

15; Montague Concept.

Chapter Fifteen- "Montague Concept."

Two Years Later.

Isabella Montague.

"Well, you've done it." Amy stated, barging into my office with a folder in her hand, and a phone in the other. I didn't look up from the file I was reading, but I saw from the corner of my eyes as she reached my desk, and then placed a tablet there, pushing it forward to my eye level. "Made it to the cover of Forbes 30 under 30 for Art & Style. Congratulations Miss Montague."

My eyes flicked to the image of me, surely under the webpage of Forbes, before I slanted it back to the current folder I'm dealing with. I didn't say a thing to her, not because I'm upset or anything but I simply don't have a thing to say. Not when my mind is occupied with my current task.

I heard Amy release a deep sigh, and even without looking at her face, I know she's giving me her infamous blank looks. "Really?" Yup, that's pretty much the tone that accompanies that look. "I just said you made it to Forbes 30 under 30 this year, and you're not reacting at all?"

I sighed, then dropped my pen aside and then

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lifted my gaze to meet hers. I forced a wide smile to my face, and threw my hands up. "Yay!!" I feigned an excited look, which disappeared immediately, my earlier frown returning. "Happy?"

She tutted, shaking her head. "I don't know when you became like this." She waved her hand, referring to me as a whole. "A workaholic through and through—even more than I am." She couldn't get to add a thing more though, because there was a knock that came. She gave them the go-ahead, and then the door was pushed open.

One of the employees peeped in, her lips slanted into a warm smile. "Miss Montague, you have a delivery." She closed the door behind her, with a bouquet of roses in her hand. Closing the distance between us, she placed the bouquet on the table. "This came in for you." She said.

I offered her a small, genuine smile. "Thank you." I dismissed her, and she went out without a word more. I extended my hand out to pick the card situated between the roses. There was a single line of information written on it.

-Congratulations on making it to Forbes, Miss Montague.

It doesn't have the sender's address, nor name—not even an initial. Nothing to show who could possibly be behind it. I flicked it between my index finger and middle finger, staring at the words

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inscribed there—in a typed format. My brows drew in.

"You seem to have a suitor there." Amy teased, a light amusement lacing her tone. "You've been getting roses more frequently now."

I kissed my teeth, dropping the card back into the bouquet and then pushed it towards her. "You can have it if you want." I stated, my tone lacking any interest, my gaze slanting back to the file I can no longer focus on thanks to the sudden diverge of attention elsewhere. No matter how hard I stare and try to zone my attention back on it though, I know I wouldn't be able to do so until Amy goes out.

She sighed, tutting. "You're even more hopeless than I was." She stated. Somehow, in the past two years, I think we indeed switched personalities. She then continued, choosing to not comment on my attitude like she usually does at least fifty times a day. "The Art Exhibition is today, should I still RSVP you being there?"

I nodded, without so much as a second thought. "Please do." It isn't something I'd rain check on, since there's something I want to get there. Drumming my finger on the table, I lifted my head to rest my gaze on her. "When is it starting?"

Amy stared at her wristwatch, before meeting my gaze again while she dropped her hand by her

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side. "An hour and a half." She replied. "We should head out now if you want to make it on time. It's a bit of a drive."

I hummed, closing the folder in front of me. "You don't have to come with me."

"Are you sure?" She asked, a brow arched slightly. "You know whose exhibition it is. Are you sure you don't want me to come along in case something goes on."

I pushed my chair back, getting on my feet. "I'm sure." I met her gaze with mine, offering her a small reassuring smile. "Besides, what's the possibility of what's on your mind happening?"

"Like...80 percent?" She stated as a matter of fact.

I pretended to think, then nodded my head. "Nullify it," I turned around, extending my hand out to the coat hanger and get my overcoat off it. "Stop worrying. It'll be fine. I can handle it. Don't worry." I shrugged on the coat, turning around to face her, while picking up my phone. "Arrange a car for me up front with a driver." I gave her a look that showed I don't want her to even think of tagging along.

I know she'll just nag me all the way. And besides, I just know she's worrying pointlessly. Upon reaching the door, as I was about to turn the door knob and walk out, I stopped, suddenly

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remembering something. I turned around, my gaze falling on Amy who picked up the rose bouquet and was making her way out as well.

"What's my schedule tomorrow again?" I'd been meaning to check, but since she's here, might as well brush me up on it.

Amy gave me a deadpanned look, "It's weekend," She stated, like it's the most obvious thing ever. It really isn't. Time flies when you have your nose buried in your work.

My lips parted. "Oh."

She rolled her eyes, but carried on nonetheless. "Your high school friend, Helena, is getting married tomorrow." I made a face at the mention of someone I wouldn't exactly call my friend. We didn't get along even back in school so I was already thinking of ways to get out of this. Why would I go somewhere I have no interest, nor am I welcomed?

Amy upon noticing the look on my face was quick to add something she knows I wouldn't turn down, even if I wanted to. "—Her father is one of the investors for the Gloss Project, so, it's not a wedding you should rain check. Plus, he sent the invitation." She remarked. Right, her father is one of the major investors, and he's always been kind to me so this is the most I can do. "Oh and, don't forget to pick out a gift for the bride."

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I shrugged. "A red packet should be enough." I waved it off. "What else?"

"Nothing." She stressed out, no doubt wanting nothing more than for me to head out to my appointment. She's always been tight on time. Absolutely hates tardiness—I do too. "It's the

Ads-free >

weekend, enjoy it." Oh, and did I mention she's hell-bent on making me take time off work? I didn't? Well, she is.

"Right." I dragged, nodding slowly. "Alright. See you Monday." I offered her a small smile, turning the door knob and heading out, not before adding before leaving completely. "Say hi to Nona for me.

I didn't hear her response, but I doubt she gave any. I made my way towards the elevator, offering small smiles and nods to the workers that stopped their work to greet me on the way. Upon reaching the elevator, I stepped in alone, as it's the executive one that only I use, tapping the button that will take me to the lobby.

As the doors closed, I released a small sigh, tapping my heel clad feet on the floor as I waited for the seconds to pass by. In the meantime, I was stuck staring at my reflection in the mirror, Amy's earlier words coming back to my mind. I made it to Forbes, it's something I should be proud of and celebrate. And I am, I worked my ass off for it anyway. Only I know the amount of time and energy I put into building this company back on its feet.

The woman that stared at me through those mirrors isn't the same woman I was two-years-ago. No, this is a woman I am proud to become. And as the doors slid open and I walked out of the lobby, I was a living testament of who I've grown to be.

An inspiration. That's who I am. Isabella Vivien Montague—CEO of Montague Concept. I created a name for myself. And I am proud of that. I earned this, and ain't no way would I allow anything to

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+10 Points

come in my way. Watch me make that happen.



Mia Jay.

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