know that the people you employ are there to help lessen your workload. Since the bakery is up and running, you can relax and take a breather. Let your workers earn their pay. I mean, today is Saturday. You're just burning yourself out. Get used to having money and power. You don't have to go to work every single day of the week."

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"I don't?"

"Of course you don't."

"Oh. Care to explain why the rules are different for you?"

"I don't understand."

I rolled my eyes. "You don't have a sound argument here, Damian. You are an entrepreneur, too. You own your companies, and yet you still work around the clock. I suspect you'll even want to sleep at the office sometimes if it is at all possible. So... tell me. Why are the rules different for me?"

Damian opened his mouth to speak but shut it. He did this several times, looking for a suitable comeback. He found none. Despite his opinion on how to run my bakery, he found no excuse for himself. He pushed to his feet and grabbed his book.

"I'm going to bed," he said stiffly and marched upstairs to his room.

I kept staring at him until he was out of sight. He wanted me to take time off from work. Fat chance of that happening! Work was what I used to get my mind off him. It didn't always work, but it was all I had.

With a sigh, I rose from my position and went to bed. Marriage was challenging, but it was even more tasking to be married to a cold-hearted man.

When I woke up the following day, I did not feel well-rested at all. My body ached, and I had a slight headache. And I worried that it was the type that would steadily get worse as the day progressed.

After I had dragged myself out of bed and shuffled around the room aimlessly for a while, I just knew that I would not be able to go to work today. I was stressed out. It was more prudent for me to rest instead of breaking down. It seemed Damian would get his wish of me taking a break from work after all. I smiled wryly at the thought.

"I won't be able to come today," I told Ashley over the phone minutes after deciding to stay home. "Can you all hold the forte while I'm away?"

"Yes, ma'am. Of course. We'll handle everything here."

"Good."

I rang off, stretched and went over to the window. Damian was getting to his car on his way to work. Up ahead, the housekeeper was moving away, done with her duties for the morning at least.

As I watched, Damian drove away. I winced at the slow ache in my bones. I knew just the thing for it. I ran myself a hot, milky bath. Stripping, I stepped into the tub.

I groaned in pleasure as I felt the water instantly relax me. The milk extract seeped into my skin, making me feel almost better. The steam from the water made me pleasantly lethargic. I leaned my head back and dozed off a little. I made a mental note to myself to do this more often.

An hour later, I came out of my doze with a start. I rinsed off, dried my body and returned to my bedroom. I hesitated at my wardrobe door with my hands on a shirt.

I was the only one in the house now, so what was the point of putting on clothes? Unclad and feeling much more relaxed and wide awake, I went to the living room and turned on the music player. I scrolled through a list of songs on my phone, and soon enough, the rich, soulful voice of Elvis Presley singing 'Always on My Mind' came from the speakers.

I went to the kitchen, having been seized with an idea to make a red velvet cake I could store in the fridge and snack on while at home.

As I poured the cake mix into a mould and placed it into the oven, my favourite song on the playlist, 'Can't help falling in love with you', came on. I reached for my phone, increased the music volume and put it on repeat. I did a slow, solitary waltz around the kitchen as I washed up everything I had used.

The cake was not due for another fifteen minutes after I had tidied up. I glided to the sitting room, intending to loll on the sofa for a while and finish reading a magazine I hadn't finished going through yesterday.

"Darling, so it goes. Some things are meant to be," I sang. "Take my hand. Take my... Shit!" I swore and stopped short.

My hands automatically flew to cover my breasts and my crotch. Right in front of me and staring was a tall, ridiculously handsome, broad-shouldered man. The shock I felt at seeing him inside the house was mirrored in his light blue eyes.