

Ouch! My CEO Fiancé Fell For His Maid

Chapter 58

58- Blue Eyed Stranger

Ashley Walters pov

Curtains were covering the windows, but I could sense that it was way past sunrise time. I sat up and the first thing that caught my eye was the naked man beside me.

His face seemed so relaxed and so much more handsome. It was hard to digest in the morning that the most handsome man lying here was the same man who made love to me last night.

What if he would try making love to me again? I guess I should freshen up and be presentable before he wakes up. The man deserved a good smelling girl beside him. I did not want him to gag after getting my stinky scent.

I quickly got off the bed and stopped when I realized it hurt down there. Ouch!

There was a little bit of dried blood on my thighs. I somehow managed to head towards the bathroom for a shower. After getting done with it I came out and opted to wear a simple powder blue skirt with the most comfortable lingerie and a pair of flip-flops.

Initially, my plan was to wear another se*xy lingerie but f*ck with that. I was still tender down there. Something they never bothered to show in movies.

Bast*ards!

Cursing all the movie people, leaving a se*xy sleeping man behind, I went out of the room.

"Good morning, ma'am." The first face, I encountered after coming out of the room was of the lady butler Edith, "Should I bring you something? Coffee? Or tea, perhaps?"

"No, Edith." I hugged her with a smile taking her by surprise, "I am going out. If Justin wakes up, please let him know."

Before she could argue, I hurriedly came out of the cottage and started walking without thinking much. I needed to get away from the place for some time.

What would I tell Justin if he would try to make love to me, again?

Justin! It hurts.

Justin, I am still tender.

Justin, I want to... but please don't you dare insert that scary thing inside.

To be honest, I only enjoyed it till his finger was doing those delicious things down there. But the moment he tried penetrating that huge thing...

Urgh! I did not want to think about it.

I was passing by a market when I saw a small street coffee vendor.

"Coffee, miss?" He asked me. I nodded and paid him.

"Thanks," I smiled at the friendly fellow and started walking. There were some interesting stalls selling jewelry and their cultural clothes.

There was this man in a tent who was showing the snake dance to some of the local kids. Sipping my coffee, I started enjoying the show just beside the entrance.

The snake seemed to be tamed and was dancing to the tunes of the flute. More and more people were gathering there when suddenly the man who was playing the flute started coughing.

I did not know what got into me. Placing the coffee cup on a nearby wooden log, I went to him to help when suddenly out of the blue the snake who was dancing up until now made a huge jump at me.

I cried in terror putting my arm in front of my face to avoid it. It fell and got stuck to the material of my skirt. The people standing around seemed to be dealing with those reptiles.

I could feel them coming near me to save me when I felt something piercing against my thigh skin.

Snake bite!

The snake man held the animal by its neck, "Oh, God!" I cried in pain and fell down holding my thigh.

"Shouldn't the snake be controlled by you?" A heavy crisp voice spoke behind me, and two strong arms were around my shoulders, "Was it poisonous?" The man behind me leaned my head on his chest.

"Sir. The venom was already extracted." The snake owner was putting the angry reptile back into its basket.

Another man came up with a white milky substance. By now tears were streaming down my face. The man who was sitting behind me, holding my head, rounded me and crouched down in front.

And hell!

He was damn hot and gorgeous.

If I was not already involved in Justin, then I would have died by just looking at him. He had blond hair with icy blue eyes that had concern in them.

He had a distinguished height and was wearing a floral button down shirt with white pants.

"Listen. You will be alright." He said to me gently and started wiping my tears with his fingers. The man who brought the milky substance handed it over to the handsome sitting before me.

"You need to slide it up a little bit, Cherie." He eyed me with worry and pointed at my skirt. He then turned to the snake owner, "Ask all these people to leave the tent immediately."

He did understand that I was being shy showing off my thigh to an audience.

The owner was kind enough to not only make the people leave but also closed the tent's entrance leaving me alone with the blue-eyed.

"It won't hurt, cherie. You were lucky that the snake's venom was already extracted." He started applying it, "Its lime water mixed with herbs used as antiseptic. The locals here use it all the time."

"It's done." Very carefully he tied a gauze around the thigh and straightened.

"Y... You are not from here." I tried making a conversation to divert my mind.

"No. I am not."

"So... where are you from, mister?"

"Let's take you home, cherie. Your family must be getting worried for you." He dodged my question. "So, you don't want to tell me about you? What are you hiding? Who are you? A mafia or something?" "What?" His eyes went wide and for a moment there was a flicker of amusement dancing in those blue

eyes.

I made some effort to stand, and he held my arm to support, "You are quite handsome!" I did not know from where I mustered up that much courage.

"I know. Everyone keeps telling me that." He winked and scooped me up.

"Hey! P please. You can put me down.

I don't want to be carried like this. My husband might... not like

this." He was about to walk out of the tent when he stopped in his tracks.

"What? You are married? Aren't child marriages illegal here?"

I laughed, "I am not a child. I am eighteen, Sir "I tried to defend Justin.

"Damn. You should belong to a high school or maybe college. Not in a bed of some per*vert..."

"Put me down!" he kept walking ignoring my command, "I said put me down."

He stopped and heaved a sigh, "Listen

"I SAID PUT ME DOWN! NOW!" I told him angrily.

He closed his eyes for a minute and made me stand on the ground.

"Thank you, Sir!" While limping on one foot I started walking away from him.

"Ok, love. I am sorry for being nosey!" Ignoring him, I kept walking towards the cottages.

"Cherie!" He called me from behind, but I did not bother to stop or look back. After a few minutes, I felt him jogging beside me, "Ma'am.

"Stay away from me, you prickhead!"

"What!" This time he chuckled.

"My husband never wanted to do the deed. It was I, who asked him to do it. Because I was mature, a grown-up, and an adult and of I... legal age..."

"

"Woah woah! Lady! Stop! Ok? Now I get it. It was consented. I apologize, kiddo."

"Kiddo? You think I am a kid?" Now the anger was again slowly building up, "How dare a handsome man call me a kid? No!" I turned to walk again when he held me by my elbows.

"I am sorry for hurting you. Let me carry you..." When I started shaking my head, he threw up his arms, giving up, "Ok. Then at least let me accompany you. I can't leave you like this."

When I did not answer him, he joined his palms, "Please. This handsome man is begging you." Out of nowhere a smile cracked on my lips.

"Ok, handsome! Walk with me." He bowed as if I was a royal princess and then holding my arm, he started walking beside me.

We kept walking quietly until the familiar cottages that were aligned on one side of the street came into view.

"Here!" I stopped exclaiming excitedly, "These are the ones," I turned to him, "You should come and meet my husband." He had stopped at the corner.

"No, cherie. You go ahead. I was about to leave the town when I saw the snake attacking you. I need to leave now."

"Oh, I am sorry for that."

"Don't be sorry." Taking a step towards me he cupped my cheek gently and kissed my forehead, "Don't wander around next time like this. Never go near a snake. No matter if it's a pet."

I giggled because he sounded like a father, "Anything else, daddy."

He chuckled at that, "Yeah. Stay like this! All happy and jolly!"

I nodded and was about to turn around when he spoke, "Which one is yours?" He was asking about the cottage.

"That one," I pointed towards the one I was occupying, "the one with the red gate."

He frowned a little, "Keith's?"

"Yes. Keith. You know him? He is my husband's best buddy."

"Justin Deluca? You are Justin's wife?" In a matter of seconds, his voice had turned chilly, and the blue eyes had turned oddly cold, "It's not safe outside. Go home, girl."

With that, he turned on his heels and started walking away. Limping up, taking small steps I reached the gate. The stranger man had turned the corner without a backward glance.

"Oh, my God! Ma'am, you are here? Mr. Deluca was going crazy! He was about to leave the cottage to look for you." A panicked Edith ran to me, "Why are you walking like this?"

"Kitten!" A pale faced Justin came out of the cottage running to me. In one swift motion, he pulled me to him, "Where were you? I was hell worried."

He scooped me up and started walking inside. His grip was so strong around me like a vice. As if, he was afraid of losing me.

Then his gaze fell on my injured thigh, "What happened to your thigh? Edith! Call the doctor, right now!" he roared.