

# The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

## Chapter 060

DAMIAN

I bit my lips to stifle a groan. My fingers unconsciously massaged my temples where I felt a headache building. The sound of rustling paper made me look up. My secretary had merely paused to turn over another page of the report she was reading. Beside her, two men, members of my staff were hanging on to her every word, making notes in the margin of the documents in front of them. My secretary saw me looking in some dismay at the remaining pages of the report she had yet to read.

"Should I... go on, sir?" she asked after a moment's hesitation.

"Yes. Please do," I replied.

The men who had looked startled at the idea that I could abruptly call off the meeting that hadn't even lasted for up to twenty minutes, now looked expectantly at her as she once more began droning on about the project.

I fought to keep my expression bright and alert, like everyone else, but I found myself spacing out once more.

Damn! But I was so goddamn tired. Lately, I had been even under more stress than usual for the railway project. The mayor had brought forward another proposed date for the finalization of the project and I was working like a pack horse to make his dream a reality. My firm was also handling other contracts apart from the railway project, and I couldn't neglect those too.

My gaze fell on my phone which had brightened up because of an incoming message. My screensaver was a picture of Amelia and I on our wedding day; just one more prop I had to put in place in order to convince Dorothy that Amelia and I were happily married. Keeping up appearances had not proved easier with time, as I had imagined would be the case. Dorothy was too sharp-witted for her own good, so I constantly had to be on my toes. What with the stress at work and the stress at home, I was under a tremendous amount of pressure.

I sighed and closed my eyes for a moment to shut out the glare of the lights in the room which suddenly seemed too bright.

And then there was Dorothy, angrily waving a document in my face.

"I can't believe you cheated on my daughter in just less than a year of marriage," she cried. "And as if that isn't bad enough, your marriage to her is a fake one. I'm so disappointed in both of you."

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I opened my mouth to defend myself but I could form no words.

"Don't deny it," she continued but this time, her voice seemed to come from far down a tunnel. It got oddly distorted. "I have the marriage documents right here."

I leaned forward, squinted to get a better look at the documents she was holding. I crowed with laughter when I saw that was Dorothy held was not a copy of the marriage contract, but of the railway project contract. I blinked and the contract became two, then four, twenty. The number kept increasing and in a manner of seconds, I was literally buried under an avalanche of multiplying papers.

Someone shook my wrists. My eyes sprang open.

"Sir," said my secretary. "Are you okay?"

"Of course, I'm okay. Why wouldn't I be? What happened?" I added when I noticed the looks they were exchanging.

"You were muttering something in your sleep, sir."

Shit! Falling asleep was bad enough. I had been doing that lately, especially this past week. Muttering in my sleep was worse. I didn't even want to ask what they had heard. It was then realized then how physically and emotionally exhausted I was.

The dreams of Dorothy, marriage contracts, railway contracts were a clear indication that my body was slowly but surely collapsing under the strain it had been under lately. I needed to rest. It was just a quarter to 1 in the afternoon, hours away from closing time, but I was useless here, so I figured I might as well take a break. I passed a hand over my face and pushed to my feet.

"I guess I'm just tired," I explained. "I didn't get much sleep last night. " The others began to gather up their files. "No. There is no need for that. You all carry on. I'll go through a report of your deliberations tomorrow."

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I hurried to my office, grabbed my things and left the building. It was all I could do to keep my eyes open during the drive home. The house was silent when I got in. If Dorothy was in, she would most likely be curled up in front of the television at this hour, watching old westerns, so it seemed she had gone out. I felt my shoulders sag in relief. If Dorothy saw that I had come home early, I would be subjected to a barrage of questions which I would have had to grope for answers to.

As I shuffled towards my room, my one thought was to peel off my clothes and get between the snowy white sheets. All thoughts of sleep were driven right out of my head the moment I pushed open my bedroom door. Amelia's wide open legs faced me. The view of her slit was blocked by the fingers that were working their way in and out of her. She was whimpering softly as her hips pumped. Her hair was spread out on the pillow. Her other hand roved over her full, perfect breasts. She paused periodically to tweak her nipples.

My mouth went instantly dry at the erotic sight. The blood roared in my ears. I blinked rapidly, wondering if I was having another lucid dream. But if this was a dream, I would deal with anyone who dared wake me up. Without taking my eyes of her, I slowly pushed the door closed. I stared at her parted legs the way a parched man must stare at an oasis in the desert. Another of those sexy little whimpers escaped her.

"Yes... Damian," she sighed and I almost felt my heart explode with joy and pride at the evidence that I was the subject of her deepest, darkest fantasies.

Her fingers, coated with her overflowing juices thrust in and out of her faster and I knew she was closing to orgasm. I must have made a sound because she suddenly froze, raised her head to stare at me. Colour instantly flooded her cheeks. She closed her legs and attempted to cover herself with the hem of her blouse, which was ridiculous, considering the fact that the blouse stopped short of her hips.

"I-I- You shouldn't have seen that," she gasped. "What are you doing home?"

"Don't stop on my account, Amelia," I said in a voice that was barely more than a whisper.

I gently pushed her back down as soon as she attempted to sit up.

"Damian, what are you-"

"Ssh." I laid a finger across her lips, silencing her. "I want to finish where you left off."

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I pulled her legs apart before she could protest and glued my lips to that sweet, wet spot between her legs. Amelia gasped. Her fingers twined themselves in my hair as she pulled herself closer to my mouth. I flicked the tip of my tongue lazily against her erect, sensitive nub and felt her shudder. She was already so close to the edge that she came then, arching her back and screaming my name. I let her ride the crest of her climax before pulling away.

"You're- hard," she puffed.

I followed the direction of her gaze and immediately became aware of the huge bulge in my trousers.

"That I am," I said wryly. "You can't blame me for it, not when I walked in on you looking so damn sexy."

She drew in a deep, shuddering breath, scrambled out of bed and got on her knees before me.

"I can do something about it," she said.

She palmed my erection and I nearly bit off my tongue to keep back a cry. All my rules of not getting intimate with her went flying out of the window as she ever so slowly unbuckled my belt and unzipped my trousers. She ran her hands along the length of my now exposed member and before I could get used to the new, pleasant sensation, Amelia had taken me whole into her warm, wet mouth. She bobbed up and down on my engorged cock. When she suckled on its sensitive head, I couldn't hold back anymore.

"Shit! Amelia. I'm going to-"

She raised her head to look me in eye, silently giving me permission to find my release. With a strangled yell, I came in her mouth. Spent and satisfied, she climbed onto the bed beside me. We lay down together. I couldn't remember the last time I had felt this good. Amelia fell asleep almost as soon as her head touched the pillow. I followed soon after with a smile on my face.