

# The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

## Chapter 050

DAMIAN

"Just give me a moment to see all this," I told the project engineer tersely.

The afternoon sun beat down mercilessly on me as I moved around the site, checking out the equipment. Another engineer at my side hurried to keep up as he pointed out the various equipments that had been damaged.

For the past week, I had been getting reports of damaged or malfunctioning equipment at the site of the bullet train railway. This time, the damage had been very extensive. When I checked and discovered that sugar had been poured into the gas tanks of some of the heavy duty machinery, my suspicions were proven. What had been happening at the site was sabotage.

After about forty-five minutes of inspection, I gave the project engineer a defeated stare.

"We will have to put the entire project on hold for now," I said. "Call off the workers."

He nodded, paused to wipe a stream of sweat running down his face.

"But sir, the mayor..." he said.

Ah. The mayor. He had been impressed by the pace of work on the project. He wasn't going to like this. Not one bit. His superiors were breathing down his neck for the project to be completed, and he in turn was breathing down mine. Whoever was behind this sabotage wanted to ruin the reputation of my company.

"Sir?"

The engineer raised a brow, asking a silent question.

"Don't worry about the mayor. I'll handle him," I said.

As I left the site in my car, I thought of what to do. I parked in the driveway of a mall and scrolled through my phone. A few seconds of this and I came upon the phone number of Curt. He was an ex marine who had gotten me some necessary information years ago. Without hesitation, I dialed his number. He answered as soon as it started to ring.

"Mr Donovan. To what do I owe this pleasure?" he said.

"Still in the biz?"

"Always."

"I've got a job for you."

"It sounds urgent." I didn't argue. "Will Sam's bar and grill be good for a meeting in thirty minutes?"

I checked my watch. I could make it to the meeting point in under thirty minutes. I got there a little before him and just had time to order a drink when through the glass windows, I saw him pull up in his convertible. He walked into the bar exactly thirty minutes after our phone conversation. Curt was never late. He gripped my hand in a firm handshake, waved off a waiter, and stared at me with those piercing grey eyes of his.

I pointed to my glass. "No drink?"

"I like to keep my head clear when I'm undertaking a job. What's going on, Mr Donovan?"

I briefly told him all that had been happening at the construction site over the past weeks, and how I had at first thought that we had just been having a run of bad luck.

"It's sabotage, alright," he said grimly as he shut the little notebook he had been writing on and thrust it deep into the pocket of his tight jeans. "I've heard of the project. It's a really big one. Chances are that someone high up is involved in this. It will explain why no one has gotten a glimpse of the culprits before now."

"Yes, I know. That's why I decided not to involve the police... yet. These criminals may have friends in high places." I shrugged.

"These things happen," Curt agreed. "I think you were right in calling me in first, and I'm saying that not just because I want the job." He permitted himself a small, fleeting smile.

"I know."

"Anyway, I will get something concrete for you tomorrow."

"Tomorrow," I echoed and he departed after shaking my hand.

Just an hour after I got the office the next day, I received a text from Curt requesting a meeting at the place we had met the previous day. I felt a smile curve my lips. The man was certainly worth his hire. He had news for me already. I looked up at my secretary who was wearing a puzzled look, probably wondering why I was smiling.

"Cancel all my other appointments for this morning," I told her. "and probably for most of the afternoon," I added as an afterthought.

After I hopefully got the identity of the persons messing up my project, I knew I wouldn't rest until I had personally dealt with them myself.

This time, Curt was at the bar, sipping a glass of whisky on the rocks with the air of a man who had finished a job and done it well. It was I who waved the hopeful waiter away, desperate to hear what he had to say.

I couldn't stop myself from leaning forward in my chair with my hands on my knees as I asked him, "What have you got for me?"

"A lot, Mr Donovan, but I'll start at the beginning." At a nod from me, he went on. "After I left you, I scoped out the place, talked to a few people living or doing business around the area where the site is located. From them, I got a general idea of the time the saboteurs would strike. So once it was dark, I went there and hid myself. For a long time, I thought they wouldn't show up, that maybe they would have the good sense not to show up at the same place too often, but I guess I was giving the assholes too much credit for brains." He paused. "Pardon my French, Mr Donovan."

I shot him an amused glance. "I do think they're assholes."

"Right. I waited there all night and sure enough they came and began wrecking stuff. I jumped them and gave them a pretty good beating, if I do say so myself. Most of them ran away, but there was one of them who I beat up so bad that he couldn't run away after the others." Curt's hand on the table clenched as though he were reliving the moment. For the first time, I noticed that his knuckles were reddened, abraded and bruised. "I asked him who sent him. He was er- reluctant to spill the beans, but after a little... persuasion, he confessed. The one who had sent them was Noah. Noah Allen."

There was a moment of silence as I gazed down at Curt's highly polished boots. Noah. I should have known that he was behind this. A tiny part of me had even suspected. He was after all, the major person who had a lot to gain by sabotaging the railway project since the mayor had deemed it fit to choose him over me. I was angry, so pissed that I forgot to breathe for a moment or two. Finally, I exhaled. A muscle jumped in my cheek as I regarded Curt once more.

"Is there anything else I can do?" Curt asked.

"No. No. I will handle this myself. You did a good job. Thanks for your help. Send me your fee so I'll do the transfer."

I clasped him on the shoulder, slid out of my chair and out the door. This time, my destination was Noah's house. I drove higher than the speed limit, wanting nothing more than to see the face of that coward who hired others to do his dirty work for him. In no time at all, I was banging on Noah's front door. No one answered but I knew that they were in the house. There was one of Noah's car parked in front of the house, as well as the candy pink abomination Lucy drove. I caught a movement out of the corner of my eye. A curtain had twitched. There were approaching footsteps. The door was flung open and Lucy stood there as pale as a sheet. She gulped when she got a close look at my face.

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

"Wh-what are you doing here?" she asked, her voice barely above a whisper.

"I want to see Noah," I snapped.

"B-but why?" I made a move to get into the house. She moved, her body blocking the entrance. "If you have a message, leave it with me."

She shot a frightened glance over her shoulder and I understood. She was scared of Noah finding out that she had been hitting on me. She probably thought I was here to report her misdemeanor.

"Look, Lucy. Get--"

"And who's there?" The sound of Noah's voice almost made Lucy collapse against the half open door. He came to stand beside Lucy and stared at me in surprise. "You! What the hell are you doing in my house?"

"I should be asking you that," I said.

"What?" he cried in astonishment.

"I should be the one asking you what you and your... friends have been doing in a place where you have no business being."

"I- I don't know what you're talking about," Noah said less forcefully, but his eyes shifted and I knew that he knew what exactly I was talking about.

"Don't you? I think you do."

Noah paled considerably. Lucy's mouth fell open. She looked from me to the man behind her in confusion.

"I have just a few words for you, Noah," I went on. "If you or the others are again caught where you aren't supposed to be next time, I won't be as lenient as I am now. I mean, think of the news headlines I could make sure pop up in the papers because of that infraction."

As I walked away, satisfied at the impact my threat had made, I heard Lucy ask him what I was talking about. He growled something at her in a shaky voice laced with fear, then shut the door.