

The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

Chapter 091

DAMIAN

I turned on the television. On the news channel, I already knew what I would find. Only one thing had been the most talked about topic of conversation for the last couple of days since Amelia and I returned home from our ill fated trip to Morocco. Every news outfit, every blog was talking about the city's new sensation. This sensation was a big time investor who had recently moved into the city and looked set to settle here. Her appearance in the city had caused quite a buzz both in the business and entertainment circles.

Amelia knew about her, of course. In fact, she had just been watching a news feature on the investor, but had immediately turned off the television and taken herself off to her room the moment I came in.

I could not suppress a sad sigh. She had been avoiding me a lot these days. I understood why she was doing it but it hadn't made it easy to get used to. I turned off the television, more focused on my own problems than in some rich woman who had taken the city by storm.

But I was destined to make a closer acquaintance of this big time investor. I got to get to know more about her from Anton who stopped by my office for a midday visit as he called it.

"You look... good," he said after studying me for several seconds from across my desk. "I would have expected you to return with a darker tan, but then you were not actually gone long enough to get one. Anyway, you sure missed a lot when you were gone. Pity you probably don't know about what has been happening recently."

"Not really but I'm sure you will tell me," I said dryly, not really wanting to hear but knowing Anton would tell anyway. He had a way of making me feel guilty if I didn't let him gossip.

Anton beamed at me. "Damn right, I am! Now, where exactly do I start?" He steepled his fingers together, scrunched up his face as though in deep thought. "Ah! I know. The biggest topic of conversation now is Monique. She's the investor who just arrived in this city or so they say. She is..." He swallowed several times before coming up with an adequate adjective. "She is stunning. There is no other word for it. I mean, her money is stunning too but apart from being very rich, she's so beautiful. Oh. Have I mentioned that she's rich? Rumour has it that she buys everything she wants without a thought of the cost. In just days after her arrival here, she bought a ranch mansion close to Noah's house and she..."

I unconsciously tuned Anton out as I thought about those few perfect days I spent in Morocco.

"Hey!"

I jumped a little in my seat.

"What?" I asked.

"You. I was beginning to think you had gone into a trance or something. I called your name several times. You have not been listening to a word I've been saying." Anton's thoughtful expression suddenly became concerned. "You seem... distracted. What's the problem?"

"Nothing. Nothing is wrong. I think I just have work on my mind." I sighed. "And besides, you talk about this woman like she's a billionaire or something. Can't you afford your pleasures and extravagance like she does? Or is it because she's a woman?"

"Oh, come on. It's just hard to see a woman who's digging deep into the business hierarchy. I'm not trying to be a sexist."

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"Yes, you are. There are several competitors of mine who are women. You're interested in Monique because she's 'stunning' and you think you might have a chance of getting in her bed. I have work to do so she's not my problem."

He waved a hand impatiently. "Forget about work for a second. Yes, I might be interested in her because she's beautiful but I'm certainly not the only one. You actually returned in time, you know. A lot of influential businessmen are going to attend a party at her mansion tonight."

I blinked. "Her?"

Anton threw up his hands in exasperation. "Monique, Damian. Monique!"

"Oh."

"She's hosting a party tonight. You have to go."

"I don't think I can-"

"You must. It's a good place to network and discuss business too. Also you'll get to see for yourself how amazing she is. I haven't been exaggerating."

Eventually, Anton talked me into going even though the last thing on my mind was to party. He had an urgent business meeting the next day so he insisted I get all the details for him.

Amelia hadn't been kidding when she had told me that she would continue playing the part of a wife until our contract expired. She accepted to accompany me without a demur, though her body language suggested that if she had her way, she would not be going anywhere with me.

Anton was right about the woman's wealth, I thought, as I drove into her parking lot later that evening. The house was actually a mansion and the party was being held on the grounds. Everything had been splendidly decorated. There were lots of people in attendance. I spotted a lot of well known faces among the attendees and I realized she had a lot of influence already. Amelia and I joined the party.

I spotted the mayor and a few other politicians talking animatedly with someone. I went over to say hello.

"Damian Donovan," the mayor exclaimed, wringing my hand warmly. "Have you met Monique yet?"

Monique. I looked away from the mayor, and for the first time, focused on the woman he and the others had been talking to.

Monique wore a floor length dinner gown. She was a very beautiful woman with exotically slanted eyes. She stared at me, her lips twisted in a small smile.

"It's nice to meet you Mr. Donovan," Monique said in a full, throaty voice. "I believe the mayor mentioned that your company is handling the bullet train railway project."

"Yes. It's good to meet you too. Glad to make your acquaintance." I briefly took her proffered hand, and then introduced her to Amelia.

"This is my wife, Amelia." I took a step back to let them engage in a brief conversation as women but she dryly acknowledged Amelia.

Amelia didn't seem offended by her gestures. In fact, she seemed uninterested and unimpressed by Monique. And I think that ruined Monique's mood.

Noah walked up then and began to engage Monique in conversation. Others joined soon enough. I noticed they all laughed at her jokes no matter how banal. They all hung on to her every word, and when she broke off from speaking to mention that she needed a drink, Noah nearly fell flat on his stupid face in his haste to get her a glass of champagne. He looked like an Easter bunny, hopping along to satisfy Monique.

One other man I recognized, a businessman whose face I had seen appearing on the news lately, kept complimenting her house, her dress in so many different words that I wondered how she could stand it. Everyone was obviously falling over themselves to kiss her ass and she seemed to be enjoying all of the attention. I stood at the edge of the small crowd and the moment the mayor had stopped drawing me into the conversation every few seconds, I quickly left the group with Amelia.

From then on, I steered clear of the Monique fan club as I had named it. I had no wish to fawn over her. I banished her entirely from my thoughts as I tried to enjoy the party. About an hour later, my attention was caught by Lucy who kept glaring at something. I followed the direction of her gaze and saw that she was looking at Noah.

Monique's flock of admirers had finally giving her a breather, but Noah was still sticking to Monique's side like glue. He seemed to be trying so extra hard to make an impression on her. I shook my head, sighed, snagged a glass of wine and went over to the table I shared with Amelia.

"I must speak with Damian Donovan." Even though I'd only met her that night, I could recognize her slippery voice.

I turned to see Monique making her way towards me. Noah hurried over to say something to her. She shook her head impatiently and kept coming. Noah, having been given the brush-off scowled at me but fell back.

"Enjoying my party?" Monique asked, smiling at me.

"Yes, I am," I said. "It's a great party."

She had abandoned the silken wrap that had been draped over her shoulders. Now, her dress was strapless, showing off her flawless skin to perfection. She beamed a smile at me and I forced myself to smile back. It seemed that despite the flock of men at her party, she was interested in me. I wished Anton had made it. How unfortunate.

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AMELIA

Monique laughed, laid her hand lightly on Damian's shoulder like he had said something really funny. All he had said was that her party was a great one, so what on earth was there to laugh about? She turned a little to mumble some words to me, then refocused her attention on Damian.

"Can I sit?" she asked, pointing to the chair next to Damian.

"Of course."

She sank into a chair close him with an exaggerated sigh.

"I love parties, but they can be so exhausting," she flicked her tongue slightly. Ugh! How desperate and depressing.

"True," Damian didn't seem to notice her gestures but I did. I could sense her shamelessly throwing herself at him right from the mayor's introduction.

I made a noncommittal sound and wished she would just get up and leave. She didn't. Instead, she leaned close to Damian and began talking about how much she had heard about his company and how brilliant he was to dominate the business market in the city.

Damian accept the obvious flattery quietly, then shifted the conversation to business. Even then Monique still managed to keep flirting with him. She gave him little touches every opportunity she got which made me want to rip her hands off.

And when she inched closer, almost pushing her cleavage to his face and I thought I was going to puke, someone called for her. Finally.

"Damian, I would like you to have breakfast with me here tomorrow while we talk about doing business together," she said as she pushed to her feet. "I've not really been impressed with the partnership offers I've received so far. I'm really eager to work with you."

Say no. Say no.

My fingers clenched around my wineglass as he nodded, "Of course. I'll be here tomorrow."