

The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

Chapter 034

DAMIAN

Anton was gaping at Lora. Amelia was staring in turn at Lora and me in disbelief, about to phrase a question. I took the opportunity of silence to grasp Lora's arm.

"Now leave, Lora," I told her in an undertone. "I've got company. Do you hear me? Leave."

Lora shook off my grip and took a few steps further away from me.

"I can't leave, Damian," Lora said in a carrying voice. "I can't."

"Why not? Your legs are not glued to my floor, are they? You walked in here. Now, walk out."

"Y-your ex-girlfriend?" Amelia stuttered, not having gotten over my introduction.

"Yes. His ex-girlfriend, Lora," replied Anton, recovering somewhat from his surprise at seeing Lora. He gave me a piercing look. "Aren't you going to-"

I shoved my fingers through my hair and glared at Lora. I didn't have it in me at the moment to further explain. I was so pissed. Her reappearance was the last thing I wanted to deal with.

Seeing I was struggling to explain to Amelia because of my anger, Anton addressed himself to Amelia. "Damian and Lora have broken up for over a year for... several reasons. The problem is that Lola always shows up every few months to wrangle her way back into Damian's life. This seems to be one of those attempts..."

"Don't talk about me like I'm not here, Anton," snapped Lora.

She had taken position behind one of the sofas as though afraid that I would come and drag her out. She was not wrong. I had half a mind to do just that.

Anton shrugged. "I just thought it was best for me to explain the situation of things to Amelia here."

"Now listen carefully," I said to Lora through gritted teeth. "Your schemes won't work this time. Get out-"

"But I have nowhere else to go," she cried, tears pooling in her pleading brown eyes.

"Tell that to someone who believes it. Oh. Here's an idea. Why don't you go back to where you're coming from?"

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"I-I can't." She sniffed, and a tear fell down her cheek.

It looked like she was attempting to try one of her emotional blackmail tricks on me. Not that I would fall for it anyway.

"Can't or won't?"

"I can't because-"

"Yes. What's the story this time? Do tell," Anton said sarcastically.

"My boyfriend- my ex-boyfriend, the lying, cheating scum... He stole from me. He stole everything I had ever worked for. He left me high and dry, without a thing. Apparently, he's been working on this scheme for months, and I didn't- I didn't even have any idea. Now, I have nothing and nowhere to go. Please help me, Damian. Please don't throw me out into the street. Let me stay here with you for a while. Please--"

"I'm afraid you can't stay even if your story is true-"

"But it is true," Lora cried, swelling with indignation.

"Even if it's true, you can't stay in this house. You can stay at a hotel. If you like, I can pay for it."

"But- but I can't stay at a hotel," she argued. "I'm- I'm down. Can't you see? I feel so miserable. You don't know how much it hurts to be betrayed by someone you trusted with your life. I have to be around a familiar face at this time. You have a big house. Just let me stay in your guest room for just a few days, and then... hopefully, I'll be out of your hair. Please, don't turn me away for the sake of what we once shared."

"I'm afraid it's not going to be business as usual," I said grimly as I strode up to Amelia and placed a hand on her shoulder. "You see, I'm married now, and I'm sure my wife will certainly not want my ex-girlfriend around the house, even though you're occupying one of the guest rooms. I hope you understand..."

I trailed off because Lora didn't seem to have taken in anything after the words 'my wife.' She stared at Amelia for a long moment, for the first time taking in her appearance. Then she rallied and, impossibly, began to smile.

"You're joking, Damian," she said. "I know you are. You can't possibly be married. Why would you lie about being married just to scare me off? Is that how much you hate me-"

"He's married, alright," Anton chipped in and jerked his head towards Amelia and me. "Look at both their fingers. They are wearing wedding rings. And by the way, where have you been? Out of the country? Damian's marriage to Amelia was the most talked about event in this city for weeks. You can't just waltz in here and pretend you didn't hear about it."

Lora paled as she kept staring at our wedding rings. She opened her mouth, but no words came out at first. She finally grabbed her handbag and got shakily to her feet.

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"You're married. I- well- I can't believe it. I'll go now." Lora cast one last look of shocked

disbelief at me.

Moving jerkily, she walked towards the door. I was just about to breathe a sigh of relief when Amelia, who had been silent the entire time, called out, "Wait!" Lora stopped in her tracks at once, and every eye in the room turned to face Amelia. Amelia flushed but ignored Anton and me.

"You really have nowhere to go?" Amelia asked Lora, whose face immediately crumpled at the question.

"No. I honestly don't." Lora dabbed at her cheeks with a handkerchief.

"It's okay if you stay here. I don't mind," said Amelia.

"What?" the three of us echoed, Anton and I in shock, Lora in disbelief.

"I can stay?" Amelia nodded. "Oh. Thank you. Thank you so much."

I opened my mouth to rail at Amelia but desisted at a look from Anton. I subsided. It would not be a good idea to have a piece of my mind while Lora was within earshot. Lora grabbed her duffel bag more tightly and made her way quickly to the spare room as though afraid that Amelia would change her mind. As soon as she got out of sight, Anton stood up to leave.

"You've certainly got a lot on your plate," he said as I walked him to his car.

"Tell me about it!" I said grimly.

"Just handle the situation carefully," was his last advice before driving away.

Amelia had left the living room by the time I had gotten back inside the house. I marched up to her room, stormed in without knocking and slammed the door shut behind me. She jumped a little.

"What was that about?" I said in a carefully controlled voice that shook with anger.

"What was what about?"

I moved my fingers impatiently. "Don't play dumb, Amelia. You know exactly what I'm talking about. You heard me clearly tell Lora that she couldn't stay here, didn't you? I suggested that she stayed in a hotel-"

"But she refused to go."

"She would have gone eventually if I had kept on insisting, which was what I was going to do! And then what did you do? You went ahead and told her she could stay!"

Amelia folded her arms across her chest stubbornly. "I wasn't the one who let her into the house in the first place."

"I didn't know she was coming, and she literally just forced herself into the house," I yelled.

"Don't yell at me," Amelia yelled back.

I closed my eyes and took several deep breaths to get calm. "And then let's just say for the sake of argument that I let Lora in, you went ahead to make sure she stayed. You do realize that this is my house, and you shouldn't go about inviting just anyone you want to stay here."

Amelia murmured something about this being her house, too. I shook my head in exasperation.

"I can't believe that after all Anton said this evening, you still don't get it. We are meant to put up a convincing front as a couple. Petra is coming soon, for Pete's sake! Can't you see that it's absurd for Lora, my ex, to be in the house with my wife when Petra visits?"

Amelia finally looked like she was finally starting to get it. I stormed out of her room and paced the length of the corridor. Why did all this have to happen now? Petra... Lora... what next? Just then, my phone rang. I let out a continuous stream of curses, seeing it was Petra calling. Damn it! Was I not going to have any form of respite today? I picked up the call and I said nothing.

"Hello? Damian?" came her voice over the phone.

"Petra. I can hear you," I said through gritted teeth.

"Do you have something stuck in your throat?" Petra gave one of those silly, girly laughs that set my teeth on edge. "Anyway, remember I told you I would return to the country?"

"How could I forget?" I replied sarcastically.

"Well, I just called to tell you I'm actually on my way," she said.