

Chapter 34

~MAYA~

"Why the hell isn't the maid getting up, father?" I hear a girl scream. "Am I supposed to do everything around here by myself?"

I slowly open my eyes and blink once, then twice; my mind feels lost. I'm lying on a couch, and the first thing I notice are red curtains shielding the room from sunlight.

My eyes continue to scan the area. A young girl with short copper hair is glaring at me; she must be the arrogant girl that woke me up from my sleep. She isn't the only person in here; there is a man with grey hair and an ugly scar above his lip; he's looking at the girl who's still glaring at me.

I can't remember anything. I don't know what I'm doing here or who these people are.

"Girl," an elder woman says to me, another person whom I do not know. "We need you to do your work. There are clothes to wash and beds that need new sheets. You can't sleep for the entire day. Get up."

"Who are you?" I ask her. "Where am I?"

"Seriously?" The girl screeches behind us. "She doesn't even know where she is? Who recommended this girl to you, father? Don't you think I deserve a better maid than her?"

"Relax," he answers her. "I'm doing this as a favor for one of my friends. The girl had no place to go, and she had lost her memories. She will need to be trained. Give her some time to learn, and she may be the best maid you've ever had. Besides, it's not like anyone wants to come and work for you. We are running out of willing maids to tend to you; your attitude is driving them away, Giselle; when will you learn? I hope you can learn to have a better relationship with this girl so that she doesn't leave like the others. I'm tired of searching for a new maid every month for you."

She is displeased by what he said to her, but she doesn't try and complain again.

"Do you not even remember your name?" She asks me.

I look at her. Her copper hair is wavy; she has a chubby face with brown eyes; for a girl, she's also very tall.

"Hello?" She says, becoming impatient.

Oh right, she asked for my name. I don't remember. I try my best to search for it, but nothing happens. I'm not sure what I'm called or where I'm from. I don't even know what I'm doing here.

"I don't remember," I say to her.

"Whatever, we will just refer to you as 'girl' from now on." She informs everyone as well as me.

"So, girl," she says with a wicked sparkle in her eyes. "Today, my future husband will be joining us. I haven't seen him in months, maybe even more. He needs to see how beautiful I've gotten since he'd last seen me. I want you to tend to my nails, hair, and make-up. I know you don't remember much, but you should know that if I don't like the way I look, I will have you whipped. Do you understand?"

Whipped? That sounds painful. I didn't want something like that to happen.

"Well," she says. "What are you waiting for? Get my bath ready. My dress is already on the bed, along with my jewelry. As soon as my bath is over, you will help me into my dress. Martha will show you where to find everything you may need to fulfill all of my tasks. Now I hate when someone takes long, so please, move quickly and don't make me repeat myself. That will not end well for you."

She doesn't have to tell me twice. I'm already moving around, following her orders. However, I pause when I realize that I don't know where to find my way around the house.

Martha is suddenly behind me, shouting out orders and giving me directions, just like she said she would be. After her bath, I help her into a short light blue dress. It's a beautiful dress, but I don't think it suits someone like her.

I don't know what I'm doing with her make-up but Martha is with me guiding me along the way. I'm not sure why she doesn't just have Martha do these things for her, she clearly knows what Giselle wants to get done.

"He's here!" She squeals with excitement. It's clear that she's crazy over her future husband; she can't stop talking about him.

"Hurry up, girl!" She screams angrily. "You need to finish everything before he gets inside. I don't want him to see me when I'm not finished with my hair. It all needs to be perfect for him. Don't you realize how important this is to me?"

"I'm trying my best," I tell her, trying my best not to snap. It's hard to be kind with someone like her.

She grabs the brush from me and pushes me away. "You're useless."

I watch as she hurries out of the room. I try not to roll my eyes and walk over to the window. I'm curious to know what he looks like, her future husband that she can't seem to stop speaking about.

There is a black vehicle in the parking area, and I can only assume that he's one of the men seated inside. I wait impatiently for the door to open but for some reason it seems like he doesn't want to get out. I hold my breath for some unknown reason when the door opens slightly.

He gets out of the car and the first thing I see is his black shoes, I slowly drag my gaze up his body but I'm not prepared for the man I see. He's no doubt handsome but there is something about him that feels like a punch to my stomach. My heart aches at the look of sadness on his face. He looks like someone that doesn't want to be here. Were they forcing him to marry her? He checks his surroundings, maybe looking for ways to escape from this place.

I feel sorry for the poor man. The woman he was about to marry wasn't a nice person. She would make anyone's life miserable. I still don't understand how I ended up in this place. I have no memory, none at all.

"What are you doing standing there?" The head maid asks me. "You need to follow miss and make sure that she has everything she needs. There are some fruits on the table in the kitchen. I want you to take it to miss Giselle and her future husband."

"There is just one problem," I tell her. "I don't know where anything is."

She sighs and prompts me to follow her. It takes us a while to reach the kitchen since it is far, the house isn't a small one. These were wealthy people, no doubt.

"Here," she says, pointing to the table she mentioned earlier. "Carry it, and please do not do anything that will anger miss."

I think that's almost impossible; the girl seemed to get angry for the simplest things. I couldn't see her not getting mad at me. She would be upset with me for simply walking on the ground.

After following her directions, I'm taken to the Giselle and her to-be husband. They are both seated in leather chairs and are deep in conversation. Well Giselle is talking but it doesn't seem like the man is listening to her. He seems to be in his own world.

I'm as quiet as I can be while walking towards them; I know that if I'm loud, she would undoubtedly have the worst things to say to me.

"What the hell are you doing here?" She asks me when she spots me. "Can't you see I want some alone time with my husband?"

His hands tightened against the cup; he must not like it when she calls him 'husband.' Who can blame him? I wouldn't like it either.

"We are not officially married." He reminds her gently, though I can tell it's taking all of his self-control not to snap at her. I felt his pain, it was hard not to snap at the girl. I'm positive now that they have something against him. He wouldn't be here otherwise.

"I was asked to bring fruits for the both of you," I inform her, pointing at the fruit bowl in my hand. "Would either of you like some?"

The man doesn't even look up at me once; he isn't looking at anyone. His eyes are stuck on the floor like he hates being here and can't wait to get out. I already figured that much, I'm curious to know what they're holding against him to keep him here. It must be something big for him to even consider marrying her.

"Can't you see that you're making him uncomfortable?" She asks, even though we both know that her presence is the one that's bothering him, not me.

"I'm sorry." I apologize.

"I'm sorry that she's so slow. She's lost her memory and maybe half of her brain. She doesn't know anything, and it is probably the worst decision my father ever made. I don't understand how he expects me to have such a low-class maid working for me. I can tell she has zero experience. . ."

She continued to ramble on, and quite frankly, I stopped listening, for the man had finally lifted his gaze from the ground to stare at me.

My breath gets stuck in my throat.

Oh.

He's even more handsome up close.

And those eyes. Why does it feel like I should remember those eyes?

