

The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

Chapter 008

AMELIA

"Stop already!" I groaned and clapped both hands to my ear.

The banging steadily increased in volume with each passing second. It soon became so loud that it felt as if my head would split open. It rose to a crescendo and I opened my eyes.

Still disoriented from sleep, it took a few seconds for me to realize that the banging was coming from inside my own head. I groaned as I sat up slowly, gripping my aching head, which felt as though it would detach itself from my shoulders at any moment.

Only bits and pieces of what had happened was what I recalled. I only remembered drinking a lot of brandy, and then calling someone- Damian most likely, and then I must have passed out because everything from then on was a blank. The effort it took for me to remember increased the intensity of the headache. Damn! I could not recall ever feeling this hungover. Had I somehow drunk my way through all the alcohol in the house? It certainly felt like I had.

I couldn't even remember why I was so pissed in the first place. But I was sure it had to do with Damian or was it Noah? "Uggggh," I groaned.

I raised my head when I heard the door open. Damian poked his head around the door. He saw me staring and walked in. He didn't look happy to see me, or sorry to see me. He merely looked... indifferent.

He was perfectly dressed and groomed as always, and I found myself wishing that I could have put myself to rights before he came in. I quickly ran my fingers through my hair in an effort to bring it under some semblance of control. With a grimace, I gave it up when my fingers got caught in the [strands](#) and couldn't even reach the tip. I must look a sight.

"You're finally awake," he said.

"Yes," I murmured. I didn't seem able to speak above a murmur. "Good morning... evening..."

I stole a glance at the window but couldn't tell what time of the day it was since the drapes were drawn.

He gave me a long, penetrating stare then pointed to the clock which I had missed. "It's evening actually."

"Evening," I gasped, eyes widening.

Hadn't I started drinking during the morning hours? That meant-

"You have been asleep for hours," said Damian, answering my unspoken question. "Here take this."

I managed to take my eyes off Damian's face, long enough to look at the large cup he held out to me. He didn't let go of it until I was holding it steadily. The cup was filled with greenish, frothy liquid. I sniffed at it furtively. It was almost odorless.

"Er... thank you."

"That is a herbal concoction I whipped up," he explained. "It's specifically for hangovers, and judging by the way you look, I think it's safe to say that you have one. No?"

I nodded and instantly regretted it. I winced at the pain. "Yes. I have a splitting headache."

"Then take that, all of it."

He sat on a chair close to the window with the air of a man wanting to get a task over with. I took a sip of the concoction and gagged. It tasted awful. I hastily wiped my lips with the back of my hand. I just couldn't take it anymore.

In answer to Damian's expectant look, I said, "I can't drink that. It will make me throw up, and then I'll get worse."

"No, it won't, and you must take it if you don't want to go around feeling like hell all day. Just tip your head back and swallow. Try not to think about how it tastes. Go on," he added when I hesitated.

"Here goes nothing," I muttered to myself as I obeyed his instructions.

I shuddered when I downed the contents of the cup. Jeez! I never would have thought I would be able to keep that down. Almost instantly, I felt a pleasant, soothing warmth flood my stomach.

"A word of advice... don't drink too much alcohol ever again. Some people take to alcohol like a fish to water, but not you, Amelia. One more day of drinking yourself to a stupor like this, and you might find yourself facing worse than a hangover."

"Yeah. I guess you're right."

Lost in the world of this story? Make sure you're on [NoveL5s.com](#) to catch every twist and turn. The next chapter awaits, exclusively on our site. Dive in now!

Damian took the cup from me, careful not to let our fingers touch.

"I can't seem to remember what happened after I got drunk," I said after a pause. "I remember drinking in the living room and nothing really after that. How did I get here?"

"I brought you here."

"Oh." There was an awkward pause as I reflected on what that simple sentence meant. Had I passed out before he found me? I really hoped I had. From my little experience getting drunk in the past, I knew I was the type that said the most ridiculous things while under the influence.

I started to ask him to give me details, but thought better of it. Did I really want Damian to give me all the gory details? I didn't think so. I wouldn't be able to look him in the eye ever again if I had maybe thrown up, snored, told him how attracted I was to him or worse.

I settled for just asking, "Did I give you any trouble?"

He hesitated before saying, "Let's just say that you did and said things I would rather not repeat."

Mortified, I flushed, but didn't press the issue.

"I'm sorry if I did anything stupid while I was drunk, and also... thank you for looking after me."

He inclined his head, checked his watch. "The concoction should start taking effect in about... five minutes. Lie back down."

I did. For five minutes, we remained in silence. After the time elapsed, he got to his feet and headed for the door.

"Wait," I blurted out.

He slowly turned, one brow raised in enquiry. "What?"

Lost in the world of this story? Make sure you're on [NoveL5s.com](#) to catch every twist and turn. The next chapter awaits, exclusively on our site. Dive in now!

I bit my lip, unsure of how to answer. The truth was that I couldn't bear for him to leave me now.

I made my voice as small as possible. "Can you please stay a little while longer?"

"Why? Do you want anything?"

"Not really but I still feel a little woozy," I lied. I squinted at him. "I can't even see you very clearly. There's like two of you. I'm not used to feeling this way. It's very unsettling and I need company."

Without a word, Damian resumed his seat. He shifted his chair a little so he could stare out of the window. Though he was physically present, with each passing second, I could feel him slipping away, going into that place where no one could touch him. Now that I had managed to get him to stay with me, I didn't want to spend the rest of the time I had with him just sitting here in awkward silence.

"I was a mess before I met him, you know?" I said.

By the slight squaring of Damian's shoulders, even though he did not turn, I knew I had piqued his interest. I went on before I could lose momentum. "I'm talking about Noah."

With an air of resignation, he slowly turned to face me.

"Before him, I was a mess," I repeated. "I had nothing. I was a nobody, and relationships..." I sighed. "I was really unlucky in relationships too, and then he came along; blue eyed, black haired, perfect guy, and at first I couldn't believe that he was actually interested in me. Even when he said he wanted to date me, I felt that it was some kind of trick, that he was having me on for some reason." I raised my head to glance at Damian, and found him staring intently at me. I flushed as I lowered my gaze once more. I now felt somewhat embarrassed at talking about this episode of my life, but I had gone too far to stop now. "And then Noah and I had a whirlwind engagement. After that, we got married and I felt like a fairy tale princess. Everything was perfect until... well you know what happened." I swallowed. "Want to know the most embarrassing part?"

"What's that?" Damian said quietly.

"I'm still not over him. I think of him all the time. I remember how- how happy we were, and I wonder when exactly everything started going to pieces. Even now, I wish he would realize the mistake he made and take me back. I would go to him without hesitation. I'm pathetic, I know."

"You're not," Damian said firmly. Surprised at his defense of me, I looked up. He met my stare, his gaze unwavering. "Noah is the pathetic one. Noah wasn't worthy of you, trust me. You deserve someone better than him, someone who wouldn't abandon ship after just two years of marriage, and that is the honest truth, Amelia. I'm not a man to love or want marriage but I believe in commitment. I value promises. If I have promised to love you forever, I would do so regardless of whatever happens. Noah is simply a coward."

Damian's words were sincere. That much was obvious. His words were just what I wanted to hear. I flung back the covers, scrambled off the bed and in gratitude, hugged him tightly.