

The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

Chapter 032

DAMIAN

"What problem?"

Anton cocked an eyebrow. "You're clearly in love with her. Can't you see that?"

I scoffed. "In love? That's quite funny. Why would I fall in love with Amelia? Is she any different from all the women I've been with?"

Anton crossed his arms and leaned closer to me. "I'm tempted to believe you, but I have eyes, Damian. And what they tell me is far from what you're saying. You almost exploded because I called her beautiful. You were jealous. Jealousy is an extra package that accompanies love."

"I'm not jealous." I gulped down the contents of my glass. "I don't want you to flirt with my wife or talk about her, especially when she can hear you."

"Ok," Anton smiled, and I knew he was up to something. "Let's believe you don't love Amelia. I want to take you back to your old self. You've become boring. If you don't love your wife, you wouldn't mind having an erotic life, would you?"

I stared back at him intensely, torn between accepting his crude plan to distract me from Amelia or remaining loyal to her even though it was just a marriage in name.

"Fine." I took a deep breath. "Cheers to our upcoming erotic lives."

I looked up from the papers I was reading and signing and gave Anton a half-amused, half-irritated look. He drummed his fingers steadily on my desk as he looked around my office.

"Do you mind, Anton?" I gestured to the documents in front of me. "I'm trying to concentrate here, and you're making a racket."

"A racket? Hmm." He stopped drumming and looked at his fingers like he had never seen them before. "Well, I'm getting a little impatient. Aren't you done with that yet?"

"No."

"How much longer?"

"Just a few minutes longer."

Anton rolled his eyes at the ceiling. "And that was exactly what you said a few minutes ago."

I grinned and resumed signing. Anton had come into my office a few minutes ago, just when I was about to close for the day. He had asked me to accompany him somewhere, though where exactly that was, he refused to say.

"Done," I said a few minutes later, signing my name with a flourish and placing it on the side of my desk where my secretary would find it.

Anton happily sprang to his feet. "About time. Let's get going."

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He kept handing me my personal effects, which I stuffed into my briefcase, and then we were off.

"Where exactly are we going?" I asked Anton as he sped through the late evening traffic.

He took his eyes off the road momentarily to grin at me.

"You'll see. It's a surprise, but one I'm sure you will love," he said confidently.

"I hope so." I relaxed against the car seat. I would rather be home, resting. Work today had been very strenuous. We soon drove through a business district of malls, bars, and clubs.

"Are we going to get drinks? If that was the plan, we could have had a drink or two at my office or our bar."

"Not just drinks, Damian."

He exited the car and gestured for me to do the same. I took in my environment and saw that we had stopped in front of a nightclub.

"The night is still young, but it doesn't mean we can't have a little fun. Come on in," Anton called over his shoulder.

I followed him in. He stopped to talk to a big, beefy guy, one of the club's security personnel. He spoke in whispers, so I didn't hear what he said. The man nodded and immediately went through a corridor and was soon lost to view. Anton saw me watching this exchange. His smile widened, and he tipped me a wink.

"What was that about?" I asked.

"You'll see... soon enough. Let's get drinks to kick off the evening."

He opened a door and went into the club. The thrum of music I had heard since we stepped into the building immediately got louder. There were people on the dance floor, swaying to the beat of the music. Other people were talking, looking on at the dancers, or, in the case of a few, just nursing their drinks.

Anton led me over to the VIP section. A waiter materialized in front of us and asked what we would order.

"I'll have a brandy," I said.

"Make that two brandies," said Anton.

We were sipping our drinks, and Anton told me about some inconvenience he had at work when I spotted the man he had been talking with approaching us. He saw where I was looking and spotted him, too.

"Ah. Here comes our entertainment." Anton set down his drink and rubbed his hands together in anticipation. "You just wait, Damian. I'm told they are the absolute best."

I opened my mouth to ask who exactly 'they' was, but just then, the crowd of dancers in front of the security personnel parted, and I saw that he was being accompanied by five women who were dressed in completely transparent bras and panties which left nothing to the imagination.

The other men sitting around avidly tracked their progress with their eyes. Anton let out a long, low whistle when the woman in front, a good-looking peroxide blonde, gave a little twirl as she got closer with her eyes on him.

"That one's mine," he said in a loud whisper. "I present to you our entertainment for the evening. A lovely surprise, isn't it, Damian? Isn't it?"

But I didn't think it was. I wanted nothing more than to go home and possibly catch a glimpse of her- Amelia. I grimaced as I sipped my drink, wondering about my sudden change. I lived for this sort of thing, or at least, I used to.

I tried to empty my mind of thought and focus only on the ladies. They were all beautiful and curvy, just like I liked them, but their beautiful bodies did not spark interest in me.

The security personnel gave a stiff bow.

"Sirs, these are the best girls in the house, just like I promised," he said.

Anton, with his eyes still on the blonde, handed him some money, which disappeared in his giant fist. He gave another bow and left.

I leaned close to Anton and whispered, "I don't think I want to do this today."

Anton glanced at me in surprise, and then the women were all over us. One sat on my lap. Two others sat on either side, running their skilled hands over me.

"Ladies, please give me a moment with my friend here," Anton said. He beckoned to a waiter. "In the meantime, order anything you want. Anything at all."

The girls, giggling, went over to the other couch and began to place their orders while Anton scooted closer to me.

"What's the matter?" he asked me. "Aren't they pretty enough? I can pay these ones off and get others if that's what you want."

"It's not that. I'm... just not in the mood."

"It's because of Amelia, huh?" he guessed shrewdly. "That's exactly the reason why I set this up, Damian. What you need to get her out of your system is one of these honeys. That one over there-" He jerked his chin towards a tall, willowy one. "-looks like she would give you a great time in bed. Trust me, your body needs this even if you don't realize it. Have I ever led you astray?"

"Several times." I smiled.

Anton chuckled. "Ah. Well, this isn't one of those times. You'll be thanking me tomorrow. Let's call the ladies back. If you want, I can let you have the blonde."

He looked so wistful as he said this last part that I laughed and clapped him on the shoulder.

"She's yours. You have hardly taken your eyes off her."

I caught the eyes of one of the girls and signalled to her to come over. She nudged the others, and they came sashaying back to us.

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Anton pointed to two of the strippers. "You, you and... you, go with my friend and give him a good time."

"We will," said the tall girl, eyeing me with interest.

"He's so handsome," said the blonde at his side.

Anton pretended to pout. "And you don't think I'm handsome too?"

The blonde giggled. I drained the contents of my glass and got to my feet.

"Come on, ladies. Let's get this party started," I said.

With the women on either side, I made my way to one of the rooms the establishment provided.

I was woken up from a doze by a knock on my door.

"Who's it? Come in," I called.

The door opened, admitting Anton. He came towards me, beaming. His smile faded when he looked around and saw that I was quite alone.

"Hi, Anton," I said.

"Damian, where are the girls? It's very early, and you still have a couple more hours with them."

"I er- sent them away."

Anton stared at me as though I had sprouted two heads. "You what? Why?"

I sat up in bed, searching for words to explain how I had felt when they were in bed with me. It was just like it had been with Jada. Thoughts of Amelia had kept intruding.

"I couldn't do anything with them. All I could think about was Amelia. So I gave it up and sent them away."

Anton threw his hands up in exasperation. "Fine. I give up. I don't know what else to do."

My phone rang. I reached for it and sucked in a breath when I saw the caller ID. It was Petra, my late uncle's ex-wife. With a sense of foreboding, I picked up the call.

"Petra?" I said.

"Hello, Damian. It's been a while." I refused to fill in the awkward silence that ensued. I knew she wanted something, and I wanted her to go straight to the point. "I just called to let you know I will return to the country soon."