

# Ouch! My CEO Fiancé Fell For His Maid

Chapter 78

## 78-Shock

### Ashley Walters pov

A loud voice rang in my ears when I once wiped my nose with it, "KITTEN! THIS WAS MY FAVORITE T-SHIRT!"

Oh, Justin! Why?

Then I felt his fingers brushing my cheek and that made me jerk back. Turning around I tried to balance. the box in my arms and entered through the open curtain. Once stepping inside, I looked over my shoulder expecting him to follow me.

But found him rooted to the spot with closed eyes.

There were several pairs of eyes directed at me including Rayan and Sarah when I walked towards my

seat.

Rayan had an evil smirk plastered across his lips that vanished as soon as he saw my face. He must be surprised, at how I managed to wipe the dark brown taint off my mouth. All five students had taken the advantage of coming early and took the seats opposite other community members. The only seat left vacant was opposite the Dean's seat.

Even their nameplates were moved according to their benefits.

I was taking slow steps when again a pair of arms reached out and took the carton from my hands. He placed it on the elongated table where Ashley Walters was written.

His sleeves were now folded up.

I reached for my seat and fished for a wet tissue from my purse.

Thankfully most of the smudge was already wiped by him. He didn't seem convinced to sit opposite me or he must have sensed that I wanted to avoid him. He asked Sarah politely to sit on the middle seat that belonged to him and sat on his seat opposite Rayan.

I sat down with a faint hello and felt his eyes on me.

Raising my eyes, I looked at him. He quickly diverted his attention and focused on Rayan sitting there. I wish I could go to him *and hold* his collar.

Why did *you do* this to me, Justin?

"Honey. It's getting *obvious*." Sarah whispered the warning without making it noticeable to anyone around

1. US.

She was someone who I could never decide what kind of personality she was.

Duh! I hoped she was not suffering from multiple personality disorder. Ha—ha.

"Honorable, students," Justin cleared his throat, "We have gathered here to assign you the projects based on your performance and conduct. Here we will be doing the bidding. We are very much proud of the fact that you people are part of our institution."

He opened the file placed before him, "The first project that has the highest bidding belongs to Deluca's head offices. I would be very happy if Ashley Walters...." This time he did make eye contact, "can do the honors. As she is the highest performer among you all. Ms. Walters?"

This was his professional side that I was witnessing for the first time.

"Thank you so much, Mr. Deluca," I said, and could hear my heart drumming in my chest.

Last time when I had called him Mr. Deluca! He had called me Mrs. Deluca.

Sigh! Now we were divorced.

"Sir. This is an honor to get such a prestigious project, but I really want to try a residential one." I brought the same professionalism into my voice.

"Ms. Walters. I do respect your choice. But Deluca board of members really want you to do our offices. They think that nobody can do it better than you and ..."

"And?" I smiled confidently.

"And they think this project can bring you good money because let's accept it. We all need a good payoff for a job we love."

I ran a casual gaze at the designer community members and the students. Rayan's jealousy was showing on his face but what shocked me was the genuine pride in Sarah's eyes.

The girl did have some problem. She definitely needed a psychiatrist.

"I am honored, Mr. Deluca that you think so highly of me but ..." I paused and rolled my lips between my teeth, "It's better if I give the chance to someone else. Just to bring it to your record that..." I straightaway met his gaze, "I am already a millionaire."

There was utter shock on Justin's face. He was not expecting me to say it out loud like this.

"No disrespect intended, Ms. Walters." My principal said intertwining his fingers into each other, "But according to your personal dossier, you don't have a good financial background. I again insist that please don't take it personally. There is nothing bad with not being financially strong. So how it happened? You got a bomb job, or you invested?"

It was an honest question asked by Mr. Gordan that made Sarah sitting across me, go a little tense. If Justin didn't like it, he didn't show it.

"No, sir. My background might not be wealthy like the rest of the people sitting here, but I started offering certain services to certain people. I used to sell different stuff to big shots and earned well. Last time I sold something too precious to an affluent person and got paid handsomely for it." I finished with a smile. There was no need to tell anyone that I was talking about my V-card.

This time I detected amusement in Sarah's eyes which she quickly hid. While Justin's eyes were blazing with rage. He was not a fool who could not understand what I was trying to convey.

"Ms. Ashley!" Rayan called me with an overexcited voice, "What was the product? Maybe I could sell it too and become a millionaire."

The son of a bitch was already the son of a well-known billionaire and had no idea he could earn more by selling his dick IF it existed. Ha—ha.

"Sure, Rayan. I will share all my secrets with you." I offered him with a sly smile and turned back to my file. "We do have a residential project, Justin." Sarah tilted her head to look sideways, "We can assign it to Ms. Walters."

Justin nodded in agreement and opened the other file. The hardest part was over. Other students were also assigned different projects.

Rayan got the Deluca offices' project and seemed quite happy about it.

"Ashley," The principal Mr. Gordon came up to me, "We will be going inside for snacks, shortly. I will be happy if you would accompany us."

I wanted to say no but he had been such an understanding and cooperative mentor who introduced me to some top-notch platforms. I couldn't refuse him just like that.

"Sure, sir." I needed to stay confident because Justin and Sarah would be there too.

I was collecting my stuff while the community members had left the hall.

"So, what was it, you sold and became a millionaire," Rayan spoke behind me, and I could not contain my smile.

"Why do you want to know about it?" I bit my lower lip to stifle my chuckle, "You are already rich."

"I don't want to sell anything." He came near me, "I somehow do have an idea about your boyfriend Gerald. So, I might want to make you happy by buying that product."

My hands froze and I turned to him. There was a wicked smile playing across his face.

"So dear Ashley... when can you invite me over and..."

"What is going on here?" We both straightened when Justin's voice sliced through the air not letting Rayan finish.

Justin walked to us and stood in front of me, blocking me from Rayan, "Now I understand why you are second best, Mr. Rayan. If only you could poke your nose in your own business." With that, he held my elbow and forced me a little to walk towards the exit door.

He guided me to the connecting room where snacks were being served. I was intending to push him away

once we will enter there but he seemed to be more in a haste.

He didn't take time to leave my elbow and headed to join Sarah at the big round table.

Huh! As if I cared!

What an as\*hole!

I sat beside my principal Mr. Gordon and started chatting with him. After managing to sit for hardly ten minutes, I excused myself and got up. The overall discussion had been easygoing, and it did not make me

feel like an outsider.

However, when I stood up, Justin also raised to his feet out of politeness. I nodded at him and started to leave. I was about to open the door when I felt a presence behind me.

"You seem to be in a hurry!" Sarah remarked behind me and came out, "So... where are you heading?"

"Home!" I said straddling the bag strap on my shoulder.

"Ok," She bobbed her head, "So *you* live in the nearby apartments. Right?"

"Yeah," I held the file *to* my chest, "As if you don't know." I chuckled and gave my hair a little shake which was going wild in the breeze.

Instead of saying something she kept looking at me with a smile.

Gosh! Justin needed to know she was crazy.

"Sarah. If *you don't* have anything to say, then I guess I should go." I was about to turn around when she hurriedly spoke,

"Wait wait." She raised her hand, "I ... I still remember how you brought me back to Deluca mansion when I requested you a long time ago." She again got silent, and I was getting impatient by now.

"So?"

"So... I just wanted... to return the favor. I mean I can bring you back to the..."

"Enough!" I halted her mid-sentence and turned on my heels to leave.

"Hey, stop. Don't walk so fast, man. Doctor has advised me not to put too much pressure." I stopped in my tracks and looked at her.

"Doctor? Why? What happened?" Nothing in the world could prepare me for the upcoming shock,

"Oh. It's nothing." She shrugged nonchalantly, "I am pregnant." She said while caressing her nonexistent belly.