

The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

Chapter 035

LORA

My phone rang just when I was going to get the house's layout. I hurried into my room to take it. Anton was calling, and I had a pretty good idea why.

"Well, this is quite a surprise," I drawled when I picked up the call.

"Hello again, Lora," he said quietly. "The real surprise is you turning up at Damian's... again. I thought you were finally out of his life after the last time."

"I'm not trying to come back into his life. I told you, my boyfriend-"

"Oh, come off it, Lora. Let's not rehash that story. Look, I think it's best that you leave Damian's house. Stay in a hotel like he suggested. Trust me, it's going to be awkward living in the same house with his wife-"

I fell back on the comfortable bed. If only Anton knew that he was wasting his time!

I fought to keep the smile out of my voice as I said, "His wife was the one who said I could stay. So, I'm staying."

"She obviously didn't know what she was-"

"And when she said I could stay, Damian didn't put up a fight, which means that he eventually agreed with her."

"Damian didn't protest further because Amelia-" Anton's sigh came over the phone. "Okay. How about this? I'll pay for a suite in a hotel of your choice. There, you'll have as much privacy as you want. I can even throw in some cash if you want to go shopping and pamper yourself. Or you can tell me what you want," he added when I said nothing.

A blank check! Anton, probably in collaboration with Damian, was giving me a blank check. It seemed they were pretty eager to get rid of me, which only made me more determined to stay.

"Thanks, but no thanks, Anton," I said. "I'm really not in a good place right now. I'm still trying to recover from my boyfriend's betrayal and staying at a hotel isn't for me at the moment... You know, for my mental health and all." I gave an unconvincing sob and heard Anton's hiss. He was probably cussing me right now. Not that I cared anyway. "I have to go now. I still have to er- unpack the stuff I came with. We'll talk later, or maybe I'll see you around whenever you come by the house."

"Lora-" he began, but I had already ended the call.

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

Grinning, I aimed and threw the phone on my pillow, where it bounced. I listened at the door and heard no footsteps. No one was in sight when I opened it.

Arranging my face into what I hoped was a suitably mournful expression in case I encountered Amelia, I went snooping.

As I got closer to Damian's bedroom, I almost looked in on him, but as I passed, I was glad I didn't. His bedroom door was half open, and just inside, I spotted some suitcases. One was bright pink- a woman's suitcase. It must be Amelia's. Was she rearranging her stuff in there?

Shrugging, I tiptoed quickly past Damian's bedroom and resumed walking normally. When I had gotten past it-a sliver of light spilt from the door of the second master bedroom. I hesitated a little and gave the door a little push.

"Hello? Anyone here?" I called out.

There was no one there, but there were several other interesting things that caught my attention. The bedroom had obviously been made up for a woman. A variety of beauty products lined the dressing table. I opened and sniffed a half-empty bottle of perfume. It was flowery, expensive, feminine. Female clothes occupied half of the wardrobe. There were several suitcases there too. My eyes fell on one of them, a pink one that looked exactly like the one in Damian's bedroom. What was going on here? It looked like this was Amelia's room, and it also looked like she was just moving into Damian's bedroom. Was it because I was here?

Something was not right. Something was wrong with Damian and Amelia's marriage. I sensed the coldness between them, but this was proving my doubts. Hadn't I thought that this marriage of his was too soon? Damian had never acted like he wanted to settle down. There was something fishy about this setup, and I was determined to find out what it was. After ensuring I had left everything exactly how I found it, I left the room.

Later that night, from my open window, I heard a series of splashes coming from the direction of the indoor pool. I crept downstairs and got to the poolside just as Damian emerged from the pool, soaking wet.

I took a moment to admire his gorgeous physique. I had almost forgotten how hot he looked in nothing but swim trunks. He picked up a towel and worked it through his thick hair.

Moving quickly, I unfastened the knot holding my robe together, wrapped my arms around his waist and pressed myself against his back. He stiffened immediately and spun around so quickly that my arms fell away, and I nearly lost my balance.

"What the hell, Lora!" he hissed. "What are you doing, sneaking up on me like that?"

"I just saw you standing there, looking so handsome, and I couldn't help myself."

"Well, you'll have to control yourself from here on out. I won't stand for such behaviour." He frowned. "If you really want to remain a guest, you better learn to keep your distance."

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!

Keeping his eyes trained on me, he moved away and nearly tripped over a chaise lounge. When he looked down to see where his feet were taking him. I seized my chance and glided over to him.

"Why are you acting all jumpy and upright?" I inched closer to him and tried to touch his chest. He jerked back, grabbed my hand and forced it to my side.

"Keep your hands to yourself!"

"Why? Don't you think I'm pretty anymore? There was a time when you could never get enough of me. Remember all the good times we had together in bed and-" I dropped my voice. "-and out of it."

Damian jerked his head towards the house. "Beat it, Lora."

"We spent most of our time out of bed rather than in it though... the sofa, the stairs, the counters. The showers were my favourite."

"One thing I'm happy about is that you have the good sense to refer to all that happened between us as past. Those days are done."

"It doesn't have to be that way. We can still continue from where we left off."

Damian's eyebrows rose at that. "Oh. I thought you were very upset about your ex-boyfriend, or was the whole story about your thieving boyfriend a lie?"

"Of course it wasn't!" I said more harshly than I intended.

Why was Damian being so stubborn? I took a deep breath and tried again. "I'm still upset, but honestly, no man has ever affected me like you do. Let's go upstairs to my room, talk and... then you can do other stuff to me and... in me."

I fiddled with the string of my robe, calling attention to the fact that I was wearing only a bra that barely restrained my full breasts. Damian's eyes slid from my breasts to my face, not at all the reaction I had expected. He waved the hand, glinting with his wedding ring on my face.

"I'm married, remember? So I'm not interested in whatever this is."

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 know for a fact that your marriage is a sham," I said before I could stop myself.

Damian recoiled. I bit my lip. Hard.

"W-what do you mean by that?"

I hated to admit I had been snooping, but I had no choice now but to let it all out.

"I saw Amelia's things in the second master's bedroom. It looks to me like she's finally moving into your bedroom because I'm here. You've been married for what... months? What newly wedded couple sleeps in different bedrooms? It's obvious your marriage isn't working out."

"You're wrong," he snapped. "There's a reason why she's not been in my bedroom. You're just jumping to conclusions."

"Oh. Am I?"

Damian nodded curtly, and I could almost see the cogs in his brain work as he searched for a plausible story.

"Yes, you are," he said with more assurance this time. "What happened was that Amelia had the flu. She was down with it for weeks. It's really contagious, you know. She didn't want me to catch it, so she moved out of our bedroom for a few days. Of course, she's better now, so she's moving back into our bedroom."

I said nothing, and Damian had difficulty meeting my stare. I tutted and shook my head.

"Tell that to someone who believes it," I murmured. In one fluid movement, I unhooked my bra and let it and the loose robe I wore fall to the floor. I stepped away from it, moved close to Damian, and slid my hands across his chest and shoulders. "I've missed you so much. Let me remind you of our good days."

A shocked gasp made us both turn. Standing by the pool, staring at us in shocked disbelief, was Amelia.