

## 5- Shame

Sarah's pov:

Justin was my fiancé. Hot-headed. Drop dead gorgeous. He was never expressive. Eh! Except when he was angry. He smiled rarely. My friends thought he was madly in love with me and

that was true.

He fulfilled all my demands and used to spoil me like anything. He never raised his voice at me. My friends used to envy me. They could not wait to get a chance to take my place.

To grab my fiancé.

I got him married because of a harmless dare. Granny was involved in it. Justin gave in to my demands after a lot of persuasion.

Now don't take me wrong. There was more about this marriage than a simple dare. I could not afford to lose him. He got mad at me when I asked him a simple question about his wife.

Oh, sorry. About his maid. Yes. She was not his wife. She could never be his wife. She was a plain maid.

I was the one,

he was supposed to marry. I was the one who deserved to be his wife. Who deserved to be the daughter-in-law

of De Luca family.

THE De Luca family!

Justin's pov:

"M...my husband. He t... tried to... force my hand inside his... pants!" She said while trying to keep her eyes open.

Embarrassment!

Shame!

Regret!

Disappointment!

Everything started attacking me at once. Keith was right. Even my female working staff was supposed to feel safe under my roof.

I was not only responsible for their bread and butter but also to keep them secure and protected. I needed to find out who did this to her.

After sharing this titbit, she hid her face in my chest. Her long black hair smelled of my shampoo.

Her skin had a faint scent of my body wash.

I scooped her up and started walking toward my room. When I was about to open the door, she started wiggling in my arms.

"No. I don't want to go inside. Please save me. I don't want..." A sob escaped her lips.

"Ok, honey. We are not going there. Relax." Instead of my room, I headed to the guest room where sometimes Keith or Sarah used to stay.

It had a single bed. I made a mental note to get it replaced by a King sized bed.

Putting her down was not an option right now. Her drenched clothes could make the mattress wet.

Putting her on the couch, I made her wait and jogged to my room to collect her clothes.

Well! There was none.

Where the hell were her clothes? I looked for a bag or a suitcase. Then I opted for my shirt because I did not want her to go crazy while waiting for me.

"Here. Put it on." I placed the shirt beside her and turned my back to give her some privacy.

I wished I could help her with that but right now she didn't seem to trust anyone.

I kept standing there waiting for her to let me know.

"Done?" I asked her softly wondering if she had heard me or not.

I was about to repeat myself when I heard a slight "Yes."

Slowly turning around, I found her hiding her long slender legs with her hands.

Oh crap!

She was still wearing her wet underwear.

"Wait!" I again went to my room to bring a boxer.

"Here. Take this!" I handed it to her and turned again after collecting her wet blouse and skirt.

It smelled like my body wash. Did she wash her clothes using my body wash?

"She is your lawfully wedded wife! She is living under your roof!"

Keith's angry voice rang in my head.

She was hesitant to hand over me, her underwear but this was not the time for shyness.

Putting her clothes in a laundry basket, I returned only to find her resting her head on the couch.

I had already called my assistant Alex to bring the medicine box.

Once he arrived, I told him to inform granny that the girl had been found.

After popping the pills, she was about to lay back when I scooped her up to make her lie in the bed.

"Now you are all dry and clean. So, it's safe to use the bed." I felt like she was a child and I was telling her a bedtime story.

My body went still when I heard her, "You are a good man." A tear slipped down her cheek. I did not know what got into me.

I wiped it off her cheek, "Please don't leave me alone. My husband might come anytime..."

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First time in my life I was feeling ashamed. Whoever tried to take advantage, told her that he was her fuc\*kin husband.

"Don't worry." Taking her in my arms, I whispered, "Nobody would dare to touch you, kitten."

## 6- The gorgeous man

### Ashley pov

Ugh! I tried to stretch myself. The mattress assigned to me was not comfortable but today it felt like a hardboard.

And that hardboard was snoring slightly. I felt so tired that I did not want to get up. There was nothing to do. Nobody was waiting for me. What's the use of waking up when I would be getting bored? Or maybe I should pop in some sleeping pills and spend one year sleeping on a couch or my mattress like a dead.

My cheek hurt due to resting on the hardboard so I decided to change the side and lifted my face up. I saw a man sleeping on his back under me. Taking a deep breath, I closed my eyes and rested the other cheek. Just then my eyes went wide.

I was NOT sleeping on my mattress. I lifted my face again and looked up.

Shit!

Who was he? He was not my husband but whoever he was, the man was drop-dead gorgeous. How can a man have such long lashes? Look at those lips. Damn!

If it was a sin to look this handsome, he should have been hanged publicly.

His face was so... sculptured... so... handsome and ... so... so...

Perfect!

I kept looking at him to find any imperfections. Nah! I was disappointed. What must be the color of his eyes?

Black?

Blue?

His dark hair was falling on his forehead. Raising my hand slowly, I tried to remove it only to plop back on his face. I chuckled and did that again.

It became like a game to me. How this handsome man ended up under me? I can't believe it. My friends from the orphanage would have screamed at the top of their lungs. There was a subtle scowl on his face even when he was sleeping.

I again placed my cheek on that washboard chest and tried to remember how we ended up in this bed entangled in each other. Did we get drunk and had sex?

So, I was no more a virgin? Sigh!

And then memories from yesterday started flooding back. A shiver ran through my body when suddenly I remembered what happened yesterday. The moment my body vibrated, I felt two strong arms tightening around me.

"You all right?" A sexy, deep, sleepy voice asked me. Concern was dripping from it.

Was he talking to me? Of course, stupid. Who else?

He rolled over placing me on the bed and checked my forehead with the back of his hand. His body was deliciously snuggled against mine. His face was so close to me that I could easily stick

out my tongue to lick his face... to devour him.

I was a bit disappointed when I noticed him wearing a t-shirt. In movies and novels don't they go to sleep without their t-shirts on? Only in their shorts or boxers?

And sometimes stark na\*ked?

My gaze dipped down only to disappoint me further. He was wearing full-length cotton pajamas.

No shorts. No nak\*edness.

"Kitten? Can you hear me?" He worriedly looked down following my gaze. "Don't worry. Nobody will ever hurt you in any way."

"Not even my husband?" I asked in a weak voice. Like me, he must have also detected that I was frightened. I didn't know why my question seemed to offend him. His arms lost their grip around me and he sat straight on the edge of the bed.

Why he seemed disturbed?

Oh. Of course, my husband must be his cousin or sibling. He would never believe me. Before I could think that he did not hear me, he spoke again, "No one, means no one." He tilted his face towards me and then turned away.

"Is it ok, if I stay here instead of going to my room? The mattress is not a problem for me." I added quickly, "I can bring my mattress here."

He was still not facing me, "When I said already that no one will mess with you then you got to trust me.

With that, he stood up and went to the bathroom. My eyes followed him till the door closed behind him. Under that pajamas, his tight ass was...

Gosh! I was turning into a creep!

Mother Superior would have spanked me for my impure thoughts.

She always asked us to keep ourselves busy. To occupy our minds. I always dreamed of becoming rich so that I could spend one year doing nothing.

My prayers were answered.

I was going to be a millionaire after one year and I was not supposed to do anything except eat, sleep and become fat.

When the bathroom door opened, I stood up from the bed. It was giving me anxiety that I had to return to that bedroom. What if that man would be there again? The thought of staying in that bedroom was taking away my senses.

"Kitten. Why are you crying?" The handsome who seemed straight out of the cover of a fashion magazine had worry lines on his forehead. He had taken a shower and was wearing his old pajamas. This time instead of that t-shirt his towel was on his shoulders covering his neck and back.

Why the towel was not wrapped low around his waist? Why do they show like this in movies? Real life sucks.

He brushed his wet hair back with his fingers and held me by my shoulders, "Don't get scared.

Tell me, what will you have for breakfast."

He was looking at me with his intense gaze and ... oh...

"Your eyes!" I said. I was sure I had this silly drool on my lips.

A slight amusement tugged on the corner of his lips, "You will have my eyes for breakfast?" His face did get serious but his eyes...

God! They were laughing!

"No... No. Not that. The color. What is this color? Golden?" I was trying to look away from those orbs but damn.

"Amber. Now tell me your breakfast preferences, princess." He stood up and started walking towards the door.

When I realized he was leaving the room, I closed the distance between us in a jiffy, "No, please. Stop." Before he could turn, I hugged his broad frame from behind, "Don't leave me alone. See. What if he would return?"

I was feeling protected in his presence. This time he seemed a little irritated, "If you see him then just punch him. You can't run around in circles just to avoid facing him."

"I am all alone. Whenever I ask a maid to bring me my bag they forget. I am not allowed to use the bathroom in his presence." I felt him going still in my arms, "They were supposed to provide me three meals a day. And now they are hardly giving me two."

He smelled so good. I did not know who else to complain to. The man had this powerful aura about him that asked everyone to obey him. He seemed to have a say in this house.

"I will bring your bag. Don't worry." He told me softly and left the room.

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After a soft knock, he opened the door and a uniformed old lady entered the room following him.

"This is Helga. From now on if you need anything just let her know."

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.

8- I Needed to weep

Sarah's pov

"Sarah. Don't you think you are being emotional? Justin can never stay angry loves you and you know that."

with

you. He

My friends Nadia and Shella were trying to console me. Justin did not receive my call after that. I knew he loved me and cared for me.

This was the first time he did not talk to me for almost three days.

"I agree with Nadia," Shella spoke for the first time, "Give some time to him. It was just a silly bet. We tried to warn you that Olivia is just jealous of you. She was after Justin for quite some time."

Shella who had a secret crush on Justin tried to scold me. Nadia did like Justin but at least she had a steady boyfriend. Shella was still single by choice.

We all were sitting in the luxury suite of our hotel.

"Don't worry about Justin. Granny told me that maid is not much beautiful. I trust my fiancé." My fingers were intertwined under my chin, "It's just that... he is upset because of me."

I did not know why I was getting this uncomfortable feeling in the pit of my stomach.

Justin. Baby!

He was never much impressive about his feelings. He had been a serious guy from a young age since he lost his mom.

We had been close family friends until I started developing feelings for him. When I offered him to get engaged to me, he said yes. Because there was no one else in his life except a few meaningless flings.

After the engagement, I was over the moon. Justin was at last, mine. But my happiness was short-lived. After getting engaged to him how my close circle started treating me was another story. They were jealous because I got what they could not imagine having.

Justin De Luca.

Nadia and Shella kept glued to me in those hard times.

The hatred was genuine, but I never gave a damn. Our fathers had been business partners, and no power on earth could budge me from my decision to remain with Justin.

Granny was the one who wanted Justin to get married to someone else before marrying me. I never liked the idea

and almost hated her for it.

At last, when I gave in to her idea, she tried to convince me that the girl she chose was not beautiful. She was a poor girl who was there as a maid. Justin rarely talked to girls. He never communicated with any maid except Helga.

Then why I was feeling so insecure?

Why was I getting these strange feelings in the pit of my stomach?

I jumped a little when my phone started ringing.

Justin?

I hurriedly picked up my phone and saw Helga's name blinking on the screen. Now why she was calling me?

"Helga?" I spoke and nodded at my friends before stepping on the balcony. I wanted privacy.

"Ms. Sarah? I am sorry that I am disturbing you."

"No, no, Helga. Please speak. What is it? How is Justin?" Helga might be his maid, but she had been like an elderly for both of us.

I had no shame in admitting that she seemed to love me more than Justin. And why not? I used to slip extra cash in her hands quietly when no one was watching. She was the one who told me what Justin liked and disliked.

What was his favorite food? His favorite color?

Everything!

"Young master is good, Ms. Sarah."

"And how is that maid? Is she beautiful? Cunning?" The question made Helga quiet.

"Helga? Hello?" I thought I lost the connection.

"Yes, Ms. Sarah. I am right here." She paused for a few minutes, "Ms. Sarah. She is pretty. But there is no comparison with you. You are too beautiful to compete."

I smirked shrugging my shoulders nonchalantly. I had been hearing it since childhood.

"But Ms. Sarah..."

Now I was getting irritated by these silly pauses. Why Helga was being a drama queen?

"The girl might not be as pretty. But she sure is too cunning."

That got my attention like anything, "What do you mean, Helga?"

"We held her luggage because we wanted to go through her stuff... Just you know ... for security purposes."

"Helga!" I rolled my eyes, "It's not good! That's a breach of privacy!" If Justin would hear that he might kill her, "It's her right to get her suitcases back. Oh my God!" It had been quite some time since her wedding. And they did not return her suitcases to her?

Why?

I did not know how she was managing. This was dangerous. All these tricks could awaken empathy in Justin's heart for that so-called wife of his.

"I am sorry, Ms. Sarah." I could detect fear in Helga's voice. Poor woman! "There are some documents that I got from her bag. I thought you might be interested in it..."

"Whatever it is," I hissed through my clenched teeth, "Return her stuff!"

Without bothering to hear her response, I disconnected the call and stormed inside my room.

Shella and Nadia were busy in a heated argument about some ramp model on the huge LED hanging on the wall. Shella thought he looked like Justin. Nadia was saying his six pack abs were like my fiancé's.

Oh, boy! I was not the only one whose mind was occupied by him.

"Girls!" I clapped, "Get your ass moving. We are leaving."

"Why?"

“What?”

“Where?”

Both of them stood up in shock shooting questions at me, "Our one-week trip is still left, Sarah!" Nadia complained.

"We need to get back home. Justin needs us. I need to see if that girl should be there in his life or should be thrown away."

"WHAT?" Both girls screamed at the top of their lungs.

"You can't be serious, Sarah!" Shella whispered.

"I am." I shrugged, "It's not that he has brought the dame to the family dining table. Of course, granny would never allow that. But before she walks to that dining area. I need to go and take matters into my hands. Now you tell me." I extended my hand spreading my palm before them, "Are you two with me? Because I won't mind if you two want to stay here and enjoy rest of the vacation."

"Urgh." Nadia rolled her eyes, "Anything for you, mate." She slapped her palm on mine.

"Count me in, Sarah." Shella joined our hands, "We are not leaving you alone."

Yes! That's the support I needed. My friends were with me in this. I wanted my man back.

Little did I know, the damage was done.

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Ashley's pov:

It had been three days past that incident. Helga only managed to bring one of my bags. For the time being that was enough.

Justin used to visit the room daily only for five minutes to know if I needed anything.

At least I had started getting three times meals. Luckily my husband was not visiting me anymore. He was not even sleeping in his room. As far as I was concerned, I was happy about it.

Helga did try to intimidate me when she brought me dinner last night, but I did not get scared. Well! I did choose to stay quiet.

I was here for just one year and I did not want to shake the household. Once I will leave the place with millions in my account, I will straight away go to the Welfare hospital where Mother Superior was being treated for her cancer on charity donations.

I was also planning to offer Justin to work for me. If we would click, we would make a great team.

But how was I going to spend one year when it was getting harder to spend my days doing nothing?

I got up for the bathroom visit. One more benefit of the absence of my husband. I could visit the bathroom whenever the hell I wanted.

I guess Justin was keeping him busy.

Thank you, Justin. With a smile on my lips, I went inside until I realized what happened. Oh!

I just got my period!

I came out of the bathroom and started looking for my pads. Crap! It was in another bag.

What to do now?

I immediately went back to the bathroom to avoid any accidents. I did not want to wash my clothing with the male body wash again.

By now, seated on the toilet seat, my mind was racing.

For the time being, I could place my extra underwear to serve the purpose. But what about the next visit?

Oh, God!

I let my head fall limply in my

hands.

Just then I heard the bedroom door opening. I wish it was Helga or Justin but not my husband.

My my!

If it was my creepy husband, according to the marriage conditions, I was not supposed to be here in the bathroom.

"Ashley!" I heard a soft knock on the bathroom door. Thank God! It was Justin. I wanted to cry with relief and happiness.

"Kitten! Hello!" He again knocked on the door, "I hope you are ok. I am waiting here. Take your time." He said softly and moved away.

Now how to tell him what I needed?

"Jus...Justin!" I was not sure if he was the right person to ask for help.

"Kitten!"

"I haven't got my other bag. Can you bring it?" I could feel my voice being shaky.

"You haven't got back your bags?" There was surprise in his voice.

"No!" I said while chewing my lower lip. For some reason, I felt overwhelmed and wanted to cry. In the orphanage, we hardly ate good food or wore decent clothes. But there... at least, we

were happy.

Contented!

"Kitten! Don't worry. I will bring it right now." There was a trace of fury in his voice, "Do you kitten?"

hear me,

I could not answer him. I did not even know how to stand up and walk to the door. That slight pain in my lower belly that I knew would increase in the next few minutes. That familiar heaviness.

"Kitten! Answer me, honey!" He was talking to me so gently that I wanted to weep.

I could feel uneasiness in his voice. By now I hid my face in my palms and gave in. I was crying silently.

When I thought that Justin might have left the room, the door handle twisted slowly, and the bathroom door opened a little.

"Kitten! I am coming inside." He kind of warned me and I was in no state to speak.

I felt him walking inside and crouching down close to me, "Ashley!" He touched my head and then I heard a soft rustling near me.

He was taking off his jacket so that he could place it on my knees to cover my partial nakedness. After spreading it he moved my hands away from my face. Holding my chin, he

tilted my face up.

“Ashley? Sweetheart? You are crying? What happened? Tell me!”

## 9- Wrong Person

### Ashley's pov

"Ashley? Sweetheart? You are crying? What happened?" Concern was dripping from his voice, and it was making me cry even more.

"Shh..." Still kneeling on the floor, he lifted his hand and gently wiped my cheeks with his thumb, "Can you be alone for a few minutes? I will just be back in a jiff." He snapped his

fingers. I managed to nod at him.

Without realizing what he was doing, he gave me a quick kiss on my forehead and went out leaving the door slightly ajar.

I started wiping the tears with the back of my hand. It was stupid of me to cry like this when Justin was not at fault here. Maybe I needed to blame this time of the month for making me

extra sensitive.

Waiting for him patiently I started tapping my foot on the floor when I heard him walking to the bathroom, "Ashley?"

Such a gentleman. He was again asking for my permission. This time I did respond to him.

“Yes.”

He entered with his gaze lowered down and extended his hand to hand over a brown envelope. Not understanding I looked at him and then at the brown bag.

Before I could ask him, he nodded at me, encouraging me to take the pack. The subtle smile on his lips was making the cleft beside his lips more visible.

“Just call me when you are done. I am not leaving you here.” He handed over the pack and turned his back to me. I fished inside the bag to find disposable panties, tampons, and pads.

Ah! Bless you, Justin. I thanked his broad back, silently.

After getting done with the job I washed my hands. Once, he heard the water running in the basin, he turned towards me.

He looked up and the moment he saw me his face lit up.

No. How was that possible? Come on, Ashley Walters!

Don't go over there. He is out of your league!

“All set!” He came closer and very gently shifted back a hair strand off my forehead. With that, he bent down and without warning scooped me up as if I weigh nothing.

"Justin... I... I am perfectly fine. Trust me!" He turned a deaf ear to my requests and placed me gently on the bed.

"Here... Take this." He turned and gave me another brown bag. This was larger and quite heavy.

"What is this, Justin?" I peeked inside and then looked up not understanding. There were juice bottles and some crazy snacking stuff.

"Just in case you want to kill some time. I brought these." He shrugged and placed a pillow

behind my back, "You just rest and enjoy the snacks. Do let me know if you need anything else I had no idea what you liked so I picked up chocolates and candies and some biscuits..." He sat beside me on the mattress... closer to me, "Chips..."

Like really close...

"So, what else..." I did not let him finish,

"Doritos!" I said loudly in excitement. He turned his head and cocked up a brow.

"Really? Doritos?"

"Yup. I can finish all the packs. I just love them. Especially those spicy ones! Yum!" I closed my eyes feeling the taste on my tongue, "Eating Doritos. Watching a good romantic movie."

"Well. Then you will get lots of them within an hour." He smiled.

In my excitement, I forgot. I was not allowed to switch on the tv.

Maybe I could do some snacking while watching it. He must have sensed my smile faltering.

“What is it now, princess?” This man must know telepathy. How could he tell every time that I was upset?

I had to come up with a reasonable excuse.

“Nothing. You are treating me like I am sick!” His amber-colored eyes were roaming my face.

He did not say anything and kept staring at my face. That little thing in my chest that was supposed to provide oxygen to my bloodstream was thudding there.

“What was in your missing bag?” He asked me but for some reason, I could not hear it. Instead, I was just staring at his lips.

“Kitten! Stop it!” He said a little loudly but there was a tinge of laughter in his eyes.

“Sorry. What?”

“What was in your other bag? Clothes? Shoes?” He tucked my stray hair behind my ear, “Just make a mental note of whatever you want. I will take you shopping.”

Now that got my full attention. I was not allowed to go anywhere.

"No! I can't!"

Instead of responding to my rejection, he kept looking at me. I did not know why I felt guilt in his eyes. None of this was his fault.

"You better take your rest. Enjoy your snacks." He stood up ruffling my hair and I felt disappointment making its way into my heart.

He was leaving? So soon?

Behave yourself, Ash. The man must have a job. He is not like you were offered ten million for keeping his ass glued to the room.

I stood up picking up my snack bag.

"Where are you going?" He asked me when I started walking towards my mattress.

"I am not allowed to use the bed, Justin. I have nothing to do here. So, if in case I will fall asleep, I don't want to be caught red-handed."

He kept standing there like he was trying to decide something.

"Are you planning to go to sleep?"

"No!" I shook my head, "Why?"

"You said you don't have anything to do right now. How about you accompany me to my office and help me with some calculations."

"Accompany you to your office? Why? I mean, I just said I am not allowed to step out..."

"My office is on this floor. So don't worry about being caught. Even if someone sees us, I know how to handle the person."

I was thinking hard about his offer. He was in no way some assistant to the Deluca family. I was sure by now that he was a part of this family.

Maybe some distant cousin of my husband?

So again, about the offer. What good will it do if I chose to stay in the room? At least I could use this opportunity to get a decent human company.

So, I decided to take the offer.

"Take me to your office. Let's see how I can help you." The happiness on his face was a telltale sign that I chose right.

Before leaving the room, I did not forget to pick up my snack bag. Once I stepped outside, a shiver ran through me reminding me of what happened last time when I left the room. Justin must have sensed it.

He quickly put his heavy arm around me, "I am right beside you, kitten."

Sarah pov:

"Now that's a bummer." Nadia's nostrils flared up while trying to hold her yawn. She was not the only one who was tired.

All three of us belonged from the loaded background. Money was never a problem for us. However, right now we were stranded at the airport.

Flights were not available. The ones that were available were already full.

"Can't we go back to our hotel? I am getting tired now." Shella complained and I just wanted to strangle my friends' necks.

Just a few moments back they were ready to sacrifice their lives for me.

Nadia must have suspected that their complaints were making me furious.

"Sarah. Why don't you try calling Justin now? He might take your call." Pursing my lips into a thin line, I gazed at her and took out the phone from my purse with a sigh.

Justin's phone was ringing again. He was not receiving the call.

"Damn!" I almost threw my phone on the empty seat beside me.

"Wait. Why don't you call him using my phone." When I gave Shella, my signature I-don't-trust-you look she

raised her hands to defend herself.

“He knows you are trying to contact him. He might receive the call from an unknown number.” The bitch of my friend thought I was a clown to believe her.

Using her phone means Justin’s number would be there in her phone.

“Oh, come on, Sarah.” She rolled her eyes, “You can delete the number once you are done with the call. Now a days, it’s not hard to get someone’s phone number. Ok?”

Now, this made sense.

Please don’t take me wrong. I could not trust anyone when my fiancé was involved.

Taking her phone, I started dialing Justin’s number. One ring. Two rings. Three...

Hell! It was received.

I could not believe it. He was avoiding my calls and was now receiving a stranger’s number. That was not fair!

“Hello! Sarah! Can you please stop calling me from your friend’s number?” My mouth hung open. He knew?

Here I was trying to keep him safe from my friends and he had a record of all the people around me.

My friend’s numbers were already saved on his phone! Just then my friend’s hand appeared before my eyes and

she switched on the speaker of her phone.

“Justin... I...”

“Don’t say anything. Just come back. We can talk about it once you are here.” Now that was a good sign. He was at least talking to me.

“Earlier you were not attending my calls, so I thought... that’s why I was trying from a different number.” For some reason I was feeling embarrassed, “You are still mad at me. Aren’t you?”

“I am not mad, Sarah.” His heavy voice came out of the speaker, “Unlike you, not everyone has time for a trip to unwind. Some of us work if you know what I mean.” I could not stop the smile from spreading on my lips. He was teasing me.

The moment my friends heard him and witnessed my smile they mouthed a silent, “Thank God!” They were relieved and showed me a thumbs-up sign.

They were happy because now we could go back to our hotel and resume our trip.

“I told you there was nothing to worry about.” Nadia patted my shoulder while whispering in my ear. Her whisper was very low so that the man on the other side of the line could not hear it.

I think my friends were right. I took a hasty decision to cancel the trip. I guess it was safe to go back to our hotel. Justin was still the same.

He was still mine.

"What should I bring for you?" I asked him, leaning back a little and looking at the travelers entering and exiting the airport.

"Nothing." He said busily. His usual signature answers.

He never demanded any gifts or presents. Though he did shower those on me, spoiling me to bits.

"You must be in your office then. I just wanted to talk to you, Justin. Can't wait to meet you, darling." I whispered into the phone, "I love you so much, Justin."

I had been expressing my love to him all my life. I did not know why I held my breath this time. The moment he was about to speak on the phone, I heard a girly voice near him.

"Justin. Do I have to include this company's calculations or leave it?" I frowned looking at the phone.

"Justin! Who is that?" Justin who was busy telling her something spoke busily.

"It's Ashley, Sarah. I think I need to disconnect the call. We need to get done with the job today before evening."

"Ok, Justin. Bye." He did not offer any explanation that who was Ashley.

However, I knew who she was. The girl did not make it to the dining table but she sure was fast enough to enter his office. She was a maid and was calling him Justin. In the household, every servant was supposed to call him,

young master.

"Bye, Sarah."

My friends were standing near me waiting for some explanation, "Now come on. Let's go back to the hotel. He is still into you." Nadia said cheerily.

"I can't!" I muttered.

"What?" Nadia's brows furrowed, "But why?"

"The girl you just heard on the phone is in his study. She is the same girl..." I did not want to call her Justin's wife, "He never allowed anyone in his study aka his office, except me or Alex." I looked up at my friends, "Even Sean is not allowed to set foot."

"Oh my God! Sarah!" Shella got what I was trying to say, "You mean the same study he is so possessive about that once he straight away denied making love to you there. Because he could not afford to go wild and stain his study?"

Shella was right. Justin worshipped his office. And he was possessive about it.

"Girls. After all, we do need to return, I guess. I am going to Justin and claim my right." I told my friends firmly. This time they did not argue.

You bitch! Whoever you are. You picked a fight with the wrong person.

10- Dinner without him

Ashley's pov

Thankfully my Excel sheet experience proved to be of some use. Whatever Justin wanted, I not only got it in a jiffy but also started doing it on a PC placed in the corner of the study.

He got busy with his laptop on his desk and kept taking his official calls. Once I started doing my job, we did not talk much except I once asked him if I could start munching Doritos.

A man whose name was Alex delivered large bags of Doritos to the office. The moment Justin nodded at me to go ahead I beamed and got busy.

While doing my work I was aware of his strong presence in the room. I could feel the occasional glances, he was throwing in my direction.

It felt like working near him was making him happy.

My work was going smoothly when I got stuck at a company's name. I couldn't remember if I was supposed to include its calculation or not.

"Justin. Do I have to include this company's calculations or leave it?" I asked him when he was talking to someone on call. Now it was counted as bad manners to disturb someone midst of a conversation.

He nodded his head giving me his approval and said into the phone, "It's Ashley, Sarah. I think I need to disconnect the call. We need to get done with the job today before evening."

Whoever, he was talking to, seemed to know about me. Who was Sarah?

"Bye, Sarah!" He placed his phone on the desk and stood up stretching his gorgeous body.

The man had panther-like grace. Straightening, he gave me his signature dimpled smile and started walking towards me.

"Show me, how much you have done." He was about to lean behind me to look at the monitor screen when I quickly shifted sideways to let him sit on the chair.

"Don't move, kitten!" He held my shoulders firmly and brought his face closer to mine. The strong male perfume hitting my nostrils was making me sweat.

This man was hot as hell. I gulped down trying to remember that I needed to inhale Oxygen. I was sure my cheeks must have turned crimson.

"You are doing good, kitten." His hand reached to the mouse from behind to scroll the screen. I tilted my head a little to look at his sculpted face that was close to me.

Like very close!

His straight nose.

Those long eyelashes.

"Kitten. You need to focus on the PC." There was amusement in his voice.

Shit! He must be thinking that I am a freak. I cleared my throat, "It's just that..."

"That?" He turned his head towards me and looked into my eyes.

"You are handsome!" I shrugged nonchalantly but sheet! Why did I say that?

"You find me handsome, Honeybun?" He brought his face closer to me and before I could decide what he was trying to do, he bumped his forehead playfully into mine.

"You are a quick learner, Ashley." He stood up praising me, "I have asked them to bring us lunch." He said busily again concentrating on his PC.

Lunch? Here? Was it for me or both of us?

The answer was, both of us when a woman in her early forties entered and started instructing the staff to set the dishes on the table placed in the couch sitting area. I wonder why Helga did not serve the dishes.

"By the way, I don't feel hungry at all." I tried to complain with a pout.

"Yeah. Your complaint is justified. You just had snacks." He pointed his index finger towards me as a warning,

"Put up a compromise on your mark, Ashley."

We were served stir-fried vegetables with fried chicken along with boiled rice. It was simple but finger-licking. I was the one who told him I could not eat anymore due to my stuffed tummy and here I finished everything on my plate.

"That's like a good girl." He seemed happy that I finished my meal.

I was sure I had this silly drool on my lips.

After lunch, I went back to the PC and started completing my Excel sheet. I tried holding a yawn and looked around. There was a couch that seemed comfortable enough.

"Go ahead. Take rest." He encouraged me without even looking... Without making me feel that his eyes were constantly watching me.

My Doritos wrapper was almost empty by now. I sat on the sofa, but it was so soft that I decided to lie on it.

The plan was to stay there just for five minutes, but slowly, my eyes fluttered close. Now I did not know if it was a dream or was I still awake.

I saw Justin leaning back in his chair. There was a grin on his face while looking at me. I wanted to ask him with my half-opened eyes, what he found so funny.

Then I decided to ask it later after my five minutes power nap.

I did remember waking up and found Justin talking to someone on phone in a hushed tone. He did not want to

disturb my beauty sleep.

Only ten minutes must have passed or maybe fifteen minutes maximum when I raised my arms to stretch and sat up.

Oh, no. Was I hallucinating?

This was not Justin's study. I was in my bedroom. I mean my husband's bedroom. On his bed. Covered protectively under a quilt.

How did I reach here? Did Justin just...?

My heart missed a beat, and I could not think further. Throwing away the quilt I went to the bathroom. I never liked the first day of my period but today was an exception.

After getting done with my business I came out and folded the quilt. I needed to go to my

mattress.

A deal was a deal.

I picked up my snack bag from the nightstand and went to my mattress. It would soon be dinner time.

Justin was not in the room, and I had already started missing him. He accompanied me on lunch and now I had to do my dinner alone.

Someone turned the doorknob and came inside. It was not Helga. I hoped she was alright. The same woman who served us lunch was there carrying a tray. She placed it near me and was about to turn around when I stopped her.

"Excuse me, ma'am." Instead of turning to me she just tilted her head with a questioning glare, "Is Ms. Helga alright?"

"I don't know!" The reply was simple but the hatred in her eyes...

What was her problem? Why was she looking at me like she would eat me up? Without offering any further explanation she left the room.

I was not, really hungry, but I removed the cover from the tray. It was chicken dipped in a thick curry along with bread and French fries. I did not know what it was. But the smell was delish.

I picked up the fork and took a piece of chicken near my mouth when I heard a familiar voice

Kitten?" from the doorway, "Having dinner without me,

## 11- Helga

### Ashley pov

I could not maintain eye contact. He looked so s\*xy in that black t-shirt.

"Come on, Justin. I was getting bored and badly need your company." I gestured for him to sit before me.

"If you are getting bored, you can watch TV, Ashley!" His face had gotten serious.

"I have already broken lots of rules, Justin. I went out of the room. I am using your company. You are taking care of me. None of this is your responsibility. You are already doing a lot." Leaning towards him I whispered, "I know what you are hiding from me."

His eyes went wide when I scrunched my nose, "W...What do you mean?"

"I mean to say is..." I rolled my lips between my teeth, "I know you are keeping him away!" I giggled and he frowned looking down at my face.

"I am talking about my husband, silly." I kind of reminded him, "You are keeping him away to keep me safe. Isn't it?" Strangely he did not react to it and started wiping his hands with the napkin.

"What? You are not eating your meal?" He shook his head and threw the napkin.

"You should finish your meal otherwise you are not getting Doritos."

I shrugged my left shoulder trying to threaten him, "Then I guess, I will be needing to s\*atch it away!"

He winked before pointing towards my plate, "Finish it up. We are watching a movie tonight!"

My eyes went wide with surprise, "You mean in the cinema?"

"For the time being on this LED TV!" He pinched the tip of my nose playfully.

I tried to fake a sad smile by curving down my lips.

"Hey, Kitten. Don't be sad. I promise. We will watch a movie together. On the big screen! Soon!" I trusted him. I knew he will not go back on his words.

I was excited to watch a movie with him. I was happy that he would stay with me here for the time being.

For the umpteenth time, I tried to hold my yawn. I did not know Justin liked action movies. It was an old movie where male leads were wearing baggy jumpers, bomber jackets, Hawaiian shirts, and mustaches. All five male leads were thinking that they were the best alpha males walking on earth. I had been watching light action movies in Eden Orphanage with a slight mix of comedy and romance.

In this movie, the only romance was holding any passing girl by her nape and giving her an intense kiss. A girl tried to convince one of the male leads to go to the back of the bar and give him a happy time.

"What is a happy time?" I asked him, putting a large Dorito piece in my mouth. I needed to show him that I found the movie quite interesting.

"Why, kitten?" He asked me and I could detect laughter in his voice, "Orphanages don't give s \*ex education to their kids?"

What? S\*ex education? What was this supposed to mean? I tried recalling all the lectures we were given about it. All I remembered was how female and male bodies work.

But no one ever used the term happy time.

"We were only allowed to watch PG 12 movies on weekends. On a Saturday night, Mother Superior and her assistant used to make popcorn for all of us." The mere memory brought so much contentment to my heart. I had completely forgotten about the movie.

Oh, the movie!

Poor Justin asked me a simple question about s\*ex education, and I gave him a long lecture on my weekend nights.

My gaze lifted only to witness the paused movie.

"I... I am sorry. I just went with the flow." An embarrassed chuckle left my lips.

"You miss them. Don't you?" I craned up my neck at his question only to meet his amber eyes looking down at me.

"I do. They are very strict about not letting someone live past eighteen years of age. I even tried to find a job in

that orphanage. Just to stay closer to them." I told him sadly, "There were no vacancies at the time otherwise they would have made me stay."

His arm snaked around me in a death grip, "You want to cry?"

"What?" I frowned and wiped the uninvited tears that were there on my cheeks, "I don't think so!" I kind of argued when he said gently,

"It's ok if you want to, I guess. I am right here."

I did not know why so many droplets were running down my cheeks. I swear I did not know why these silly tears were embarrassing me in front of this gorgeous guy.

He might be thinking that I like crying.

"Kitten. Seems like someone loves crying a lot." Though he tried to mask his voice with a quip, he did not seem non-serious.

"I just feel like crying. Maybe because that's my hormones acting weirdly ..."

"But this is the third time I am seeing you crying. Girls your age like movies, discussing handsome movie stars, and going on dates. Here you don't seem to stop yourself from crying." I slowly lifted the big Doritos bag to hide my face.

"Stop hiding behind it!" In a jiffy, the Doritos bag was snatched away from my hand, "The one who cries is not allowed to eat those. Do you know that?"

"Justin!" By now I had forgotten that I was crying, "Give me that!"

I tried to bring some sternness in my voice and tried to grab my precious bag from his hands.

He was quick to lift his hand up in the air.

Holding his shoulder, I knelt on one knee and tried to take the bag. He bent away in his attempt to not let me succeed.

"Justin! Give me my Doritos! Now!" I felt like some Dominic power had possessed my soul.

I stood up on the bed and again tried to reach my baby.

"What if I don't give you YOUR Doritos? Will you cry again?" Justin fluttered his lashes laughingly and laid back.

His head was hanging down the edge of the bed.

His hand carrying the Doritos bag was on the floor now. I looked down at his face. His brow was raised challenging me silently to take it back from him.

Without realizing what I was doing, in my attempt to snatch Doritos I threw myself on his body.

"Justin. Anything happens to my baby, and I swear I will kill you." I was being all possessive about this crunchy yummy snack of mine.

By now my face was too close to him. It was that much close that I could smell his face in my nostrils. When I was about to reach the Dorito Pack, he quickly shifted it to his other hand.

"I like it more when you are feisty!"

"What?" I looked down not understanding a bit.

"The way you are trying to get what belongs to you is remarkable, kitten. I am happy that you are not crying for it but trying your best to get it."

I kept looking down at his face and became aware of our closeness. He was more gorgeous up this close. The smile that was tucked at the corner of his lips just a few moments back seemed to slowly vanish away.

By now I was no more trying for Doritos. Because I was too busy gawking at his perfectly sculpted face. His eyes had gone serious.

My eyes dipped to his full lips. I needed to kiss him.

I did not know what got into me. I was no more scared. No more, afraid of the consequences. In a trance, my head slowly started closing the distance between our lips.

He gazed down at my lips and closed his eyes. Those lashes!

D\*mn!

I wished he could go to sleep so that I could see his face and maybe trace my fingers on those features. I could not help the smirk at the corner of my mouth. I suddenly remembered about my baby aka Doritos.

Torn between kissing his pink luscious lips and snatching away my baby, Doritos won the

contest.

As quick as a wink, I lunged and grabbed my Doritos from his hand.

"Gotcha!" I screamed at the top of my lungs. His eyes opened and went wide when he understood what I just did.

"Did you just...? Gosh, Kitten! I did not know you are so c\*nnning!" He was trying to tease me with a careless chuckle.

Was there a trace of disappointment in his tone?

I tried to sit up placing my palms on his hard chest and he did not seem to mind. After straightening up, he not only leaned back on the pillow but placed his both arms around me. "There is a lioness in you." I was taken aback by the praise in his tone. I could not see his face because it was leaning on my shoulder.

"Sorry?"

"I said there is a lioness in you. When someone tries to snatch away something that belongs to you. Don't you ever quit. Go after him. Roar! Make some noise. Chances are he will sh\*t his pants after hearing your thunderous howls!"

"Are you saying that because ... you don't like people who complain or cry?"

"I am saying this because I can't see you crying." Lifting my chin up he forced me to look into his eyes, "It's ok if you want to cry, kitten. I am here for you. But if you need to face the world bravely, then you need to put this lioness façade up there."

I did not know why he was giving me this ted talk.

We again started watching the movie. This time I did not try to stifle my yawn and leaned my head on his chest.

I even smiled when I felt his grip tightening around me. I sensed him kissing my head and liked the feeling.

I liked him.

Lioness! Huh?

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Sarah pov:

The moment our plane landed, I sighed. I could not wait to run into Justin's arms.

"We need to find a cab because you wanted to surprise Justin," Nadia complained pushing the luggage trolley. "Sorry, girls. I have been trying to contact Helga. I don't know what's the matter with her. She is not receiving the call." It was irritatingly frustrating.

Being a senior s\*rvant did not mean she had any right to stop taking my calls. Maybe she was taking us for granted.

All tired, we took the cab and covered the distance in utter silence. All three of us were busy with our own thoughts.

At last, when we were home, we got out of the cab. A s\*rvant who was a young boy of hardly twenty years of age, came out of the Deluca house to take our luggage.

"Hey, boy! What's your name?" I glanced at his badge that said James, "James! Right? Any idea where can I find Helga?"

I knew we all needed to settle down first, but I could not wait to tell Helga that treating her with respect did not mean she had become one of us.

I needed to remind her that she was still a s\*rvant.

"Ma'am. She is no more here." He said balancing our suitcases on his head.

"No more? What do you mean. She is on vacation or something?" Now, why do I feel that it was something serious?

Was Helga sick or something?

"Ma'am. She is no more working here. Young master has warned her never to return to this household!"

"Wh...what do you mean by that?" Shella demanded.

He looked here and there then brought his face close to mine, "Ms. Helga," He whispered, Young master has kicked her out of the house."