

# The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

## Chapter 078

AMELIA

Just when I felt my lungs were closing up because of the lack of air, I found I could breathe again. Someone had yanked the bag off my head and shoved me into a hardbacked chair. I took in deep, rattling breaths. I blinked rapidly as my eyes tried to adjust to the very dim light in the room. Struggling against my restraints was useless because I was still bound tightly.

My hands were already numb from the lack of circulation. Finally, I could make out the figures of six men most of which were standing in a loose circle around me. I whimpered and flinched when one of them stepped towards me, but he did that only to savagely peel the duct-tape off my mouth. I cried out in pain. The area around my mouth seemed to be on fire. The man who had peeled the duct tape off made a threatening gesture and I fell silent.

These people had to be kidnappers. They could be a gang who kidnapped wealthy people in the city. Being the wife of Damian had made me a target. The thought made me want to puke. I fought hard, really hard to control my panic. I had to do my best to talk myself out of this situation.

"Please," I whimpered. "Please let me go. If you let me go now, I swear I won't say anything to anyone about this." The man closest to me nudged the man next to him. They all laughed. My teeth caught my bottom lip. Appealing to them clearly wasn't working. I turned to the only one of them who hadn't laughed. "I'll give you anything you want."

"Anything?" he said with a leer which made my blood run cold.

"I- I mean money. My husband is very wealthy. He'll pay you any amount for my release." I paused to blink back tears. "I beg you don't hurt me. Take my offer. Name your price. I promise you he'll pay it."

"Very smart move, Amelia," said a familiar voice and I felt my blood freeze up. I heard approaching footsteps and turned in that direction. "Offering them money would have worked but unfortunately for you, these men are under my payroll. There is no amount of money you can offer that I can't double or triple. Right boys?"

There was a murmur of assent from the other men. Two men stepped aside so the speaker came to stand in front of me. My eyes felt like they would pop right out of their sockets as I stared at him. I had identified his voice the moment he had spoken, but I had thought my ears and mind had been playing tricks on me. Now, here he was in the flesh, standing right before me. For a moment, the room spun and I thought I was going to faint. My body felt numb as I sat in the chair and despite how my mind was raging with thoughts, I couldn't muster any words.

I blinked rapidly to be sure I wasn't hallucinating. No! It couldn't be Colin. I was only dreaming but it felt so real. So real.

"Colin!" I said in a whisper.

A smile curved his lips. He spread his arms wide. "Yes, it's me, Colin. Right here. Ughh. I still can't believe I blew my cover so soon. I should have made my entrance more dramatic."

I couldn't take my eyes off him. It still felt like I was in a horrible dream.

I forced my lips to move, "What am I doing here?"

"Excellent question." He leaned forward to pat my cheek. "I always knew you were a smart girl. I thought you would never ask. Before I answer you, I have a question of my own. What are you married to a murderer's son?"

I blinked, not sure I had heard him clearly. What the hell was he talking about?

"What? A murderer's son?" I repeated, not knowing what else to say.

"That's what I said."

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"Colin, I think you must be mistaken."

"Oh, come off it! Don't pretend you don't know what I'm talking about. Pretending here won't get you anywhere. Your husband is the son of a murderer and yet you married him. You knew everything his family did but you married him out of greed. Money, Amelia, money! You married that asshole for money!"

Tears ran down my face. I was getting more scared by the second. I could barely stop my lips from quivering out of fright. Colin looked terrifying and I didn't want to think about my fate.

"Colin, I swear I don't know what you're talking about. Please, I have no idea. You have to believe me." I shook my head, my eyes begging him to believe me. "If this is about Damon, we can talk this out. This is not the way to fix the problem."

He paced the room for a bit before coming to a stop in front of me again.

"Okay."

"Y-you believe me?" I stuttered.

"No. Since you want to play games with me, how about we play a better one. Huh? I won't kill you slowly and gruesomely like I had planned if you admit your crimes. Tell me the truth and I'll give you a quick and painless death, which is actually the best you can hope for."

"Oh my god! I'm telling you the truth. I have no idea of what you're talking about. If I did, I would tell you." I cried. The talk of death had my eyes burning in my socket. "Colin, this isn't you. You've been so kind to me, I don't believe you'll want to hurt me. If this is a joke, just stop it!"

He tsked. "Fine. Stubborn much. Here's the deal. You have 48 hours to tell the truth. If you don't, I'll have all these men have their way with you. When they're done, I'll grab your bloody neck and strangle you with my bare hands. 48 hours, Amelia. That's all you have. Think about it. I'll be back when you're prepared to be reasonable."

He turned and began to walk away.

"Colin," I called. "Colin please. I swear I don't know what you think I know."

He didn't even turn once like he heard me. He walked out of the door and slammed it shut. One of the men began to advance with another roll of duct tape.

"Please," I said to him. "I won't scream. Please, just hear me out. I'm telling the-"

He slapped the tape over my mouth, cutting off the rest of my words.

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DAMIAN

I felt my fists clench in my lap. I had never felt so much like punching something the way I did now. Every second I spent here at the police station were seconds in which Amelia could be getting farther away from me.

I was scared, so scared but I tried not to let my emotions distract me. Wherever she was, she must be terrified and hopeless. She needed me to be strong and I had to be.

"They've got it," Anton called over his shoulder.

In a flash, I was standing behind the policeman, peering over his shoulder at the computer where the CCTV footage of the mall was playing. On the screen, I saw Amelia joined by a man in a trench coat who pressed something against her back.

Within minutes, he left the mall with her. None of her staff had bothered to stop them. How could they be so stupid or nonchalant?

"We need to see his face," I said, pointing at the man who had taken Amelia. "Can you replay the footage?"

"Yes, but I'm not sure it will be of any help."

He was right. No matter how many times the detectives rewound and replayed the video footage, none of us could get a clear view of the man's features. His face was hidden by a facecap pulled down low over his brow and large, dark sunglasses.

"He's almost unidentifiable," the detective in charge of the case slammed his file on the table. "This was planned."

"Shit!" I yelled.

I had put a lot of hope in seeing what was on the footage. I slammed my fists on the table, spraying coffee everywhere. Unable to sit still, I began to pace the room. I didn't think I had ever been this terrified in my life. If anything had happened to Amelia... I shook my head.

No. That thought was intolerable. She had to be fine. She just had to be. I couldn't live with the alternative. Anton walked up to me, laid a hand on my sleeve.

"Damian, you have to calm down," he said. "She's going to be found. Just take a seat and-"

I shook off his grip and resumed pacing. Amelia wouldn't be in danger if she hadn't come into my life. No one would have known her enough to hurt her if I hadn't brought her into the limelight. Oh, what have I done?

"Mr Donovan. We will do our best to find her," the detective picked up his file again.

I abruptly stopped pacing. "No. I don't just want you to do your best. You must find her. You understand? You must."

"Of course we will."

"Those to be questioned are here." We all turned to see a uniformed policeman at the door.

"Good. I'll be right there." The detective turned to me. "We called in your wife's staff at the bakery for questioning."

"Let's go then," I started moving but the detective laid a gentle but firm hand on my arm. "I'm sorry but you aren't going to be allowed into the questioning room."

"Why the hell not?" I growled.

"You'll only get in the way," Anton said.

I shot him a glare.

"Your friend is right," he said. "I promise you'll know everything we do."

With that I had to be content. After what felt like hours, the detective came out of the questioning room holding a little notebook. He took me aside, asked if my relationship with Amelia had been difficult lately. I just didn't understand why he was asking.

"We just resolved a fight we've been having. We were supposed to have a special dinner together tonight."

"I see. Do you, or have you ever suspected your wife of having an affair?"

"No," I snapped. "What have these questions got to do with finding my wife?"

"Well, from what I've gathered, your wife was visited this morning by a man. They seemed very friendly."

"A man."

"Yes."

"Do you... have a description of this man?"

"It's right here..." He turned a page of the notebook. "He was about six feet tall. Blue eyes, very well dressed, a friendly, easy going manner. All the ladies agree that he was also very good looking."

I knew who that description fit. Colin.