

The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

Chapter 036

AMELIA

I heard voices, hushed voices, as I approached the indoor pool. One clearly was Lora's, and the other was... Damian's. I rounded the corner and blinked at the sight that met my eyes. A naked Lora had her hands on Damian's shoulders. Her clothes were pooled on the floor close to her feet.

She was talking to him in low whispers, but what she was trying to talk him into was very clear. I couldn't tell if Damian was responding to her sexual overtures. Lora's body blocked him from my view. I must have made a sound because their heads whipped towards me at the same time. Lora gave a small scream and dived for her clothes.

"Um- sorry," I mumbled, but I didn't think either of them had heard me.

Lora had taken a couple of steps forward and seemed to realize it would be ridiculous to run into the house stark naked, so she settled for quickly getting dressed. I met Damian's eyes.

He had an odd expression like he was expecting me to do something. But what? I turned away, wanting nothing more than to get to my room and forget what I had just seen. I walked so quickly that I almost slipped and fell into the pool.

"Amelia! Baby!" Damian called from behind me.

I was so shocked at Damian calling me 'baby' that I was visibly startled and nearly slipped again. It couldn't be me he was referring to, could it? It had to be Lora. But the next moment, I was disabused of this notion when Damian ran up to me, grabbed my shoulders and spun me around to face him.

"Baby, please, I can explain," he pleaded in a strangled voice. I only gaped at him. He swallowed. "I didn't mean to... it's all Lora's fault. It's not what you think..."

I daresay I looked rather stupid, standing there and staring at him. Since when did Damian apologize for having other women on the side?

I was sure he had many ladies at his beck and call. After all, not so long ago, the next day after our marriage, in fact, I had stumbled on a box of condoms in my bedroom, condoms he had certainly not been using with me. So when did he change his ways?

Over Damian's shoulder, I caught sight of Lora, who was staring at us. Her evident curiosity had impeded her haste to get going.

She saw me looking at her and flushed, tightening the already tightened sash on her robes so hard it had to restrict her airflow. Then I glanced at Damian's frustrated expression and cottoned on immediately. Of course, I was supposed to act the part of the jealous, aggrieved wife!

"It's not what I think?" I said, raising my voice for effect. Damian's frustrated expression instantly relaxed to one relief, and then he began looking tortured again. "I can't believe you would hurt me this way. I trusted you... I- I loved you. I-"

"I didn't do anything with her. I swear-"

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Damian reached for my hand. I jumped back immediately.

"Don't touch me, you cheating bastard!" I yelled and managed a sob I hoped was convincing enough. "I hate you! I hate you! I don't ever want to feel your slimy hands on me ever again, or I'll break them!"

At this, Lora gave a frightened little whimper and scurried away, probably before I decided I wanted to break her instead. I kept yelling at Damian. He kept apologising and offering to explain for a few more minutes after Lora had gone. Then he crept forward and peered around the side of the building for a full thirty seconds, his eyes darting here and there.

"She's gone," he told me in a hushed whisper when he returned to my side.

My shoulders sagged in relief.

"Thank goodness!" I breathed, unconsciously mirroring his tone.

Damian looked suddenly uncomfortable as he peered closely into my face. I was about to ask him what the matter was just as he said hesitantly, "When you were calling me a cheating bastard just now... you weren't really crying, were you?"

He looked appalled at the very thought.

"Of course not!" I said at once. "I was just trying to make the whole thing very convincing... because I was a bit slow on the uptake."

A fleeting smile crossed Damain's lips. "Eventually, you were very convincing, I mean." His face tightened. "You see, I was right in not wanting Lora to stay here and asking you to move your things into my bedroom immediately. Lora wasted no time in snooping around. She's discovered that we haven't been sharing my room, and then she concluded that something was not right with our marriage."

"She didn't!" I exclaimed in outrage at her nosiness.

"I'm afraid she did."

"What did you tell her? I mean, what explanation did you give her?"

Damian waved his hand airily. "Oh, I told her something about you having had an infectious disease that made us sleep in different rooms."

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What?" he said in response to my look of incredulity. "It was the best I could come up with at the moment. Although... I don't think she believed me. She proceeded to get naked and tried to seduce me right before you walked in."

I heaved a sigh. "This is a problem."

"Not if you handle it rightly. Just keep acting upset, and let's both try to be a little more convincing when Petra eventually comes to visit."

"Right." I nodded and looked to where Lora had gone a while ago.

"I think it's better if you go in first without me. She won't expect us to have resolved our issue so soon."

"Yeah. Okay."

I set off for the house, put on a mournful air and made sure I stayed out of Damian's way when he came back into the house, looking gloomy as well.

I was in my room, about to sort out some orders that had come in for the bakery the previous day, when I heard footsteps in the corridor, just outside my half-open door. They got closer.

There could only be one person moving so quietly and obviously still snooping around- Lora. It was too late to close my door properly, so I sat down on my bed with my face in my hands, sobbing quietly, while I kept an ear on any movement outside, hoping that Lora would move along-no such luck. The door to my room opened quietly. Silence, and then my bed dipped a little.

"Hey," Lora said quietly.

I sobbed louder. Thinking it would be very suspicious if I took my hands off my face and Lora saw no tears, I racked my brains for a more recent horrible memory. Thankfully, one of Noah's throwing me out of the house sufficed and made me shed a tear or two.

"Go away," I muttered angrily to Lora, who didn't budge.

"Listen," she said. "I'm sorry. So sorry. I've been looking everywhere for you to apologise. I didn't mean for you to see that. In fact, what happened wasn't actually my doing..." She paused, and I could feel her assessing me shrewdly.

I finally took this as my cue to drop my hands, wipe away a few stray tears and ask, "What do you mean by that?"

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"I mean... I don't want to cause trouble in your marriage or anything like that, but you have to know the truth."

"Go on," I urged.

"At the pool, Damian was the one making advances at me. I didn't want what happened to happen, but then the truth is that I'm still attracted to Damian, so when he took off my robes... I barely even knew what I was doing. But I was still protesting, reminding him he was married to you, a gorgeous, desirable woman. In fact, I was just about to storm out when you walked in on us."

I sniffed and nodded. "I can't believe that Damian could be so-"

"Oh, you better believe it, Amelia." She tentatively patted my hand. "Damian is a good-for-nothing cheat. He cheated on me several times when we were still together. He'll never change, so please, don't waste your tears on him."

I promised I wouldn't, and we spent the next few minutes soundly abusing Damian. Lora left a while later, barely able to contain her happiness at causing a rift between Damian and me, as she thought.

Two days later, Anton dropped by the house for dinner. Dinner was a subdued affair, with Damian and Lora in attendance. No one spoke much, and from time to time, I kept giving Damian dirty looks, much to Lora's delight.

"Can I have some chicken?" Anton said.

I nodded and passed the plate to him just as the doorbell rang.

"I'll get it," I said, jumping to my feet.

But Damian was already walking to the door. "Don't worry. I will."

"Oh. Hello. It's you." we heard Damian say to someone.

There was a click of heels, and a woman burst into the dining room seconds later.

"Petra," Anton murmured.