

# The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

## Chapter 086

AMELIA

I lay in bed for a while after I had woken up. Everything about this place demanded that I sleep in, but the thought of seeing Damian again and maybe exploring got me out of bed and out of the house.

It was just after dawn but already, the servants were up and about their business for the day. They greeted me cheerfully as I passed. A woman, carrying a large basket filled with fresh vegetables into the house, told me breakfast would soon be served.

Damian had left me sometime last night to go sleep in a tent at some distance from the grounds. I pressed my ear against the flap of the tent when I got there, but there was no sound of movement from inside, only soft, even breathing.

I tiptoed in. Damian was wrapped up in a blankets, still fast asleep. He looked so innocent, harmless in sleep. A lock of his dark hair fell across his brow. My hands inched with the urge to stroke it. I jumped on the bed, raised his eyelids and kept them open.

"What the-" he began, then chuckled when I let go and he saw it was me.

"Were you planning to sleep the whole day?" I teased.

He yawned, stretched. "Only because you wore me out last night. You're insatiable."

"Am I?" I murmured against his lips before I pressed my lips to his. The tip of my tongue sought entry into his mouth. He nibbled the corners of my mouth before deepening the kiss. I giggled when he pulled me up until I was lying on top of him. Already, his breath was coming in short, sharp pants. I had to put an end to this before we ended up taking our clothes off. There would be time enough for that later. I placed my hands on his chest, pulled away.

"I was informed breakfast will soon be served," I said. "You don't want them to catch us in a compromising position, do you?"

"Who cares?" he growled and reached for me.

Just then, we heard footsteps approaching the tent.

"Breakfast," the woman I had spoken to earlier cheerfully announced.

She set down a heavily laden tray and uncovered the dishes. Then she stood back, looking at me expectantly. Obviously, I was expected to voice my thoughts on the food.

"This," she said pointing to a plate of rounded thin and fluffy looking things that looked like pancakes. "is called Msemen. And this-" She pointed to the other dish. "is Maakouda. I brought you tea too."

"Thank you," I said. "It looks delicious."

It smelled delicious too. The woman gave me a sunny, rather toothy smile and left the tent.

"Do they taste as good as they look?" I asked Damian as I broke off a tiny portion of the pancake-like food.

"They taste even better. Take a bite."

I did, and it was like biting into a slice of heaven.

"What are in these?" I asked through a mouthful of food, quite forgetting my manners.

"It's a kind of pancake they make here in Morocco. It's topped with melted butter and honey. It's usually eaten as breakfast. The other one, Maakouda, is basically mashed potatoes. It's one of the most common street foods here in these parts."

I stopped eating long enough to take several pictures of the meal with my phone. If there were any Moroccan restaurants back home, I would definitely be stopping in to buy these.

After a very hearty breakfast, Damian and I sat on the floor outside the tent, admiring the landscape which I was beginning to love. I shielded my eyes from the sun, stared off into the distance at something that had caught my eyes.

"Aren't those your cars?" I asked him. He said they were and I asked if I could drive one of them.

"Of course you can. Where do you plan on going to though? I don't think you know a lot of places here."

"I don't, but I plan to. I just want to take a little trip and familiarise myself with the place," I explained.

"Good." He got to his feet and helped me up. "I'll come with you as your er- tour guide."

A quarter of an hour later, after Damian and I had freshened up and gotten dressed. We headed out to where he had his cars parked.

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"Make your choice," he said gesturing to all the cars with a sweeping gesture of his arm.

After a moment's deliberation, I said, "I'll take... the Ford Raptor."

He tossed me the keys with a grin. "Very good, Amelia. You know your cars."

"Only because you talk my ear off about them most of the time," I said in mock exasperation.

Damian's grin got wider. "That's only because I sometimes forget you're not Anton."

The drive was a pleasant one and as I told Damian a few minutes in, he was a very good 'tour' guide.

"I do my best." He leaned close, pointed to something in the distance, south of the desert. "Look over there." I squinted at the spot through my sunglasses. "There's a small village there with a thriving market. I'm sure you'll want to buy some keepsakes. That is the perfect place to get some."

I bounced in my seat excitedly, stepped on the gas.

"Let's go then," I cried.

Damian was telling me bits about the history of the place, but broke off when his phone rang. Even without looking at him, I felt his mood change the moment he got a look at the screen.

"Please, stop the car," he said, a terse note in his voice. "This is important. I have to take it."

I did as he asked even though I found it strange that I had to park for him to take a call. The moment I pulled over, he hurried out of the car and went to stand by the side of the road, pressing his phone to his ear. This was odd, really odd. Usually, Damian never minded taking his calls while I was present.

That meant something very unusual was happening right in front of me. I had to know what it was. I quietly exited the car. When I was close enough, I heard him asking someone if a contract was ready.

I frowned, wondering what contract he was talking about.

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"And what do you mean by that?" he suddenly yelled. "The only time I can convince Amelia to sign the contract is now that she's happy and on a vacation!"

It was about me then, this contract he was talking about! He hadn't been kidding when he had said he had been planning this vacation for quite a while. He was sure that after giving me a good time, I would be sure to sign whatever it was. I didn't know what this contract was about but I was sure I wouldn't like it.

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DAMIAN

I suddenly felt the urge to turn around. I did, and there she was, looking really pissed. I really should have chosen a better time and place to have this conversation with my lawyer.

I had no doubt that she must have listened to the conversation. I ended the call immediately.

"Um- you look angry," I ventured. "The conversation was not about you."

"Tell that to someone who believes it because I sure as hell heard you say my name," she bit off. "What is this that I'm supposed to sign?"

There was nothing for it but to confess. "I wanted to tell you later, but since you've already heard... I was talking to my lawyer about delivering the contract I had him draw up to extend our marriage."

I waited for the explosion. I did not happen. Amelia was surprisingly calm and in a calm tone of voice, she asked, "Why do you want to extend the contract?"

It was then I realized that she was hoping for a declaration of love from me or something of that sort. That was something I knew I was incapable of. Something that I couldn't offer her.

"This marriage benefits both of us," I said. "It's a win-win situation for us all. Your ex-husband now realizes your true worth. Added to that, you're the wife of Damain Donovan, which at the risk of sounding proud, is every woman's dream. I'm capable of giving you the life Noah was unable to give you. And then you can help me by having my children who will continue my legacy. In fact, I might be doing you a favour. Other people, men especially, may not take kindly to the fact that you got divorced twice."

To my immense relief, she smiled, took a step towards me. I leaned forward, anticipating a hug.

Instead I got a slap across my cheek. I pressed a hand to my stinging cheek, too surprised to even move.

"You're an asshole." I watched as she rushed into the car in anger.

"Amelia, don't-" In seconds, she was gone, driving as fast and crazy as possible, leaving me in the middle of nowhere.