

The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

Chapter 088

AMELIA

I stirred, and opened my eyes. I couldn't suppress a groan. There was no escaping the crushing weight of sadness I felt now that I was awake. Some time after I had cried my eyes out, I must have fallen asleep. The clock chimed 8pm and I realized I'd slept for hours. The mental and emotional exhaustion must have really gotten to me.

Through the half open window came the sound of crickets chirping. Their song filled the silence of the night. Slowly, I sat up to wipe the tear tracks I could feel on my face. Just then, my stomach growled loudly and I realized that I was hungry, really hungry.

I hadn't gotten anything to eat since breakfast. I glanced at the door, feeling hesitant to go out. I didn't want to set my eyes on Damian. Not now. Probably not ever but the hunger pangs grew insistent with every passing second.

Finally, after another moment's deliberation, I swung my legs out of bed, having decided that I would go get dinner and immediately return to my room. That way, the chances of running into Damian would be reduced to the barest minimum. The house was quiet, but as I neared the kitchen area, I could hear sounds of activity. I peered around the kitchen door and saw three servants busily engaged in chores.. A man stood off to the side, watching them go about their business. One of the working servants was the woman who had served Damian and I breakfast this morning.

I couldn't suppress a sigh. It was hard to believe that just this morning, I had been so happy. What a difference a few hours could make!

"Madam, did you want something?"

I blinked, refocused on my surroundings. The servants had noticed me while I had been busy staring off into space. I nodded, and entered the kitchen.

"Yes," I said. "I'm really quite hungry. I came to get something to eat."

"We will get you something at once," One of the responded eagerly. They always seemed eager to work which was one of the strangest things about them.

She moved over to one of the pots still simmering on the cooker and began to ladle food into a plate. It was then I noticed how sad-faced they all were, how they carried out their duties with a mournful air. It was like somebody had died. I thanked the woman who handed me my food on a tray. I was almost at the door when I hesitated. I dropped the food on the kitchen counter.

"Did anything happen?" I asked, looking around at them all "Why do you all look so sad?"

The servants exchanged a look. At some unspoken signal, they elected the man who was the oldest looking servant I had seen, to be their mouthpiece.

The man stroked his greying beard meditatively as he said in a low, deep voice, "We call him the Tsar of the desert."

This was really quite different from my enquiry.

"What?" I managed. "Who? Who are you talking about?"

And what does that have to do with the question I asked? I thought, but did not say.

"Mr Donovan," he gave me a weak smile. "He came here with a broken heart. He ended up healing ours instead."

I snorted. The idea of Damian possessing a heart, a sentimental side, was laughable. I would have laughed if I didn't still feel angry at him and very, very hurt.

"A broken heart?" I said. "Wait a minute. Are we talking about the same person? Damian Donovan? That's not possible. He doesn't have a heart neither can he conceive feelings."

He inclined his head in a bow. "Mr. Donovan is kind. Really kind."

"Trust me, Damian doesn't feel anything."

The man looked at me with a sad and somewhat pitying expression. I didn't know why but he seemed to know something about Damian that I didn't know. That most people didn't know. And Damian wouldn't easily tell.

He started to say something, but reconsidered. He looked to the others who gave him a silent go-ahead. Then they filed out, still with that same mournful air. I was finally alone with him and he cleared his throat, "Do you know what happened to him ten years ago?"

I quirked a brow. I had a strong feeling that we were getting to the reason why the man assumed Damian had a broken heart.

"No, I don't," I said. "Did he loose his biggest investors?"

He chuckled in spite of himself, then slowly shook his head from side to side. "No. That is not what happened at all." His expression suddenly became serious once more. "I know it is hard to understand Mr Donovan sometimes, but he has a big heart. All he needs is someone to make him let go of the past. You need to give him that chance to thaw."

It was all so confusing, this conversation we were having. It even took me some time to remember the question I had initially asked. What did the sadness of the servants have to do with Damian's heart or the lack of it?

"You are speaking in riddles," I said. "I don't understand what you're saying. You all seemed so sad and I just wanted to know why. Did Damian do something to you all? Are you scared of him?"

"I heard your conversation with him." He finally admitted. "Marriage is often conflicting especially with a man like him. I do not blame you for your feelings."

I staggered back. "You're sad because-" I didn't know how to word my feelings correctly. "Do you really care about Damian that much?"

"Benti al-aziza, please ask him to tell you about his mother. Convince him to tell you about his family and maybe then you will realize that you are all he's got."

A frown creased my brow at his words. "Why are you telling me all this? Isn't it his secret to tell?"

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"I think it is right for me to tell you this. You are the first woman he has brought here in years and-"

"Sorry to disappoint you but your master has been with a lot of women. When I say a lot, I mean a lot. I'm no one special."

It hurt to admit it to a total stranger but it was the truth.

"qlbo lik w lakn mashi anti wla hu likna3rfu," he muttered.

"I don't know what that means," I pointed out.

"His heart is yours but neither you nor him can be convinced." He turned sea and disappeared through the door. I exhaled, feeling more conflicted than earlier. What was happening?

DAMIAN

Someone knocked on my door. If the place hadn't been so quiet, I would probably not have heard it. It sounded like whoever it was was not sure if they should be knocking. I pushed to my feet, opened the door and then just stared. Amelia was the last person I expected to seek me out after what had happened this morning.

I didn't know how long I stood there, staring at her in surprise until she cleared her throat, "May I come in?"

I stepped back immediately.

"Of course," I said quickly.

She crossed the room, running her fingers absentmindedly over the objects she could touch. She settled on my bed. I cleared my throat, not quite knowing what to say to her because my greatest fear at the moment was saying the wrong thing.

"Tell me about your mother," she said.

"Wh- what?" I knew she could be direct sometimes but I wasn't prepared for this. For the stories, or the pain.

"Your mother... tell me about her, all about her."

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! Whatever I was expecting her to say, it wasn't this. If it were anyone else but Amelia asking this question, I wouldn't even have considered answering. It was still a painful topic. I took a long moment to gather my thoughts.

"She was a lovely woman, wasn't the kindest but-"

"You know that's not what I'm asking." Her eyes shone brightly to mine, demanding sincerity.

"My mother..." I sighed, not quite meeting her eyes. "She er- she found out my dad was having an affair with another woman after several years of marriage. The fact that the affair wasn't a casual one was what drove her wild. She found out, my father loved this woman by revealing his messages and... stalking her. Something to her and she lost herself. She confronted my father, hoping for an explanation, seeking excuses for what he did. I remember them arguing and then he asked for a divorce and told her he had never loved her. The very thing she never wanted to hear from him."

"That's terrible." Amelia muttered, almost inaudibly.

"My father told her he had only gotten married to her because they were both from influential families who wanted to be even more powerful through marriage. My mother lost it then. She tracked the woman, murdered her by stabbing her sixteen times before killing herself. The police found their bodies and a note addressed to my father." The words of that note had been burned into my brain. I closed my eyes and recited, "If you can't love me, then you can't love her either."

"Oh, Damain..."

"My father was a broken man after that. He became an alcoholic, suffered a stroke a couple of years later. He died 2 years later. Colin was result of the affair."

Amelia gasped, and clutch her chest.

"C-Colin," she stuttered.

I let her work through it, through the reasons why Colin had done what he did.

"Is this why you don't believe in love?" she murmured.

"Love... Love only ends up hurting anyone foolish enough to believe in it, Amelia. It's not for the likes of me. I can't bear being like my father. I would rather be alone."

I ventured a look at her. Tears ran down her cheeks. She leaned forward and hugged me tightly, offering comfort the only way she could. I held her close.

"I'm incapable of love," I murmured against her hair. "Know that. I will always protect you from myself."