

The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

Chapter 087

AMELIA

I was furious; completely, and utterly enraged. If I wasn't so angry, I supposed I would be crying. I didn't want to cry so I held on to the anger which was probably not a good idea considering the fact I had almost crashed the car into one of the tents a few seconds ago.

I sat in the car, breathing hard, thankful that a rather nasty accident had just been averted because I was sure there were people in that tent. I could hear their raised, confused voices. Moments later, I saw a couple of faces, peering out at me from their tents in surprise. In another moment, they would come to check if I was okay. I pushed the door open, scrambled out of the car and ran towards the palace. Already, my eyes were getting blurry with tears I didn't want to shed. I couldn't clearly see the faces of the people in my path, but I could see that they were reaching for me, evidently concerned.

"Out of my way!" I shouted. "Get out!"

Later, I would be sorry for my rudeness to these people who had been nothing short of nice to me, but that time was not now. They fell back. I saw, thankfully, a clear path to the front door. I tore through the foyer and to my room where I proceeded to vent my feelings by screaming over and over again until I was hoarse.

I fought back a sob. My breath hitched in my throat and then I burst into tears. My legs suddenly felt like jelly. They wouldn't hold me up anymore. I fell to my knees, pressed a pillow to my face to stifle the sound of my sobs.

Oh, but Damian's words hurt. They hurt so much. They brought back painful memories. I remembered all too clearly how Noah had kept berating me about not being able to bear him children that would continue his legacy.

Like a blind, stupid fool, I had thought that those days were finally behind me. How wrong I was! Damian wanted the same thing as Noah did. He wanted children. Why did it seem that the only value I had to the men I loved was to bear them children? Children were precious gifts. Yes. But wasn't there more to a marriage than having children?

I had actually thought that Damian wanted our marriage to go on because he was in love with me. Love! That was a laugh. The man was incapable of love. The marriage he wanted was just one of convenience.

It would be too inconvenient for him to hunt for another wife, to go through all that bother of getting married once again. He currently had a very docile, very tractable 'wife' in me already, someone who hadn't had a farthing to her name before he came along, someone he thought would be all too willing to what he was offering. I was to fit into the well ordered structure of his life so he could continue to be Damain Donovan, the envied... the successful.

He wanted to keep using me as he had been using me during the last six months of this sham of a marriage. I pressed my face more into the pillow as the tears kept streaming hard and fast, showing no signs of stopping.

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I suddenly clamped my hand to my mouth and listened. Had I heard Damian's voice? Yes. It was him, talking to someone, probably one of the servants who had told him the state I had arrived in. Vaguely, I remembered passing one of his bodyguards who was driving speedily on my way here. They must have given him a lift. That would explain why he had gotten here so quickly. Damian's footsteps approached, and stopped in front of my door. There was a full minute of silence as I listened and he listened.

He knocked.

"Amelia," He didn't push the door open like I expected.

"Go away. Now!" I replied in a more resolute tone.

What could he possibly want to say to me now? List more advantages of marrying him? Tell me how I'm nothing without him?

"I'm sorry," came his voice from the side of the door. "I guess I was a bit too abrupt in my actions. I should not have drawn up the contract without seeking your permission first. For that, I apologize."

I bit my lip, and held my words in. They threatened to burst out of my lips. I put into more effort to hold it in some more. Maybe if I kept quiet, he would go away and leave me the hell alone, I thought. Then the dam broke.

"This is not about the damn contract," I blurted out in spite of myself.

"I- I don't understand. What is this about then?"

"I don't expect you to understand since you always manage to make everything about you. Why do you always have to do that?"

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"And how am I making this about me?" His pleading tone had gradually slipped away. In its place was that smug, self assured tone he had used earlier that made me want to club him over the head with something. "Like I said before, I'm doing this because it's mutually-"

"Don't you dare use that word anymore," I thundered, nearly exploding with rage. "It's not mutually beneficial! You're only thinking about yourself, so don't even try to make it sound as if you are thinking about me or how I feel."

"Amelia-"

"There! You're doing it again. Would it kill you to shut up and listen to what I have to say for once?"

"I don't... Fine." He sighed. "I'm listening."

I turned to face the door. I wanted him to hear every word I was about to say. I needed him to realize that I was not as stupid and gullible as he thought I was.

"I know what you did there," I ground out. "You wanted Noah out of the way. He was your biggest competition and so you came to me. You were honest about that at least," I exhaled, my feelings overwhelming me. "All this time you made it look as if you were helping me seek revenge on him. But your scheming didn't stop there."

I paused, painfully remembering his comment just the previous day about how glad he was that I had left Noah. To think I had been so happy when he had told me I was smart. The memory brought fresh tears to my eyes. I angrily blinked them back. This was not the time for tears. This was the time to tell him exactly what I thought of him.

"You're looking for a breeding stock who will bear children that will inherit your precious company after you die. What I didn't realize all this time was that you are just like Noah. Well, I'm not going to let you use me this time."

"For Pete's sake, Amelia!" His voice sounded strangled. "I'm not using you. What I'm doing is offering you the opportunity of a lifetime."

Enjoying the book? Don't forget to visit novel5s.com for the full experience. You won't find the next chapter anywhere else. Happy reading! I barked out a bitter laugh. "Really? The opportunity of a lifetime? Filling my stomach with your babies which I'm supposed to pop out every other year is supposed to be an opportunity for me? I really, really thought you were different, Damian, but you are just as backwards and misogynistic as every man out there."

He pounded on the door. Once. "Amelia, can you please calm down for a second to think about this? After a year, what are you going to do? What do you plan to do with 50 million dollars that could be more reasonable than what I'm offering? Don't you want to have kids of your own someday? Do you think it will be easy for you to remarry if you divorce me? People will-"

"Am I supposed to thank you for your thoughtfulness? Is that it?" I interrupted. "I guess I ought to appreciate you for accepting a woman like me who has been divorced and rejected."

"That's not what I meant and you know it."

"Oh I know what you mean, all right. Listen, what I do with my life once this contract is over is none of your business, but trust me, I'll never agree to be a pawn in your games."

"Amelia, why won't you marry me?" he asked softly, so softly that I barely heard him.

"Because you love nobody but yourself," I retorted. "You only think of yourself whenever you make decisions. You're Damian Donovan, after all, the greatest man to ever exist. Your heart is-"

"What is it with love?" he snapped. "I'll give you everything you need. Isn't that far more important than love and silly promises?"

"Just leave," I said tiredly. "I'll never want a man who is incapable of love, whose only interest is wealth and power. Other women will jump at your offer, I'm sure, but not me. Now get out!"

The moment I heard him leave, I curled up in bed and cried my eyes out, wishing a man would love me the way I wanted to be loved.

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