

Ouch! My CEO Fiancé Fell For His Maid

Chapter 60

60-Mrs. Deluca

Ashley Walters pov

Watching him standing there in the kitchen brought tears of relief to my eyes. Those droplets started flowing down my face and I quickly wiped them with the back of my hands.

“You are here? I thought you are mad at me and have left me here.”

He got frozen in one place while Edith quickly left the kitchen and got vanished, God knows where.

Without looking up, he started assembling everything on the tray.

Carrying the tray in one hand and a chit in the other hand, he walked past me but did not forget to slip the note into my hand.

The chit said, “Come and eat your breakfast.”

Wiping my face again, I silently followed him and sat on the chair that he had quietly pulled out. As usual, he started piling up my plate.

We began eating. His eyes were focused on his plate while mine were focused on his face.

“Justin!” I tried talking to him, but his face dipped more into his plate. Curving down my lips, I continued eating my eggs.

Then something clicked my mind. Standing up, I went to the kitchen to fetch the marker from the counter.

I could feel his gaze burning me. Mister Deluca did not want to talk to me but wanted to stare at my ass.

After returning, I poured some orange juice into my glass and opened the marker.

JUSTIN! I AM SORRY.

I wrote on the wooden tabletop and glanced up to get some response, but the same poker face was there.

I GOT SCARED, JUSTIN. I DID NOT KNOW HOW TO TELL YOU ABOUT THIS PAIN. PLEASE FORGIVE ME. After writing it I again tried to see his reaction.

None!

PLEASE DON'T BE MAD AT ME. I SWEAR, THIS WILL NOT HAPPEN AGAIN. HAVE SOME MERCY. THERE IS NO PLACE LEFT ON THIS TABLE TO WRITE ANYMORE.

He now got busy drinking his coffee. And that enraged me. What did he think of himself? I needed to write more so I went to the other side of the table and started writing again stubbornly,

DO YOU FU*CKIN KNOW HOW BIG IS YOUR MEMBER, JUSTIN?

Frowning at him, I pointed towards the tabletop to read. His eyes went wide with surprise making him choke on his coffee. I started writing again,

IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, LOOK INSIDE YOUR UNDERWEAR. YOU WILL REALIZE WHAT I AM TALKING ABOUT. YOU WILL REALIZE WHAT I HAVE BEEN TALKING ABOUT ALL THIS TIME...

Before I could write more, a hand appeared and removed the marker from my hands, pulling me towards

his chest.

I could feel him shaking against me but now I was mad at him. Why was he laughing now? Why he could not understand that I was upset too after hurting him?

“Stop laughing,” I punched his chest, “Let me write more. I am not finished yet.” I started wiggling my

body out of his grip.

He was still laughing hiding his face against my hair, “Stop writing all this on the tabletop. What would Edith think? You are telling the world about my member...” he had started laughing again.

But I was again rigid, leaning against his warm body.

“Kitten!” he gave a wet kiss on my cheek, but I wiped it with the back of my hand, “Hey, love. I was not mad at you.” I did not try to look at him.

Reaching out, I picked up the marker and wrote again on the table,

I THOUGHT YOU WENT OUT AND WON'T RETURN FOR A LONG TIME.

“No, girl.” Justin told me after reading it, “I went out to buy a few things and see what I found.” Leaving me there, he went to the kitchen counter and brought a brown bag.

He emptied its contents on the table and I found several Doritos packs lying there.

I gasped and stared at his face open-mouthed.

“It's for you, love.” He said gently and brushed away my hair from my face, “I can't stay mad at you. Yes, I was hurt. And why would I leave you here?”

“Thank you, Justin.” At last, I spoke and hugged him tightly, “And I am sorry. You are the sweetest. Don't know how to thank you.”

“Try it with a kiss then?” Knitting my eyes, I pulled back and looked up. Smiling to myself, I took my face

closer to him.

“Ok. Good idea.” Lifting myself on my toes, I brushed my lips against his, “Your lips are so soft.” I remarked. The moment my lips started kissing him, he seemed ready to take them.

His hand went behind the nape of my neck, and he pulled me to him, opening his mouth. This time I did. not take time to open my mouth, welcoming his tongue inside.

“Mmm.” I heard him moaning and felt the same tingling in my core that used to be there whenever he was

nearby.

The kiss had made us forget about our juice and coffee.

With great effort, I broke our kiss.

“I just can't get enough of you. Any idea how to do it again to get relief down there, Mr. Deluca?”

His hooded amber eyes were roaming on my face, “I know the exact way to do it without hurting you,

love. There are many more ways to satisfy it. Give me a chance and let me show you in the room how to do it, Mrs. Deluca.”

My heart missed a beat when I heard him saying, Mrs. Deluca. The feeling was ecstatic.

“Should we go to the room, Mr. Deluca?”

“After you, Mrs. Deluca.”