

Ouch! My CEO Fiancé Fell For His Maid

Chapter 52

52-Your Nak*ed Body Under Me

Ashley Walters pov

Damn! His hooded eyes were ravishing me like I was a feast, and he could not wait to get his hands on it. I crawled up some more and brushed my lips against his.

"Ashley! You are the death of me." He had closed his eyes and I did not know if he was waiting for the kiss or wanted to go back to sleep.

I had this idea that he desired me, but I never made a boyfriend, so I wasn't aware of how to understand those gestures. Should I ask him?

The poor thing drove for four hours just to make me happy and here I was trying to taste him and seduce him instead of letting him sleep.

Have some empathy, Ashley Walters.

"Come on, girl." My heart leaped in my chest when I heard his heavy voice, "I am waiting. Don't make me

wait."

I beamed with delight and bent down to bite his lower lip.

"You always smell so good, Justin," I told him licking his lower lip and his groan told me that he liked it.

"Oh, really? That's the reason you used my body wash? Tsk!" I pinched his cheek and folded my arms around his neck.

"Yeah! I like your body wash." I kissed his nose tip, "and I like you!" With that I sucked his lips making him shudder. His grip around me not only tightened, but he also took the charge of that kiss.HiHH

Rolling over, he pinned me to the bed without breaking the kiss.

This time his unmistakable swollen member could not deter me away.

"Justin." I moaned his name, "Please..." I did not know what I was begging for, but Justin stopped right

there

"My little witch. I can't wait to ravish this beautiful body. But I want to make sure that you really want this

I opened my mouth in protest, but he made me quiet with a kiss, "Shh. Kitten. We have got ample time here. You just need to wait till tonight. If you think that you want this, then I want to prove that I am worthy of your time. You deserve something better than this. Can you wait till midnight?"

I could not understand what he meant when he said that I deserved something more than this. Would he come to me with chocolate syrup drizzled over his body? Or his co*ck dipped in caramel sauce?

Not aware of what to expect, I simply nodded my face. After all, I just needed to wait till midnight.

Just the mere thought of him holding me without a shred of cloth sent a shiver through me.

Justin might have felt that. Taking me with him, he laid on his back, putting a quilt on us to make me feel

warm.

He had quickly gone to sleep while it took some time for me to slip into oblivion.

No idea, for how long I kept drawing patterns on his chest before sleep claimed me. When I woke up there was just this quilt but the hot body under me was no more there.

I tried to listen if Justin was in the bathroom. Nah. No shower sound. Must be outside!

I thought to myself and got up. Coming out of the room, I was about to enter the living room when I heard him talking to someone on phone.

"Oh, I think... she is happy."

Then he laughed after adding, "No, man. Not this soon. She is too young."

Was he talking about me? I went inside and saw him sitting on a couch. There was this rare smile playing on his lips.

The moment his gaze fell on me, his eyes lit up and his smile deepened. Shifting his phone to the other ear, he signaled me to sit beside him, "Attend them on my behalf, man. I swear you will get a vacation to your dream destination."

Sitting beside him, I leaned my head on his shoulder. He at once wrapped his arm around me and started circling his finger on the bare skin of my arm.

"Ok. Yeah. Sure mate. I owe you big time, bro. Bye." He laughed again and kissed my head, "Yes, you're right. She is awake now and right beside me."

I raised my face to look at him, "Take care." He placed the phone on the coffee table and turned to me.

"How are you feeling?"

"Fresh!" I said leaning my chin on his arm.

"Let's eat something and then we can go out and do some sightseeing."

"I ... I got worried when I didn't find you there."

"Hey! Why worried, love? I am right here." The word 'love' caused some rippling in my chest, "See!" He picked back his phone and showed it to me, "I am switching it off. For five days."

"Five days!" I goggle-eyed and straightened, "No, shit. Then I guess I should also do the same."

"Yes. Please do that. These five days are for us." Bringing his mouth closer he kissed my lips, "Don't forget to message your employer. Otherwise, they might register a missing report against you."

"Thanks for reminding me. I will message Evelyn. But right now... I need to eat some junk." I pouted and again laid my cheek on his arm.

"Aha. Then get ready, princess. We will eat out and enjoy our time."

It was a small town near Carrington City that was a bit underdeveloped, but the people here were very

courteous.

Holding each other's hands, our fingers intertwined, Justin and I kept walking through the streets. We both were wearing khaki cotton shorts with white button-down shirts. Mine was tied around the midriff giving a slight sneak peek of my belly button.

"So, you asked a maid to pack my things, or you took Alex's help?" I asked him, taking a huge chunk from my third cotton candy stick.

"Unhun. No." He helped himself taking a bite from my stick, "I did the packing myself."

"Oh. Amazing!" I said sarcastically.

"For packing your bags? Thank you." He saluted with a little dribble of the pink cotton candy on the corner

of his mouth.

"No! For NOT buying your own cotton candy and now shamelessly eating mine." I tried to be cynical and

casually wiped that sticky color off his mouth with my thumb.

"Yours? Huh? It's your third stick, girl! You are such a miser fellow."

"Yeah. Because every time, I buy it, someone takes a big chunk." I told him rudely and shook my head.

Mischief was lurking in his eyes, "Oh yeah. And tonight, I might be lucky enough to get a chunk of a beautiful girl!"

That remark made me blush. Walking beside me, he kept throwing occasional glances my way, every now and then raising our intertwined hands and kissing it.

"How about I take you to that club?" He pointed to a crowded place.

"No. Look at the long line. Sorry. Not interested. Aniya used to take us because she befriended a guard who used to make us skip those queues."

"You want to skip the queue? Come on." Despite my resistance, he dragged me there. The guard saluted him and got aside to let us in.

"What? You own this place?" I snapped, "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Relax. No. Terry... my friend. He owns it..." The rest of his words were swallowed by the loud music coming from inside.

"What if I get drunk? I made a mess when poor Keith tried to help me." I shouted near his ear.

"Don't worry." He shouted back and placed my palm on his chest. Silently telling me that this time he was

there with me.

I stopped moving and kept looking at him. Taking me in his arms, he did not kiss me but leaned his cheek against mine.

Justin Deluca was making me fall for him. He was making me fall in love with him. The moment I

realized, I jerked back and eyed him again.

He did not understand what made me pull back, so he just squeezed my hand and started walking in the

crowd to the dance floor.

In a club, full of people, I could only see one man who was holding my hand firmly not letting me lose. among those people.

"Dance first or drink first?" He asked me near the dance floor.

"Dance!" I screamed and we climbed up the dance floor steps.

Beyonce's 'Put A Ring on it' was playing and the crowd was going wilder with each passing minute. Both of us started with a two-step move but going with the flow I began swaying my hips for a side to side

booty pop.

I might have attracted attention from other males, but Justin kept glued to me keeping an eye on

everyone's move around me. After sweating a lot when I thought I had utilized all my energy, Justin held my elbow to guide me to the bar.

"Enjoyed?" He asked me, handing over a drink.

"Very much!" Lifting on my toes, I kissed his cheek, "Thank you so much for taking me away from that dead mansion."

Without realizing what I had said I started taking sips from my glass while Justin's hand stopped in midway near his mouth.

"I am sorry... I should not have called your home ..."

"No... No. You were right, kitten. That place is dead." He averted his eyes and started taking chugs from his glass.

I wanted a second glass when Justin straightaway said no, "I don't want you drunk tonight." He said. meaningfully, "I want you to not only enjoy the night but also remember it for a lifetime."

Oh, brother. Why was he reminding me subtly that we were about to get intimate?

Once out of the club, the breeze had turned cold. He quickly took off his shirt when I shuddered beside him, "Wear this.

"No, Justin. And what about you? You can't walk shirtless here."

"Then I guess... watch me." He helped me in wearing it and we started walking home. Every woman was looking at him as if he was an eye candy.

"Justin. Put this on." I was not liking it. He was mine, even if it was just for a year.

"Kitten."

"No! Otherwise, I am also taking off my shirt."

"What?" he chuckled at my threat.

"Yeah. Wanna bet?" I cocked up a challenging brow at him.

Throwing back his head, he laughed and hugged me to him tightly, "You were cold, Ashley" wrapping his arms around me, he picked me up a little and resumed walking.

"What do you think you are doing, Justin." I tried to look back. People were throwing curious glances at us.

A shirtless hot man was clutching an ordinary girl with their chests bumping and was walking on the street without giving a damn about people.

For some reason, I found all of it so funny that I hid my face inside his naked chest and started laughing. Leaving a trail of butterfly kisses on his smooth skin, I raised my face only to find him looking down at me

all amused.

"You please me, Ashley." This was the second time, he complimented me like this. Not understanding what he meant by it, I planted a kiss on his chest.

"What!" I called out to a bunch of girls whose gazes were running over him from head to toe, "Don't you have anything better to do?"

"Stop it, Ashley." He groaned trying to keep his face straight, "They won't do anything except stare at us. So let them."

"No." I shook my head, "I can't let them see what's mine." That made him go still. When I realized, he had stopped walking, I became nervous, "What? Did I say something wrong?"

He gulped *and* heaved a sigh, "No. You are my little lioness."

He resumed walking and I started dangling my feet in the air. Yup. He was still carrying me. Once outside our cottage, he let me slide until my feet were touching the ground.

It was not the shirt but the sudden loss of warm contact with his skin that made me feel cold again.

"Wear something nice Ash. We will have an outdoor dinner." I nodded and walked inside until I stopped him again,

"Wait, Justin." When he halted and turned towards me, I stuttered, "I ... What... sh...should I wear? I mean ... what if... I want to look nice. So... what will you prefer?"

Understanding dawned on his face and his eyes turned gentle, "Wear what YOU find comfortable, kitten."

"But at least tell me your preference."

"You want to know my preference?" He closed the distance between us, "Trust me but you won't like it."

"Try me, then?"

"Ok..." He leaned his face close to my ear, "Are you sure you won't get scared?"

The question made my throat parched and I could only manage to bob my head.

"My lioness. No matter what you wear. With all honesty... Right now, all I could think is ... of your nak*ed body... under me."