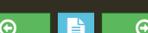




Ouch! My CEO Fiancé Fell For His Maid

Chapter 110



110- Leigh

(21 years ago) Third Person pov: "Leigh! Come here." The owner of the furniture shop was a lady in her thirties, called Leigh.

"Hey, Sandy," Leigh took off the scarf from the lower half of her face and wiped the sweat from her smooth forehead with the back of her hand.

"Are you visiting the doctor?" she asked Leigh, pointing towards her belly, "Are you taking your prenatal vitamins?"

Leigh rubbed her belly fondly. She was four months along and now her belly had started protruding a little bit.

"Yeah, Sandy. Thanks to you." She thanked her employer who had been helping her with finances during this hard time.

"Oh, it's nothing. I haven't called you here for your thankyou's. There is something Billionaire we need to discuss."

Leigh frowned and took the other seat, wiping her hands with a cloth.

"You need to go," Sandy announced without beating about the bush.

"What?" Leigh's head snapped up.

"It's not permanent, silly," Sandy scolded her, "the paint fumes. They are harmful to the baby. I can't take risks." "B...But Sandy. H...How I will..." "I understand, Leigh. Don't worry. I will still take care of the medical bills and your prenatal. But the hospital admission for the baby's delivery must be paid by you. I am trying to do whatever is possible for me." "I know, Sandy. And I am thankful. B...But there are other things to take care of." Oh my God! What would she do now? She could not afford to lose this job.

"Listen, Leigh," Sandy leaned forward propping her elbows on the desk, "Where is the father? Ask him to take some responsibility." "This pregnancy. It just happened... by accident. He can't afford it with his current job." Now Leigh was rubbing her palms on her lap in nervousness.

"I understand. But he can't step back from this responsibility. As a soon-to- be mom, you are also trying. Right? Why can't he, as a soon-to-be dad?" after that Sandy went quiet as if hesitating a bit.

"Leigh. Is the father still there in your life? I mean... I hope he hasn't left you

"Oh... No," Leigh shook her head giggling, "he hasn't left me. He is there.

But stays out of the city due to his job nature."

By now, Leigh had started fidgeting her fingers on her lap.

"Talk to him, girl. Once this baby will be delivered, I will take you back with open arms. But we can't risk the baby's health."

Leigh tucked her upper lip between her teeth and stood up. She knew this moment would come up, once the pregnancy would be known. But that was too soon. Sandy was a caring employer, but she was not wrong when she said that the baby needed to stay safe.

Eighteen years old Leigh Walters came back from her furniture painting job and unlocked her dinky apartment. She was missing Ashton like anything.

Last time, she was so scared when she told him about her pregnancy. He was so particular about precautions because he didn't want a baby. He was struggling in his life. He had no one except Leigh.

But the moment, Leigh told him that she was pregnant, his face broke into a big smile.

"Really. You have made me a happy man." He hugged her and made slow love to her that day. She was a beautiful woman and the first time Ashton saw her, he could not keep it inside his pants. He was tall, smart, and funny. He knew how to spoil a girl without spending money.

By making love to Leigh, cleaning her apartment, sharing simple meals with her, and staring at her face like she was the most beautiful woman in his life.

He used to work outside the city as a car mechanic and didn't have any proper place to keep Leigh with him. He could not stay with her either as his bread and butter depended on his mechanic job. He needed to concentrate on his work. He could not find enough opportunities in her city, related to his field, so it was sensible to stay out of the city and come to see his beloved, once a week or month.

She was not planning to have dinner as she had already eaten at work. Her owner was quite a caring lady, but Leigh had something else on her mind.

Ever since Sandy had asked her to take a long leave due to her pregnancy, she was worried about finances. The paint fumes could be hazardous for the baby.

She didn't know when Ashton would visit her next. Sandy thought that the baby's father should also chip in to take responsibility.

Leigh never thought like that. She always thought that she was the one who made a mistake and fell pregnant, but Sandy explained to her that the baby belonged to both. So, both parents must take responsibility.

After taking bath when she stepped into the room, there was a knock on the door. Leigh's heart missed a beat.

Only Ashton was the one who used to visit her. She opened the door and shrieked excitedly.

"Ashton!" "Love!" Ashton lifted her up and kicked the door close. As always, they got busy until they were panting and lying limply beside each other.

"This time I missed you more." She said against his naked body, stroking his chest.

"I wish I could stay here, my love." He held her face in his hands and kissed her lips, "but money also matters." "I never let him take my responsibility or the baby's responsibility. He never spent a dime on gynecologist visits. Maybe Sandy was right. He isn't interested in the baby." She thought to herself.

"What are you thinking love?" he nudged her a little.

"Nothing." She didn't want to tell him that she was almost jobless now, with nothing to support, "I was just thinking about how long you will stay this time."

For the last two or three visits he had been staying hardly for one day making her crave him even more.

He turned her sheet-cladded body towards him and kissed her lips with a passion that made her want more.

"Something is bothering you, my love. What is it? Or you don't trust me?" "No!" she held his wrist near her face and turned her head to kiss it, "I..." she didn't want to tell him what Sandy said about him being irresponsible.

"On your last visit, I told you that I will be going for an ultrasound. You never asked me about the gender." "Well!" he straightened beside her and took her in his arms, making her topple over him, "That's because I love you. And it doesn't matter anymore if it's a boy or a girl."

She wanted to tell him that it was a girl. And she was planning to give her the name Ashley. Ash from Ashton's name and ley from her own name. Leigh!

Should she talk to him about some contribution? She was living in a rented place, and she needed money to take care of the bills. Sandy was still ready to help her except for the delivery charges.

Before she could say anything, he leaned aside and stretched his hand to pick up something from the floor. It was a black-colored, square-shaped bag made of leather.

"What is it?" she asked him when he gave it to her.

"See for yourself." He said with a smile. Frowning at him she took the bag and started opening the zip. After peeking inside, she gasped and covered her mouth with her hand.

In her shocked state, she raised her eyes to him and found him wiggling his brows at her.

"How come ... I mean. This seems a lot of money!" she remarked and took out the heavy stacks of bills placed inside.

"How did you manage it, Ashton?" "It's from my savings," he moved her hair away from her forehead, "Plus I sold my chain."

A little taken aback, she realized he was no more wearing his gold chain around his neck.

"But Ashton. It was something your late father gave you. You used to cherish it a lot." "Yeah. I know." He hugged her tightly to him, "But nothing is as precious as you, love." "B...But you didn't need to do this." She said all teary-eyed.

"Why not? What do you think? If I am living away from you that doesn't mean I am not ready to take responsibility for you or my child. I love you.

This child is my responsibility too, Leigh." "Oh, Ashton." Leigh circled her arms around his neck and started crying. She wanted to meet Sandy and tell her that Ashton was not what she used to think.

Sandy tried to plant doubts in Leigh's mind so it was better if Leigh would not join back the furniture shop after delivering the baby.

That evening they again made love. He whispered in her ear how much he loved her. How she and the baby had become the bane of his existence. 1

The next morning when she got up, she was disappointed to see him getting ready to leave.

"You must stay more," she complained, "I miss you. Doctor says I need to stay happy." "My love," he said while buttoning up his shirt, "I am away from you so that I can earn more for my family. I have started to hunt for a cheaper house so that we can live together." "Really?" This visit of Ashton was full of surprises. She never knew that the baby could bring them closer.

"Yes. I need to make more money to pay hospital bills too." She wanted to tell him that the money, he gave her last night was more than enough. They both could easily sustain that amount for one year.

"Don't do this to me, Leigh." He sat on the edge of the bed, "I am doing it for us. For our child. Don't make this harder, love. I wish I could tell you how much I miss you. Just can't wait enough for the baby to join us too."

Kissing her head, he started wearing his shoes, "Now cheer up and give me a morning kiss and a goodbye kiss."

She smiled and kissed his lips.

"I love you, Ashton." "I love you too, sweetheart."

With a final kiss, he stepped back and left. She took out the money he gave her last night and started counting it.

God! That was a lot.

Like A LOT!

The same day, she made a call to Sandy and told her that Ashton is taking care of all the hospital bills from now on. Sandy initially went quiet and then, at last, congratulated her.

To keep herself busy, Leigh started giving furniture fixing services to people living around. It used to keep her mind off so many things like Ashton and his love and his touch.

Four months had passed, and Ashton thought he would come to visit her again nor he tried to contact her. She tried calling him from the shop in her neighborhood to the garage where he worked and asked them to let her talk to him.

They said he would call her back in the evening. In the evening, he did return the call.

"Ashton. Where are you? Why are you taking so long to visit me?" At that instant, all she wanted to do was to return the money and ask him to stay with her.

"Hey, love. Relax. I told you I am arranging money for..." "I don't want money, Ashton!" She screamed into the receiver, "I want you. I want you. The eighth month is about to end." "No! Ashton. Why are you leaving me alone? I am scared. I don't know a thing about babies and pregnancy. Please, Ashton."

When he stayed quiet, she screamed again, "Say something!" "Honey!" he said coolly, "I think you need to cool down first. I will call you again." "B...But Ashton..." he had disconnected the call. Holding the receiver, she started crying.

"Leigh?" the shopkeeper who used to allow her to use his phone rushed towards her, "Why are you crying?"

Wiping her cheeks, she shook her head and headed to her apartment which was just one block away. She was on friendly terms with the shopkeeper, but she didn't want to talk or communicate with anyone except Ashton.

"Did Ashton call?" she was again at the shop right after one hour. Due to the customers' influx, the man behind the counter just shook his head.

Thoroughly disappointed, she returned but was back, right after one hour. Ashton didn't call that day. And then no call the next day. And the next day also passed without any call.

By now she had started getting worried.

"I shouldn't have made him upset. I screamed at him on call. In front of that shopkeeper. I should have had a little patience." She was blabbering in front of Sandy who was consoling her.

"Girl! Are you crazy? How much patience do you need at this stage?" she pointed to her swollen belly, "Do you know his address?"

Leigh bobbed her head and kept cleaning the tears from her cheeks.

Sandy rolled her eyes, "Ok. Don't be upset. Do you know his shop address?"

Leigh raised her face at that. Yes, she knew it. It must be somewhere placed in her diary.

That evening Sandy accompanied her to her apartment.

"He must be in trouble. Sandy. I never told him about the job difficulty and hospital bills, "Why he gave me a handsome amount to bear it." "He has got this much money and still he decided to give it to you instead of taking you with him. Why throw this money at you? You need him! Not this money!" Sandy said sternly and then blew a sigh when she saw Leigh looking down silently.

"Oh, damn! Leigh!" Sandy held her shoulders and made her sit on a chair, "I think go and meet him at the shop. He might be there." "What will I do after meeting him?" Sandy face palmed when Leigh asked her the question innocently.

"Girl! Just say sorry. Meet him. Tell him it's your last month and then come back. You have got the money. It's worth the try. If he is sincere then he will accompany you here. He should be beside his daughter's mommy."

Sandy did have a point. The very next morning, Leigh packed a small bag and caught a bus to go to the suburbs of Galeola where Ashton used to work.

It was a three-hour route.

Carrying the address, she reached the shop where he worked.

"Hello, sir!" she smiled at the shop owner and showed him the address.

"Yes, ma'am. This is us." He came to her while wiping his hands, "How can I help you?" "Sir. I am looking for Ashton." "Ashton?" The man was trying to remember, "Any sir names?"

What a fool she was! She never asked his sir name.

"H...he works here. In this garage." "We don't have any worker by the name of Ashton." How was that possible? She had been calling him here and whenever he used to call her, the same number used to appear on the screen.

Just then something clicked her mind. She extracted a blurred picture of him from her bag. It got blurred because he got annoyed and tried to turn away his head. He never liked clicking pictures with her.

"Did he ever come here?" she showed the picture with those hopeful green eyes.

Knitting his brows, he kept looking at the picture and then at last looked at her.

"Who is he, ma'am? I mean, is he your relative?" she kept staring back and nodded her head slowly. Man's eyes dipped down to her swollen belly.

"He doesn't work for us. But he does visit us to make calls. Or sometimes he used to wait for someone's calls." He scribbled something on a piece of paper and stretched his hand, "I guess you are the one who used to call here to talk to him. Here. This is his address." When she got the paper, she cried him fist.

"Thank you." "Don't worry, kid. I have seen him several times near this house. So, without telling him, I noted his address." The man tapped his temple with a proud grin.

Leigh held the paper tightly and turned back to look for the address in the twin city.



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The Read Ouch My CEO Fiancé Fell For His Maid by Lisa Salman has been updated to chapter Chapter 110 .

In Chapter 110 of the Ouch My CEO Fiancé Fell For His Maid t series, The story is about a young woman named Ashley Walter who is offered 10 million dollars to marry an unknown man for one year by a wealthy man named Electra De Luca, who is also the grandmother of the man she is to marry. Electra sets absurd conditions that Ashley must follow, including not being allowed to talk to her husband, sleep in the same bed as him, or use the bathroom in the same room. Ashley agrees to the conditions to obtain the money needed for her sick mother. After the wedding, Ashley is taken to a grand mansion where she is given a room with a mattress in the corner. Despite the luxurious surroundings, Ashley misses her life at the orphanage and is apprehensive about meeting her husband, who she is not even allowed to look at.... Will this Chapter 110 author Lisa Salman mention any details. Follow Chapter 110 and the latest season of this series at Novelxo.com.

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