

Ouch! My CEO Fiancé Fell For His Maid

Chapter 10

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10- Dinner without him

Ashley's pov

Thankfully my Excel sheet experience proved to be of some use. Whatever Justin wanted, I not only got it in a jiffy but also

started doing it on a PC placed in the corner of the study.

He got busy with his laptop on his desk and kept taking his official calls. Once I started doing my job, we did not talk much except

I once asked him if I could start munching Doritos.

A man whose name was Alex delivered large bags of Doritos to the office. The moment Justin nodded at me to go ahead I

beamed and got busy.

While doing my work I was aware of his strong presence in the room. I could feel the occasional glances, he was throwing in my direction.

It felt like working near him was making him happy.

My work was going smoothly when I got stuck at a company's name. I couldn't remember if I was supposed to include its calculation or not.

"Justin. Do I have to include this company's calculations or leave it?" I asked him when he was talking to someone on call. Now it was counted as bad manners to disturb someone midst of a conversation.

He nodded his head giving me his approval and said into the phone, "It's Ashley, Sarah. I think I need to disconnect the call. We need to get done with the job today before evening." Whoever, he was talking to, seemed to know about me. Who was Sarah?

"Bye, Sarah!" He placed his phone on the desk and stood up stretching his gorgeous body.

The man had panther-like grace. Straightening, he gave me his signature dimpled smile and started walking towards me.

"Show me, how much you have done." He was about to lean behind me to look at the monitor screen when I quickly shifted sideways to let him sit on the chair.

"Don't move, kitten!" He held my shoulders firmly and brought his face closer to mine. The strong male perfume hitting my nostrils was making me sweat.

This man was hot as hell. I gulped down trying to remember that I needed to inhale Oxygen. I was sure my cheeks must have turned crimson.

“You are doing good, kitten.” His hand reached to the mouse from behind to scroll the screen. I tilted my head a little to look at his sculpted face that was close to me.

Like very close!

His straight nose.

Those long eyelashes.

“Kitten. You need to focus on the PC.” There was amusement in his voice.

Shit! He must be thinking that I am a freak. I cleared my throat, “It’s just that...”

“That?” He turned his head towards me and looked into my eyes.

“You are handsome!” I shrugged nonchalantly but sheet! Why did I say that?

“You find me handsome, Honeybun?” He brought his face closer to me and before I could decide what he was trying to do, he bumped his forehead playfully into mine.

“You are a quick learner, Ashley.” He stood up praising me, “I have asked them to bring us lunch.”

He said busily again concentrating on his PC.

Lunch? Here? Was it for me or both of us?

The answer was, both of us when a woman in her early forties entered and started instructing the staff to set the dishes on the table placed in the couch sitting area. I wonder why Helga did not serve the dishes.

“By the way, I don’t feel hungry at all.” I tried to complain with a pout.

“Yeah. Your complaint is justified. You just had snacks.” He pointed his index finger towards me as a warning, “But no compromise on your meal, Ashley.”

We were served stir–fried vegetables with fried chicken along with boiled rice. It was simple but finger–licking. I was the one who told him I could not eat anymore due to my stuffed tummy and here I finished everything on my plate.

“That’s like a good girl.” He seemed happy that I finished my meal.

I was sure I had this silly drool on my lips.

After lunch, I went back to the PC and started completing my Excel sheet. I tried holding a yawn and looked around. There was a couch that seemed comfortable enough.

“Go ahead. Take rest.” He encouraged me without even looking... Without making me feel that his eyes were constantly watching me.

My Doritos wrapper was almost empty by now. I sat on the sofa, but it was so soft that I decided to lie on it.

The plan was to stay there just for five minutes, but slowly, my eyes fluttered close. Now I did not know if it was a dream or was I still awake.

I saw Justin leaning back in his chair. There was a grin on his face while looking at me. I wanted to ask him with my half-opened eyes, what he found so funny.

Then I decided to ask it later after my five minutes power nap.

I did remember waking up and found Justin talking to someone on phone in a hushed tone. He did not want to disturb my beauty sleep.

Only ten minutes must have passed or maybe fifteen minutes maximum when I raised my arms to stretch and sat up.

Oh, no. Was I hallucinating?

This was not Justin's study. I was in my bedroom. I mean my husband's bedroom. On his bed. Covered protectively under a quilt.

How did I reach here? Did Justin just...?

My heart missed a beat, and I could not think further. Throwing away the quilt I went to the bathroom. I never liked the first day of

my period but today was an exception.

After getting done with my business I came out and folded the quilt. I needed to go to my mattress.

A deal was a deal.

I picked up my snack bag from the nightstand and went to my mattress. It would soon be dinner time. Justin was not in the room, and I had already started missing him. He accompanied me on lunch and now I had to do my dinner alone.

Someone turned the doorknob and came inside. It was not Helga. I hoped she was alright. The same woman who served us lunch was there carrying a tray. She placed it near me and was about to turn around when I stopped her.

“Excuse me, ma’am.” Instead of turning to me she just tilted her head with a questioning glare, “Is Ms. Helga alright?”

“I don’t know!” The reply was simple but the hatred in her eyes...

What was her problem? Why was she looking at me like she would eat me up? Without offering any further explanation she left the room.

I was not, really hungry, but I removed the cover from the tray. It was chicken dipped in a thick curry along with bread and French fries. I did not know what it was. But the smell was delish.

I picked up the fork and took a piece of chicken near my mouth when I heard a familiar voice "Kitten?" from the doorway, "Having dinner without me,

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