

Ouch! My CEO Fiancé Fell For His Maid

Chapter 25

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25- Best Birthday Celebration

Ashley Walters pov

What did I just hear? Justin telling someone that he had a wife? That he was married? Wasn't it supposed to be a secret wedding?

We were supposed to be friends. Despite being spouses, we were not allowed to get close. Nobody should know that I was his secret wife.

With mixed emotions, I closed the door.

Electra Deluca would kill me if she came to know that the secret was out.

I will be the one bearing its consequences. Not him. I laid back on my mattress and was about to close my eyes when my gaze fell on our chat written on the back of the door.

A smile spread on my lips. What were we?

Teenagers?

His handwriting was stable, fluid, and legible. It seemed strange compared to my handwriting which was small and appeared like

a kid trying to write his first letters.

Even our writing styles were different.

Thinking about him, my eyes fluttered closed. In my dreams he was there, still smiling, writing something on the door.

This time his writing was so small that I needed to get closer to read it. He availed the chance and grabbed me from behind. It

was when he turned me to him then I realized he was shirtless.

“This is a dream. Right?” I asked him and he chuckled nodding his head at me.

I reached up and started touching his muscles.

“You are so handsome, Justin.”

He brought his face down and looked into my eyes,

“I think we are still not on talking terms.” His eyes fell to my lips meaningfully.

“So maybe...” I lifted myself on my toes, “We should quit talking and take advantage. It doesn’t happen daily that my crush

shows up in my dream.” I whispered. Our lips were about to touch when my eyes opened.

Not understanding, I looked around and groaned. I was just about to kiss his lips. Just a little bit away.

Why? Oh, why?

I stretched and sat up straight. My breakfast was about to arrive so it was better if I would get up and freshen up.

Tying my hair with an elastic band, I went to the bathroom and came out after taking a shower. I chose to wear shorts with a loose white t-shirt that I tied in a knot around my midriff. Bringing my laundry out, I fished out the watch from my skirt's pocket that I bought for Justin. I did not know if he would like it or not. I hope he did. Fingers crossed.

When the door handle turned, I quickly tried to put it inside my shorts pocket when I dropped it to the floor in my haste.

“Happy birthday to you.”

Yo! The man of my dreams entered the room carrying a cake with a single candle lighting up. Yup, the same man who I was about to kiss. I quickly picked it up and shoved it inside my pocket.

He placed the cake on the bed and quickly went to the door, “As you don't want to talk to me so I better write it here.”

He wrote there, **HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU, ASHLEY!**

With that, he held my hand and brought me to the bed, “Cut the cake.” Pushing a knife in my hand he gestured towards the cake,

“Go ahead. You can't do it by writing. You need to cut it, Ashley.”

Any time he used to call me by my name or by the word kitten. It used to cause these delicious tickles

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“Come on, Ashley! Do it. I am hungry!”

What? He was hungry? I sat in front of him and blew out the candle. He clapped and started singing,

“Happy birthday to you...

I cut the cake and then separated a slice to take it near his mouth. With a smirk, he opened his mouth and was about to take the

bite when I rushed to put the piece into my mouth.

His eyes went wide when I tried to smile with my mouth full of that cake. It was a caramel cake.

Yummy.

When he kept frowning all confused and shocked, I could not take it anymore and started laughing with my mouth still full.

“Kitten. I want that cake now!” He was no more smiling.

Without saying anything as I was still not talking to him, I cut another slice and took the cake near his mouth.

The moment he leaned to eat it, I quickly rubbed that cake on his nose tip. He squinted his eyes to look at it. Before he could

understand what I was doing, I rubbed some more on his cheeks.

I hastily stood up and started searching for a place to hide.

“Ashley Walters!” I heard his booming voice calling my name. Left with no choice, I ran towards the door at warp speed and came out of the room.

I could not decide if I should run or laugh. His surprised face kept popping before my eyes. When I heard the door opening behind me, I ran into the corridor to hide somewhere. All rooms were locked. I turned back and found him coming after me with a serious face.

He was not running but was taking long strides to reach me.

My last resort was the study room. I went inside but could not close the door because he had reached me in a jiffy.

I ran my gaze into the room and then decided to go under the desk.

Silly me! Ha-ha.

Once I successfully sat under it, I hid my face and laughed hard. Whatever I did back there was in the spur of the moment. So childish and so immature.

I felt rustling near me. I removed my hands and found him sitting near me. Joining me under that desk. I placed my hands on his

shoulders and kept laughing.

“Oh, Justin. You look so cute! Ha-ha. Just look at yourself in a mirror. Oh, God!”

“Really?” There was amusement in his voice, “I look cute to you?” When I managed to nod, he brought his face closer to mine,

“Then Let’s make you cuter!”

Without warning, he started rubbing his cheek against mine. Very slowly. Taking his sweet time. My heartbeat accelerated.

He bumped his nose tip to mine putting some cake cream there.

Gradually, my laughter subsided. By now my face was covered in caramel cream but, I knew unlike him I did not look as gorgeous.

This was the best birthday celebration I ever got in my life.

“Now what?” He asked me. He was still serious, but his eyes were dancing with mischief.

I chuckled and looked into his eyes, “Now?” his amber eyes were looking at me questioningly, “Now this, Justin!”

With that, I leaned down and started wiping my face with his t-shirt.

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