

The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

Chapter 082

DAMIAN

Where was the flash of pain, the darkness, the oblivion people said came with dying? Colin had pointed the gun right at my head so that meant I ought to be dead. Through the ringing in my ears, I could hear the sounds of people running, yelling, panting. I took in a deep breath, felt it expand my lungs and my heartbeat quickened.

The feeling could only mean one thing- I was still in the land of the living. I opened first one eye, then the other. The first thing I saw was Colin, staring in horror at his midsection which was stained a deep crimson. Blood pattered from his wound onto the floor. Slowly, he sank to his knees, and then with a thud he fell to the floor, unconscious. Behind him stood Anton, panting, with his smoking gun still pointed at Colin. Anton kicked Colin's gun away. For a moment, I felt dizzy. That was a really close call. Anton had saved my life in the nick of time.

"Damian," he gasped, his hands shaking uncontrollably. "Are you- Were you-"

"I wasn't hit," I assured him. My gaze went from him to the wounded Colin who was fast losing a lot of blood. "Quick! Call an ambulance or- or get anyone that can take him to the hospital."

Anton, who had been walking towards me, stopped in his tracks to gape at me. "Were you hit on the head? You want me to get an ambulance for him?"

"Yes, Colin. Do it quickly."

I would have done it myself but I didn't think I was strong enough to stand up yet. My limbs were still trembling. I supposed almost getting shot did that to a person. Anton shook his head, muttered under his breath, turned and ran out of the room. Colin's men were nowhere to be found. I supposed they were already making a break for it. Not that they would get very far. I hoped.

I managed to pull myself into a sitting position. Soon enough, I heard the distant warble of sirens that got closer every minute. My eyes kept getting drawn to the pool of blood that now surrounded Colin.

"In here," I heard Anton shout.

Two paramedics carrying a stretcher between them burst into the room, followed by Anton. One of them started for me.

I held up a hand, and pointed to Colin. "No, I'm fine. He needs your attention. Please make sure he survives."

The other paramedic dropped on both knees beside Colin, pressed his fingers against his neck for some seconds.

"He's still alive," he cried. I released a breath I wasn't aware I had been holding. "Quick! Let's get him on the stretcher."

Colin was quickly placed on the stretcher and carried out. I pushed to my feet and hobbled after them. My ankle was on fire. I had probably sprained it at some point during my fight with Colin, but the rush of adrenaline hadn't made me notice it up until now. A police officer came hurrying up to me, asked me if I was fine, and helped me to get outside the building. Several patrol cars were in the compound. Colin's goons who were still alive were being handcuffed, pressed against patrol cars, and shoved inside them.

If you are not reading this book from the website: novel5s.com then you are reading a pirated version with incomplete content. Please visit novel5s.com and search the book title to read the entire book for free

"You're bleeding," an officer noticed my stomach and came toward me. He pointed towards an ambulance. "Come on. Over there."

"Amelia, my wife-"

"She's fine. I promise." He said. "She was found and she's safe. You should worry about yourself now. You're losing blood and that's not good."

I began to walk with him towards the ambulance. I could see several police men dashing around, some carrying corpses. But what truly mattered was that Amelia was safe.

AMELIA

My heart leaped with joy as I caught sight of him leaving the building. I fought my way through the small crowd of policemen and paramedics coming in and out of the building. Damian looked up as I ran to him. The policeman with him stepped aside. There was happiness and relief on Damian's face, the same expression I was sure was on mine. I enfolded him in my arms, buried my face in his chest. Tears of relief ran down my cheeks. I couldn't control them even if I wanted to. He held me tightly.

"Amelia," he murmured against my hair. "You can't imagine how scared I was."

I pulled away to get a closer look at him. "I know. I- You're bleeding!"

All my fear returned. What if it was a mortal injury? What if-

"I'm fine," Damian said. "It's just a scratch, nothing more. I'll soon be patched up." I touched him all over, and finally believed him when I didn't detect any serious injury. He smiled a little. "See?"

"Yeah."

"Get me some more bandages," someone called from behind me.

Damian and I turned to see Colin on the stretcher. Two paramedics were frantically working on him. I shook my head slowly. I felt no pity for him, only relief that he was finally getting what he deserved.

"I overheard one of the medics say that it was your idea to call an ambulance for Colin," I said quietly. "I'm surprised you did that considering the fact that he tried to kill us. Wouldn't it have been better to just let him die?"

"No, it wouldn't," he said after a long pause. "I don't wish him to see him dead. Colin has been hurting for so many years without anyone to see into his ravaged soul and help him. He did what he did because he was blinded by rage and pain. He wasn't thinking straight. A man like him should be given another chance to live, especially since he lost someone he truly loved."

I didn't say anything as I led him to a parked ambulance. I was surprised at seeing this side of Damian. I never knew he could be so forgiving and... empathetic, especially after almost getting killed.

As I watched Damian getting treated, a hand fell on my shoulder.

"Are you alright?" Anton asked.

"Yes. Thanks, Anton. I'm fine." I told him. "Thank you for coming so quickly to save us. You saved our lives and-"

"It's the least I could do. Damian was ready to risk it all for you."

"And you helped him."

He nodded and patted my shoulder before strolling over to Damian.

The police, having secured their prisoners, came to take our statements. I told them everything I knew. So did Damian. I felt my blood run cold, and my grip on Damian's hand tighten when he got to the part where he had set out for this place without any backup.

"You took a really great risk," said a policeman, looking both disapproving and admiring.

"I know," Damian answered. "But her life was in danger. If Colin had suspected I had disobeyed him and had come with someone else, he would have killed my wife on the spot, and then what would have been the point of calling in the police?"

"Still, you might have given us a little credit to handle the situation," grumbled the policeman. "There are several ideas we could have come up with, none of which would have put her in danger."

"I had ten minutes," Damian reminded him.

The policeman looked set to argue, but the other one told Damian to continue his narrative.

"We won't detain you any longer," said one of the policemen about fifteen minutes later as he shut the notebook he had been writing in. "We'll keep you posted about the case."

"That's all I ask," Damian said.

Some minutes after that, Damian's driver took us home. All through the drive, I couldn't stop thinking about what Damian had said about Colin. It had turned out that most of what Colin had said hadn't been gibberish after all as I had thought. I wondered how Damian's family had been involved in the death of Colin's mother, and if Damain had known about Colin right from the start.

I was exhausted by the time we eventually made it home. The moment the house came into view, I felt like singing or crying with happiness. Several times during my abduction, I had thought I would never see it again. More than that, I had thought I would never see Damian again. The moment we were inside the house, I shut the door and hugged him tightly.

"Are you scared?" he asked worriedly. "I promise that you're safe now."

"I'm not scared," I replied.

With my face pressed against his shoulder, my voice sounded muffled.

"I'm not scared," I repeated. "I'm just relieved and grateful."

"Grateful! Whatever for?"

"You saved me, Damian. Thank you. If it wasn't for you, I'll be dead now." Against me, I felt him shudder at the words. "You came to save me from Colin even when you knew it was a trap, even when you had no reason to."

"You're wrong. I had every reason to try to save you."

"Why? Because you couldn't bear to lose your uncle's company?"

"All that was a lie to throw Colin off track."

I pulled back a little, smiled at him so he would know it was a joke. "I know. I was just-"

"Amelia, believe it or not, you have become the center of my world. Those hours after I realized you had been kidnapped were the worst of my life. I wouldn't go through all that emotional torture for all the money in the world. I have to protect you with everything I've got."