## Ouch! My CEO Fiancé Fell For His Maid

Chapter 42

## 42-Licked

## Sarah pov

"Happy birthday, Justin! Happy birthday to dear Justin! Happy birthday to you!" I was trying to mimic Pashley and my friends were laughing their lungs out, holding their tummies.

"Stop it, Sarah!" Nadia pressed her face with her palms, "My cheeks hurt!" "No. Now listen up!" Shella stood up and went to the door. She turned and started walking to us with a straight posture and stoic

expression.

"Hey, Ashley!" She looked towards me trying to make her voice a little heavier, "What is this all about?"

Oh my God! She was mimicking Justin.

"Oh, Justin! My husband! Today is your birthday, right? I brought a cake for you." I fluttered my eyes and joined my palms,

"Please accept it, your highness!" "What? Your Highness?" Nadia again started laughing, "You two are funny!"

"Cake? Where is the cake, Pashley?" Shella asked me in a stern tone.

"Oh," I picked up a disposable plate and brought it to her face, "Here is the cake, your highness. I will be highly obliged if you will

honor me by cutting this cake!" "Hmm!" Shella examined the plate and then quickly put the plate on Nadia's face, "Eat this cake, Pashley!

That's what you deserve!"

floor. After a few minutes when we controlled it, all three of us were holding our tummies, "I wish I could

Had it been a cake, Nadia would have had cream all over her face. By now we all were again laughing, lying on the carpeted

This was Nadia. She was right. I too wished I could see the look on her face.

witness the insult on her face."

"Is it possible if we can at least eavesdrop outside the door?" Shella's suggestion was tempting but impractical.

That made my friends go quiet.

I might be his fiancée, but he would take it as a breach of privacy.

"Don't you even dare to try it, girls!" I was abruptly serious, "Justin would skin off our bodies."

Ashley Walters pov:

Usually, after reaching my room, Justin used to join me after about five to ten minutes. Keeping that time slot in mind, I ran

towards home.

I touched my jacket's pocket to assure that the newly polished watch was still there. I climbed the staircase carrying the cheapest birthday cake I could manage.

Evelyn wanted me to buy a cake mix and bake it in the kitchen. But I could not afford to do that in the Deluca kitchen.

Once inside my room, I quickly got off my jacket and locked the door from the inside. I needed to change

into a floral dress in order to look nice for him.

It won't be a surprise anymore.

"You are head over heels in love with this man..." Evelyn's voice rang in my head, but I tried to shrug it off. After wearing the red colored floral dress that had white polka mini dots on it, I quickly started applying bold red lip color.

I still had to take out the cake and lit a candle on it when I heard a knock.

"Oh. Shit!... COMING!"

I quickly brushed my hair and ran towards the box. Oh crap! I did not have any plate to place the cake. How could I forget a tray

or a plate?

Doesn't matter!

birthday song.

one? Twenty two!"

me, crazy for surprises.

showed me his wrist.

"Absolutely gorgeous!"

The box will do the job. I lit the candle and tried to put it in the center of the cake.

opened it.

"Ashley? You all right?" He asked alarmingly.

Though I had switched off the lights, I could detect frown lines on his forehead. "Happy birthday to you! Happy birthday to dear, Justin. Happy birthday to you... May you have many more ..." I was singing the

"Don't worry, chief. Everything is under control. Just gimme one minute!" Giving it a quick glance, I dashed to the door and

Initially, he was taken aback, and a smile glowed on his face.

"Kitten!" He scratched his forehead and turned towards me.

"Surprise!" I pointed my fingers towards the cake and held his arm, "Come. Let's cut it. By the way how old are you now? Twenty

"Nope." He slowly walked to the bed and sat on the edge, "I... I am twenty-four... kitten."

"Come on! Cut the cake." I wiggled my brow. For some reason, he had gone quiet. Didn't he like the surprise? I should have asked him. I could not expect everyone to be like

"Wow! You look quite young for your age, Mr. Deluca!" hurriedly went to sit opposite him.

At last, he brought a smile to his face, "And ... do you have my gift?" He cocked up one brow.

"Yes!" I pouted and took out the watch safely packed, "Here. The present is not a surprise though." "Awesome!" He not only took off his watch that he was already wearing but wore mine on his wrist, "How does it look?" He

"By the way, kitten..." He cleared his throat. Mischief was dancing in those amber eyes, "Wasn't it supposed to be your first salary present?"

"I... I am sorry... Justin... I..."

Ouch! How could I forget that?

"Hey! It's ok." He ruffled my hair fondly, "I was just teasing you. Relax."

"So..." I smiled again a little over brightly. There was something off, "You... need to cut... the cake!"

"I have seen you so prim and proper... You look more handsome in your rolled up sleeves:" Now I wanted to bite my tongue.

"Really? You like it this way? Then it will be this way. Now, where is the knife, Ashley?" He pinched my cheek.

His eyes went wide, "Holy shit! You can touch your nose tip with your ... God!"

I took advantage of his shocked state and quickly put some cream on his nose tip.

"Ok." He said gently and started rolling up his sleeves, "Where is the knife...?"

"No problem." With that, he brought his index finger and scooped a dash of cream with it, "Here. Open your mouth!" I gulped down the saliva in my mouth and felt hell nervous.

He was chewing his lower lip to hold his laughter. "It's ok!" I took out my tongue and used it to wipe the cream from my nose.

For some reason, my dirty mind was making it seem

..." I looked around, "Shit!" I muttered under my breath.

"What? Forgotten?" I pouted and nodded at him in embarrassment.

He squinted his eyes to look at it, making me laugh hard.

The simple statement made me divert my eyes from his face. His tongue. How would it feel if his tongue would touch my c...

"Ashley." Oh, he was waiting. I opened my mouth when he quickly touched the finger at the tip of my nose, "Oh, sorry, kitten!"

There was a subtle smile on his face when he sat back. I moved aside the cake that was placed between us and crawled up to him. I gazed at his face intensely.

"Wait!" I stopped him.

a flap for me, "Here! Go ahead!" there was amusement in his voice.

"You look funny!" I remarked and he took out his tongue to clean it, "My tongue doesn't reach there."

"I guess I need to wipe it with a napkin..." He was about to stand when I held his wrist wearing my watch.

He kept looking at me and then slowly he nodded his head. I was waiting for it. I went ahead and wiped his nose tip using my tongue. Taking my sweet time. Yup! I licked his nose, and a gush of excitement ran through me when I heard him indrawing a sharp breath.

"What!" HE seemed confused, "You will wipe my nose with my office shirt this time?" He unbuttoned the rest of his shirt and lifted Ignoring the shirt, I lifted my face to reach his nose, "May I, Justin?" He had gone serious, while slowly putting down the flap of his shirt without breaking eye contact. I again asked for his permission. After all, men should not be the only ones asking for consent, "Justin. May I?"