

The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

Chapter 068

DAMIAN

I didn't want to miss her, or have her sneak off to work without seeing her. Lately, she seemed to be avoiding contact with me-leaving early to work and returning late so we wouldn't have to see each other frequently. But I would be waiting for her today.

She came down the stairs a while later, hesitated on the bottom stairs when she saw me, but gave up on her hide and seek game. I gritted my teeth. If she thought she was going to leave without giving me a plausible explanation as to why she had returned home late that night, then she was mistaken. I didn't care about her schedule but the terms of the contract had to be obeyed. She kept her eyes firmly fixed in the direction of the door.

"We need to talk right now," I said in a tone of barely suppressed anger.

She stopped in her tracks.

"About what?" she glanced around before her eyes settled on me.

"About what you did last night," I said sharply. "Since when have you begun returning home late? Do you know how careless it was for you to come home at that ungodly hour? And then let's talk about your attitude last night. You were going to walk past me without even offering up a word of explanation regarding where you had been."

"And why do I even have to explain myself to you in the first place?" she shot back. "The last time I checked, I am not in a prison. I have the right to go wherever I like-"

"Still you are supposed to return at a reasonable hour too from wherever it is you went. I won't have you strolling into this house at whatever time you feel like, Amelia! You know it's against the rules of this marriage, against the contract!"

She let out a peal of derisive laughter. "You've got to be kidding me! You, Damian have absolutely no right to tell me when to come home. I'm not your child neither are you my guardian."

"It is my house--"

"I am not disputing that fact," she cut in. "What I don't get is you suddenly behaving like the outraged husband. Need I remind you that we are not legally married? Know that and maintain your boundaries, Damian."

With that parting shot, she stalked off, leaving me, for the first time in a very long time, speechless. Amelia's words really hurt. I knew that technically I had no right to confront her about keeping late nights, but did she have to rub it in my face like that? Why had she even begun to do that lately? What had I done wrong?

Somehow, I wasn't satisfied with her explanation of having been detained at work. It didn't ring true at all. I stomped over to the window in time to see her start up her car and drive away. I waited for several minutes before storming out after her. When I got to the office, to my intense annoyance, I found that I had a meeting slated for that morning. I barely had time to get myself prepared before the secretary came in to tell me that the others were waiting.

At the meeting, reports of progress on the railway project were brought up and eventually passed over. I had only half of my attention on Tyler, the one anchoring the meeting for that day, who droned on and on about the other projects my company was currently handling. He gave feedback from the clients we had done jobs for and most of them were satisfied.

Then he cleared his throat and said, "We have a new competitor."

That piece of information had me sitting up straight. Every cell in my body instantly became a part of the meeting.

"Explain," I said.

"It is a new company, sir but despite the fact that they are new, they are rising rapidly... too rapidly. The company is called Techfy."

"Techfy," I repeated. "Is there any chance that our former competitors are behind this company? Maybe they just gave it a new name and a new face."

Tania, my secretary, shook her head. "No. We don't think so, sir."

Tyler continued. "Their advertising strategy is also quite aggressive. They are pushing themselves out there into the public eye, trying to make sure people don't have the time to see the other firms out there. They are rising rapidly in the stock market and we might be destabilized because of that."

I frowned as I thought. "This sounds really serious. I want everyone in this room to get me a comprehensive report on Techfy. Get me anything you can on them. I want to know who is running the show there, what they are up to, if they have started bidding for contracts too. Tania, you are to compile all these reports. Get someone to assist you if you must. Also, I want someone to give me reports on the stock market every single day. We'll monitor Techfy's progress from there."

"I'll do it," Bill said.

"Good. That should be all for now. Everyone get to work on this right away."

I left the meeting room after it had been emptied of everyone. I gave instructions to my secretary that I was not to be disturbed for close to thirty minutes. Then I shut myself in my office and powered up my computer. I felt the faint stirrings of unease. I could not afford to let Techfy overthrow my company. I had worked my ass off to get where I was today.

If the other companies who had at this time already recognized my firm's superiority, got wind of the fact that my company was being usurped by a newcomer, they would think I was loosing my grip. There would be renewed fighting for the top spot in this city.

I ran my fingers over the keyboard and typed Techfy. A lot of results popped up. It was as Tyler had said. Techfy was everywhere. They were being hailed as one of the fastest rising, fastest growing companies in the city and beyond. My frown deepened as I asked myself how the hell I had missed this. I took it a step further and searched for the CEO.

About a second later, I learnt that his name was Colin. He had inherited Techfy from his late father, and in no time at all, had managed to put the company out there in a way his father had never done. It was surprising to learn that Colin had not been living in this city previously. How on earth could he have made such an impact in the business world in such a ridiculously short amount of time? I stared at the picture attached to the article.

Colin was a man about my age, dressed in a dark suit. He had his hands thrust carelessly into his pockets. His whole attitude was suggestive of someone who went through life by 'winging it' but the shrewd look in his eyes belied that conclusion. He was definitely the consummate businessman. I had no problems with him coming into the business world just as long as he didn't take the spotlight off my firm.

I slammed my computer shut and thought about the possibilities of losing the reputation I had built for myself and company. I couldn't let anyone take that away from me, not after everything.

With the problems I was encountering with Amelia and the information I had gotten about Techfy, I was so wound up at the close of work that instead of going straight home, where I would most likely encounter an uncommunicative wife, I decided to go to a bar in order to get myself together.

I slapped the counter to get the barman's attention as I lowered myself onto a stool. He quickly served a customer and approached me with a smile of welcome.

"What will you be having, sir?" he said. "Your usual?"

"Yes." He was moving away when I said, "Add something stiffer to it."

He nodded. "You got it."

I wasn't planning on getting drunk. Not really. I just wanted to get pleasantly high, so I could get out of my head for a bit. If that would help me take my mind off my problems...

"Here you go, sir."

The barman pushed over a glass of acid green liquid over to me. I tipped my head back, downed half the contents and shuddered. This was strong stuff, really strong. It ran down my throat harmlessly enough but then spread warmth through my insides.

"This is good." I emptied the glass and pushed it back to the barman who was now cleaning a glass. "Once you see I'm empty, keep it coming."

He nodded, refilled my glass. I quaffed that one in under a minute and pushed it over for another refill. As the barman started to push the now filled glass over to me, a man popped out of nowhere and settled beside me at the bar. He started talking to the barman and making his request m. As he started to point at a bottle behind the barman, his elbow knocked my drink off the counter and onto the floor. Some of the liquid spilled on my trousers. I heard him utter a startled exclamation.

"What the hell!" I said angrily. "Can't you watch what you're doing?"

I raised my head from my now soppy trousers to look at the careless person who had managed to even more ruin my perfectly ruined day. I found myself staring straight at a familiar face, a face I had wished would disappear from the city. Colin, the CEO of Techfy.