

The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

Chapter 009

DAMIAN

THREE DAYS LATER

"We're here, sir," the driver said, his voice bringing me out of my swirling thoughts.

I opened my eyes to see that the jeep came to a stop in front of the hotel. Finally! I breathed a sigh of relief. I fiddled with my tie and loosened it a little. Today's conference had been more tedious and tasking than the others, and I had to keep up with everything that was said and done.

But it was the final day of the three day business conference, thank goodness! All I wanted now was a long, cold shower, a lot of rest and then perhaps something to eat. I got down and headed straight for the elevator. I got a bit irritated when I found that it was in use. I glanced towards the stairs, but I was too tired to climb up them all the way up to the fourth floor where my room was.

I fidgeted, transferred my briefcase from one hand to the other as I watched the elevator's panel. Finally, the doors opened and I was face to face with none other than Noah. My fingers clenched on the handle of my briefcase as we stared at each other.

"Well, well. Who do we have here?" he drawled. "If it isn't the famous Damian Donovan."

I clenched my teeth to stop myself from answering him. I wouldn't exchange words with him, not if I could help it. The elevator's doors began to close. He leaned casually against the walls and pressed a button, keeping the lift open. He showed no signs of stepping out of it. I turned away. It looked like I was going to have to use the stairs after all.

"Don't run away," he called after me. "I've been meaning to talk to you, and ask you one or two questions. Besides, you didn't even say hi. Where are you in such a hurry to anyway?"

All I could think of as I walked away was my conversation with Amelia three days ago. How she told me that she hadn't gotten over Noah, her prick of a husband who cheated on her with her best friend.

All I could see was the pain in her eyes as she opened up a bit of her life. The way I could see her struggling with her emotions because of a man who didn't deserve her.

I decided to push those thoughts and feelings away. Noah wasn't going to get to me. I wouldn't let him rile me up and embarrass me.

I took the stairs two at a time, all the while reminding myself to ignore him. I was surprised, when after a few seconds, I heard him running up the stairs, close behind me. I stopped at the first floor and waited for him to pass... hopefully. He came to a stop right in front me.

"What do you want?" I growled.

He shrugged. "Nothing really. I just wanted to chat, to ask questions like I said before. So... how's your er- marriage to Amelia coming along? Was she everything you expected? Did she taste good?"

"That's none of your business now, is it? I really don't have time to exchange words with you."

I turned away, but the man was relentless. He kept following me. I lengthened my strides. "You're not going to answer that one? Too bad. Okay, how about this. Were you so unliked and desperate that you decided to settle for no other woman than that worthless piece of trash?"

With a foot on the first stair, I froze, faced him. He too had stopped a few paces away from me. He regarded me coolly.

"What did you just say to me?" I asked him quietly.

"You heard me right, Damian. I'm quite sure you aren't deaf. I was asking if you were so desperate to get married that you decided to have my sloppy seconds." He grabbed at his crotch suggestively and grinned.

A switch went off in my head and I lost it. I flung my briefcase away. I heard a thud and a scream. It had probably hit someone, but I didn't care. I had eyes only for the son of a bitch standing there, smirking, smug in the knowledge that he had successfully goaded me.

I bent and rushed towards him. His eyes widened when he saw my intention. Before he could take a defensive posture, I headbutted him in the stomach. He went down with a crash. His grunt of pain was sweet music to my ears. In an instant, I had him flat on his back. Without hesitation, I hit him on the jaw. His head shifted to the side.

"You piece of shit!" he yelled. "You hit me."

"And I'll hit you again and again," I yelled back.

"Stop!" yelled a voice from behind us.

I felt a hand grip my jacket. I shrugged it off. Moments later, there were rapid footsteps descending the stairs. Noah put up his hand to protect his face and I used the opportunity to give him two blows in rapid succession on his ribs. He lashed out. His first hit went wide, merely stung my ear a little. The second blow landed on my eye. When I clapped a hand to it, Noah pressed his advantage. He began throwing punches and succeeded in throwing me off him. I fell backwards and then we became a tangle of arms and legs. Without letting up, I kept throwing punches, giving as good as I got.

In the next few seconds, there was a confusion of sounds; people running, shouting, yelling. A pair of hands gripped my shoulders and I was hauled off Noah. I drew back my foot and gave him a savage kick in the groin as he lay bruised and bleeding. He screamed and clutched at his balls, tears of pain springing to his eyes. Vaguely, I noticed that a small group of gawkers had also arrived at the scene.

"Sir, please! Comport yourself," said one of the men who was dressed in the uniform of the hotel's security.

Scowling, I shrugged and attempted to shrug off their hold on my arm.

"Take your hands off me," I growled at the guard who had spoken.

He hesitated, shot a questioning look at his colleague who held onto my other arm. The other one nodded. Slowly, they took their hands off me, but stood alert and ready to intervene if I decided to lunge at Noah again. I straightened my suit and watched as Noah was helped to his feet by two of the security detail.

Noah darted forward but a guard swung his arm out and caught him heavily in the chest.

I crooked a finger at Noah. "Come on, then. Give me an excuse to smash your balls completely."

"Sir!" the guard beside me cried, pulling his cap off in exasperation and slapping it against his thigh.

"What's the problem?" another guard asked.

Noah and I, glaring at each other, maintained a stony silence.

The guard sighed. "Fine then. Please come this way."

They escorted us to the security post. One of the guards had a few words with a big, beefy man who seemed to be the head of security. Another guard handed Noah an ice pack for his swollen eye which he vehemently refused.

The beefy guy listened, nodded and approached Noah and I. "Well, gentlemen. I'm sorry but after this unfortunate incident, we can't let you both go on staying at the hotel... at least for now." He handed us paper and pens. "Please, give me the phone numbers of anyone who can come right now to pick you up."

I wrote down Amelia's number. Noah dictated Lucy's, as he was still too shaken up to write.

"Your wife is here," the man said to me after a while, then turned to Noah. "I'm still trying to get through to yours."

I left the security post and saw Amelia and my driver just getting out of the car. Her eyes widened when she saw me, and widened further when she saw Noah who stormed past us.

"I'll drive myself," he yelled over his shoulder in response to a query of a guard.

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Noah glanced over at us, flushed in embarrassment and lengthened his strides. He seemed to shrink into himself as he hurried to his car and zoomed off. I got in, leaned against the seat gratefully and closed my eyes as the car pulled away.

"Thanks, Amelia for coming so soon," I murmured.

"You're thanking me?" she shrieked. "You should be apologizing, Damian!"

I regarded her with one aching eye. "Why?"

She threw up her hands in exasperation. "You're seriously asking me why? At home, I received a call that you were involved in a fist fight with my ex-husband in a hotel in full view of everyone, and then I arrived to see you like this. My goodness! What will people say? The CEO of a firm worth billions engaged in a fist fight in public and looking like he's been fed through a mangler-"

"You should take a closer look at Noah. He looks like he's been run-over by a truck."

"Damian! You're not even sorry."

"Sorry?" I scoffed. "I'll do it again and again."

"What the hell's wrong with you?" she shouted. "Do you know you could have gotten hurt? And what did Noah do? Why did you have to hit him like that? You told me to make this marriage believable but you're acting like this in public!"

"Well, this is more believable than you can imagine." I stole a glance at her and realized she was upset. But I could tell she wasn't upset about the fight. She simply cared about Noah more than she would admit it. "I didn't hit him out of proportion. He deserved what he got."

"They are other alternatives to fights. You should have done something other than attacking him in..."

"And what the hell did you expect me to do? Huh? How could I just stand there, not doing anything when he called you trash and talked about you like- like you were some kind of whore? How on earth could I stomach that?"

"Wha-what?" She stammered.

"Yes, you heard me right." I fired. "The man you're so obsessed with doesn't care about you. Hell, he's going around telling everyone you're a slut! So let me assure you of one thing; the next time I see him and he attempts to say one nasty word about you, I'll remove his jaw bone and beat him up with it."