

Ouch! My CEO Fiancé Fell For His Maid

Chapter 16

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16- Disbelief

Ashley Walters pov

I did not know why Justin decided to take me to the dining area when Electra Deluca forbade me to leave my room.

Maybe because I was upset? Or because he might be feeling guilty for getting me stripped of my basic right of leaving the room?

The conditions ma'am Electra offered me while signing the contract seemed lucrative by that time but now, I realized what a fool I had been.

They denied me my basic right, and I said yes.

Without even thinking!

“Who deserves your time, Sarah?” Justin announced as soon as he opened the door. We both knew that she was talking about me.

She was such a good actor that the frown lines that appeared on her forehead disappeared in a jiff when she saw me.

The woman knew how to control her emotions when needed. Right now, she could not unleash the crazy bi*tch hiding behind her beautiful face.

I felt jealousy surging through my heart when I saw her standing up and approaching Justin with that sexy smile. Her red curls were bouncing with each step.

When she came to my room this afternoon, I could not see her face properly. But in one glance I guessed, she was beautiful.

Now her eyes reminded me of someone. Maybe some actress. I tried to think hard but could not remember the name. They were quite familiar.

She reached close to Justin and wrapped her arms around his neck, "Justin!" She looked up into his and I forgot to breathe.

eyes

This hug was not the one, you would give to your husband's cousin or assistant. This was more like an intimate hug.

On the other hand, Justin placed his hands on her shoulders as if he did not want that closeness. She was trying to stick to him

and even attempted to kiss him right on his lips.

Justin was quick to turn away his face to avoid that kiss.

Her lips landed on his cheek.

This impulse to push her away from him crossed my mind and I tried to control my hands by balling them into fists.

This morning she warned me to stay away from my husband who was supposed to be her fiancé. And now look at her.

What was she doing right now? Trying to kiss the only one who was like a friend to me in this house.

“How are you, Justin? Missed me?”

“I am good!” Justin just replied to the first part of her query but did not respond to her ‘

Missed me’ part, “Did you meet Ashley?” He pulled me forward to meet her.

“Ashley. Meet Sarah.” Turning to her, he smiled, “This is Ashley, and today she would be joining us at this table. Though she did

not want to come out...” He eyed granny, “But no one can resist me if I put my mind to it.”

I could feel the strong presence of Electra Deluca. Her eyes were causing goosebumps on my body.

“How are you, pretty girl!” He left my hand and went to ma’am Electra, “You are getting beautiful day by day!”

Now that was cute. He was trying to cheer her up just like he was doing it with me a few minutes back in the room.

“Thanks, Justin.” She replied in a clipped tone. Right now, the girl whose name was Sarah was ignoring me like I did not exist there. She was also giving strange signs to ma’am Electra when she thought no one was watching. There were two girls who were still seated, examining me from head to toe and whispering to each other in hushed tones. I did not have any difficulty, guessing that they were discussing

1. me.

Hooked down at my baggy clothes and tried to straighten my blouse. I knew I did not look much presentable.

There was laughter in their eyes.

“Justin. Have you met Nadia and Shella!” Sarah spoke again and tilted her head meaningfully looking at her friends.

Justin just nodded at them to acknowledge their presence.

He quickly pulled out a chair. Sarah was about to step towards it when Justin looked me in the eye and motioned me to sit on it,

“Sit down, Ashley!”

Sarah’s smile weakened. I tried to control the laughter and succeeded to kill it in my throat. He quickly took the seat beside me.

“So, what have we got here?” He ran a quick glance at the ceramic trays carrying bite-sized sandwiches, and hummus with pita bread, “We both are so hungry!” He said to no one in particular.

“We have a fruit bowl too!” He pointed towards a white ceramic bowl that had fruit chunks neatly cut. He started filling my plate with different things.

“I ... I... this is too much, Justin!” I tried to stop him with throaty laughter. I was getting hell nervous because the other ladies in the room were looking at me like they would eat me alive. It was Justin’s presence that was stopping them to do anything.

I did not know if they made a wish to Santa Clause. Because just then Justin’s cell decided to ring non-stop.

“Oh. It’s from work.” He frowned at his phone and pushed back his chair with the back of his knee to stand up.

“I am just outside the door.” He whispered and I was sure they all heard him.

Once he was out of the door, we could still hear him talking on the phone.

There was just quietness. The calmness one expects before the storm.

“So!” A girl whose name might be Nadia or Shella, spoke for the first time, “Which brand are you wearing, girl?” She was trying to make fun of my clothes.

“Oh. Shut up, Shella!” Sarah tried to bat her eyes quite dramatically, “These are not her clothes. She borrowed it from someone.

Right, Pashley? Maybe your elder sister?”

The way she tried to make fun of my name her friends started giggling like fools.

“So, tell me, Pashley!” She placed her chin on her fist and bat her lashes again, “Have you ever seen so much food being placed on the dining table?”

I never knew Sarah could be this rude. I was not the one who offered myself for marriage to her fiancé.

Why can't she take it out

on that old goat who was just glaring at me with those small, narrowed eyes?

“Don't you have the answer, Pashley? Baby Pashley wants to cry?” Sarah curved down her lips and started wiping fake tears from her face.

How did she know that I wanted to cry? Oh, maybe she noticed my quivering lips?

Whatever it was! I was not going down without trying... without giving a fight. Justin asked me to be a lioness. Not a damsel in

distress!

I lifted my eyelids to look into her eyes. She was still batting those lashes.

“You...” I cleared my throat, “You should stop doing that. You know?”

“Stop doing what?” She asked me with an attitude, “Stop asking you questions, petty Pashley?”

“No. The way you are blinking those fake lashes. They might fall down!” I wasn’t sure if they heard me or not.

Because not only Sarah’s but her two minions’ jaws were touching the floor.

And then Sarah’s friend whose name might be Nadia choked on the water she was drinking.

Shella quickly looked down at the tabletop, but I did not miss the praise in her eyes.

“How dare you!” Sarah’s face was slowly turning into a witch’s, “Have you ever visited a salon? I don’t think so. Have you ever even taken a bath? You smell of Justin’s body wash!”

God! She was a spoiled brat!

“I smell of him not because of that body wash but because we cuddle a lot.” I rolled my eyes with a smile, “Like a lot if you know what I mean!”

I winked and focused my attention on the plate Justin made for me. I was hell hungry, but I wanted to wait for Justin.

Please Justin, come soon. Otherwise, they will rip away my already shattered confidence.

My remark of cuddling must have blown away Sarah's mind because clenching her hands, she stood up from her chair.

I was sure she wanted to slap me. Just then the door opened, and Justin came inside.

Seeing Sarah standing in her seat made him stop momentarily, "What happened? You, alright?" His eyes traveled from her to my face.

"Yes!" Sarah's facial expressions changed in an instant, "I was just telling her how she smells like you. I would love to gift her some of my things."

There was a strain-free smile on her lips. How could she change her mood in a matter of seconds?

Justin came back beside me, "You haven't even started, kitten." He brought the one-bite sandwich to my mouth, "Open your mouth. Eat it."

Quite obediently I did what he asked and started chewing it. He even poured me coffee while talking to granny.

“Justin! Agora Internationals are dying to meet you. Better set an appointment to meet them.” Granny told him trying to act

normal as if she gave a f*ck if I was there or not.

“Yes, Justin. Granny is right. Last time they made so many calls to Kyle.” Sarah also joined the business-related convo.

I sat there quietly chewing my food and a little fascinated by the topic. While talking casually

Justin’s arm came around the chair,

I was sitting.

If Sarah noticed it, she did not let it show. They all were hypocrites who knew how to keep their emotions in control.

Her friends were whispering to each other so that they won’t disturb the ongoing discussion. I was the only one without company.

Without making anyone realize Justin placed a donut on my plate. I was eyeing it for so long.

He was acknowledging my presence.

The door suddenly opened, and someone entered the dining hall, “You people having coffee without me?”

The voice was familiar. The hair on my nape stood up.

“Sean!” Sarah beamed and stood up with her arms outstretched.

This was the same man who...

Oh my God! How dare he!
I did not know what came into me.
“Kitten! You alright?” I heard Justin’s whisper but
ignored it. This man whom Sarah called Sean was
taking her in his embrace.
He did not notice me yet.
I could not contain the anger and without thinking I
stood up and climbed the dining table. The ceramics
made clanking sounds
when I shifted it to one side making room for myself.
Before anyone could utter a word or Justin could
stop me, I crawled to the
other side pushing the plates off my way.
The plates were down on the floor, shattering,
making a mess on the floor.
I had become immune to the sounds. The moment
the man’s
eyes
fell on my
face his eyes
went wide.
Before he could say anything I not only reached him
but also held his collar, “You piece of shit! How dare
you? You mot*her
fu*cker.”
“What is she trying to do?” I heard one of Sarah’s
minions but chose to ignore her. I was a
lioness.

“Girl! Leave him!” I heard the old goat’s voice behind me.

“No matter who you are!” I spat in anger, “I won’t spare you!” I lifted my hand and slapped tight on his cheek.

Placing his hand on his cheek he looked at me in disbelief.

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