

Ouch! My CEO Fiancé Fell For His Maid

Chapter 108

108-A Garner

Ashley Walters pov "One more thing, Sarah." I asked her once we were over our giggling session, "I want an honest answer for this one."

She nodded sincerely, "Yes, Ashley. What is it?" "I think you have something that belongs to me." This brought confusion to her eyes. She kept looking at me until understanding dawned on her face.

I nodded at her and folded my arms on my chest, "My suitcase." "It's still in the attic." She said, "I took out the papers and handed them over to someone." "Handed over?" I cocked a brow at her, "Means you don't have it anymore?" "No," she bobbed her head, "I gave it to someone to ... to check the authenticity." "What?" before I could say anything further, she explained quickly.

"I wanted to find your parents, Ashley." "And why would you do that?" I frowned at her, "I thought you hated me." "Exactly," she smiled, "I hated you. That's why I was looking for your parents. My understanding was that once I would locate them, it would be easier to send you away. You know. To get you off my back." "Who has got those papers?" she stayed quiet and hesitated for a moment, "Please, Sarah. I need to know the truth. I need to start searching for my parents." "Marwick!" "What? Marwick?" "Yeah. My brother didn't have time for this. But I asked for his help because I could not trust anyone else. My brother likes to be fair with everyone. If he would say no that means a no. But if he would agree to help you that means he has got your back."

I thought for a moment.

"So, did he tell you something?" I tried to fight this sudden need to gag, then and there. I realized that I was scared. Scared of the reality.

Scared of what was about to come. About my fate.

"Unfortunately, no," she moved forward and held my hand, "He could not find any leads. Whenever I asked him, he said, he is still looking for clues."

My heartbeat seemed to come down to a normal pace when I heard her.

"Ashley!" "Hmm." "I am sure we will find your parents."

I sighed and forced a smile to my lips, "I hope so too, Sarah."

"What is she saying? What happened? Is she still in pain?" Keith asked me the moment I left Sarah's room.

Poor boy! I didn't think he was so cruel that he would get mad at his pregnant partner after knowing the truth. Sarah must stay honest to him.

"Don't worry. She is doing good. The drama created by her parents pushed her under stress." After hearing about her parents, I felt him clenching his jaw along with his fists.

"Sometimes, parents can be a pain in the ass." He muttered under his breath.

The last time, when I met her parents, I realized that I was lucky to NOT have parents in my life at all. Aren't parents supposed to be one's strength? Someone who will stand by you when you are in danger. Someone who wants to celebrate your success with you. But I guess such parents existed only in movies.

"I don't know, Keith." I leaned back to the wall tiredly, "I never had parents so it's just..." I shrugged giving him an awkward smile, "For me, parents should be supportive just like they show in movies. I can't comment on something, I don't have."

I saw a flicker of sympathy in his eyes, but he quickly hid it. He was aware that I would never like that. When Keith went inside, to meet Sarah, I started thinking about Marwick.

Sarah told me that she forwarded those papers to him. I liked the man but why he never mentioned to me that he had got my orphanage papers?

"Love!" my heart skipped a beat when I heard the familiar voice.

"Justin!" Not giving a damn that I was in the corridor of a hospital, I raced to him. He immediately spread his arms in order to catch me. Holding me by the waist he hugged me tightly to him.

"Seems like someone was missing me." I heard his mischievous voice and could not hold back the grin.

"Yes," I looked into his eyes, "I was missing you like hell." He seemed to be taken aback by the revelation. I never admitted since he came back into my life how I really felt about him.

"Ashley," I heard his deep breath and closed my eyes against his chest.

I wanted to tell him that I loved him. He was the only man in my life, and I could not even think to imagine my life without him.

Just then Keith decided to come out of Sarah's room. His face had some odd expressions.

"Sarah is behaving strangely. Magically her pain has vanished." To hide my smile, I again buried my face in Justin's body and said in a muffled voice.

"Maybe looking at you made her pain disappear."

"Should I cook something for you?" I asked Justin the moment I stepped into our room. Yes, I was slowly accepting the fact that this was not his or my room. It belonged to us.

It was ours.

But... there was this odd hesitancy in accepting it in open. I could not ignore the things that might change after I would confide in him. Once I would let him know what I wanted, everything around me would transform.

Officially, I would be Mrs. Deluca. Yes, I knew I already was. But then, it would be different. Everyone will know about me.

There would be a drastic change in my living style. I didn't know what would be expected of me. Would I suppose to have a social life?

Would I need to attend kitty parties, just like granny?

Would they train me in elite's table manners? I knew nothing.

Zero!

"What is my kitten thinking?" I felt his arms wrapping around my middle from behind, "Something is bothering my kitten." I felt his lips against my neck, "Instead of offering me your cooking or coffee services you should take your sleep." Shifting my hair to the side, he started giving butterfly kisses on my nape.

"Umm. Justin!" I kind of protested.

"That's why I am asking you to go to sleep as soon as possible otherwise I might take the offer back and make you hot under me." His voice had turned husky by the end of the statement.

I chuckled and turned into his arms to face him. His amber eyes were hooded with passion.

"I don't think you would let me sleep, Justin," I said playing with the collar button of his shirt, "I can go to sleep AFTER you are done with me." At last, I met his hot gaze, "I won't mind. But the offer is just for five minutes. Ok? So, you need to decide." My voice turned into a whisper when I took my lips near his.

He kept looking at me until the corners of his lips turned up, "My little enchantress!" he pinched the bridge of my nose and gave a quick peck on my forehead, "Go to sleep." He stepped back not realizing that I got utterly disappointed.

"Wipe off that pout, Kitten. We will do it after you wake up." Holding me, he turned me towards the bed and gave me a little shove.

"Can you stay by my side?" I asked him with a hopeful voice, "While I sleep?"

He helped me settle in the bed and put the covers around me, "I can try!"

Kicking off his shoes, he laid beside me and took me in his arms. He smelled so good. As always.

"Go to sleep, love." I heard his gentle voice and all I wanted to do was stare at his face like a creep.

Keeping my eyes closed, I fished for his hand. He knew what I wanted and held it for me. Intertwining our fingers, I felt him kissing my hand and I smiled to myself.

"Don't leave me." This was the last request I made when I drifted off to sleep.

"I won't." The moment I heard his whisper, I trusted him. I knew he would do anything to keep his promise.

True to his word he stayed beside me. When I woke up, I felt his cheek leaning against my forehead. He was half sleeping and I could hear his calm breathing.

Closing back my eyes, I raised my hand and touched his hair. Being a light sleeper he at once woke up, "You are awake!"

He kissed my forehead. Holding his face, I opened my mouth to claim his lips. Ever since I got home, I was dying to taste him.

As expected, his lips were ready to respond to my kisses. Like always.

The velvety touch was enough to make my ni**ples taut and my core wet. Without breaking the kiss, he slowly settled himself on top of me. Making me aware of his hardness.

I moaned and started grinding my lips into his mouth. No idea for how long we kept making out unless he tore his mouth away and leaned his forehead against mine.

"You make me complete, kitten." He said trying to control his heavy breathing, "I wish I could continue kissing you. Unfortunately, I need to let you go for now. You must be hungry."

Urgh!

Pushing him off my body, I got up and climbed him. Straddling him with my legs around him, I held his face again and resumed the kissing. I felt him chuckle against my mouth but did not let him break the kiss.

The poor him didn't have a choice except to hug me tightly against him. He opened his legs and I settled myself between them.

Perfect!

We both were moaning with need, and his hand was stroking my back until it reached my a**ss cheek and squeezed it a little.

"Justin!" I broke the kiss and rested my face on his chest.

"Ashley!" "Hmm?" "Nobody touched my heart the way you do. Nobody made me feel like this, the way you do when you touch my body."

I looked up and found him looking at me.

I didn't know how to say it. How to tell him that he was still the bane of my existence?

"Hungry?" he asked me, cupping my cheek.

"Very!" My eyes dipped to his lips, and he stretched them into an adorable smile.

Being a stubborn brat, I sauntered to the kitchen to make coffee and sandwiches for us. Justin kept insisting that the household could fix us a snack.

But nah!

I wanted to do it for us.

Entering the kitchen made me remind the incident with Sarah's parents.

Gosh! They were rude as f*ck. Justin was still not aware of the incident.

"Can you please ask Mr. Justin Deluca to join me in the living room?" I asked the house help and tried to balance the tray in my arms.

With two hot steaming cups of Caramel coffee, chicken sandwiches, and butter croissants, I was walking to the table when I found Sarah's parents already sitting there.

The elderly man was also there who had a made-out session like crazy with granny.

What was his name?

Yeah! Little Steward!

I muttered a faint hello and placed the tray.

"You all can help yourselves with the sandwiches I made." I offered them wholeheartedly before taking my seat.

"I would love to taste that croissant," the little Steward said excitedly.

Sarah's mom was trying her best to ignore me. As if I was invisible.

But the f*ckin father? He was staring at me with those bloodshot eyes. My heart picked up the pace when I felt his eyes on me.

"I was damn right!" He smirked and his odd remark made me look at him in confusion.

"Are you talking to me, sir?" I asked him, placing my hand on my chest. Praying hard for Justin to arrive fast.

"I was damn right." He repeated, "You indeed are a bitch."

Little Steward made a face and looked at the man, "Behave yourself, Ashton. What is your problem? Now you will start picking fights with kids?" "She is NOT a kid." Eyeing me, he left his seat slowly and started heading towards me. "She is a devil who stole my son-in-law. Pushed my baby into this endless pain of heartbreak," he stepped near me ... Like very close to me.

I was trying my best to put on a brave face.

"The same bitch who threw that hot coffee on my face."

Before I could do anything, he picked up the steaming cup in his hands.

Gulping down my saliva, I looked at Sarah's mom. She had a surprised look on her face as if she was not expecting her husband to stoop so low.

"Ashton! Put this coffee cup down, right now!" Grandpa Steward roared but the crazy man standing there didn't seem to listen to him.

"Jenna! Stop your husband!" Now he ordered the lady loudly.

I was sitting there holding my breath. Waiting for the hot coffee to land on my face. Oh, Justin! Where are you? Please make it fast.

"She threw the coffee on my face, dad." The man hissed and started raising the coffee cup, "Now it's my turn." With that, he might be attempting to pour it on my head when a hand came to not only stop him but also hit the cup away from his grip. The ceramic landed on the floor with a clatter, breaking into pieces.

I shuddered and was still sitting in my chair, unable to move.

"Are you crazy?" I looked up and found Marwick standing there, "Can't you spare anyone?" "Anyone... But not her." The madman, Ashton spoke, "I will burn this girl's face. She is a bast*ard who doesn't deserve to live this life. She is dreaming about this ideal life. But only a Graner girl can handle Mrs. Deluca. Not her." "Really?" Marwick started laughing like crazy, "Only a Graner girl? Ha-ha." Marwick raised his hand which held a paper.

With full force, he threw the paper on Ashton's face, almost hitting it.

"Then I guess congratulations, Ashton Garner. Because Justin's wife ... Mrs.Deluca does have Garner blood running in her veins." "Wait! What?" Ashton Garner furrowed his brows. With my taut body, I stood up and looked between Ashton and Marwick.

"What is going on here?" I heard Justin but didn't turn to look at him. My eyes were on Marwick's flushed face.

"How dare you slapped this paper on my face? And what kind of allegation you are putting at me?" Ashton Garner moved purposely towards Marwick.

"This paper is the DNA test of Ashley Deluca, Mr. Ashton Garner. She is through and through, a Garner." He laughed again, "Yes, you heard me right. He IS your daughter, Ashton. Ha-ha." 3

I felt like someone was squeezing the life out of my body. I felt the people around me vanishing in smoke.

The world around me started revolving until there was darkness everywhere.

I thought for a moment.