

Ouch! My CEO Fiancé Fell For His Maid

Chapter 120

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Epilogue 2

[This book is written exclusively for only. Any illegal production of this novel will result in immediate legal action.]

Ashley Walters pov

My graduation ceremony was due in a few days. My university fellows were stunned when they discovered that I was married to

Justin. Justin had gotten back his dean position, thanks to my dearest brother-in-law Keith.

Two years back, after the announcement of will by Grandpa, Sarah's mom passed away. Steward Garner... I mean Grandpa was

very upset about her demise. She had been a good daughter-in-law and shared a very good bond with him before Leigh Walters arrived to announce her pregnancy.

The woman could not have enough guts to leave Ashton Garner, so she suffered throughout her life. She could never develop that special bond with her kids. She could never express her hatred for her husband to anyone. The woman was so mentally disturbed that she could never take a stand for her son when Ashton forced him to marry a girl. All the pent-up anger and frustration in her made her heart weak.

Dragging myself to the present, I looked around and smiled. It must be the first time in the history of weddings when the bride and groom were not present for their official first dinner. They did arrive initially but fled away after hugging and thanking their very few guests.

The only people left behind were immediate family and closest friends.

Holding Justin's hand, I was meeting everyone trying to spend some quality time with all my loved ones. A few minutes back, Aniya and Eve were talking wildly about something but now Aniya was nowhere in sight while a man who might be a business associate of Justin was trying to make a conversation with Eve.

Evelyne! My beautiful friend who deserved a beautiful ever after.

Justin and I were talking to someone from the business fraternity when I saw Marwick trying to run after Mashal quite awkwardly.

"Honey. I need to go." I whispered in Justin's ear. My husband didn't want to let me go but I needed to help Marwick with my baby girl.

"Mashal!" I called the naughty toddler who had crawled under the table making Marwick somewhat frown at her.

She was laughing like crazy at my big brother who was crouching down near the table and was trying to decide if he should get under it after her or not.

"You will be a very good father." I didn't know why those words escaped my mouth.

"Good girl! Come out to Maweek!" My big brother looked funny trying to coo a little girl who used to call him Maweek. He would be a great husband too.

Gosh! Now where this thought crawled into my mind?

"He is cute!" I heard an amused voice behind me and turned to find Layla Hayat's eyes glued to Marwick, "Sad that he is not available for commitment!"

That's great! My brother kept things crystal clear between them.

That was so honest of him. Sweet!

"I am so sorry. I needed to go to the bathroom!"

Sarah appeared out of nowhere and took Mashal from Marwick's grip.

"Mommy. I want sefee!" Mashal said with a pout.

"Selfie is my department, love," Layla said good-naturedly and reached out to hold Mashal. When she left, my eyes followed her

perfect figure and then trailed to my brother whose eyes were on his phone screen.

One year ago, he came back after looking for his wife around the world but no luck. He didn't show it, but I knew he was heartbroken.

His icy blue eyes said it all.

Ashton who had returned to his hometown after his wife's demise, was quite happy at his son's misery.

He was a sick man, indeed.

'You will find her, Marwick!' I placed my hand on his arm and felt him go still under my touch.

"She is right, Marw." Sarah interjected, "I am sure she will be back in your life and you both can come up with something that is feasible for you two."

He raised his eyes from his phone screen and passed a glance between his sisters but didn't utter a single word.

"Maybe..." Sarah hooked her arm through his, "It is quite possible that she is here with us, standing at some distance, enjoying your discomfort but not liking the idea of revealing herself." Sarah said in a mischievous voice.

"Ah," Marwick rolled his eyes and smiled a little, 'You are following our little sister's footsteps for thinking that everything is like a movie. Psst!" he clicked his tongue inside his cheek. 'You know what, my dear brother?" I hooked my arm through his free arm on the other side and smacked my lips, "What if she is working in your office already? Imagine your wife working in your office while you are crazily looking for her in the whole wide world."

He smirked and looked at me, "This is not possible. We have a policy of a thorough background check, little one. So, no chance!" he clicked his tongue again.

"But this is fate, big brother." I cocked up a brow. Leaving his arm, I stood before him and placed my hand on my hip, "Anything can happen, Marwick. Fate can throw any curve ball towards you."

He groaned and turned his head sideways towards Sarah who was nodding her head at me, "I so agree with you, Ash." "My

sisters have gone crazy." He muttered before leaving, making both of us chuckle.

"We are planning to move away." Sarah was still looking at Marwick's back when she broke the news to me.

"W...What?" I handed over my empty wine glass to a passing waiter and looked at her, "Where did this come from?" "Keith and I were planning it for quite some time. Property business is thriving in Europe more. So, I think the move is for the good."

Tears welled up in my eyes, "I... I will miss you, Sarah. And ... I ..." I looked at the innocent face of Mashal who was busy taking selfies with Layla, "I will miss this little angel." I tried to stop it but still, a tear managed to tickle down my cheek.

"Hey hey hey!" Sarah immediately hugged me, "We still have six months, girl. Stop feeling miserable. It will only take a six-hour flight to come and see us. You will always be welcome to be a part of Mashal's life, silly girl. Or who knows, we might drop her at your place for some aunt and niece bonding." She kept patting my back for comforting me.

"In fact, you can come there after nine months and help us in taking care of her." She suggested meaningfully and started

chewing her lower lip in between her teeth.

I pulled back, managing several creases on my forehead, "What would happen after nine months?"

When she didn't reply and

kept looking at me, my eyes went wide.

"Oh, Gosh! Really?" she nodded her head and smiled sheepishly.

"Congratulations! I am so happy!" I hugged her again, "And yet so emotional!" I expressed shakily, pouting my lips in an attempt to hold myself from crying.

She slapped lightly on my shoulder and straightened up, "Stop being emotional. It's time you bring a baby of your own. You will

be an exceptional mom." "You sure about that?"

"Sure, about bringing baby?" "No, silly. Sure, about being an excellent mom to my kids."

We both laughed at that.

"We just discussed it last night," I tried to convey it to her without blushing, but I guess that was hard to happen, "Justin and I

have decided to try for a baby and ..." "And?" "And he is taking me on a world tour." I confided in her and got a hoot from her big mouth in response.

"Sarah!" I quickly covered her mouth with my palm, "stop it!" I hissed and laughed when she rolled her eyes with muffled sounds.

'You have messed up my lip color!" She smacked her lips and made a pout.

So, this was life. I could never get tired of gossiping about meaningless things with my sister. And soon she would be leaving. I

would miss Mashal and Sarah and Keith too. He was a perfect brother-in-law.

"Someone is upset!" I heard my husband's voice and smiled. Turning to him, I didn't say anything and hugged him to me. At this point, I didn't need to give him any explanations about anything.

For him, I was an open book and we both could understand whatever used to go inside our heads.

"Justin Deluca. Take me home. I can't wait to make love to you." I told him in a low voice and closed my eyes.

His body and his arms around me used to remind me daily ... that I was home.

Sarah's pov "Thank you, Marwi, for accompanying us to the Deluca Mansion." I must have thanked my maid for the umpteenth time. She was a pretty, little woman in her late twenties.

"Oh, it's nothing, Ms. Sarah. I am with you people for the past two years. This is the least I could do." She said and started

hanging my dresses in the room closet.

When Keith came inside, I stood up and went ahead to hug him, "Hey love." He kissed me and then leaned down to kiss my obvious belly.

"How is he doing there?" "He is good. How about you? Mashal is down, playing with her aunt." I informed my beloved husband.

"Oh, I know. I met her on my way up." With that, he lifted me up and carried me to the bed not caring that a maid was there,

"Stay here. Don't go anywhere." "But I was going out to bring you some coffee," I said wiggling on the mattress when he put me down.

"I don't want coffee." He held my face, "I just need to sit with you before I attend an online meeting in Justin's office. Should I bring something for you before the meeting?" Good old caring Keith.

As always.

This fellow used to treat me as if I was not pregnant but sick. All he wanted to do was not to let me set foot on the floor.

After handing over my favorite cookies, he gave my lips a quick peck and left the room for his meeting. 'You are lucky to have got a husband like him, Ms. Sarah.' Marwi had a drool on her face.

"Oh, Thanks." I smiled and started opening the cookie pack.

"How it all started?" She asked while folding Mashal's laundry.

"Started what?" "The love story. How you met him? I mean I know I am prying. But you two look so cute and so perfect when you

are together. I want to believe in love when I look at you two. Soon you will be going away to Europe.

Please tell me. How this

love story started." "Oh, it was nothing serious." I

waved my hand in the air, "We all were childhood friends. He had this crush on

me that I never knew. Later we started dating and that's it." I shrugged with a smile, "After that, there

was no turning back." "Oh,"

she clasped her hands dreamily, 'You are so lucky.'

I stopped myself from rolling my eyes. The girl always had this dreamy look whenever she used to witness my closeness with my

husband.

"Indeed!" 'Your husband is lucky too!' "Maybe." I

wanted to laugh at her face. Right now, she was acting so much like a teenager.

So much like Ashley.

After arranging the closet, she left the room so that she could go to Mashal who was downstairs with her aunt Ashley.

Lately, I had been feeling sleepier due to my pregnancy hormones. Holding a yawn, I walked to the window and opened the blinds to look at the vast lawns.

As always, I was back at Deluca Mansion because we had sold out our furniture and house. Keith wanted us to live in a furnished villa on rent but Justin and Ashley, both invited us here.

I looked down and smiled when I saw Justin and Ashley running around on the grassy grounds, along with Mashal. But when Marwi reached them and took away Mashal for her afternoon nap, Justin got busy whispering something in Ashley's ear.

It must be something romantic and dirty because her face had turned beet red.

Dear Marwi. You want to know how it all started? I wish I could tell you how much I love my husband and my kids. I wish I could tell you it's never easy to forget about your first love. The way he looks at her and worships her. Sometimes it all becomes too much for me. But I keep smiling. Because on the other

side, it's my lovely sister and my childhood friend,
my first crush. My first love.

Dear Marwi. I wish I could tell you why I am leaving
this place. My sister deserved my time, and I gave it
to her. I let her in and let

her enjoy the company of my husband and my
daughter. To make her feel welcome in my family
and let her know how it feels to

tease your brother-in-law and spoil your niece.

The couple is just back from the world tour, and I am
sure they will soon be

having a baby. But my dear Marwi. It hurts. It still
hurts.

While talking silently to Marwi, I frowned and
touched my cheek only to find wetness there.

Crap! Why was I crying? I started wiping my face
with the back of my hand.

Dear Marwi. You were asking me how it all started.

Do you want to know how it all started? Let me tell
you, dear.

It all started when ...

My Fiance Fell For His Virgin Maid.

THE END.

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Chapter 121

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Ouch! My CEO Fiancé Fell For His Maid

Chapter 121

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**Ouch! My CEO Fiancé Fell For His Maid by Lisa
Salman Chapter 121
Evelyne (Book 2)**

Eve's pov:

“Thank you so much, dear.” Mrs. Gilbert bobbed her hair several times looking at her image in the mirror, “I think this hairstyle suits me.”

“You look amazing, Ms. Gilbert.” I praised her and took off her long black apron. She did look changed in this new haircut that I just gave her. After I got done with blow drying, she could not stop herself from smiling and examining her image in the mirror again and again.

“I hope, my husband likes it.” She whispered and took me by surprise when she kissed my cheek. Only thirty minutes were left in closing the salon. My subordinates were still not done with the services.

June looked up while attending to a customer's pedicure, “Eve. Once I will be done, I will help you with the daily income records.”

I nodded at her kindness and went to the bathroom for washing my hands.

I had come a long way from Ice Cream Heaven where we used to manage every record in a thick register. Now I had a laptop where I used to keep the record of the Salon's income.

"Eve!" Mrs. Margret whispered after closing the bathroom door behind her, "Brian is here!"

"What?" I spun around, "Again?" The dude did not seem to take no for an answer. He met me at Electra and Steward's wedding dinner. When he came to know I owned a salon in Arguli, he was over the moon.

He was a business associate of Justin Deluca and lived in a small town, just a few kilometers away from Arguli.

I had given him subtle clues that I was NOT interested. But the man was not wise enough to take the hints. Or he didn't want to understand at all.

Now what should I do?

"Do you want to use the backdoor to exit the salon?" Mrs. Margret wiggled her brows mischievously.

"What about closing it, Mrs. Margret?"

"Don't worry about that. I can close it for you. After all, I have done it before."

"Umm. Can you ask June to enter all the details on the laptop before leaving?" I could always count on June and Mrs. Margret.

They both had been with me for the past two years. “You just go home, girl. Use the back door and shoo away!” the older lady said sternly but kindly and went out.

Rolling my eyes, I quickly wiped my hands and threw the paper towel in a hamper. Taking the narrow passage, I was about to leave the place when Mrs. Margret approached me quickly and handed over my purse to me.

“He is a fine-looking young boy, Eve. It’s ok if you don’t like him. At least, give yourself a chance to be happy.”

The kind-hearted woman advised me sincerely, but I chose to turn a deaf ear to it. As always, my mind was screaming, “Not now, Mrs. Margret. I am not ready.”

Taking my purse, I went out and then tilted my face to eye the club just a few steps away from the Salon. I hardly went there.

When I entered the nightclub, the music was so loud that I felt my eardrums shaking and my body dancing to the beats. The combination of neon lights and the music wanted me to go and forget everything about the pain that had been burning my insides for the past two years.

I walked a few more steps and took a stool at the bar.

“What should I offer to the beautiful lady?” The bartender started flirting with me.

“Anything that is not too strong. I need to drive back home.” He snapped his fingers and gave me a se*xy smile.

“On it, ma’am.”

I fished out my phone from my purse and started checking messages. There was one from Aniya.

“I won’t be home for the night. Don’t worry. I am safe and have lots of condoms. Winks!” I shook my head and smiled.

No matter how hard she tried to annoy me or show me she didn’t give a damn, I knew better. She used to do all those annoying things just to piss me off.

“A special drink for a special lady!” I saw it from the corner of my eye when the bartender placed a glass near my purse. I was

about to pass a snarky remark when another message appeared on my phone. It was from June. [Brian has seen you slipping inside that club. He must be on his way to get you.]

What? I looked around in panic. Was he a creep or what? What the hell! Let him come. I knew how to deal with clingy people like him.

“I got you! Ha-ha.” I kept sitting like a dummy when someone hugged me from behind.

“I told you, Brian. I am not interested. Why are you following me? Geez!” Holding his wrist, I shoved it away. But he didn’t seem to mind it. With a prod grin on his face, he rounded and stood before me.

“I thought maybe we could have dinner together, Evelyne. But if you are not interested then it’s fine.” After hearing that I wanted to take a sigh of relief, but I guess it was short-lived. “If you are interested in having drinks with me here then I am happy with that too.” He continued and the forced smile on my lips faltered a little.

“You egoistic pig!” I chuckled and eased back against the counter edge licking my lower lip, “Can’t take no for an answer? Huh?”

He followed the movement of my tongue and gulped down, “I am not following you, Eve. And I am not a pig. It’s just that I came to know about you from Justin and Ashley. You also deserve happiness.”

I frowned and made a face, “Brian. Shut up. Maybe I am not alone and someone else is accompanying me here.” I shrugged and picked up my glass to take a sip, “Maybe I am here to meet someone. So don’t be sad about my non-existent love life.”

A smile cracked up on his lips, “Liar!”

I scoffed and took another sip, “I am not lying. He just went to the bathroom. So, you better go out and stop pestering me to go to bed with you.”

His mouth hung open at that, “Seriously? And why would I do that? I ... I never asked you to...”

“Shut up!” I turned away from him and muttered, “F*ck boy!” he must have heard it because I heard a sharp intake of breath.

“Listen, Eve. You are taking it all wrong. I ...” Before he could finish it, I felt someone snaking his strong arm around my waist from behind. A heavy voice appeared just close to my ear,

“Hey, Cherie! I am back. And you haven’t ordered my drink? Not fair!”

I went still and saw Brian’s face go pale.

“The lady is with me. Stop pestering her. Get lost!” He didn’t have fury in his voice but the authority in there demanded respect and submission.

Brian gulped hard and took a step back.

I tried to control my quivering smile and leaned back a little to show Brian that we were together. Just then I felt him sniffing my hair.

Was he a creep as well? Ok. Let me get done with Brian first.

Brian threw a last glance at me and then turned on his heels to leave the place. I tried to take a sigh of relief when I felt the stranger man's hot breath against the skin of my neck.

"He is still out there. It's better if we stick together for a little while." He suggested in that heavy se*xy voice, and I decided to turn around and look at my knight in shining armor. Very slowly I turned around and found myself staring into ocean green eyes of a man towering over me. He looked taller because maybe I was sitting, and he was standing. Greek God!

That was the first thing that came to my mind when I looked at his face.

He was looking down at my face, observing my facial features. But nah! He could be anything but a creep.

There was no amusement on his face. He was quietly looking into my eyes.

Before I could say anything, his arms held me gently and pulled me into his muscular hard chest. The whiff of male perfume hit my nostrils. My eyes went wide. Before I could protest, I heard that heavy voice again whispering against my ear,

"He is still here ... looking at us."

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Ouch! My CEO Fiancé Fell For His Maid

Chapter 122

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2- Adonis (Book 2)

My heart started racing as I felt the warmth of his body against mine. I looked up at him, and our eyes locked again. The intensity in his gaze was almost too much to bear.

I swallowed hard, trying to calm my nerves. "Who is still here?" I managed to ask, my voice barely above a whisper.

Ha-ha. I had already forgotten about Brian and was asking this man a silly question like a fool.

"Umm. The man? The one who's been following you," he reminded me, his voice low and steady.

"I've been keeping an eye on him, but I think he's getting bolder. We need to leave now."

He held me close as he spoke, his hands firm but gentle. I couldn't help but feel safe in his embrace, even though I had no idea who he was.

"Leave the place! And go where?" I tried to hold my horses in his presence. Nobody had this kind of effect on me.

"Any place. Where he can't reach you, Cherie." He suggested. If he was finding my questions a little absurd, he chose not to remark.

"Okay," I said, my voice barely audible. "Lead the way." I could not believe it. Brian was someone who I met at the wedding. He was not so stranger to me.

Yet this man, I knew nothing about. I was trusting him so easily.

He released me from his embrace and took my hand, leading me away from the crowded club and towards the safety of some unknown place.

What if he takes me to some secluded place and kills me? Or what if he misunderstands me for a woman throwing herself at him just to get his attention? What If he offers me to accompany him to his place?

Was I being sensible enough to trust him? Where was he exactly taking me at this hour? Shouldn't I be going home instead of following him in this madness?

As we walked, I couldn't help but steal glances at him, taking in the chiseled jawline, the strong arms, and the way he moved with such confidence.

"Where is your home? I can walk with you if it's nearby. Otherwise, I can drive you home." Oh!

Thankfully, he was not kidnapping me. He was offering, to take me home.

And here I had given myself different excuses that he might be a serial killer or a psychopath.

"I ... I work nearby..." I was about to tell him that I worked in the salon but then last minute, I decided to change my mind, "I..." I

let out a shaky grin, "I do own a car. So, thank you. I can manage it."

Oh, God! What was his name? Why was he not telling me his fuc*king name? Come on Adonis. You Greek God! Tell me your name. Or maybe ask mine.

That would be the perfect opportunity to let him know my name.

"Where is exactly your car?" he ran a gaze around while I was busily watching his face.

I gulped again and pointed near the salon parking where my second-hand, green Honda Civic was parked, "It's there the green one."

We reached my car, and he opened the door for me, helping me inside. So, it was good to know that he was not interested in

taking me to his place or clinging to me. The man was being a gentleman to accompany me to my car.

As I got in the driver's seat, I couldn't help but feel a thrill of excitement running through me. Who was this man, and why was he helping me?

But at that moment, I didn't care. All I knew was that I was safe and that he was the most beautiful man I had ever seen.

He was still there when I started the engine and started driving away at a slow speed.

As I drove, I couldn't help but steal glances at him through the rearview mirror. He was standing there, watching me leave, with

his ocean-green eyes. I couldn't shake the feeling that I had just met someone special, someone who might change my life forever.

Or was I just being an emotional fool?

As I drove down the street at a snail's pace, I realized that I made a mistake by not asking his name. I had been so caught up in his perfection and his protectiveness that I just could not find it in myself to ask it.

I pulled over to the side of the road and turned off the engine, feeling a pang of regret. Should I go back and ask him his name?

Was it too late?

F*ck, Eve! You are a loser!

Before I could make up my mind, I saw him walking towards my car. My heart skipped a beat as he approached the window, leaning down to look inside. I immediately slid down the window.

"Hey," he said, this time with a small smile on his lips. "I just wanted to make sure you were okay."

"Uh. I... I am ... fine. I am good!" I smiled and started the engine again, "Bye." Oh, please, stop me and tell me your name. Please please, please. I don't want to sound clingy. I just want you to find me different.

"Bye," he whispered.

"Nice meeting you, Adonis," I said and drove away at full speed. This time I didn't dare to look in the rearview mirror.

**■*

"Ha-ha! Ha-ha!" Aniya could not seem to stop laughing, "You didn't even ask his name! You called him Adonis and left? I can't believe it?" "Stop laughing!" I spat. Sitting on the dining table with a coffee mug in my hand, my chin was leaning on my other palm, i "If he was so handsome and you found him so attractive, you should have asked something about him. Now you know nothing except you met him in a club."

This was breakfast time and Aniya was doing the honors of pulling my leg.

"I called him Adonis because he looked like a Greek God. Now quit discussing that Adonis and make me breakfast, Aniya!"

Aniya chuckled, "Alright, alright. But you know what they say, Eve.

Opportunity knocks only once. Who knows, you might never see him again."

I groaned, "Don't remind me. But it's not like I'm looking for a relationship right now."

Aniya gave me a knowing look, "You don't have to be looking for one to find it, you know. Sometimes love just happens."

I rolled my eyes, "Love? Are you serious? You and your romantic ideas. I'm perfectly happy being single."

Aniya shrugged, "Suit yourself. But if you do see this Adonis again, don't let him slip away. You never know where it might lead."

Being Aniya, she leaned forward and whispered, "By the way set me up with him. I don't think Marwick is any more interested in

me. That Layla Hayat though. Psst." She clicked her tongue and curved down her lips.

I laughed at her joke. The girl wanted to date and sleep with every hot guy on this planet. This time, I couldn't deny the truth in

her words.

As much as I wanted to pretend that I didn't care, a part of me was already imagining what it would be like to see him again.

But for now, I focused on enjoying my breakfast with Aniya and trying not to think too much about the handsome stranger who had crossed my path.

Thankfully Aniya dropped the subject and started asking me about my work at the Salon.

"You tell me, Aniya." I straightened, "How is your cleaning company going?" I asked her while taking a sip of my coffee. She just shook her head while gulping down the pancake dipped in honey.

"I'm actually thinking of expanding the business," Aniya said, wiping her mouth with a napkin. "I've been doing some research and there's a big market for it in the neighboring towns." "That's amazing," I said, genuinely impressed. "I'm so proud of you."

"Thanks, girl," Aniya said with a grin. "I couldn't have done it without your support. I had been planning it but now at last it will soon be on the papers too.'

We continued chatting for a while longer before I realized that I had to head to the salon. As I got up to leave, Aniya walked me to

the door.

"Hey, before you go," she said, grabbing my arm.

"Are you okay? I mean... are you really, ok?"

I took a deep breath, trying to hold back my emotions. "I'm doing okay, Aniya. It's been tough, but I'm managing." "Great. If that's

the case, I will be needing your car for just a day or two. I can manage for the rest of the days of the week by borrowing it from

another friend..." "Oh, crap!" I didn't let her finish,

"Take my car for this week. I can easily manage pick and drop with Mrs.

Margret." "Are you sure?" "Cent percent!" "Good...

and thank you," she said, giving me a tight hug. 'And just remember, I'm

always here for you, no matter what." "Thanks,

Aniya," I said, feeling grateful for her friendship.

I messaged Mrs. Margret to pick me. While going to the salon in her car, I couldn't help but think about how lucky I was to have

Aniya and Ashley in my life. Both my friends were my rock, and my support system. And with them by my side, I knew that I

could get through anything.

***Topof Form

It had been one week since I met him. I knew nothing about that man, and he knew nothing about me except that I owned a

green-colored car.

It was around noon when I got busy with the sudden influx of customers at my salon. Maybe Aniya and Ashley were right. I

should put a complete hold on walk-in customers and start taking hundred percent bookings on phone.

We used to take phone appointments but had to squeeze in our walk-in customers too.

June was busy doing a manicure of a middle-aged woman. Mrs. Margret was giving Protein treatment to a girl while I was busy

giving a haircut to a six-year-old kid.

There were two men in the seating area, waiting to get a haircut from me.

I got finished with the kid and turned to the two men, who were looking at me expectantly. I walked over to them and greeted them with a smile.

"Hi, what can I do for you today?" I asked, looking at both.

The taller of the two spoke up, "I want a haircut. Would you be able to fit me in?"

The other one spoke too, "I won't be here on weekend, so I had to rush here to get this long due cut. So, I was wondering the same."

I checked my schedule on my phone and saw that I had a small window of time between appointments. But for that, I needed to sacrifice my coffee break, "Sure, I can do that. Let me just grab my scissors and spray bottle. You have a seat, sir." I said to the taller one as I walked over to my station to collect my scissors and comb and pointed towards the barber chair.

I started working on his hair first. The shorter one was still waiting patiently.

As I worked on the man's hair, I couldn't help but think of the Greek God I had met. I wondered if he would ever come back to the club, and if he did, would he try to find me again? Urgh! I quickly pushed those thoughts aside and focused on giving the man the best haircut possible. After all, he was my customer and deserved my full attention.

After I got finished with the cut, I walked the other man to the front desk to pay in advance. As the first one was leaving, he turned back and said, "You know, you're really talented. Thanks for this transformation."

I smiled and thanked him before turning back to the front desk. Mrs.

Margret was there, counting the money and jotting down the appointments for the next day.

Another of my subordinate made the shorter man sit on the Barber chair in front of the huge mirror and started spraying water on his hair.

"Mrs. Margret, I need to go and get done with his haircut. Just have a quick question. Do you think we should go for full appointments on the phone instead of entertaining walk-ins?" I asked her, tapping my finger on the small counter.

She looked up, considering my question. "It's worth a try. We can go on hundred percent appointments and see how it goes. But we need to make sure we have enough staff to handle the calls and bookings."

I nodded, understanding her concerns. "I'll start working on that tomorrow.

Thanks, Mrs. Margret."

The customer was ready for the haircut when the salon door opened and I heard a familiar voice, "Joseph. We are getting late, man." There was frustration in his voice, "Who takes so long to get a fu*king haircut?"

Holding the scissors, I looked up at him and both of us froze.

Hell! Adonis!

"H...hi there." The corner of his mouth curled up in a smirk. He came closer to me and looked at my face. "I didn't know your name. Couldn't see your green car. I was least expecting you here." He said and touched the hair strand that was falling on my temple.

No! He missed me? He fuc*king missed me! I tried to speak, but my voice caught in my throat. He must have noticed my jumpiness, because he flashed me a crooked smile,

"Nervous?" he asked me gently, "I'm glad I ran into you. I've been wanting to meet you." And then he chuckled, "Adonis! Huh?

That's what you called me before you left that night. Right?"

I felt a rush of excitement and anticipation. Did he say, he wanted to meet me? As if reading my thoughts, he continued, "So, you work here!"

It was not a question but a simple remark. I was amused that he thought I was a worker here but not the owner, "I was wondering if you'd like to grab a coffee sometime."

My heart skipped a beat as I nodded eagerly. Ever since he walked inside, I had turned mute, "Yes, I... I'd love that," I managed to say, my voice barely above a whisper.

Gosh! I never stuttered in my life.
His eyes were twinkling and we both were standing there staring at each other.
"Ok. Then what should I call you?" I asked him inserting his hands in his pants pockets. And before he could answer that my poor client who was waiting for me in his chair spoke up, i "Miss. Can you attend me please?" Adonis grinned, and I felt a jolt of electricity shoot through my body. ' Great. He is waiting. Go back to work." The smile on his lips vanished before he turned serious, "How about tomorrow morning at the cafe down the street? Say, 10 o'clock?" I nodded again, still unable to form coherent words. Adonis gave me a wink and a wave, then turned and walked to the door, leaving me standing there with the scissors still in my hand, feeling like the luckiest person in the world. He hadn't even crossed the doorway, but I felt like I just woke up from a deep sleep. Looking around I found my staff's teasing glances. Trying to hide the blush, I saw Mr. Adonis about to leave but then he stepped back and closed the door. Top of Form

Turning around, he strolled back to me and stood there at arm's length. Unlike that night he was no more wearing a crisp white shirt, but a grey t- shirt paired with a denim jacket. "Are you interested in knowing what I had been calling you last week?"

Oh, so I was not alone. Just like I gave him the name Adonis, he also gave me a name. Before I could move my head, he brought his mouth closer to my ear and said something in a bare whisper that I surprisingly didn't find creepy or sick, "See you tomorrow morning, long legs!"

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Despite the luxurious surroundings, Ashley misses her life at the

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Will this Chapter

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Ouch! My CEO Fiancé Fell For His Maid

Chapter 123

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3-Still An Adonis (Book 2)

I felt a mix of shock and excitement as Adonis leaned in and whispered in my ear calling me long legs. My staff was still watching us, and I could feel their eyes on me as I tried to compose myself.

I took a step back from him and looked up, trying to gauge his intentions. Was he just playing with me, or did he really like me?

He must have sensed my hesitation because he took a step forward and reached out to touch my arm, "This was the first thing I noticed about you when we met in that club. Your legs."

I could sense my cheeks heating up to his gaze. Thankfully his low whispers were not audible to others... except that man sitting on the stylist's seat.

I nodded, still feeling a little dazed, I managed to say. "I appreciate your honesty... Adonis!"

He smiled, "I don't like playing games, long legs. Life's too short for that, you know?"

I nodded again, feeling a surge of admiration for him. How right he was! Who would know about this bitter truth of life better than me? Life was too short indeed.

He was so different from the other guys I had dated for the past two years, who always seemed to be playing some kind of game or trying to impress me with their wealth or status or fake cockiness.

Adonis seemed genuine, down-to-earth, and refreshingly honest. I couldn't wait to get to know him better, and I hoped that our coffee date the next morning would just be the beginning of something special.

"Earth to, Evelyne. He has left!" I heard Mrs. Margret bellowing, followed by laughter from the people around me.

"Uh, oh. Where is this customer?" I asked about the man who was waiting for the haircut trying to wipe that embarrassing drool off my face.

"He already left with your man," June said teasingly and got busy with her business. That man had paid but left without getting my services.

I needed to return his money. But how? Tomorrow I will ask Adonis to share his details. They both seemed to know each other quite well.

I just could not wait for the day to get over.

Tomorrow morning, we were meeting for coffee!

Yayy! This time I gave a fu *ck if my staff was looking at me. It was hard to

control that silly smile quickly spreading on my lips.

"What the hell is going on here?" Aniya came inside my room and ran a gaze. A surprised gasp left her mouth as expected. The true crisp and proper Evelyne had her clothes all over the room.

"I just can't seem to decide what to wear for our tomorrow's coffee meet up." I kept throwing my t-shirts on the floor.

"Ok. B...But can't you just wear your work clothes?" She rolled her eyes, trying to knock some sense into me.

"No!" I complained, "I want to wear a skirt." I usually preferred denim pants to work. But that day, when I met Adonis, I was

wearing a short skirt that showed off my long legs.

He was not the first one who complimented them.

"He called me, long legs. He liked my legs!" I pouted and placed my hands on my hips.

"He called you what?" Aniya's mouth was hung open at that.

She shook her head and walked over to where I was standing, picking up one of the shirts from the floor.

"Eve, you can't do this.

You can't change yourself for some guy. You're perfect just the way you are."

I rolled my eyes. "I know. I'm not changing myself, Aniya. I'm just having fun with my style. Is that so wrong?" "But you're not

having fun. You're stressing yourself out over what to wear for a guy. You don't need to impress anyone, especially not some guy who only likes you for your legs."

I huffed. "You don't understand, Aniya. He seems different. He's not like those other guys out there who wanted to get laid right after the first meetup." "Come on, Eve. There is no warning written on their faces. You need to keep your heart intact and safe.

They're all the same. They only want one thing."

I glared at her. "You sound bitter, Aniya." I even managed to stick my tongue out.

Aniya's eyes narrowed. "I'm not bitter, silly. I just don't want you to make any mistakes. I don't want you to get hurt in all this. You deserve someone who likes you for who you are, not just your legs."

I crossed my arms. "Adonis does like me for who I am. He's interested in what I have to say, not just how I look." "Then why do you feel the need to dress up for him? Why can't you just wear what makes you comfortable?" "Because I want to feel confident,

Aniya. Is that too much to ask?"

Aniya sighed. "No, it's not too much to ask. But you don't need to dress a certain way to feel confident. You should feel confident in whatever you wear."

I looked down at the pile of clothes on the floor and sighed. "I guess, I give up. Help me!"

Aniya smiled. "Of course. For now, let's go and eat something and forget about Adonis."

I chuckled. "Thanks, girl."

Aniya grabbed my hand and pulled me towards the door. "That's what friends are for."

She didn't prepare coffee for me due to my coffee meetup as I couldn't afford more than one cup in the morning.

I just munched a small piece of butter croissant.

After breakfast, as we walked back to my room, Aniya said, "Let's find you something comfortable to wear. You don't need to dress up to impress anyone."

I nodded in agreement. "You're right." But what to do with my disturbing heartbeat?

"And you will feel confident, Eve. You always do. Let's look for something that shows off your personality."

We rummaged through my closet, pulling out different pieces of clothing.

Aniya held up a blue sundress and said, "What about this?"

I shook my head. "I wore that when I met him at the club."

Aniya nodded in understanding and kept searching.

She pulled out a yellow flowy top and a pair of ripped jeans. "What about this?"

"That's perfect. It's casual but still stylish."

Aniya handed me the clothes, "Now, let's not do anything with your hair."

I raised a brow. "What do you mean?" how this brat knew that I was planning to curl them?

"Your hair looks beautiful just the way it is, Eve. You don't need to curl it or style it in any way. Just let it be natural. You have beautiful jet black hair and I wish I could steal them. God straightened them naturally for you. Don't you dare ruin them."

I hesitated for a moment before agreeing. "Okay, I trust you."

Aniya showed me a thumbs up, "Good. Now go and enjoy your coffee with Adonis."

As I walked out of my apartment, I felt good. I realized that I didn't need to change who I was or dress a certain way to impress someone. I just needed to be myself, and the right person would appreciate me for who I am.

***Top of Form

I parked my car near the Salon and saw a black Mercedes Benz parked there. I never witnessed this classic beauty in our neighborhood. Who did it belong to?

Thinking to myself, I started walking to the cafe that was just five minutes away from the Salon. With a speeding heartbeat, I

entered there and looked around. I was ten minutes early. I hoped he would not think of me as a desperate woman.

Fixing the strap of my purse on my shoulder, I stepped ahead and found him sitting on a round table in the farthest corner of the room.

No way! H...he was earlier than me. Fu*ck! He was busy on his phone and seemed to be engrossed in it. There were crease lines on his forehead and he looked so ... so good in that black shirt and black dress pants. Like me, he was supposed to go to work after having coffee with me.

I took a deep breath and walked towards him. As I got closer, he looked up from his phone and our eyes met. A smile spread across his face, and I couldn't help but feel a surge of excitement.

"Hey," he said, standing up from his chair.

"Hey," I replied, my heart racing.

He rounded the table and pulled out a chair for me like a gentleman. I couldn't help but notice how good he smelled. It was a mix of his cologne and something else that was uniquely him.

"Thanks." As we sat down, he ordered coffee and sandwiches.

After taking our order, when the waitress left, he asked me casually about my morning schedule, and I told him about my daily morning rush to get ready for work. He listened intently, and I found myself getting lost in his deep green eyes.

Before coming here, I was literally panicking that how would I carry on a decent conversation.

"How about you?" I asked, trying to compose myself. He shrugged. "Just the usual. Meetings, emails, the daily grind."

I nodded in understanding. "I know the feeling. Sometimes it takes away all my energy."

We sipped our coffee and made small talk while eating, but there was an underlying tension between us. I could feel it, and I knew he could too.

Suddenly, he leaned in closer, and I could feel his breath on my cheek. "I hope it's not too soon," he whispered, "I've been thinking about you this whole damn week."

I couldn't help but feel a rush of desire. "Oh really?" I replied, trying to sound nonchalant.

He nodded, his eyes locked with mine. "Yeah. I couldn't get you out of my head. You're just so... I don't know..."

I bit my lip, feeling the sexual tension but then quickly shrugged it off.

No way! I must be imagining it. Well, I could say the same about you, hottie. So, I came up with a lame, "Thanks."

He leaned back, "Are you done with your coffee? Should I order something else for you?" "I'm actually still sipping on it," I said,

trying to sound composed. "But thank you."

His eyes crinkled at the corners. "No problem. Take your time, long legs!"

We fell into a comfortable silence, and I found myself stealing glances at him. He was handsome, with strong features and a hint

of stubble on his jawline. I couldn't help but wonder what it would feel like to run my fingers over it.

"So, what are your hobbies?" he asked, breaking the silence. I shrugged and didn't know what to tell him.

For the last two years, there were no hobbies for me.

I felt a twinge of embarrassment as I realized I didn't have much to share about my hobbies. "Honestly, I haven't really had much

time for hobbies lately," I admitted.

He looked at me with genuine interest. "What do you do for fun, then?"

I thought for a moment before replying, "I like to read and go for walks. And sometimes I'll binge-watch a show on Net***flix." I

said with a faint smile while I used to do all these things way before Elijah died.

Recently it was just the work, eat, and sleep cycle. He grinned. "Sounds like great ways to relax. What are you currently reading?"

I smiled, feeling more at ease. "I haven't read anything recently as my work takes a lot of time." I tried to be a little bit honest with him.

He nodded. "I can relate!"

We chatted for a while longer about meaningless things. As we finished our coffee and stood up to leave. Top of Form

He held my hand and led me out of the cafe. Not leaving my hand, he started walking me back to the salon just a little distance away.

"So, what else do you do in that salon except giving those amazing haircuts." He asked me casually. Too conscious of his touch on my hand I managed a smirk.

"I own it." My comment took him by surprise and made him stop.

"Crap! This... this is... I mean ... wow!" he chuckled.

"So, what brings you here to this town?" I asked him, trying to keep the conversation light.

"Just for business purposes. I am not new in this town and planning to settle here," he replied, a sly smile gracing the corners of his mouth. "But I never had this idea that I will be meeting someone. I guess I need to make it quick if I want to start it here."

I felt a flush rise to my cheeks, but I tried to play it cool. "Well, I'm glad you came here."

We arrived at the salon, and I unlocked the door and opened it for him, letting him in first. As he walked in, I couldn't help but notice the way his broad shoulders filled out his shirt.

Thankfully my staff had not arrived yet.

"So, what do you think of the place?" I asked, gesturing around the salon.

"It's nice. I don't know much about you, long legs," he replied, his eyes lingering on me again. "But I'm more interested in you."

I swallowed hard, "So," I smiled at him playfully, "what can I do for you today, Mr. Adonis? Do you need a haircut?" I asked, trying to steer the conversation to a lighter side.

He grinned looking into my eyes, "Just looking for a trim, Ms. Long legs, I guess. Maybe a little bit of a change? Can you do it for free?" he fluttered his lashes making me chew my lower lip to keep myself from laughing.

I needed to do something with my hands. Not knowing much about what to do, I started arranging products on the already cleaned dresser.

He sat down on the stylist's chair, I couldn't help but notice the way his eyes were locked on my face, watching my every move through the mirror. I tried to focus on the haircutting tools, but I couldn't shake that delicious feeling that his eyes were on me.

"So, do you like going out?" he asked, trying to make conversation.

"Not much, actually" I replied, my hands moving expertly putting the pedicure stuff in an electric sterilizer. "Just sometimes going out with friends, trying new restaurants, that sort of thing." I used to try new clubs with Elijah and Sam, so I tried to shrug off the nostalgic feeling.

"I think ... I should probably take my leave, long legs." He gracefully hopped out of the chair, "If any of your salon gang walk in, they might think I am stalking you." I shook my head at that.

"No, no. don't worry about them. They all are sweethearts." I got quiet and found him looking at me with that seriousness. The aqua-green color of his eyes seemed to darken.

He gave me a tight-lipped smile and started moving backward, his eyes still locked with mine. At last, he turned around and went out.

I followed him just to say goodbye.

As we stood outside the salon, he turned to face me, "Interested in a quick lunch tomorrow?" he asked me, "If it's not too soon

for you. I know I sound stupid but..."

I felt that familiar flutter in my chest at the thought that he wanted to spend more time with me, but I tried to keep my voice

steady. 'Hey. Please don't. You don't sound stupid. I will love to have lunch with you, Mister Adonis.' I replied and winked.

He smiled and cupped my cheek gently. The moment his hand touched my face, I felt my skin burning under the touch. "Great.

I'll meet you tomorrow at that little Chinese place on 3rd Street at 2."

I nodded, and he started to walk away. But before he was out of earshot, he turned back to me and

said, "By the way, I had a

great time this morning after such a long time. It is said when you look at a beautiful face then your day is going to be all good.

Guaranteed!" he showed me a thumbs up, "Thanks for coming out with me, Ms. Log legs."

I smiled, feeling a warmth spread through me. "I enjoyed it too, Mr. Adonis," I replied. I didn't know what got into him. He walked back to me, leaned in, and gently kissed my forehead. I closed my eyes and then felt him pull back and gave me one last smile before turning and walking away. As I watched him go, I felt a flush rise to my cheeks. The kiss was so gentle, but it spoke volumes about that unexplainable connection between us. I knew that I was in for a slow burn with this man, but I was willing to wait for the flames to ignite. For now, I was content to savor the memory of his touch and the promise of more to come. No way. The man walked to the Mercedes Benz parked there and climbed into it. Who was he? "Shit!" I facepalmed, "I again forgot to ask his name. He was still an Adonis to me.

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4-1 Wanted Him (Book 2)

I was standing near Margret who was working on the salon's main counter. We had decided to go for a hundred percent advance bookings and were discussing advertising it.

"For the time being you can take over the reception," I suggested her. The poor woman was an arthritis patient, so I used to involve her more in desk jobs.

"By the way," she bent over the counter with that sinful glint in her eyes, "how is it going with that gorgeous hunk?"

She was so secretive, and the question was so unexpected that I had to pull back to look at her face.

"Umm. Ah. Nothing serious..." Nobody here knew that he was here in the Salon before everyone else arrived. They were also not aware that he had invited me for the lunch, next day. "I think he likes you. Give him a chance, Eve." She suggested me with kindness.

As I continued to stand next to Margaret at the salon's main counter, I couldn't help but feel a bit awkward about her question regarding the "gorgeous hunk." I knew she was my sincere employee and only wished the best for me, but I wasn't sure how to respond.

Mrs. Margret and June did know about my past a little bit.

I cleared my throat, trying to buy some time to think of an appropriate response. "Margret! He's nice and all, but I don't know if it's

anything more than that," I finally replied.

Margaret raised an eyebrow, her expression telling me that she didn't quite believe me. "Come on, Eve. You can't deny that there's chemistry there. I've seen the way he looks at you. We all felt it."

I couldn't help but blush a little at her words. I had noticed the way he looked at me too, but I didn't want to get my hopes up.

"Maybe you're right, " I admitted. "But I don't want to make any assumptions."

Margaret nodded, understanding written all over her face. "I get it. But you should at least give him a chance. Who knows? Fate might surprise you."

I chewed on my bottom lip, contemplating her words. Part of me wanted to take her advice and see where things could go with the "gorgeous hunk," but another part of me was scared of getting hurt.

Before I could respond, Margaret interrupted my thoughts. "You know what? Let's make a deal. If you agree to give him a chance, I'll help you come up with a killer advertising plan for the salon's advance bookings."

I smiled at her offer, grateful for her support. "Okay, deal," I said, feeling a sense of excitement building within me. Maybe taking

a chance on love and the salon's new marketing strategy wouldn't be so bad after all.

"He has invited me for lunch tomorrow," I announced at the dinner table while chewing the pizza slowly.

"Who?" Aniya asked me absent-mindedly while scrolling through her phone.

"Aniya! We are not allowed to use screens during dinner, remember? And I am talking about Adonis." I flared my nostrils for some effects.

"I am sorry." She quickly tossed aside her phone, "And don't tell me you didn't ask his name!" "I actually didn't ask his name," I admitted, feeling a bit embarrassed.

Aniya's eyebrows shot up in surprise. "You're going on a lunch date with someone whose name you don't even know? That's quite bold on your part, Eve."

I shrugged, trying to play it cool. "I mean, it's not a date, per se. Just lunch.

And I'm sure he'll introduce himself tomorrow."

Aniya interjected, 'Well, just be careful, honey. You never know who you're meeting these days."

I nodded, knowing that my friend was just looking out for me. One day she would be advising me to give it a chance and the very next day she will be passing me warning signs.

I'll be careful, girl. Don't worry."

As we continued to eat dinner and chat about other things, my mind couldn't help but wander to Adonis and our upcoming lunch.

I couldn't wait to see where this could lead.

It was all foggy around me. I was standing at a familiar place where no one was around. It was a lush green ground with white lines indicating the boundaries of the area.

Where was I?

Just then my gaze fell on something through the thick fog. The bleachers They were surrounding the field. I narrowed my eyes and tried to see goalposts on two sides of the field. Was it a football ground?

F*ck! It was my school's football ground. Right?

I could hardly see through the fog now. I kept turning around with no idea where should I start walking but then magically, the fog started thinning.

The bleachers surrounding the field were now more visible, and I could see that they were old and worn out, with rusty metal frames and faded wooden seats. The fog had given the place an eerie, almost ghostly feel, and I couldn't shake off the feeling that I was not alone.

Suddenly, a voice echoed through the light fog, distant at first, but gradually becoming louder and clearer. It was a voice I recognized but couldn't place my finger. It was calling out my name, and I felt a sense of urgency in its tone.

I turned towards the source of the voice and saw a familiar figure emerging from the fog. As it approached, I could easily make out his familiar face. He looked worried and anxious and was calling out my name.

Without waiting for a second, I ran to him and lunged at him.

"Elijah!" I squeezed my eyes with happiness when I felt his arms around me, "Where were you?" strangely I was not crying.

In the past two years, I had made peace with his absence from my life.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, his voice tense. "You should go back."

I tried to speak, but my voice caught in my throat. He cupped my cheek gently and looked at me lovingly, "I know you can't forget me. But you should not come here, Eve." "I know. I still miss you. I still crave your company. Your friendship."

"I miss you too, Evelyne." He held my hand and began leading me towards the exit, his steps hurried and determined.

As we walked, the fog began to lift even further, revealing more of the surroundings. I could now see the school building in the distance, its red brick walls towering above the trees. As we approached the exit gate, he turned towards me, "Promise me you'll never come back here again.'

I nodded, still too shocked to speak. With that, he opened the gate, and we stepped out of the football ground, leaving the fog behind us.

"Let me drop you home, silly girl." "Elijah!" I wanted to tell him that I loved him.

"Shh. I understand my love. I understand. I love you too, Evelyne."

My eyes fluttered open, and I looked at my surroundings. I was still in my room and there was no Elijah. But I was no more upset about it. There was no more sense of loneliness. He used to visit me in my dreams after every two to three months. Initially, those foggy dreams used to make me cry. But not anymore.

Now I used to welcome them. It was my only connection with him.

As I lay in bed, trying to hold onto the feelings and emotions of the dream, I couldn't help but feel grateful for his visit. Those dreams always reminded me of the love and understanding I shared with Elijah and gave me hope that one day we would be together again.

I slowly got out of my bed and started my day. Aniya was still sleeping. As it was Saturday, which was my day off from my job, I needed to do my duties of doing the laundry and cleaning the apartment which also included scrubbing bathrooms.

I wanted to get done with it so that I could get ready in time for my lunch date. While roaming around in my apartment I could not get past the warm feelings of the dream. Even though it had ended, it had left a lasting impact on me. As always.

I took out a lemon-yellow sundress along with my Brazilian set of lingerie and headed to the bathroom. After taking shower, I stepped out wearing a robe, "Hey there." Aniya peeked inside and then entered the room, "Ready for lunch

with your Adonis?" "Very much!" I took off the towel from my head and plugged in the hair dryer, "Your pancakes are ready and safe in the oven."

I announced and started to blow dry my hair.

Aniya was shifting uncomfortably on her feet, "I need to tell you something.

I mean inform you about this..." "About what?" I asked her busily finger-combing my hair.

"We ... we need to cancel our movie plan for tonight. I might... spend the night outside." She quickly finished it.

"I am not your mommy, Aniya. Nor I am a judgmental fellow. Enjoy yourself. Forget about movie night." I said casually. We were still following the rule of never bringing a stranger to our apartment for having s3x, "Just don't forget to take precautions for the night."

Aniya gave me an embarrassed grin, "So, you're meeting Adonis for lunch today, right?" She asked me the same question again.

"Yes, I am. I told you. No need to feel guilty about the movie plan, Aniya.

Now shoo away!"

Aniya smiled, "Don't forget to ask his name this time."

I tried to ignore the blush quickly spreading my cheeks, "Uh. Will try. I'm really enjoying this cat and mouse game with him. I hope I don't embarrass myself in the end."

Aniya placed a reassuring hand on my shoulder, "Don't worry, you'll be fine. Just be yourself and have fun."

I started putting on my dress after Aniya left my room. However, after getting ready when I was placing my purse on the kitchen counter so that I could grab a glass of iced water, she walked into the kitchen wearing a cute mini-dress and high heels.

I whistled and raised an eyebrow, "Now look at you! Where are you going? Weren't you planning to spend the night with some hottie?"

Aniya winked, "I'm meeting some friends to enjoy my day. It's been a while since we all hung out together."

I nodded, "Sounds fun. So are these friends.... guy friends?" I shifted my tongue to my left inner cheek. Aniya checked her phone, "It's just one guy I am interested in. We just want to catch up and have a good time at his place."

"Well, have a great day and a magical night. And be safe, okay?"

Aniya hugged me, "Of course, Eve. I will. And you too have a great lunch date with Adonis. Can't wait to hear all about it when I get back." She was about to turn on her heels when she turned back and snapped her fingers.

"You know, Eve? For you, I want to break one rule tonight." "And that is?" I smacked my lips.

"I won't be home. So, bring your Adonis here and have a great time." Her suggestion brought a heart attack to my faint heart.

"Are you nuts?" "No, silly. If I am not home, then why not. Go for it. I don't have any objection." She sent a flying kiss my way and left the kitchen.

I parked my car in front of the restaurant and got down. That black Mercedes was parked there, a telltale sign that Adonis had reached way before time.

While walking to the main door, I stopped when the door opened, and someone stepped out. It was HIM. His face lit up when he saw me. He looked handsome in casual t-shirt and denim trousers.

"Hey there," he said with a warm smile as I approached.

"Hi/ I replied, feeling a little shy.

"Wow, you look amazing," he said, his eyes lingering on me.

I felt a blush rise to my cheeks. "Thanks, you're not looking too bad yourself, " I said, trying to sound flirty and failing miserably I guess.

We walked into the restaurant together and were led to our table. As we were handed the menu card, I couldn't help it and found myself once again studying him. He looked so confident and sexy, and I was starting to feel a little weak in the knees.

"So, tell me if you read any books lately?" after getting done with our order, he attempted to break the silence.

"Danielle Steele," I said without waiting for a second. Last night I re-read the book that was a birthday present from Elijah.

"Ah, romance," he said, flashing me a grin. "What was the name of the book.

I told him about the novel, that I couldn't finish last night, and we started talking about our favorite authors. As we talked, I felt my nerves starting to melt away. Adonis was so easy to talk to, and I felt like we had a real connection.

As we ordered our food, I couldn't resist teasing him a little. "So, what do you do when you're not driving your fancy car around town?" I asked, arching an eyebrow.

He laughed. "Well, I'm a businessman, but I also like to stay in shape. I work out a lot. You can call me a fitness freak."

"I can tell," I said, running my eyes over his toned arms. "You look like you could bench-press a car."

He grinned. "Shut up, long legs. Stop pulling my leg." He punched my shoulder playfully. We continued to flirt and banter throughout the meal.

As we walked back to the car, he held my hand and leaned on the car, asking, "What are you doing tonight?" I felt my eyes widen, but he quickly squeezed my hand and added, "Hey, I don't want to overwhelm you. I know, it's too soon. How about we become friends first?"

I was taken aback. "Friends?" I asked incredulously. He nodded. "Yeah, let's not even exchange names. We both know we have something special here, but if in case, it doesn't work

out, we can part ways without any hard feelings. For now, let's just stick with 'long legs' and 'Adonis'." He paused, waiting for my response. "So, what do you say?" "What do you have in mind?" I asked him.

"What are you doing after lunch?" "I have nothing to do after lunch." "Then spend the day with me. Please." he surprised me with

the suggestion.

"You mean, till night?" I clarified.

He chuckled and nodded. "Yeah, that's exactly what I mean." He waited for my response.

After a moment of consideration, I nodded back and said, "Alright, I'm in!"

Being a gentleman he held my hand and led me to the passenger door of his car.

As we set off on our day together, I couldn't help the thought creeping into my mind.

The question burning at the back of my mind was... I was ready to spend the day with him. Was he ready to spend the night with me?

He was an Adonis. How to tell him that I wanted him?

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Read Ouch My CEO Fiancé Fell For His Maid by Lisa Salman Chapter 124

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Despite the luxurious surroundings, Ashley misses her life at the

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Will this Chapter

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Chapter 124

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5- It's My Place, Long Legs! (Book 2)

'Where are we exactly going?' I turned to him in his luxury car when he turned the steering to an unknown route. The road over there seemed a bit rough and patchy. I didn't think if I had ever been to this part of Arguli.

"Don't worry, I am not kidnapping you," he reassured me jokingly, his eyes fixed on the road ahead. "Do you like water? Like going to the beaches and all."

A big grin settled on my face, "Oh, I love it!" I told him excitedly, "Are we going to Arguli Beach?" "No," he replied, his smile growing wider. "We're not going to the Arguli beach though. We're going a little deeper than that. But don't worry, wherever you don't find it comfortable, just let me know."

As we continued driving, I couldn't help but feel a sense of excitement mixed with curiosity. Where was he taking me?

Finally, he pulled up in front of a small cabin with kayaks lined up outside. That's when it hit me. We were going kayaking!

"We're going kayaking?" I asked, my voice laced with surprise.

"Yes," he replied with a grin. "I thought it would be a fun way for us to explore the deeper side of the sea." Yoyo! I was touched by his thoughtfulness. Man! It was refreshing to know that he loved water as much as I did.

As we walked towards the kayaks, he showed me how to put on the life jacket and helped me into the kayak. I could feel the

adrenaline rushing through my veins as we paddled out into the ocean.

The water was a brilliant blue-green, and the sun was shining down on us. I couldn't believe I was out on the water with him, paddling side-by-side, the two of us a tiny speck on the vast, open ocean.

As we glided along, the rhythmic sound of the paddles hitting the water was soothing, and the view of the deep sea was breathtaking. The wind blew through my hair, and I couldn't help but feel alive.

I could see the joy in his eyes as well and that just made the moment even more special. It was such a simple yet beautiful surprise. I knew whether we decided to stay together or not it was going to be a memory that I would treasure forever.

It was then that I realized that we shared the same interests. Books and water.

Testing the deeper water was fine. But I was not ready to fall for anyone right now.

"You seem to know about kayaking so well," I say as we leave the paddles, and the kayak starts rocking in the sea.

"Yeah, I do. I used to do it a lot when I was a child, along with my father.

We both used to love it a lot," "Really? That's amazing," I say, smiling at him, "I had never been kayaking before until today. It's quite an experience being out here in the middle of the ocean."

He looked at me with thoughtful eyes, the sunlight dancing in those green orbs, and he nodded, "It is, isn't it? There's something so peaceful about being out here surrounded by water. It's like everything else just fades away and it's just you and the sea."

I looked out at the endless expanse of blue, feeling a sense of calm wash over me. "I can see why you love it so much. It's like a different world out here. So peaceful. So calm."

He chuckled, "Yeah, it definitely is. You know, my father used to tell me that the sea has a way of healing you. Whenever he was feeling stressed or overwhelmed, he would take me out on the kayak, and we would just paddle out into the ocean. And by the time we came back, he would always feel better."

I looked at him with curiosity. "Do you feel that way too? Like the ocean has the power to heal you?" I wish I could ask him if I would ever get healing from this intense pain I usually felt in my chest. The pain that my doctors used to relate to anxiety.

Depression.

His voice came through my random thoughts, "I think so, long legs. There's something about the sound of the waves and the feeling of the water that just puts everything into perspective. It's like all your problems just become smaller in comparison to the vastness of the ocean."

We sat in silence for a few moments, both lost in our thoughts before he spoke again. "I'm glad I can share this experience with you. It means a lot to me. I never spoke this much to anyone. Never shared about this ocean diminishing our problems crap!"

I smile at him warmly. "It's not crap," I told him gently, 'Thank you for bringing me out here."

As we paddled back to the shore, we started joking and teasing each other. He pretended to splash water at me with the paddle and I screamed and laughed, playfully pushing him away.

"Hey, watch it!" I said, trying to keep a straight face. "I don't want to get soaked. I haven't gotten an extra pair of clothes!"

He grinned mischievously. "Oh, come on, where's your sense of adventure?" the gleam in his eyes multiplied, 'There is a reason you have got a beautiful figure!"

God! Did he just tell me subtly and playfully that I could roam around without my clothes just because I had a beautiful figure?

"Shut up, Adonis. And I think I used all my sense of adventure out there on the ocean," I said, winking at him.

We continued to joke around, and I couldn't help but felt a sense of comfort around him. It was like we'd known each other for years, not just for a few hours.

As we neared the shore, we started to slow down and focused on steering the kayak back onto the sand. Once we were safely on shore, we both jumped out of it and started to drag it up onto the beach.

"Wow, that was quite the adventure," he said, stretching his arms above his head.

I nod in agreement trying to avoid looking at the muscles, "Yeah, it was amazing. I never thought I'd enjoy kayaking so much. It was the first time I tried it."

He chuckled, "Well, I'm glad that you had fun." He shifted back my hair gently over my shoulder.

"Thank you for taking me out there. I had a really fun time."

He waved his hand dismissively, "No need to thank me, long legs. It was my pleasure."

We stood there for a moment, the warm sun on our faces and the sound of the waves in the background before he broke the silence.

"So, what do you say we grab some ice cream and continue this adventure on land?"

I laughed, "What? Really? Are you serious?" At this point, I was expecting a goodbye from him, "Sounds like a plan. Just this time don't try to splash me with it."

He grinned and rolled his eyes, "Ah. That, I guess, I will decide later. No promises."

As we drove back to town, the sun started to set, casting a golden glow over the ocean. We giggled for a while, reminiscing about our playful banter on the water.

Once we arrived in town, I was surprised when he stopped the car in front of the mall. I raised an eyebrow in confusion. "What are we doing here? Shopping?" "Just some window shopping to kill time," he replied with a grin. "If you see anything you like, feel free to buy it. Or we can just grab an early lunch."

I looked around the mall, but nothing caught my eye. "I'm not really in the mood for shopping," I said with a shrug., "By the way I

can afford to buy my own things, Adonis," I informed him a little too seriously.

"Of course, you can." He did not seem the least bit offended, "After all you are the owner of a beauty salon who might be thinking or planning to branch out in the near future." He shrugged.

Ah! I wish I could share my salon plans with him. But that didn't seem appropriate as he stated earlier...

We were just testing the waters.

'Yeah. And I might ask you to buy me furniture for my upcoming branch." I waved my hand dramatically, "Once my branches will be all over the USA, I might be buying the latest model of Mercedes Benz and take you on a drive." This time he didn't remark and kept staring at me.

'What?" I wondered if I got out of line.

'You are talking about the future. You know? It gives me hope that we might meet again." He whispered hopefully and sighed, holding my hand. And then he did something unexpected. As if he could not take it anymore, he lifted my hand and kissed it, squeezing it afterwards.

Last time, he kissed me on my forehead, and now this one on my hand. Both gave me a sense of euphoria. I didn't know that if a

simple kiss could evoke emotions in every fiber of my body then what would a kiss on my lips do? I gulped and tried to clear my throat, "H... How about we grab a bite to eat instead?"

He smiled and snapped his fingers before my eyes, "I know just the right place."

We left the mall and walked a few blocks to a fancy restaurant with a stunning view of the small city. The waitstaff greeted us

warmly and led us to a table by the window.

"You already paid for our lunch date," I whispered while we followed the manager, "The dinner date is on me."

He didn't respond to that giving me the impression that he either didn't hear me or ignored it. As we perused the menu, he told me about his favorite dishes and recommended a few options. I decided to try the seafood pasta, while he ordered a steak.

"That was not a date, long legs." He said when the waiter left, "This is a simple dinner and in no way, I am letting you pay. That's not happening." He said stubbornly.

"If it was not a date then what was it? Care to explain?" I asked him playfully.

"Umm. Let's say we are just trying to get to know each other." He explained, "If I will take you on a proper date then I won't let

you bring your car. I would rather pick you up from your place. And that will only happen if you will share your address." He leaned ahead, propping his elbows on the table, "And you know what? You will share your address once you will start trusting me."

I gave him a tight-lipped smile and started pretending like I was studying the surroundings. Once the dinner was served, we talked about our lives, our dreams, and shared our love for books and adventures.

As the night wore on and the restaurant emptied out, we lingered over our dessert, savoring the last few moments of our perfect day.

As we walked back to his car, he took my hand and squeezed it gently." Thank you for today," he said softly. "I had a really great time with you."

I smiled up at him. "Me too. To be honest I was not expecting this day to turn out so good."

He grinned. "Oh, there will be plenty more adventures, I promise you that."

He nodded at me meaningfully, "If you will allow me." "Yeah!" I nodded too a little clumsily with a forced smile.

I tried to smile again when I found him staring at me.

I felt my cheeks flush at his gaze. I couldn't help but feel nervous and excited at the same time. I think... I needed to take the first

step. The man was such a gentleman.

He would never do anything without my consent.

I stepped closer to him and placed my palms on his hard chest. Biting my lip, contemplating for a moment I gave him a shy nod.

As expected, he was smart. The man did take the hint. Gulping hard, slowly, he leaned forward, giving me plenty of time to back away if I wanted to.

But I didn't want to. I wanted this just as much as he did. The moment his lips touched mine, my arms went around his neck. I felt

him circling his arms around my waist and pulling me to him.

His lips were soft and warm as they kept grazing mine, and I felt a rush of butterflies in my stomach.

We kissed gently at first, exploring each other's mouths with a tentative curiosity.

As the kiss deepened, I felt his hand on the back of my neck, pulling me closer to him. I could feel his heartbeat against my

chest, matching my own. The warmth of his body enveloped me, and I lost myself in the moment.

Eventually, we pulled back a little, still holding each other, both of us breathless. He looked at me, his eyes shining with affection.

"I know we just met and ... just spent a day together, but I feel like I've known you forever," he murmured and brushed his knuckle against my cheek.

I smiled at him, feeling a warmth spreading through me. "I know what you mean," I nodded at him, "It's like ... like we have this connection that I can't explain."

He looked around as if he wanted to clear his mind, "I ... I don't want this day to end," he said.

"Me neither," I whispered against his mouth, "What's next?"

He shrugged, a mischievous glint in his eyes, "I guess we'll just have to wait and see, won't we?" he said, and I couldn't help but laugh.

"Or" he got serious, "Let me rephrase it. We will wait until you give me a green flag to take things further." Oh, my God. What did he mean? Did he mean that he was ready for intimacy and wanted to wait for my consent?

Won't I look desperate if I would tell him that I wanted him now? But if it won't work then at least the pain would be lesser. I won't regret it at least.

Yes, that made sense. It must be now or never. I managed a nervous smile on my face and mustered up the courage to ask a million-dollar question, "Your place or mine?"

At first, I thought he would make fun of me. But his face was serious, and he was looking into my eyes. Maybe trying to assess my soul.

At last, when I thought he would reject me, he cupped my cheek, "You tell me." He said gently, "Should we go for a toss?"

Gosh! This man! He could easily transform something serious into something this funny.

"Take out your phone," I smiled enjoying this, "let's measure the distance of our homes by using maps," I said and took out my

phone from my purse and switched on the location. "And why is that?" he asked me in confusion.

"We will measure the distance," I focused my eyes on my phone, "The one living nearest will host the other."

I looked up but could not move away my eyes when I witnessed this familiar gleam in those green eyes.

"What?" I frowned at him, "Did I say something wrong?" "No, you didn't. Actually, it's not that hard to measure the distance of my apartment." He said casually.

"Really? Where is it then?" he held me by my shoulders and turned me to one-eighty degrees. "There." Standing behind, he pointed to a building over my shoulder, "Those are my apartments." My heart skipped a beat, and I felt his breath against my hair, "So, I guess, it's my place, long legs!"

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