

Ouch! My CEO Fiancé Fell For His Maid.

3- Are You My Husband?

Ashley Walters pov:

Despite so many requests, nobody bothered to send me my bag. I was still wearing the same dress that was emitting a sweaty stench.

Yuck!

It had been three days since my wedding. I still hadn't seen the handsome guy's face and I was hell curious.

That naked delicious back still popped up in my mind when I was doing nothing. That is for most of the day. Today I took a shower and washed my clothes with that gent's body wash.

Did I have a choice?

My husband seldom came to his room. Last night he did sleep in his bed and I held my pee waiting for him to go to sleep.

Thank God he didn't take long.

The maid who used to clean his room and used to bring my three meals to the room was now getting a little bit friendly.

Though I was not allowed to interact with anyone but staying the whole day in a room, waiting for the meals where I was not allowed to even watch TV. This absurd routine had started taking a toll on me.

This afternoon I opened the door just a tiny bit and peeked out.

Good. I could not see anyone outside.

At this point, I was even ready to talk to the man who was my husband. I just wanted someone to talk to.

The maid had told me that the whole floor belonged to my husband and no one was allowed to check the rooms except those selective maids who were responsible for cleaning.

Walking around in drenched clothes, I was not least a bit scared that someone might catch me red-handed.

Who was I? Their pet?

Even a pet has rights.

The long hallway ended at a room. Though there were several but I didn't try to look inside.

Holding this door's handle, I was still trying to decide if I should go inside or not when I heard an amused voice behind me.

"Getting bored, sweetheart?"

I felt my heart jumping up my throat.

With great might, I turned around slowly and looked at him.

A cute guy who had a scar on his left cheek was standing there. His black bangs were falling on his forehead and the cute smile made him approachable.

"I am... sorry. I ..." For some odd reason I suddenly felt thirsty. Licking my lower lip with nervousness I tried to stretch my lips for a smile.

His eyes dipped to my lips for a second.

"Hey!" His face became serious. He raised his hand to brush his knuckles against my cheek, "It's ok. I was just asking. You are dripping

right now making the whole carpet wet. This can land you in trouble." I nodded and tried to walk past him when he blocked my way.

I looked at him questioningly.

Oh, God. Please. I did not want to lose my ten million dollars. I was kidding a while back when I said I don't want it.

Holding my hand gently he started walking me to the room, "Let me escort you to your room." He remarked while his blue eyes gazed at my chest making my heart skip a beat.

Who was he? What was he doing here?

Reaching the room, he opened the door and gestured for me to go inside.

Muttering a quick thank you under my breath I went inside.

He followed me inside the room and closed the door behind him.

Oh My God! Was that cute guy my husband? I was damn lucky. I wished umpteenth time that my friends were here. They would have been jumping with excitement by now.

A shy smile crept to my lips.

"A... Are y... you my h... husband?" God! Was my affection for him that obvious in my eyes?

I never stuttered in my life. Maybe I was not expecting such a cute guy to be my husband.

I had always imagined that my husband would be someone with a pot belly.

"What!" His eyes went wide and he started laughing.

What was so funny about the question?

"You don't know anything about your husband? Tsk!" He clicked his tongue inside his cheek and chuckled.

"Honey ball!" He brought his face close to mine... Like ... very close. My heartbeat quickened because no guy ever came this close to me.

"I am your husband." With that, he pulled me towards him and his mouth started opening hungrily on mine.

There was something fishy. Till last night he was successfully ignoring me and now?

Now he was attacking me like I was a feast to his eyes!

And lips!

I tried to push him away when he did something unexpected.

Lifting my skirt, he tried to insert his hand into my panties.

"It's ok love. I just need to check your wetness!" His voice had turned husky.

Checking my wetness? Can't he check it from my clothes? I was still dripping wet.

I slapped his hand with full might. He paused for a second and then tried to smile.

"Listen, honey ball. No need to shy from your husband. Do you want to check my wetness? See?" Guiding my hand, he inserted it inside his pants trying to make me feel his intimate part.

Yuck!

This time I gathered all the courage and shoved him back with full force.

He wasn't expecting it. Before he could say or react I quickly opened the door and ran out.

I didn't know where to run. Whom to call for help?

The moment I came across a room, I just twisted its handle and closed the door behind me, locking it.

It looked like a storeroom. It smelled of dust and the furniture was covered in white sheets.

But nothing mattered right now. I placed my hand on my chest to control my heartbeat.

I felt like crying and felt a shiver running through my body.

I went to a white sheet cladding the couch and laid on it. And then tears started slipping down my cheeks.

My arms were tied around my non-existent bo*obs to comfort myself. I was hugging myself to keep myself warm and to avoid shivering.

The image of my husband forcing my hand inside his...

I could not think anymore and let my body fall limply on the couch but landed on the carpeted floor. Instead of getting up, I dragged my body under the bed and passed out.