

Ouch! My CEO Fiancé Fell For His Maid

Chapter 102

102- Apology T o Gerald

Ashley's pov:

The first message from Justin: "Hello, love. Hope you keep your bag ready for the mansion visit that is due this evening."

The phone pinged again and there was a second message from him: "Oh, and one more thing. I love you. (A kissing emoji)

A smile made its way to my lips when I read his message on my phone.

The professor who was sitting in his seat and was waiting for us to finish our class assignment gave that look full of warning.

"Sorry," I mouthed and resumed writing the fu*cking note on the importance of color schemes in an interior, that I had the least interest in.

The whole class was busy writing, God knows what. Then something clicked my mind, I smiled and started writing...

[Not enough ideas? Fall in love.

You want to bring colors to your interior? Fall in love.

Because love is something that will change the perception of everything in your life. Whether it's your profession, home, or your color scheme.]

I kept writing until my fingers ached.

After I got done with the note, I handed it over to a fellow for submission. The moment the professor was out of the class, a girl whose name might be Tara or Fara... I don't remember... came inside running.

"Oh, you are late, baby girl!" Someone teased her for coming late and as usual, Rayan was one of them.

"You won't believe me," She was kind of panting, "I... I saw Justin Deluca." My heart missed a beat.

"What about him?" Rayan asked her while his eyes were on me.

"He was in our department a few minutes back. I thought it must be a coincidence but noooo. He is again here standing outside."

There seemed to be chaos among the girls.

"What? Justin Deluca is here?" "He hardly comes out of his office." "Oh, God. I need a touch-up."

A girl took out her small kit and started fixing her face.

"Hey!" the girl from the other corner came to me and pointed to her pink blouse, "do you have lip color in this shade?" The disappointment was evident on her face when I shook my head.

Hello! He is not single. And absolutely not ready to mingle. Except with me of course. The hot dude is my husband. I wanted to tell all of them.

I wanted to scream at the top of my lungs that he was mine and only mine. With a quivering smile, I sat back in my seat observing the girls around me.

I was so scared. Justin had a reason when he dumped me. But my heart. I feared re-rejection.

What if he denies my existence again? What if I tell Justin that I love him, and he again sends me away? Then what?

"You should come out after putting something on your face," Rayan muttered as he walked past me through the seats as if he was talking to someone else. But I knew he was speaking to me.

I gathered my books quite tiredly and stood up from my seat. The girls who were now done with their makeup were going out of the class.

Everyone wanted to get out of there, but I just wanted to stay back.

Walking with slumped shoulders, I came out of the class and halted in my steps.

Wearing a white button-down shirt with black dress pants, he had dark shades on his face. Those dark shades complemented his light beard and long curls across his face.

He was standing with the principal and students were talking to him, telling him God knows what.

I swallowed the hard lump and felt his gaze on me. Ignoring the look, I turned away and headed to Gerald's department.

Justin's pov

I was standing outside her class to surprise her, but momentarily I had forgotten that I was the University Dean as well.

The principal who was taking the rounds came and stood beside me. He started talking about the budget approvals. I was thinking of ways to get him off my back when students started getting out of the class.

It seemed everyone wanted to talk to me and had a problem with something or another. However, the girl I wanted to see was nowhere in sight.

And then she came. There was an exhausted look on her face. Our eyes met just for a moment and then she went away.

Just like that.

"Excuse me." I politely excused myself from everyone and went after her, but she was nowhere in sight. I tried making her a call but no response. So, after waiting for a few minutes, I called Eve, "Hey! Are you home?" "Just about to leave. Why?" She asked me busily.

"Is Ashley there, yet?" "Why would she come here, Justin? She must be in the university, attending her classes." "Yeah. I couldn't find her so thought to ask you." "What? What is it? Is it something serious?" She asked me worriedly, "If you want you can check at the IT department." "IT? Why IT?" "Gerald studies there. It's his department." After I hung up, I started toying with my phone. Why would she go to Gerald?

I again tried her phone but still, she was not receiving my call. I kept wondering if I made some mistake and offended her in any way.

"Mr. Deluca," I was walking to my office when I heard Mr. Christopher Vincent's voice. The head of our psychology department, "I have an appointment with you." He reminded me with a smile.

"I remember, Mr. Vincent. Please come." I opened the door for him. I might be his boss, but he was a short man in his fifties, and I always made it a point to give respect to everyone, especially elderly people.

He sat down and we started discussing the annual reports when out of nowhere something clicked in my mind.

"Mr. Vincent." I closed the file and looked up, "Can I get some advice from you on something my friend is facing these days?"

He seemed a little speechless because I never talked about anything personal with anyone except my work.

"Sure, Mr. Deluca." "It's about a friend of mine. He was involved with a girl and had to send her away for some reason." I rolled my lips between my teeth to come up with more suitable words.

Mr. Vincent took off his glasses and leaned back in his seat.

"He was involved with this girl. The involvement was quite deep, but he had to send her way from his life because he thought the girl's life was in danger."

He stayed quiet, patiently waiting for me to speak more.

"At that time, he wanted it that way to keep her safe. Now by wild circumstances, this girl is back in his life. They both want to start everything afresh. But..." "But?" This girl. She seems ... scared. She ... does show that she loves him. But sometimes she acts quite weirdly. She is not able to love him freely. That's what I think... I mean that's what my friend thinks..."

A flicker of amusement blinked in his eyes, but he didn't say anything.

"I don't know, Mr. Vincent how to explain this to you but... this guy... My friend needs her in his life. He is very much in love. And don't know what to do and how to do it to win her back. Can you suggest something? To win her back?" "But you... I mean your friend... he doesn't need to win her back. It seems she is equally involved." "Really?" "Yes. She might love this guy."

I took a sigh of relief and was about to smile when Mr. Vincent spoke again, "BUT..." he paused, "he might have won her love, yet this guy needs to win her trust as well."

I looked up at him in surprise.

"She might be in love, but she would be hell scared now because she doesn't know what that guy would do to her again. Whatever the reason she was hurt beyond repair. And now she is insecure." "But the guy was equally hurt." "Yes. He must be. But for him, it was his choice. The girl was never given this choice." "It was for her advantage, Mr. Vincent." I tried to argue forgetting momentarily that it was supposed to be for my 'friend'.

"I know. But we can't make choices on behalf of other people, Mr. Deluca. No matter what you say, she doesn't have faith in that guy. The guy must win her trust. At every moment, at every step, he needs to let her know that he not only cares for her but also respects her choices. And only a blind trust would do that."

I got quiet after that.

"Did your friend ask you to consult a psychologist on his behalf? About his love life?" this time his gaze was burning my face trying to bore a hole.

"Yeah." I looked straight into his eyes and said confidently, "he did." Then if he is trying to find out and if he is ready to work on it, then that's a big step. This means he is concerned for this relationship and for this girl. The girl I must say is quite lucky." 1

I managed a tightlipped smile and nodded at him. I wish I could tell him that I was the one who was lucky.

"Anything else you want to know, Mr. Deluca?" "No. I think I have got my answers. Thank you so much." I said while shaking his hand across the table.

"Just ask this boy to make an effort. To respect her wishes. Her privacy. Her consent." I already respected Ashley's consent, but I think I never respected her privacy.

The Gerald incident popped up in my mind. The hilarious situation did bring a smile to my face. But now looking from her point of view it was an embarrassing situation for her.

"Alex?" I made a call to my Genie aka assistant, "In the IT department, there is a Gerald guy. Can I have his contact number?"

Ashley pov:

I had packed my bags and was waiting for Justin. Poor him was trying to call me but I ignored it. In an attempt to avoid him, I went to meet Gerald, but he was out for his fieldwork. So, without meeting him I came back home and got ready.

I kept it simple by wearing a pair of denim trousers with an off-shoulder yellow-colored crop top that had balloon sleeves. It was tied with a drawstring at the side of my waist.

I put on khaki-colored ankle boots and started pacing in the room.

Justin might be mad at me. I will say sorry to him and then I would tell him that I was not confident enough to meet him in front of so many students and university staff.

I was preparing a speech for him when somebody knocked the bedroom door.

"Yes?" I stopped pacing and looked up.

"Kitten!" The handsome face appeared in the doorway.

A smile cracked on my lips and all I wanted to do was hug him and say sorry.

"Oh, Justin." When I went to him, he gave me a single stemmed red rose.

"It's for you." He said and opened his arms, "Now you can hug me."

Holding the rose, I almost lunged at him when he whispered in my ear, "I have got a surprise for you, love." I got back to look at him.

Weren't we getting late? We were supposed to leave for the mansion.

"What surprise, Justin?" "Come with me." Holding my hand, he walked to the living room, and I stopped right there. Sitting on the couch, Aniya was talking to someone.

"Gerald?" I frowned and stepped forward, "Wh...what are you doing here?"

Gerald looked behind me and smiled, "Justin brought me here."

Justin? Did he call him Justin? Not Mr. Deluca?

"I brought him," two strong arms held me from behind, "I wanted to apologize to you two." My jaw was hung open and must be touching the floor.

"You did what?" "I received his call today. He wanted to meet me personally to say sorry," Gerald shrugged, "he insisted me that I come here and ... well!..." he threw his hands in the air and chuckled.

Justin kissed my bare shoulder from behind and gave me a little push, "Go.

Talk to him. If you want coffee and snacks, I can bring them."

I didn't know what to say. Seriously! This was something unexpected. He was no more my jealous husband.

I could not control the smile spreading on my lips, "B...but Justin. Weren't we supposed to leave for..." "One or two hours should not make any difference, love." This time he kissed my forehead and touched my lips with his finger, "I did it to make you smile, Ash. To make you happy." With that, he turned on his heels and went to the room closing the door behind him.

All three of us were standing there silently until Aniya struggled to speak, "Wow!" she turned to Gerald and me, "He is something! Doesn't he have any brothers? Or any xerox copy of him available in the market?"

Gerald chuckled and held my hand, "You are lucky to have him, Ash."

Aniya made us coffee and took two cups to my room for giving Justin some company. Hardly one hour must have passed when Justin came out of the room. He seemed pale.

"Justin. Honey! Is everything good?" "Kitten. We need to leave right now. They have taken granny to the hospital."