

# The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

## Chapter 093

DAMIAN

I was so shocked I nearly choked on the coffee I was sipping. I coughed, and the coffee spilled over, staining my pants slightly. With a half smile on her face, Monique calmly handed me a napkin. I dabbed at my lips, and then my clothes.

I still couldn't believe my ears. The woman had actually asked me to be her lover! Yes, she had been flirting with me despite my constant attempts to remind her I was married. But this offer was... outrageous. I paused to study her face, looking for signs that she was joking or just having me on.

"You seem very... surprised," she said, licking her lips slightly.

"I am," I admitted. "When you said you had a proposal, I wasn't expecting this. Did you just ask me-"

"To be my lover. Yes, Damian I just did. I'm a woman who sees what she wants and goes for it. I've wanted you since the first second I laid my eyes on you and I don't feel there is any need to pretend about it. We are both adults after all."

As I searched for ways to express how I felt correctly. Monique's hand slid across the table to mine and she blushed. I took my hands off the table quickly, and folded it in my lap. Hell no.

"Why-"

"I could give you a hundred reasons why," she interrupted. "But then that would be beside the point. Just know that I have thought this over, Damain. We could have a very good partnership, a partnership that gives each person what they want. What do you say? You in?"

I spread my fingers, waved my right hand in front of my face to call attention to my wedding ring in case she missed it.

"Monique, I'm married, remember?" I told her. "Perhaps, you haven't forgotten about that. Do you know I have a wife?"

"Of course, I do. Did you think I would let that detail slip my attention? Your marriage is not necessarily a reason why this partnership between us cannot exist. I mean, men like you have mistresses even with loving wives. Please, think about this carefully. It's a good offer if I do say so myself. Your... wife Amelia has nothing to offer you. In fact, everything she is today, she owes it all to you. From the research I did on you, I know you're not the kind of man who will reject a good deal for... love or sentiments."

Research? Was I some sort of lab rat or specimen? "Monique, your offer is preposterous. I still can't believe that we're actually discussing this."

"It's not and there are other benefits of being with me. If you eventually agree to be my lover, I will make you my business partner. Together, we can improve this business network I'm working on. Together, we can bag deals that will bring us both billions of dollars."

I opened my mouth to refuse her offer again, more vehemently this time but Monique held up a hand.

"Please. Don't just refuse outrightly. Think about it at least."

"There's nothing I have to think about," I responded and rose to my feet. "I cannot be your lover. I respect my wife greatly and this will be an insult to her. I'm sure you'll find someone else who might be interested in this proposal."

She nodded with a forced smile. "Of course. I understand completely." But I could see the displeasure masking her face.

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AMELIA'S POV

I glanced at the clock in my office and sighed. What was wrong with me? I rose from my seat and started to pace the room, my mind racing with thoughts.

Damian was with Monique.

Just picturing them together made me so angry I felt like screaming. From what I'd gathered, Damian was the first to receive a breakfast invitation to her house. Why? Why did she have to go after him?

With the way she was over him last night, they probably hadn't even gotten to the breakfast part. Maybe they were behind closed doors in one of the rooms in her oversized house fucking. Ugh! I slammed a hand over my forehead.

Why did Damian accept her invitation in the first place? Couldn't he tell she was romantically interested in him and was only looking for a way to express her desires? Hadn't he figured out that she was the sort of woman with the morals of a tomcat? Or maybe he did know and was basking in the euphoria of having caught the attention of the most sought-after woman in the city.

I felt like puking as I thought about them together.

I paced for almost another hour. By this time, all the what-ifs were driving me crazy. Several times, I reached for my phone to call Damian. I reminded myself that I was supposed to be pretending he didn't exist, not feeling the urge to monitor his movements. I didn't have to let him know I was jealous he was meeting up with Monique. Men had a weird way of using your fears against you.

But fifteen minutes later, I couldn't take the suspense anymore. I could go crazy.

"Screw it!" I muttered.

I grabbed my phone, dialed Damian's number before I could think it through. I was lucky he picked up on the first ring else I would have probably have chickened out from calling him. Or maybe not.

"Where are you?" I asked, trying to hide my nervousness.

There was silence from his end for a second, then, "Why do you want to know that?"

"It's a simple question, Damian. Where are you?"

"I'm in my office now. I got here a few minutes ago. What is this about?"

I exhaled slightly, my mind calming gently. He was not with Monique which meant their meeting was brief. And Damian was never brief with me, never.

"It's just a harmless question. I needed something from home so I thought you could help me get it." I lied.

"I could ask Miller to get that for you." He offered but I couldn't stress his driver over nothing.

"It's fine. Have a great day." I murmured, then hung up before he could ask any more questions.

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I exhaled in defeat, staring at the small dinner plate before me. I'd cooked for Damian and I, expecting him home earlier. But it has been 2 hours and he wasn't back yet.

I found myself watching the clock more and more often as the time passed. Again, I began to get all worked up and began to wonder if Damian had decided to spend the evening with Monique after all. Maybe she invited him over to her place for dinner too. I would be able to tell by his appearance if he had paid her a visit.

I heard the rumble of a car engine. I dashed over to the window, shifted the curtains in time to see Damain's car disappear around the corner. I was back in my position on the sofa, looking unruffled when he came in. We exchanged greetings in the stiff manner we had gotten quite used to. And then I spotted something on his shirt as he headed for his room.

"What is that on your shirt?" I shrieked and he froze in his track.

"What is what?" He hastily untucked his shirt, and looked it over. "Is there a stain or-"

"You've got lipstick on your shirt!"

Finally, his eyes zeroed in on the stain just slightly below his breast pocket.

"Oh." He blinked. "I wonder how that got there."

"Don't you dare play dumb with me!" My vision narrowed with anger. "You know damn well whose lipstick that is and you know exactly how it got there. So how about you stop bloody lying and tell me the truth."

A flush of anger stained Damian's cheeks as he took a step towards me. I stood my ground, ready to talk back at him.

"I've had just about enough of this," he growled. "First you call to know where I am and then you make all these spurious accusations I can't make sense of. If you have something to say, Amelia, just spit it out already."

"Fine. You've been sleeping with Monique, haven't you?"

He threw me a puzzled look. "What?"

"That's her lipstick on your shirt." I scoffed. "You're so shameless, Damian. Wasn't it just yesterday you met her? Do you have to fuck everything with a pussy?"

"Don't you dare call me names," he thundered.

"Why not? Does the truth hurt?"

"You have no damn right to ask me about who I may or may not have been with. Our contract doesn't give you the authority to question or police me like I'm a child. If you had accepted my offer to extend our marriage, you would have had been justified to question me. But the last time I checked, you rejected that clearly. As it stands, I don't owe you any explanation. You get that?"

My eyes stung and prickled at his words. I will not cry. I will not let him get to me. I said over and over in my head.

"Whose lipstick is that?" I asked, glaring at him.

"I don't have to explain myself to you. You made that clear in Morocco." He turned on his heels to leave.

"Fine then!" I yelled. "I'm happy I never got to sign your stupid contract because I can see that you're just like your father. Selfish and irresponsible."

There was a moment of tense, charged silence as Damian froze briefly and turned back to face me. For the first time that night, I was afraid of him. He looked livid enough to hit me. I flinched when he moved his hand, but it was only to reach for his phone.

Without breaking eye contact with me, he tapped a number, put the phone to his ear.

"Hi, Monique," he said and I listened. Oh, what the hell was he doing? "Yes. I actually didn't think I would be contacting you so soon as well. I have made a decision already as regards our earlier conversation." His eyes flashed with malice. "I accept the offer to be your lover."

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DAMIAN'S POV

I slammed myself on my bed, a frustrated sigh escaping my lips. What the hell did I just do?

The look on Amelia's face when I'd made that call was enough to tell me that I made a grave mistake.

I had no intentions of being Monique's lover but Amelia drove me off the edge. How could she say that to me? She knew I despised my father, yet, she used her knowledge of him against me.

I fumbled with my buttons and inhaled sharply. I'd visit Monique soon and let her know it was a mistake; I was simply drunk and confused.

She would probably lose her mind but I couldn't hurt Amelia like that. I couldn't.