

# The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

## Chapter 042

AMELIA

I was in shock. I hadn't seen what had just happened coming at all. I stole a glance at Damian, who was sitting on the phone, talking to a member of the firm that handled his uncle's will.

With hardly a pause, he ended the call and called talking to Anton, filling him in on what had happened. We had taken an Uber to the house while Petra rode to the house with Harry.

She had been shouting so much that Damian insisted on it. I was bursting with questions, but we got home all too soon. Ahead of us, Harry's car stopped in front of the house.

Petra didn't wait for it to stop moving before she got out and stormed into the house, shouting and shaking her fists angrily.

When I got closer, I noticed that Harry seemed more harassed-looking than before. He muttered something under his breath and shook his head at the front door through which Petra had just passed. I expected she had given him quite an earful during the short drive from the bank to the house.

"Why are you two dawdling?" said Damian airily, and he caught up with us and tucked his phone into his breast pocket. He had noticed our reluctance to go into the house. "Come on in."

Petra's raised voice floated to us as soon as Damian opened the front door.

"... thinks he's so smart. He thinks he's so clever." With her face a mask of rage, Petra was pacing the living room. She whirled around when she heard us come in and pointed an accusing finger at Damian. "You! You may have gotten everyone fooled, but you can't fool me. I'm sure those documents were in there--"

Damian folded his arms across his chest and regarded her coldly. "Surely you saw the contents of the box yourself, Petra. Would you like us to go back so you can have another look a--"

"Oh, shut the hell up!" she screamed, flecks of spittle flying from her lips. "You played some kind of trick there, but I swear I'll get to the bottom of this even if it's the last thing I do. That company is rightfully mine--"

"Oh. So you admit you've been scheming to get your hands on my uncle's company."

"He was my husband!"

"Ex-husband," Damian corrected.

"Screw you, Damian! You'll find that you won't get rid of me that easily." And she flung her handbag on the table, where it knocked down a centrepiece.

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

Harry gasped. "Petra! Please, get a hold of yourself. Calm down."

Instantly, she turned her fury on Harry. Her long, lacquered nails came so close to his face that he shrank back. "Don't you dare tell me to calm down!"

"Well, don't," said Damian. She shot him a glare. "Yes. By all means, shout and rave later, but step into my study for a minute. I've got something really important I've got to show you." Petra drew herself up to her full height and seemed to be preparing to tell Damian to go to hell. Damian apparently thought so, too, because he said, "My study, Petra. I promise you, this is something you will want to see. After you've seen it, you're free to carry on with... whatever you're doing right now."

Muttering imprecations under her breath, she brushed past me, nearly knocking me onto the sofa, and preceded Damian into his study. We could hear her muttering all the way.

"I'll be back soon," Damian said to Harry and me just before he followed Petra.

Harry and I looked at each other helplessly, and both sat down simultaneously.

"I'm sorry about all this, Mrs Donovan," Harry said after awkward silence. "This just shows, doesn't it, that no one should jump to conclusions without having all the facts in hand first... This was something I was trying to make Petra understand."

"It's quite all right," I said vaguely. "and er- you can call me Amelia."

Was I even supposed to be on first-name terms with him? I wondered. A moment later, I decided I didn't care about that. I wished I knew what was going on in Damian's study. And how had Damian even managed to get to get the documents out of the box?

I had a hundred different questions chasing each other in my head. I found myself chewing on my bottom lip and watching the clock. Time crawled by, and after fifteen minutes that felt like an hour, Petra came down the stairs, wheeling her suitcase. She headed for the front door.

She looked very pale and oddly diminished. Fear was etched on her face, and for the first time since I had known her, she didn't look beautiful at all. She looked like a chastened, frightened child. Damian appeared seconds later, carrying a smaller bag, which he dumped on her suitcase. I found myself on my feet, with no memory of standing up, watching this scene with amazement.

"And I hope I never have the displeasure of you darkening my doorstep again," Damian called after her as she slunk out the front door. Harry, who had been staring with his mouth agape, shut it quickly. His face burned with curiosity.

"Thanks for tonight, Harry," Damian chirped, who was still standing by the open door.

Harry, recognizing his cue, got to his feet and took his leave. For about a full minute, I stared at Damian. His lips twitched. When he could contain his amusement no longer, his lips finally stretched into a smile.

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!

"Why are you staring at me like you haven't seen me before?" he asked with a twinkle in his eye.

"What did you do... to her... the-the-box... The documents, how..."

"Ah. That will take quite some explaining," he said.

Someone knocked on the door and immediately pushed it open. Anton bustled into the room.

"I came as soon as possible," he panted and looked around. "Where's--"

"Petra?" Anton nodded. "She's gone."

"Gone?" There was a note of disbelief in Anton's voice.

"Yes. Gone just now. In fact, she was as meek as a lamb when she left."

"You're kidding, right? I really didn't expect to see your house still standing when I got here. Petra is not the kind to go quietly."

Damian merely chuckled, and Anton gave me an enquiring look.

I answered his silent question. "It's true."

"But- but how..."

Yes. How? That was the same question running through my mind. Chuckling again, Damian sat down and crossed his legs, looking very much at ease and delighted with himself. He had a right to be. He had worked some sort of magic within the last couple of hours.

"Sit," he said. "I have a lot to tell you both."

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!

"Spit out out, Damian. The suspense is killing me," I said, perching at the edge of my seat.

"You see when I found out that Petra was bugging my bedroom, it gave me an idea of how to get rid of her."

"She was..." I felt so outraged I couldn't continue.

"Yes, she was. Petra stops at nothing to get what she wants. And then, when you told me about her going through my stuff, I had another brainwave. I told you about my safety deposit box to throw her off the scent."

"And it worked like a charm!" Anton exclaimed, looking thoroughly impressed.

Damian nodded. "The plan was to ruin her credibility in front of the investigator. I'm sure Harry will waste no time in informing his superiors about how Petra slandered me and nearly dragged them into it."

"Yes. He was apologizing when you invited Petra into your study," I said. "But what on earth did you tell her in there? I've never seen her look that way before."

"Well, I had a few aces up my sleeve. I told you, didn't I, that I would also be watching Petra, but I had started doing that long before she returned to the country. I got hold of some... pictures which she wouldn't want the public to see. When I showed them to her, she became very... reasonable."

Anton, laughing, went up to Damian and clapped him heartily on the back.

"You're absolutely brilliant," I cried, shooting to my feet. "I think this calls for a celebration."

"Drinks," said Anton.

I left and returned with two bottles of champagne. We drank up. We all had a good laugh as Damian and I took turns describing in detail what had happened. Towards midnight, Anton went home, declaring he couldn't drink anymore as he had to drive home.

"I don't feel like going to bed yet, do you?" Damian asked when Anton left.

Already tipsy, I shook my head and giggled. Damian and I continued drinking. We eventually got quite drunk. Somehow, it seemed quite natural that we were sitting very close. I didn't resist when Damian, smiling drunkenly, kissed me.

And I certainly didn't resist when he was tearing off my clothes a minute later. In fact, I aided him. A minute more, and I lay flat on my back with a naked Damian thrusting fiercely inside me while I clung to him, groaning and whimpering in pleasure.