

The CEO's Ten Million Dollar Wife by R.C.BRIE

Chapter 10

Chapter 10 Without A Trace

It's before dinner time when he arrives at the mansion. Lost in his thoughts, he hasn't realized the vehicle has already stopped in front of the huge door.

No one disturbs his silence as he blankly stares outside. But something caught his attention snapping him from his stupor, the opening of the huge door.

Expecting someone to come out, he held his breath as he waited. Seeing who came out, he heaved a sigh. It was Mavis, smiling at him.

Stepping out of the vehicle, he was welcomed by the woman's usual smile.

"Welcome home, Mr. Wright" she cheerfully greeted.

"Thank you" he casually replied, walking inside but stopping midstep.

"Has... Zia, home already" he softly asks without turning towards the woman.

"No, Mr. Wright" Mavis politely responded.

Unmoving, he becomes thoughtful.

"Prepare the dinner" he announced before continuing to walk towards the stairs.

He enters the unusually silent room and his gaze immediately wanders. The smell of the room is not what he expected. Though it's always been tidy, he has the unsettling feeling about its neatness.

He walks towards the chair near the balcony and took a seat. In silence, he watches the entire place as if waiting for something to happen.

It's been a while he was seated but he remained unmoving while facing the door. With furrowed brows, he turns to his watch. It's been an hour.

For the first time in ten days that he has not called her, he dialed her number. He waited but was just greeted by a disconnection beep. He stares at his phone before dialing again, but just like the first time, he got the same.

His calm eyes fixed at his phone screen while he become lost in his thoughts again.

Placing the phone on the table, he enters the walk-in closet. He will have his shower first. But instead of opening his wardrobe, he opens the other door. Heaving a sigh, he stares at the inside full of clothes.

Massaging his nape, he slowly closes it and opens his own to take his change. He doesn't want to admit it, but deep inside he was relieved seeing all the clothes inside the other cabinet.

Entering the bathroom, his eyes immediately search for the usual stuff he would see but didn't find it. He dashed to the drawers of the vanity and it was all empty. He didn't realize how long he had been staring at the empty boxes when he remembered something.

Darting towards the shower cubicle, he only saw his things. It was neatly arranged, giving no space for other stuff.

His thoughts are going towards a direction he doesn't want to entertain but all the things he was seeing are pointing him towards it.

"Mavis, come up here" he spoke on the intercom beside the vanity.

Not long the woman entered the room.

"Mr. Wright" Mavis made her presence known to the man who seems to be lost in his

thoughts.

"Has Zia been coming home?" he promptly asks.

"Ahm... it's been three days she went to the office and...hasn't come back, Mr. Wright" Mavis calmly responded while she endures the intense gaze from the intimidating man.

"Did she tell when will she come back?" he added but Mavis just stares at him, looking lost of what to say to him.

"Mavis, when will she come home?" though irritated by the woman's silence, he tried to be patient.

"Mr. Wright...I think...ahm...Lexie will not be coming back..." Mavis nervously spoke, earning her an intense gaze from him.

"Not coming back?" he asks.

"Yes, Mr. Wright. She brought her bag with her when she left" Mavis explains though she was about to faint with anxiousness.

"Her closet is still full of clothes. How come she won't be back?" he snaps, not realizing his voice was raised, making Mavis flinch in fear.

"Ahm... Mr. Wright...the closet is always full. It was untouched for a year now" she whispers nervously, gulping hard when his intense gaze pierced her.

"A year?" he becomes more confused by the woman's mumblings. How could it be a year when he was only with Zia for half a year?

"What do you mean, Mavis, can you speak clearly!?" he barks, making Mavis take a step back in fear of his temper.

"It was not Lexie's clothes, Mr. Wright. It's Miss Ellen's things inside the closet" Mavis courageously explains.

Hearing what the woman said, he rushed to the walk-in closet and opened the cabinet. Rummaging inside he checks each hanged clothes, even the drawers where all the lingerie were all arranged. All were Ellen's things, untouched.

Dumbfounded, he stares at the contents. His head feels likely to explode. What did he miss? Remembering something, his eyes darted at the corner where he always sees a black traveling bag but it's no longer there.

Rubbing his nape, he stares at the spot where the bag was previously placed. He can't believe for six months, Zia had only a traveling bag where she puts her things?

Yes, it was an agreement but is he this ruthless not to give the woman even a small space to put her things while he enjoys her? He never made her feel welcomed despite her being his wife.

Facepalming himself, he pulled his hair. What a bastard he was. He enjoys her body and her presence in his life but she fails to make her comfortable in the place he brought her in. He repeatedly slapped her with the reality of her being his purchased wife. No wonder she never made herself comfortable in his home.

He stoops down for the ten million dollars he spent. For just ten million dollars he becomes a bastard, treating a woman like he did, disrespecting her like he also bought her soul. And it's not just another woman, it's Zia, his wife even just on paper.

He has a lot of explaining to do. Though it's been a consensus between them, he still feels he needs to explain. He was never a coward but these days he becomes one.

Finding his phone, he dials her number again but like the previous one, it was not connected. Frustratedly, he ran his fingers through his messy hair. Only the busy tone from his phone fills the silence of the room.

Mavis has already left.

Unable to know what to do next, his eyes noticed the night table at Lexie's side.

Instantly, a soft voice rang in his head.

"I will put it here to be always ready, Mr. Wright. Once she's back, I will readily sign this"

He could almost see her charming smile the first night she arrives at the mansion, just before he devours her body the whole night. But the figure suddenly disappears after he blinks.

Slowly walking towards the table, his hand tightly grasp the phone he was holding. And before opening the drawer, he took a long deep breath, dreading what he would find inside.

Indeed the document was inside with the card he gave her the first day they discussed the agreement. His eyes darted to the bottom and saw the scribble of her signature above her name.

She signed the divorce paper.

Conflicting emotions surged like a tornado. Like a melting candle, he slumped on the bed, staring at the paper in his hand. She signed the divorce paper without waiting for him.

"You haven't shown up for more than a week and she fully understood the agreement. You have talked about it with her already, why should she wait?" a stern voice filled his thoughts.

Facepalming himself, he has no counter to the voice in his head. Indeed the voice was right. It's what the agreement states, after Ellen's return, she will sign the divorce and leave. She just fulfilled her bargain. Ellen was back and Zia has to leave.

For hours, he stayed on his spot, staring blankly at the wall, the paper still in his hand. His phone has been ringing but he was not in the mood to answer.

Ellen's call becomes another missed call, adding to the twenty times registered on his screen. His mind is too conflicted. He doesn't want to talk to anyone right now.

It's almost midnight when he stands up and went straight to the bathroom. The divorce paper was laying on the bed where he left it.

He took his shower and get dressed. Upon coming out from the walk-in closet, he pauses and stares at the bed. Clenching his jaw, he grabs the paper and went out.

Mavis is still waiting for him when he descends the stairs, wearing her warm smile.

"I won't be eating, Mavis. You can all retire to bed" he just announces before heading towards the door to his vehicle.

"Do you think, Mr. Wright really doesn't mind, Lexie left?" one of the kitchen staff softly asks Mavis.

"We have no way of knowing, Zel. But I missed Lexie. I dreaded the day, Mr. Wright would bring Miss Ellen again in the mansion" Mavis sadly mumbles.

"Me too... Why can't it be Lexie? She is more beautiful than the two face ballerina who doesn't even know where her right and left" Zel grumbles, earning her a chuckle from everyone around.

"If only Mr. Wright would realize his mistake of letting Lexie go" one of the maids added as they stare at the untouched food on the table.