

# The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

## Chapter 081

DAMIAN

I took in a deep, shaky breath. This was it. This was when I either got to rescue Amelia or died trying. Colin had chosen his hideout well. It was an abandoned, dilapidated building in an out-of-the-way spot. It was a place hardly anyone would think to look. I stuffed my phone under the passenger seat. I looked around as I slowly stepped out of the car. I could only hope that Anton would act swiftly. Minutes before driving into the compound, I had texted Anton my location though I knew he had been tracking my phone. If everything went according to plan, he would alert the police, who hopefully would find some way to infiltrate this place without calling attention to themselves.

I shifted, and exhaled as I registered movement out of the corner of my eyes. Before I could blink, I was surrounded by four masked men. My survival instincts kicked in. I tensed up, clenched my fists, ready to take them out, ready to defend myself.

"Don't be a hero, Romeo," the man closest to me said with a laugh. "Remember we still have her."

"Yeah. Hit us once, we'll return the favour a hundred times. Only it won't be you, we'll hit. It will be her. Now move your ass!"

"Cowards!" I spat, staring at them with rage.

"Whatever makes you feel better," they chuckled.

While they had been talking, someone tied my hands behind my back. One of them suddenly shoved me forward. I stumbled, and almost fell. My arms were grabbed and I was dragged into the semi dark, huge building. I blinked as my eyes tried to adjust to the dim light. The only sounds I could hear was the tramping of feet and the steady dripping of water. The atmosphere of the place was oppressive. I wondered how Amelia had been holding up for so long. She would be terrified.

I tried to keep the layout of the place in my head as they led me down a corridor full of rusted machinery and broken furniture, down another empty corridor and finally into a room where I saw-

"Amelia," I gasped.

She was half sitting, half lying on the dirty floor. Her face was puffy and bruised but otherwise, she was okay. She was alive!

"Damian." Her voice choked on a sob. "You shouldn't have come. Why did you come here? Why?"

I thought she would have been happy to see me, at least, the hope that I would try to get her out. But she looked scared and angry even. What had Colin done to her?

When I tried to get closer to her, I was dragged to the opposite end of the room.

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"Don't you fucking touch me!" I yelled, trying to struggle with the men who surrounded me. My efforts were futile of course because we were easily outnumbered.

"This is quite a reunion," Colin clapped loudly and strolled toward Amelia. "Now, let's get down to business." He dragged her forward by her hair.

"Let her go," I shouted.

"Not a chance, buster. I'm going to kill her just the way your family killed my mother." He waited a beat, then continued, "Does that ring a bell?"

"What the hell are you talking about? My family would never-" And then, it hit me. They had only been one murder victim in my family, one that always haunted my dreams. The victim had a son who was roughly my age when it happened.

I lifted my eyes to meet Colin's gaze. Fuck. It couldn't be him, could it? All these time, he wasn't really after my company. It was just a diversion from his real target. He was here for revenge for his mother.

"Colin, please," my voice softened. "I swear I didn't know it was your mother. If I had, I would have apologized the moment I met you."

Colin let out a peal of derisive laughter. "You seriously expect me to believe that? Oh please, Damian, there is no way in hell you didn't know. You Donovan's are the worst schemers on earth!"

I kept my eyes fixed on Colin's, hoping that he would somehow sense my sincerity. "But I'm telling you the truth. You have to believe me. All that happened so many years ago. I was just a teenager then. Listen, my mother's actions have nothing to do with me or... Amelia. Please let her go. Let's end this."

"Really?" Colin gave Amelia's hair another savage yank that brought tears of pain to her eyes. "Why are you so concerned about the bitch, huh? It's just a contract marriage after all. You disappointed her by coming, you know. She told me your marriage to her was fake and that you didn't love her. It had to be a lie, right? Else you wouldn't be here. And if she's right, I don't think she matters much to you. A life for a life is what I want!"

'Lie' a voice in my head screamed. Lie to save her life.

"She's right," I blurted. "I came because I need her alive. If she dies before a year elapses, I will loose my right to own my uncle's company. That is something I don't intend to let happen."

Behind my back, I crossed my fingers, hoping that he would believe me and let Amelia go. With his head cocked at an angle, Colin hissed.

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"I don't believe you," he finally said. "I think you both are lying. You're lying to save her ass just as she was lying for you."

He reached for the gun in his back pocket.

"No!" I swallowed. "Listen to me. Let me explain. I carefully planned my marriage to Amelia to get a hold of my uncle's company. One of the conditions in his will was that I get married and stay married for a year. And then there was the other reason."

"What other reason?"

"Her ex husband, Noah Allen, is my business rival. I had hoped me getting married to his ex-wife would destroy him, throw him off balance. It's been working so far."

Colin's face worked. A muscle ticked in his jaw.

"You scheming bastard!" he hissed furiously. "Do you mean I went through all the trouble to kidnap her for nothing?" I wanted to say yes, but my throat suddenly felt very dry. I had a feeling that the time for talking was past. Colin was finally about to do something drastic at this point. "Anyway, it's really all fucking simple! I'll kill her since she's of no importance to either of us-" Amelia whimpered in fright. "-and then I'll kill you selfish, cold-hearted bastard, since you care about nothing more than your bloody company. The world would be a better place to live in without scums like you tainting the air the rest of us breathe. When you die, someone else, most likely a total stranger, will take over your precious company. That means the only thing you care about will be taken away from you." His face split into a grin. "Can't you see? It's a win-win, for me at least. So, here goes." The grin was wiped off his face as he suddenly glared at the men holding me. "Now, keep a tight hold on him. I want him to watch this very closely. I mean, it's not everyday one gets to watch their wife die."

"No!!!!" I lunged forward but forceful hands held me back. "Let her go! I'm the one you want! Let her go!"

With adrenaline rushing through me, I watched as Colin tittered and cocked his gun. His men kept hitting me as I struggled to get free. I shouted and I threatened. I begged. I made promises to Colin, promises I couldn't remember the moment the words left my mouth. Amelia fought him, but he was too strong for her. Amelia froze the moment he put the gun to her head. I saw his finger slowly and deliberately squeezing the trigger.

And then, there was a loud bang.

One of Colin's men fell to the ground with a loud thud and a bullet hole in his head. Before I could make out what was happening, more gunshots were fired and two more men dropped to the ground with identical wounds. The men holding me immediately let go and scurried to safety. I started towards Colin who dragged Amelia with him as he ran for cover.

There was a loud hissing sound. In a second, the whole room was filled with gas. I found I couldn't see an inch in front of me. I stumbled around, backed up against something with a sharp, jagged edge. I worked the ropes binding me up and down on it until they cut. When I got roughly to the spot where Amelia had been, I couldn't find her. I held my breath as I crawled out of the room. Up ahead, I saw Colin dragging her along. I broke into a stumbling run and collided with him. He fell to the floor, the gun with him.

"Run!" I yelled at Amelia who had fallen too, but was trying to get to her feet. "Anton must be here somewhere. Find him."

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She reached for me. "Damian--"

"GO!"

She turned and fled down the corridor just as I felt Colin's hands close around my throat. I broke his hold, punched him several times in the gut. He let go of me and staggered back.

He spat out blood from his mouth and inhaled fiercely. Then he pulled out a knife from his pocket and dashed toward me.

He was fast and before I could stop him, I felt the sharp blade penetrate my stomach. I swayed back, clutching my bleeding stomach. The wound wasn't deep as I had managed to push him away before the blade pierced deeper.

I leaped at him and we both crumbled to the ground. Colin and I rolled over, throwing punches at each other. The breath was knocked out of me when he hit me over the head with the butt of his gun.

"Got you." He laughed. He pressed the gun against my temple, pulled me up so I was on my knees. "You're a fool for giving up your life for a woman you don't love!"

This was it. I was going to die now but wasn't going to die sniveling and begging for my life. I would die proud. I just hoped Amelia had gotten to safety so my sacrifice wouldn't be for nothing.

"You're wrong," I ground out. "I love Amelia against all odds just as your mother loved my father. Do you think your mother really hated my family? She was in love with my father!"

Colin's voice shook, "Then you will die as she died, loving the wrong person. Goodbye, Damian."

Bang!

The sound of a gunshot pierced the air. I jerked and closed my eyes to embrace the darkness.