

The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

Chapter 084

AMELIA

I felt a tap, gentle as the touch of a feather, on my arm. I stirred sleepily. I felt another, still gentle but a lot more insistent this time.

"Amelia." I opened my eyes.

Damian was leaning over me.

"Rise and shine," he said. "It's a new day."

He was already fully dressed, already prepared to go to work. I, on the other hand, was as naked as the day I was born. I stretched languidly. I could still feel the pleasant ache between my legs caused by last night's pleasurable exertions. I watched his eyes greedily follow the movement of my unclad body before they snapped back up to my face.

"Amelia," he breathed. "You can make a man forget everything."

I batted my lashes at him. "Maybe that isn't such a bad thing. If you come a little closer, perhaps I can make you forget a thing or two."

With some effort, he kept his gaze fixed on mine.

"Tempting, but no. If I get into bed with you, I may not be able to drag myself away again today."

"Yes. I know." He relaxed visibly as I drew the sheets over my body. "You have to work."

"Not work. No. Remember what I told you yesterday?"

"That you wanted me?"

"That among other things. I told you we were going on vacation today. You have to get dressed."

The smile froze on my face. I sat up quickly. "What? You're- We're going through with that?"

"Certainly. I told you I was serious about it yesterday, didn't I?"

"No- I mean, yes. I knew you meant it, but I didn't really think it would be so soon. I thought you said it was tomorrow... I mean today, just to stop me from sulking about feeling bored."

"Well, I meant every word. Now, go and shower, get dressed and let's get moving."

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"But- but I haven't packed anything yet," I complained. "Packing will take time. I haven't bought things I will have to take along."

Damian waved a hand dismissively. "That's not a problem. You can buy anything you need once we get to Morocco." He arched a brow. "Any further concerns?"

There were none. Now that my concern about preparations had been addressed, I found I was excited. I flung the sheets away, ignored Damain's short, sharp intake of breath as my unclad body was once more exposed to his ardent gaze. At this point, not even the prospect of going to bed with him could distract me from getting ready. In no time at all, I had showered, dressed and packed only the barest necessities. Damian's driver took us to a private hangar housing several private aircrafts and jets.

"Er- what are we doing here?" I asked him. "This is not the airport"

"Our transport to Morocco is here. I actually own two aircrafts here."

I gaped at the man whose other sides I was discovering everyday. He casually dished out information that would leave me dizzy with thoughts. He'd never mentioned he owned a private aircraft and he actually owned two.

"You own an aircraft," I gasped.

"Two. It's convenient when I want to make quick trips. That way, I don't have to put up with delays at the airport." He shrugged.

He rambled it in such a commonplace tone, as though it was perfectly normal for most people to own an aircraft. I began to wonder just how much money Damian had. He had a lot, but how much was a lot?

"How come you've never mentioned this?"

He chuckled at my shocked expression. "It's impossible to tell you about everything I own because the list is endless." He extended his hand to me. "Maybe one day you'll get a special tour to some of my properties."

I supposed he had an endless list of properties, but I still thought the ownership of private aircrafts at least deserved a mention. We strolled to his private jet which was already prepped to go. The pilot welcomed us on board, informed us that there was good weather conditions and that the flight would last for only 9 hours. There were flight checks and then we were in the air.

I've been on several flights but being in a private jet with Damian felt exotic. The flight attendants made an appearance, offering us wine and a list of mouth watery snacks. I chose a strange looking pastry just because I liked the way the name sounded. If I were soon to start having Moroccan food, I figured it was about time I began to trying something new.

"Make that two," Damian chipped in. The corners of his mouth twitched in amusement. "I bet you don't know what it is you ordered."

I admitted that I didn't. "Since you ordered it too, it can't be that bad."

"Oh it's delicious."

And it was. It felt good to do what I liked without worrying about disturbing other people as would have been the case if I was in a public aircraft. One of the flight attendants offered me a selection of movies I could watch. She told me how to work the controls, which were a bit different from those of regular aircrafts.

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"Watch with me," I told Damian when the movie began to play.

"Oh. No." He turned a page of the business magazine he was reading. "You go ahead. The stock market is crazy this week."

I placed a palm on the page. "This is supposed to be a vacation, remember? That means no work or work related stuff. You can't be trying to escape stress by reading all that stuff."

"Touche'." He grinned, and put the magazine down with a defeated air.

We watched the movie together. It was a thriller titled "Fractured." Damian was pretty annoyed that the horrific scenes were not real but only imagined by the lead actor. And then at the end, he complained it was too boring for him. I enjoyed the movie but I couldn't say the same for him.

Throughout the flight, the attendants made sure we were always comfortable. 9 hours went by so fast and then the plane landed at Marrakech airport where a jeep was already waiting for us. After about twenty minutes, it stopped in a-

"Desert," I mumbled.

There was no other word for it. I was literally standing in the middle of the Sahara desert. Damian stood quietly beside me, waiting for me to take in the view. He was grinning widely as he waited for a reaction from me.

"Is this where we are going to stay?" I asked him.

Say no. Say no.

"Yes, it is."

I tried my best to school my expression. I didn't want to hurt his feelings after he had gone through so much trouble to bring us here. But it was hard to keep a straight face. I had pictured a lot of things, but not this.

"You're not impressed." It was not a question. It was a statement of fact. He looked disappointed when he realized I wasn't excited and I felt guilty.

I swallowed, and considered lying.

"Not really," I answered, forcing a fake smile.

"Well, you will be," he said confidently. "My camp is the largest and most luxurious camp in the Sahara desert. There's a lot you need to see here. You will really love it here. I promise."

"Okay." I eyed my surroundings dubiously. "I hope it's not just sand you've got for us."

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"Tell you what. If after taking you sightseeing around my property and you're still not impressed, we'll go back to the Marrakech airport and then head home." He held out his hand. "Deal?"

I put mine in it. "Deal."

"Good. Let's walk."

He led me through a part bordered by mounds of golden sand. We walked for quite a while and I asked him why we hadn't just taken the jeep straight to the entrance of his camp.

"I want you to experience the full effect of the place," was his reply. "You have to... discover it, not just barge it on it, so to speak."

I still did not get his point, but I nodded anyway, allowed him to lead me on. We carefully went down a hilly path and then there was one of the most beautiful sights that met my eyes. I hurried along to get a good look at the large building that looked more like a palace. In the distance, I could see the dark crags of the Atlas mountains illuminated by the bright morning sun. Birds were twittering and calling to each other as they soared around the wide desert sky. I caught a sight of a pool which glistened in the sunlight. It looked like there were diamonds in it's depths. The leaves of the palm trees planted at even intervals, swayed in the breeze.

I felt a pleased smile curve my lips as I realized that Damian's camp was situated in an oasis. Damian led me through an exotic, lush garden towards the house. As we walked in the soaring Moorish arches, I looked up in amazement. The foyered was painted with interwined vines, flowers and geometric motifs in gold leaves and bright colours. Raised Arabic calligraphy was embedded into the plaster on the walls. I had never seen anything quite so beautiful and so foreign.

"Like it?" he asked.

"I love it," I breathed.

Inside the house, I pointed out some artifacts on the walls which I was able to identify.

Damian beamed at me with pride. "You know, you are way smarter than Noah. He caged you, stifled you. I'm so glad you left him."

"Don't be ridiculous." I told him jokingly but I knew he was right. Damian liberated me.

Next, he showed me into a room with a wardrobe full of dresses. I was surprised as they were all my size. It almost seemed like the entire wardrobe was made for me.

"I've been planning this trip for quite a while," he explained.

I gave him a sidelong look.

"I don't think so," I said. "Come on, you had a maximum of one week to plan the trip. The clothes probably belong to the women you bring here."

"You're wrong." His voice rang with sincerity as he said, "I haven't brought anyone here before. You're the one first woman to come here, and definitely the last."