

## 1: A wife or a Maid.

Chapter One- "A Wife, or a Maid?".

Isabella Montague.

"Isa! Is my breakfast ready?"

"Isa, have you xed my room?"

"Isa!! My laundry needs to be cleared out."

"Why is my bathroom so messy, Isa? Get that done ASAP!"

"Coming!" I yelled, from where I was stuck in front of the pan in the kitchen, juggling between preparing breakfast for ve souls and the other tasks I have at hand.

I felt a bead of sweat form on my forehead from the heat of standing in front of the cooker for so long. I've easily been on my feet for two hours now...or three. I've lost count after six in the morning.

Placing the spatula aside, I picked up the pan and kept it aside as well after placing the last bit of scrambled eggs on the fth plate. I reached my hand out to pick up a nearby towel, then used it to dab my forehead with it to get rid of the sweat, knowing what would follow if I appear like that.

Reaching my hand out, I undid the knot of the apron, then discarded it. I neatly placed all ve breakfast plates on the stroller, then pushed it out of the kitchen and to the dining room where they await.

Stepping into the medium sized dining room, with the curtains drawn up to allow light to seep in, a stark reminder of it being morning, I was welcomed by the sight of two people awaiting already.

I made my way towards the man at the helm, carefully picking up his plate and then placing it beside it earlier mugs of tea I had prepared for him beforehand. "Good morning, Sir."

Harper Donnelly, my father-in-law and the strictest person in the household didn't even spare me a glance, not to say much about replying my greeting. He had his gaze on the tablet in front of him, no doubt going through the latest stock of the company. He's obsessed with the ngers, the only thing he cares about really.

Pushing past my unanswered greeting, I pushed the tray stroller over to the older woman seated beside him, her face all baked up despite it being so early in the morning. "Ma," I acknowledged, picking up her plate and placing it in front of her. "I hope you've had a good night."

"It was..." She extended her hand with red painted acrylic nails out to pick up the fork, then took a dab at the egg and placing it in her mouth, her face contorting as she vetted it, as always. It lasted for about a few seconds later, before she shrugged, deeming it okay. "... until you showed up." She concluded, lifting her gaze to throw me a small glare,

I folded my lips in, used to this treatment after enduring it nearly every day for three years now. I'd want to say I've grown immune to it but really, I haven't. I just learned to suck it up and pretend I'm not going through a dicult time because of it.

The sound of footsteps approaching had me lifting my head, just in time to see the youngest in the family, Emma, walk in with her whole attention xed on her phone. Her purple highlights covered the side of her face, as she made her way to her designated chair.

"Breakfast, Emma?" I picked up her plate and place it in front of her, then went ahead to place the two others for the rest yet to make an appearance.

"Well, I didn't come here to just warm the seat." She mumbled not so lowly, her attention still xed on her phone. My lips tilted downwards into a frown. As if remembering something, she looked up, her blank gaze set on mine. "Oh, and my bathroom's messy."

My lips formed an 'o' as it dawned on me. "Oh, yeah about that. I don't think the cleaner would make it today." My frown deepened, remembering the response I got from the woman—something about her kid being sick.

"So?" Emma quirked a brow, as if what I said doesn't make any difference. "You should clean it. It's not like you have anything better to do." She stated, like it's the most logical thing to do.

My head tilted to the side slightly, as I forced a smile on my lips. "I'll get to it as soon as I'm done with this." I said instead, knowing better than to quarrel with her. It would lead to a very complicated situation I want no part in.

A deep, and strong masculine cologne came before the fourth member of the Donnelly family made an appearance, all decked up in one of his many leather jackets, tight top and pants. A sun glass rested in his hand, along with the key to his car as he stepped into the room, an airpod in his ear.

"Of course, baby. I'd be there..." He said in a irty manner, no doubt to one of his many girlfriends. "Club Ohio, at 8. It's going to be lit. Coco is bringing them strong ones, just the way you like em'..." He pulled out a chair and settled on it, then went ahead to devour his food while he carried on with his call I didn't even want to know what it's about.

I waited for the fth member to show up, but after about a minute passed and there was no sight of him, I shifted my attention to the only one I know I can get a response from.

"Ricky." I xed my gaze on the leather jacket guy, the second child of the family and the one that shows me even the tiniest bit of courtesy.

Richard, or Ricky as he prefers to be addressed looked up, having ended his call and then ashed me a smile, giving me a onceover. "Yes, Beautiful?" There's never a situation where he isn't irting. It's a part of him.

"Where's James?" I inquired, referring to the man I'm supposed to be one most aware of his location as he is my husband. Or so it says on paper.

"He left a while ago." Ricky stated, after pondering for a second. He reached his hand out to push aside a lock that fell on his forehead. "Looks like he was in a rush."

I could only hum, then ashed him a small smile with a nod as I picked up the plate I'd set aside for James and placed it on the stroller, before pushing it back to the kitchen. I settled on a stool there and ate the food so it'll not go to waste. It's not like I've eaten anything anyway.

I would be lying if I said my heart doesn't clench at the thought of missing James yet again. He wasn't always there, but lately it feels as though I'm seeing him even less. He comes home when I'm asleep and leaves before I awake. I tried to wait for him countless times, only to end up falling asleep on the couch.

The only sign of him even being home is his change of clothes that he discards around the room for me to pick up. That and the blanket I nd draped on me, no doubt his work for no one in this family cares enough about me. I know that, and yet, I still stay. At least, he cares. These little acts show he does. And for him, I'll endure it all.

I will just that, because I'm his wife. I've been sucking it up for three years, and I plan to keep on doing so, for him. I'm certain he's just caught up with work, but he'll come around soon.

I mean, he will...right? All will be well, right?