

The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

Chapter 038

AMELIA

"She's sleeping in the second master's bedroom, the one you were sleeping in before," Damian said quietly as he shut the door of his bedroom quickly behind him as though afraid he would be overheard. The reality was that he was. We were all terrified of Petra and what she was up to.

I didn't blame him. Lora and Petra in the house called up the image of a pair of hounds, hot on the scent. Petra had just insisted on being shown into her room, taking it for granted that she would be asked to spend the night here.

Now, I would have to spend the night, and probably many nights after that, in Damian's room. The same thought seemed to have occurred to him because he looked very uncomfortable. He hurried into the bathroom and took a shower but was fully dressed in his pyjamas before he came out. I was already lying in bed before that, having previously locked the door.

I honestly wouldn't put it past Petra or Lora to try to peer in on us to find out if Damian and I were cuddling each other while we slept. I shut my eyes tightly and pretended to be asleep as Damian moved around the room.

I felt the mattress dip a little as he lay down on the far side of the bed. I lay awake for a long, long time, feeling sure that I would not be able to sleep a wink, not with Damian sleeping on the same bed with me. But I finally drifted off.

I was woken up the following day by the sound of running water. I sat up immediately. Damian wasn't in the room. He was in the bathroom then. My head felt like it had been stuffed with cotton wool, so I went into the kitchen to make myself a cup of coffee.

"You're up really early."

I jumped and nearly dropped the coffee mug into the sink. Petra, dressed in a flashily coloured robe, stood beside me, a steaming cup of coffee in her hand.

"Er- yes," I said stiffly. "Damian leaves really for work, so I have to prepare him breakfast."

Petra said nothing more, but I felt her eyes on me as I moved around the kitchen, preparing breakfast I had actually had no intention of making. It was like she was a silent shadow.

She even followed me into the dining room when I went to set the table. I reined in my annoyance with a lot of effort. Was she hoping I would break down and confess that Damian and I didn't love each other?

"Had a good night?" she asked suddenly.

The question took me entirely by surprise. "Er- yes."

"Hmm. I noticed something really odd last night. The pillows in the second master's bedroom still smell faintly of cologne, your cologne. It has quite a distinctive fragrance, you know. It seems to me that you've been spending the night in that bedroom instead of in your husband's. I have been wondering why..."

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With my heart beating really fast, I briefly floundered for something to say when Damian came to the rescue by coming into the dining room and calling a cheerful 'good morning' to me and kissing me on the cheek. I gulped- this would take some getting used to and beamed at him. His tone was noticeably more relaxed when he greeted Petra, who was watching us like a hawk.

"This smells delicious, honey," said Damian as he uncovered the dishes.

I let out a laugh and addressed Petra. "Damian always loves my cooking. He can't get enough of it."

Petra gave an offended sniff and started eating. She didn't say another word as we ate. Damian and I kept up a constant flow of conversation, talking and chatting about our plans for the day. Petra concentrated on her meal, but I could tell she listened to every word we said. Damian's phone buzzed.

"That's my cue to leave for the office." He shot to his feet and grabbed his jacket. "I'll see you later. Bye, Petra."

She mumbled something in reply but immediately stopped buttering her toast when Damain headed for the door. She tracked his progress, her eyes narrowing with suspicion and something like... triumph. Then it hit me.

"Honey," I called. Damian stopped and turned, puzzled. "Aren't you forgetting something?"

Damian glanced at his briefcase and his jacket and looked even more confused. Resisting the urge to glare at the obtuse man, I went over to him and offered him my cheek.

"Oh. Right," he said when he finally got it. "How could I forget? Silly me."

He kissed me on both cheeks and gave me one on the forehead for good measure. He laughed, waved and left. With a sinking heart, I noticed the thoughtful, brooding look on Petra's face. She seemed to have really noticed Damian's slip.

DAMIAN

"She's more of a pain in the ass than I originally thought," I complained hours later in my office.

"Yeah," agreed Anton. "I mean, I know the kind of person she is, but she seems to be more unpleasant than ever."

"Unpleasant and nosy. Just this morning, I heard her telling Amelia that she smelled her cologne on the pillows of the second master's bedroom. She seems to be concluding that Amelia and I haven't been sleeping in the same room."

Anton stared. "Already? That woman's dangerous, Damian. You have to get her off your back as soon as possible."

"I know. But how?"

Anton thought for a moment. "Maybe by making your house uncomfortable for her to stay in."

I rolled my eyes at the ceiling.

"How, Anton? How?" I asked, but Anton, like myself, seemed to have run out of ideas.

An hour later, we were no closer to getting a strategy of getting Petra off my back. Anton left. I settled down to work and soon received a call from the firm overseeing my uncle's will. They hadn't called in ages, and I knew before I picked up that somehow Petra had something to do with the call.

"Good day. To what do I owe the pleasure of this er- call?" I asked quietly.

"Mr Damian. We have some er- disturbing news," said the firm's lawyer. "Strictly speaking, I'm not supposed to tell you this, at least not yet, but considering our very profitable and wonderful business relationship, I felt it would be rather bad of me not to fill you in on what's happening-"

"Yes. Yes. That's very thoughtful of you, I'm sure," I said, impatient at this long-winded explanation and eager to know what was going on. "Tell me exactly what has happened."

The lawyer coughed. "I just wanted to tell you that Petra, your uncle's wife, came by today. She again seemed suddenly very interested in the terms of your late uncle's will."

"And?" I probed, feeling that there was more.

The lawyer gave another dainty cough. "And she has requested an official investigation into your marriage to Amelia."

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AMELIA

"Stop looking so gloomy, Amelia," Lora said.

I had been flipping through a magazine in the living room but had, at some point, unknowingly abandoned it. I had been going through the events of last night repeatedly in my head.

The idea of Petra snooping around filled me with dread. She was shrewd and malicious- a dreadful combination. Lora sat beside me, and I sighed.

The entire place was suffocating me. My plan to make Damian believe I wasn't bothered by him backfired on me. Now, I had his obsessed ex-girlfriend peering at me like a wild cat.

I needed an escape, but I couldn't go to the only place I wanted to go to. Especially with Lora and Petra trying to destroy everything. I couldn't take my eyes off them for a second.

"You're not still thinking about Damian, are you?" she continued. I made a noncommittal sound. "I know just the thing to cheer you up: a spa treatment. I know the perfect place. Please go and get dressed. I'll meet you here in ten minutes?"

She gave me an enquiring look. I nodded. She smiled and hurried to her room to get ready. Thirty minutes later, we arrived at the spa. The staff greeted Lora familiarly. She was obviously a regular there.

"Give my friend here the full treatment," Lora said to a woman when we were settled in a chair. "She already has beautiful skin, but make it all the more beautiful."

I surrendered myself to the spa treatment.

Sitting best me, Lora did the same. The atmosphere of the spa and the music drifting through the hidden speakers were so soothing that I drifted off to sleep when I was having my facials done.

I woke up with a start just when the woman finished with me. I felt a bit stiff and told her I would take a turn around the place before continuing. Lora wasn't in the room with me. I left the room I was in and stopped in my tracks when I heard Lora say my name. Her voice came from the half-open door of another room to the corridor's left.

"... classless thing and so gullible too," she told some spa staff. They tittered sycophantically. "I wonder where Damian picked her up from, and he proudly calls her his wife! I bet this is the first real spa treatment she's having..."

Anger coursed through me even though I expected even more from her. I had heard enough. I retrieved my purse and left the spa. I drove home, leaving Lora to find her own way back to the house.