

Ouch! My CEO Fiancé Fell For His Maid

Chapter 19

• • •

19- Bitter lesson

Ashley's pov

“Oh, please. Don't tell me that you don't know your husband. You did not marry Sean. You married Justin.”

I blinked my eyes and then smirked sarcastically, “Oh. Really? You must be out of your fuckin mind.” I shot in frustration. She did not like it but chose to ignore it.

“You can think as you like. By the way, do let me know if you need anything.” She placed her hand on the same cheek where

Justin just touched it, “Take care!” She said politely and then lifting on her toes she kissed Justin on his cheek, “I love you, sweetheart!”

Justin did not respond to her and kept standing avoiding eye contact. Sarah had left the room.

“Jus.. Justin. I ... I know she was lying. You ... You don't need to worry about anything. I ... I believe you. I ... I t... trust you.” I

gulped my spit and wiped the sweat off my palms by rubbing them to my skirt.

“Ash...”

“Shh.” I wrapped my arms around him and placed my forehead on his chest. I knew Sarah was lying. She wanted to create a rift between us.

I won't let her succeed. Justin can't be ...

No.

“Just tell me that you are not my husband. I will believe you, Justin. You are the only one I want to believe Justin. You are the only friend here. You are better than the rest of them.”

I kept blabbering looking down at his shoes just waiting for him to refuse everything that Sarah said. I felt his arms around me, and a smile crept on my lips.

“Kitten!”

“She was lying, Justin. Right? I am an outsider who doesn't know shit about these Richie riches. You are the only one who is my friend... I ... You are different Justin. You don't act like a spoiled brat.” Gosh! I don't know why tears were coming out of my eyes.

Just then I remembered something.

Lifting my face up I saw into Justin's eyes. There was something in those eyes.

Fear!

Fear of what? Losing me? Stop it, Ashley!

“Justin. Can... can you take off your t–shirt?”

“What?” He looked at me as if I have lost it.

“Yes, please. I would like you to take your t–shirt off.” Not understanding he kept looking at

1. me.

“Please!” I requested it again.

Still not understanding his hands fumbled with the hem of his t–shirt and then reaching back, in one quick motion, he managed to take it off with one hand.

Those muscles! I wanted to trace every part of his skin. But no. I needed to see this.

“Turn around!” This time he just looked at my face and then turned around silently. I gasped when I saw the tattoos on his back.

The same small dragon on his shoulder blade went down just above his ass.

That muscular back I saw the first day right after signing the contract.

Stepping back, I let out a low chuckle causing him to turn back to me, “She is right. Damn!” I laughed,

“Sarah is right. Isn’t she?”

“Ashley. Listen. I can explain.” He tried holding my shoulders, but I stepped back.

“Justin. I haven’t seen the world enough. I know I am naïve. I trusted you!” I said softly and let the tears fall down my cheeks.

“Ashley! Kitten...”

“Justin. Please leave!” All the pent-up anger left my body magically.

“No. Kitten! No!” He was shaking his head while walking towards me.

“Don’t!” I lifted my index finger at him. And he stopped getting closer to me, respecting my wish, “Please leave.”

“No. I can’t, Ashley. Please.” He pleaded, “Don’t make me leave the room. Just listen to me once.” This unbearable pain in my chest was getting too much. It was not letting me breathe. Then I remembered something. Wiping my cheek, I tried to smile,

“I am sorry, apologies.”

It skipped my mind that this room belongs to you. It’s not mine. My past

With that, I sauntered towards the door trying to walk him.

He quickly held my wrist, “Ok. Fine. I will leave. Ok, Kitten?”

The way he used to call me kitten caused fluttering sensations in the pit of my stomach.

But not anymore.

Before leaving the room, he did something unexpected. He kissed my hand and I felt wetness in his eyes.

Nah! I must be imagining it.

“I know you are mad at me. But if you need anything, feel free to come to me.” I closed my eyes not wanting to look at his face.

Not wanting to hear him.

I again opened them when I heard the door closing behind him.

He had left the room.

I lost the only ally I had got. The only friend in this house.

And I had started missing him.

Why Justin? You took me as a fool? What did you think of me? A naïve eighteen years old?

Ignoring the bed where I spent last night in his arms, I went to my mattress and laid on it. I felt so insulted.

So, Sarah was his fiancée? Now I understood why she was so cold towards me. Justin belonged to her, and I was the third

wheel in this relationship.

Not on paper though. Technically, I was the one who would be leaving the house after one year. Putting

the pillow on my face, I

tried to suppress the screams coming out of my throat.

Mother Superior. I wish you did not have cancer. I wish I could find my parents. I wish I had someone, to lean on.

I wish I could use any excuse to leave the place. I used to look at those big houses in movies with envy. The wealthy and powerful CEOs used to attract me so much. Not anymore.

What a fool I was! Ha-ha.

A

Rich people did not have hearts. That was the most bitter lesson I learned in my life.

• • •