

The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

Chapter 069

DAMIAN

Goddamnit! What were the bloody odds that I would run into the very person whose existence had gotten me all worked up today? Could this shitty day get even more shittier? I noticed Mr bloody Techfy was sizing me up just as I was doing the same. The thing was, he had me at a distinct disadvantage because while he stood there looking all immaculate in a natty suit, the front of my trousers were soaked right through so that it seemed I had just pissed myself.

"I'm so sorry about this," Colin said.

The sympathetic bartender also murmured an apology. He handed me a paper towel which Colin took from him and held out to me. I completely ignored it, grabbed one off the counter and mopped up my trousers as best as I could. Colin stooped, picked up the glass and handed it over to the bartender. The bartender looked like he wanted to say something to me, but wisely moved away after I shot him a glare.

"My bad," Colin murmured. "I just wasn't looking--"

"Damn right, you weren't!" I growled.

"I'm so sorry that we are meeting under such circumstances." He took a step towards me, stretched out his hand. "Anyway, my name is--"

"Back off!" I snapped. "Haven't you done enough for one night?"

Jeez! Didn't the man know when he wasn't wanted? Was he so dumb that he couldn't read the room? I wanted to yell at him, but the thought of the other people at the bar stopped me. Surprisingly, he actually smiled.

"You must be Damian Donovan," he said.

In his eyes, I could see that he was sure I was Damian. That meant that my initial assessment of him was dead on the nail. He was a shrewd businessman through and through, really shrewd. He had looked me up, probably the same way I had looked him up. Still, I felt weird at the way he had said it. I had a feeling that this man was the type who would keep digging until he knew everything single thing there was to know about me.

I didn't accept or deny his knowledge of my name. I just stared him down, hoping that he would finally beat it and leave me the hell alone. But he had no intentions of doing that.

"Okay... Er- if we aren't going to get properly introduced..." He brought out his wallet from his jacket pocket. "... how about I buy you a drink to apologize?"

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That was it. I had had it with this Colin guy. I quickly got to my feet before I could give in to the impulse to create a scene. I was already a tiny bit tipsy from whatever it was the bartender had given me.

I took a step close to Colin and was savagely pleased when he involuntarily backed up a step.

"Keep your money and your drink," I said. "I'm not interested."

I sidled around him, careful not to make any form of bodily contact. I left the bar and as I walked to my car, I decided to head on home. Going into another bar to try to unwind would not work now as Colin had successfully ruined my evening. I had scarcely stepped into the living room when I saw Amelia putting something into her handbag and zipping it closed. When I looked at her properly, I saw she was wearing something really dressy. It was definitely not her usual work ensemble. That meant she had been out late. Again. She had that look on her face that said she planned on completely ignoring me.

"You're doing exactly what we had a fight over the last time," I said, fighting to control the angry quaver in my voice.

He tossed her head and scoffed. Apparently, she thought I didn't deserve a reply.

"For Pete's sake, Amelia!" I shoved my hands through my hair in a bid to relieve some of my angry feelings. "What the hell is wrong with you? Not that you care anyway, but I have been under a whole lot of stress because I'm trying so hard to keep my company up at the top where it's always been. Then I return home after a really long day and what do I get? You! Stressing the hell out of me by contradicting me at every turn and staying out late. Can't you just behave?"

"Don't talk to me like I'm a child," she retorted. "I don't even understand what your company has to do with this conversation. Our marriage contract didn't state that your business concerns would be any concern of mine, did it? Well, did it?" she repeated loudly when I failed to answer.

"No, but--"

"So stop blaming me for whatever is happening at work. It's none of my business. Sort it out yourself."

For a moment or two, I was completely speechless. And hurt. Her response was just so cold. It was like she didn't even care about me at all.

I hated to sound like I was pleading but I had to ask, "Amelia... have I done anything wrong?"

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"No," she said tersely and turned to leave.

She headed for the front door.

"Wait," I called. "Where are you going?"

She stopped, slowly turned to stare at me like I had grown two heads.

"Is that even supposed to be a question?" She gestured to her dress. "I'm all dressed up, aren't I? That means I'm going out."

"I see. Who are you going out with?"

"A friend."

Her eyes dared me to make of that what I would.

I fought to keep my calm when I asked, "Do I know this friend?"

"You don't have to."

I puffed out a breath and prayed for patience because I felt like I would completely lose it at any moment.

"Listen, Amelia. I'm not asking you of the identity of this friend because I'm idly curious. It is 7:30 pm already. I think it's safe to assume that you won't return before midnight. Now, remember that you are living under my roof--"

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"Yeah. Something you remind me of at every opportunity you get--"

"And that means it is my responsibility to make make sure that you're safe," I continued, talking loudly to be heard over her muttering.

"I'll be safe. I'm perfectly able to take care of myself."

"And how am I supposed to make sure of that? I can't guarantee your safety if you won't tell me who you are going out with. So you see? We have come back full circle. I have to know who this person is. Is it a man? Are you going out on a date?"

Amelia took an annoyingly long time to inspect her fingernails before answering. "Well, if you must know, I am going out with a man. I'm not sure if it's a date though, but I will certainly be back before midnight."

I felt my fists clench spasmodically. I wanted to hit something, punch something, specifically the face of this man Amelia was all dressed up to meet.

"Who the- Who is this man?"

"I think I have given you more than enough information as it is."

"You haven't! And you are not going out with this man."

Amelia's eyes widened and widened some more. Then she chuckled. "Why can't I go out with him? Because I'm married to you?" She took several steps towards me, stopped when she was within touching distance. "Wouldn't it be hypocritical of you to talk about me not going out with someone when you have a bevy of women at your disposal? Or is commitment only expected from the wife in a marriage? I have never interfered in your... flings so you should also learn to keep your nose away from my business. This was what you wanted in the beginning after all, wasn't it? I'm just following your rules."

Amelia turned around and walked right out the door. I vented my feelings by slamming my fists into the wall several times before storming into my room. I peeled off my clothes on my way to the shower. I turned the water all the way to really hot. I gritted my teeth and stood under the flow of scalding water. It felt the heat as the water seeped down my body but it did nothing to ease my tension.

I stood there thinking of everything Amelia had said. I badly wanted to know who Amelia's date was and when she had started seeing him. I wanted to know all about him, though I supposed there really wouldn't be much to him after all.

There was no way in hell he could be wealthier than me. As for looks, I bet I beat him in that department too. He was probably just another douchebag, like her ex, Noah. Or maybe this was all a ploy to make me lose my cool.

"I don't know of this is a test, Amelia," I muttered. "I don't know if it isn't. All I know is I don't like to lose and I won't lose."