

The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

Chapter 065

AMELIA

I couldn't get my mother's words out of my head as I drove back home. If she had noticed my feelings for Damian, it truly meant it was getting out of control.

I was falling for a man who would never feel the same way for me. I was stabbing myself in the heart with no hope of healing.

"Just one year, Amelia." I ran my fingers through my hair in frustration and tucked a strand behind my ear. "How can you be so stupid?"

I knew what I had to do but I didn't know if I could do it. Shutting Damian out wasn't going to be easy, it was no trip to the park. But I had to shield my heart from him.

If I didn't do it now, it would only get harder in the future. Already, like a creeper, he had wound himself around my heart. I hadn't been aware of how he had done it so insidiously. I had to cut him off to set myself free before he dug his hooks further into my already damaged, bleeding heart.

As soon as I got home from the airport, I purposefully marched to our bedroom to pack my things.

No. That was wrong. It wasn't our bedroom. It was Damian's bedroom. Thinking I owned what Damian owned was a sign that I was treading really dangerous waters already.

"What are you doing?"

I paused in the act of stuffing a blouse into my suitcase and turned. Damian stood at the doorway looking surprised.

"I'm packing," I explained.

"I can see that. But why?"

With a shrug, I resumed packing. "My mum's gone so there is now really no need for me to keep staying here."

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"Perhaps I should have rephrased the question. I should have asked why you're moving out so soon. Your mother left just hours ago. It's not like I'm chasing you out. So I ask, why are you moving out so soon?"

I hid my surprise well. I had actually thought Damian would be more than relieved to have me out of his space. Apart from his study, this bedroom was his sanctum. Now it turned out he didn't mind me staying here after all. If he had, he would not be trying to get me to stay a little longer. I zipped up one of the suitcases before facing him again.

"I really need my privacy and it's not exactly private sharing this space with you."

Damian's expression darkened. "I see. I'll let you get on with it then."

I nodded and resumed packing. The sound of the door closing a moment later told me that he had left the room. I released a breath I had not been aware I had been holding.

"It's for the best," I told myself.

Even my reaction to him whenever we shared the same space also told me that this was something I had to do. I unconsciously began to pack more slowly as I thought about the first days and weeks of our marriage when Damian did his best to avoid me. What had changed since then? Why did he care about me moving out of his room now? Was it possible that he had begun to-

I shook my head firmly. No. That wasn't remotely possible. These kinds of thoughts would get me into trouble. I thrust the issue of Damian and his weird question out of my mind and hurried on with my task. There was no use deliberating if he had feelings for me. Men like him value money above everything and I should have valued the rules of our contract. By the time I had finished rearranging my clothes back in my room, it was almost time for dinner.

I had gotten to the kitchen before I began considering getting takeout or cooking only for myself. Since my mother had been around, either I cooked or she cooked, and then we would all eat in the dining room. Now that she was gone, it was not necessary for me to play at being a wife.

I decided then that I would stick with the routine but the routine would have a major variation. I would continue cooking, but I was not going to have my meals with Damian. No freaking way.

After cooking, I served up my portion and took it to my room, but not before I placed his portion in a position where Damain couldn't fail to see it. My aim was to reduce communication to the barest minimum.

I didn't even want him to ask me about his food or about all the other stuff we usually had to have conversations about since we lived together. I found myself listening for Damian as I took my plates into the kitchen after eating. Thankfully, I didn't run into him.

I returned to my room and stood staring at the record of the sales the bakery had made in the past month. I had brought it home the previous day with vague plans to go through it, but I hadn't been able to find the time to.

I figured it was high time I made plans for the future, my future. Soon, this fake marriage would be over. I had to see to it that before that happened, I had to be as financially independent as possible. Marriage to Noah had thought me a bitter lesson. I had been married to a wealthy man, who 'took care' of me by only giving me what I needed at the moment. I had had no money or investments of my own. I wasn't about to let that happen twice.

Now, I opened the rather bulky book with grim determination. All my efforts would have to be put into my business. When this was all over, I would never be left penniless again. Never.

DAMIAN

The food was tasty as usual, but I found it rather difficult to swallow. I took another mouthful and chased it down with half a glass of water. I dallied at the dining table for as long as I could. When it became obvious that Amelia wasn't coming down for dinner, I left, still dragging my feet. It felt really odd, not having dinner with Amelia. Ever since Dorothy came, and sometimes even before she came, Amelia and I usually had meals together.

As the evening wore on, it became quite obvious that Amelia was avoiding me. There was no other explanation for why she was practically locking herself in her room and having separate meals. Now her attitude yesterday began to make sense. To the best of my knowledge we had been rooming along just fine these past few weeks and yet she had said she needed some privacy. Privacy! That was-

"Bullshit!" I growled.

"Sir?"

I looked up to see a very startled girl, my housekeepers assistant- I couldn't remember her name at that point- holding a feather duster over some statuettes she had been cleaning. She was staring at me. When had she even come into the living room?

Without another word, I went outside the house where I proceeded to pace like a trapped animal. Worry and surprise at Amelia's recent behaviour kept giving way to anger at her behaviour. I wondered what on earth I had done to make her angry. We had been perfectly okay right until her mother left. Had her mother said something to her to turn her against me?

I mulled over that theory for a while, then shook my head decisively. No. That couldn't be right. Dorothy had made it as clear as day that she wanted Amelia and I together. Permanently. I supposed I could ask Amelia herself to tell me what the problem was, but then that would make me seem weak and needy, wouldn't it?

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About an hour later, I was going up to my room. I passed Amelia's room, retraced my steps. With my knuckles poised over the door, I hesitated.

"Screw it," I muttered and knocked.

I knocked again when I got no response. I just had time to wonder if she was in there, when she opened the door just enough to talk to me. Her posture showed she was not going to let me in.

She quirked a brow. "Yes? Is everything alright?"

Damnit! Exactly how many seconds had I been standing there staring at her like an idiot? I cleared my throat and nodded.

"Okaaay." She shifted so one hip was leaning against the doorframe, folded her arms across her chest. "So... did you want something?"

Amelia's tone was guardedly polite, but her demeanor clearly told me she didn't want me here. I suddenly regretted the knocking on her door. There was no way in hell I was going to ask her what the problem was, not when she was currently treating me like I was some sort of nuisance and like she couldn't wait for me to be gone.

I said the first thing to come to mind. "I wanted to inform you that tomorrow, I'll come home very late."

"Oh. Is that all? Well, you can come home at anytime you want. It's your house after all."

I didn't know what to say to that so I settled for saying goodnight.

"Goodnight," she responded in clipped tone as she straightened and shut the door.

I stalked off to my room and got ready for bed. Sleep wasn't forthcoming. I tossed and turned so much that it took quite an effort for me to eventually untangle myself from the sheets. I thought of Amelia's sudden coldness towards me and then I wondered why the hell I was so bothered about it.

Few months ago, I would have been happy that our relationship was still formal. What the hell was happening to me?