

Mayor's Dutiful Wife

•Chapter 2• Richmonte

I woke up to a pounding headache, I very carefully opened an eyelid and shut it again fast. A merciless sunbeam squirted straight in, making my brain bleed.

I hate being hungover.

"Ugh" I sat up with my head in my hands, feeling like my head is about to explode in about five minutes. I wore a robe over my negligee and walked into the living room.

"Martha, I need coffee!" I called for the maid and a few minutes later she came with some painkillers, water, and a steaming sexy cup of coffee, and a

gentle smile, exactly what I needed to start the day.

"Ugh, you are a lifesaver, Martha, remind me to give you a raise later," I said as I downed two painkillers and gulped a huge amount of water.

I drank my coffee and took a warm relaxing shower and I felt so much better after that. I dressed up for work in a professional black pantsuit, made a high ponytail, and wore my favourite nude Valentinos.

I walked into the living room and saw Scarlet completely fucked up.

"Hey, how do you look like this? And I... Who does modelling for a living look like a cat run over," she said in a tired voice.

"This is after two painkillers, two cups of coffee, and a warm bath, you should try it," I said as Martha served me breakfast. After I was done with my breakfast, I was ready for another exciting day at work. I reached my office in about fifteen minutes. The guards and receptionist greeted me. I walked into my private elevator and arrived at my floor.

Pearl came frantically running over to me, with a coffee in one hand and files in the other.

"Woah, slow down!"

"Someone is in your office, I couldn't tell them to wait outside since he is very important and very intimidating," She said in a single breath.

"And who might that be?" I asked, my eyebrows furrowed, I took my coffee from her and walked to my office.

"Your father!" She blurted out from behind me and I halted dead in my tracks.

I turned around and faced her stunned.

"What is he doing here? Did he say something?" I asked as I hurriedly walked back to her.

"No, nothing... He came and didn't even acknowledge my presence and walked straight into your office" She explained I thought about why he was here. What did he want from me? "He has never visited me in the last six years. Why would he come now?"

"I don't know, maybe he missed you" She sheepishly said

I scoffed. "Missing someone is a feeling and my father doesn't have feelings" I whisper-yelled.

"Don't worry, I am sure everything is fine. Just go in there and make him feel welcomed. Then casually ask him, why is he here?"

"Okay, right... Everything is fine. Everything is going to be fine" I calmed my nerves.

For the first time in my life, I was afraid to walk into my own office.

I walked in confidently and saw his back facing me. He was looking at the pictures hanging on my wall. It was a reminder of my old life. He had his eyes stuck on one particular picture, I followed his gaze and saw the picture I love

the most.

It was before my dad joined politics and became this cold shell of a person.

We were at the beach and I was a three-year-old in the picture. My parents

were kissing as I poked my head out from in between their legs. They both

were smiling into the kiss and I have never seen them more in love. A year

after that my father joined politics and it all went downhill from there. That's

what I think happened. I don't quite remember.

"Dad," I said in the most steady voice I could muster.

"You are late, Hannah Clarke," he said, his voice cold and monotonous.

Seriously, I saw him after six years and this is the first thing he said to me?

I glanced towards the clock and saw the time. It was nine twenty a.m. and I frowned. I usually get to the office on time but after partying last night I was a bit out of it in the morning.

"I'm the boss" I shrugged.

"All the more reason to set a good example for your employees" he answered almost instantly. "A business can not thrive if the boss is incompetent" his tone sarcastic.

I swallowed uneasily and smiled with difficulty.

"As you can see I'm doing fine, dad"

He turned around and I finally saw his face after six long years. He looked older. Wrinkles graced his beautiful sharp face, salt and pepper hair, and

beard. He was still a strongly built man wearing his usual attire. My mom used to call him suits.

Involuntarily, I smiled at him and for a second the coldness melted a bit and he smiled back.

"Clarke, I like your office," he said looking at me from head to toe and then looking around the office. He strode towards my desk and asked "May I" gesturing towards my seat.

"Of course, you don't have to ask," I said, my palms were getting sweaty but I smiled at his little compliment about my office.

"I am not used to sitting on the other side of the desk," he said and gracefully sat down.

"How come you are here?" I asked, sitting down opposite him.

He raised an eyebrow. "Aren't you glad to see me?"

"I am... I am really happy?" It sounded like a question to my own ears.

"You don't look happy"

"Dad---"

"I'll just cut to the chase then," He said coldly, completely cutting me off.

I sighed. That's more like him.

"I want you to come back with me," he said, no scratched that, he ordered.

"Why?"

"Because I want you to"

"That is not a strong reason, Dad. I can't just get up and leave" I explained shakily.

He frowned. "You already did that, when you left Richmonte, didn't you?"

"Dad, I left because I got accepted to NYU. I did it to follow my dreams"

"You got what you wanted?"

"Yes"

"Good. Now, I want you to come back to Richmonte, where you belong"

"No, I am not going with you," I said sternly.

He can't barge into my life and order me around like I am his puppet. That ended when I left that shitty town.

"You are just like your mother, stubborn and self-centered" He sneered

"Dad, that's enough. I'm not going anywhere with you!" I fisted my hands in my lap, gritting my teeth.

He stood up abruptly and buttoned his suit jacket. He walked to where the door was and stopped. He turned back and stared at me intently.

"I need you, Hannah. You are my only heir. My flesh and blood" he said, his voice changed from cold and distant to tired and miserable.

"I---" he cut me off.

"For once, think about me too. I've always supported your every decision. You wanted to go to NYU, I supported you and gave you every possible thing you needed to do it. You wanted to open your own business, I gave you the money blindly because I supported you"

"Dad..."

"And for once I need you to do something for me..." His voice broke and I felt a twinge of pain in my heart. I've never seen my dad so unguarded and vulnerable. He was always a proud man.

"You left me alone, Hannie Bear. Just like your mother" he had tears in his eyes. He inhaled and wiped the corner of his eye.

I think the last time he called me Hannie bear was when I was six and I've never seen him cry... Like ever. Watching him like this made me cry. I got up from my chair ran to him and hugged him, wrapping my arms around his broad chest.

"I am sorry, Dad," I said. "You have no idea how glad I am to see you..."

I was always weak when it came to my father. I have always asked for his attention. This is the first time I have seen my father getting emotional about anything. I felt his strong arms wrapping around me as he hugged me back.

His hug made me feel content.

"Will you come with me, please?"

"What is it that you want from me?" I asked as I stepped back.

"I want you to oversee some things for me?"

"What?"

"Just trust me, okay"

"Okay"

"Okay? As in you are coming?" He inquired

"Yes..."

"Thank you, Hannie bear" he placed a kiss on my forehead.

"I need to talk to my business partner, Luke. I need to inform him about this sudden visit to my hometown. I'm sure, he will take care of everything," I explained.

"We are leaving tonight"

I frowned. "Isn't it a bit early? Dad, I need more time than that"

"I don't have much time..." He said, diverting his gaze.

"What?"

"Nothing, it's nothing..." he sighed

"No, dad. Why don't you have time?" I furrowed my eyebrows.

"I am sick, Hannah, and I need my daughter."

"Oh my god, dad. What happened?"

"Doctors, they don't know but they said my organs are failing, at first it was

just my one kidney and now the other one too. Slowly it's getting my liver, they don't know what is causing this. I don't even know how much time I have left" he said, his face stone cold.

"Dad, why didn't you tell me before?"

"I thought you would say I am emotionally blackmailing you into doing something I want,"

"Dad, I would never think like that, not when you are sick"

"I am getting old, Hannie bear. My time is over"

"You're not old, dad. You're forty-three! It's not that old!" I only had him, my only real family.

"It's the truth" he chuckled humourlessly. "I just need to make sure that

before I die, you are well taken care of" he cupped my cheek.

My heart dropped into my stomach at his revelation. "Dad, please..."

"Won't you spend some time with me?"

"When are we leaving?"

"Tonight, I'll get everything ready. We will be flying in our jet"

"Okay, I'll wrap everything up by this evening"

He kissed my forehead. "Thank you," he said and then he turned and walked out of my office.

I stood there thinking about going back to that dreadful town.

The plane landed and my breath got stuck in my throat. Fear erupted in my

belly and I felt like the same seventeen-year-old girl that ran away from here.

It was like I never left.

A hand came into my view, I looked up and saw dad. "Let's go" I took his hand as we descended the airstairs.

Dad's whole security team was standing at the airport, waiting for us. Dad's employees took care of my luggage and everything else. They all were wearing black suits with Bluetooth glued to their ears.

The driver opened the car door. The whole car ride I kept staring out of the window, quietly. Everything was just the same as I left it. The same streets and the same shops and restaurants. A few new things here and there but other

than that, It was still the same.

The car stopped before dad's mansion. The metal gates had bold C engraved in the middle.

"What do you think about changing it to HC? Hannah Clarke?" Dad asked

I shook my head, smiling a little. "No, I prefer it this way"

The giant gates opened and a feeling of familiarity washed over me. We drove in until we reached the main door. The whole staff stood outside to welcome me back into my childhood home.

I looked for someone familiar but all of the faces were new.

I stepped out of the car and Eva, my stepmother stood there with a scowl on

her face. She changed her demeanour when my dad came to my side. Smiling wide she hugged me and welcomed me.

"Welcome back, Hannah dear" she stepped aside and we entered.

I looked around and everything was completely different, my mother decorated this house but now all of her essences were gone.

"You changed the decor?" I asked my father, disappointment clear in my voice.

"Eva did," he said flatly. "Your room is the same as you left it. I didn't let her touch it" he smiled

"Thank you..."

Maids took my luggage to my room. As I entered my room, nostalgia hit me

like a truck. All those horrible memories attached to this room also came crashing back.

Romance/ Mayor's Dutiful Wife/Chapter 2· Richmonte
