

The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

Chapter 073

DAMIAN

"And why can't you ever give me any practical advice?" I snapped at Anton.

He opened his mouth, shut it, opened it again. "How on earth am I supposed to do that if you haven't told me what the problem is yet. I'm not a wizard. Neither am I a mind reader."

After a moment's reflection, I realized that Anton was actually right. I hadn't told him anything yet. All I had told him was that I was on the verge of losing it. I took it for granted that everyone knew my problem. How could they not when I wore it like a batch, day in and day out? I forced myself to stop drumming on the table. To keep them still, I laced my fingers together.

"The problem is Amelia," I began. "She's driving me crazy and trust me, I've seen all kind of crazy."

"Aaah. I should have known. She seems to be the only one who can manage to get you this worked up. What has she done this time?"

"It's more like what hasn't she done? Ever since her mother left, we have gone back to square one. The first hint I got that something was wrong was when she moved out of my bedroom the moment she returned from taking her mother to the airport. Ever since then we practically live like strangers. She won't have meals with me. She won't talk to me unless it's absolutely necessary to do so. And then, she has this look on her face. A distant look that I despise. It's like she's only physically present with me but her mind is elsewhere. It's enraging."

"And have you tried to find out from her what the problem is?"

"Of course, I have!" I shouted.

"Please don't shout-"

"I'm not."

"Remember you are in your office. We don't want the secretary bursting in to see what the matter is. You were saying?"

"She told me that she wanted us to stick to the initial terms of our contract. That means us minimizing contact until the marriage ends but then..."

"But then what?"

I couldn't sit still any longer. I pushed back my chair, got up and began to pace.

"There is a new development. I think I know where the problem stems from. A guy has been sending her gifts and flowers. She's throwing me over because of another scummy douchebag like her ex. Doesn't the woman ever learn?"

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I went as far as the door, turned back to see Anton looking at me worriedly.

"What?" I asked. "Don't you have something helpful to say? I feel like I'm going out of my damn mind."

"I have something to say actually," he said with sudden gravity. "There is no better way to tell you this, so I'll just come out straight with it. You, my friend, are in love with Amelia."

My response was instant, automatic.

"I'm not!" I cried.

"Oh yes. You are."

"I'm-"

"Don't let's keep going back and forth with this. I recognize the signs. You are jealous of Amelia's mystery man." I bit my tongue. Hard. I wanted to tell him he wasn't Amelia's man, but then that would only reinforce his idea that I was in love with her, which was really laughable.

"You are upset that she's about to move on."

I snorted. "Since when did you become a shrink, Anton? You are wrong, okay? I told you to give me advice, not diagnose me like your fucking patient. Tell me what to do."

"You want my advice?"

I paused to glare at him before walking past him. "Didn't I just say so?"

"Well, my advice is this. Amelia is right. You two shouldn't be any closer. Detach yourself from her emotionally. That way, it won't be hard when your marriage eventually ends. Isn't that what we planned from the beginning?"

"Oh no. No no no no. I have no intentions of ending the marriage soon."

Anton gaped at me, sagged against his chair. "You have completely lost me. When did the plans change?"

"Never mind that. The problem is this man that won't leave her alone. I swear, if I don't find out who he is soon, I'll go stark raving mad."

I shoved my hands through my hair, tugged on the strands.

"Hey!" Anton called sharply. "Calm down, will you? Your pacing is making me dizzy and anxious." On my return to the window, he grabbed my arm and shoved me into a chair. "That's better. Now let's talk solutions."

"I have been trying to solve this, trust me. I have been trying to prove to Amelia that I'm better. The same day he sent Amelia flowers, I sent flowers that were like three or four times larger than his to Amelia at work." I threw my hands in the air. "But guess what? She acted like she didn't even receive it. She didn't bring it home and she didn't bring up the topic. I'm sure my bouquet was larger than his. I'm sure of it."

"That's quite... something," he remarked.

"I spent a sleepless night doing some research on how to hold a conversation with a girl so she wouldn't think I was... boring."

"Boring. Now why does that sound familiar?" Anton's thoughtful expression slowly became one of amusement. Suddenly, he burst out laughing.

"What's so damn funny?" I growled, but he just kept letting out peal after peal of laughter that grated on my already raw nerves. He stopped only when I offered to punch him in the mouth.

"Keep your temper," he said, chuckling and wiping tears of laughter from his eyes. "Was Amelia telling you that you were boring the reason why you called me at that ungodly hour yesterday?"

"Yes," I grumbled, turning my face away to hide my embarrassment.

"I see." He chortled.

"Anton!"

"Sorry. Sorry. I'll be serious now, I promise. So did the research you did help you in any way?"

"No," I admitted. "I think it even made things worse. I obeyed every instruction. I even wrote some of them down, especially the part about compliments, but all through Amelia kept looking at me like I had lost my mind. My efforts didn't even seem to have made the faintest impression on her." I angrily slammed my fists on the desk. "I swear that I'm not going to lose this fight. I will make sure that man, whoever he is, is out of Amelia's life for good."

"There is no way you can win if you keep going head-to-head with this man." Anton sighed. "You're only going to look crazy and I see you've started down that road."

"What do you mean? If you want me to just sit there and-"

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"Listen to me. You are not supposed to react to what he does. For instance buying enough flowers to stock a florist's because he got her a bouquet of flowers was a pretty dumb idea. It will make her feel that you are reacting to whatever he does. That in turn makes it look like you're playing second fiddle. If you want to charm her, you must do it your own way. To do that, you-" He paused as my phone rang.

"Should I continue or are you going to get that?"

"Hold that thought," I said when I glanced at the screen.

The call was from one of the men I employed to keep an eye on things.

"You are going to want to hear this, sir," he said as soon as I picked up the call. "Your wife just got into an accident." I swallowed. I wanted to say something but the words wouldn't come out. "The incident has already been reported on the news."

"Is she okay? Is she hurt?"

"Yes sir. She's fine but I think you still need to come to the scene."

I ended the call immediately, went to my browser and refreshed it. The news of Amelia's accident had just broken. The news article said she had crashed into a senator's car. Underneath the headline was a picture of Amelia's damaged car just beside a bank. Anton was saying something but I couldn't hear it over the roaring in my ears.

I grabbed my keys and ran out of the office, completely ignoring Anton who was shouting my name. As my car sped through the streets, I kept wondering why Amelia had not immediately called to tell me what had happened. I was the one she always called whenever she got into a fix.

I rushed to the scene and almost jumped out of my car before I killed the engine. The crowd of reporters with their cameras, microspheres, vans announced the scene of the accident. I looked around and immediately spotted Amelia. I dashed toward her but that's when I noticed she was being helped out of the car by a man who seemed very familiar. I gasped when he turned and I saw his face clearly. Colin.

In that moment, everything made perfect sense. The final piece of the puzzle fell into place and I was gawking at them like a fool. He was- he had to be- Amelia's mystery man. He was the one she was always texting, the one who kept giving her flowers. Not satisfied with his desire to take the top business spot in this city, he also wanted to take Amelia away from me! He wanted to take my fucking wife from me!

Some of the reporters had noticed me. They ran at me with their microphones thrust out, already shouting their endless questions. Their voices sounded to me like the buzz of very annoying insects. I only had eyes for the asshole whose arm was draped around Amelia's shoulders as he tried to carve a path through the flock of reporters. Rage burned in me like fire. I would kill him.

"Out of my way," I yelled at a particularly tenacious reporter who was right in my path. "Out of my goddamn way or I'll smash your face in."

I shoved him aside and rushed toward Amelia with heavy steps. Finally, I reached Colin. I grabbed his shoulder, spun him around to face me and planted my fist in his bastard face.

"You, son of a bitch!"