

The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

Chapter 095

DAMIAN

I looked up from my computer in surprise as Anton settled himself into the chair opposite mine with an odd expression on his face.

He proceeded to steeple his hands over his chin, jerked his head towards the computer and asked if I was about done. I pushed aside my computer and turned to him.

"You didn't tell me you were coming."

"I didn't know I would be coming either, but I just had to so I could impress the seriousness of the situation on you. I didn't think just a phone call would do."

"What situation?" I asked curiously, wondering what would have made him leave work very early on a weekday to come see me. It wasn't like he usually didn't do that but he had been busy recently.

Anton suddenly leaned forward. "Tell me. Have you told that woman that the deal you struck with her is off?"

"What woman?"

"Who else? Monique, of course."

"Ah. Monique? And since when did she become 'that woman'? Last I remember, you were going on and on about her, singing her praises to the skies..."

"Well, a man can change his mind, can't he?" He shook his head. "She's bad news and I know it."

"Certainly." I leaned back in my chair to better study Anton. Though I had a lot on my mind- Amelia mostly- and hadn't been in a relaxed mood for quite a while, it was so strange to see Anton in such a serious mood. I couldn't help teasing him a bit, a little halfhearted though it was.

"What's the matter?" I continued as he opened his mouth to say something. "Isn't she beautiful enough anymore?"

Anton rapped impatiently on the desk.

"Get serious, Damian," he said tersely.

Hearing Anton telling me to get serious made me reconsider my situation. I frowned, realizing it had to be an important issue he wanted to discuss with me. From the direction of our conversation, it was something to do with Monique.

I threw up my hands. "Fine. You talk. I'm listening."

"Damian, I think you need to be careful, really careful with Monique. There is something more to her than meets the public eye. I heard some rumors about her the other day."

"Rumors?"

He nodded. "Yes. Rumors that will most likely turn out to be true. One of the persons I heard it from is almost never wrong about these things..." He waved a hand impatiently. "But we are putting the cart before the horse. The thing is I heard Monique has been going after the most influential and powerful men in the city. She has made them her lovers. Some of these men are married. Some are single. Apparently, a man's marital status doesn't stop her from going after him."

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I scoffed, shook my head. "This is-"

"When you told me about her offer to you, I thought she fell for you at the party even though you're married, which is really not a strange thing. Although the strange part was that you got to get paid for being her lover. But that is not the point. The point is if she has a whole collection of wealthy married and unmarried men, she must be up to something, something not good. Don't you think?"

It was my turn to wave off his words. "Anton, you are not even sure about this."

"I told you-"

"-That the information came from a more or less reliable source. Yes, but that doesn't make it true. It could be just what you said it was- a rumour."

He thought about this and shrugged. "Ever heard the expression that rumours are like smoke, and that there is no smoke without fire?"

"Sometimes, rumours are just... rumours."

"You may be right," he conceded. "Still be careful around Monique, especially since like an ass, you agreed to be her lover. I hope she doesn't get you to sign a document to that effect."

"Of course not. Besides, I told you I was going to decline her offer..."

I trailed off as Anton shrugged once more and began to help himself to some of the snacks my secretary had brought in for me earlier.

Though, I had just given the appearance of not believing Anton's report, something about it troubled me. I knew Anton was always right about most of his gossips and it frightened me a bit.

Why would Monique intentionally go after married men in the city? It confirmed my suspicion that she was hiding something, and most likely planning a dangerous thing.

Anton left an hour later but not before he reminded me that I was stupid to accept her proposal. He warned me to be smart with dealing with Monique and to ensure I don't let her ruin my relationship with Amelia.

At half past four, I left work and headed home. I didn't want to have my meeting with Monique late at night.

Amelia wasn't home when I arrived and I was relieved. I didn't know how to face after what I'd done. But I was going to right my wrongs before she came home.

I changed my clothes and drove to Monique's place. She was waiting inside the house this time, dressed in a formal dinner dress.

"Are we going somewhere?" I asked after we had exchanged pleasantries. "You are dressed to the nines."

She looked down at herself, smiled. "No. We are having dinner here. I just like to look my best at all times."

We went over to the dining room where as usual, the food was already laid out.

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"You were early last time," she said. "So I told them to serve the food. I knew it wouldn't get cold before you arrived."

I whipped the cover off the plate in front of me.

"Seafood," I said.

"Yes. Compliments of the chef. It's really delicious. Dig in."

I did so, and complemented her chef. For dessert, there was cake. I didn't want to outrightly reject her proposal and give her the impression that we had bad blood between us. Such a woman with many men wrapped around her fingers could be dangerous.

"This is nice," I said the moment I took a bite. "Did your chef make it too?"

"No. I bought it from your wife's bakery."

"Oh."

I suddenly didn't feel like having cake anymore. What the hell was wrong with this woman?

Why was she at Amelia's bakery? That would have been a disaster. I didn't need a soothsayer to tell me that Amelia hated Monique's guts. It was in the way she had spoken about her when she accused me of cheating.

I turned to see Monique watching me closely, though she appeared not to be doing so. I couldn't help but wonder what she was planning. There were a hundred other bakeries scattered across the city. A lot of places she could have gotten her cake from. Why did it have to be from Amelia's? She was desperately trying inching at something and I wouldn't let her do that.

It was my mistake to ever get involved with her. Hence, I had to deal with her appropriately.

As I took sips of the wine she had provided, carefully preparing my words, I decided that her motives were really not my business anymore. It had been my intention long before this dinner to tell her that I was no longer interested in her offer. I could not wait to tell her about that and excuse myself.

When we both finished eating, I set down my wineglass and cleared my throat, "Monique, there is something-"

"You've finished eating?" she wiped her lips with a napkin.

"Er- yes."

Before the words were out of my mouth, she had pushed back her chair and was on her feet.

"Come," she said. "I have something important I've been dying to show you."

I remained seated. "I don't think it's necessary. Why don't you sit back down and let's talk?"

"Oh. There will be time for talking later. I held off until now because I wanted you to enjoy your meal first. Please, Damian. Let's go. What I am about to show you will blow your mind away."

Reluctantly, I followed her down a long corridor. After many twists and turns, we got to a door that almost blended into the wall surrounding it. She unlocked it by pressing her thumb against a panel. There was a muted click. The door swung open.

We stepped into a room with screens everywhere, CCTV cameras and recording equipment. I went closer to get a better look, ignoring Monique's cry of 'Here we are.'

At first, I thought I was looking at the surveillance footage of her house and it's grounds. But then I realized that the layout of the grounds I saw didn't match with hers. I could see other people on the screens, men mostly, going about their normal routine in their houses and even... offices. In one screen, I could see a bald, pudgy looking man taking off his clothes in his bedroom.

My mouth hung open as I realized what I was looking at. These were live CCTV footages of other people's houses.

Monique had been monitoring the entire city, spying on families and creeping around in several homes.

This was... sick.

"Impressive, right?" Monique said as she came to stand beside me. "This is what gives me the upper hand. For months, I have been monitoring many wealthy men in this city. I know some of their deepest, darkest secrets." She barked out a laugh. "It will shock you to know some of them. With this-" She waved a hand to encompass the room. "-and with you by my side, we will be unstoppable."

"How long have you been doing this?" I managed to ask, feeling cold to my bones.

"Ummm." She narrowed her eyes. "This has been going on for four months. I've been in the city for a long time, just watching, waiting for the right time. It will surprise you to know how dirty some of your colleagues are."

So Anton was right after all. I was appalled at the glimpse she had gotten into the lives of these unsuspecting men. The room was vile and I couldn't wait to get out of it.

"I can't," I murmured. "This is outrageous."

"What?"

My vision narrowed with anger, "I can't. I can't be your partner or your lover. What you are doing is wrong. It is illegal. You have to stop!"

She turned to glare at me, her eyes glimmering in anger. "I'm disappointed in you, Damian. I never thought you would be a pussy who would judge me for being a tactical business woman."

"Tactical business woman? That's bullshit and you know it. I want no part of anything you have to offer."

"With this, we can control-"

I closed the distance between us, my eyes boring into hers. "I don't want to see you close to either my wife or me. You're out of your mind."

"It takes guts to be number one, to rise at the top. Tell me you haven't gotten your hands dirty to be where you are."

"My hands may be dirty, Monique. But you, your soul stinks. You're one dirty, desperate witch. Stay away from me."

Feeling sick to my stomach, I hurried out of the room and her house.