



SOMETHING TO TELL YOU

CHASE COLES

I walk down the stairs, holding my tie in my hand for my mother to make a knot for me. I reach the last staircase where I meet her and she immediately possesses the tie in her hands before she hangs it around my neck and make a ne knot, but not as perfect as Ariel's knot.

"You don't look like a married man anymore, Chase," My mother announces.

"I'm divorced, remember," I remind her.

"But still, you do not look like you have a girlfriend. You do not look neat. The way you are dressing lately just seems out of place,"

I think my mother is exaggerating. This is how I dressed before I got married to Ariel.

"There is nothing wrong with how I wear,"

"Well, I am just saying that Ariel knew how to dress you, and I can feel her absence now,"

I sigh.

"Mom, did she seem weird to you the last time she was here?" I ask.

I am unable to shake off the feeling that something was osh with her when I last saw her. The words she even said to me are still lingering in my head, and I cannot forget them.

"Our marriage was just not a marriage in vain. We created something beautiful that we both would love together eternally."

I still cannot make out what she meant with those words. Something in that made me have some guilt consciousness. Ever since, I haven't had the guts to face her, and besides, I don't see the reason to.

"Of course. We all saw how disrespectful she was. I am so glad grandpa was there to see her reveal her true colours. His favourite child had nally disappointed him,"

"Why did you pretend to like Ariel if you speak ill of her now?" I ask, gazing my eyes down at her.

"I did it for you because I did not want to hurt your feelings, big I just hated how quiet she was. It felt like she was hiding something. It felt like she was going to betray us, and as I thought, she did with our family shares. Chase, you better get those shares back. We cannot afford them landing in the wrong hands," Mom insists, looking upstairs at Caleb's room.

I exhale, moving to the side to walk past her to the breakfast table where the food is already set on the table. Right when I sit, Grandpa also comes into the dining room with my mother and then both sit down.

"Where is Caleb?" Grandpa asks.

"I didn't know that my absence were felt on the breakfast table," Caleb sneers, pulling the chair next to me.

"Chase, what is the progress of getting the shares back?" Grandpa asks.

"I will do it in my own time. What's with the rush?"

"Don't get cheeky with me. You may have ninety percent of ownership, but ten percent of ownership can do a lot of damage in our company. Get those shares back if you still want to run Coles Group! Caleb, are you grasping the prospects of the company?"

"I have been doing that for two months, Grandfather. When exactly will I get a part of ownership in the company?" Caleb questions.

"You are not ready! You don't have what it takes to run a big company. Just stay on the ground oor where you belong!" Mom interjects in annoyance.

"You don't have a say in that, Lisa. I am the chairman of Coles Group and I say who stays and who goes. Caleb, just nish the rest of the year learning the prospects, and we'll have the conversation again," Grandpa suggests.

Caleb is someone that I have to watch out for as my mother said. The shares might end up in the wrong hands if I do not get them soon.

He is too envious and would do anything to tarnish me instead of learning from me. Why am I even brothers with him?

"It is always the same thing with me, every f****g year! What the f**k am I even still doing here when I am treated like an outsider!?" He roars, irritated.

He pushes his chair back and stands abruptly, causing the chair to fall.

"If you still want to be part of this family, you'll pick up that chair and sit your ass down and apologise!" Grandpa orders, furiously.

"I'm not—" Just as Caleb was about to make an excuse, Grandpa roared.

"NOW!"

"Fine!" Caleb pulls the chair up angrily and sits down. "Sorry!"

"I have an early meeting," I announce, standing up.

I actually have lost my appetite. This is not the kind of breakfast I would like to have. I like mine peaceful.

"Enjoy your day, son. I love you,"

I growl lowly, taking my car keys, phone, and my laptop bag which were on the table in the foyer.

"Good morning, sir. Would you like my assistance today?" Ronald, my personal chauffeur asks.

"Actually, yes. I do not feel like driving today,"

"At your service." He says, accepting my car keys.

Arriving at the oce, my personal assistant reports my duty for the day and all my meetings. I get on my work for the day and attend my rst meeting before I got to my second meeting.

"Sir, I think we should advertise our client on advertising strategy and develop campaigns to meet marketing objectives," Geovanni suggests.

Our company is a marketing and advertising company, and we have gained a lot of popular clients because we have the strongest team, plus it was named the number one advertising company in the world.

"That is good. Enough for the day. What I want you to do is discuss requirements for upcoming campaigns, present campaign proposals or review campaign results. We need to nd new strategies to promote our client. The old strategy might be tedious to customers. Oh, by the way, this is an individual work. Whoever comes up with the best idea will be promoted to be a management director since our current MD is moving to another branch of Coles Group," I say as I stand up, and they all get excited.

"That's great! So, when will the due date be?" Yolanda asks, curiously.

"In two weeks I will be ready to hear you all pitch your ideas to me. Don't disappoint me," I take my phone as my PA takes the rest of my stuff, following me.

"Yes, boss!"

As I get to my oce, I nd Monica seated by the two sitter couch, setting up my coffee table with food. It smells so good. It's as if she knew that I was very hungry.

"Hey, I didn't know that you were coming," I say, meeting her for a hug and kiss her lips.

"I wanted to surprise you, babe. I brought you your favourite food,"

I look down and I notice some steak, chips, and garlic bread. I wouldn't say it is my favourite, but I like it.

"Thank you, but are you okay with me eating meat with you?" I ask, cautiously.

"Of course. I have something to tell you, so sit down here next to me and have this meal. I'll just have chips and the garlic bread,"

She says.

I immediately dig into my food and enjoy every savour dropping into my tongue. The steak is just the way I like it; well cooked and juicy.

"So, I have been not feeling well for a couple of days now," She starts.

I pause, staring at her.

"Why didn't you tell me? What is wrong? Are you okay?"

She smiles and holds my arm.

"Relax, I went to see my family doctor,"

"Still! You should have asked me to come with you, Monica. What did the doctor say?"

She sighs and bites her lower lip.

"I'm one month pregnant."