

# Ouch! My CEO Fiancé Fell For His Maid

Chapter 39

## 39-She Has Got A Boyfriend

Ashley Walters pov

Missing you, kitten?

Justin!

My heart missed a beat. Looking around I made sure that none of my friends would notice me and went to the back room of the parlor that was only reserved for the employees.

After two rings the call was received, "Seems like you miss me too." His deep, rumbling chuckle came out of my phone accompanied by throaty laughter.

I clutched my t-shirt with one hand and shut my eyes.

"Ah! Seems like someone is daydreaming too much now a days." I tried to hold back my giggle, "And why you touched my phone without my permission? That's a breach of privacy."

"And why you did not bother to put in a password? Anyone can go through it." He mused. We were talking in hushed tones. I was doing it due to the presence of my friends. While he might not be having company but still, he was whispering on the phone. Making it look like an intimate convo.

My smile grew and I turned excited, "So, what? I don't have anything to hide." I could imagine him sitting in his study with that smile that can cause flutters in the pit of my stomach.

"You do have a husband to hide." He pointed out and that caused my heart to race. I tried to look around for some water as I suddenly felt thirsty.

There was a dispenser with disposable glasses placed on it.

This was the first time he mentioned himself by the relation we had.

"By the way. I am sorry. I shouldn't have touched your phone. I just wanted to see by what name you have saved my number." He went quiet after that.

"And?" I was all butterfly and giggles and and and ... crazy!

"And then I found..." He sighed, "I am not even saved in your phone." Was it sadness I detect?

"Umm. I... actually... Justin..."

"It's ok, Ashley. Now tell me what you are doing right now. How you got time to call me?"

"I just had a sandwich break."

"Then I guess you should eat it instead of talking to me." The same caring Justin!

"I can do both. You know? I am a multitasker." I smiled chewing my lower lip. I was sure I was looking like

a fool smiling all alone, "However I forgot that you must be busy too. I just could not hold myself and

dialed the number." I told him honestly and he went quiet on the other side.

"I was not busy. At least not for your call. Work is not as important as you."

Now it was my turn to become quiet. Was he trying to say what I thought he was trying to say?

"Then who is more important, Justin?" I asked him in a low whisper.

"A girl." Just two words and then there was a painful pause after that.

No. This could not be true. I was Ashley Walters. A girl from a small town orphanage.

I quickly took a sip from my long forgotten glass of water, "Oh, I know who she is." I tried to laugh it off. "Ahan! Who she is? Tell me."

"Sarah!" The small smile on my lips had vanished by now. And I felt that he was also no more smiling.

"Wrong!" His voice was low but intense.

"If it's not Sarah, then I can't think of any other woman..."

"Oh, you know that woman." To my utter astonishment, my heart did summersaults.

"Really? Helga?"

"What?" He laughed loudly and my insides just twisted, "My little kitten. The woman I am talking about is a little crazy. She can become a lioness if she wants. Whenever she wants." I closed my eyes and tried to push back that familiar stinging behind my eyes.

He did not know it and I would probably never admit it, but he had me wrapped around his finger.

"Want to hear more about her?" He asked me in the gentlest voice.

I nodded and then giggled because I momentarily forgot, he could not see me through the phone.

"She gets scared when... my bulge touches..."

Crap!

"You moron!" Just one moment ago we were whispering and the very next moment I screamed into the phone and covered my mouth.

My friends were nearby, and I could easily be heard.

The word moron earned me a thunderous laughter.

"Let me come home, Justin. I swear I will not spare you this time." Deep down I was aware that I was also missing him.

"I will wait, Ashley." He said softly and breathed a laugh. An alien sensation crossed my core and settled in the pit of my stomach.

This man! Justin Deluca. He will be the death of me. I closed my eyes. We both were quiet on the phone

but none of us felt odd.

Rolling my upper lip between my teeth I tilted my head. That was when my gaze fell on three curious pairs of eyes peeking from the doorway.

One above the other.

"I... I... will talk to you later." I tried to spread my lips into a smile that I was sure did not reach my eyes. Because panic had already made its way there.

"Ok, Kitten. Come soon." I disconnected the call and turned my head in their direction. I did not have any idea about how much they had heard.

"I told you, she has got a boyfriend!" Evelyn narrowed her eyes and shot me a complaining glance. Elijah shook his head as if he could not believe I broke his trust.

Only Sam was the one whose eyes showed he could not wait to tease me.

"Don't hide anything from us, Ashley Walters. You do have a boyfriend!" Evelyn pouted before giving a shake to her jet black hair.

"Yes," Elijah agreed, "We saw how you were smiling while talking to him. You even called him a moron!"

He pointed out.

I was pasted to my seat. My sandwich was still untouched.

All three of them were standing there trying to act intimidating with their arms folded on their chests.

"So," at last Evelyn could not continue the façade. She came and sat beside me, "Who is this guy? Please don't tell me that bald uncle who was following you is your boyfriend."

What? Then I remembered about the bodyguard.

"No!" I was horrified, "Not him."

"Then who?" Elijah sat on the other side placing his hand on my shoulder, "Please don't tell me that it's Justin Deluca otherwise my girlfriend might faint."

Evelyn nodded agreeing with her boyfriend.

Oh, brother. I wish I could tell you.

"Is it someone from the Deluca staff?" Evelyn asked me.

Oh, thank God. She was an angel. Thanks, Evelyn for helping me with the idea, "Yeah." i shrugged, "Sort

of!"

"Hmm. Any picture of him?" She tried to peek into my phone, and I quickly grabbed it from the desk. Before any of them could protest, luckily a group of customers entered the shop, *and* I was spared.

Justin Deluca.

I did not need his picture when all I needed to do was close my eyes and his image would pop up in my

mind.

I was right when I thought he might be the death of me. I smiled secretly when I realized he must be waiting *for* me.

Gosh! I was looking forward to see him.