

# The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

## Chapter 047

AMELIA

The party was finally over. The guests were gone. The house had been tidied up, thanks to the servers hired for the event, but I still could not get the sight of Damian's annoyed expression out of my head when he registered that he had walked into a surprise birthday party.

Anton was right. Damian actually did hate surprise parties, but after a while, he accepted the party with good grace. However, I had noticed that whenever no one had been close enough to engage him in conversation, he tended to stay by himself at the back of the room, sipping a drink and looking like he wished he were somewhere else. Anton had not allowed him to brood.

I put away the unused bottles of wine in the fridge and searched for Damian. I found him nibbling on a piece of his birthday cake and scowling as though remembering something unpleasant. He didn't look particularly excited, but he didn't look like he would bite either.

"Hey, birthday boy," I said, lowering myself onto the sofa beside him.

He looked at me and gave me a vague smile.

"Done tidying up?" he asked me.

I nodded, and he resumed his earlier occupation. I felt a blush creep up my cheeks as I recalled those few seconds after we all had yelled 'Surprise'. When I had gone over to hug him, I had caught a glimpse of packets of condoms stuffed haphazardly into his back pocket.

He had even been gripping a packet in his hand but had immediately stuffed it into his other pocket and thrust the others in deeper just before I had reached him. He had obviously thought he was coming home to get laid.

"Damian. I'm really sorry that I gave you the wrong impression when I sent that text. Forgive me?"

He waved off my apology. "It's alright. There's no need to apologize. It's just that it was quite... unsettling at the time, but I've gotten over it."

"And I'm sorry about the surprise party..."

Damian's brow furrowed. "I know it was Anton's idea. I know he talked you into it. He knows how much I hate surprises, but he still went ahead to do this."

Damian shook his head and sighed, still looking a bit angry. I made a mental note to chew Anton out the next time I saw him. It seemed Damian still hadn't warmed up to the party as I thought he would have, even though it had been a success.

The only sound in the room for a moment was the clink of the plate fork as Damian took another piece of cake. I sat up a little straighter as I got an idea.

"I've got a gift for you," I said.

A thin smile flitted across his lips. "Another one?" He glanced towards the other almost invisible sofa under the pile of wrapped gifts, most of which he hadn't bothered to open yet. "There has to be like a ton of gifts there. I don't even know when I'll be able to go through them all."

"But this one's special," I murmured, my heart thudding with the excitement of what I was about to do.

"Oh. What is then?" he asked without a lot of interest.

"I'll go get it." I got to my feet. He nodded. I moved away from him and went to stand behind his sofa, where he couldn't see me. Then I quickly took off my shoes, slipped out of my dress and took off my underwear. I threw my panties at him. It landed on his shoulder. He froze, grabbed it, and stared at it in astonishment. Before he could turn, I came to stand in front of him. Grinning, I spread out my arms.

"I'm the present," I murmured and gave a little twirl.

"Holy shit!" He muttered under his breath.

His arms fell limply to his side as he stared at me open-mouthed. He swallowed audibly. I felt my body heat up under his ardent gaze. He looked at me with a sort of maniacal reverence, with awe.

Already, I could see his erection beginning to tend his trousers. Slowly, sensuously, I moved towards him. His hand reached up to touch my breasts. I swatted it away. I went on my knees before him, parted his legs, and, without breaking eye contact, slowly unzipped his trousers.

Damian's breathing suddenly became ragged and uneven. With unsteady hands, he began to fumble with his belt buckle. Again, I swatted away his hand. I undid his trousers slowly, taking my time.

I enjoyed the feeling of making him wait. Damian's erection sprang free, and as always, I was mesmerised by the sight. I quickly pulled my hair into a loose braid, grasped his engorged cock with both hands and took him into my mouth.

"Amelia..." My name was like a sigh, a prayer on his lips.

I took him in deeper, and sucked down on him, leaving him breathless. He gripped my hair and slowly, then quickly began to pump himself into my mouth. I felt him tense. He stilled.

With a muttered oath, he pulled himself out of my mouth and grabbed me in one movement. The next moment, he lay me on the sofa and parted my thighs gently. I moaned as his fingers travelled to my wetness, and then he spread me with two fingers.

He slipped on a condom and pushed himself between my thighs. I closed my eyes and welcomed him with all the built-in desire burning inside me.

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TWO DAYS LATER

DAMIAN

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"Damian," called a familiar voice from behind me.

I turned to see the mayor, followed by several important-looking men, walking towards me.

"I wasn't expecting to see you here today," I told the mayor as I shook hands.

"Yes. Er-" He grinned a little sheepishly. "It's a habit of mine to pay unexpected visits to the sites of the projects I give out."

I returned his grin. "I'm not slacking off on the job, I assure you. In fact, I want to give you a tour of the site."

"Lead the way then."

I took the men around and showed them how much work we had done on the railroad site. An hour later, I was walking them back to their cars.

"You're doing an excellent job, Damian," said one of the men.

"I agree," said the mayor enthusiastically. He clapped me on the back in a friendly manner. "I knew I picked the right man for the job." He started to get into his car, then stopped. "Oh, and before I forget, the wife wants to have you and Amelia over for dinner. This night, okay?"

I assured him it was. I didn't know Amelia's schedule, but I was sure she could make time for the mayor and his wife.

At seven, Amelia and I were together at the mayor's house for the second time. His wife greeted me warmly enough but embraced Amelia in a tight hug. It seemed she liked her from the last meeting.

Dinner went on just like the last time, but thankfully without Noah and Lucy's presence to mar the beauty of the evening. Everything was going perfectly until the mayor's wife began talking about a place she and her husband had visited during the last week.

Then she paused.

Looking from me to Amelia, she said, "I've been curious... how did you two lovebirds meet?"

"At a shopping mall," I replied, but Amelia cut me off almost immediately. "Online," she answered.

The mayor was looking surprised, and the mayor's wife was astonished. Amelia and I flushed in embarrassment.

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The mayor's wife was the first to speak, "How on earth did you two meet in two different places?"

"Umm. What I meant to say was that I had already stumbled across his social page, and he..."

"I accepted her friend request," I said quickly. "I never thought we would ever meet physically, and then I er- stumbled across her at a shopping mall..." I faltered, wondering how best to complete the story.

"I recognized him, and then he eventually recognized me," Amelia said. "We got talking, and the rest is history."

Amelia smiled and looked at them to see if they believed her story.

"That's so romantic," the mayor's wife trilled.

"It is," the mayor said slowly and I couldn't tell if he believed our tale.

I heaved a sigh of relief when the mayor's wife turned to Amelia and began to talk about going shopping the next day. She invited Amelia to go with her. Amelia agreed to it quickly.

I had a feeling that she would have agreed to anything just as long as she didn't have to answer questions about our marriage.

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AMELIA

I pulled up in front of the shopping mall where Betty, the mayor's wife, had asked me to meet her and her friends for shopping. She had just called me to meet her at the clothing section, and it was there I directed my steps.

"You're here, dear." Betty beamed at me.

She took my hand to pull me forward and introduced me to her friends.

I fought to keep the smile on my face and to hide my surprise at the fact that Lucy was also there.