

Ouch! My CEO Fiancé Fell For His Maid

Chapter 11

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11- Helga

Ashley pov

I could not maintain eye contact. He looked so s*xy in that black t-shirt.

“Come on, Justin. I was getting bored and badly need your company.” I gestured for him to sit before me.

“If you are getting bored, you can watch TV, Ashley!” His face had gotten serious.

“I have already broken lots of rules, Justin. I went out of the room. I am using your company. You are taking care of me. None of this is your responsibility. You are already doing a lot.” Leaning towards him I whispered, “I know what you are hiding from me.”

His eyes went wide when I scrunched my nose, “W...What do you mean?”

“I mean to say is...” I rolled my lips between my teeth, “I know you are keeping him away!” I giggled and he frowned looking down at my face.

“I am talking about my husband, silly.” I kind of reminded him, “You are keeping him away to keep me safe. Isn’t it?” Strangely he did not react to it and started wiping his hands with the napkin.

“What? You are not eating your meal?” He shook his head and threw the napkin.

“You should finish your meal otherwise you are not getting Doritos.”

I shrugged my left shoulder trying to threaten him,

“Then I guess, I will be needing to s*atch it away!”

He winked before pointing towards my plate, “Finish it up. We are watching a movie tonight!”

My eyes went wide with surprise, “You mean in the cinema?”

“For the time being on this LED TV!” He pinched the tip of my nose playfully.

I tried to fake a sad smile by curving down my lips.

“Hey, Kitten. Don’t be sad. I promise. We will watch a movie together. On the big screen! Soon!” I trusted him. I knew he will not go back on his words.

I was excited to watch a movie with him. I was happy that he would stay with me here for the time being.

For the umptieth time, I tried to hold my yawn. I did not know Justin liked action movies. It was an old movie where male leads

were wearing baggy jumpers, bomber jackets, Hawaiian shirts, and mustaches.

All five male leads were thinking that they were the best alpha males walking on earth. I had been watching light action movies in Eden Orphanage with a slight mix of comedy and romance.

In this movie, the only romance was holding any passing girl by her nape and giving her an intense kiss. A girl tried to convince one of the male leads to go to the back of the bar and give him a happy time.

“What is a happy time?” I asked him, putting a large Dorito piece in my mouth. I needed to show him that I found the movie quite interesting.

“Why, kitten?” He asked me and I could detect laughter in his voice, “Orphanages don’t give s *ex education to their kids?”

What? S*ex education? What was this supposed to mean? I tried recalling all the lectures we were given about it. All I

remembered was how female and male bodies work. But no one ever used the term happy time.

“We were only allowed to watch PG 12 movies on weekends. On a Saturday night, Mother Superior and her assistant used to

make popcorn for all of us.” The mere memory brought so much contentment to my heart.

I had completely forgotten about the movie.

Oh, the movie!

Poor Justin asked me a simple question about s*ex education, and I gave him a long lecture on my weekend nights.

My gaze lifted only to witness the paused movie.

“I... I am sorry. I just went with the flow.” An embarrassed chuckle left my lips.

“You miss them. Don’t you?” I craned up my neck at his question only to meet his amber eyes looking down at me.

“I do. They are very strict about not letting someone live past eighteen years of age. I even tried to find a job in that orphanage.

Just to stay closer to them.” I told him sadly, “There were no vacancies at the time otherwise they would have made me stay.”

His arm snaked around me in a death grip, “You want to cry?”

“What?” I frowned and wiped the uninvited tears that were there on my cheeks, “I don’t think so!” I kind of argued when he said

gently,

“It’s ok if you want to, I guess. I am right here.”

I did not know why so many droplets were running down my cheeks. I swear I did not know why these silly tears were

embarrassing me in front of this gorgeous guy.

He might be thinking that I like crying.

“Kitten. Seems like someone loves crying a lot.”

Though he tried to mask his voice with a quip, he did not seem non-serious.

“I just feel like crying. Maybe because that’s my hormones acting weirdly ...”

“But this is the third time I am seeing you crying.

Girls your age like movies, discussing handsome movie stars, and going on

dates. Here you don’t seem to stop yourself from crying.” I slowly lifted the big Doritos bag to hide my

face.

“Stop hiding behind it!” In a jiffy, the Doritos bag was snatched away from my hand, “The one who cries is not allowed to eat

those. Do you know that?”

“Justin!” By now I had forgotten that I was crying,

“Give me that!”

I tried to bring some sternness in my voice and tried to grab my precious bag from his hands.

He was quick to lift his hand up in the air.

Holding his shoulder, I knelt on one knee and tried to take the bag. He bent away in his attempt to not let

me succeed.

“Justin! Give me my Doritos! Now!” I felt like some Dominic power had possessed my soul.

I stood up on the bed and again tried to reach my baby.

“What if I don’t give you YOUR Doritos? Will you cry again?” Justin fluttered his lashes laughingly and laid back. His head was hanging down the edge of the bed.

His hand carrying the Doritos bag was on the floor now. I looked down at his face. His brow was raised challenging me silently to take it back from him.

Without realizing what I was doing, in my attempt to snatch Doritos I threw myself on his body.

“Justin. Anything happens to my baby, and I swear I will kill you.” I was being all possessive about this crunchy yummy snack of mine.

By now my face was too close to him. It was that much close that I could smell his face in my nostrils. When I was about to reach the Dorito Pack, he quickly shifted it to his other hand.

“I like it more when you are feisty!”

“What?” I looked down not understanding a bit.

“The way you are trying to get what belongs to you is remarkable, kitten. I am happy that you are not crying for it but trying your

best to get it.”

I kept looking down at his face and became aware of our closeness. He was more gorgeous up this close.

The smile that was

tucked at the corner of his lips just a few moments back seemed to slowly vanish away.

By now I was no more trying for Doritos. Because I was too busy gawking at his perfectly sculpted face.

His eyes had gone

serious.

My eyes dipped to his full lips. I needed to kiss him.

I did not know what got into me. I was no more

scared. No more, afraid of the consequences. In a

trance, my head slowly started

closing the distance between our lips.

He gazed down at my lips and closed his eyes.

Those lashes!

D*mn!

I wished he could go to sleep so that I could see his face and maybe trace my fingers on those features. I

could not help the

smirk at the corner of my mouth. I suddenly

remembered about my baby aka Doritos.

Torn between kissing his pink luscious lips and

snatching away my baby, Doritos won the

contest.

As quick as a wink, I lunged and grabbed my Doritos

from his hand.

“Gotcha!” I screamed at the top of my lungs. His eyes opened and went wide when he understood what I just did.

“Did you just...? Gosh, Kitten! I did not know you are so c*nnning!” He was trying to tease me with a careless chuckle.

Was there a trace of disappointment in his tone? I tried to sit up placing my palms on his hard chest and he did not seem to mind. After straightening up, he not only leaned back on the pillow but placed his both arms around me.

“There is a lioness in you.” I was taken aback by the praise in his tone. I could not see his face because it was leaning on my shoulder.

“Sorry?”

“I said there is a lioness in you. When someone tries to snatch away something that belongs to you. Don’t you ever quit. Go after

him. Roar! Make some noise. Chances are he will sh*t his pants after hearing your thunderous howls!”

“Are you saying that because ... you don’t like people who complain or cry?”

“I am saying this because I can’t see you crying.”

Lifting my chin up he forced me to look into his eyes, “It’s ok if you want to cry,

kitten. I am here for you. But if you need to face the world bravely, then you need to put this lioness façade up there.”

I did not know why he was giving me this ted talk. We again started watching the movie. This time I did not try to stifle my yawn and leaned my head on his chest.

I even smiled when I felt his grip tightening around me. I sensed him kissing my head and liked the feeling.

I liked him.

Lioness! Huh?

Sarah pov:

The moment our plane landed, I sighed. I could not wait to run into Justin’s arms.

“We need to find a cab because you wanted to surprise Justin,” Nadia complained pushing the luggage trolley.

“Sorry, girls. I have been trying to contact Helga. I don’t know what’s the matter with her. She is not receiving the call.” It was irritatingly frustrating.

Being a senior s*rvant did not mean she had any right to stop taking my calls. Maybe she was taking us for granted.

All tired, we took the cab and covered the distance in utter silence. All three of us were busy with our own thoughts.

At last, when we were home, we got out of the cab. A s*rvant who was a young boy of hardly twenty years of age, came out of the Deluca house to take our luggage.

“Hey, boy! What’s your name?” I glanced at his badge that said James, “James! Right? Any idea where can I find Helga?”

I knew we all needed to settle down first, but I could not wait to tell Helga that treating her with respect did not mean she had become one of us.

I needed to remind her that she was still a s*rvant. “Ma’am. She is no more here.” He said balancing our suitcases on his head.

“No more? What do you mean. She is on vacation or something?” Now, why do I feel that it was something serious?

Was Helga sick or something?

“Ma’am. She is no more working here. Young master has warned her never to return to this household!”

“Wh...what do you mean by that?” Shella demanded.

He looked here and there then brought his face close to mine, “Ms. Helga,” He whispered, Young master has kicked her out of

the house.”

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