

# The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

## Chapter 094

AMELIA

The guilt came in stages. First I was so pissed at what Damian did that I did not want to pay attention to the voice in my head which kept telling me that I had made a wrong move.

Then I told myself that I had perhaps been too harsh, but that Damian had deserved it.

But by the next day, I was convinced that Damian had not deserved the comment I made about his father. That had been hitting way below the belt, and I never felt more ashamed of myself as I did when I woke up. I didn't know how to apologize to him, what to say, especially since it was a very sensitive topic to him.

I felt a mixture of relief and disappointment when Molly told me that Damian had left for work really early. Relief because I did not know to face him. Disappointment because I really wanted to talk to him. And then there was a crippling fear that he had gone to see Monique, still desperate to piss me off.

I wouldn't ever forgive myself if he did something stupid because of my comment. Ugh.

I took myself off to work after managing to grab a few bites of the sandwich I made. Then I began to wish I had just stayed home because I could not concentrate on anything. I thought about Damian, about our argument, about how I had stupidly managed to alienate him further. He had told me about the most vulnerable part of him and then what did I do?

I had turned around and used it against him. What would my mother say if she knew the mess I had made of our relationship? Ever since she left, I have made one foolish mistake and yet, another.

I groaned, buried my face among the papers littered across my desk, and allowed the misery wash over me.

Several times that day, I picked up my phone, debating on whether to call Damian. But I had nothing to say to him or maybe I just didn't know how to speak to him. He needed someone that would soften his heart without a long dramatic speech.

And I knew just the right person.

"What's wrong? Something's wrong," Anton said the moment I murmured a hello.

"How did you know?"

He exhaled. "Well, you've never called me this early. Are you okay?"

"You have to help me," I said desperately. "Please say you will help me."

"Whoa! Hold up and tell me what the problem is."

I heaved a deep sigh before answering. "It's Damian... I think I messed things up with him. We had an argument and my big mouth ruined everything. I said things I shouldn't have, used what he had told me against him and now... I don't think he'll ever forgive me. I need you to help me reach him and talk to him."

"What on earth did you say?"

There was a deliberate silence from me as I contemplated telling him. I had to. "I told him he is just like his father."

"Jesus Christ! Amelia!"

I expected his reaction. "I feel so stupid." I rubbed my forehead. "Please, tell me you'll help me. I don't know how to face him."

"I will, Amelia," he said without hesitation. "I promise. Just hang in there."

Hang in there.

Easy for him to say. I felt like I was falling apart, unraveling every second as I relieved every horrible second of our argument.

"We have a big client in the showroom," Rose exclaimed excitedly, her head poking through my door.

I had been so engrossed in thought that I nearly jumped out of my skin.

"Rose!" I scolded, bending to pick the pen that had fallen from the table. "Haven't you ever heard of knocking?"

"But- but I knocked and-"

And I didn't hear her because I was lost in thought. I gave my head a little shake. I really really had to get it together. I softened my tone when I asked her to repeat what she had said.

"We have a really important customer," she said, "I didn't get her name but most other people seemed to know who she is... I didn't get her name..." she repeated.

She looked like she expected me to shout at her and that made me feel bad. I gave her a smile to gloss over my earlier peevishness. Rose and I had a cordial, easy relationship so it wasn't strange for her to pop into my office to give me 'tidbits' of information she felt I needed to know.

"I'll go see who she is then," I said. "Lead the way."

My steps faltered as I got to the showroom. I saw a hated, familiar looking figure who unfortunately had already seen me before I could leave.

"Amelia Donovan, right?" Monique drawled, her carefully painted lips curving into a smile. "How good to see you."

I cleared my throat and murmured 'Likewise' purely for the sake of the others in the area. I would have probably clawed at her if my staff weren't staring at us.

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DAMIAN

"Shit!"

I couldn't count how many times I had said that today. Each time I remembered I'd accepted Monique's proposal, I felt like taking a piece of my skin off. How could I let Amelia get to me so easily?

She hadn't even called or texted me all day. But I didn't blame her. Everything I'd done for the past week was infuriating at least. Completely unacceptable.

I didn't want to see Monique after work but I knew I had to. I needed to end what I started as quickly as possible. Maybe I just-

My phone started to ring noisily and I rushed to pick it, hoping it was Amelia. Disappointed, I sighed when Anton's voice came on.

"Amelia told me you both had a falling out," He without preamble. "She's really sorry about what she said. But tell me what's actually going on."

Sorry? Did she blame herself for what I did? I guess that makes my situation even worse.

I told Anton of all what had happened between Monique, Amelia and I.

"... and when Amelia said that, I snapped. I called Monique immediately and accepted her offer. Now, I can't easily back out of it."

"But you have to find a way to," Anton answered. Yes genius, I already knew that. "Or do you plan on being her gigolo now? Because that's more or less what you're going to be if you go through with this."

"Of course not. I'll carefully back out of this." I sighed and leaned back into my seat. "I'll go see her tonight and end what I started."