

# The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

## Chapter 062

AMELIA

"Hello, Amelia," she drawled. "For a moment there I thought you had developed some kind of sixth sense that told you I was here. I thought you would never come."

"This is the exact time I come here everyday," I said shortly.

While I spoke, my mind was going a mile a minute. Lora was again up to no good. That much was certain. Damian had told me everything about his meeting with her at the motel room, how she had tried to get him to say something incriminating. No doubt she had come to try the same tactic with me. My eyes skimmed over the skintight jeans and blouse she wore. I wondered whether she was wearing a wire under those clothes. I just had to be careful not to say anything that I wouldn't want recorded.

"Nice place you got here," she said, staring at me with a malevolent look in her eyes. "I need us to talk about something very important. I assume there's a place where we can talk." I seriously considered telling her to go to hell when she added, "Or we can talk right here if you want."

Behind me, I could feel the curious gazes of Rose and the other employees boring into my skin. It wouldn't do for them to hear what she had to say. I turned and marched past the showroom, along the corridor and straight to my office. The moment the door was shut, I whirled around to face her.

"What do you want?" I snapped.

"Aren't you going to at least offer me a seat?"

"State your business. I've got work to do and you're presently taking up my time."

Lora's face twisted in hate. She bit back a retort, then spoke in a carefully controlled voice, "I haven't come here to fight. I just want us to have a heart to heart conversation about Damian. I know you think you two have something going on, but it can't last. You should know that." She paused and when I said nothing, she continued, "Amelia, you're a woman like me. I don't know if you've ever been in love before, but if you have, you'll understand better what I'm talking about. The bond Damian and I share, it's strong, really strong. I loved him and I still do. I know he loves me too, but he's just still too angry at me to admit it. Also, he feels trapped in your marriage. He feels it's his duty to remain married to you even if it's not what he wants. But if you left, if you set him free, I'm sure he'll come back to me."

I quirked a brow. "Nice speech, Lora. Is that all you came to say?"

Lora flushed angrily. "Is that all you have to say?" She gave a frustrated sigh. "Amelia. This is not the time for you to pretend. I know that you're not happy in your marriage, if you can call that a marriage. No offense, but I'm stating the facts. Admit it."

"I have no idea what you're talking about or what you're driving at for that matter." I went behind my desk and sat down.

"Don't you want Damian to be happy? You must know that he'll be happy only with me. Didn't he tell you of our relationship? Huh?"

"You're rambling, Lora." I idly flicked open the pages of a book lying on my desk. "Listen, in the past, I may have given you the idea that you can speak to me anyhow you want. I invited you into my home even though it was very stupid of me to do that. But I promise you, if you cross one more line, I'll get you rotting behind bars."

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She glared at me for a full minute. "Do you think Damian will support you? I'm his first love. Everyone knows men never forget about their first love."

"You may be his mother for all I care," I chuckled and leaned back in my seat. "I won't hesitate to crush you like a bug if you try to mess with my marriage. Now, get out of my office before I throw you out."

She rose to her feet, opened her mouth to say something but shut it. Then, she stormed out, and slammed the door behind her.

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LORA

I wasn't giving up. I was never going to give up on getting Damian all to myself. Already, I was beginning to regret being so nice and polite to that uppity bitch who acted like she was better than anyone else just because she was married to Damian. When I got Damian back, I would show her. I would-

I looked closely at the approaching figure. It was Anton alright. I shifted so I was screened from view by the jeep close to Anton's car. He had not been taking my calls or replying my messages, so I had been reduced to lurking around his company's parking lot just to get him to see me.

"Anton," I said when he got closer.

"You!" His eyes widened like he had seen a ghost. "What the hell are you doing here, Lora. Are you stalking me?"

"No. I just want to talk to you but you have been ignoring me."

Anton frowned. "Of course, I've been ignoring you. What business do you have with me?"

"It's about Damian. Please, Anton. You know how deeply Damian and I love each other. We're a perfect fit. Amelia can't give him the happiness he needs. I'm ready to fight for Damian but I need your help. I need you to help me get him back."

"You're crazy," Anton said coolly.

"I'm in love-"

"No, you're not! You're delusional and I have nothing else to say to you."

"Wait," I called.

But he had brushed past me to get to his car. The next minute, the unfeeling idiot was driving away.

"I won't give up. You hear me?" I shouted after the fast disappearing car.

I stood there, in the company's parking lot, unheeding of the stares the nosey parkers who had witnessed the scene shot my way. I thought of what to do. There was an all consuming thought in my head right now and it was to get Damian away from Amelia. If I were able to find a way to be in his space, he would soon forget her. I was sure of it. I decided to go to his house later that evening.

I kept ringing the doorbell at his house for a long time and when the door opened, instead of Amelia or Damian who I had been expecting, was an elderly, severe looking woman. We stared at each other for a long, long moment.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"Is Damian in?" I asked.

"That doesn't answer my question, young lady."

"I need to see Damian. It's urgent... and he's expecting me."

She quirked a brow as though she didn't believe a word I said. "I am not in the habit of letting strangers into the house, so if you'll excuse me..."

After one last searching look at me, she started to close the door. I quickly stepped forward.

"I'm Damian's lover," I blurted out.

The woman froze. Her eyes narrowed, and narrowed some more.

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"You! I knew there was something familiar about you. You were the woman Damian went to see at the motel the other day, the one Damain said was a business associate."

I snorted. "Is that what he told you? I'm his lover. We're in a relationship and he's expecting to see me. You have to let me in."

"I don't have to do anything. Now get out and don't show yourself here every again."

I was just about to brush aside the old cow and go in anyway when she quickly stepped back and slammed the door in my face. Banging on the door and calling out didn't bring anyone to the door so I was forced to leave. But I promised myself that I would return and when I did, Damain would not be able to avoid me.

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AMELIA

I knew something was wrong the moment I stepped through the living room. For one, my mother's expression was like a thundercloud.

"I want to talk to you," she said.

I wasn't sure I wanted to hear what she wanted to say. I looked longingly at the stairs. "Mum, I just got back and-"

"It's important, Amelia. You won't believe who showed up today. It was the woman I saw with Damian in the motel room-"

Damn! Lora had certainly been very busy today. With a sinking feeling in my chest, I said, "Oh. You mean his business associate."

"Business associate my foot! She's Damian's lover. She told me that herself."

"Oh er- I didn't want to burden you with too much information but the truth is that they were actually business associates at one time. They dated for a while, then broke up but Lora just can't seem to get over him. She constantly tries to use their business relationship to get close to Damian, but of course he's not having it. So just ignore whatever she said."

My mother ruminated on this lie, and suddenly shook her head.

"I don't believe it," she declared. "There is something more between them, else why on earth would Damian agree to meet such a person in a motel room at night. That is odd. And you know what else is odd?" Her eyes searched my face. "What's odd is that you always seem to keep covering for him. You accept everything he says without question. Or... is there something else going on here that I'm not aware of? Amelia, I'm your mother and-"

"It's a contract marriage, okay?" I blurted out without thinking. "My marriage to Damian... it's an arrangement that terminates after a year. Now please, stop with all the investigations and queries. It's driving me crazy."