

The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

Chapter 077

AMELIA

"Leaving, ma'am?"

I turned to Rose.

"Yes," I answered, smiling briefly at her. "I have somewhere to be now."

She nodded. "Have a great day, ma'am. I'll leave the report on your table."

"Sure."

A minute after that, I left the bakery. It was half past 5. I wanted to pick up my dress before heading home for dinner with Damian. On my way to the dress shop, I registered the fact that I was driving in the general direction of the shopping mall I owned. Since I didn't have jewellery to match the dress I had ordered, and the dress shop hadn't had any jewelry I liked, I figured it would be an excellent idea to get some jewellery from the mall first before going to pick up my dress.

Damian would certainly be speechless tonight. I was sure of that. I would look a vision in that dress. I was picturing how different necklaces and earrings would go with the dress when I looked in the side mirror and saw a car with rolled up tinted windows right behind me. I didn't know why, but for some reason I felt uneasy, like I was being followed. I told myself not to think too much of it, though all thoughts of dresses and romantic candlelit dinners were driven clean out of my mind as I drove.

My unease became alarm when I took a turn and saw the same car behind me. Half of its license plate number was obscured by something that looked like mud. I took in a deep breath, exhaled.

"Don't panic," I muttered to myself.

It was just a few minutes to 6. There was plenty of daylight left. If I was actually being followed, the person wouldn't be able to do anything to me on a busy road. I hoped.

I didn't want to ignore my feelings completely because the last time I had such suspicions, I was right. I picked up my phone to call Damian but after some seconds, I threw it back to my hand bag.

I decided to call Damian when I got to the mall since I was almost there. I drove so fast into the parking lot that I almost rear-ended another car pulling out of it.

"Sorry," I called out to the driver while leaning out of the window. My fingers were trembling as I wrapped them around the steering wheel. "Take a deep breath, Amelia."

I tried not to give the impression that I knew I was being followed when I exited my car. I slowly looked around like I was expecting the environs of the mall.

I didn't see the car or anyone suspicious as I made my way into the mall. Once inside, I relaxed. Perhaps my imagination had just been playing tricks on me and I wasn't being followed.

I decided to focus on getting the jewelries I came for before I ran out of time. I still had to get my dress and makeup done before 7 pm.

There were some very nice jewellery on display. They were all beautiful pieces. It was hard to choose just one. Finally, after some minutes, I was trying to decide between a diamond pearl drop earrings or an emerald one when I felt something cold, hard and metallic pressed against my neck. My body seized up and I could feel my heart thumping violently against my rib cage. Cold chills crashed through my body and a gasp escaped my lips. I started to turn.

"One wrong move and you're dead," a low, male voice said from behind me. "Don't turn back. Don't make any sudden movements, and most importantly, don't bloody scream or it will be the last thing you ever do. Got it?"

I didn't know how I did it because I was paralysed by fear, but I managed to force my neck muscles to move. I nodded. The gun left my neck and was pressed against my back. That cold, hard metal could only be a gun. I was being assaulted right in a mall, in full view of other people.

No. That wasn't quite right. By a stroke of bad luck, I was nearly the only one in the jewellery section. The salesgirl was some distance away, chatting happily to another customer. Anyone looking my way would think the man and I were in the middle of a conversation.

"Please," I croaked.

"Shut the hell up," he hissed. "Now, do exactly what I say. Drop your phone in your handbag then drop the bag on the floor." With shaky hands, I did as he instructed. I felt his breath tickle my neck as he said, "Good girl. Now, we are going to take a little walk outside. Move slowly. Remember no sudden movements, no screaming, no- Shit! You must have watched quite a lot of gangster movie so you know the drill. Now move your ass."

He dug the gun painfully into my back when I remained still. The fear of getting shot unlocked my muscles enough for me to move slowly. It was hard not to shake, because inside, I was trembling all over. The other shoppers paid me little or no attention but I noticed that most of the staff looked at me oddly, no doubt because they saw a man pressed almost indecently close to me. Never before had I wished for a nosy, talkative employee as I did at that moment but none of them said anything. We finally got outside.

He ordered me to get into his car, the very same one I had spotted following me. Tears formed quickly in my eyes as I considered that I was right. There were two other men in the car, waiting for us. My abductor quickly got in beside me. The door slammed shut. I just had time to cuss myself for not calling Damian or the police the moment I had gotten into the mall before a bag was pulled over my head, cutting off my sight. I started to struggle. Strong hands gripped my hands, bound them tightly. My legs suffered the same treatment.

"Please," I cried. "Please let me go."

Someone growled. "What are you waiting for? Shut the bitch up."

I heard a ripping, tearing sound. The next moment, the sack over my head was pulled up and duct-tape slapped onto my mouth. Once again, my head was covered with the sack.

The man beside me jabbed his gun painfully against my ribs.

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"Now you're in our hands," he said. "If you fucking yell or attract attention, we will blow your head off. You're not worth quite much to us, dead or alive."

I nodded but I could feel myself slowly dying from fear.

DAMIAN

I pulled back my sleeve to check my watch. It was some minutes past 8. Our dinner date had been for 7. This was an hour past. What on earth was keeping her? Surely, she couldn't still be working at the bakery by this time. Even if she somehow was, why hadn't she returned any of my calls or replied my messages? Except she was with that creep, Colin, but I didn't want to believe that was true. She wouldn't have promised to have dinner with me if she had no intentions of showing up.

"Where the hell are you?" I tried calling again, pacing the sitting room anxiously. The phone rang but there was no response as usual. Was Amelia intentionally ignoring me?

When it was 8:30 and she still hadn't made an appearance, with my phone, I checked her location. It was either she came to me or I would go to her.

I was shocked to see that she was at the mall at half past eight. That was so unlike her. I began to get a strange feeling about her lateness as I set out for the mall. She would have texted me if she was going to be late. Could something have happened and she was too scared to call me?

My drive to the mall was quick, my thoughts occupied by Amelia and her absence. When I arrived, an eerie feeling suddenly overwhelmed me.

I spotted her car in the parking lot almost immediately, confirming she was indeed at the mall. I walked over to it but she wasn't in it. The hood of the car was cool to the touch, suggesting that she had arrived at the mall at least more than an hour ago. Could she have been shopping for hours? Even Anton's glamorous models never shopped for so long.

The receptionist, who was writing something in a notebook looked up as I approached her. She immediately stood to acknowledge me when she saw who I was.

"Mr Donovan," she said, straightening her clothes and patting her hair at the same time. "Welcome. Is there anything you need?"

"My wife..." I looked around. "Where is she?"

"She isn't here, sir. I mean she was here, but she's gone now."

Enjoying the book? Don't forget to visit novel5s.com for the full experience. You won't find the next chapter anywhere else. Happy reading! I shut my eyes briefly in exasperation. "Can you try to be more coherent? This is important."

Her head bobbed up and down. "She came to the mall this evening. Ellen, that's the girl who works at the jewellery section, says she saw her here there. Ms Amelia didn't stay long though. She left with a man. With the way they were walking close together, I think they are really close friends."

Her eyes suddenly widened. Realizing she had said too much, she shut her mouth with a snap. I was confused. Who was this man so important as to make her not come home after promising that she would do so. Was it Colin? How could she go out with him when we were supposed to have a date?

"Describe this man," I said.

"I didn't really see much of him. He was wearing a face cap and glasses. Oh. And a really big coat too. All I can say for certain is that he had really long hair."

Long hair. Colin didn't have long hair. This man had to be someone else. But who? I was still as confused as ever. The only fact I had been able to establish was that Amelia had been at the mall and had left to heaven knows where with a man.

"Are you alright sir?" the receptionist asked.

I looked up to find her staring at me worriedly.

"Yeah," I murmured. "Thank you for the information. If she returns anytime, please give me a call."

"Definitely, Sir. Have a good night."

I turned to leave when I heard her call my name.

"Mr Donovan! I forgot to give you something," she said.

"What?" I said, turning back and coming to a stop in front of her station.

"A second, sir." She bent, unlocked a drawer and brought out a bag which she placed it on the counter. "After she left, we found her handbag on the floor at the jewellery section. Her phone was in the bag along with some other important documents."

I took the bag from her and examined it. I felt a chill creep up my spine as I inspected the contents of the bag and found it was indeed Amelia's. My breath came in short gasps and I staggered back. Something was wrong with my wife.