

The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

Chapter 031

DAMIAN

I was oddly tense, and I didn't know why. Or maybe I did, and I was trying to shelve my feelings. Perhaps if I didn't acknowledge them, they would fade away. Beside me, Anton was droning on and on about all he had gotten up to with the Paris model, now in his employ. Anton, naturally, was an excellent conversationist and a good storyteller, and usually, I would be neck-deep in his stories, laughing and asking for more details.

But not today.

"Hey, Damian. Are you even listening to me?"

His enquiry brought me back to the present. I nodded and forced my facial muscles to relax into a smile.

"Of course I am," I replied. "Go on. And the fashion shows you went to? Did you get any new design ideas?"

I had said the right thing. Anton's eyes lit up in excitement. He continued talking animatedly, waving his fork about and jabbing it in the air sometimes to emphasise his point while I tried to keep an interested expression on my face.

And then she came into the room, bearing, by the aroma of it, a tray filled with dessert to round off the excellent dinner she had prepared. It was funny how I knew she had entered the dining room, even though she moved quietly and my back was turned to her. I didn't want her to notice the effect she had on me, the way she made me feel whenever she was close.

My whole body was attuned to her. If Anton, a dinner guest, were not here, I knew that I would have probably broken the rule to limit my sexual activity with her. Amelia drove me crazy. How on earth would a man leave a woman like this? I poured out a generous amount of the wine in front of me. I would need lots of liquid courage if I were going to make it through dinner with Amelia sitting beside me, her perfume continuously wafting towards me.

"Here we are, gentlemen," Amelia said, beaming as she set the tray on the dining table. "Dessert."

Anton stared at the tray contents, which she uncovered and made an appreciative noise.

"That looks scrumptious," he said. "And that's saying something because what I've got right here-" He pointed at his almost finished plate of food. "-has to be the best meal I've had in a long, long time."

Amelia, still smiling, waved off his compliments. "Oh. It's nothing. I'm sure you're just flattering me."

"I'm not. Damian knows I'm not. This is delicious, isn't it, Damian?"

I nodded, and because they both looked at me expecting me to say something more, I said, "It is."

If you are not reading this book from the website: novel5s.com then you are reading a pirated version with incomplete content. Please visit novel5s.com and search the book title to read the entire book for free

Amelia's smile faltered a bit when our eyes met. The air was thick with the chemistry, like electricity, that flowed between us, and then Anton said something that I didn't quite catch, perhaps a request for her to sit down because she promptly drew up her chair closer to the table and sat.

Anton then engaged her in conversation. I had told Amelia of Anton's visit and made brief introductions when he had come to the house for dinner. Still, Amelia had disappeared into the kitchen to continue the dinner preparations, which she had insisted on doing alone. This was the first time they really got talking.

"It's really a pleasure meeting you, Mrs Donovan-" Anton said after a brief lull in conversation.

"Oh. There's no need for such formalities. Please, call me Amelia."

Anton flashed a smile. "Pleasure meeting you, Amelia. Though I kind of wish... this was our first meeting. The first one was awkward, don't you think?"

Amelia opened her mouth to answer but smiled. I put down my glass, stared at them suspiciously and said, "Have you two met before?"

Anton had returned from Paris barely a few days ago, and this was the first time I was inviting him over. Unless he had run into Amelia somewhere else...

"Yes. Yes. We have met before," Anton said.

By the twinkle in Anton's eyes, I could tell there was a story here.

"How? When?" I asked.

"Well, Damian, like I said, it's a kind of awkward story-"

"But I want to hear it," I insisted.

Anton shot a look at Amelia as though gauging her reaction. She did not in the least look put out by whatever it was Anton had to say.

He then faced me. "So er- on my first day back from Paris, I thought I would just pop into your house and surprise you. When we spoke on the phone the previous day, you said something about how your work schedule had not been as choking as it had been for the last few days, so I assumed that you would be at home the next day, getting some well-deserved rest. But I didn't consider that you love nothing more than to bury yourself in work most of the time." He shook his head and tutted in disapproval. "So I got here, heard music. The song playing is my all-time favourite, 'Can't Help Falling in Love with You' by Elvis Presley. Great song. I knocked on the door and kept knocking. There was no response. Since I was sure someone was in the house, it made no sense for me to drive away. The door was unlocked. I came into the house, sure that I would find you asleep on the couch or something, but instead, I saw... Amelia, and for a second there, I couldn't believe my eyes. She was dancing into the living room, singing too, but she had no clothes on."

"What?" I shouted.

My fingers clenched around the table's edge, but Anton was not looking at me but at Amelia.

"I hope you don't feel uncomfortable with my story. I didn't want to talk about it, but he insisted."

"No. It doesn't really." Impossibly, Amelia giggled. "After I got over the shock days later, I realised how funny it was. You should have seen the look on your face."

"And you should have seen the look on yours." Anton laughed. "It looked like you were about to have a heart attack right there. I've never seen someone dive for cover like you did, Amelia. You turned away even faster than I did."

They both began to giggle like idiots, and I kept both hands clenched around the table so that I wouldn't react. Anger had my body trembling as I pictured Anton seeing Amelia naked.

She hadn't even deemed it fit to tell me about the unfortunate incident before now! Amelia and Anton went on and on about the incident until I thought my head would explode. It was as though they were deliberately taunting me.

Just when I felt I could not take it anymore, Amelia asked Anton to tell her about his trip to Paris.

"Oh. It was splendid," he said. "I've been there several times on business and for pleasure. Have you ever been there?"

Amelia looked fascinated. "No."

"So many beautiful spots to visit. There are so many beautiful women, but you'll give them a run for their money, Amelia. You're way prettier than several women put together, and that's saying a lot. I work closely with models, you know. It's a shame you're into baking. If you ever decide to go into modelling, give me a call. You'll be a smashing success."

Amelia smiled and blushed at his compliment.

"Well, you're not bad-looking yourself, Anton," she said, and I nearly choked on my wine.

"Are you okay, Damian?" Amelia asked, wide-eyed with concern.

Lost in the world of this story? Make sure you're on Novel5s.com to catch every twist and turn. The next chapter awaits, exclusively on our site. Dive in now!

"I'm fine," I growled.

That was all the notice Amelia and Anton took of me throughout the meal. Anton had her in stitches with stories about his work and places he had travelled to. He kept making flirtatious comments, and she lapped it up like water. I had never seen her so relaxed with anyone like she was with him. All in all, I was glad when dinner was over, and Amelia said she had to make some calls.

"Thanks for dinner and conversation," Anton said, clasping her hand warmly. "I hope you and Damian will invite me over again."

"Of course we will, and next time, I'll cook you something even better," she said.

"Drinks," I said when she had left the room.

I had almost singlehandedly finished the bottle of wine.

"Er- what's that?" Anton asked.

"I need something to drink," I said.

"Good idea," Anton said, but I was already marching towards the mini-bar before he could leave his seat.

I sipped my drink in a moody silence.

"Damian, now I understand why you are taken with her. Amelia is very charming and extremely beautiful. She-"

"Give it a rest, Anton!" I bellowed before I could stop myself. "You kept saying that all through dinner! One more comment about her and I'll- I'll-" I stopped, not quite knowing what I would do. Anton gaped at me and gave a long, low whistle.

"Damn! Damian. We've got a problem. A real big problem," he murmured.