

The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

Chapter 044

AMELIA

Just as I was again reflecting on the fact that Damian had not returned home last night, the door opened, and a moment later, the subject of my thoughts came into the house.

In spite of myself, my eyes roved around him, searching for lipstick stains or other telltale signs that he had been with another woman last night.

I found none, but that did not mean he hadn't been tumbling in bed with some floozy. The thought made me really angry.

"Good morning," I said coldly and returned to sipping my steaming cup of coffee.

My eyes roved through the list of orders for the bakery, but I could suddenly not understand what was written there.

"Good morning," Damian called back cheerfully.

To my surprise, instead of going straight to his room like I expected him to, he came to sit on the sofa.

"You're probably wondering where I went to," he said after a moment's silence.

"I just realized you didn't spend the night at home," I said as casually as I could. I was careful not to meet his eyes so he wouldn't get to see that I had obsessing over where he had spent last night. "You had to go on an urgent business trip, I suppose."

"No. Actually, Anton took me to a nightclub last night. I didn't want to go, but he sort of convinced, or should I say, forced me to go. We got the invitation from a lady we met at the gym the other day."

"And you saw here there, I guess." I wondered why he was telling me about his fun at a nightclub.

Damian nodded. "Yeah. We did. We saw her and a lot of others wearing only masks... without any clothes on."

I choked on my coffee and hastily put it away. With my handkerchief, I dabbed on the drops dribbling down my chin. Thankfully, Damian didn't seem to have noticed the effects his words had. He was staring at the wall with a somewhat vacant expression, no doubt thinking of the naked bodies of the ladies he had seen.

"The party was really something," Damian continued reminiscently. "It was wild. Anton and I had a couple of drinks, and then the lady from the gym found us. She said we looked ridiculous, being the only people with clothes on at the club. Minutes later, I found myself in a private room with her."

I shifted uncomfortably. I was not sure I wanted to hear this. Why the hell was he even telling me about his sexual escapade anyway?

"Er- I have to be at the-"

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"But I couldn't do anything with her."

We had spoken at the same time, and it took me some seconds to wrap my head around what he had just said.

"What?" I exclaimed.

"Oh. Sorry. Am I keeping you from something?"

I was suddenly eager to hear what he had to say. "No. No. Go ahead."

"I was saying that I was in a room with her, and I couldn't have sex with her."

"But why?" I asked when I had recovered my voice. "Didn't she let you em-"

"She would have let me, alright. It was even her idea for us to go to the private room. There she was, beautiful, naked and willing, and there I was a hundred per cent certain that I didn't want to take what she was offering."

I wanted to ask again why, but then I settled for asking, "If you two didn't get intimate, then why are you coming home this late?"

Damian smiled wryly. "That was because we were up all night-"

"But I thought you said you didn't-"

"Not having sex, Amelia," he interrupted. "We were up all night talking about you because she was curious to know about the woman who had killed my desires for another another."

Damian suddenly turned his head and stared deep into my eyes. I felt lightheaded, like if I relaxed the tight grip I had on the armrest of the sofa, I would float away.

I felt a fierce joy that Damian had not been sleeping with another woman, and the moment passed when Damian got to his feet.

"I know I've been a jerk to you. It's even more stupid for me to tell you I spent the entire night talking about you with a whore. But I've realised you deserve better, better than me."

"Damian, I-"

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"This marriage may be temporary, but I refuse to treat you like you aren't my queen. I may not do much, but I always keep to my word. You'll be my only wife ever, the only woman I'll be committed to. And when this is over, you'll be the only woman to have truly loved me even when I didn't deserve it."

I watched him with my mouth open, unable to muster any words. He smiled and kissed me on the forehead.

"Well, I mustn't keep you from going off to work," he said gently. "I'll soon be at the office myself."

And with that, he took himself upstairs, leaving me with conflicted feelings.

I was having a quiet drink after work. It had been a busy day at the bakery, and I felt it was better to unwind a little before heading home. I sat at the back of the restaurant bar, calculating some figures on my phone, the buzz of conversation from the other people enveloping me like a warm blanket.

"Hey. Amelia!"

My head shot up immediately. I knew that voice. It was Noah's. I looked around and soon spotted him making his way towards me.

He rather rudely shoved aside a waitress who was carrying a tray laden with drinks. He didn't apologize. She gave him a dirty look and went off. I looked around helplessly.

If I had spotted him before he saw me, I would have hightailed it out of there. I knew it was cowardly, but Noah always turned nasty whenever we bumped into each other. Without waiting for an invitation, he slid into the chair beside mine. He was close, too close for comfort.

"Hey, lighten up," he said, noticing how I instinctively shrank away from him. "I'm not here to fight. I promise. Boy! Today must be my lucky day. Fancy running into you here. Do you know that you're just the person I was hoping to see?" At my look of disbelief, he nodded. "It's the truth. I was even going to call you, but here I am, and here you are."

"And why exactly did you want to see me?"

Noah immediately assumed a sad expression, but something like glee flickered his eyes, and then it was gone.

"Actually, there is something I wanted to say to you but..." He heaved a sigh. "But now I'm finally face to face with you, I- I just realized how much what I have to say will hurt you. I wish there were another way, but you have to know the truth."

Rather tired of this nonsense, I forced myself to say in a polite tone, "What truth?"

Noah sighed and squared his shoulders as though steeling himself for an unpleasant task, but I got the impression that it was all just an act.

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"Amelia, Damain is cheating on you."

"What?"

"Last night, I saw him at a sex club."

"You saw him."

"Yes."

"With your own eyes?"

"Yes, of course. I-"

My eyes narrowed. "What were you doing at a sex club?"

Noah's cheeks reddened. He absentmindedly snatched at my drink and took a sip before realising what he was doing. He hastily put the glass down. "Um- someone- a client asked for a meeting... anyway, that doesn't matter," he said quickly. "So I saw Damian with a woman. Get this! She didn't have clothes on." He let that sink in before continuing. "With my own eyes, I saw them go into a room together and well... you can imagine what happened next."

I pressed a hand to my chest, pretending to be shocked. I couldn't let him see I wasn't bothered by his little gossip. He must have believed it would drive me crazy. "Tell me it isn't true, Noah."

He shook his head sadly. "I wish it weren't, but it's true."

He seemed to expect more of a reaction from me, so I obliged and buried my face in my hands. "How could he do this to me? We've just been married for months. The bastard said he loved me, and then he turns around and- and cheats on me?"

"There. There. It's okay. Don't waste your emotions on the douchebag. Amelia, please look at me." I rolled my eyes, then took my hands off my face and looked at him, assuming a heartbroken expression. He stroked my chin. "I'm sorry Damian isn't the man you thought he was," he murmured. "But don't let this get you down. I... hate to see you sad."

His breathing got harsher. He leaned closer, about to press his lips to mine. Without thinking, I shrank back, drew my hand back and slapped him hard across the face.

"Don't you ever attempt to put your lips on me again, you bastard!" I spat out.

Noah, his face purple with rage, looked around, but no one seemed to have noticed what had happened.

"You stupid bitch," he snarled. "You think you're too good for me, huh? Driving around town in a fancy car and living in that asshole's fancy house doesn't make you worth shit! You deserve every shitty thing that has happened to you, and that stupid husband of yours cheating on you is just the beginning."

He deliberately knocked over my glass, sprang to his feet and walked away stiffly, and I was left staring at him and wondering how on earth I had managed to fall in love with a douchebag like Noah in the first place.