

The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

Chapter 059

DAMIAN

"Another woman?" I mouthed the words, my mind blank and confused with no idea of what Dorothy was talking about.

And then it hit me. Dorothy had somehow known that had gone to see Lora. But how? I was sure that no one had followed me there. Or was I? I had actually been on edge and worried after Lora's text message that I hadn't actually been looking to see if I was being followed. But then again, why the hell would someone have wanted to follow me in the first place?

"Answer the question, Damian," Dorothy demanded. "You were at a motel room with another woman. Or do you deny it?"

I forced myself to meet her angry eyes.

"No," I said quietly.

Amelia shot me a panicked look. I tried to assure her with my eyes that I had the situation well in hand.

Dorothy drew herself up to her full height. "What nerve! You stand there without a hint of remorse and proudly say-"

"Please, calm down, Dorothy. I admitted to going into the motel room to see a woman. I didn't admit to having an affair with her or anyone else for that matter. I-"

Dorothy turned her glare on her daughter. "Amelia! Don't just sit there like a dummy. Say something. Stand up to him!"

With the air of one getting an unpleasant task over with, Amelia turned to me and asked, "What were you doing with... her, whoever she was, at this time of the night in a motel room?"

Dorothy's eyes gleamed triumphantly as she turned to me. "Explain that!"

"Which is what I've been trying to do," I said. "The woman you saw me with is my client. I went there for a business meeting."

"A business meeting!" Dorothy cried shrilly. "Who conducts a business meeting in a motel room of all places and at odd hours too?"

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"The meeting was an urgent one," I explained while racking my brains for a plausible explanation. "The woman is leaving town tomorrow morning. She won't return for months so it was imperative that I met with her so we could conclude our business."

Dorothy's eyes narrowed suspiciously. "I must look simple to you, Damian. Do you seriously expect me to believe you?"

"But it's the truth."

"We both know it's not. That's the flimsiest explanation I have ever heard. Well, I'll leave you two to sort out this mess. Good night!"

With her head held high and her back stiff with disapproval, Dorothy left, leaving Amelia and I to stare at each other. When I was sure that Dorothy was in her room, I told Amelia all that had happened with Lora.

For Dorothy's benefit, I was the picture of husbandly devotion the next day, which was mentally exhausting because Amelia and I were strained. We had been up half the night, trying to determine exactly how much Petra knew of our affairs, and guessing what her next course of action would be.

AMELIA

I looked at the clock at the wall above my head and groaned. I had barely an hour before the bakery had to close for the day, and then I would be back to being under my mother's annoyingly watchful eyes. The bakery or the sweet shop were now my favourite places of refuge.

"You really didn't need to come in today. We can handle all the orders on our own," Rose had said to me just this morning.

I had smiled and told her I wanted to go through the accounts, which was a lie, because I had previously gone through it days ago with a fine tooth comb. How could I tell her or anybody that I needed this route of escape from my mother? Ever since the motel incident, my mother's new topic of conversation was, 'Now, Amelia! You really have to trash out this issue of cheating with Damian. Stop burying your head in the sand.'

Continuing to bury my head was what I still wanted to do an hour later when it was finally time to go home. But I couldn't very well sleep at the store. That would raised another round of questions from my mother.

The television was on when I got home. That meant my mother was still up, which was not too good. But when I walked into the living room, I found Anton was with her, which was perfectly good, more than I hoped for even. I could always count on Anton to distract her from musings about my marriage.

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This evening, they were both poring over the screen of my mother's phone. My mum greeted me with a smile. Anton looked up and imperiously waved me into a chair.

"It's good you're back," he said. "Maybe she'll listen to you."

"What's going on?"

Anton looked very pleased with himself, smug even when he said, "I've managed to fix a blind date for your mum."

"That's wonderful, mum!" I exclaimed with genuine pleasure. "What's the man like?"

My mother pursed her lips until it almost seemed like they had disappeared. "Anton's idea of the definition of a blind date is to almost literally go in blind. I have no idea what the man even looks like, and Anton refuses to tell me."

"Hey! That's the idea of a blind date, isn't it, Amelia? It has to have the element of surprise."

"Well, I'm not going," she stated flatly.

Anton looked glum. "And that's the impasse we're at. She refuses to go... after all the effort I've put into securing the date."

Anton's lips dramatically turned down at the corners, but my mother's face was set in an expression of stubbornness I knew so well. I didn't think Anton's knack of getting his way would work this time, not without my help anyway.

"Mum-" I began.

"No. I'm not going. After your father died, I've not been on a date. Besides-" She gave a nervous, shaky laugh. "I wouldn't know what to say on a date. I wouldn't know how to carry on a conversation. I'm- I'm so out of practice."

I took her hands in both of my own. "You can't know whether you can do a thing until you try. Just go and you will be fine."

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"And if he turns out to be a creep?"

I hid a grin, knowing that the battle was already have won.

"I have a solution to that," Anton chirped.

"No. I've got this in the bag. Mum, I've got pepper spray and a taser. I'll lend it to you. With that, I'm sure you can put him out of action if he turns out to be a creep as you say."

She chuckled, raised her hands. "Fine. Fine. I'll go. What other choice do I have when you two have ganged up on me?"

Anton tipped me a wink.

"None," he said. "None at all."

With a sigh of exhaustion, I flopped onto the bed. I had spent the last half hour preparing my mother for her date. This had involved changing shades of her lipstick and eyeshadow more times than I wanted to count, styling her hair, now in a French braid, now in a bun. Finally, she had declared herself pleased with my attempts at a makeover. For someone who had not been keen to go on the date in the first place, she had put a lot of effort into preparing for it.

It was early afternoon and I didn't have to go to the bakery or to my other stores now that my reason for staying away from home was gone. I found my thoughts drifting to Damian. If I turned my head a little to the right, where he always lay, I could get a whiff of his aftershave.

I couldn't think of the smell of his aftershave without thinking of how I had smelled it on him when I kissed him. I couldn't think of kissing him without remembering how it felt when those big, strong hands of his touched me. And now I couldn't stop thinking about the fact that it had been ages since we had sex.

I let my eyes drift close as I thought of the time he had taken me in the kitchen. Desire pooled between my legs. I slid off my skirt, my panties and spread my legs. I touched my breasts and imagined Damian was taking each rock hard nipple into his mouth. My breathing got laboured as my fingers found their way into that wet spot between my legs. I eased two fingers in, a little tremble leaving me. I fingered myself slowly but imagined Damian was with me. Thinking about him was like dreaming about an exotic wine and I wanted to be intoxicated.

"Yes... Damian," I sighed.

I raised my hips when I felt the orgasm coming, like a tidal wanting to bury me beneath it. A sound suddenly intruded on my ears. I froze. My eyes fluttered open. There, standing at the door, his gaze drifting from my parted legs to my face, was Damian.