

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

Chapter 9

Chapter 9 Signed

Already composed, she decided to go home. After her long stroll at the pathway from the gate, she entered and was welcomed by a warm smile.

“Good evening, Lexie” Mavis greeted with a smile. The woman’s cheerful aura lifts her spirit.

“Hello, Mavis, good evening” she greets back. If the older woman noticed her puffy eyes she was thankful when she didn’t ask.

“You had your dinner, Lexie?” warmly, she asks.

“Yes, Mavis, I did with a friend. You can retire for the night now. I will be heading to bed. Goodnight” she sweetly smiles as he ascends the stairs.

All household staff has their quarters at the back of the mansion. She is the only person inside for the night with just the securities roving outside. A rule, Lucien had imposed even before she arrives.

Entering the huge bedroom, she was welcomed by silence. During the previous days, she didn’t mind, but today, knowing where Lucien was, she feel suffocated. The room seems to be trapping her despite its massive size. It’s more of a cage than a sanctuary. Looking around, it’s been her home for six months. The room has been a silent witness of her happiness whenever she was with Lucien Wright. The same room he shared with Ellen Johnson.

Two different memories were weaved inside the four corners of the room and she already knew whose memory will prevail. With what she thought, she felt desolate. But she will not cry, she was finished sulking and she has to face reality.

Knowing she will not be able to sleep, she gets down to her intention. Carefully, she cleans the entire place, the bedroom, the bathroom, the walk-in closet.

Downstairs, the washing machine was busy in the laundry area after she stashed all the used beddings. Upstairs, the vacuum cleaner is blasting in the middle of the night as she cleans the carpeted floor and all the crevices of the entire place. Erasing all the memories she made in the four corners of Lucien Wright’s bedroom.

It was before dawn when she was satisfied with what she did. Looking around, she contentedly smiles at her hard work. All she has to do is take her much-needed shower. After getting dressed, she continues with her work again. She did the laundry for her used towel and robes.

She ensures the bathroom remains clean after her shower. The trash bin has also been emptied and the beddings she washed have been folded. She even sprayed a room conditioner she saw at one of the cabinets in the bathroom. With its scent, she hadn’t remembered using one, nor Lucien. She assumed it belongs to Ellen.

Doing the final check, she heaves several sighs. With the room’s different smell, she can no longer associate herself with it. Any trace of her memories had been removed. She made sure no trace of her was left in any part of the master’s bedroom. All the toiletries she had, had already been packed and her traveling bag was already near the door. The same bag she brought with the same items inside it.

The dawn is already breaking on the horizon and she only has one last task to do. Walking towards the night table at her side of the bed, she pulls out the paper she had put six months ago. Staring at it, she smiles bitterly. She had served her purpose, it's time to fulfill it.

Taking a very deep breath, she affixed her signature above her name. She glance at the other part of the paper where his name was also imprinted. Soon, his signature will also graze the document. They will again, be strangers to each other. All their ties will be cut. Not wanting to mull further as tears brimmed her eyes again, she hurriedly returned the paper inside the drawer together with the card Lucien gave her. She will only bring what she owns.

Tears threatened to fall but she immediately wipe them. She had finished crying. She will not cry anymore. She has no right to cry.

Taking a last look at the entire room, she forced a smile. She will be bringing all the memories she had with Lucien. Only the memories, not the place. She never consider the place to be her home but because Lucien and the people she got close to are here, she was appeased.

"I will never step inside this room again. This was never my home" she mutters with her clenched jaw, reminding herself of her frailty. She will leave as if she never existed in this place.

She left nothing, even her scent nor a single strand of her hair. She arranged the room just like the first time she arrives. Even the beddings and the arrangement of the toiletries in the bathroom. She left no trace of her existence for six months.

Ellen Johnson will not find anything associated with her in the mansion, as if she never existed. She is giving everything back to her as deemed appropriate.

Going down the ground floor, she found Mavis waiting for her as she used to do.

Putting down her bag at the foot of the stairs she smiles at the old woman.

"Breakfast is ready..." She chirpily announced despite the brimming tears around her eyes. She saw her bag but she didn't say anything.

With a smile, she follows the woman in the dining and casually seat to eat her breakfast. A usual morning before she goes to the office.

"Join me...you have cooked a lot" she exclaims excitedly while looking around the others who she knows were hiding in the kitchen.

"Come on, let's all eat!" she cheerfully announced and gestured for everyone to take a seat.

They all know what was happening but no one was saying a thing. They all ate merrily while teasing each other. No one wanted to dampen the mood until they all finished.

Silence ruled as they were all staring at their empty plates.

"Ahmm...thank you for this wonderful meal. Thank you for sharing it with me this morning" she spoke after the eerie silence between all of them. 1.

"I feel so much love from all of you and I'm so happy having you all here. Breakfast is not the last meal of the day, right? You all know that?" she playfully raves while everyone nodded and smiled despite the tears in their eyes.

"There will be other meals...this will not be the last" she added, her voice fading from trying to compose her emotion. She doesn't want to cry but her tears stubbornly escaped from her eyes.

"I will be going to the office now" she hurriedly stands up and is about to turn away

when she was enveloped by a tight hug from Mavis. Then everyone followed each one hugging her.

"We will be praying of having a complete meal with you again, Lexie," Mavis, with her quivering voice, said.

Not knowing how to respond, she just smiles and nods at all of them. She cannot promise anything, since once she leaves, there is no turning back.

"There are a lot of restaurants in this country" she playfully said while they all fervently nods. Tears welled everyone's eyes.

Taking a deep breath, she gave them her sweetest smile while waving. She got tearful goodbye from Lucien Wright's household. She will be bringing the experience and the wonderful time she had spent with these wonderful people. The people who made her feel at home but unfortunately, the place was never been her home.

Picking up her bag, she rushes to the door. As she steps outside, she continues walking, not looking back at the luxury she had once enjoyed.

What she brought with her were memories, pleasant and painful memories she will reminisce.

"It's time to go home, Lexie" she whispers to herself as she hails a cab.

"It would be a tiring 44 hours travel" she continues mumbling while watching outside of the window. Entertaining herself with the scenery she was not sure if she will be seeing again.

She could take a three-hour plane and three hours' sea travel but she chooses to take the long road. She wanted to think and she wanted to clear her mind before facing the people who know her best.

Most importantly, she wanted to feel the grueling distance between her and Lucien Wright. She needs it to realize how far Lucien is from her. She needs the distance to help her wake up from her fantasy.

He is on the pedestal while she is just a mere spectator. It would be impossible to go up to reach him nor he would go down for her. They are worlds apart and tons of reasons in between.

All she could do is to make her heart understand that Lucien Wright is an unreachable star. She is free to watch from afar but she can never have him or she might burn.