

The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

Chapter 043

DAMIAN

As Anton turned onto the street that would take us to the gym, he said, "You have to tread cautiously."

"Er- and what are you referring to?"

"You and Amelia. You shouldn't have sex with her. Remember that the contract lasts for only one year. If you're constantly intimate with her, don't you think everything will get more complicated when it's time for both of you to split up?"

I felt his eyes on me, so I looked out the window. "Who said I was still having sex with her anyway?"

Anton snorted. "Last night at your place, I saw the way you two were looking at each other."

"We were just excited at getting rid of Petra."

Anton kept talking as though he didn't hear me.

"You both looked as though you couldn't wait for me to leave before taking your clothes off."

When I said nothing, he added in a more humorous tone. "And if I had any doubts about what you two were up to last night, I only have to look at your face to know I'm right. But seriously, Damian. Don't get entangled. Ah. We're here."

Anton had pulled up in front of the gym, and I was glad to get out. I didn't think I had to stop being intimate with Amelia. I went in, straight to weight lifts and began working out, leaving Anton to catch up and bring our gym bags.

A minute later, he dropped my gym bag on the floor beside me. He shook his head knowingly as though he knew exactly what I was about.

Then, he took himself off to the bench press. Sometimes, I wished he wasn't so damn intuitive. It could be a pain in the ass sometimes.

When my arm muscles began aching, I sat up to breathe. I was taking a swig from my water can when a pretty, svelte blonde I had noticed on the treadmill walked up to me.

"Hello, handsome," she said. "I don't think I've seen you here before."

"I come here often," I said dismissively, hoping she would go away.

I read the interest in her eyes and already knew what she was after.

She gave an affected laugh. "Silly me, then! Maybe we haven't met because of how huge this place is. By the way, I'm Tania, and you are..."

"Damian," I said reluctantly.

"Oh. Nice name. Her eyes ran appreciatively over my sweat-stained tee shirt. "You're really buff and cute too." She giggled. "I wouldn't mind knowing you."

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Deciding that being straightforward was my best bet, I waved my hand, ensuring she saw the ring glinting there.

"Tania, I'm married."

"Oh." Her face fell, but the next second, she was smiling again. "That's really not a problem though. I wouldn't mind if we could get together sometime."

I stared at her in exasperation and thought of ways to tell her off when I spotted Anton, who had nearly reached us. I sighed, relieved at the distraction. Surely, she would back off now.

My relief immediately became annoyance when Anton turned a smile on Tania and said, "Hey, beautiful. Do you want to get to know my friend? I'm Anton, by the way."

"Tania." Smiling, she shook his hand. "And yes, I think I like your friend."

"Yeah. I like him too." Tania laughed. "Hey, we should catch up sometime. How about you give us your number?"

With the speed of a striking snake, Tania whipped out her phone, and they exchanged digits.

"Oh. And before I leave, there's a really great party coming up in a couple of days. I'd like you two to come." Anton's phone buzzed. "I just texted you the time and address."

"We'll be there," Anton assured her.

He smiled and waved to her as she left, then glowered at me for only giving a half-hearted wave in her direction when she was nearly out of sight.

"Sometimes I wonder what's wrong with you," he growled. "If I hadn't heard you both talking, I'm sure you wouldn't have taken her number."

With an indifferent shrug, I recommenced lifting weights.

"We promised to go to the party. It's today," Anton told me over drinks after work a few days later.

"No, you promised we'd go," I corrected him.

"I'm not in the mood for a party. I'm exhausted."

"Oh, come on, Damian. It's going to be fun. I can feel it. At least, let's honour Tania's invitation. She was nice, even though you weren't."

And so, several hours later, Anton and I found ourselves in front of a club. Anton was practically bouncing with excitement as the bouncer shoved open the door.

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"Well, here goes nothing," he said. "Holy shit!"

We had both stopped in our tracks at the sight that met our eyes. The club and the party were not the regular kind. All around us, we could see people of both genders walking around, mostly gyrating on the dance floor.

All of them were wearing masks, but what was surprising was that all of them were stark naked. The dim, colourful disco lights couldn't hide that fact.

"It's a sex club," Anton shouted, the music almost deafening our ears.

"Yeah. I figured that out for myself a few seconds ago," I said dryly. "Listen. I don't think I want to be here."

Anton began moving in time to the music. "Are you kidding? This is exactly where we are supposed to be." He gave a long, low whistle.

"Will you look at that?"

He pointed to a very curvy waitress, holding a tray of wine, who was passing us. Her hips rolled as she walked. We could clearly see a butterfly tattoo on her left butt cheek. She turned, saw Anton looking and gave him a come-hither smile.

"Come on. Let's have some fun. Don't be a spoilsport," urged Anton.

Still, I hesitated. The waitress, seeing Anton was not forthcoming, frowned and disappeared into the crowd.

"Damn it! Let's go in, Damian."

I allowed myself to be tugged further in. Anton and I sat down and got a few drinks, though I could tell he was itching to be in the thick of things. His eyes roamed around the room, looking for the waitress. After a while, he nudged me.

"Hey. I hope you're keeping an eye out for Tania," he said.

"I'm right here," said a familiar voice. Tania, naked and wearing a mask, lowered herself into a chair next to me. She grinned at my expression.

"Tania. It's good to see you again," Anton said.

"Likewise. I've been keeping an eye out for you two all evening, but you were really able to spot though." She laughed. "You must be the only ones here unmasked and fully clothed. I'm sorry I didn't tell you about the kind of party--"

"Are you kidding? I know I'm going to have the time of my life here. I'll leave you two to it then."

Anton hurried around away and was soon lost in sight.

"Hello," I said a little unnecessarily.

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She smiled. "So, what do you want to do? Dance?" I looked at the dancefloor, where several couples seemed glued at the hips. I thought glumly that a few months ago, I'd have had several naked women in my lap already.

"Not really," I said.

"Okay. Drinks then."

She beckoned to a waiter, and I took two glasses of wine for us. We sat drinking for a little while as we watched the antics of those around us.

"Do you want to get a room?" she asked me.

I agreed at once. She took me upstairs, along a corridor where I could see couples searching for more privacy than that afforded upstairs, locked in passionate embraces. Tania seemed to know where she was going.

She pushed open a door. We went in, and the next moment, she was running her hands over my body, trailing kisses on my neck. I closed my eyes and surrendered to the sensation. Her hands reached for the zipper on my trousers, and I groaned, not in pleasure, but because an image of Amelia burned between my closed eyelids.

"No. No," I said more firmly. I gripped Tania's hands, walked away and sat heavily on the bed.

"I'm sorry, but I can't."

"Why not? Because of your wife?"

"Yes," I said in a strangled voice. "Something like that."

Tania maintained a thoughtful silence as she got up to slip on a robe. When she finally spoke, she didn't seem angry at my rejection.

"It's hard to see a man who wouldn't want to take what I'm offering," she said, smiling. "Now I'm curious about this wife of yours. Tell me about her."

Tania and I spent half the night talking about Amelia. It was wild, but as we spoke, I realized that I'd done nothing to deserve her. And that she was the best woman ever to exist, and I was an asshole who couldn't even say no to a party out of respect for her.

Right there and then, I concluded it would be the last time I'd ever disrespect her with other women. Even though she wasn't legally my wife, she was far too much of a good woman to lose. And I would never want to be like her jerk of an ex-husband. Never.

NOAH

My heart thudded in excitement as I crept up the staircase to be sure of what I had seen.

There was the asshole, Damian, arm in arm with a bare-assed blonde. As I watched, they went into a room together, no doubt to get laid.

A smile crept up my lips as I went back downstairs. I reflected that this was too good to keep to myself. I knew exactly what to do with such juicy information.