

# The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

## Chapter 072

AMELIA

Why did life have to be so damn difficult?

That was the first thought I had the moment I opened my eyes the next morning. Right now, my life was not only difficult, but complicated too. I heaved a sigh and practically had to drag myself out of bed. I did not feel well rested. Not one bit. With battling feelings of guilt, confusion, sadness and more guilt, I had gone to sleep really late last night. And then to top it all up, I had fallen asleep with an image of Damian's hurt expression in my mind's eye.

The emotional torture continued this morning as I padded barefoot into the bathroom to brush my teeth. I could not stop thinking about what had happened last night, about what Damain had said. I wanted badly, so badly, for things to go back to the way there were before between Damain and I. I missed our closeness, our camaraderie. I missed the intimacy. All I had to do was close my eyes and it would seem as though I could feel his hands sliding along my-

"Ow!"

I let my toothbrush fall into the sink, spat out some foam and tentatively felt the inside of my mouth, which I had accidentally poked with the toothbrush, with my tongue. There were no traces of blood. Thank goodness!

I sighed. This was exactly why I couldn't let things go back to the way there were. Just a random thought about Damian, and I was reduced to bungling, blundering idiot. Still, I wished I could tell Damian how I really felt, if only so he wouldn't look so hurt as he had when I had walked out on him last night. Now, he probably thought me callous and ungrateful. The truth was I had been so touched by him going to all the trouble to make dinner all by himself, just to apologize and it wasn't as if he had even done something wrong anyway. I hadn't let myself show I was touched by his gesture and his words though. I didn't want him to think that I was still helplessly impressed by everything he did, but if it was what had to happen for us to keep to the terms of our contract, then so it would be.

I took a shower, got dressed and headed downstairs. My head still felt fuzzy so I went into the kitchen to make coffee. I found Damian already there, scrolling through his phone while sipping a cup of coffee. Just when I was trying to decide whether I felt up to exchanging greetings with a definitely pissed Damian, he looked up and saw me. He stood up at once like he had been pricked in the bottom by a needle.

"Amelia," he said in a loud and cheerful voice. His face broke into a wide smile. "Good morning. It's a lovely day, isn't it?."

I stared and stared at him, speechless and wondering which question I was to answer first when I finally recovered my ability to string words together. Whatever I had been expecting, it was not this. Damian was acting strange, very strange indeed. Apparently, Molly thought so too, because she had paused in the act of stacking the dishes, to stare at Damain like he had lost his mind. Her eyes met mine. She blushed, almost dropped a plate on her foot and quickly resumed her duties. Damian seemed quite ignorant of the stir he was causing. He kept smiling at me, obviously expecting an answer to his questions.

"Er- Yes, it's a fine day. Good morning."

"I'm so happy to hear that," he called out. He sounded like a energetic presenter in a morning radio show. "Oh. Please sit down."

He drew back the chair he had just vacated and gestured for me to sit. I didn't really think I had any choice, mostly because Molly was there, so I sat down. Damian drew a second steaming cup of coffee towards me.

"I made this for you just the way you like it," he said. "Drink it while it's hot."

I nodded, obediently took a sip. I looked sideways at Molly. Her back was to us but I could tell that she was listening to every word of this weird conversation.

"How was your night?" he asked after he settled into the chair beside mine.

Sitting there with him was like making me really tense. Where was the angry Damian? The proud one? the aloof one? The one who was supposed to be angry at my behaviour last night?

"Same as always. Fine," I added when he continued to look at me expectantly.

His head bobbed up and down. "Good. Good. Tell me, what are your plans for today?"

"Pardon?" I said, even though I had heard him clearly. Was he high on... caffeine maybe?

"What are you going to be doing today?"

"I will be at work, same as always."

"Good. Good," he said again. He looked positively delighted at that piece of information. For the life of me, I could not imagine why. "After work today, how about I take you to dinner? I know a really good place I'm sure you'll love."

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I opened my mouth to refuse, but then I said, "I don't know how busy I will be so I will get back to you on that."

He nodded. I felt that if he said 'Good. Good' again, it would drive me straight out of my mind. Thankfully, he didn't. Instead, he did something equally weird. While he sipped his coffee, he kept staring at my hair for so long that I began to think there was something caught in it. I surreptitiously used the back of my spoon to look at my face and hair. I saw nothing amiss. It was in it's usual sleek bun which I usually wore to work.

"Did you do something different to your hair today?" he finally asked.

I patted my head. "My hair?"

"Yes," he said.

"No, I didn't."

His gaze slid from my hair to my face. "Funny. I could have sworn you did. It looks really different and so beautiful. Maybe it's the way the sunlight catches the tints in it. You have such lovely hair, Amelia."

"Thanks," I said dryly. What the hell was happening to him? What did he mean by that?

He looked like he wanted to say something else so I figured it was best if I kept my mouth busy. I didn't want to talk. Before he could start complementing me about my eyes, maybe, I started on the breakfast Molly placed before me. I stirred and sipped some more of my coffee.

"Do you like it? The coffee, I mean," he said.

"It's okay," I said.

At this point, I was at nearing the end of my tether.

"Okay..." Damian repeated. "If you don't really like it, just tell me what I can do to make it better. You want more milk with it? Or maybe more sugar?"

"It's fine," I said, hoping he would hear the exasperation in my voice and leave me alone.

It was then I noticed that Damian that he was holding a piece of paper he occasionally glancing at. I had no idea what he was looking at but I was pretty sure it had something to do with his weird behaviour. I quickly finished my coffee and was about to leave when the doorbell rang.

"I'll get it," Molly said, hurrying out of the room. She returned almost immediately. "It's another delivery for you, ma'am."

I nodded, followed her to the living room where the deliveryman was waiting. I could feel Damian behind me all the way. As I had suspected, Colin had sent me yet another bouquet of flowers. Damian was enraged, though he tried hard not to show it. It was in the way he held his body as though he were restraining himself from snatching the flowers away from me. The tension was an almost a palpable thing. As Molly kept looking from one to the other of us, I thought it prudent to leave at once. I gave her the flowers and I didn't care what she wanted to do with them.

"I'll be heading out now," I told him.

He nodded, but said nothing more. The arrival of the flowers seemed to have shut him up.

I hurriedly got my bag and left the house. As I drove, I thought of Damain. In my head, I searched for a possible explanation for why he had suddenly become so... talkative. Yes, that was the word. Was he trying to drive me nuts? Or was it something I said? And what the hell was that piece of paper he was reading?

A truck zoomed past, it's horn blaring loudly. The sound startled me out of my reverie. I started, and for a second, my hands left the steering wheel. I gasped as I temporarily lost control of the car. I gripped the steering wheel tightly just as the car swerved. I accidentally accelerated and hit another car with a bone jarring, metallic crunch. At the same time, I felt the breath knocked out of me as my head connected with something, probably the dashboard.

I struggled to draw in a breath, but it was hard, so hard to breathe. I began to feel dizzy and for a moment, I gave in to the darkness.