

The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

Chapter 058

DOROTHY

Who was it? I thought as I saw the figure flit out into the grounds. I leaned out the window to get a better look. The figure was suddenly illuminated by the headlamps of the car which had suddenly come on. Before the lights winked out, I saw Damian clearly. Something about his bowed head, his quick movement made me feel like he wanted to leave the house unnoticed.

It was almost midnight! Where could he be going off to? I stood there in front of bedroom window, undecided. The need to know what he was up to decided me. I hurried downstairs, grabbed a car key from the little tray on the dining table. Damian's car was almost at the gates by the time I got outside. I pressed the button on the keys until one of the cars beeped. I got into that one and going after him. Luck was on my side. There was still some traffic on the roads. It wasn't as deserted as I thought it would be by this hour.

I was able to stay behind a black sedan all the way to the turning to a nearby building. I stopped and stared at the flashing neon lights of the building Damian had driven into. I read the sign again and again. It didn't change. What was Amelia's husband doing at a motel at midnight? I got out of the car to follow Damian's slowly moving vehicle on foot, taking care to keep in the shadows. He turned back once to scan the place behind him. I ducked out of sight. He walked slowly around the low building in front of him. He seemed to be looking up the numbers. At the same time he came to a stop at the door with a big, golden '12' on it, a dark haired woman dressed in some sort of flimsy gown opened the door. Damian went inside with her.

Someone bumped my shoulder.

"Sorry ma'am," said a young man from beside me who was giving off a powerful stench of whiskey.

I said nothing. He kept walking, turned back once to look at me curiously. How long had I standing there? But there was no point in staying here anymore. That good-for-nothing man was cheating on my daughter and she had to know.

DAMIAN

Lora's painted lips curved into a smile as soon as she threw open the door of number 12 and saw me standing there.

"I knew you would come," she purred.

"Move," I ground out.

She kept her smile fixed, but she did move out of my way, allowing me entrance into the motel room.

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"I was considerate, wasn't I?" I stared, having no idea of what she was talking about. She began to move around to pour drinks from the decanter on the table. "I chose this place because it's really close to your house so you can nip back home in case your wife finds out you're gone."

A peal of derisive laughter followed this statement.

"Cut to the chase, Lora." I waved aside her offer of a drink. "Tell me what you meant by that text you sent."

"Damian. Damian. Always so impatient." She languidly lowered herself into a chair, crossed her legs. The movement caused her gown to slide up further up her thighs. She regarded me over the rim of her glass, guaging my reaction. Once, the sight of her bare skin would have made me pant with desire. Now it just made me really angry. I perched on the edge of the bed.

"Lora. This had better not be about you trying to worm your way back into my bed, because if it is--"

She let out a tinkling laugh. "Oh no. Your wife threw me out of your house, remember? You stood by and let that happen. You should know that I don't forgive and forget that easily."

"And you should know that I also don't. You had better have a damned good reason for dragging me out here at this time of the night, or else--"

She rolled her eyes. "Threats. Threats and more threats. You are not in a position to make threats any more, Damian. I am." She leaned forward so I could see her scarcely concealed cleavage, but it was her face, twisted with spite and malice, that I was fixated on. "Like I said, I have just the thing that will ruin your chances of getting your hands on your uncle's company. Your marriage to Amelia... I have concrete proof that it's fake."

My heart sank, but I made sure that my face gave nothing away. Once again, my marriage to Amelia was being held over my head. Would I never be free of all these nosey parkers out to ruin me? With some effort, I forced myself to concentrate on the issue at hand. Lora spoke of having proof. It was possible, but then what if she was lying?

"You've got nothing," I said, having decided to call her bluff.

I leaned back, rested my hands on my thighs and looked more relaxed than I felt.

"Aha!" She pointed a finger at me. "You don't deny it, do you? You just admitted that your marriage to Amelia is fake, but that I don't have anything to prove that it is."

"Don't be daft. I admitted no such thing. I love Amelia and that's why I married her. End of story."

"The wedding was so sudden. There was no way you could have loved her--"

"I wasn't aware the process of falling in love had a time frame. But maybe you're an expert in such things. Oh. I take that back. You can't be an expert when you haven't even been able to hold on to a decent relationship."

Lora flushed angrily.

"We're talking about me, not you. I haven't forgotten a thing that happened at your house. Do you think I believed your stupid explanation about why you and Amelia had been sleeping in different rooms? Your marriage is a sham. Admit it!"

I quirked a brow. Something about this scenario wasn't right, but for a second or two I couldn't place my finger on it. Then it started coming to me in bits as I replayed the conversation of the last few minutes in my head.

Admit it! she had said.

I took a turn around the room, keeping an eye out for anything that was out of place.

"Lora, why haven't we been talking about this proof you said you have?" I said slowly. "Instead, you have been spending a whole lot of time trying to get me to... admit something. Haven't you?"

I turned around quickly and saw the look of fear that leaped into her eyes for a split second.

"I don't know what you're talking about," she said coldly and began to rise.

Acting on my instincts, I suddenly lunged at her, grabbed the folds of her gown. Her shrieks drowned out the sound of the material ripping. It was as I had suspected. She was wearing a wire. Before she back away, I grabbed the wires, yanked and proceeded to pull them apart. I blocked the exit, held out the pieces of wire to her.

"Who the bloody hell put you up to this?" I thundered. She opened her mouth, closed it and looked longingly at the door. "You are not getting out of here until you tell me who is trying to set me up."

"It- it was my idea."

"Liar!"

She blinked. "Prove it then! Go now or let me go." My fists clenched over the pieces of wire. She noted the movement. "What are you going to do, Damian? Hit me? Torture me until I spilled my guts?"

I hated to, but I took a step back and stormed out of the room. Lora was right. I couldn't torture the information I wanted out of her. There was one thing I was sure of though. Petra was the one behind this. The vicious gold digger was still after my uncle's company.

AMELIA

I sat with my chin in my hands, watching my mother pace. A few minutes ago, she had woken me up by banging on my door then proceeded to tell me that she had followed Damian to a motel where he went to see another woman. I hadn't known what to say or do. She had insisted on us waiting up to confront him when he returned, and so here I was, waiting for him to come home with a very good and plausible explanation.

I couldn't make sense of the sudden silence until I realized my mother had stopped pacing.

"He's back," she said.

An unsuspecting Damian walked through the door. He looked from me to my mother, and recoiled at the look on her face.

"What's going on?" he asked.

"You tell us!" she shot back. "What were you doing in the motel room with that woman?"