48-You, Like Him Too?

Ashley Walters pov

"I don't want to leave the party," I yawned and stretched, "Let me enjoy some more booze! Please, Sarah!"

Blubbering to myself, I pouted and opened my eyes, looking around.

Fu*ck! I was no more standing on the counter but was snuggled in a quilt….

And in someone's arms too!

"Go back to sleep," said a sleepy Justin beside me, "Throughout the night you kept waking up because you did not want to leave the party."

He yawned and tightened his grip around my waist, "Every time you used to leave the bed and I had to bring you back."

Nuzzling his nose in my neck, he said in a drowsy voice, "You are a handful when you are drunk."

I squeezed my eyes and turned towards him. The plan was to place my face in his naked chest and go back to sleep. However, I felt upset when I found him wearing a t–shirt.

"Take off your t–shirt!" Before I could stop myself, the words were out of my mouth.

"Ashley!" The poor thing tried to argue and groaned, "Let me sleep!"

"OK." I patted his shoulder, "Go to sleep, mister fancy pants." He closed his eyes, and I remembered the day when I woke up one morning and found him sleeping under me.

One thing led to another. His support, the way he took me to his dining room, the staircase he got arranged when I decided to start the night job…

Oh my God! My night job!

I sat up straight, "Justin, I missed my job. It's morning and last night they all must be wondering why I could not make it!" Justin placed another pillow on his head, maybe to avoid my shrill voice.

I jumped out of the bed to look for my phone when an unexpected headache hit me.

"Oh!" I plopped back on the mattress holding my head, "What is happening?"

"Hangover!" Justin was beside me in a jiffy, "Relax. I will bring your phone." Handing over my phone he left the room maybe for getting some sleep in the guest room.

Bizarrely, there were no missed calls from Eve or Elijah except for a message from Eve.

'We hope you are doing well.'

"Hello!" I heard her voice when I got through the call, "Ashley. How are you? We all got worried when we got the call that you won't be able to make it last night."

"You… you got a call?" I rubbed my forehead while frowning.

"Yeah. I must say, it was a se*xy voice." Eva sighed in my ear.

"Oh ok. I don't know. I was too drunk!"

"Really. The good girl, at last, got drunk?' She sounded amused. "What happened after that? Lost your virginity too?' I rolled my eyes at that.

"No silly. He just brought me to the room. Nothing happened."

"Wow! He seems like a gentleman."

"Yeah," I said softly, "He is."

"And he sounded soo se*xy. That heavy voice was enough to melt my panties with…"

"Evelyn!" I kind of protested, "Stop!" I chewed my lower lip in order to keep myself from laughing. Just then the door opened, and Justin came inside with a steaming cup and a small medicine box.

"Kitten! Your breakfast is on the way but before that, you need to pop in Advil along with this coffee." He placed the cup on the nightstand and went to the closet.

"Oh, God!" Evelyn who had gone quiet, spoke again, "His voice is so familiar. I have heard this voice. Are you with some celebrity?"

My heart missed a beat. Stifling my laughter I said, "No, silly. He was the one who must have called you last night."

"Oh, yeah. Right!" She chuckled, "ok honey. Got to go."

"Bye, Eve." I disconnected the call and my gaze followed Justin whose back was facing me. He got rid of his t–shirt and went to the bathroom.

That reminded me… There was only one more day to give my vir ginity. I swallowed hard and thought of diverting my mind when Justin came out of the bathroom and started drying his hair with the towel.

He must have felt my gaze because he not only winked but also teased me by saying, "We need to wait one more day, sweet."

To hide my blush, I quickly picked up the coffee cup and started taking small sips. It felt good when the warm liquid not only relaxed my insides but also helped in opening up my mind.

He took off his towel revealing his round ass in a boxer and started wearing his pants. I kept watching him and realized something odd. It felt like we were an old married couple who were not only close but quite comfortable around each other.

"Do you have any meetings today?" I asked him when he was buttoning up his shirt.

"Yes, kitten. In fact, I will be busy with meetings till midnight." He must have noticed the disappointment on my face when he came and sat beside me.

"It's important to finish up my work so that I can spend lots of time lazing around." Was he taking a day off to spend time with me?

Stop imagining things, Ashley! That might hurt you in the future. I scolded myself.

"What are you thinking, sweetheart? Talk to me."

"Nothing!" I shook my head, "I … I just wanted to be with you. Sorry for being clingy, but I …"

"Are you silly?" He asked me sternly and made me sit on his lap, "You will never be clingy. Ok? I wish I could tell you how I want to spend so much time with you." He kissed my cheek, "You are not alone, sweet."

I leaned my cheek on his chest and closed my eyes. Justin Deluca! Evelyn might be right. I am falling for you, darling.

Tonight, my cash register was almost forgotten as there was a sudden influx of guests.

"Ashley! Two scoops of butter peakon! A single scoop of strawberry and chocolate each!" Evelyn was

going crazy. Most of the orders were for takeaway.

"Yes, ma'am!" I briskly started placing the scoops in their respective cups, "Sam! Take the ice cream cups! Eve! Next order!"

There seemed to be chaos in the small café, but I used to enjoy my job. Even amongst this madness, Elijah easily managed to rile up Eve.

Tonight, I didn't think if either of us would get a sandwich break.

"Elijah! Give some relief to Ashley so she can grab a sandwich. We all can take turns." She yelled and then turned to me, "You feel hungry. Don't you?"

I wished I could hug her.

"Stop staring at her, Ashley!" Elijah roared behind me, "She is mine!"

Shaking my head, I rolled my eyes and turned to go into the back room. I just had five minutes which was enough to finish a sandwich. Otherwise, I really wanted to talk to Justin.

The poor guy did not get enough sleep the previous night because of me. He managed enough time to give me coffee and a pill. He made me finish my breakfast in front of his eyes. Before leaving his room for the meeting, he switched on the TV and practically ordered me to watch a good movie.

There was no more noise outside the back room which meant either no customers or very few of them. I lazily took the last bite of my sandwich and took out my phone.

There was no message from Justin and that made me feel like a complete lemon.

I typed 'I miss you, my se*xy roomie'. And hit the send button.

"Are you done with the sandwich?" Sam peeked inside, "you can take some more time if you want. Right now, there is just one customer and that is a beautiful girl. I will happily serve her."

"Sammie!" Shaking my head, I threw a small, crumpled paper at him that merely touched his shoulder.

"Hey!" He placed his hands on his hips, "Behave yourself! It's not good to hit your big brother!"

I stuck out my tongue.

Ever since my friends came to know that my background was from an orphanage, they all offered themselves as my siblings.

I picked up another crumpled piece and threw it at him. This time I was in trouble because it directly hit

his nose.

Instead of complaining he squeezed his eyes shut.

"Now one more and I am firing you!" He cocked up a challenging brow.

"Really!" I picked up another one and narrowed my eyes.

"Ashley! Listen! You don't want to do this!" He told me with a hint of annoyance. But who cares when I knew it was fake?

I threw it but unexpectedly it hit the person who entered through the open door.

"Ouch!" Said a girly voice. She was pretty and was holding her cheek causing her blouse to lift a little showing a little of her clear skin.

"You are an ill–mannered brat!" unlike her face her words were ugly. I was not the only one who got shocked by her language, "I came behind you. Looking for you."

She told Sam shyly, but then scoffed looking at me, "Who is she?" The lines on her forehead were making

her face quite funny.

"She is my sister." Sam got all defensive about me. So, she was the customer whom he wanted to serve?

"I … I am so sorry. I was just teasing him, and it hit your face." I quickly stood up, "How about you two talk and I bring you an ice cream and don't charge?" I offered sincerely.

I wanted to ask Evelyn to deduct the amount from my salary. The mistake was mine I should own it.

"You think I can't afford an ice cream?" Her tone turned menacing, "Do I need that single scoop so that …"

"Enough, sweetheart!' Sam did not let her finish and purred, "Please get out."

"Excuse me? What?"

I quickly tried to intervene, "Hey, listen you two. I accept my mistake and apologize…"

"I don't need your apology, girl." She flipped her hair, eyed Sam once more, and turned away.

"Sam." I went to him, "Stop her. If you like her, I will say sorry again and…" Sam raised his hand and held my shoulders,

"If a girl can't respect my sister, then she doesn't have any right to expect my attention. You said sorry. Your job was done. Beside…" He pinched my nose tip, "I don't do spoiled brats!"

Before he could utter another word, a panicked Evelyn came inside, "Hey. You need to come out. You both need to come out."

"What happened?" Sam asked her in concern, "What's the matter?"

"Justin…" She tried to say, and my heart skipped a beat, "You won't believe it. Justin Deluca is here with his fiancée, and he is sitting there inside the café waiting for someone to take his order. I can't go. See? My hands are all sweaty. He is my crush. I think. Sam… you can go or Ashley… you can also take the order as you live in his house… so… you can tackle the situation easily."

She raised her hands, "See my hands are shivering."

Gulping down, I raised my palms which had turned cold, and glanced at them. "Ashley," Eve gasped, "Even your hands are shivering! Do you like him too?"