

Ouch! My CEO Fiancé Fell For His Maid

Chapter 37

37- Under The Radar

Ashley Walters pov

When I woke up from my slumber, I was no more alone in bed. Two strong arms were around me, along with a quilt. I did not remember covering myself with the quilt. He was behind me and I could feel his hot breath on the nape of my neck.

I turned my head and found his amber eyes looking straight into mine.

“Justin?” I smiled and shifted my body a little closer to him, “You are awake?”

A few days back if someone would have told me that I would be sharing a bed with a grown ass hot man in the future, I would never have believed it.

“I don’t believe in day naps, Ashley.” He kissed my cheek and sat up leaning on the headboard, “You need to get ready before you miss your dinner. Remember? We need to go down for our meals now.”

“On it, sir.” I saluted and jumped out of the bed, “By the way,” I stopped at the bathroom door, “I enjoyed our meals more in this room. Just wanted to let you know.”

Without waiting for him to remark, I got inside.

We both came down where not only granny and Ashley were already seated, but Nadia and Shella were also there.

This was the first time, I was facing them after that drama I created while punching and hitting Sean.

“Hello, Ash. We were planning a party for you.”

This was Shella who informed me, and God knew why I felt as if she was trying to force that smile on her face.

Being a small–torn girl if I could feel it then I was sure Justin could feel it too.

“Yes, Ashley.” Sarah clapped her hands. She was sitting right in front of us with her friends, “I so want to throw a party for you. I just can’t wait to let you meet new people.”

For me, parties had been to stay awake late at night to enjoy pizza or watch movies or sneak out with my girlfriends and enjoy the weekend nights together.

Aniya used to know her connections to give us entry into a pub as being underage, we were not allowed inside. Sometimes strangers used to offer us beer.

Parties thrown by wealthy people were something I watched only in movies. Never had a first hand experience with such lavish parties.

“I ... I would love that, Sarah,” I said and started eating from my plate. They all knew the correct use of

forks, knives, and spoons.

I simply lacked these manners. Justin kept filling my plate when he thought I was not looking, and I found that cute. He did not give a damn if Sarah or her friends would like it or not.

This man was getting so close to my heart at a dangerous pace.

I did not know what got into me while eating with one hand I slipped my other one below the table and held his hand.

He seemed surprised but he quickly masked it and squeezed my hand in return. I needed to go up to my room early because tonight I needed to reach my job place.

“So, it’s done.” Sarah hit her hands on the table, “Tomorrow night it is. We all will party. Yayyy.” Her friends hooted raising their hands in the air.

“No, no. Not at night!” I got worried. Nobody knew about my night job except Justin. I could not get an off so soon that too for a party.

The job was the only outlet for me, and I simply could not afford to lose it.

“Well,” Nadia rolled her eyes, “Parties are supposed to be at night Ashely.” She was trying to hold back her laughter maybe because of Justin’s presence.

“She is right, Ashley.” Sarah agreed to her but unexpectedly she outstretched her hand to give me a serving tray that had lots of kebabs, “Eat it. We will come up with something soon. If night time is not suitable for you. We will change it.”

She gave me a tight–lipped smile. I took the tray and put some kebabs on my plate. She was not as spoiled as I used to think.

She was a good girl. I was starting to like her.

I excused myself and left the table. Sarah waved at me cheerfully so did her friends. I won’t deny that it all seemed fake. But what if she was really sincere and wanted to put in an effort?

Someone could not be judged on her past deeds. That’s what Mother Superior always taught me.

It felt strange to put on a t–shirt and denim trousers that fitted well. Justin did buy skirts and gowns but for the time being, it had to be denim and t–shirts I wanted to go with.

After getting ready I examined myself. I think I looked good.

I still had got one hour so what I did was, went out of the window and sat on the elevated ledge. The red- colored stony structure would not let me slip down. I leaned back on my elbows and looked up at the stars above my head.

I was thinking to ask for half of the agreement money from Justin so that Mother Superior’s treatment could get started.

“For a minute you got me worried when I did not find you in the room.” I heard his voice through the window and felt him leaping over.

I tilted my head and observed his graceful movements with amusement. He was an immaculate example of perfection.

I was surprised when he pushed a pillow under my head.

“Mister Deluca. Don’t you have anything to do better than to stretch out beside me and count the stars?”

“I do actually.” He rested his head beside me and held my hand, “Not sure if you will like it. Because just this morning, I tried, and someone jumped up after feeling my hidden treasure against her thigh... Ouch! Ashley!”

He complained when I pinched his arm. Thank God he was not looking at my face. I was blushing profusely.

It was quite bold of him to talk about his arousal. While I was trying to act as if it never happened.

“I work from my study when you leave for your job.” He provided me with the information that I already had guessed, “I wait for you to return. Once you are home then I go to sleep.”

I curved my neck to my right where he was lying beside me, “Thank you.”

He must be stunned and chuckled, “For what? For trying to fulfill my responsibility? No, kitten. I wish I had done it earlier.”

His voice had become sad. He was not able to forget what Sean did to me.

“It was not your mistake, Justin.”

“It was... kitten. By the way...” He propped up on his elbow and gazed down at my face, “I am very much interested in staying with you in this room.”

My heart missed a beat.

“You... You mean to say that you want to shift here? And I should go and start living in the guest room? I mean...”

“Whoa, whoa. Kitten! Slow down. You need to listen to this carefully. No. I am not asking you to shift. I am just asking for your permission to share this room with you.”

I kept chewing my lip. It was his room, not mine. Why he wanted my approval?

“I promise nothing will happen without your consent.” He told me gently.

Before I could stop myself, the words were out of my mouth, “I like to sleep closer to you.”

Shit!

“Aha. Me too, kitten.” He started playing with my hair strands, “I swear I will put a small pillow between my legs so that you won’t feel that bulge against your inner thigh... Oui... Kitten... Owie.... Stop it!... Ouch!”

The poor man laughed hard while getting a pillow spanking from me. He was a devil!

Holding my arm, he leaned his head against mine. I could feel his shaking shoulders above me. He enjoyed making me uncomfortable and nervous.

However, right now there was something else that was making me uneasy. I felt like someone was watching us. Observing us.

I tried to peek above his shoulders to look behind him where I could see windows of other rooms. No one was there.

I could see the dark curtains across the glass.

But that uneasy feeling did not leave me. Someone was watching us. Somebody might be keeping an eye

on us.

Or maybe, only I was the one under the radar.