

## 2 Who is she?

Chapter Two- "Who is she?".

Isabella Montague.

James didn't show up again that night, and neither did the cleaner which means I had to wash Emma's bathroom, do Ricky's laundry, and x my in-laws room and end up sleeping on the couch yet again awaiting the return of my husband whom I haven't seen in days.

Something suddenly came up though, because I saw his phone come through immediately I came out of the shower. Confused, I wonder what could be the reason behind the call because he never calls, and he barely answers when I do call him so seeing his call suddenly made my stomach be in uncomfortable knots.

Still, I pushed aside the growing ball of worry and answered the call, bringing the phone to my ear. "Hello? James, darling?" I feel as though I'm on a call with a stranger or something. For some reason it felt awkward.

"Isa." He breathed out, his family, deep voice that I've always loved making butterflies I thought were dead stir in my stomach.

"Darling where have you been? I feel like I barely see you anymore." I couldn't help but ask, feeling the need to vocalize my worries. "Are you okay? Is it work? Are you stressed out because of the investors?" I happened to overhear my in-laws talking about him looking for investors for the company.

It's a developing one, and so would need all the fund it can possibly get so as to thrive. And though they're doing well, enough to live as to be labelled rich by their peers, I'm certain they are fueled by the need to grow bigger, especially since knowing what fame and riches feels like.

"Yeah, about that..." He ignored my questions, going straight to his original cause for calling. "...I'm bringing certain investors home tonight. I need you to prepare dinner, make it a good one, we need to leave a good impression on them."

I found myself nodding, despite oddly aware that he can't see me. Still, I felt glad knowing he was seeking to me for help, even if it's like this. I yearn to help him anyway I can, for his happiness is all I ever want.

"Of course, worry not. I'll handle it." There's no way I'm turning this down."

I could imagine him bobbing his head in relief like he always does when he gets what he wants. "Oh, and they're British, so make some British delicacies so they can have a taste of home."

"Will do," I could feel my lips tilting the moment he let out what their nationality is, already planning what I would be making. "What time will you be here?"

"7:30 sharp. Everything should be ready by then."

"Alright, do you need something—hello? James, Darling...hello?" I pulled the phone from my ear, to check the screen only to see he had already ended the call with me midway.

Those butterflies that stirred in my stomach earlier resumed their earlier state of death, leaving me with a clenching heart. I pushed the thoughts aside, and focused on getting the task at hand done with.

Making my way to the closet, I hastily picked out my outfit for the day. When I stepped out again, I was donning a white button top tucked in jeans with the rest two buttons of the top undone. I tied my hair into a messy bun, picking up my phone, and card before heading out.

The house was empty, with Mr. Donnelly at work, or playing golf with his old businessmen friends, kissing their asses to invest in the company while I'm certain Ma is somewhere with their wives, showcasing her thousands of dollars bag she had bought just to impress them and hold up that rich housewife image even if it does lead to her having an argument with her husband about spending money anyhow at the end of the day but still.

Emma is at school, as she's still in her final year in highschool while Ricky, being well, Ricky is either at a club getting wasted or somewhere at a hotel with a woman, or two. That seems to be his schedule for the day as always.

I hailed a cab, and went to the mart to shop for everything I'd need to cook as I'm not allowed to use the driver without their consent. I'm using one of James' card to pay for it though because regardless of everything, he never cuts his money supply to me.

He leaves his card with the pin and all for me to do as I please, not that I do unless a need around the house calls for it. Like this one.

I bought everything I'd need then went home to get to work. I spent the next few hours in the kitchen, doing practically everything alone and working to the bone as always. For starter, I made smoked salmon and avocado tartare with the main course being herb-crusted rack of lamb. For desert, as I had no time to make it as well, I used what I bought at a bakery on the way—dark chocolate mousse with raspberry coulis.

I didn't need to buy wine as there was enough at home, so I picked out a Merlot to compliment the lamb and chocolate elements of the meal and for a digestif, I left it up to them to pick what it is they want.

By the time I was done, it was nearing the time given to me by James and the others had started to return home as well. I made my way back to our room to shower and get dressed again to welcome the guests with him—I do remember him saying we need to leave a good impression so I need to be there too, right?

I wore a classic sheath dress with minimal makeup aside from the nude lipstick I put on. I went on with tear-drop earrings for a minimalistic look and left my brunette hair down in curls, after brushing through it a couple of times.

I slipped into close toe heels just in time I heard voices from downstairs, signifying the arrival of our guests. I hastily pushed to pat down the invincible crease on my dress before I made my way out, putting on a small smile.

As I descended the stairs, the scene in front of me slowly unveils, and by the time I made it to the last staircase, I was welcomed by the sight of my family members and that of the guests—an older man and a woman.

"The Karl and Rose ball is coming up, you two can go together. It'll be a good opportunity to meet more business partners."

"That's a good idea. I heard the Christian Kingston will also be there. I'll try to leave a good impression on him. If I do, I'll soar high."

Two people had their backs towards me, a woman I am yet to see her face and a man whose back seems oddly familiar with his arm wrapped around her slender waist, as if it's meant to stay there.

"Oh, who is this young lady?" It was the older woman that noticed my presence first, drawing everyone's attention to me. She then smiled at me a small, warm smile. "Is she a member of the family as well?" She shifted her gaze to my in laws whom I faked wide smiles like they always do with guests.

Then, the man with the familiar back turned, and behold, the sight of my beloved husband of three years, James, with his arms wrapped around a stunning woman that looks like the younger version of the older woman.

I could swear I saw something flash in his eyes, like anger when he saw me standing there beside them like a stupefied idiot. I couldn't get the sight of his arm around this woman out of my head, they seemed too close and snuggly to be just friends, but I wanted to believe that still.

Then, as if to confirm the absurdity of my thoughts, the lady placed a hand on James' arm, fixing her gaze on him. "Baby." She called out softly, her voice soft like the waves. "Who is this?"

James held my gaze unwavering, then uttered the words that made my heart break into thousands of pieces without so much as any hesitation. "A maid." He declared, plastering a smile on his face as he turned around to face the older couple. "She's our maid."