

The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

Chapter 085

AMELIA

I was again enthralled the moment I opened my eyes. The ornate clock on the wall told me that it was 8 in the evening. Feeling refreshed from my little nap, I slid out of bed. Damian was nowhere in sight. I went outside and all thoughts of Damian were wiped clean right out of my mind by the breathtaking view outside.

"Beautiful," I muttered to myself.

It was beautiful, absolutely breathtaking. The night sky was spangled with a million twinkling stars. The sand dunes in the distance looked like small mountains that reached the top of the sky. I had the feeling that I was at the edge of the world and could touch the stars if I only reached high enough. I don't know how long I stood there, taking in the view, feeling the nippy evening air play across my face and hair. Eventually I roused myself enough to move away.

Damian had shown me around most of the house, but there had not yet taken me around the property. I decided to explore myself. I passed through the gardens he had shown me earlier, found several smaller houses in which the servants lived.

"Good evening, madam."

I turned sharply to see a man, his tunic billowing in the breeze, bowing to me, then placing his right hand over his heart.

There were other murmurs of 'Good evening.' I had been so caught up in the scenery that I had completely failed to notice the people. Now I was looking properly, I could see that there were quite a number of them, some engaged in one task or the other in front of their houses, others seeming to enjoy the evening air as I was. But now I found that they had all stopped what they were doing, and seemed to be waiting for me to do something... or say something.

Realizing that I had not yet responded to their greetings, I gave a sweeping glance at them all, smiled and said 'Good evening' as loudly as I could.

They bowed in acknowledgement of my greeting which really felt very weird. I repeated my greeting when they all still remained in their previous expectant attitudes.

I addressed the man I had first seen, but spoke loudly enough so the others could hear too.

"Please, don't let me disturb you. You er- can go back to what you were doing before I came along."

He and the others I could see looked disconcerted at the very idea that I could be disturbing them.

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"Please, tell us how we may assist you," he said.

"If you need a snack or anything at all, I will be able to help," said a woman at his side, who stepped forward eagerly.

"No." I turned to the man. "er-"

"Aamir," said the man, giving a little bow. "My name is Aamir, at your service."

"Thanks, Aamir and you all. I don't need anything. I'm just taking a walk." I told him. "You may all continue your chores."

"If you need anything, don't hesitate to let us know." I turned to leave before he finished.

"That was weird," I muttered to myself when I was finally out of earshot.

I stopped to steal a glance over my shoulder at the servants who had finally returned to what they had doing. I wasn't used to this sort of worshipful devotion even among Damian's other staff back home.

It made me feel like I had been transported back in time where royalty or the very rich were fawned on. I half expected to see Damian appear around the corner, on a horse, dressed as a sheik or maybe a sultan, with a ceremonial sword dangling by his side. I chuckled at my absurd fantasies. I figured I was not entirely to blame though. There was something about this place that encouraged one to dream, to fantasize.

I walked on with the assumption that I was getting this sort of special treatment because of Damian. After I had walked my fill, my clothes were sticking to my skin with sweat. A vacation in the desert had its perks but a cool body wasn't one of them. I returned to the house and asked the first woman I came across where I could have a bath.

She nodded to show she understood me, said something to another woman in the native tongue. They had a brief, hurried conversation before the woman I had spoken turned to me.

"For bath. Come with me... Us. Please," she said in broken English.

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I followed the women roughly back in the direction from which I came. We eventually stopped at a large, open tent. I looked around for a glimpse of a building serving as a bathroom, but I could see nothing of the sort. I opened my mouth to reiterate that I wanted a bath, thinking that perhaps I had been misunderstood.

"Bath. In here. Inside," the woman said with a reassuring smile while pointing a finger in the direction of the tent.

"Okay."

I went in and found I hadn't been misunderstood after all. In the tent were several large, cast iron tubs. I walked over to look in one while the women I had come with went over to talk to the Berber servants there.

They nodded, hurried out and soon returned with buckets of hot water which they poured into a tub until it was filled up. The male servants left and then it was just the females, telling me through words and gesticulations to take my clothes off.

Hesitantly, I began to undress. Not used to taking my bath in the presence of others and with the tent being an open one, I was very shy. It felt like having my bath outdoors. The women, evidently used to this sort of thing, invited me with smiles to soak in. They stared at my unclad body, but it was not in a curious way. They were just being matter-of-fact, their only intention to offer service.

I removed one hand I had been using to cover my breasts and let myself be helped into the tub. Coloured salts were thrown into the water which immediately began to give off a sweet scent. I felt my muscles relax the moment my foot went into the water.

All my shyness was instantly forgotten at the pleasurable feel of the water on my skin. I immersed myself completely for a few seconds, leaned against the tub. I felt pleasantly lethargic, like I could soak in it for hours and hours. The bath salts just had to be therapeutic.

I tuned out the sounds of the women happily chattering amongst themselves and began to drift off. I could definitely get used to this. Some unknown time later, I became aware of my surroundings once more. The tent was quiet, too quiet.

I was wondering why the servants had stopped talking so suddenly when I heard Damian say, "You can go now."

I didn't turn, didn't move. How on earth did he get in here without my permission? And why did the women say nothing to alert me? When the silence in the tent lengthened, I opened my eyes to see him standing over me, watching me with lustful eyes. Eyes that screamed desire in the most ruthless way.

"If you want to have a bath, you have to wait for your turn," I said, knowing that the farthest thing from his mind was taking a bath.

DAMIAN

My intention had been to have a long, warm bath. All thoughts of bathing was driven right out of my head when I got into the tent and saw her. Amelia's breasts were scarcely concealed by the water. The thought of her naked fairly drove me wild. I wanted to be the water, running all over her skin.

"You can go now," I said to the servants, with my eyes still fixed on Amelia.

I drew the tent flap closed when they were gone. Amelia said something about me having to wait if I wanted to have a bath.

"I have a better idea," I murmured.

I picked up the loofah, rubbed it gently up and down her back. Goosebumps formed on her arms though the water was still hot. When I kissed her lips, she didn't resist. I led her out of the tub into an empty one. I laid her down on her back, spread her thighs wide open. When I knelt before her, the scent of her wetness nearly drove me insane.

"What are you doing?" she asked, arching her back to stare down at me.

"You'll see. Close your eyes."

She did and I immediately kissed her inner thigh softly. She whimpered, her fingers digging into my skin as I kissed her inner thighs even more. She pulled me closer, and I knew just how to satisfy her needs. In slow strokes, I licked her core and felt her legs tremble with desire. I wanted to take it slow, to punish her with a passionate night but she wanted more.

Amelia's moans, the convulsive twitches on her buttocks, the pressure of her hands on my head, showed how much she was enjoying it. I slipped my hand under my chin and managed to thrust a finger inside her. I worked it in and out while staring into her eyes. I needed to see just how much she could take. Her whole body quivered with excitement and then she stiffened, crying out my name as she came.

"Oh Damian," she sighed.

I drew myself up to kiss her, sheathing my erection inside her slowly. She gasped and clutched my shoulders. I sealed her mouth with my kisses and tongue. I thrust into her slowly at first, then faster until we exploded at the same time and we sank momentarily exhausted in each other's arms.