

# The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

## Chapter 083

AMELIA

I changed the channel to another, and it was almost exactly the same thing.

This time, the headlines were, 'Kidnap And Attempted Murder Of Business Tycoon's Wife: A Glimpse Into The Criminal's Mind.

It had just clocked 9 pm. It was the news hour and this was the very first news item the TV station was showing. I sighed. It was the same, day after day. It had been a week now since Colin had kidnapped me. A week of being hounded by the media. Since they couldn't get to me, they fell to featuring the case on the news all the time. I kept wishing for another big event to happen that would take their attention off me, but so far I was still the most interesting topic of discussion.

The newscaster finished reading out the major facts of the case. To my annoyance, he informed viewers that they would be connected to their studios where there were seasoned reporters ready to analyse the case.

One of these reporters went on and on about how Colin looked so innocent and charming, about how he seemed to be the kind of man who would never hurt a fly. It seemed to me that she admired him because she was so fixated on his charming smile. Talking about smiles like penny wise didn't smile and hand balloons over to kids before eating them for dinner.

"It just goes to show you how complex the human mind can be," her colleague said, shaking his head. "Most times, an innocent, unassuming demeanor could mask a scheming, devious mind. It was actually shocking to hear the news especially since he was a reputable figure."

At this point, he paused to remind the viewers that of course Colin was still presumed innocent until he was proven guilty by a court of competent jurisdiction. Innocent my foot! Did he have to chop off my head before he was deemed guilty? And under what circumstances is abduction justifiable?

The camera zoomed in on the third reporter who started talking about how she was one of the reporters present when I had the accident with the senator.

"The moment I saw Damian Donovan punch Colin, who was to all appearances, trying to help his wife, I knew that something was up," she said. "It's almost like I knew he was dangerous." Yeah. No shit, Sherlock.

I turned off the television as I couldn't take it anymore. Lately, I had begun wondering how Damain managed to endure being constantly in the news, the object of wild speculations. It just one week and I was losing my mind. Seeing so many pictures of myself sometimes made me nauseous. This-was a whole different experience.

I sprawled on the sofa, and stared up at the ceiling. I was bored to tears. Ever since the incident, Damian had bluntly refused to let me out of the house. He had installed cameras everywhere in the house and the grounds.

"You can't be too careful," he had said when I told him that the person who had masterminded the attack was safely under lock and key. "Colin may have other accomplices on his payroll out there. Until the police have gotten all the information out of him, my job is to keep you safe and that is what I must do."

I understood his paranoia but that didn't stop me from feeling like a prisoner, trapped in the house. Again, I had tentatively asked Damian to at least let me go to specific places like the bakery. He had promptly informed me that since his house was the size of a large estate, the grounds were large enough to accommodate a huge aircraft and a horse farm, I should feel free to take a walk in the property whenever I was bored.

I didn't need a walk, I needed human interaction. I missed the delicious smell of freshly baked loaves. I missed feeding sourdough and handing out doughnuts to kids. A walk in his so called estate wouldn't provide any of those.

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I had spent the day reading magazines, going through the accounts of my businesses which I had already done several times before, and mostly just wandering around the house, counting the hours and finally minutes until Damain returned.

When he did, I stopped myself from launching myself into his arms. It wouldn't want to give the impression that I was enjoying myself during my enforced stay-at-home holiday.

"Hello," I said dryly, not rising from the sofa. He needed to see I was dying internally. "You're back."

Damian smiled, and held up two large nylon bags.

"I've got pizza," he said in a singsong voice.

"Pizza!" I exclaimed in delight.

In a second, I was sitting up, looking all expectant before I could stop myself. He didn't bother to change his clothes as we both struggled over the pizza slices.

"Damian," I said while munching on a slice. "I was bored today. I'm always bored here. I don't know what to do with myself during the day. Most of the time, I don't feel alive."

"I've got the perfect solution," he sipped from his juice. "I know what to do to lighten your mood."

It would no doubt be a suggestion to find something in the house that would keep me busy.

"Do you now?"

"Yes, I do. I know... a few ways to make you feel alive."

"What ways?"

"First, a vacation. I'm taking you on a vacation tomorrow."

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I chuckled, waited for him to laugh, but he didn't. I looked up at him. He looked serious.

"What? You're serious?" He nodded slowly. "Where? Where will we go?"

"Morocco," he said without hesitation, proving that he had thought it all out before now. "It's a beautiful country, idyllic, picture perfect. You need to see firsthand the beauty of the desert, stretching as far as the eye can see." I felt a smile stretch my lips. In my mind's eye, I could already picture the scenery he had described. "Judging by that smile, I'm assuming the idea of a vacation sits well with you?"

Goodness! I was so excited I wished we could leave already. Now I could better relate to how my mother had felt when Anthony asked her to travel with him.

"It does. I think it's a great idea."

"Good." He added in a low tone, "Because I've been dying to fuck you someplace that isn't this boring house."

With my fingers holding a slice of pizza inches from my mouth, I froze. All of a sudden, the room was too hot, too muggy. It was hard to breathe. There was a long, charged silence between us. While keeping his eyes on mine, he slowly and deliberately leaned forward to take a bite of my pizza. His tongue flicked across the tips of my fingers. I felt a tingling sensation all the way from my fingertips to my toes.

"I think you're wrong." My voice unconsciously sank into a whisper. "I don't think the house is boring. You just lack imagination."

"Ah. I see. Enlighten me please."

I took a deep breath, climbed onto his lap and straddled him. I could feel his hardness throbbing my legs as I slowly moved my hips. There was nothing I wanted more than to taste his lips again but I forced myself to wait, to take it slowly. I wanted Damian to be totally seduced. I traced my tongue and a slight moan escaped his lips. He pulled me back swiftly, his eyes boring into mine.

"You're breathtaking."

"I-" He slammed his lips into mine before I could muster a word. My lips parted as he deepened the kiss. His hands, holding my hips grew more rigid and tense as I returned his embrace hungrily.

Suddenly, I could hear my phone ringing. But I was so lost in him. His lips were so soft, his body so manly, his smell so intoxicating. As I ran my fingers down his chest, over his shirt, I felt the press of his muscled chest against my breast.

I could hear been hours or even days that he kissed me, holding my body tightly against his. With a sigh of pleasure, I leaned toward him, my arms tightening around his shoulders.

Lifting me into his arms, never ending our kiss, he carried me to his bed. Cupping my face, he kissed me passionately, stretching my back against the bed. His hands moved up and down my body until he reached beneath my cotton shirt. My fingertips ran along his flat belly and flat chest, and he gasped. His fingers were suddenly clumsy as he tried to unbutton my shirt.

Yanking off my shirt, he threw it to the bedroom floor and his eyes explored my body with an intensifying desire. He sucked in his breath as my fingers ran over his cock. Distracted, he didn't notice me with his buttons until the shirt was pulled off his body.

He cupped his hands over my breast, and pushed my legs apart with his knee, grinding himself against me slowly, with only thin clothing separating us.

My fingers tangled in his hair as he kissed down the curve of my belly. And then he slowly pulled off my linen pant, soaked. He swiftly removed his shorts, his eyes lingering between my thighs before he slid his hips in between my legs.

First, he kissed my thighs. Then he moved higher and slowly. Pressed against the bed, I felt the warmth and sensation of his breath before he slowly moved the kisses to the core of my pleasure.

The sensation hit me like a cold wave and I gasped. He licked me again, swirling his tongue lightly against my folds.

I felt my body tense up as his movement quickened. But he held me down with one arm and pleased me till I was a trembling mess, twisting in an agony of need.

"I'm-"

My back arched off the bed and higher until I exploded with a scream of joy. And just in time, Damian could no longer wait. In a swift movement, he drew back and positioned himself between my legs.

I heard his sharp intake of breath as his cock pressed against my wet core. His breathing became ragged as he thrust in completely. I cried out, writhing beneath him and grabbed the sheets.

He filled me in a way I'd never imagined, each time better than the last. Our hot naked bodies twisted and moved together, sweaty, passionate and hard. I felt the tauntness of his muscles, heard the hoarse pant of his breath and knew he was fighting to keep his body under control.

"Stop holding back."

A growl came from the back of his throat as he pushed me back hard against the bed and pushed more roughly inside me. The pleasure was deepening and pleasantly suffocating. Clutching his shoulders, I pulled him closer to myself as the pleasure erupted inside me.

In that same instant, I heard his low answering moan. He slammed inside me with one deep thrust, gripping me tightly as he moaned out loud. His muscular body was heavy as he collapsed and rolled next to me on the bed.

A smile traced my lips as I closed my eyes, pressing my cheek against his chest. I knew right then that I had given him my heart.