Chapter 007

AMELIA

As much as I tried to tell myself that his rejection of my food didn't matter, my mood took a nosedive, and with a sigh, I picked up the tray. As I slowly walked to the door, I looked around the room. This morning, I had been so engrossed with the room's occupant that I had not even spared a glance at the room itself. Damien's room was plush, decorated in muted colors. A handful of paintings hung on the walls. Every item in the room was perfectly in order. It's sterile cleanliness reminded of a hospital room; cold and very impersonal, sort of like Damian.

and into an improperly closed chest of drawers right beside me.

I set the tray carefully on the floor, peered into the drawer. It was full of Damian's pairs of

My foot caught in something. I stumbled, regained my balance, but a fork slid from the tray

socks, neatly sorted by color. I opened it, and carefully fished out the fork, taking it carefully so as not to disturb anything. Damian looked like the kind of guy that would notice the most minute changes. When the drawer still refused to close all the way, I noticed that there was something small caught in the frame. I tugged the object out, stared at it, then dropped it as though it were red hot when I realized what it was.

It was a pack of condoms. I kept staring down at it for a long moment. Knowing I shouldn't,

but still wanting to, I opened the drawer all the way. In a corner was a large, newly opened box of condoms. It looked as though he had a lifetime supply of the stuff. Damian, cold and aloof as he was to me, seemed to have a very active sex life.

I felt a sudden mad impulse to scatter the foil packets all over the room like confetti. I clenched my fists instead. Why was I even getting so worked up? The man was sleeping

with women, probably whores, but it was really no business of mine.

After all, on our wedding night, he had told me that each of us was free to do whatever we wanted. It was just that I hadn't thought that doing 'whatever we wanted' was inclusive of having sex with other people. Silly me. Of course, he had to be getting it from someone

I returned the condom to the drawer, shut it, grabbed the tray and stormed out of the room. After dumping the tray in the kitchen, I went to the mini bar off the living room and decided to have a glass of brandy, just to dull the pain of having my efforts at making an elaborate meal wasted. Or at least that was what I told myself. After I quaffed the drink, I started to get up from the bar stool, but stopped. One more drink really wouldn't hurt. I could sip it slowly this time. Besides, I didn't really have anything better to do.

finished the bottle. There were several other bottles lined up at the bar, just ripe for the picking. I grabbed two more.

Soon, I lost count of how much alcohol I had consumed, but I felt good, pleasantly high.

Why had I even been so upset a while ago? It seemed silly now, so silly that I giggled, then

One more glass of brandy became two, and two soon became four. I went on until I had

burst into laughter. Maybe I was more than upset about Damian. Maybe I was still hung up about Noah and the pain was hitting me again.

I suddenly felt brave enough to air out my feelings. It was a pity Damian was not here to listen. I paused with the bottle halfway to my lips as I realized that I could actually speak to

I staggered off the barstool, stumbled my way into the living room in search of my phone. It lay on the sofa. My fingers closed around it just as I sat down hard on the floor.

"Phone," I mumbled, nodding to myself.

since he wasn't getting it from me.

DAMIAN

I shoved away my laptop and picked up the phone as soon as I saw it was Amelia calling.

"What is it?" I asked.

him.

There was silence and I was beginning to think she had accidentally dialed my number.

Then she said, "I want to ask you a question, Damian and I want you to give me a damn

good answer."

I frowned, wondering what on earth this was about.

"You said- you said we're both free to do anything we wanted. So... is it okay for me have a man in case I want to get fucked?"

She giggled, exhaled and went on giggling.

I sat bolt upright. "What the hell, Amelia-"

"Nah. I just had one or two drinks. Or was it two or six..." she rambled.

"Amelia," I barked. "Listen to me. Stop drinking right now-"

I flinched when I heard a crash.

"You don't know what you're saying-"

long list of women, to warm my bed.

"Hi Damian," she purred.

away, I hung up.

"Are you drunk?" I asked slowly.

"No! You're not the boss of me and you've not answered my question-"

"I do," she cut in yet again. "Just answer my question. I need a lover too. It's not fair for you

to have all the fun."

And for no reason, she went off into paroxysms of laughter. I tried several times to talk to

Trying to settle down to work was equally futile. My brain buzzed with a million questions. What on earth had pushed her into a drinking spree in the first place? Another run-in with Noah? I doubted it. I drummed on the desk, thinking of what to do when my phone rang again. It was Janelle, a pretty and curvaceous redhead who was the current one, among the

her, but trying to get her attention was futile. When her voice grew fainter as she moved

"Janelle, did you want something?"

"Why so abrupt, D?

"Sorry. Stressful day at work."

meet earlier if you want. I also got a surprise for you." Her voice dropped to a seductive whisper. "I got one of those sexy slips of lingerie, the type that you like peeling off me... slowly. So when will I see you? 6 or 7p.m will be-"

"I don't think that will be possible today," I cut in.

I was appalled and surprised at the words that had come right out of my mouth. But when I

"Okay," she replied, recovering her good humor. "I just called to let you know that we can

"But Damian-"

"I'll call you back later."

said them, I knew that was the decision I wanted to take.

"I'm very busy. I have work and a lot of stuff I want to attend to."

appointment. She probably wouldn't want to see me again. It was no great loss though. There were lots of women willing to take her place.

"What? Why?"

Not wanting to probe deeper into why I was willing to throw away a whole night of pleasure for Amelia, I grabbed my briefcase, hurried out of the office and headed home.

"Amelia?" I called loudly as soon as I stepped into the house.

There was no reply. My worry increased as all the probable worst case scenarios began to

brandy. Thankfully, the broken pieces had not come in contact with her skin.

play in my head. I heard a snore. I followed the sound and found Amelia passed out, lying on

the floor behind the sofa with a glass in her hand. Beside her was a shattered bottle of

I hung up just as she started to protest. Janelle would be really pissed that I had canceled our

It was no use trying to wake her, so I gathered her up in my arms and laid her on the bed in her room. I was taking her shoes off when she stirred.

I swore when she kept on moving and almost rolled off the bed. I was at her side in an

"What were you doing?" she asked. "Were you trying to take my clothes off? I wouldn't

mind, you know. You can continue." She raised her head to kiss me, and giggled when I

instant. I placed her in the middle of the bed. Before I could move away, she gripped my arm

"Lie down," I ordered.

pulled away. "Oh, come on. Don't act all coy. I saw you naked the other day. You have something huge you're packing away there. I want it deep inside me. Come on, let's make love."

and smiled drunkenly at me.

"Damian?" she called.

She struggled to sit up.

Her fingers scrabbled at the buttons on my shirt. I grabbed her hand. She attempted to slip the other one into my pants. She pouted when I grabbed that too.

"You're drunk. You're not thinking straight," I said to her and to myself as well.

I drew up the covers around her and quickly left the room.