

# Ouch, My CEO Fiance Fell For His Maid

Chapter 119

## Epilogue 1

Ashley Deluca's pov: (Two years later)

"Tell me, love. What happened?" the little girl seemed so scared. This was her third day with me and still, she was not opening up with anyone.

The psychiatrist had advised me to keep trying daily with all the love and gentleness as the girl seemed to like me a lot.

"Hey, Sana." I held the hand of sixteen years old who had a pale face and used to shiver when anyone around her used to speak loudly. She easily used to get scared of rain and thunderstorms.

"I promise. Whatever you would tell me, it won't go out of my office," I felt her grip tightening around my hand.

This was encouraging.

And then a miracle started happening. Her lips shook and she blinked her eyes a few times. The tears started dropping down her cheeks, "He ... he might come back."

She stuttered. Her eyes were glued to the door.

"No one is coming here, Sana. You are safe here, child." I left my seat and crouched down on the floor, "That man will never come back. He is in jail. Doctors are trying to talk to you. We all are here to take you out of your misery, my love."

She was crying silently, "I am scared. I... I am ... what if they would get here? Last time they... they easily tore my clothes... L...Leaving me nak3d..." "No! No, my love!" I held her face between my palms, "No one. I swear, love ... No one will ever touch you again." I kissed her forehead. I will make her so much strong that no one will ever dare to touch her and scar her again. I promised myself silently.

The kid was now weeping silently in my arms. And I was sure she would heal. She would heal just like others did and then would move on like the rest of them.

That was my motto in life. That was my purpose in life.

After sending her away, I was completing my paperwork when someone entered my office.

"Mrs. Deluca?" The female senior lawyer who used to represent our NGO entered with a big smile on her face.

"Deena!" I rose to my feet for a handshake but was dead in my tracks when ignoring my hand, she hugged me tightly.

"Mrs. Deluca. We have won the case. The men who rap\*ed her will stay behind bars for a long time!" She surprised me with the good news.

"Are you serious? We won?" I held her shoulder in disbelief.

"Yes! We won!" she nodded her head at me.

"Oh my God, Deena. I am so proud of you." "I did nothing. You were there beside me, behind me... at every step. This is YOUR hard work, Mrs. Deluca." We both were adamant about giving the credit to each other. This was a pro bono case, and we were fighting it since last year.

When I went outside, I was grinning ear to ear. This facility was built right after Grandpa announced that I would get a good monthly profit chunk. I didn't need that money. So, I came up with the idea to build an NGO that used to work for ra\*pe victims. I had a team of psychiatrists and lawyers. We used to provide counseling to the victims. As a result, if they used to get pregnant then their consent was taken if they wanted to go with the pregnancy or put up the babies for adoption.

There were cases where we had to fight the culprits. Thanks to the best team of lawyers, we had gotten. Standing in the vast plush green gardens, I ran my gaze where a few patients were taking a stroll with their individual caretakers.

Every caretaker was handpicked after a thorough background check. I made sure that they had love and empathy for the patients and their profession. We never charged for our services, and we never asked for donations.

Marwick always made it a point to not only credit my due share but also additional money for the facility. Along with Justin, he fell in love with the idea of providing support to ra\*pe victims.

As promised to Grandpa, he did help me in building the facility. The facility was inaugurated by one and only Steward Garner.

I looked at those patients and smiled to myself. A few of them waved to me excitedly. After waving them back, I inhaled a deep breath and turned to face the building that had a big signboard in blue, written in bold white letters.

Leigh Walters Facility: If you need a hug, come to us.

My mom could not get the aid that she deserved. We could never catch those men who took advantage of a helpless, heavily pregnant woman. I tried to blink back the tears that welled up in my eyes out of nowhere.

"Mom!" I called her silently, "This is for you!" I said and closed my eyes trying to feel her presence. Wondering if she was proud of me.

"Missing your mom, Kitten?" I heard the familiar voice behind me, and my lips curved up automatically in a grin. This man could never cease to amaze me.

Two years had passed and not a single day went by when he didn't express his love for me. I didn't open my eyes and kept standing there like this. Trying to feel my mom's presence. In an odd way, I think it was my mom's silent message to me.

"Ashley. I am not there for you. But I have sent Justin to keep you safe and loved." "Thank you. Mom!" I muttered and a lone tear escaped my eye. Before I could lift my hand to wipe it, I felt a rough finger pad, collecting that drop from my cheek.

"Ashley Deluca!" There was worry in his voice. Without asking anything further, I was pulled into a hard chest for a warm hug.

"You want to cry? I am here for you, Ashley. Cry if you want to." He was offering me his chest, his comforting words.

"I never met her, Justin. But I guess I miss her. It's kind of odd! Right?" My voice muffled in his chest. 1 "I know, love. I know how you feel. And I am here for you. Believe me, she is so proud of you. In these two years' time, see what you have achieved. There are so many women. So many Leighs are there now who have you, Ashley!"

I raised my hands and wrapped them around his neck. My forehead was still touching his chest. His body and his scent could manage to do all those alien things to my core. My heartbeat still accelerated at the sight of him.

"I love you so much, Justin. I don't know what I had done without you. Sometimes I feel, you are a gift to me from my mom." I, at last, looked up at his face and smiled, "This is my little effort to thank my mom. For giving me, Justin." He shook his head in disbelief, "Are you trying to make me cry, kitten?" I chuckled and closed back my eyes, leaning against him. Now I understood, why Leigh Walters asked Marwick to find me and take care of me. So that, in the future, whenever I would reunite with my family, I would be needing someone's support.

Why? Because I was an illegitimate child. She actually tried to pull Marwick to my side.

Just then I yelped with surprise when I felt his arms circling around me under my armpits. He clutched me, and lifted me up, off the ground.

"What do you think you are doing, Justin?" I asked him, clutching his t-shirt.

"Carrying my wife to the car!" He remarked. Laughingly I turned up my face towards the sky and squeezed my eyes shut. I trusted him. I knew he would keep me safe and would carry me like I was made of crystal.

Like I was too precious.

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In the car, we were holding hands when my phone's ringtone disturbed me.

"Come on. Let me get romantic with my wife!" my husband complained, and I had to pull my hand from his grip with a smile. It was Sarah.

"What..." Before I could say more, she started showering me with profanities.

"Bitch! Where are you? We are getting fu\*cking late for the wedding, or have you forgotten?" Oh my God! My sister would skin me alive. Though it was a very intimate family event, I needed to be there for the bride and groom.

"Justin! I never realized it took so much of my time in the facility! I..." "Don't worry Mrs. Deluca. Your dress is delivered to the salon. Eve is waiting for you to do your hair and add some more magic to your face. Go and get ready!" "Oh, Justin!" Without giving a damn that we were on a busy road I lunged at him from my passenger seat and took him in a tight hug, "Thank you. You are the best. I love you!" "I love you too, honey. Hey, careful!" Justin waved his hand to a passerby driver as an apology for the wrong overtake.

Before dropping me at the salon he didn't forget to kiss me hard on my lips, "I am letting you go now but we need to finish it tonight in bed." He winked and his remark made me blush to my roots.

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Justin Deluca pov

I was waiting for my wife at the main door of the church. I wanted to pick her up from the salon, but the bride needed my company due to panic attacks. Every family member was inside waiting for us to join them so that we could start the ceremony.

I wanted to accompany my kitten while entering the sacred place. We could never have a proper wedding and I wanted to make it to her. But the idea just appalled her.

According to her, the most important thing was to stay together through thick and thin. We were soul mates and that was enough for her.

My eyes were glued to the familiar vehicle that stopped and the door was opened by the valet boy. My breath hitched in my chest when I saw my girl getting down from the car.

After I noticed the car, I had started taking steps towards it. But when my gaze fell on her, I stopped dead in my tracks.

She stood there smoothing her dress and man! She looked ethereal. It was a metallic grey dress that hugged her curves perfectly. It was covered with small gems sprinkled on her front and her full sleeves. She looked so sexy and so beautiful. Just then she looked up into my eyes and a knowing smile graced her plump lips. I swallowed hard and tried to control my emotions that were making my heartbeat faster and my co\*ck harder.

She walked towards me and stopped at an arm's length, "How do I look?" she spread her arms on both sides and teased me by biting her lower lip subtly.

I dragged my eyes to the plunging neckline of her gown and then looked at her beautiful face.

"You look... beautiful. As always!" I murmured and she let out a breathy chuckle. It was no more a secret that how she felt in my presence and how it affected her.

Her eyelids had shimmer, her lips were painted red, and her hair was done in a high chignon with few tendrils falling on her face.

Not bothering that we were out in the open and our families were waiting for us inside, I closed the gap between us and held her by her waist.

"Justin!" Her face got serious looking into my eyes. The same green eyes that captivated me when I dragged her out from under the bed.

"Ashley!" All I wanted to do right now was destroy her makeup and tear her clothes.

"Come on, Justin." She blushed and broke our eye contact.

"Don't worry. Though it's difficult for me to wait till we get to our room. But I give you my word, you are safe till then." I tried to smile and felt her hand playing with the collar button of my white shirt.

"What if I don't want to stay safe from you," she whispered, and I gently hugged her to me. Her soft body felt amazing in my arms. As always.

"I love you, beautiful!" "I love you too, handsome!" I felt her lips against my cheek and closed my eyes in pure bliss. Just then we were both startled by a soft voice behind us.

"Ah, you two!" Layla Hayat who must be here as the plus one of Marwick was standing there, "Your family might disown you, Ashley." She rolled her eyes.

She was a friendly person and thankfully not a brat as we used to think. She was often tagged along with Marwick at family events.

I quickly offered Ashley my arm to hook hers through it.

We went inside and quickly said our pleasantries. I was expecting sarcastic remarks from everyone but instead of that we only got some knowing smirks and teasing eyes looking at me.

We made our way to the front row, and I made her sit there. Just two rows were filled with guests. Mashal's governess was sitting just beside Ashley, holding the kid.

"Ashie!" The little kid squealed in the cutest voice and threw her arms towards my wife. She was crazy about Marwick and me. But when Aunt Ashley used to be around, she couldn't look past her. Just like me.

After planting a kiss on Ashley's head. I jogged out of the door. Marwick had already taken his position on the stage alongside the groom.

The music started and I entered with Granny who was wearing a white simple lace dress, taking slow steps.

Instead of holding a stick, she was holding my hand. Yes. I was giving away my granny to Steward Garner. When Ashley decided to spend money on her two ideas. The first one was The Leigh Walters facility and the second was to get

Granny and Steward married,

Both elderly people were initially not agreeing to it. But I never knew that my wife could be this stubborn. According to her, granny took care of a boy, long enough who was not even related to her by blood. It was high time that she gets her fair share of happiness.

Marwick and I both were amazed at the idea when she told us her plan. Later she confided in me how she caught Granny and Steward making out on the hospital bed.

I wanted to laugh but her stern face did not let me.

After handing over Granny to Steward, I stepped back and turned a little to look at my wife .

My Ashley. My kitten My companion. My confidante. And my love. Guess what? She was already looking at me, undressing me with her eyes.

"No, silly. Granny will wake up!"

"I love you!" I mouthed and a smile cracked on the corner of her lips. She squeezed the child sitting on her lap and mouthed back, "I love you too."