

The Unwanted Wife: Revenge After Divorce

Chapter 012

NOAH

I lengthened my strides, and got into the car and zoomed off before Lucy could think of doing something stupid like following me. Just before I drove past the house, I heard her yell something about me being too drunk to drive.

I supposed I was, but I didn't give a damn. I drove with the car windows all wide open to help clear my head. Amelia's party was held at an event center I had been to for a business luncheon, but it was hard to recognize it as the same place. The decorations she had put up for the event had changed the whole outlook of the place. The parking lot was full of cars and I was barely able to find a parking spot. I slammed the car door and stomped towards the entrance. The bouncer recognized me at once and hesitantly allowed me to go in. Lucy was wrong after all. I was not getting thrown out. I was bigger and better than that imposter, Damian. My name and face would get me through any door.

The number of cars outside had told the right tale of attendance at the party. The place was teeming with people.

"Something to drink, sir?" asked a waiter who stopped close to me.

"What's that?" I growled at him, nodding to the tray of drinks he carried.

His face relaxed into a polite smile. "Sir, this is one of the finest."

"Get lost." I snagged a glass off his tray and gestured for him to beat it.

He flushed and stared hard at me. I wished so badly that he would react and give me an excuse to punch and hit something, like I had wanted to do after I saw the news item on Amelia. If he hit me first, I could accuse Amelia of hiring unprofessional shits to wait at her party. After a second or two, the waiter slunk away like the wimp he was. I tipped my head back and drained the glass. The drink burned going down. It gave me a pleasant kick in my stomach, warmed my insides. It was really something good enough for a man to get drunk on. Pity I couldn't have more. I had to keep a clear head to do something that would put Amelia in her place. I had a vague idea of sabotaging the party. I was sure that my plan would take shape as the evening wore on.

I walked around, avoiding people who looked like they wanted to engage me in conversation, and then I saw her- Amelia, dressed in a black, clingy velvet dress, surrounded by a flock of admirers who talked and laughed at what she said while the band played a slow number. I kept watching her as she broke off from her group, mounted the dias. The band stopped playing immediately and she made a toast, smiling at everyone like she was the bloody queen and we were her subjects. The crowd seemed quite taken with her.

They all raised their glasses to toast and I grabbed another glass of wine from a circulating waiter. Unable to help myself, I kept drinking as my eyes followed her around. Drinking was the only way I could keep sane.

My opportunity to get that smug, self-satisfied look off her face came when she went to greet some newcomers quite close to the buffet table. I went closer on unsteady feet. I was already beginning to regret my last drink. Was it the eight or ninth? I couldn't remember. I shook my head. It didn't matter anyway.

I stood there for a while and when I was sure that no one was looking, I quickly transferred the contents of some dishes into others, used a serving spoon to mix them up so they looked quite messy. Then I dished some chicken onto a plate, moved away and took a slow, deliberate bite.

"What the hell?" I yelled loud enough for everyone in the immediate vicinity to hear me.

I spat out the piece of chicken I had eaten into my handkerchief and flung it on the floor. Amelia and those had been talking to focused their attention on me. Amelia looked surprised to see me, shocked even.

"Noah," she said, taking a tentative step towards me. "What are you doing here?"

"I should be asking what on earth you're trying to do."

Amelia, wide-eyed, looked around at the captive audience as though looking for some sort of explanation.

"I don't- I don't understand," she stuttered.

"Are you trying to poison everyone here? The chicken I just bit into is positively rancid, not even fit for a dog to eat. It wasn't even properly cooked. I tasted blood as soon as I had a bite." I heard the clatter as a large woman dropped the plate she was about to dish some food into. I suppressed a smile as some of the guests began to murmur. "Are you trying to poison everyone here? Huh? Don't you know that as the hostess, you're directly responsible for your guests? You can't get away with serving spoilt food at this kind of event."

Amelia kept shaking her head. "Noah, what you said can't be-"

"Are you trying to call me a liar?" I looked around in an attempt to hold their gazes. "Why doesn't someone else take a close look at this poison Amelia calls food? I'm willing to bet that piece of bloody chicken I ate isn't all that's spoilt here."

I took a couple of steps towards the buffet table, paused when the table seemed to double and triple. I took another step, then another. I was within an inch of the table when the room spun.

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"Someone grab him," I heard someone yell from behind me.

I staggered, put out a hand to steady myself. I ended up grabbing the table cloth, bringing the heavy dishes, plates, glasses crashing down on the floor, and then I fell, landing hard on my ass among the spilled food. Someone screamed at the tremendous crash. A few others laughed, then stopped. I was so stunned that I couldn't move for a moment. I blinked, looked around stupidly.

Amelia gasped, darted forward to help me up. "Oh. Noah. I'm so sorry. Let me help you up."

I knocked off her hand when she touched my arm. Her touch literally made my skin crawl. I shoved her away from me and stumbled to my feet. Gravy dripped from my pants to the floor.

"Keep your hands to yourself, you whore," I yelled, beside myself with anger. "Everyone here knows you for what you are, even though they pretend not to. You're just playing at being a hostess but in reality, you're no better than a fucking tart, hopping from one wealthy man's bed to another just to elevate your social status."

AMELIA

I swore to myself that I wouldn't cry, but then Noah's words felt like daggers piercing through my heart. The entire room was as silent as the grave. Everyone's attention was on the Noah and I. With his hate filled eyes glaring at me, Noah dusted his clothes.

He sneered. "Remember Amelia that a pig will always be a pig, and a whore, a whore."

My breath hitched. As the tears began to fall, I turned and ran. I elbowed my way past people who tried to stop me. Finally, I got outside. I paused only long enough to take off my heels before darting into my car and driving away.

DAMIAN

Amelia burst through the door and I jumped to my feet, startled. Tears ran down her face. She ran all the way to her room.

"Amelia?" I called, knocking on her door.

When she didn't answer, I pushed the door open and peered in. She sat on her bed, her face buried in her hands, sobbing uncontrollably. I sat on the other side of the bed.

"Amelia. What happened? Talk to me. Did something go wrong at the party? Amelia?" I repeated when she didn't answer.

"It's Noah," she wailed. "He showed up at the party drunk and tried to make everyone believe the food the guests were served had gone bad. He- he fell over. I tried to help him up and- and-"

"It's okay," I said softly. "You don't have to relive it if you don't want to."

"He pushed me away. He called me an opportunist, a whore in front of all those people."

Again, she burst into tears. I handed her a handkerchief.

"You're none of those things, Amelia. So don't let him get to you. Do you understand me?"

She raised her tear streaked face and nodded glumly. I wished I could take her in my arms and comfort her properly. I folded my hands in my lap to stop myself from doing that.

"Clean your tears," I murmured. "He's just bitter and jealous of you and that's why he's attacking you at every turn."

She cleaned her eyes, handed back the handkerchief. Our fingers touched. She shifted close. Her lips parted as it slowly approached mine but I turned my head away. Not today.