

# The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

## Chapter 075

ANTON.

I watched him work. It was a miracle that he was able to even function with how upset he was. I could see that he was just simply going through the motions, working with a doggedness that was kind of scary. I'd never see him that way, not even when he was on the verge of losing everything.

What had happened, Amelia, had sort of created another version of him that I didn't know quite well. This version terrified me; staring at what seemed to be the clone of your best friend isn't exactly a welcoming sight.

With a sigh, I continued my search on the computer in front of me. Damian had made me promise to help him out with the 'Colin situation' as he called it. Seeing how worked up he was, I had been forced to agree. Now I was waiting for him to finish up work so we could go somewhere else to discuss his next course of action.

Damian had also insisted that I looked up everything I could find on Colin on the internet, which was what I was currently doing now. So far, I had not found anything. Well, anything the public didn't know already. Colin was just a typical wealthy man's son. He was a model citizen apparently. What made him stand out from the pool of other persons who had inherited fortunes from their parents was his keen eye for business, his shrewdness, tenacity and a tendency to charm those he came across.

I figured he had used this last on Amelia, which was very unfortunate because I was now quite sure my friend was in love with Amelia. It was against the plan for him to love her, but he loved her nonetheless even though he was just too proud or too stubborn to admit it. I had tried my best to talk him out of continuing to nurture feelings for her so it would be easier on him when the contract eventually got terminated, but my advice had all fallen on deaf ears. In all my years of knowing Damian, I had never seen anyone affect him the way Amelia did. He was completely besotted with her. His heart was bound to her and so, I had decided to help him if that would make him happy.

"Got anything yet?" Damian asked, rousing me from my reverie.

"No," I admitted. "All I got was what you have told me before."

He muttered something that sounded like 'slippery snake' and slammed a book closed with a little too much force than necessary.

"I'm finally done." He stopped in his arrangement of his desk to massage his temples. It looked like he felt the beginnings of a headache. I wouldn't be surprised if that was the case with how agitated he was. "Let's get out of here to a place where I can think," he grumbled.

"I know just the place," I said, getting to my feet.

The moment we got into the car, I instructed my driver to take us to a bar where we were not likely to see a lot of people. The incident of him punching Colin was still very fresh. The last thing Damian needed was the whispers and stares. I hoped that a few drinks in Damain would help calm him down a little.

Hushfall bar was as peaceful as I imagined it to be when we arrived. We took our seats and ordered drinks to wash down our anxiety and problems.

Damian had hardly touched the drinks the bartender had brought when he asked eagerly, "So what do you think I should do now? Have you gotten any ideas yet?"

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"I have been thinking about it," I said slowly. "I think that instead of you trying to win the game Colin is playing, it's best if you confront him. Tell him you care for Amelia. Tell him to leave her alone."

Damain gagged on the drink he was sipping. After a prolonged coughing fit, he stared at me like I had lost my mind.

"You've got to be joking," he said. "Is that really your big solution? Go beg the man trying to ruin my marriage? In your dedicated thinking, did you really imagine how I would look if I did that? I would simply become the weak and incapable man he's been trying to prove I am. So, is this really your big solution?"

I shook my head slowly. "Not beg, a talk. You can talk to him like a gentleman. I have given this a lot of thought."

"But I can't do that! If I go to speak with him, it will make me look weak. It will look like I'm bothered. Besides, I just can't stand the thought of being in the same space with that creep."

"Er- but you are bothered, Damian," I pointed out. "Everyone already knows that. You punched the guy on TV for all the world to see. So it's too late for you to start acting all cool and unbothered, don't you think?"

He scowled. "I don't like that idea. I don't like it at all. Aren't there any other suggestions you can come up with? We could find something on Colin, something that will convince Amelia that he's not the nice, good guy she thinks he is."

"Good idea. So tell me, where is the dirt on him, and how sure are you that he even has something shady going on?"

His scowl deepened. "Maybe I can intensify my efforts to not only place my company back at the top spot, but to also run him out of this city at least."

"Again, a good idea. But how long do you suppose that will take? In that time, he would have sunk his claws deep into Amelia. And who is to say he won't eventually decide to remain in this city even if you do eventually manage to get his company out of the city business? Or worse, take Amelia from you when he's leaving?"

Damian sighed. His shoulders sagged in defeat. Everything had come down to winning over Colin like he had tried to do from the beginning. But how?

It was then I realized that the only way Damian could win this was to beat Colin in his own game. I leaned forward, rapped on the table to get Damian's attention.

"Here's another suggestion," I said. "You have to opt for something other than flowers. Flowers are..."

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"Cliché?"

"Yes." I was relieved he was finally getting the point. "Yes. Flowers are very cliché. You have to find out what other things she likes beside the usual things she does. Pay attention to the little details. By doing that, you will win her heart. Remember, you have to always be one step ahead of Colin at all times, else Amelia will fall for him."

"That sounds... reasonable," he allowed. "But I'm not sure how I can keep Amelia occupied enough to know the things she love."

"Start with baking, event planning. Think about the things she loves doing and how to integrate them into your life."

"Excellent plan."

"It sure is. Now, let's drink and forget your troubles for a while, huh?"

"Yes, now I can drink." He chuckled and requested for the bartender.

We had a few bottles and when we were done, we called for Damian's driver who came to take him home.

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AMELIA

I was fluffing off my pillows in preparation for bed, when I heard a knock on my bedroom door. I opened it to see Damian standing there, his hair looking windblown, fiddling with his loose tie and looking a bit drunk.

He had been leaning against the door before I opened it. He overbalanced, quickly righted himself and mumbled an apology. Seeing him brought back memories of the public disgrace he had subjected us to. I opened my mouth to scold him.

"I'm sorry," he said and the words instantly died on my lips. "You were right. I was completely out of line. I should not have punched Colin, especially in public." He staggered again and I realized he was drunk.

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"Then why did you?"

He lifted a shoulder in a shrug. "What can I say? Seeing him with you with made me so angry and jealous too. I didn't expect Colin, my biggest business rival, to be the person you have been hanging out with."

That gave me pause. "Colin's your business rival?"

"He is. His company, Techfy, is trying to push all the other companies, mine especially, out of the limelight."

"Oh. I had no idea Colin is the business rival you have been talking about. I have known Colin since high school."

"It's just one of those coincidences, I guess." Damian reeled a little. He took a step closer and leaned against the doorframe. The movement brought us close, too close. I could see the flecks in his eyes, the tints in his hair, the-

I took a step back to put some space between us. If he noticed, he gave no indication.

"There was something Colin said I wanted to address."

"What's that?"

"I know that you're a rare jewel, Amelia. He was wrong to say I didn't realize that. I don't need Colin to tell me how very special you are... and that I'm not worthy of you."

I was completely, utterly speechless. What could I say to this? Whatever I had been expecting, it wasn't this. I straightened my mouth to say something- I didn't know what- when Damian straightened.

"I won't keep you from your bed any longer," he said. "Goodnight."

I stood there watching him until he was out of sight. I shut the door very slowly. Damian's words had touched me, more than anything he had said before. That he considered me special... It made me both happy and sad at the same time. Sad that nothing could come of this even though he now was admitting how he felt about me.

I was also surprised that he had actually apologized to me. I had been expecting an argument with him, a shouting match maybe, considering the fact that I had refused to go with him earlier and had clearly taken Colin's side.

As I lay in bed and in time drifted off to sleep, I couldn't help wondering if I had taken the right decision by acting all aloof with Damian. Could I really dream of a life with him? Did he love me?