

# The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

## Chapter 040

AMELIA

While I walked to Damian's bedroom, I tried to remember where exactly I had kept the list of supplies for the bakery. Was it on the dressing table, the chest of drawers or...

I stopped in my tracks. Sounds were coming from inside the bedroom. Had Damian come home already? That couldn't be. He wasn't due back for hours. Some hidden instinct made me tiptoe the last few paces to the door and gently push it open. I saw Petra rifling the drawers.

She had already brought out some of its contents. She tugged at the last drawer, swore under her breath when she found it locked, and began to grope on the dressing table for the key.

"What are you doing?" I asked quietly.

Petra squeaked and nearly jumped a foot in the air.

"Amelia!" she cried. "You scared me!"

"No. You scared me. I almost thought you were a burglar." Petra flushed crimson. "But you didn't answer my question. What are you doing here?"

She straightened slowly, caught sight of her hand and snatched it off the table. "I thought you were at work. What are you doing back so soon?"

My suspicions of Petra immediately became a certainty. She was looking for evidence to nail Damian and me. She was also asking unnecessary questions to give her time to think up an excuse for being in Damian's room.

"I came back to get something," I replied.

"Oh. I er- see." She twisted her overly made-up lips into the semblance of a smile. "Well, what happened was that I forgot to pack my moisturising lotion. I simply can't do without it. It keeps my face tender and supple, you see. Since you and Damian weren't around, and I was about to go out, I er- came in here to see if I could borrow your lotion. I knew you wouldn't mind. Ah. There it is." Her hands closed on my bottle of lotion, which was on the dressing table. She gave an unconvincing laugh. "Silly me! It was there all the time. I must be going blind or something... oh no... It's the lightning in here. It's so dim. You should regularly have the curtains thrown open in here, Amelia..."

And muttering to herself, she left the room. My insides twisted with dread as I wondered how long Petra had been in here and whether she had managed to find something incriminating.

I tucked my list of supplies into my handbag and locked the bedroom door as I left, already feeling that I was already too late. Once I was sure that she was really gone, I called Damian and told him what I had just witnessed Petra doing.

"Shit!" exclaimed Damian. "That woman has no boundaries."

"She's looking for proof that we have a contract marriage," I said. "I'm sure of it. If I had known that she would go that low, I would have... changed the locks on the door or something. . I don't know how long she had been searching the place."

"It doesn't matter how long she searched."

"How- how can you even say that? She-"

"Now, don't get worked up. I said that because I'm pretty sure she found nothing. There is absolutely nothing in the house that can prove our marriage isn't real. You see, I was expecting such a move from Petra, so I had all documents, particularly the ones you signed after we made our arrangement, transferred to a safety deposit box in my bank."

"A safety deposit box?" I croaked.

"Yes. So unless she has the warrant to search my safety deposit box, which she doesn't even have the number to, we are in the clear."

Damian had really thought of everything. I felt a surge of massive relief I buried my head in my hands and took deep, calming breaths.

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DAMIAN

"I don't believe it," Anton said with a shake of his head when I finished recounting all Amelia had told me. The glass of water my secretary had offered him sat on the table, untouched.

"She had the guts to search your bedroom and then tell Amelia a blatant lie? That woman is something else! Why on earth did your uncle have to end up with such a pain in the ass, despite all the other women in the world who would have given an arm and leg to be with him?"

"Tell me about it," I said gloomily.

"That woman is dangerous," Anton warned. "For her to do this, I'm sure there is nothing else she can't do. She's the type that wouldn't give a shit about rolling in mud as long as she can sling some of it at you."

"Trust me, I know, and I know how to deal with people like her," I said confidently.

Anton shook his head and wagged a finger at me as though to underline the importance of his next words. "With a woman like Petra, you must be extra careful, Damian. If there are any incriminating documents at your house, remove them no matter how safely you think they're hidden. Don't let her get that company she wants so badly."

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Hours after I had returned home from work the next day, someone rapped sharply on the door of my study.

I called, "Come in." Petra came in, looking smug and satisfied about something.

I raised a brow. "Yes?"

"I brought someone here to see you and-" Her lips curled. "-Amelia. He's arrived, and he's waiting in the living room. I've already informed Amelia." She jerked her head roughly in the direction of the sitting room. "So, come."

I didn't budge. "You invited someone into my house, and I'm just hearing about it? Glad to see you're treating my home as your home."

She gave an impatient twist of her fingers. "I can't stand here talking all day, Damian. There is something very important we all need to discuss, and the man's waiting."

Leaving the door open, she marched away, and I reluctantly followed seconds later, curious to see who Petra wanted Amelia and me to see. I got to the living room just as Amelia descended the bottom step. She blanched when she saw the tall, imposing man already seated and fiddling with the clasps of his briefcase.

I recognized him immediately as Harry, one of the investigators employed by the firm who made sure the terms of my uncle's will were fulfilled.

I gave Amelia a reassuring nod and smile when I met her eyes. A little colour returned to her cheeks as she hastened to sit. The man rose as we approached and stretched out a hand to Amelia, which she held and released almost immediately.

"Hello, Mrs Donovan," he said in a quiet, grave voice. Petra snorted and pursed her lips as though she disapproved of him addressing Amelia that way. "Mr Donovan."

I clasped his hand briefly. "Hello, Harry. What brings you here?"

Harry opened his mouth to answer, but Petra beat him to it. "He's here at my request," she said a little pompously.

"Ah. I see."

Indeed, I could now see where this was heading. Petra now thought she held all the cards and that it was time to show her hand.

There was a moment's silence, which was broken by Petra impatiently saying, "Well? What are we all standing around for? Let's get this over with."

"I quite agree, Petra," I said quietly. I gave her a wry smile. She returned a glare.

I gestured to the chair Harry had been sitting on. He took his seat. We all settled down, and Harry started talking.

"Mr Donovan, this meeting is concerning matters concerning the will of your late uncle." His eyes shifted to Amelia. "I am sure everyone in this room knows that the condition for you to inherit your late uncle's company was for you to get married. You fulfilled that condition." He paused. "However, certain things have come to light. The-"

"Stop beating around the bush," Petra snapped. "What he's trying to say is that I have concrete proof that your marriage to Amelia is fake. It's a damn contract marriage!"

Amelia paled but held Petra's stare.

"Oh. Is it now?" I drawled. "You should be careful of what you say. That's a hell of an accusation, Petra."

Petra immediately turned her flashing eyes on me. "It's not an accusation. It's a fact. I told you I have proof, proof that you can't lie or scheme your way out of."

Harry looked decidedly uncomfortable at Petra's lack of tact.

He cleared his throat and said, "Now, now. Let's tackle this issue with diplomacy."

But Petra didn't seem to have heard him. "I know exactly where the contract you signed with Amelia is," she said.

I raised a brow. "I don't know what you're-"

Petra's lips curled into a cruel smile. "It's in a safety deposit box in your bank," she hissed.