Ouch! My CEO Fiancé Fell For His Maid

Chapter 77

77-Meeting Him

Ashley Walters pov

"Where are you going? Weren't the project bids supposed to be in the afternoon?" Evelyne asked me, coming out of her bedroom and holding her yawn. Her jet black hair was ruffled and messy but somehow, she still managed to look s3xy.

Instead of responding to her question, I remarked, "How do you manage to look this s3xy right after bed?" Her hand that was busy scratching her head, froze,

"Elijah used to say that a lot." The smile on her face was sad but long ago we had stopped crying at the mention of the names of Elijah or Sam.

"And Sam used to tell me that I should pursue my career instead of serving in that Ice cream café." I tried to manage a shaky grin, "I miss them so much."

"They both must be so proud of you." She came closer and hugged me in a death grip. I started rubbing

her back.

For so many months, she had been visiting a psychiatrist for her mental health, but I knew she still missed

him.

"Before their death, they told me that I should consider them as my family and ..." I could not finish it. What if they were still alive?

Would they be happy that we achieved so much in life? Would they had beaten Justin for hurting me because I was like a sister to them?

"I am sure, Eve, that Elijah must be *proud* of *you* too. Do take *your* time. Mourn some more. But please don't close the doors of your heart. Let someone enter here." I tapped her chest, "Not all guys want to be laid back as soon as they meet you. Some might be genuine!" She chuckled and pulled back,

"Look who is talking!" she remarked shaking her head.

Picking up my bag, I kissed her cheek, "Don't cook dinner tonight. I will manage something." She was the most hardworking one among us.

"Don't worry about that. Today I am not going to the salon. I am planning to watch movies and make Aniya do the dishes and cooking."

I grinned when she winked, "You asked me about my project bidding. It's in the afternoon. Right now, I am just going to submit the thesis to Professor Georgy. By the way, there is some leftover coffee in the kitchen."

"Ah! Professor Georgy! The same one who has got hots for you?" She asked me mischievously.

"Nah! Please. He is just my teacher. Plus, don't forget about my sweet boyfriend Gerald."

"Yeah! I know!" she dismissed my point with a careless wave of her hand, "he is sweet but not boyfriend material. He is more like a brother material!"

F*ck! Did she know?

While walking to the university, her remark about Professor Georgy made me giggle. I had to look around quickly otherwise people might think I had gone nuts.

I took the flight of stairs to reach the first floor where Mr. Georgy's office was located. I raised my hand to knock his office door but then it went still when someone came out. She tried to hurtle past me at an alarming speed and bumped into me causing me to drop my folder.

"Ouch! Sorry!" Without looking at the person's face, I quickly bent down to pick up my folder. Upon straightening, I found myself looking into familiar blue eyes. She was also a little bent but must have dropped the idea of picking up my file when she saw me fetching it.

"Oh, It's you, Ashley!" She said being all friendly, "Hi. Nice to meet you after so long." She extended her hand but instead of taking it, I decided to walk past her.

Was she serious? She had been sending me those crazy silly notes and then expected me to return her handshake?

"Hey hey hey..." She blocked my path with her arms spread out, "Why so unfriendliness, girl?"

Just wow. Look at the gall of the girl. Did I need to explain to her why I was avoiding her? Or was it someone else who was sending me those notes with the intention that Sarah could be blamed?

"By the way," she brought her mouth near my ear, "Aren't you getting those notes?" When I pulled back to eye her face, she nodded with a smirk, "You haven't replied to any of them. Psst! Such a shame! Not even a single response while on the other hand, I kept tiring myself with all those creative quotations!"

She was still a sicko, indeed!

Hell! Eve was right. She was a bi*tch!

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"You did not even confront her?" Evelyne shook me madly, "If I was in your place, I would have killed her with my bare hands! You could have at least slapped hard on that beautiful face!"

"I felt so disgusted that I did not even want to look at her face, Eve," I said and started putting on my heels. I had opted to wear a knee–length black skirt with a matching suit jacket.

"I am just fuming. You should have smacked a punch at her face. Bitch!" for some reason her anger made me smile which I quickly masked behind the fake grimness.

"Now forget about her and tell me!" I rose to my feet and twirled around, "how do I look?"

Her forehead still had frown lines when she examined me, "You look gorgeous. Classy! Why are you

wearing stockings?"

"Come on, Eve. They are neutral-colored!" I looked down and straightened my skirt, "Don't I look perfect?"

"Those creamy legs deserve to get noticed, girl!"

"Shut up." I rolled my eyes at her, "I am not going on a date."

"That Mr. J Deluca and his small Miss Nuts would be there. Flaunt every asset you have!" She threw a flying kiss in my direction that I not only caught but placed the imaginary kiss inside my blouse.

"I think you should hurry, otherwise that Rayan might get a chance to say or do anything against you," Eve warned me, and she was right.

However, I could not leave until and unless I received my printouts. My printer had given upon me last night, so I asked a boy who lived in our building to do it for me.

He came late and I left as soon as I got them.

I was running late, so I just barged into the Central meeting hall of the university. There was only one carton placed on the floor that belonged to me. It carried my project files that we were supposed to keep with us.

Picking that up with a speeding heartbeat, I peeked a little through the thin crack of the curtains. Sarah was sitting there with community members while Justin could not be seen.

"Hey, topper!" I jumped when I heard Rayan behind me, "Where were you? We already arranged our folders

on the desks."

"Yeah," I tried balancing the heavy carton, "something unexpected came up."

"Oh, yeah?" He ran his gaze over my body, reminding me of Sean. The creep!

He was looking at me and was sucking an ice cream cone in chocolate flavor, meaningfully opening his big filthy mouth on it.

Cheapster! Bastard!

I wish along with being a second-best student, he could be a little bit decent. He might, definitely, go a long way.

When he saw me not responding much, he cocked up a brow.

"Hey, Ice Queen! Are we deaf?"

"Hmm," was the only response I could come up with that did not sit well with him. The cone he was still sucking had some ice cream left in it. Without warning, he plastered the ice cream side on my lips, covering my lower face with chocolate cream.

"What the hell!" Before I could snap at him, he had gone inside, leaving me there holding the heavy carton and my mouth smudged with chocolate cream.

Hooked around for a desk to place the carton on because I could not take the risk to lean down again due to my tight dress.

Hardly two to three minutes might be left in starting the meeting when the door behind me opened and someone came inside closing back the door.

I closed my eyes when a familiar whiff of male perfume hit my nostrils.

I could feel his *presence* right behind me and I was aware I might bump my back into his hard chest.

Swallowing hard, I slowly turned around to face him and found a pair of those amber-colored eyes staring right into mine.

He was looking down at me quietly. His hair had grown, making his locks fall on his forehead. The once clean-shaved jaw was no more there and was replaced by a hair-traced jawline and thin sideburns. The different style was perfect for making him look more striking and elegant. He was wearing a white crisp shirt with the top two buttons opened at the collar.

He looked devilishly handsome.

We kept staring at each other until gradually he rose his arm and wiped my mouth with his shirt sleeve. I closed my eyes as soon as the garment touched my face.