

The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

Chapter 092

AMELIA

I waited until I was sure he had gone downstairs before I quickly got off the bed and curled by the window side. I took care to stay behind the curtains in case he decided to look up. It would be embarrassing for him to find me watching him especially since I'd made it clear for the past days that I wasn't interested in him. If he spotted me, I wouldn't be able to face him for a while.

As I watched, Damian got into his car and drove off quickly. Something dark and ugly fluttered in my chest. Something I recognized as jealousy. Damian was off to a so-called breakfast meeting with that woman, Monique. There was something about the socialite that I did not like, something that made me feel threatened. I felt like she was up to something, something more than her obvious attempts to try to get her claws into Damian.

I had tried, and was still trying, to shake off the feeling, but the more I tried to, the more it affected me.

"She's probably just desperate for partners." I told myself, hoping it would make me feel better. But it didn't.

I despised women with no boundaries, women who couldn't respect relationships. Damian had clearly introduced me to her as his wife, yet, she couldn't stop flirting with him the entire night. Even with Damian's cold responses, she still managed to find a way to laugh like a hyena.

"I hate this." I dragged myself to the bathroom for a shower. I had time on my hands to think about Monique because I wasn't busy. An hour in the bakery was all I needed to get that nasty woman out of my head.

DAMIAN

I glanced at my watch as I drove. It was still a full twenty minutes before the slated time for my breakfast meeting with Monique. The traffic was light. I estimated that I would arrive at her house in about fifteen minutes.

I was there in ten. Monique was taking a walk along the grounds, waiting for me as she said. Though it was early, she was already impeccably dressed with not a hair out of place.

"I'm so glad you could make it," she said, taking my hand warmly and only letting go to throw open the front door. "Please come in. Breakfast is already served."

I had been to a lot of beautiful houses; houses of celebrities, socialites, businessmen, tycoons. I was not so easily impressed as I had mostly seen it all.

But Monique's house was a work of art. The interior was sumptuously decorated. Every bit of the house was designed to enthrall her guests. She seemed to know what she liked and how to get it.

"Your house is... beautiful," I said, and meant it.

"Oh. Thank you. That means a lot because my impression of you is that you are a man who is not so easily impressed."

"That's true," I admitted. "You did a great job with the interior. My wife and I appreciate simple interior designs but yours is still amazing." I told her and noticed a brief flash of disapproval on her face.

"You can take a look around."

From a glass window off the living room, I could catch a glimpse of the pool area. I walked closer to the window, and frowned at what I saw. A man was hurriedly leaving through the back door. His movements were sly, furtive. There was something familiar about him and though I ended up not seeing his face, I could swear that the man was Noah. Or maybe I was just hallucinating because he'd been stuck to Monique the entire party. I shelved Noah's odd behaviour for consideration later.

I turned away from the window and focused on Monique. "What?"

"I asked if you are hungry," she repeated, smiling at me.

"Please lead the way," I said.

Soon, we were in a large dining room where breakfast, which was enough to feed five, had been served. I didn't know if the extravagance was to impress me but that much food didn't.

"I sent away the domestic staff," she explained. "I wanted us to serve ourselves so we won't be disturbed."

I told her it was fine, even though I felt she was clearly doing too much. We settled down to eat.

"Everyone is talking about you, but to me you're still quite the enigma," I said after I had praised the food. She had in turn ascribed the success of the meal to her chef who she had bribed to work for her from a restaurant in France.

"There is hardly anything about me that everyone doesn't know already," she demurred.

"I suppose so. Everyone knows about your immense wealth, of course," I joked. "Did you er- stumble across an oil well or a gold mine?"

The tone I used in asking these questions was lighthearted enough, but I really wanted to know more about her. Such new faces in the city could be threatening, especially if you underestimate them. Monique was sly, I could see it from the wicked glint in her eyes.

She laughed. "No. The secret to my wealth is nothing so dramatic. My husband... he died just a year ago." I murmured my apologies. "It's all right. Life goes on, I guess. My husband was very wealthy. He left me everything he owned. But I don't want to be like one of those women who just sit around, content with what has been left for them. Now, I'm doing my best to expand and improve my fortune."

I nodded in approval. "That's good. And er- does this city have anything at all to do with this expansion you are talking about? It seems you have settled in here so I believe you're here to stay."

She pointed briefly at me with her fork. "Smart man. I knew you were smart. You are absolutely right. I am interested in acquiring some companies in this city. I have marked out quite a few of them. When I've bought these companies, I'll run them like a network."

I nodded, and took a large bite of my food in a bid to hide my thoughts from her. I realized now that Monique was not just the regular wealthy widow. She was trying her best to dominate the city. If she managed to do this, with her money and the influence she would command, she will become unstoppable.

I would have been lying if I said I wasn't deeply concerned at this point. I was concerned about the extent of her plans, about how she had just appeared in the city and had gotten so ambitious already. Who knew what companies she would try to swallow up in her quest to dominate. And the last time someone's debut shook the city, he'd turned out to be a psychopath.

I had a feeling that there was more up her sleeve. Also, though the media seemed to know a lot about her. I had a feeling that she was keeping the most important details about herself under wraps while letting everyone else hear and know what she wanted them to hear.

"So... Tell me about these companies you want to acquire," I said as casually as I could. "Are they companies I know well?"

"Maybe. Maybe not. The deals are still in the works. Everyone will know about them soon enough."

I nodded. My first question had been cleverly deflected. I tried another.

"What else will you do after you finish acquiring these companies?"

"Lots of possibilities," she said and in the same breath asked if I wanted more coffee. "How about you?" she said after a pause. "What other big project is your company working on these days? I know you're sitting at the top of the city's hierarchy."

"I'm currently working on stability, nothing extra or sophisticated. There is no need to bore you with details."

She didn't press it but I noticed she looked a bit disappointed that I did not go into more details. I hid a grin as I reflected that two could play at that game. She was obviously guarded about giving out information about herself and I was just doing the same.

"This city is quite... interesting," she said after a while. "While I have been socializing, I have also been learning what I can about everything and about everyone important here too."

"It's good to know about where you're living," I said. "If you must thrive in the city, you have to know the city."

"Actually, I have mostly been trying to find the right business partners."

"Found some?"

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She raised a shoulder in a shrug. "Maybe... but I've certainly found someone whose company I enjoy."

I looked up, about to ask her who, that was if she would tell me. I found her staring at me dreamily. The compliment had evidently been directed at me!

Monique leaned over, and patted my hand.

"I'm so happy you're here with me, Damian," she purred. "The moment I saw you yesterday, I knew we were going to hit it off. You're kind of my vibe."

Her fingers danced across my hand and I withdrew sharply. I shifted uncomfortably in my seat as she batted her eyelashes at me. I cleared my throat, reached for my coffee mug, and sipped its content slowly.

"I hope business has been good," I said quickly. "You know, my wife runs a successful bakery and sometimes, she talks about how business is harder for women in the city."

"Yes," she said with a hint of disappointment in her voice. "It has been. In fact, I have a business proposal for you. Just a moment."

She reached for a handbag on the chair next to her, drew out an envelope from it.

"It's just a rough draft," she explained. "I want your company to join my network. If you agree, you'll get.. roughly \$1m yearly."

I smoothed out the document and read through while Monique continued talking about the benefits of the deal. Though the conditions in the document were worded in really attractive terms, I was able to spot that it was a bad deal.

In a year, I could make the sum in the contract myself without having to sign away my ownership rights.

"Sorry," I said, folding up the documents and handing it back to her. "I have to refuse your offer."

"Are you sure? I could give you time to think about it."

"There's no need. That's my answer, but thanks for the offer anyway."

"As you wish... but I have another offer for you, Damian. If you don't want to join my network, then please be my lover."