

The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

Chapter 079

DAMIAN

I brought the car to a stop inches away from the entrance steps to the building. The doorman jumped out of the way even though he had not been in danger of getting hit.

"I'm afraid you can't park here, sir," he called out as I marched up the stairs.

Ignoring him, I threw the glass doors open, stormed up to the reception area, pounded my fists on the startled receptionist's desk.

"Where the hell is he?" I asked.

She blinked. "Sir?"

"Your boss. Where is he? Take me to see him right now."

"Do you have an appointment?"

"To hell with that!" I yelled. The massive lobby suddenly became very quiet. "Tell me where his office is. What floor?"

Someone tapped my arm. I turned to see a man dressed in a dark suit right beside me. Two other men in security uniforms detached themselves from those watching and hurried forward.

"I'm afraid I'll have to tell you to leave, sir," said the man in the suit. "You're disrupting the peaceful environment of this company."

I slapped his hand away. "Get your hands off me. Tell me where Colin is."

The other two reached me. They stood on either side of me, and touched me lightly. I darted forward but their hands immediately closed on my arms. "Let me go," I shouted. "I'm not leaving until I see him."

I began to struggle in earnest as they dragged me towards the door. I planted my feet, and kept shaking off their hold. A small crowd had gathered. They were all staring but I didn't care. The man wearing a suit pressed his hand to the communication device in his ear and began to talk rapidly in low tones. I knew what that meant. He was calling for back up. In a few seconds, maybe less, other security personnel would arrive to throw me out. I decided then that desperate times called for desperate measures. I balled up my fists. I would punch one of them in the face, then run up the stairs.

"What is going on here?"

I stopped struggling. The sound of Colin's voice fanned the fires of the fury I felt bubbling on the inside of me.

"He was demanding to see you, sir," explained one of the security guards. "He was threatening the receptionist and causing a--"

"I can speak for myself!" I said.

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"That voice..." Colin murmured. In the silence, I heard his approaching footsteps. He stepped around the guard blocking my view of him. His eyes widened in surprise the moment he saw me. "Damian?"

"Yes, it's me!" I took a threatening step toward him. I was stopped from going further by the hands holding onto my arms very tightly. "Are you surprised to see me after everything you've done?"

"Let him go," Colin ordered. They hesitated, but let go and stepped back. Colin's face broke into a smile. "You came to see me. Please, let's talk in my office."

My fists clenched again. They ached to punch him in the mouth.

"Tell me what you did to her," I demanded.

He frowned a little. "I honestly don't know what you are talking about, but I think that whatever you want to discuss with me should be discussed in private."

He stepped back so I could get a clear view of our audience, most of whom were slowly edging closer to hear us better. If I said anything, I was sure to be recorded and news would spread faster than a wild fire.

"Lead the way," I said through gritted teeth.

Colin walked to his office with a jaunty air. I followed him closely in case he decided to make a break for it.

"Here we a--" The door closed behind him. I grabbed him by the collar, and pinned him to the wall.

"Damian," he gasped. "What's this about?"

"Shut up and listen to me," I hissed. "You see this?" His gaze drifted from my face to my fists which was right against his nose. "I'm going to break your nose in the next few seconds if you don't tell me where Amelia is and what you've done to her."

"What ha--" The rest of his words were lost in gasps.

I pulled him forward, and slammed him against the wall. "Speak up, damn you!"

He pointed to his throat and I eased my hold a little, just enough for him to speak. He sucked in a deep breath.

"What happened to Amelia?" he enquired. "What are you talking about?"

"Don't you dare pretend. You visited her at the bakery this morning and she got missing on the same day. I know you have something to do with this. Maybe you got upset she rejected you?"

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Colin's mouth hung open in surprise for a moment or two. "I can assure you, Damian, that I have nothing to do with her disappearance. The very idea is absurd. I care about her." I slammed him against the wall again. Hard. He went on in a higher, slightly panicked voice. "I swear it. Since high school, I've liked Amelia. You can't begin to imagine how disappointed I was when she told me she had gotten married to you and--"

"And then you decided to kidnap her!"

"No. Yes, I was jealous, especially when she always managed to bring you into every conversation we had, but I could never hurt her. Not even if I tried. Instead of hurting her, I've been finding ways to make her happy. I've been sending her flowers, gifts. Hell! I've asked her to dinner more times than I can count just to give her a good time. Tell me, Damian, how could I hurt someone who I always want to see happy?"

My grip on Colin's shirt collar slackened. Now I wasn't sure he had a hand in Amelia's kidnapping after all. His words had a ring of sincerity to it. Most of the things he said he'd done, I had seen first hand. But one question remained.

"Why did you go to see her at the bakery?"

"For goodness sake! Is that why you suspected me of having anything to do with her disappearance?"

"Answer the damn question!"

"I went there to talk about plans I had for a partnership. Oh don't look at me like that! I know how it sounds; a tech company and a bakery, partnering together. The truth is the proposed partnership was just a way of getting close to her." His voice broke when he asked, "What has happened to her?"

I exhaled, and let Colin go. The rage that had kept me going had ebbed away. What was left now was a crushing feeling of disappointment that I hadn't gone further in finding Amelia, and fear that something bad had happened to her.

"She's missing. I haven't heard from her since she left for work that morning."

"What? Are you sure you didn't upset her?"

I scoffed. "She's been kidnapped and there's evidence of that. The police are investigating," I told him. "Call me if you get anything or if you hear from her."

I was walking to the door, but stopped when Colin called my name.

"I'll do everything in my power to help with the investigation," he promised. "Amelia is a very dear friend to me and I cannot imagine her getting hurt."

"Then, I look forward to hearing from you." With a defeated sigh, I exited his office.

AMELIA

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One of the men came around to the back of the chair I sat in. I held my breath, waiting for something to happen. The pressure of the ropes tying my hands to my midsection lessened. He had untied me. That meant only one thing. Colin was coming to see me.

While thinking of ways I could stop Colin from carrying out his threat, I had resolved to tell him that my marriage to Damian was just a contract. Hopefully, he would realize I was not deeply connected to Damian. That his act of revenge was useless because Damian didn't truly care about me.

Suddenly, the door was flung open. Colin rushed in, and made a beeline for me. With his face inches from my own, I saw that his face was contorted in rage. I gulped, already seeing my life flashing before my eyes.

"Can you imagine what I've been through because of you?" he shouted. "Answer me!" It was funny to think he considered himself a victim while keeping me locked up like a maniac.

"I- I--"

He straightened, threw back his head and let out peal after peal of laughter.

"Sorry," he finally said, wiping tears of laughter from his eyes. "It's just that the situation is aggravating yet funny at the same time." He frowned, and then began to chuckle. It was then I realized Colin was a psychopath and would probably never let me go. I was in trouble, deep trouble. "Tell me, Amelia, do I look like a villain? That husband of yours stormed into my company. He pushed me around, almost half strangled me as he asked me what I had done with you."

"Colin. Please," I cried. "I beg you. Let me go. I swear I won't tell anyone about this."

He stared at me, then doubled up with laughter. "You're more stupid than I thought if you actually think you're leaving here alive. I've planned this moment for years even though I didn't expect you to be his wife. Such a shame that I have to go through with it. Though I must admit that I'm doing this sooner than I had anticipated. I sensed you were about to cut me off. What gave me away?"

He raised his hand threateningly and I quickly answered the question.

"My mother," I said. "I never told you her name or my home address, yet you knew"

"Ah. I see."

"You've been watching me. How long?" I managed to ask.

"Since you got married to Damian."

I opened my mouth to tell him about the contract just as he ordered his men to tie me up again.

"Wait! There's something I--"

"Shut up!" he snapped. "Remember you have just 24 hours to tell me the truth. Tick tock, Amelia. Tick tock."