

The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

Chapter 080

DAMIAN

My head buzzed. My eyes ached and I could hear my stomach rumbling. I had been staring at the same set of files over and over again, trying to discover any leads the police might have missed. So far, I had not found anything helpful. I turned to Anton to ask if he had better luck than I did but he clearly didn't look like he did. With his head cradled in his palm, he was nodding off to sleep. I sighed. I didn't blame him though.

We had been up all night, searching for leads to Amelia's kidnap. I hadn't slept a wink. I was conscious of the fact that with every passing second, Amelia sunk deeper into danger. I hadn't gotten a ransom call yet and I wondered why. If her abductors wanted money, why wouldn't they call me? All I needed was a number, any amount to get Amelia back and safe.

I nudged Anton in the ribs. He stirred sleepily, and opened one bleary eye.

"Anton, why do you think Amelia's kidnappers haven't asked for a ransom yet? Isn't that what they must be after?"

"I can't really tell." He shuffled around some papers in front of him, stared at one with fixed concentration and began nodding off again after a few seconds.

I decided to get some coffee. I hoped it would keep my mind keen. I was almost at the kitchen when my phone rang. I sighed and trudged back to get it.

"Damian? It's me, Colin," said the voice at the other end immediately I took the call.

I exhaled.

"Colin," I breathed.

"I've been worried sick about Amelia. I just hired a team of seasoned investigators to look into her disappearance. They have started work already, but they will need all the information you and the police have gathered so far on the case. They need the information to work with."

"Thanks, Colin," I said and meant it. It felt comforting to know that there was someone else trying to get Amelia free. "I will send over the files the moment I drop this call. I must warn you that some of the files and pictures I'll send might be useless. The police couldn't do anything with it so your investigators shouldn't put much hope into it."

"How so?"

"The face of Amelia's abductor wasn't really visible. He wore a cap, glasses that made it impossible to identify him."

Colin swore under his breath. "The CCTV cameras are one thing, but how is it that no one spotted a strange looking guy in a large, frequented shopping mall? That's ludicrous, but I'm sure my investigators will find something."

Wait, what? I slowly took the phone off my ears to think about my conversation with Colin in the last few days. Despite my attempt to keep my head calm, I found that his words kept ringing a bell. It was like a jolt of electricity that suddenly coursed through me and I felt nothing but shock.

Had I told him that Amelia had been kidnapped at the mall? I didn't think so. How did he know? Or maybe I was thinking about it too much. He could have gotten the information from the police or maybe his investigators were indeed top notch. Yes, that could be the perfect explanation.

The silence between us lengthened and then, surprisingly, Colin laughed.

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"I've done it again, haven't I?" he asked. You didn't tell me she was taken from the mall, did you? Damn! I just can't seem to be able to keep my big mouth shut."

"You-"

The line went dead. Petrified, I stared straight ahead. My phone slipped from my hand and fell onto the desk with a thud. The sound roused Anton. He looked from the phone to my face, and immediately sat up straight.

"What happened?" he asked, grabbing my sleeve.

I managed to swallow past the lump of fear in my throat. "It's Colin. Colin kidnapped Amelia."

"Colin? What are you saying? How do you even know this?"

"That's not important!" I shouted, now beginning to recover my wits. "Call the detective now. Call 911. Now that his cover is blown, he will want to hurt her."

I grabbed my phone and car keys and made for the door. I couldn't let Colin get away with this.

"Where are you going?" Anton asked, his eyes almost bulging out of his socket. "Don't tell me you're-"

"I'm going to find her," I said hurriedly, my words tumbling over each other in their haste to get out. "My location is turned on so you can track me. Get the police to me as fast as you can."

"Damian, you need to-"

"Anton! Get the police to me or I'll lose her!"

AMELIA

The fear I felt was intensified ten times over when three of my abductors suddenly barged into the room. They marched towards me, and began to untie me quickly. Fear settled like an icy feeling in my chest. This was it. They finally were going to kill me.

"Up you get," growled one of the men.

"No," I cried. "No, please..."

They grabbed my arm in a bid to get me to stand up. I held on to the chair tightly and kept pleading. The next moment, Colin stormed into the room, took in the scene, drew back his hand and slapped me across the face. The pain was instant and blinding. Before I could recover, he grabbed and yanked my hair backward so I was looking him straight in the face.

"Guess what, bitch," he said in a conversational tone. "My plans have changed. Now, I'm going to kill you right in front of Damian."

The tears I had been struggling to hold back ran down my cheeks.

"No. Colin. Please don't do this," I begged.

Ignoring me, he addressed one of the men. "Tell the others to very ready. Damian knows what I did. It's possible he will be able to trace our whereabouts."

The man smirked. "I think that's very unlikely. This building is not only abandoned, but in an out-of-the-way spot. No one will think of looking here."

"You fool!" Colin barked. "Do what I say. Damian is smart and ruthless. You can't underestimate him."

Colin was right: Damian was smart and he would stop at nothing to get whatever he wanted. I offered up a silent prayer for Damian to actually find and rescue me.

"Let me go!" Colin suddenly grabbed me by the hair and the pain rippled through me. He dragged me to another room, much smaller than the one I had been tied up in, and pushed me to the floor. I fell painfully on my side. He was about to say something when his phone rang. He stared at it, held it out to me so I could see the screen.

"See that? It's your blood loving husband calling. I'm going to end both your lives soon. How would you like that?"

I choked on a sob. "You don't have to do this. If you let me go, I swear that I won't press charges. What happened in the past shouldn't make you hurt me. Please. Don't ruin the good life you have built for yourself by committing murder. I know you're a good man-"

"SHUT UP," he bellowed. His eyes were red and seemed to be bulging out of their sockets. "My mother's life wasn't spared, so why the hell should I spare yours? She died and now, it's your turn!"

I gaped at him in surprise. His mother?

"Wh-what do you mean?" I stuttered.

"The Donovans took everything from me. Everything! They killed my mother. They ruined my life."

"Colin, pl-"

"You're not walking out alive in any version of this story. Get that into your head!"

I leaned as far away from him as I could and burst into tears. Colin was blinded by revenge and pain. I didn't know how his mother had died, but I was sure now that it wasn't a coincidence that he had come after me. He wanted me dead.

"Colin," I managed to say through tears. "Your mother wouldn't have wanted you to do this. I don't know what the Donovans did to your family but I wasn't a part of it. Even Damian might not know what happened."

Colin took a step closer and I whimpered.

"Want to know what happened? They killed my mother. They left me in the hands of my abusive father who hated me even more after my mother died." His face broke into a smile. "Now I'm going to make me feel the pain I felt all those years ago. I won't kill him anymore. He doesn't deserve to be let off that easily. I'll make him have nightmares. I want him to see my face every night as I rip out your throat. I want him to feel excruciating pain whenever he thinks of you. Every time he wakes up, I want him to regret living. He will have no choice but to keep himself out of misery."

"But he won't think of me. Damian will move on a week after my death and all this would have been for nothing."

"Lying won't change your fate," he threatened.

"I'm not lying! My marriage to Damian is fake. Damian and I signed a contract so he could get to keep his uncle's company."

"You're lying to me," Colin shrieked. "You're fucking lying." Again, he slapped me and I fell to the ground weakly.

Realizing this could well be my last chance to convince him, I went on yelling, "I'm not lying. He won't come for me. He'll only use me as bait to flush you out. Damian only cares about his company. Nothing more. You've got the wrong person and you've done all these for nothing."

"Fine. Let's see if you're telling the truth, shall we?"

Right there, he called Damian, and gave him the location to the place. He told him to come alone if he loved me and any involvement with the police would be the last time he'd see me. Then he called for his men.

"Get yourselves into position," he told them. "Damian is coming."

I watched in horror as they got their guns ready. Though I was scared, I felt that Damian wouldn't put himself wilfully into danger like this. I knew he cared for me but there was no way he would risk his life for me. No, he wouldn't.

When I felt more than ten minutes had passed, I chuckled and shook my head, "I was right. Damian won't come. Only the cops will." But the joke was on me.

At that moment, I heard the screeching of car tyres. One of Colin's men hurried into the room.

"Damian is here," he told Colin.

"Well well," Colin said, smiling at me. "I guess you're a lying bitch after all."