

# The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

## Chapter 074

AMELIA

It was like it happened in slow motion. I watched it happen, but I was so surprised that I could not do anything about it. I felt Colin's hands leave my shoulders. My leg throbbled as my knee buckled without his support. As I turned quickly to know why Colin had just stopped supporting, Damian punched Colin in the face in full view of the busy street. Right in front of the reporters. Right in the front of the whole world, because sure as hell, those cameras were streaming what was happening, live.

For a long moment, I was speechless. The force of the blow made Colin stagger back a step. He cried out, clapped a hand to his face.

Colin's face contorted in rage as he yelled, "How dare you?"

Damian growled something intelligible, made a fist and advanced. Colin began to charge forward. My paralysis broke then and I stepped in front of the men.

"Stop!" I cried. "What the hell do you think you're doing, Damian?"

"Step aside," Colin barked from behind me.

"Colin. No. Please," I pleaded. I spread my aching arms wide so none of them could get around me.

My heart sank when I looked around. The reporters were having a field day. Those with cameras seemed to have their fingers glued to them as they kept taking picture after picture. Everyone else, even the passersby, had their phones out as they recorded the scene. I groaned and refocused my attention on Damian.

His hate filled eyes were fixed on Colin. "And what are you going to do if she does step aside, huh? Just give me an excuse to knock your teeth out-"

"Damian!" I hissed. "Get a hold of yourself. Look around you. You can't fight here. Look around you. Everyone is recording. You're going to ruin the reputation you care so much about."

The word 'recording' finally got through to him. He glanced at me for the first time, at our audience, then back at me.

"Who the hell cares about them? Just let me at this bastard who dares interfere in our marriage."

"Please--"

"Step aside, Amelia," Colin repeated in a low, dangerous voice I thought more ominous than his earlier shouting. "Let me teach this fool a lesson."

I turned to face him. "Don't you speak to him like that ever." I felt like I was drowning in my own mistakes at that moment. I saw the twitch in Colin's jaw, perhaps he didn't expect me to defend my husband.

Colin gripped my shoulder, intending to push me out of the way. I grabbed his hand and held on.

"Colin, please you can't," I told him. "Think of the implications of what you're about to do. Just stop trying to hit him."

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"Yeah. You should listen to her," Damian taunted. "Think about what you're about to do because if you come within my reach, I'll send you to the hospital. Now, listen to me, Colin--"

"Please," I murmured. I was so close to tears. I felt like dying of embarrassment. "Please, Damian."

"This is your first and last warning. Stay away from Amelia else I'll find you and break your--"

"And what right do you think you have to tell me to stay away from her?" Colin shouted.

I winced. A few of the reporters edged forward but thankfully, all of them kept a safe distance. They were probably wary of being at the receiving end of Damian's fists. I didn't blame them. I knew that if it were anyone but me standing there, both men would have shoved the person aside to fight.

"I am her husband, asshole," Damian growled.

"Husband!" Colin let out a mirthless laugh. "You have no right to call yourself that. You are too busy with the sluts you sleep around with to realize how special Amelia is. You don't deserve her. Never have. Never will."

Damian took a step forward. "Now you've crossed the line."

"Have I?" Colin smirked. "Do I have to teach you how to be a good husband? Or do you just lack the moral to treat her right?"

"Enough!" I turned to Colin and he quietened when he noticed the look on my face.

I knew that if I didn't break it off now, Colin and Damian would certainly come to blows. I grabbed Damian's hand, and with all my strength dragged him along with me to a considerable distance away from Colin. My fingers dug into his flesh, forcing him to keep his eyes on me.

"This is not the place for this," I said. "You have to calm down."

Damian shut his eyes tightly. When he opened them again, I could see that a little reason had come into them.

"I'm calm," he said in a tone that was far from calm.

Colin shouted something that could not be heard over the murmurs of the crowd.

"You have to leave now," I said. "If you remain here, you will only get triggered and you'll do something you'll regret."

"Why should I leave? Why can't he leave? Why didn't you call me? Why did you have to seek his assistance?"

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"Damian--"

"Fine. Let's go. I'll drive you home."

"No. I didn't call you here. I have to apologize to Colin for the punch."

He stabbed a finger in the direction of his car. "Get in there, Amelia, or so help me God, I'll--"

I crossed my hands over my chest. "And that is the major reason why I'm not going anywhere with you. Your anger is making you irrational and I can't deal with that right now."

He muttered a string of expletives, slammed a fist in his palm and stormed away. Those in his path or close to it made way as he approached. In another minute, he was driving away at full speed. I heaved a sigh of relief and walked over to Colin.

"No comments," he said harshly to several reporters who were approaching him tentatively with microphones. "I said I have no comments."

They fell back as I got to him. He walked me to a spot not in full view of everyone. His nose and cheek were reddened and swollen.

"I'm so so sorry about this," I told him, "I'm sorry he hit you."

His ferocious look softened a little. "It's okay. It was not your fault."

"I know, but I'm still sorry. I don't like what you said to Damian though. He is my husband and our relationship should stay out of your mouth. As my friend, I didn't expect you to say all those things about the man I'm married to."

"I said nothing but the truth," he insisted. "You deserve--"

"I don't know what you think is the truth, but you have to remember that he is my husband. You don't have the right to interfere with my marriage or tell me what I deserve. Whatever happens is strictly between Damian and I. No one else."

There was a long, tense silence between us. A muscle ticked in Colin's jaw and I thought he was going to shout at me too. He exhaled in a rush.

"You're right," he said. "I'm sorry. I was out of line." He fixed his gaze on something some distance away. I followed the direction of his gaze. The senator whose car I had crashed into had his hand on the damaged hood of his car while he talked animatedly with some reporters. He actually seemed to be enjoying the attention he was getting.

"Looks like he's getting something out of this," Colin observed with some return to humour.

"Yeah."

"He'll be in the news tonight and he'll love it. Politicians!" He shook his head slowly. "Let's go see him and sort this out." Colin brought out his wallet as he walked towards the senator. "I want to make it up to you, so I insist on paying for the damages."

I didn't argue. I wanted this long, long day to be over as soon as possible.

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DAMIAN

As I burst through the entrance, they all began staring at me as though I was out of my mind. Perhaps I was, but I didn't give a-

"Sorry. I didn't see you there sir," a man with his arms full of papers apologized.

"Out of my way," I growled.

He blinked at me in surprise. I shoved him aside as he didn't get out of my way in time, and then I had to just keep shoving the rest of them out of my way because virtually everyone in the lobby had stopped moving and were all staring. I banged on my secretary's table to get her attention.

"Schedule an emergency meeting of all the company's board members right now," I told her.

"What the--" A startled Anton half rose from his chair when I barged into my office.

"Leave, Anton. I'm having a meeting in a few minutes."

"Leave? I've been waiting here for news. What has happened?"

In frustration, I shoved my hands through my hair. Why wouldn't anybody just do as they were told today? Just then, the news channel came on. It had been scheduled to come on during news hours, and when the media released any news of importance. Anton turned to look at it when the newscaster mentioned my name.

On the screen in bold, black letters were the words: Trouble In Paradise: Is Damian Donovan Losing His Charms Or His Wife?

Closely following this was a video clip of when I punched Colin. I grabbed the remote control and turned off the television, but Anton had already seen it. With his eyes bugging in surprise, he turned to me.

"Did that happen today?"

"It did. That son of a bitch has just proven that he's not just after my company. He's also after my wife. I swear, Anton, I will make him pay for this. He must pay."