

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

Chapter 18

Chapter 18 Revelation

Despite being unable to get a good night's sleep last night, she wakes up early to make a phone call. She was relieved everything was fine at Dom's household.

Last night was a test of her sanity. But before Lucien Wright could have the chance to approach her again after sending the irritated Miss Johnson outside, she had dragged Dom to leave the party. She doesn't know what happened between the two but they saw Ellen Johnson with her dark expression while the CEO looks calm and unconcerned.

Thankfully, they have left in time the CEO went back to the party. Like sneaky criminals, they went out unnoticed.

Knowing she won't be able to go back to sleep again, she took an early shower and planned her attire for later's lunch with the Wright family. Remembering the ordeal she will be facing later made her jittery. If she will have the chance, she won't attend but she had already committed to the Wright couple.

"Calm yourself, Alexzia. As if he will attend for you. He is there for Dom. You're nervous for nothing" she murmurs as she stands under the warm water from the ceiling.

Indeed she was not sure Lucien Wright will be present. He is too busy to spare time dining with his ex wife if she belongs to that category.

If it's only Samantha she will face, she can survive. She may be outspoken but she can tolerate her.

Casting all her anxiousness aside, she finishes her shower and wears a robe. She just finished blow drying her hair when the doorbell rang.

Thinking it was her breakfast, she dashed to the door but not before ensuring she looks decent by checking herself in the mirror.

Opening the door without peeking at the peephole, she just slightly hides behind it. She made sure she was hidden but enough for the trolley to get inside. But her eyes widen upon seeing a familiar figure pushing the trolley instead of the hotel staff. His eyes become grim upon seeing her.

The instant he enters, he quickly shut the door she was holding.

"You open the door with just a robe?" he angrily snaps at her, his gaze sharply bores at her. It even trails down her exposed legs.

Dumbfounded by his sudden appearance and the anger in his eyes, she stands frozen on her feet while gaping at him.

"Are you out of your mind? You open the door almost naked?! What if it's not me? Are you parading your body for everyone to see?!" he angrily raves while she remained stunned, looking at his flustered face.

She can't discern why he is so angry. Clasping her robe on her chest, she continues to watch him throw a fit. But his last words made her snap from her trance.

"What are you doing here early in the morning, Mr. Wright?" she sternly asks, folding her arms against her chest. With an arched brow, she waited for his response.

"I will have breakfast" he casually replies, gesturing at the cart he brought. Raising a brow with a questioning look, she remains quiet.

"I brought breakfast. Are you trying to divert the discussion?" his tone becomes hard against she glares at her. 1

"There's no discussion, Mr. Wright aside from your presence inside my room this early in the morning.

Why are you here?" she snickers her counter.

"As I have said, I brought breakfast" he mutters firmly.

"A hotel staff could do that. I don't remember there is an amenity in this hotel to be served by the CEO" she jeers, earning her a scoff.

"Yeah, you didn't. What did you remember in this hotel? Approaching anyone to have a dick for a night?" he mockingly counters, making her exasperated.

"You may own this hotel, Mr. Wright but as a guest, I have all the right to throw you out of my room" with a clenched jaw, she warns. Her sharp eyes seem to bore a hole on the shameless man.

"Feel free to do so..." undeterred by her threat, he rolled the cart towards the small dining.

Ignoring her, he arranged the breakfast he brought. Unbothered in her anger.

"Let's eat..." he announced after a while but she remains on her spot, ignoring him.

"Come on, Zia, let's eat. I have to go to the office later" he walks to her side and clamped her shoulder, pushing her to take a seat.

"Mr. Wright, what exactly are you doing?" she seriously ask after they got settled.

"Don't think too much out of a simple situation, Zia. As I have said, I'm here to have breakfast" he calmly explains while pouring coffee to their cups.

"I am not thinking too much, Mr. Wright. Isn't it inappropriate for you to be here instead of your wife? She is just upstairs and you are here visiting another woman. If you are used to that kind of setup, don't involve me in your betrayal. Find another person who is willing to be your victim" she snaps at him before abruptly standing but he caught her hand.

"Sit!" he angrily exclaims as he pulls her back to her seat.

"Mr. Wright" she was surprised.

"Eat your breakfast and shut up. If you are talking about Ellen, she is not in my penthouse. She had never been. Now eat" he tried to be calm whilst clenching his jaw. Baffled by his words, she remains unmoving, suspiciously staring at him. And ignoring him while he puts food on her plate.

"Eat, Zia" he mutters as he meets her doubtful eyes. Silence rules between them as their gazes lock.

Whilst her annoyance and heaving chest, she picks up the utensil and started to eat. Only the clinking of the tablewares was heard when a report from the low volume television get their attention.

"Once again, Wright Group of Companies top the best performing company in the entire world, making CEO Lucien Wright the richest man not only in the country. With a net worth of more than five hundred billion dollars, he is the most eligible bachelor in the country. At the age of thirty-five, will he be tying the knot soon? And who is the lucky one?" the anchorwoman has a playful smile.

"The CEO is still been seen with Miss Ellen Johnson. I believe they are still in a relationship despite the rumors of them breaking up"

"We will just wait until the Wright family announce regarding that matter. It's been four

years the ballerina had returned to the country but CEO Wright remains a bachelor”

“Yes, let’s wait for the official announcement. At 35, CEO Wright seems to be enjoying his bachelor life and Miss Ellen Johnson is always by his side. They seem to be still enjoying each other, I presumed”

“Last night, they were seen together in an art exhibit. And the CEO had bid a ten million dollar naked

painting of a beautiful woman. I’m curious about Miss Johnson’s reaction regarding it or she is plainly supportive of the CEO’s interest in art” another anchor interjected.

“Art or not, if it’s naked and the woman is beautiful, it will be trouble” another anchor retorted playfully.

“We are actually trying to get a photo of the painting but the CEO’s camp had prohibited any media company to release any of the taken pictures. Whatever the CEO’s reasons must be immensely valid”

“CEO Wright was known to be a very private person. But I’m curious about the painting. Is the model someone of great importance to the CEO with the way he is protecting her?” the woman exclaims curiously.

“Are we creating a rumor here?” an amused voice came from the other anchor, which was responded by a taunting shrug from the others.

Their eyes were on the television, especially Lexie whose brows were knotted as she watch.

Still glued on the screen, she tries to think of the new revelation.

“You should have known, my life is always on the news. I couldn’t hide anything from those people” he mumbles after she remains quiet.

“Your life is not of my concern, Mr. Wright” she unconcernedly retorted, despite being baffled. Unbothered by the way he looks at her.

“Of course, you had the ten million dollars. That’s what is important to you above all. Right, Zia?” he sneers. His eyes glint with fury.

Gritting her teeth, she chooses not to counter the man. She doesn’t want to banter with him this early in the morning.

Ignoring him, she continues to eat in silence, though she could feel his intense gaze on her she was unafraid.

“Is that what it is, Zia? It’s all about the ten million dollars? It’s all about money, then and now” he persisted after she remains quiet.

“Isn’t it what’s the agreement was, Mr. Wright? Ten million dollars for being your contracted wife. I fulfilled every part of the bargain, so what did I miss?” she retorted, looking straight at his cold gaze.

“I did every part of what you told me to do, Mr. Wright. I fulfilled everything as your wife and I signed the divorce the instant she came back. Or maybe I was just a little late since no one told me she was back” she continues calmly.

Their eyes silently duel, both fighting for dominance, no one wanted to back down.

“So what’s this drama, Mr. Wright? If you are that pissed to have me around, don’t worry, I won’t be here for long. I’m supposed to be back home now, but because I want to honor my commitment to your parents, I’m still here” she added before continuing eating her food.

“Yeah...I forgot you will be leaving again” he mockingly scoffs.

“I am not from here, Mr. Wright, so I’m not technically leaving. I am going home. Just

like what I did after fulfilling the agreement, I went home. I have nothing here” she smiles at him, though it was void of any warmth.

Gritting his teeth and clenching his jaw, he watches her casually eat. She is more brazen than before. And she seems to have developed a kind of courage, reflecting in her eyes now, which he hasn't seen before.

“So, what can make you stay?” he asks, intently staring at her.

“Nothing” she readily replies.

“Another ten million dollars aside from the price of the painting” he added.

“No, thank you” her abruptness made him look grim.

“100 million dollars” he persisted, which made her turn to look at him.

“No, thank you. What is this bargaining, Mr. Wright? Why would you want me to stay? Do you have an issue with Miss Ellen Johnson again?” she slowly replies, earning her a sharp and grim look.

“I'm sorry if I cannot accommodate you this time. Find someone else. I'm too busy to be your bait again” she added with a sly smile before finishing her food.