

Ouch! My CEO Fiancé Fell For His Maid

Chapter 7

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7- Old Goat!

Ashley pov:

I was taken into the same bedroom which originally belonged to my husband. I was still scared that my sick husband might return any second.

Though I did trust my handsome savior, but Mother Superior once told me that all wealthy men could never be trusted. They always helped and trusted their own kind.

I was just a maid and a contractual wife of that asshole.

This smart-ass...

I mean this round-assed man might be sincere, but it was silly to trust him.

Once inside the room, I went to the corner where my mattress was lying. My luggage was still not there. I needed to talk about it

to this man who was helping me. The one who spent the night with me.

Yeah, I knew that I was blushing.

Hello!" I scrunched my nose when someone waved his hand before my eyes, "Back to the earth, kitten." The gorgeous man was frowning at me, "I have been calling you. Where are you?" Oh! I was in heaven, handsome!

...

"Ah! I ... I was ... umm..." He was waiting for me quite patiently, "I haven't got my bags... Mister ..." I wanted him to tell me his name.

He kept looking at me and then took a heavy sigh, "Helga will bring you your lunch as it's past breakfast time."

"Please stop." He turned to the door when I called him making him halt in his tracks, "I am Ashley..." I supplied with a shaky grin.

He just nodded his head politely and left the room. I was disappointed.

Earlier in the other room, he seemed more friendly. More approachable.

Once he left, the lanky woman whose name was Helga brought me a tray, "You can let me know if you like anything else. Right now, I brought you beef stew. It's young master's favorite."

She seemed a little aloof. There was no smile no friendliness on her face. Her white hair was tied in a bun and not a single hair

was out of place.

The beef stew was the young master's favorite?

Urgh.

She was talking about that man who was my husband. I did not want that food.

The mere thought was making me nauseated.

"Miss Helga!" She looked up while placing the tray on the carpet beside me, "I haven't got my suitcases. Can you please ask someone to bring those to me?"

The woman who was kneeling beside me bent down and whispered, "I am not here to take your orders, sweetie. Go and f*ck yourself!"

"Ex... Excuse me!"

She nodded her head, "You can't order me around. I brought you this meal because I was asked to do so. That doesn't give you any liberty to be authoritative."

I did not know what to say. The bag had my necessities in it. I could not use the whole, male-scented, body wash to clean my same dress again and again. I needed my clothes. My lingerie.

My brush, comb, sanitary pads...

God!

The woman had left the room. Was there any member of the family left who was not rude to me?

When ma'am Electra De Luca

was screaming at me while signing the marriage document, I thought she was the worst I had seen.

Man! How wrong I was!

Maids were the worse. This Helga woman thought of herself very highly.

Every person living here seemed to be a pain in the ass. My gaze fell on the covered tray. I slid it towards me and removed the cover. The steaming hot stew smell hit my nostrils along with butter bread.

It made me realize that I was hungry.

But then I reminded myself that this was my husband's favorite.

No, thank you.

Pushing away the tray, I tried to ignore the gargling sounds made by my stomach and laid on the mattress.

Due to last night's sickness, I was still feeling weak and dizzy. Closing my eyes, I tried to push myself into oblivion when I heard the door opening and felt someone entering the room.

It must be Helga for collecting the tray. I shut my eyes so that she would not argue with me for not finishing off my food.

"I see. Your food is still there getting cold, kitten." I heard his voice and opened my eyes. The man who did not like the idea of

telling me his name was standing there.

“You can’t have your medicines on empty stomach.”

His voice had turned slightly edgy.

“Master!” Helga entered inside with the medicine box, “Alex asked me to give you this.”

She walked to us busily and then her eyes landed on the tray, “Good God! You haven’t even started eating it?” This time there

was friendliness written all over her face.

I wanted to ignore that two-faced bi*tch but her acting skills did not allow me to look somewhere else.

“Oh, dear. I think you don’t like the taste. Ask him!”

She tilted her head towards that gorgeous, amber-eyed man.

“Master! You just ate this stew. Is it that bad?” She was trying to be naughty, but his eyes were on my face.

This woman was trying to convey to me that he just had his food with his family. Without me.

Flash news, bitch! I was least bothered by it.

Of course, he was not a servant who was not allowed to leave the room for having a decent meal.

He seemed guilty about it because he closed his eyes in exasperation for a minute.

“Leave!” His heavy voice filled the room. For a moment Helga was shocked not expecting this tone from him.

“Master! ...”

“I said leave, Helga!” Her shoulders slumped and her head dipped down, she started stepping back towards the door when I called her name.

“Ms. Helga!” She was not expecting it. Her eyes showed surprise.

“Yes, dear?”

“How old are you?” I asked her sweetly. She seemed to be taken aback by the query. So was the man standing near me.

“Why, my dear? It’s seventy!” She chuckled while turning her head to him.

“Because you just said that I am not supposed to start my meal until and unless you get my bag for me.” I stretched my lips so much that it hurt.

Ah! Silence!

The silence that followed, after I told her sweetly. She seemed to have lost her voice. Her mouth was opened but nothing was coming out of it.

Ha–ha. She seemed funny.

“I ... I ... Oh. Yes. I would... Now I remember.” She facepalmed with squeaky laughter, “I am sorry. I will just get your suitcase and bag for you.” She turned on her heels and the man sat down on the floor taking off the tray’s cover. “We have got special cooks here.” He said casually pulling the tray in front, “But for me, it’s Helga who prepares my meals.”

Picking up a fork he stuck a meat piece on it and extended his arm towards my mouth, “You need your energy, kitten.” Instead of opening my mouth, I sealed it tightly pursing my lips into a thin line.

He cocked up a brow waiting for it to open.

I shook my head making him knit the skin between his eyes.

“What?” He shrugged without understanding much. His hand carrying the beef piece was still in the mid-air.

“Ashley!” I told him poking a finger in my chest,

“Sorry?”

“My name, sir. It’s Ashley!”

“Oh. Nice meeting you, Ashley!” He nodded at the fork then, “Open your mouth now. Come on.” I still did not budge and kept staring at him.

“I can eat my food, Mr. ... Nameless!” I took the fork from his hand and ate the beef. Man! It

was awesome.

I could detect a cute cleft on the corner of *his* lips. How would he look if he would smile? Like a real smile or a burst of laughter.

“I know you must be busy, mister nameless. Leave the medicines, I will pop the pills.” Instead of looking at his face, I was talking

to the tray placed near me, “I ... I don’t like beef stew but this one is delish.” I smiled and started transferring the boiled veggies

along with mashed potatoes onto my plate.

Instead of saying anything, he kept looking at me with those... golden... No no, what was the color?

Amber! Yes, those amber orbs!

“Justin!” I heard a whisper.

“Sorry? What?” I quit eating and looked up.

“My name. It’s Justin.” He tried to smile. When I did not move away my eyes from his handsome face, he took the fork from my

hand and started giving bite-sized pieces in my mouth.

“So, Justin...” I said while chewing my food, “What do you do? How are you related to my husband?

Won’t he mind it if he ever watches you helping me?”

He coughed a little and cleared his throat.

This certain air around him made him distinguish among his lot. The maid friend, I made after landing here told me that the house had only one son. Though I did stand for myself in front of Helga. Little did I know Helga won't be the last one to insult me.

There was more to come.

Justin was not the De Luca's son. He must be some cousin or maybe an assistant to the De Luca family.

But an assistant would

never go on his employer's back trying to feed his boss wife.

Even if she was the contractual wife.

Swallowing down the food I leaned closer to Justin, "So tell me, Justin. Who are you?" I asked him, chewing my lower lip. My

heart sped up in my chest when his eyes dropped to my lips for just a blink. Just for a nanosecond.

"Do you work for them, Justin?" I whispered, "Or are you related to that old goat, Electra?"

Now, I did not know what was so funny because Justin threw back his head and the room roared with his laughter.

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