

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

Chapter 11

Chapter 11 Bitter Taste

"She had resigned three days ago, Mr. Wright" Ben reported after he was ordered to ask for Zia in her office.

Raising his gaze to Ben, he halts signing the documents on his table.

"No one knows where she was right now, even her close friend, Miss Trina" Ben added after he remains quiet.

"Excuse Mr. Wright, this came in just now" before he could reply to Ben, his secretary interrupted. After handing him the envelope, she stood at the side.

"What is this? Discount coupons?" he irritatedly exclaims while tossing the envelope towards the woman.

The cards scattered and something caught his attention.

Quickly, he grabs one of the cards and inspects it. The name written in it is very familiar to him.

Flipping the card, he carefully reads before grabbing his phone.

He dials the number indicated on the card and he didn't wait long before it was answered.

"Sam's Boutique and Rentals, this is May, how may I help you?"

"I received a discount coupon for Miss Alexzia Montes with my card information" he spoke without introducing himself.

Ben and his secretary watch him in pure curiosity of how he become interested in a discount coupon.

"Yes sir, this is her husband? Miss Lexie has been our valued client for six months. She rents clothes almost every other day. But since yesterday, we cannot contact her to give her loyalty coupons. So we sent it to the billing address indicated in the card information she often uses" the woman amicably explains while he listens attentively.

"Rents? clothes?" he mumbles in confusion.

"Yes sir, she rents her clothes most of the time in our boutique and we even have special arrangements for her these past months. She allowed us to display her OOTD for the day for the shop's promotion. With her wearing our collections, we have earned a lot of clients. In exchange, we gave her a 50% discount on all her rentals" the woman patiently explains while Lucien remains flabbergasted.

"She rented everything she wore? She didn't buy it?" with a clenched jaw, he asks.

"She doesn't want to buy those clothes, sir. She's been telling us she doesn't need a lot of clothes. And it's only temporary that she needs to wear those kinds of outfits. Miss Lexie is so fun, sir. You are lucky to have her. Beautiful and modest" the woman cheerfully exclaims, unaware of who she was talking to.

The woman's words bit him hard, it hurts.

"The clothes she rented, were they still available?" his voice was almost fading.

"Yes, sir, everything is still available on display. All she had rented was made to order sir, with her height and slender figure, we don't have that much of a client aside from models, which we don't usually have. No one had rented it after her, it's too slender for our other clients" the woman chuckles.

“Keep hold of everything. And I mean everything she rented and used. I will drop by your shop to buy it all” he promptly orders before cutting the line. “I will be out of the office. Inform me of urgent matters only” he spoke while hurriedly grabbing his jacket. Shortly, he was out of the door with Ben following behind, leaving his secretary quite confused.

During the whole ride, he has been lost in his thoughts again. He feels like in a dead end. Chasing long pavements he doesn't know where it would lead him. He is acting on impulse but it seems quite right.

Ellen was back but here he is, doing things he didn't expect he would do for someone insignificant. Insignificant... is Zia insignificant to him? A question he doesn't want to answer.

The vehicle stopped in front of a decent boutique with the name same as the coupon sent to his office. It's in a busy downtown and as he came out with his securities, he drew everyone's attention.

Who would not recognize, CEO Lucien Wright when all of Wright's emblem was all over the country. From shopping malls, hotels and casinos, condominiums, to an airline company bearing Wright's name.

Entering the shop, all staff were already waiting, ready to receive him.

“Good day, Mr. Wright”

“Where is May?” instead of acknowledging the greetings, he immediately asks.

“I am May, Mr. Wright” a woman stepped out of the line, looking confused about how the CEO knows her.

“Have you prepared my wife's clothes?” he promptly asks. His intimidating aura is filling the entire store.

“Mr. Wright?” the woman looks lost while nervously looking at him. Lucien Wright is a bachelor of everyone's knowledge.

“Alexzia Montes, my wife” he muttered grimly while glaring at the woman.

An eerie silence filled the room before May gasped, covering her mouth in disbelief.

“Ms. Lexie's husband...” she mumbles before rushing to the dresses she has started to gather. While everyone remains gaping, absorbing the information coming from the CEO.

“It's here, Mr. Wright” she nervously presented all the hanging clothes. She never expected she was talking to the CEO earlier and he was Lexie's husband. Questions filled her head but she has no time to ponder it at the moment.

With his earnest gaze, he inspects, trying to recall if Zia had worn it.

“The black jumpsuit gown” he glances at the woman who froze on her feet.

“Ah, yes, Mr. Wright. I will get it” May dashed to a door and returned with the dress Lucien was looking for.

“The white, ankle-length, sleeveless dress with a bow at the back” he pointed out again, making May together with the other staff scurry to help find the dress.

“The black lacey long sleeve dress” he added and the staff hurriedly search for it.

Reaching the end of the clothes rack, he looks satisfied. The three missing dresses were already added. Like how sharp his brain was with business, he had memorized all the dresses Zia had worn. All of those have memories of him devouring her in his office or once she reached the mansion. Zia is a doll who looks good in everything. But his favorite is when she wears nothing.

"The earrings she wore together with this black gown?" he got the gown to show them. "It was also been leased to Ms. Lexie, Mr. Wright. It is among my jewelry collection" A woman who looks elegant to be a staff interjected.

"I'm Vivien, the boutique's owner, Mr. Wright" the woman, the same age as his mother, explains.

"Where is it?" he demanded impatiently.

"I will get it, Mr. Wright" she rushed to another door and came back with a jewelers box. It's not every day they were visited by prominent clients, more so CEO Wright.

"I only show this to valued clients and Ms. Lexie has been of great help for my shop. I made her wear these earrings despite its cost, Mr. Wright" she slowly lifts a pair of diamond-studded earrings he recognized as the one Zia wore at the party of Wright Pharmaceutical.

"I will buy it... and these, she had worn this" he pointed at the gold necklace with a heart shape pendant.

"This too..." he pointed at the thick rose gold bracelet cuff with the diamond around it. Though overwhelmed by the CEO's interest in the pieces of jewelry, she maintained her composure. The surprise in their system, upon knowing the CEO's connection to their charming client, is still muddling their heads.

"The earrings cost, \$230,000, the gold necklace cost \$10,000, and the bracelet cost \$150,000, Mr. Wright" Vivien cautiously informs the price while she carefully places the three items on separate jewelry boxes.

"Okay and all those dresses" he pointed while he handed her a black card.

"Certainly, Mr. Wright" Vivien smiles and personally processes the transaction. She was overwhelmed by her sales in just a day but she maintain her cool in front of the very intimidating man.

All her staff helped in preparing the CEO's purchase including her.

Lucien did not wait long before all the dresses and pieces of jewelry were all packed. Seeing everything was packed, he went out and let Ben with his men secure the packages.

"Ahm, sir, are we allowed to say something about what happened today?" Vivien asks Ben the moment the CEO has gone out of the door.

"No, until the CEO says so" Ben seriously replies before turning away, following the boss.

"This will be brought to the mansion, boss?" Ben asked, holding some of the paper bags while the rest were with his men.

"No, we will bring them to my penthouse" he mutters before entering the vehicle. All bags were arranged inside his limo where he can see all of them.

Staring at the bags, he heaves several sighs. Zia had made sure she hadn't left any trace of her, but with the clothes she once wore, he unexpectedly feels pacified. He can clearly tell the story of each dress but he wasn't aware it was just borrowed.

"Has the report of the airport been submitted?" he turns to Ben.

"Yes, boss. Her name was not in all airlines' systems" the man seriously responded.

"How about the bank?"

"She had multiple cash withdrawals for six months, boss. The money is untraceable by now"

"Family?"

“She is not from here, no other record of her address from the employer but her previous apartment.

Dead end. He was at a dead-end.

“She doesn’t want to be found...” he mutters grimly while face-palming himself.

He was trying to shove in his head that the agreement has been fulfilled but a part of him feels hollow. A huge part of him wanted to see Zia.

He is like an idiot collecting traces of her existence in his life. Will it be enough? Will he be contented with it? What does he expect in what he was doing? Will it prove something?

He wanted to see her... to talk to her. Though he doesn’t know what to say to her, just like what he felt

after Ellen appeared in his office more than a week ago.

Does he need to explain? Will she listen?

But where is she?

“Will I continue to find her?” Ben earnestly asks.

Silence rules as he ponders his words to say.

“No, let her be...for now...” he replied despite the bitter taste of the words against his tongue as he spoke of fit.