

The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

Chapter 049

DAMIAN

I drummed my fingers impatiently on the desk in my study as I thought of what to do. Getting Amelia released from jail was simple enough. Getting her released in such a way that no one got wind of the fact that she had gotten arrested in the first place, was the challenge. The issue would have to be handled really carefully. A wave of anger and irritation coursed through me. What had she gone and gotten herself arrested for?

"Focus, Damian. Focus," I muttered to myself.

I grabbed my phone and quickly scrolled through it for a while before I found the number I was looking for. I dialed it. The man was a lawyer I had some dealings with a while ago. He had useful connections with the bigwigs and authority figures in this city and beyond. He was the soul of discretion, and discretion was what I needed at this moment.

"Mr Donovan," he said through the phone. "It's been quite a while."

"Yes. Yes. I need your help with something. My wife, Amelia, has got herself into a fix. She got caught up in a police raid and got... imprisoned." Damn! It was hard to even say the words. "I need you to do whatever you can to get her out of there today." I glanced at my wristwatch. It was still hours before noon. "This morning," I amended.

"Alright. I'll certainly get her out. I'll text you when it's time to pick her up."

"Good. As for you fee, I'll pay you any amount you want. Just get her out."

The lawyer again assured me he would. Time seemed to go by very slowly as though it wanted to deliberately annoy me. At 3p. m, I got a text from the lawyer, telling me where to pick Amelia up. I was out of my chair before I had finished reading the text. I parked my car in front of the police station just as Amelia came out of the building. The jeans and blouse she had on looked a little grimy. Her hair was dull and lank. There was a frightened look in her eyes that had not been there the last time I saw her. Without a word, I leaned over and opened the passenger door.

"Hi," she said in a small voice.

I didn't answer. Anything I needed to say to her could wait until we were home, and I had quite a lot to say to her. Quite a lot. As I drove off, she sat ramrod straight on her seat, but the farther we got from the police station, the more relaxed she became. Halfway home, Anton, the cause of all the trouble, called.

"Have you managed to get her released?" he asked, anxiety colouring the tone of his voice.

"Yes," I hissed between my teeth.

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"Oh." He exhaled. "I guess you're taking her home now."

"Yes."

I hung up before he could say anything else. Amelia shot me a curious look, but wisely refrained from asking me any questions, or attempting to talk to me again. She just sat there, staring out the window, twisting her fingers nervously in her lap. Anton was at the front door when we got home. He started to say something, but I brushed past him without saying a word. I unlocked the door, threw it open, glared at Amelia. My message was clear.

Get in.

She had started talking with Anton, but came in anyway. I led the way into the living room, then turned on her.

"Thanks for getting me out of there," she said. "It was--"

"I don't need your thanks," I snarled. "What the hell were you thinking, Amelia?"

"It- it was not my fault," she protested. "What happened was--"

"I know perfectly well what happened. If you had been where you were supposed to be, which is at home or at the bakery, would you have been picked up by the police?"

Anton stepped forward. "I'm sorry about all this. It was my fault. I was the one who suggested--"

"Stay out of this," I said without looking at him. "Amelia is responsible for her decisions. She's not a child, though she's begun behaving like one."

"How dare you! Look, I'm grateful that you pulled strings to get me out of there but you don't get to talk to me that way."

"I'll talk to you anyhow I want," I retorted. "and just so you know, you are forbidden to go anywhere apart from the bakery."

She stared at me in surprise for a second or two. "You can't- You don't have any right to tell me what I can or can't do."

Aton cleared his throat loudly. I gave him a warning look. He seated himself on the sofa, threw his hands up in surrender and proceeded to watch Amelia and I with undisguised interest.

"As I matter of fact, I can. I just did. Since you can't seem to help getting yourself into trouble , I'll restrict your movements even if it's the last thing I do."

Amelia gave a short, bitter laugh. "Now I can see you're delusional."

"Oh. Am I? I'm the sane one here. Do you have any idea of the sort of scandal that would have been created if anyone got wind of the fact that you were in jail? I can almost see the big, bold newspaper headlines. You--"

"I'M A GROWN WOMAN. YOU CANNOT GROUND ME!" she bellowed, her face going purple with anger.

Anton stopped his ears and winced theatrically.

"Shout all you want, but that's my final word on the matter. Step out of line, and you'll likely find yourself being bundled back to this house. I don't want to discuss this anymore."

"Oh go to hell, Damian!" Amelia turned, ran upstairs. Seconds later, I heard the door slam and something break. I was even angrier than I had been this morning. Amelia still didn't seem to have realized the consequences of her actions, or how much worry she had put me through.

"Women," Anton murmured.

"You mostly caused this so don't let me get started on you," I warned.

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At least Anton had the good grace to look mildly ashamed of himself.

AMELIA

I took a deep, shaky breath before stepping out of the building. At once, the feeling of being watched returned. How long would this continue? I wondered. My nerves were taut, stretched almost to breaking point. Every single day for a whole week, whenever I closed the bakery for the day, I got the feeling that someone was watching me. It got more scary because I was always the last person to leave.

Now, I squinted into the places not illuminated by the lights outside. Everything was as it should be, but the feeling persisted. I briefly considered telling someone, maybe Rose, to always stay behind until I was ready to leave. But she would have stuff to do in the evenings, wouldn't she? She couldn't work overtime babysitting me. And besides, it was possible that no one was actually watching me. Maybe my imagination was playing tricks on me though deep down, I didn't think so.

On my way to work the next morning, I bought a can of pepper spray and a taser. The taser and pepper spray were the first things I put into my handbag the next morning before I left the house.

Nothing happened for a few days, and then one night, while I was locking the place up, I got the odd feeling that whoever had been watching me was closer. I fiddled with the locks and purposely dawdled. I was ready for a confrontation now. I wanted to get this over with. Moving quietly, I peered around the right side of the building. I was just returning to the entrance when I caught sight of what looked like the figure of a man approaching. He was hunched over so I could not get a glimpse of his face.

"Who are you?" I said, but my voice was barely even audible to my own ears.

I tried to call out again, but all that escaped my lips was a soft hiss. My muscles were locked down with fright. As the man got closer, I remembered I remembered the pepper spray in my handbag. I nearly sobbed with relief. I kept my eyes locked on the approaching figure while I groped inside my bag. My fingers encountered a tube of lipstick, something cold and metallic- a key, my credit card, a piece of paper. A frightened whimper escaped my lips. Had I somehow forgotten the pepper spray? Was it in my office right now when I needed it the most?

And then I felt the smooth, cold surface of the can. Just as the man got close enough to touch, I yanked it out of my bag, and sprayed what had to be a quarter of the contents into his face.

"Aaaargh." The man screamed and went down, clawing at his face.

That voice... his voice sounded familiar. Slowly, I bent at the waist and really looked at the man writhing on the ground.

"Lucien," I gasped. "It's you."