

# The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

## Chapter 041

DAMIAN

There was a nasty sort of silence after Petra's declaration. Amelia looked dreadful. She pressed her hands between her legs, probably to stop them from shaking. Petra looked around at everyone to take in the effects her words had caused. She looked exultant like Christmas had come early.

"And how did you come by that information, Petra?" I finally asked.

Petra splayed her fingers on the table and leaned forward. "What does it matter? That's not the point. The point is that now I know all about your dirty little secret. You must show a representative of the firm the contents of that box so they'll have all the proof they need to convict you as a bloody manipulator. You think you're so smart, huh? How does it feel to feel the rug pulled from under your feet? And you-" She pointed a finger at Amelia, who instantly shrank back. "-He's going to go down, and you're going down with him." She glowered at Harry. "Well, what the hell are we still doing here? Let's go, get the deposit box and your proof."

"You'll have to open it first," I said mildly.

Petra scowled. "I'd like to see you stop us from getting it open. It'll involve the police in this if I have to-"

Harry, who had been fiddling incessantly with his tie as he grew increasingly uncomfortable, cleared his throat loudly, effectively silencing Petra mid-speech.

There was a stern note in his voice as he said, "Please, let's not make spurious claims."

"Spurious claims? I swear, I'll-"

Harry ignored her. "Mr Donovan, please, I would like to clarify something. No one has the authority to get you to reveal the contents of your safety box without concrete proof."

"What other proof do you need?" Petra said, raising her voice. "He's more or less admitted to it."

"Admitted to what, Petra?"

"To- to having a safety deposit box at your bank-"

I inclined my head. "I don't deny it."

"And hiding the documents of your contract marriage-"

"That I deny in its entirety," I drawled.

If you are not reading this book from the website: [novel5s.com](http://novel5s.com) then you are reading a pirated version with incomplete content. Please visit [novel5s.com](http://novel5s.com) and search the book title to read the entire book for free

I leaned back in my chair, rather enjoying the sight of Petra getting all worked up. She was usually so superb and self-possessed. The only thing I wasn't enjoying was the sight of Amelia. She looked half frightened to death.

Petra swallowed and finally found her voice. "You just said-"

"-That I have a safety deposit box at my bank, but its contents are not what you say." I reached across the sofa for Amelia's hand. It felt cold to the touch. "I assure you that my wife and I love each other very much and that our suspicions are unfounded. As for the box, as Harry has just pointed out, you can't make me open it."

Petra sprang to her feet so fast it looked as though she had been stung on the butt by a bee. She pointed at me, her eyes bulging in rage. "Aha! Did you hear that, Harry? He's concealing evidence. He's trying to worm his way out of this. He's-

I gave her a contemptuous look. "Sit down, Petra. You're embarrassing yourself. I said that no one can make me open it-" I paused. "-but I didn't say I wasn't going to open it." There was silence as everyone tried to understand what I had just said. Even Petra had forgotten to shout. "So, since I have nothing to hide, I will satisfy your curiosity. I will open the box right in your presence and Harry's, of course."

Harry uttered some muffled words. Amelia gasped and stared at me as though I had gone mad. Petra kept opening and closing her mouth several times, completely lost for words.

"You- you are?" Petra asked in disbelief in a tiny voice.

"I am," I reiterated. "It's the best way to put to rest this nasty rumour you've been spreading about me."

Petra tossed her head. The mention of her spreading a rumour had helped her recover quickly from her surprise. "It's not a rumour."

I pushed to my feet and looked around at all of them. "Come on. Let's do this now. The first stop is my bank."

Harry nodded. "Of course. Of course."

"If you're trying to play some trick-"

"I'm not. Petra, We'll all squeeze into my car so that you don't get to accuse me of tipping anyone off. Is that fine?"

Petra could find no fault in that, and so we drove to the bank. Petra sat with me in the back seat. She kept her eyes on me all through the drive. I ignored her and kept my hands on my knees where she would see them.

"Hold on, everyone. There's something else I want to say before we go in," I said as all four of us approached the bank's entrance.

Lost in the world of this story? Make sure you're on [Novel5s.com](http://Novel5s.com) to catch every twist and turn. The next chapter awaits, exclusively on our site. Dive in now!

Petra grinned unpleasantly. "What's the matter? Having cold feet already? It's too late to back out now." She cackled.

"I'm not backing out, Petra. I merely want to state a condition. Harry. You're listening, aren't you?"

"Certainly, sir," he said.

"Good. I'm only going to reveal the contents of my deposit box only on one condition-"

Petra smirked. "That we let you inspect the contents first? Fat chance!"

I closed my eyes in exasperation.

"Will you let me speak!" I said so sharply that the doorman peered at us curiously.

Petra, still smirking, silently gestured for me to go ahead.

"Yeah. Now, where was I? Yes. I'll reveal the contents of my box only on the condition that you, Petra, agree to leave the country immediately and that you drop this investigation if the documents do not support your claim."

"Deal," she said at once. She had been bouncing on the ball of her feet and looking longingly towards the door.

"Take note of her promise, Harry," I said.

"I've given my word, haven't I? Let's get a move on," she said.

Petra and Harry went in first. In a split second, before I could follow them inside, Amelia grabbed my arm. Her nails unconsciously dug into my skin. She gave a slight shake of her head. I smiled and patted her arm, wishing I could tell her that I had everything under control. I strode across the vast sandstone lobby on the bank and headed straight to one of the staff.

"Hello... Bruce," I said after reading the man's name tag. "I'm-"

"Mr Donovan," he replied promptly. "We make it a point of duty to know all our very important customers."

Lost in the world of this story? Make sure you're on [Novel5s.com](http://Novel5s.com) to catch every twist and turn. The next chapter awaits, exclusively on our site. Dive in now!

At this, I beamed. "Good. That means you know I have a safety deposit box kept here. I'm here to get something from my only safety deposit box."

The significance of the word 'only' was not lost on Bruce, who blinked.

"Sir, if you want to have another box apart from the one you've got, I'll be only happy to help you in the process-"

Still smiling, I waved aside his offer. "No. No. That's all right. I merely wanted to clear up something. Keys, please." Still mystified, Bruce did what was necessary to hand me the keys. I leaned towards Petra, who was watching him intently, and said, "I wanted you to be sure I had only the one box, you see."

She merely scowled at me and peered at the paper which Bruce gave me to sign. I signed with a flourish, letting her see everything I was doing. Bruce handed me the keys and went with us to the locker rows. I checked my own number, opened it and extracted the box.

There was a tense note of expectancy in the air as I upended the box's content on a nearby table. Amelia whimpered. Out tumbled a gold watch, a receipt for the said gold watch, and a pair of cufflinks. Petra's eyes got wider as she stared and stared.

After several heartstopping moments, to Amelia, judging by how she clutched her heart, Petra snatched the box from me, plunged her hand into it, shook it, and rattled it.

"NO!" she shrieked so loudly that Bruce, who was standing a respectful distance away, jumped. She tore at her hair in anger. "They were here! The documents were here! I'm sure of it. You've swapped the contents of the box, you fuc-"

"Language, Petra," I scolded. "Don't forget where you are. But there's a way to settle this once and for all. Bruce, take us to the manager's office."

Bruce, looking shocked at Petra's shouting, took us to the manager's office. Sensing trouble the moment we got in, the manager got to his feet.

"Mr Donovan," he said. "Has any of the staff given you trouble?"

"Not at all." I shook his proffered hand. "I-"

"Has this son of a bitch been here to take out his safety deposit box recently?"

The manager gaped at Petra.

"I apologize for her attitude and her language, but please answer her question," I said.

"He hasn't," the manager replied promptly. "In fact, he hasn't been to the bank for a long time."