

Ouch! My CEO Fiancé Fell For His Maid

Chapter 24

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24- My Wife's Birthday

Ashley Walters pov

How did he know that it was my birthday? Nobody knew except me or my orphanage staff and friends.

“I did not know how your friend dug me out and called me.” He raised his hand which held his phone, “She wanted to wish you, on your birthday.”

Aniya?

I felt tears quickly welling up in my eyes. I missed her so much. I blinked back the tears and was about to open my mouth to thank him when I realized that I was no more talking to him.

Ignoring him, I started getting rid of my shoes and sat on the carpet to take off my socks. He crouched down before me and started helping me with it.

I wanted to stop him but how. I did not want to talk. He was the one I got married to. He showed me his friendlier side and hid the fact from me that he was my husband.

His granny told me that I was not allowed to talk to him. I had this image in my mind of a bratty boy who still wore diapers.

He proved to be the opposite. He was kind, empathetic, funny, and caring. But now I could not let

my guard down.

Taking off my socks, he started massaging my feet sending strange but delicious tingles traveling up to all the sensitive spots of my body.

Slowly I freed my feet from his hands and sat cross-legged. My eyes were on the carpet.

“Kitten...” His voice dropped when his phone started ringing.

“I think this is for you.” He handed me his phone and stood up.

I received the call and spoke, “Hello.”

I saw him walking to the study table and started going through the small notes slid by him.

“Bitch! Happy birthday!” Aniya screamed into the phone making me keep it

away from my ear, “You, dork. Why is your phone not responding? You did not even try to contact us.

We thought something bad

happened to you. You might have died or

something. Where is your phone? Last night an in-charge told us that you are doing ok

at the Deluca household. How are they as employers? Have you met their son? I saw his picture in a newspaper. He is a treat to the eyes....”

Gosh! Aniya hadn't changed one bit. She was jumping from one subject to another like a tornado. “By the way. You are already working in the Deluca family. So why this second job? That too at this odd hour? I told him that I will call at noon, but he said you usually catch up on your sleep so it's better if I call you at this hour. Is it really him? Did I talk to Justin Deluca?”

“Stop, Aniya. Stop.” I could not help the laughter erupting from my mouth, “Breathe! And let me breathe too!”

“Ok. I am breathing, Ash. And by the way, you need to make it quick. There is a long queue waiting for their turn to talk to you.”

I knew the drill. Whenever an eighteen year old girl used to leave the orphanage we used to wait in that line to talk to her.

The good thing was they all stayed awake just to talk to me at this odd hour.

The orphanage could accommodate fifty girls, but we all were like a close knitted family.

“Buy a phone as soon as possible. They might be paying you well. Right?” I went quiet and saw Justin’s back. I hope Aniya’s voice could not reach his ears.

“Sure. I would.” I chuckled. Now I felt embarrassed. They talked to me one by one, and I kept telling them how happy I was.

Justin was sitting there patiently not moving an inch from his place. He kept himself busy reading some business-related book on the desk.

At last, when I was done with all my Eden Garden friends, Aniya again held the phone.

“Ani! I need to go now. I am using someone else’s phone.” I tried to whisper into the phone.

“His name must be Justin. Right?” She asked me excitedly, “I got his number from Mother Superior’s friend. Initially, I was

hesitant to call but it seems he is a good guy. Try your best to sleep with him. He is hot!”

“Aniya!” I laughed loudly causing Justin to turn back and smirk, “Shut up. Ok?”

I wish I could tell her that Justin was no more my employer. I was married to this hot guy. After disconnecting the call, I stood up and went to Justin.

Instead of uttering any word, I just placed the phone near his book on the table.

His eyes shot up and he hurriedly closed the book, “Your friend told me that it was your birthday. So... I told her you are out for your job.” Standing up, his brows furrowed, and he came closer to me, “You still haven’t taken off your jacket, kitten...”

He gently helped me out of it.

I did not protest but still did not respond to him. He took my jacket and placed it near an iron stand.

“So how is your job going?” His hands again went inside his pockets. I stared at his face and then diverted my eyes to the furniture pieces in the room.

Nopes! I would still not talk to him.

“Kitten! I said I am sorry. I accept my mistake.” I did not budge and pretended as if I could not hear him.

“Ok. Wait a sec.” He went to the study table and picked up the marker. Now he was looking for the writing pad.

I don’t think it was there.

Placing his hands on his hips he looked around when suddenly his eyes lit up. He went to the desk and picked up another marker. Heading to the door, he uncapped a marker and wrote on

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“HOW IS YOUR JOB GOING?”

I kept looking at him. When he nodded with a smile and extended his hand to give me the other marker then I knew he wanted me to write the reply on the door.

Silly! Right?

Reaching out for the marker, I closed the gap and wrote under his question, "IT'S GOING GOOD."

He nodded again and scribbled, "YOU ARE NOT EATING YOUR DORITOS, KITTEN."

Lifting the marker, I jotted, "I WAS TOO TIRED TO EAT ANYTHING LATELY."

"KITTEN!" He wrote.

Trying to maintain those sad expressions, I wrote, "YES!"

"YOU LOOK CUTE WHEN YOU ARE MAD!" My eyes shot up at that. He was trying to control his mirth. I cocked up a brow and

then wrote, "I NEED TO SLEEP, JUSTIN."

I did not know how to respond to that.

"I AM SORRY, KITTEN." After writing it he kept looking at me.

"I NEED TO PUNISH YOU FOR A FEW MORE DAYS, I GUESS.

"IF THAT'S THE CASE I AM READY. I HOPE WE MIGHT BE FRIENDS AGAIN." This time I stopped myself with all my might from kissing him.

He tossed the marker to a side and came closer to me. He opened his arms as a gesture to let me know that he wanted to hug me.

When I stood there rooted to the spot, he said, “Stay mad at me. Take your time. Don’t talk to me. But hugging doesn’t require any words. It’s your birthday. You need it. Damn. I need it too. Let’s hug each other and then we will go back to our Not-Talking mode. What do you say?”

Ok. The offer was tempting. Maybe he was right. I did need that hug.

I looked down to examine myself. I was still wearing that borrowed dress that was meant to make me presentable at my job place.

Even Sarah and her minions tried to make fun of my dress. But this man made it look as if only I mattered to him.

Nothing else.

Not even those loose fitted clothes I wore, no matter if I was using an old pair of shoes. Those socks he just took off my feet were smelly as hell.

But that did not seem to bother him.

Feeling a little emotional, I tossed my marker just as he did a few seconds back and slowly walked to him to place my forehead on his chest. My hands still hanging limply beside me.

I felt his hands holding my droopy ones. He placed them around his waist and then wrapped his arms around me engulfing me in his muscular physique.

“Now!” He sighed, “This is how you are supposed to hug, Ashley.”

I inhaled the familiar male cologne and tightened my grip around him. I closed my eyes and even smiled. Just then I felt his hold stiffening around me.

Umm. I wanted to go to sleep. It was better than any mattress or bed.

I did not know for how long we kept standing there in the middle of the room. He did not seem to be in a hurry. Nor was I.

I was enjoying his non-s*xual touch. His closeness. We could have stood there for eternity when out of nowhere, his phone started ringing.

“Damn!” He cursed under his breath before stepping back and taking his call, “Yes?”

The sudden loss of warmth made me cold. While hearing the other person on the phone, he picked up the marker he just tossed

to a side and wrote at the back of the door.

“YOU MUST BE SLEEPY BY NOW. SLEEP TIGHT, KITTEN. I WILL BE BACK ONCE YOU WAKE UP.”

After writing it, he came to me with the phone still clutched against his cheek and kissed my forehead.

“Hold on. Say it again please.” He asked the person talking to him on phone. With that, he left the room.

The door was slowly

closing after he left when I heard him talking to the same person,

“Yeah. I was busy.” He said, “It was my wife’s birthday.”

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