

Ouch! My CEO Fiancé Fell For His Maid

Chapter 126

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6-Out Of His Life

There was a ding, and with it, the elevator doors opened. I stepped out with Adonis following me, and I stopped dead short.

The apartment's room which seemed like a living room was huge but with a minimalist approach. It was decorated in all grey, with sleek, modern furniture that gave it a sophisticated and elegant feel.

As I took a step forward, Adonis put his hand on my shoulder and gently guided me towards the couch.

"Make yourself

comfortable," he said with a smile. 'Can I get you something to drink?' "Water, please," I replied, feeling a bit overwhelmed by

the grandeur of the apartment. As Adonis disappeared into the kitchen, I took a moment to look around.

The living room was impressive, with floor-to-ceiling windows that offered a stunning view of the city skyline. The walls were adorned with tasteful artwork, I was sure at the daytime the room most likely would be filled with natural light that must highlight the space's unique features even more.

Adonis returned with a glass of water and sat down next to me on the couch. "So, what do you think?" he asked, gesturing around the room.

"It's amazing, Adonis" I replied, taking a sip of water.

"I'm glad you like it," Adonis said with a smile,

"Should I bring you something else? Maybe a drink?" "No, thanks," I said leaning

back on the couch. I didn't want to end up in his bathroom peeing.

Not only this place but the man sitting beside me was also remarkable. He didn't make a move to pounce on me instead kept making the effort to make me feel at home.

Taking a big chug from my glass I again remarked, "I've never seen anything like it. Your apartment is... awesome."

He grinned. "I wasn't sure if you were going to be impressed or think I was a show-off."

I raised an eyebrow. "Are you a show-off?"

Adonis chuckled. "Maybe a little bit. But I prefer to think of it as having good taste."

I rolled my eyes but couldn't help the smile cracking on my lips, "So, should I be expecting a grand gesture every time we hang out?'

Adonis leaned closer, his eyes sparkling with mischief. "Depends. Are you a fan of helicopter rides and champagne?"

I laughed. "I think I'll pass that. I'd settle for a nice dinner and good company.'

Adonis leaned back on the couch, still grinning.

"Umm. I think I can manage that."

We spent the time talking and getting to know each other better, interrupted by the sound of Adonis's phone ringing.

"I am sorry." He apologized for having to take a call, but I didn't mind. I used the time to explore the apartment a bit more, admiring the taste and the view.

While he was talking at some distance, I could not move away my eyes from his intimidating figure.

In school, every guy who was muscular or a gym freak used to approach me. Elijah was the only one who captured my heart

from the very start. He was never a gym lover, but his intelligence and confidence got me.

He was my man who was lanky and nerdy. Even when I used to close my eyes, I could still see him giving me those teasing smiles.

I never thought I would fall for someone else. And the handsome man, talking on the phone who was also a gym freak? Not at all.

I was here just for s3x. To let him out of my system. I was NOT ready for relationships.

When Adonis hung up, he joined me by the windows. "Sorry about that," he said. "Work never seems to stop." "It's okay," I replied. "I understand."

Adonis turned to face me, his expression was serious. "If you allow me, can I ask you something?" "Sure." Anything for you handsome.

"When I first met you there was ... this strange kind of sadness in your eyes ..." I went still. He was quick to shake his head and hold my hand, "I am sorry. I didn't mean to pry. It's just that... standing here I again noticed it in your eyes."

I started taking deep breaths and tried to control my speeding heartbeat.

"Hey," there was a gentleness in his eyes, "Don't tell me anything. You can tell me someday when you think you can trust me enough." He started examining my hand and I started examining his face, "I just wanted to tell you that whenever you are ready, I will be there for you. Please don't hesitate." I looked into Adonis's eyes, feeling a warmth spread through my chest. ' Thank you for the offer, Adonis," I said, smiling. "I... will re...remember about that..." I tried to speak but couldn't find the right words. "I understand," he was quick to speak, "You want to go slow, and I take it. I respect that. When I first met you in that club I..." he paused and became a bit hesitant, "Sadness wasn't the only thing that I noticed." I waited for him to speak further. 'Then what else was it apart from my sadness?" I asked him with curiosity. 'Tell me!" I poked my finger into his hard shoulder, "I am waiting! What else did you notice?" Adonis grinned. "Of course! Your long legs!" "Urgh!" I punched his chest but couldn't hide my amusement. "Brat! Should I be scared?"

Adonis moved closer, I felt his warm breath against my ear. "Only if you're scared of having the time of your life."

As Adonis leaned in, I couldn't help but feel a shiver run down my spine. His presence alone was intoxicating, and his words sent a thrill through my body.

"You know," Adonis said, his voice low and husky, "I've been thinking about you a lot lately. And now that you're here, it's even better than I imagined."

I swallowed hard, my heart beating faster. 'Really?' I managed to say.

Adonis nodded, his eyes locked with mine. "Really!" he nodded his head slowly.

I couldn't help it when I felt the blush creeping up my cheeks.

By now, his lips were hovering just above mine.

"Can I kiss you?" he whispered.

I didn't hesitate to nod, my eyes closing as his lips met mine. It was soft and gentle at first, a tender exploration of each other's mouths. But soon it deepened, and I found myself lost in the sensation of his mouth.

Adonis pulled away slightly, his aqua-green eyes were dark with desire. 'God, you're beautiful,' he breathed, his hands moving to my waist.

I leaned into his touch, my body humming with anticipation. "I want you," I whispered. Adonis's lips curved up as he whispered, "I want you too."

He kept looking into my eyes and without a word scooped me up in his arms carrying me towards a room that must be his bedroom. As he walked, I couldn't help but feel a sense of excitement and thrill wash over me.

The night was a blur of sensations and emotions, all mingled together in a heady mix. From the moment Adonis kissed me, I

knew that I was in for something special. There was a tenderness to his touch that spoke of a deep connection, a sense of understanding that went beyond the physical.

As we explored each other's bodies, I felt a sense of vulnerability and trust that I had never experienced before. Adonis was

gentle and patient, taking his time to make sure that I felt comfortable and cared for.

He seemed to know exactly what I needed, both physically and emotionally, and I found myself completely lost in the moment.

There were moments of laughter and playfulness too. But there were also moments of quiet intimacy when I begged him to make

it faster and rough.

I felt a sense of safety and security in Adonis's arms as if nothing could harm me as long as he was by my side.

I was not supposed to feel any of those things. It was supposed to be a passionate night with no strings attached.

But I guess, I was failing miserably.

As the night wore on, our passion grew more intense, and I found myself giving in completely to the sensations that Adonis was creating in me.

His hands and mouth seemed to be everywhere at once, touching and exploring every inch of my body. But it wasn't just the

physical pleasure that made the night so special - it was the way, Adonis made me feel. He made me feel beautiful and desired, powerful, and vulnerable all at once.

And then, as we lay tangled in each other's arms, I felt a sense of peace settle over me. For the first time in a long time, I felt truly happy and content, as if I had found something that I had been searching for my whole life. In Adonis's arms, I felt complete.

As I lay in bed next to Adonis, basking in the afterglow of our night together, I knew that this was just the beginning. There was a

sense of excitement and anticipation in the air as if anything was possible.

We fell asleep in each other's arms when in the middle of the night, I felt him kissing me with passion. I responded to his advances with equal fervor. This time we took more time to explore each other's bodies.

But once he entered me, it was no more, slow, or sweet, or patient lovemaking. He was groaning with passion, and I was crying when I felt overwhelmed by a mix of more pleasure and a little bit of pain.

My mind was spinning with the intensity of the moment, and I could barely catch my breath as he moved inside me with a fierce urgency.

Every thrust of his body sent waves of ecstasy through me, and I moaned uncontrollably as I surrendered to the overwhelming sensation. His hands were gripping me tightly, and I could feel his hot breath on my neck as he whispered words of desire and need.

As the intensity grew, my body began to tremble with the force of my release. I cried out his name as I shattered into a thousand

pieces, my muscles clenching around him as I rode the waves of ecstasy. Finally, as we lay entwined in each other's arms, I knew that I had experienced something truly incredible. Despite the intensity of our lovemaking, there was a tenderness in the way he held me that made me feel safe and cherished.

Maybe it was the change of place or what but when I woke up it was still dark outside. He made me orgasm five times or maybe six times.

I didn't exactly remember.

Last night I couldn't notice his bedroom, but now under the soft glow of the night bulb, I noticed the interior. I could not make out the color schemes though. It seemed light grey or cream-colored.

Adonis's arm was still lying over my naked chest. Peeling it from my body, I sat up in bed, as I needed to pee. When my feet touched the floor then I realized the plush thick carpet under my feet.

Wrapping the dark grey sheet around me, I looked for my clothes and found them lying near the door. The way he got rid of my g string...

Remembering it made me chuckle and I headed to the bathroom. After getting done with my business I showered and dressed up.

I didn't know when he would wake up but now, I needed to head home. Being a gentleman, I knew he would offer me breakfast, but this seemed too much now. He already paid for my lunch and dinner yesterday.

I turned to see the Greek God who was still sleeping like a baby. My purse must be in the living room. So, I tiptoed and left the bedroom, closing the door behind me.

There it was. My purse!

I took out my phone and tried to hold my yawn.

There was no message or no phone call from anyone. Once he would wake up, I might ask him to exchange our numbers if he was ready.

Now, what should I do? Wake him up and tell him that I was leaving? Nah! I didn't want to disturb him.

Ok. I will wait for him for one hour. If he would wake up by then, fine. But if he kept sleeping then I would pour a jug of iced water at him. Ha-ha.

I made a small bun of my wet hair. There was an attached hairdryer in the bathroom, but I didn't want to disturb him.

Just then my eyes fell on something lying on the floor. A black leather wallet.

The poor man must have dropped it in his haste while carrying me to the bedroom. I went ahead and picked it up, resulting in the

contents of it slipping out and falling on the floor.

They seemed like visiting cards, credit cards, and his ID card.

I picked it all up and didn't put it back into his wallet.

For me, that was a breach of privacy. I placed it all on the dining table so

that he could put it back inside. Just then, my eyes fell on the picture on his ID card.

Smiling to myself, I chewed my lower lip and brought it closer to my eyes. But then my heart missed a beat.

I squeezed my eyes, then rubbed them with my fists to clear my vision, and looked at the ID card again.

That was unfair! We

were playing this unsaid game of not telling our names to each other.

His name was written there.

Elijah Harrison.

Damn!

His name was Elijah.

Oh, God! I gulped down the spit and looked at the bedroom door.

No. I needed to get out of here. No, Elijah again. No, please, God. No, Elijah! Not again!

Putting my phone in my purse hastily, I again looked at the bedroom door with a speeding heartbeat.

Holding my purse, I sprinted to the elevator and pressed the button. The elevator doors opened with a ding.

I needed to leave the place. I needed to get out of here before he woke up. Out of this apartment and out of this man's life.

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Will this Chapter

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7-We Meet Again (Book 2)

I quickly got down and looked for a cab. I needed to leave the place. He knew where my car was parked.

I gave the instructions

to the cab driver and reached the parking lot.

Though it was hardest at the moment to drive right now but I needed to do that.

Once I reached my apartment, I took a sigh of relief.

Aniya wasn't home yet. I straight away got to my room and fell on the bed.

And just then I realized, my cheeks were wet. I was crying.

Aniya's pov:

The man whom I spent the night with was courteous enough to treat me to a lavish breakfast at his place.

A day out with friends

and a nice evening with a gorgeous man. What more can one ask for?

Humming to myself I entered the apartment and got off my sandals, tossing them carelessly.

It was good that Eve was still sleeping otherwise she would have strangled my neck. I went to my room

and changed into

something comfortable.

Yesterday I offered Eve to bring her friend to the apartment. We were not allowed to bring random

men just for s3x purposes. But

this man was someone, Eve couldn't stop talk about.

He seemed to be someone quite special, and I just could not wait to meet this Adonis. Eve deserved

happiness.

After a leisurely bath, I came to the living room and

then realized that it was afternoon and Eve never slept this late. On one

hand, I was happy that this Adonis made her so tired that she needed to make it up by sleeping extra

hours.

Frowning to myself, I knocked her door lightly and opened it. The room was shrouded with darkness

with the curtains still

untouched.

Why was she still sleeping? Just like Ashley, she hated sleeping late.

As I tiptoed closer to her bed, I could see that she was still sound asleep, her peaceful expression causing me to hesitate before waking her.

But something felt off. The air in the room was heavy, almost suffocating. I tried to brush it off and reached out to shake her gently, but she didn't stir. Gosh.

Her skin was burning in fever.

My heart racing, I shook her more urgently, calling out her name. Still, no response. Panic set in as I ducked for my phone to dial for help, my hand shaking so badly that I fumbled with the buttons. Should I call for emergency help or call Ashley?

In panic mode, I went back to her room. She was still lying there.

Ashley!

I needed to call her first.

Suddenly, Eve gasped and sat upright, her eyes wide and unseeing. I grabbed her by the shoulders, trying to steady her as she looked around frantically, her breathing erratic.

"What happened?" I asked, my voice trembling. But Eve just stared at me, her eyes blank and uncomprehending.

They were red. Either due to excessive crying or staying awake for longer hours.

As Eve looked at me with fear and confusion, I couldn't help but wonder what was really going on inside that pretty head. She seemed to be hiding something, and the more I thought about it, the more certain I became that it had to do with the mysterious Adonis she had mentioned earlier.

"Eve," I called her gently, "Are you alright? Is there something you're not telling me? Something about this Adonis guy?"

Eve's eyes widened in surprise, and for a moment, she seemed caught off guard. But then she shook her head, her gaze dropping to her lap.

"No," she said softly in a hoarse whisper, "it's nothing. Just a silly crush." She tried to laugh it off, "Elijah is always there in my dreams. He was just there trying to tell me something when you woke me up."

Ashley and I knew that Elijah used to visit her in her dreams, but we never tried to be judgmental about it. She had once confided in us that every time she used to close her eyes, his face would pop up in her mind.

But I knew there was more to it than that. I could sense it in the way she just spoke, the way she avoided my gaze. And as I looked at her, still pale and feverish, I knew that I couldn't just let it go.

"Eve," I said firmly, "you know you can tell me anything, right? Whatever it is, I promise to be there for you."

This fever was not making sense. Till yesterday she was quite happy about her meet-up with this unknown guy.

For a moment, Eve looked at me with tears in her eyes, as if she was about to say something. But then she shook her head again, her shoulders slumping.

"It's too late," she whispered. "I can't go back now.' I didn't know what she meant by that, but I knew I had to find out. I made a mental note to keep a closer eye on her, to try to figure out what was really going on. Because whatever it was, I had a feeling that it was going to be a lot more serious than just a silly crush.

I needed to call Ashley. Instead of doing it alone, I should seek her help.

Just then her phone started ringing. My poor friend jumped up in terror. I went ahead to get her phone.

"It's Mrs. Margret, Eve," I told her softly and waited for her response. I needed to give her medicine with some light food.

She held her forehead as if it would explode,

"C...can you please let her know that I won't be available tomorrow? Ask her to make the necessary purchases for the salon. I will pay, of course."

Hmm. Something was definitely fishy. My friend taking an off was rare.

"Sure, I'll take care of it," I replied, feeling relieved that Eve's focus had shifted momentarily to something else. "But Eve, please promise me you'll take care of yourself. You need rest and you should see a doctor about your fever. Right now, I am bringing you some over-the-counter medicine and a bowl of oats."

Eve nodded, looking grateful for the concern. "Thank you for being with me, Aniya." She said weakly.

As I left her room, I couldn't shake the feeling of unease that had settled in my stomach. Eve was my closest friend, and I hated

seeing her in pain. But I also knew that there was only so much I could do to help her.

After too much insistence, I managed to give her one or two spoons of oatmeal and tucked her in bed.

As I walked towards the living room, I pulled out my phone and dialed Ashley's number. When she left the apartment so that she could restart her life with Justin, she had specifically asked us to let her know if we were in trouble. She picked it up on the third ring and spoke in a busy tone.

"Aniya, I am in the middle of an official lunch. What's going on?"

I took a deep breath, trying to steady myself.

"Ashley, something's wrong with Eve," I said, my voice shaking. "I think, she's been running away from something and it's taking a toll on her. She needs help." I paused for a moment, "Can you call me back after getting done with this lunch?"

Ashley didn't hesitate, "F*ck this lunch. You two are my friends and I'll be there in an hour," she said, her voice determined. "We'll figure this out, Eve. Don't worry."

Feeling a little lighter, I made my way back to Eve's room to check on her. She was asleep, her breathing shallow and labored. I

sat down next to her bed, holding her hand and hoping that she would find some peace in her dreams.

With Elijah.

Evelyne's pov:

I was kind of slipping in and out of consciousness.

What I only remembered was Aniya or Ashley

shoving medicines down my

throat or trying to force-feed me. And after that every time they would try to make me sleep.

I also remember a handsome doctor who happened to be Ashley's friend and was visiting me daily to keep a check on me.

Thanks to Mrs. Margret and June who were taking care of the salon.

Ashley used to visit it daily on my behalf.

She asked Mrs. Margret to send her the daily reports by email.

Almost one week must have passed. I had gotten sick and tired of staying in the bed. I badly needed a shower.

Upon my insistence, Ashley, at last, ran a warm bath for me. After throwing my clothes in a hamper, with the help of Ashley, I sat in the tub and sighed with relief.

I stayed in there for a longer time, letting the warm water ease my sore muscles and wash away my fatigue. When I finally got out, Ashley had prepared a fresh set of clothes for me.

"You should rest now, Eve," she said, leading me to my bed. "You're still recovering." The girl had changed the bed linens while I was in the bathroom.

"I know, but I just cant stay in bed anymore," I replied, settling down on the bed.

Ashley sat down next to me, looking concerned.

"Eve, there's something I've been wanting to talk to you about." "What is it?" I asked, suddenly feeling uneasy.

"I know you've been going through a tough time lately," Ashley said softly." And I'm worried about you. I think you need to talk to someone about it, maybe see a therapist."

I felt a lump forming in my throat. Ashley was right, I had been struggling with a lot of things, and I had been bottling it all up. But the thought of talking to a stranger about my problems scared me. I went through all of it after Elijah's death.

Though Ashley didn't show it, but my guess was, Aniya must have told her about Adonis. Thinking about him made my heart go sink. What he must be thinking about leaving his apartment just like that?

Thankfully the man didn't know my name, address, or phone number.

"I don't know, Ash," I said hesitantly. "Talking about it just feels so... personal." "But sometimes we need to open up and let others in, especially when we're going through a tough patch," Ashley said gently. "And I'll be here for you. Aniya will be here, I promise."

Her words brought tears to my eyes.

"Okay," I said finally, taking a deep breath. "I'll give it a try."

Ashley smiled, her eyes shining with relief. "That's all I will ask for, Eve.

Just know that I love you and I'll always be here for you, no matter what.

I stayed home for one week and unexpectedly had the best time of my life with Ashley and Aniya. Both of them didn't go to work and were glued to my a*ss like a gum.

We played board games, had movie nights, and ordered food like crazy. It helped me a lot in diminishing the pain. However, when Justin used to visit Ashley, it used to pin me a lot.

Though I was happy for my friend and the bond she shared with her husband was to die for. They looked so cute together.

Justin used to remind me of Adonis, a lot. He used to take care of me like a big brother and was kind enough to not throw tantrums for getting ignored by his beloved wife. I enjoyed it when they used to pass meaningful remarks thinking that nobody understood them. Or the way they used to make out in the kitchen thinking that we were fast asleep in our rooms and couldn't hear them. All of it used to remind me of him. The passionate night I shared with him. The friendship we developed in no time. No matter how close my friends were to me, I couldn't show them this vulnerable side of mine. I was busy in my thoughts when my ringing phone made me startle. Smiling to myself I attended the call of Mrs. Margret, "Hey, love." I said still smiling to her, "I know I have put a lot of burden on you people." "Oh, shut up." She said sternly, "We are good without you. Ok? Just take more rest and don't you dare set your foot here." I couldn't stop the laughter from escaping my lips. The elderly woman was asking me confidently to not enter my own salon. Ha-ha.

"Listen, Eve. I need to tell you something." The hair at the back of my neck stood up when her voice dropped to a low whisper.

"What is it, Mrs. Margret?" "He... he came." She said in a low voice, "He was asking about you."

My heart skipped a beat. I had forgotten that Adonis might not know about my whereabouts, but he did know about my salon and car.

"What did he say?" I swallowed hard, "Is he coming daily?"

Was it hope in my voice?

"He was here initially for two or three days but after that, he didn't show up." This brought relief and disappointment at the same time.

Disappointment because he stopped coming after three days. Relief because he was not a creep forcing my employees to extract my whereabouts.

"I see," I said, trying to keep my voice steady. "Well, thank you for letting me know, Mrs. Margret. I'll be sure to keep an eye out for him."

After hanging up the phone, I sat on the edge of my bed and took a deep breath. Adonis had been asking about me. Part of me

wanted to run to my salon and see if he was there, but another part of me was hesitant.

I knew that I needed to be careful. I didn't want to go through that pain again. But at the same time, I couldn't deny the feeling of excitement that was bubbling up inside of me.

For the next few days, I couldn't shake the thought of Adonis out of my head. Yes. He was still an Adonis to me. I couldn't

remember him with that forbidden name. I found myself constantly checking my phone for any missed calls or messages from

Mrs. Margret if he was still looming there, even though I knew deep down that it was unlikely.

Being a gentleman, he could be anything but not a stalker. Maybe he had gotten the silent message that I didn't want to see him

anymore. I wasn't interested in taking it any further.

Ashley had invited us to dinner because Justin's business partner was coming to discuss a new venture. We didn't have anything

to do with this business meeting but Ashley thought meeting new people could take my mind off my pain.

I arrived at their

residential place that was allotted to Justin by Arguli University. I walked to the table set on their lawn to find Aniya and Ashley

already seated there. I greeted them and took my seat, feeling grateful for their company.

I had been feeling much better lately, thanks to the support of my friends. I was still hesitant to return to my salon but was slowly regaining my confidence.

As we chatted and enjoyed the chatting before dinner, I suddenly heard a familiar sexy voice behind me, "So, we meet again, long legs."

My heart skipped a beat, and my hands began to sweat as I recognized the voice. I grew stiff and couldn't bring myself to turn around, knowing full well, who it was.

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8- Won't Give Up On us (Book 2)

Questions started racing through my mind. What the hell was he doing here? Did he know I would be here? Was he still angry with me for leaving without saying anything? Not even a goodbye?

I took a deep breath and tried to compose myself, but my nerves were getting the best of me. I couldn't face Adonis, not after

everything that had happened between us that night.
After I left him without any explanation.

Slowly, I got up from the table and turned to face him. He was wearing a suit! A damn black suit and looked hotter than ever.

"Y...you people know each other?" I heard Justin's confused voice slicing through the air.

Before I could answer him, Adonis spoke up measuring me with a challenging smirk, "Very well. Right, Ms. Evelyne?"

My eyes snapped up to his face when I heard my name escaping his mouth. He was smiling but that smile didn't reach his eyes.

It didn't belong to the man who used to be friendly and easygoing with me.

This one had this icy touch that was enough to chill my bones. Now again, what was he doing here?

How did he know my name?

How did he know Justin?

Ashley told me that the dinner was for Justin's business associate. Was it Adonis?

Now fate! Fuc*king fate, man!

Why it had to be him?

I swallowed hard when I felt several pairs of eyes on me. Aniya, Ashley, and Justin. They were looking at me ... at us... while I had zoned out.

I cleared my throat and tried to bring a small smile to my face, "I... yes... We ... have met!" I felt my cheeks heat up when I

witnessed him clenching his jaw, "B... but not that well."Top of Form

Adonis raised a brow and kept looking at me while his eyes were shouting, ' Really? Not that well? We spent the night together!

Without a shred of clothing!'

Gosh! That was an awkward situation.

Justin offered Adonis to sit beside him. Right in front of me. I could not avoid looking at him. I could not keep myself hidden from his eyes.

There was still some time in serving the dinner. The conversation flowed smoothly among Ashley, Justin, and Aniya. I was relieved that Adonis had not said another word about our past, but I couldn't help feeling his gaze on me from time to time.

After a few minutes when the dishes were served, Adonis spoke up," Evelyne, I remember you once mentioned how much you

love seafood. You should try this dish, it's excellent." Fu*cker. He was referring to the seafood pasta I last ate with him.

I thanked him politely for the suggestion and couldn't help but wonder if there was a hidden meaning behind his mentioning seafood. Was he trying to remind me of our romantic night?

I wanted to run away. I wanted to leave. But that only meant that my friends will not only follow me but will also grill me with questions.

They did have an idea that there was a man who I called Adonis. But they never asked me questions. I had a suspicion that my friends were privy to the cause of the recent bout of depression.

"So, Ms. Evelyne." Adonis called me from across the table, 'Tell me. Do you love to kayak?"

The question made me choke on the chicken piece in my mouth. Aniya sitting beside me started patting my back, "Are you

alright?" she asked me with concern, and then her next remark was enough to bring me down on the earth, "It's been more than

a week and she is still feeling weak from the illness."

My poor friend tried to protect me without knowing that she was sharing my details with the man who I wanted to stay away from.

"Oh," the concern flashed in his eyes, "What happened?" "A few days back on a weekend, she came home with a high fever.

She couldn't go to her salon. You know, she owns it?" She asked him excitedly.

Urgh! I wanted to kill her. Sometimes she was an annoying chatterbox who didn't know how to control her tongue.

"So how are you feeling now, Ms. Long... I mean... Ms. Evelyne."

I nodded my head weakly and stretched my jaw for a forced smile, "I am good. Thanks." I could not afford to take his name.

Elijah was not possible. And calling him Adonis would certainly ring bells in my friends' heads. I was stuck.

God! I was stuck!

Throughout the dinner, Adonis continued making subtle references to our history of seafood and kayaking, but I tried to keep the conversation light and neutral.

At one point, Adonis leaned forward and whispered, "You know, Evelyne, I still have that necklace you left at my place. I've been waiting for the right moment to return it to you."

I felt my heart race at his words. Did he mean what I thought he meant? Or was he just trying to mess with my head?

We both knew there was NO necklace in the equation. My friends knew that I never wore a necklace.

I tried to brush it off, 'Oh, that old thing? I'm sure I can get by without it.'

You are one hell of a dog, Adonis. I want to kill you! Huh!

Adonis smirked, his eyes locked on mine, 'Are you sure about that, Evelyne? It was always your favorite, wasn't it?'

I felt my cheeks flush as I realized the double meaning behind his words. I tried my best to keep my composure and not let him see how much his words affected me.

"You can return me if you want. You know where my salon is." I said while playing with my food. There was no more appetite left in me.

"I did go there but the salon people told me you were not coming. They won't tell me your address. I wanted to return it to you myself." He wiped his mouth with a cotton napkin and tossed it on the table.

Instead of responding to that double meaning remark, I nodded politely and started forcing the food down my throat. If he

thought, he could squeeze this information out of me in the presence of my friends then he was in for a surprise.

I was not a fool. He was delivering this hidden message that he did visit the salon while looking for me.

As the night progressed, the conversation turned more personal. All of us shared stories of our past experiences with our jobs and schools. The funniest ones were from Ashley and Aniya, who used to prank everyone in the orphanage. Justin used to beam with pride whenever his wife started speaking and I couldn't help but notice this sudden tension between Adonis and me.

After at one point, when drinks were served, Adonis raised his glass and proposed a toast, "To old flames and new beginnings."

I felt my heart skip a beat. Was he referring to our past or something else entirely?

Nobody seemed to notice it and everyone followed him. I too raised my own glass, trying to keep my voice steady, "To new beginnings, indeed.'

After getting done with the dinner, Justin took Adonis to his study, and Aniya and Ashley immediately turned to me with

questioning looks. "Who is he?" Ashley asked, her eyes scanning my face for any hints, "Like I know he is Justin's business

friend. But you two seem to know each other."

I shrugged nonchalantly. 'It's nothing, Ash. Just an old friend. We go way back.'

But they weren't buying it. I could see it in their eyes, "There's something more, isn't there?' Aniya pressed.

I shifted in my seat, feeling a bit uncomfortable under their scrutiny. "What do you mean?"

Ashley leaned forward, her voice low. 'Don't play dumb with us, love. You and Elijah seem to know each other really well.'

I flinched at the mention of his name. Taking a deep breath, I tried to compose myself. "We've just known each other for a while.

It's not that big of a deal."

But they weren't satisfied. "Come on, spill the tea," Aniya urged, a mischievous glint in her eye.

I shook my head. "I really don't want to talk about it right now."

Ashley huffed, clearly annoyed. "Fine, be mysterious. But we're going to get to the bottom of this."

I smiled weakly, hoping to diffuse the tension. "Go ahead, honey."

I didn't want to lie to my friends, but I also didn't want to reveal too much about my past with Adonis.

"Listen. He's just someone I used to know," I said carefully, "Nothing else. Nothing serious. Ok?"

Aniya raised an eyebrow. "Used to know? So, you're not close anymore?"

I hesitated, unsure of how to answer. "We...haven't really kept in touch, no. It's been ... a ... a long ... time." I tried to smile and

attached the wine glass to my lips.

Ashley leaned forward, her voice low. "Come on, Eve, there's something more to this. You two do have a history, don't you? It's just not friendship."

I felt myself getting flustered under their scrutiny. "It's complicated, guys," I said, hoping that would be enough to deter them.

But they weren't satisfied. "Complicated how?" Aniya hissed.

I bit my lip, feeling like I was backed into a corner.

"Look, I don't really want to talk about it, okay?"

Aniya seemed clearly annoyed. "So, I guess we'll just have to use our imaginations."

I tried to ignore the sinking feeling in my stomach as they continued to speculate about my relationship with Adonis.

Eventually, they seemed to lose interest in the topic and the conversation turned to other things. But I couldn't shake the feeling that my devil friends had suspected that there was more to the story than I was letting on.

"Eve! Why don't you both stay here tonight? We have extra guestrooms." Ashley came up with the idea but as always, I didn't want to.

I had to come up with an excuse, "I have to visit the salon tomorrow, Ash. I can't. Maybe on the weekend?" "You are joining the salon tomorrow?" Aniya turned to me, "No way You are still weak!"

I smiled weakly trying to appear convincing, "I am feeling much better, Aniya. Besides it's just a quick visit. It won't take long. I promise."

I could not keep running away from Adonis. Sooner or later, I had to face him. Just because he knew where my salon was, I couldn't leave my dream venture.

Ashley looked disappointed, but she didn't push the issue. 'Alright, if, you're sure. But you know you're always welcome here if you need a place to stay.'

I nodded gratefully, grateful that she didn't seem too upset. "Thanks, Ash. I appreciate it."

Aniya still looked concerned, but she seemed to accept my explanation." Okay, just promise us, you'll take it easy, alright?"

I nodded again, feeling relieved that the conversation was finally moving on. As I chatted with my friends, I couldn't help but feel a twinge of guilt for not being entirely honest with them. But I knew I had my reasons for not wanting to stay over, and I hoped they would understand.

We were arguing about something when I saw Justin coming towards us along with Adonis. I wanted to divert my attention but couldn't do it.

Unlike earlier he had taken his jacket off and was now in a simple white shirt with its two buttons opened at the collar. He had rolled off his sleeves and his jacket was hanging on his left arm.

"He is taking his leave, kitten," Justin told his wife and we all stood up to see off the guest.

"Thanks for having me, Ashley." He stretched his hand for a handshake. After shaking Ashley's and Aniya's hands he came towards me, "I can drop you home if you want."

He said after getting done with the handshake. Nice try Adonis! I am not letting you see where I live. I knew it was silly of me but not now. I wanted time to tackle all this.

"I have got my car," I said giving him a tightlipped smile. He nodded and gestured towards his same fancy car.

"It's dark. So, I can drop you both. Justin can send your car tomorrow with a driver." Crap. He had cornered me when Justin agreed with him.

"He is right, Eve." Justin said with concern, "He can drop you and Aniya."

If it was some other man, I would have given him a shut up call. But this was Justin who had been like a caring brother to me.

Lately, both husband and wife had been trying to be my parents.

"N...No..." I scratched my chin with a chuckle, "I... I was actually planning to stay here. Umm... Ashley just offered me and ..." I was trying to ignore the glares my friends were throwing at me.

"Oh," Adonis nodded and then held my hand lightly lacing his fingers through mine, "then I guess walk with me to that car,

Evelyne. Will you? Bye, Justin." "Bye, Elijah."

Sheet! What even! My friends seemed happy.

Adonis leaned casually against his car, his dark eyes locked onto my face. His voice was low and husky as he spoke my name, sending a shiver down her spine.

"So, your name is Evelyne,' he said as if he had just discovered something precious.

Adonis had always been a mystery to me, but now that he knew my name, I felt exposed somehow.

But before I could say anything, Adonis cut in. 'I am...' "I know,' I interrupted hurriedly, my heart racing. "I heard Justin calling your name."

Adonis raised an eyebrow but didn't remark. Instead, he asked, "Care to explain why you slipped out of my apartment that night without even letting me know? Don't you think I deserve some explanation?"

I hesitated, unsure of how to respond. I had been hoping to avoid this conversation, but now it seemed inevitable.

"I... I'm sorry," I stammered. "But we're done, Adonis." "Elijah," he corrected me, a hint of amusement in his eyes. "My name is Elijah.'

I blinked, feeling a sudden surge of anger. How dare he made light of this?

But before I could say anything, he spoke again.

"Why?" he asked simply.

My heart skipped a beat. It was a simple question, but one that held so much weight. Why was I ending things between them?

"I thought we shared something deep,' Elijah continued gently, his gaze never leaving my face.

"Then why are you ending it?"

I felt a lump rise in my throat. This was harder than I had anticipated." Because I think we were taking things too far," I finally managed to say.

As soon as the words were out, I wished I could take them back. They sounded so weak, so inadequate.

He just nodded slowly,

and I could see the pain in those eyes.

"Fair enough, I understand." He said quietly, "But you could have talked to me. I could make it slow for you. I am sorry if I scared you, Evelyne. But please give it a chance."

Was he pleading?

"Don't you think I deserve a chance? We deserve a chance, Eve." I moved my eyes away from his face but he was quick to hold

my cheeks in his palms, "Eve. You must be wondering how I know your name. I went to your Salon. The lady... Mrs. Margret told me your name." He smiled.

"The game we were playing. I never had this idea that you have such a lovely name." Oh, God. I wish I could tell him that I didn't like his name.

"There is so much about me I want to tell you, Eve." He whispered.

"And that is?" Before I could stop myself, the words were out.

'This fancy car you were teasing me about. It doesn't belong to me. It belongs to my friend who let me have it when I arrived in

town. Though I do own that apartment." He chuckled, "I am sorry if you get overwhelmed by my emotions or lovemaking. I

promise we would take it slow. At your pace. But please don't jilt me without knowing me."

When I stayed quiet, he became somewhat frustrated, "I am not a stalker, Eve. I promise if you say no, I will not follow you. But please... don't say no, yet." "I appreciate your honesty," I finally said, my voice soft. "And I can see that you mean what you say.

But I need some time to think things over. I can't make any promises right now."

Adonis's face fell, and I felt a pang of guilt. I didn't want to hurt him, but I couldn't ignore my own feelings.

"Please," he said, his voice pleading. "Just give me a chance. I promise I won't let you down."

I looked into his green eyes, searching for any sign of insincerity. But all I saw were raw emotions, and I knew that he was telling the truth.

"I... I am sorry," I said finally, before turning to walk away.

As I walked back to my friends, I couldn't help but wonder if I was making the right decision. But deep down, I knew that there was no space for another Elijah in my life.

There was only one. I could still feel his eyes burning holes in my back.

Just then he called me from behind, "Evelyne! I hope our paths cross again soon. There's still so much left unsaid between us."

I felt a shiver run down my spine at his words, but I tried to play it cool. Turning to him, I kept walking back, "Who knows what the future holds, Adonis? Maybe our paths will never cross again?" "I won't give up, Eve." He said, "I won't give up on us!" his voice held a promise. Did he mean he would not let me go?

He would keep stalking me?

No! My heart wasn't convinced. Nopes! If he was planning to be a stalker, then that would be a bummer. Isn't it?

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Chapter 129

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9- Cherie (Book 2)

"You are hiding something. We know that. Either it's related to Adonis. The man you met a few days back or it's related to Elijah, Justin's friend, who you seem to know. Whatever it is. We don't want to pry into your life, Eve. But please remember. We are your friends, and we want to let you know that we will always be there by your side no matter what you decide."

Ashley was holding my hand, sitting at the edge of the bed. Hooking her thumbs in her shorts pockets, Aniya was standing looking at us. Justin was leaning against the doorframe listening to his wife but didn't comment. To avoid Adonis, I had decided to stay here but my friends knew there was something, I was not letting them know.

Justin cleared his throat, "By any chance... Is any of these men trying to stalk you or bully you?" Justin asked me sincerely.

I shook my head quietly trying to control the tears that were at the brink of my eyes. How to tell my friends that Elijah and Adonis were the names of the same man?

No, he was not the stalker, nor he was a bully. I was the one bullying myself. I told myself silently. Justin peeled himself from the doorframe and walked to the bed.

Taking the place beside his wife, he held my hands, 'Tell us, honey. What do you want? Should we arrange your visits to the doctor? Or should we ask someone to visit you here? We can't leave you alone.'" He had worry in his eyes and I was feeling ashamed for disturbing my friends' lives due to my personal problems.

"Oh, no!" Justin spoke, "I know that look. You are not a burden on us, Eve. For God's sake."

Aniya stepped forward, putting her hand on my shoulder, "We're here for you, Eve. Whatever it is, we'll help you through it. You don't have to go through this alone."

Ashley rubbed my knee, "Just tell us what's going on, Eve. We won't judge you. We just want to help."

I took a deep breath, feeling the weight of their concern and support. "It's complicated," I started, "I just...I don't know how to explain it."

Justin gave my hand a gentle squeeze, "Take your time, Eve. We're not going anywhere."

I looked up at their kind faces and felt a lump in my throat. These were my true friends, the ones who would stick with me through thick and thin.

Finally, I spoke, "C... Can I get some time? I am sorry, guys but right now I am a mess. I just need some time. I promise I will confide in you."

Aniya's eyes seemed misty, 'Take all the time in the world. Just don't forget that we are here."

I nodded slowly, 'Thank you."

Ashley's expression turned to one of concern, "Oh, Eve. We just can't see you in pain. Ok?" I nodded at her.

"I didn't want to burden you guys with my problems. And besides, I think I can handle it on my own."

Justin spoke up, "Well, you don't have to handle it on your own. We're here for you, and we'll do whatever it takes to help you through this. After all, what are friends for?"

I felt a sense of relief wash over me as I looked at them. I knew I could count on them to support me, no matter what.

"We are about to go hundred percent on appointments. You all have got just one month. Please start informing your clients that we won't be entertaining any more walk-ins. Word of mouth is the best. We have printed our brochures. You all are welcome to distribute them in your neighborhood, among your friends, to your boyfriends." I smiled at my staff who were listening to me intently.

This was my first day at the studio after my sickness. We were having a quick meeting in the back room of the Salon. Mrs.

Margret had made sure to ask all the staff members to reach there fifteen minutes before the opening time.

As promised, she had prepared a bomb marketing strategy for the promotion of the salon. I had convinced her to take up the desk job and hire a girl who could be keen to learn from her.

"So, any questions you need to ask?" I asked my staff who were happy to see me again.

Jessica, one of my senior stylists, raised her hand. "Yes, Eve. What about the soc*ial media presence? Are we going to be more active on it?" she asked.

"Absolutely," I replied. 'We need to make sure we're reaching our audience where they are. So, we'll be posting more frequently and using more hash* tags to increase our visibility.'

Samantha, our pedicure specialist, chimed in. "And what about online booking? Are we going to start offering that?"

"Yes, we definitely are," I said. "We're going to be launching a new web*site in the next few weeks that will allow clients to book appointments online. We'll also be sending out email reminders for appointments and promotions.'

Mrs. Margret added, "And don't forget about the referral program. We're offering a discount for clients who refer a friend, so make sure to let everyone know about that too."

Everyone nodded in agreement, and I could see the excitement building among my team. We were all ready to take the salon to the next level.

"Alright then, let's get to work," I said, standing up and clapping my hands." We've got a lot to do in the next month, but I know we can do it. Let's make this the best month yet!

When all of them were about to stand up I quickly made another announcement 'And one more thing, team. As a token of appreciation for your hard work, I've decided to offer a bonus to each one of you at the end of the month.' The room erupted with cheers and applause. My staff members were thrilled, and I could see the gratitude in their eyes.

"Thank you so much, Eve!" Jessica exclaimed, her face beaming with excitement.

"You're welcome," I replied, smiling back at her.

"You all work so hard, and I want to make sure you know how much I appreciate everything you do for the salon."

Mrs. Margret nodded in agreement. "That's right. We couldn't do this without each and every one of you. Let's make this a month to remember!"

With that, the meeting was adjourned, and my team members started to file out of the room, eager to get started on the new marketing plan. I felt a sense of pride and satisfaction, knowing that we were all working together to make the salon a success.

I was wrong. I was fu*cking wrong. While feeling that satisfaction and pride, I had thought I would be able to forget about him.

But no.

Despite, so many attempts I was not able to push him out of my thoughts. There were so many things he told me that evening at

Justin's place before leaving. No matter how busy I was, his voice used to ring in my head all the time.

"Don't you think I deserve a chance? We deserve a chance. Eve. You must be wondering how I know your name. I went to your

Salon. The lady... Mrs. Margret told me your name." He had smiled.

'There is so much about me I want to tell you, Eve.'

He had whispered.

"I am not a stalker, Eve. I promise if you say no, I will not follow you. But please... don't say no, yet." He had pleaded with me.

Had he forgotten about me and moved on? Did I make a mistake to push him away?

True to his word, I never found him stalking me or following me. My staff had started showing concerns that why was I working

like crazy. They all wanted to give me relief, but I didn't want to rest even for a moment.

After a long and exhausting day at work, I finally stepped out of the parlor, feeling a sense of relief as the cool evening breeze hit

my face. As I glanced across the street, my eyes landed on the same club where I first met him. Without even realizing it, my feet began to move towards the club's entrance. As I stepped inside, the loud music that had become quite familiar to me, greeted me once again. Making my way to the bar counter, I took a seat on one of the stools and let out a deep sigh. It was then that a different bartender approached me, asking, "What should I fix for you, miss?"

I thought for a moment before responding, "Something intense. I think I'll take a cab home tonight instead of taking the driving risk." I said the last part in a low whisper, almost as if I was speaking to myself.

The bartender nodded and got to work, carefully mixing a concoction that would match my request for something intense. As he placed the drink in front of me, I couldn't help but feel a sense of nostalgia wash over me. It was in this very spot that I had first laid eyes on him.

"Hello!" Someone exclaimed, pulling up a stool beside me. I stiffened at the sound of his voice, not in the mood to deal with his snarky comments.

"I can't see your fancy guy tonight," Brian continued, looking around me with a sneer on his face. "Has he ditched you?"

I rolled my eyes, annoyed at his behavior. "Shut up and leave me alone," I muttered, taking a sip from my glass without bothering to look at him.

"I can't, Eve. I will never ditch you!" Was he serious?

"Brian. I need to enjoy this drink. Leave me alone."

"Nah! Finish up your drink and then I will take you home. You should not drive after drinking this." He pointed to my drink. I was in no mood to run away from him.

Because this time there was no Adonis to help me.

"I love the way your lips touch the edge of the glass. I almost imagine them touching my mushroom. Ha-ha." I wanted to gag at the joke.

"Fuck off and get lost, loser!" Oh, Adonis! Where are you? I held my head propping my elbows on the counter. My hair was falling on my face, hiding it.

Just then, someone whispered in my ear from behind, making me jump. "Hey, Cherie! Need my help in getting him off your back?"

I turned slowly, not believing my eyes when I saw a familiar face, one that I had not seen in a while.

Looking as handsome as ever. I kept looking at his serious face and whispered, "Adonis?"

He nodded slowly and tucked away my hair behind my ear as if he was looking for an excuse to touch me. His eyes turned cold when they eyed the man sitting beside me.

"Are you leaving the club, or should I throw you out?"

Brian seemed scared but managed a smile on his face, 'This is a club, mister. Remember? A public place! No one can throw me out. Ha-ha.' He roared with laughter, "Except if you are the owner."

Adonis kept looking at him with that frightening glare, "Fine!" he muttered under his breath and snapped his fingers at someone,

'Take him out of here. Next time you see him, handover him to the police.'

The three suited guards who must be above six feet held Brian by the collar and dragged him away. They did it so effortlessly,

not many could notice the slight disturbance.

I didn't realize that I was still looking at his face, "Y...You kn...know these ... club people?"

He smiled gently and cupped my cheek, "I am the owner here, Cherie."

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10- My Name! Elijah! (Book 2)

Elijah pov

She looked a little taken aback when I told her that I was the owner of this club. For some reason, she was avoiding me, but her body seemed to give a different message.

She told me earlier that she could not go further with our relationship but right now she was leaning in on me as if she was most secure in my arms. The girl was giving me mixed signals.

I was in my office when I got a glimpse of her on my camera screen, entering the club. The face I was waiting for, for the last few days. As always, she looked beautiful but highly disturbed. I was still trying to decide if I should go after her or not, as the girl clearly used to get uneasy by my presence.

Initially, she was ok with our closeness but after our night of passion, I didn't know what got into her. The first time I saw her in

this club, I thought she was a model with her jet-black hair and smooth, shiny long legs. It was expected that she might be a spoiled brat.

But oh, man. She was an amazing human with a golden heart. She knew when to laugh and when to tease a man.

Beauty and brains. A highly unlikely combination and here she was responding to my teasing with this wittiness that was part of her personality.

I looked down at her head and swallowed the unexpected lump forming in my throat.

Why was she running away? Did I make some mistake? Why was she not comfortable telling me her address? Was I a creep to her?

So many questions were running through my head as I looked down at her and then kissed her hair.

"How many glasses of drink have you had? I hope it's only one." I asked her head. She didn't raise it and stayed like this lifting her index finger in front of my eyes.

I gulped down the sudden grin forming on my lips.

"Should I take you home?"¹ this made her lift her head looking at me questioningly, "If you are not comfortable, I won't," I

murmured drinking in her features.

She pouted but didn't respond. I brushed my knuckle against her smooth cheek, "Please trust me. I will never come after you without your consent."

"Promise?" she seemed so fragile and so vulnerable that all I wanted to do was hug her.

No! Don't! Don't scare her off again, Elijah.

"Promise!" I said solemnly. Right now, all I wanted was to gain her trust. I wanted to earn it so badly. She nodded her head, still looking hesitant. I wrapped my arm around her waist and led her towards the exit.

As we stepped out into the cool night air, I noticed her shiver slightly. I immediately took off my jacket and draped it over her shoulders. She looked up at me, surprised by the gesture.

"Umm. You don't need to ..." she whispered, a hint of gratitude in her voice.

I smiled down at her and tucked a strand of hair behind her ear. 'You deserve it, Cherie. You're special.'

She blushed at my words, and I couldn't help but feel a surge of protectiveness towards her.

As we walked towards my car, I couldn't shake the feeling that something wasn't quite right. She seemed distant and lost in

thought, and I couldn't help but wonder what was bothering her.

"Is everything okay?" I asked, as I opened the car door for her.

She hesitated for a moment before answering, 'Yeah. I am.'

I rounded the car and got in the passenger seat. When I started the engine I heard her low whisper, "I'm just not used to being taken care of like this. It's new to me, Adonis."

I nodded, understandingly. 'Well, get used to it. I'm not going anywhere.' When she turned to me in surprise, I hurriedly explained, "Not at least until you ask me to, long legs."

The girl was a breath of fresh air in my world which was full of uncertainties. And I was determined to protect her at all costs.

As I drove her home, I couldn't help but notice the way she kept fidgeting with her hands, her eyes glued to her lap. I knew something was up, but I didn't want to push her. I wanted her to trust me enough to confide in me when she was ready.

She guided me through the route to her apartment building and then went silent. Unlike our last ride, she was unusually quiet.

As we pulled up to her house, she turned to me, 'Thank you for everything tonight. You didn't have to do all this for me, Adonis.'

I reached out and squeezed her hand, 'I did it because I wanted to. You mean a lot to me, and I just want to make you happy.'

She smiled at me, and for a moment, all I wanted to do was hug her and kiss her senselessly. Right now, all that mattered was the way she was looking at me, and the feeling of her soft hand in mine.

She was about to open the car door to get out of the car, I couldn't help but felt a pang of sadness. I didn't want the night to end. I

wanted to spend more time with her, to hold her close and never let go.

She gulped down her spit and chuckled nervously. Her hand was still on the door handle, "Thanks." She started chewing her lower lip maybe trying to decide if she should invite me in or not. The idea was too tempting, but it could push her further away from me.

And then I decided to take a risk. The biggest risk of my life.

"Evelyne," I called her name softly and smiled when I got her attention. I couldn't utter another word because of my quivering

lips, "Can we be together again as friends?"

She seemed to go stiff, but I placed my hand on her shoulder, "H...how about I call you long legs and you call me Adonis. Let's

pretend we don't know each other's names."

The moment I said it, I felt her taking a sigh of relief. I hadn't even finished the talk and she was already happy. Why?

Was it something related to our names? No. It can't be.

Elijah was not a sa*tanic name. Was it?

"I...is it possible?" she whispered turning to me. I nodded my head and leaned forward.

"Yes. It is very much possible Eve." She seemed to control her tears.

"Evelyne. You don't like me?" I asked her in a painstakingly low voice, "Did I do something wrong?" I asked her the million-dollar question and she started shaking her head.

"No. No. You didn't."

How to ask her that?

"Long legs. Give me a chance." I held her chin in my forefinger and thumb and raised her face, "All I need is one chance. If it

won't work out, then I promise. I will let you go."

"What?" Her head snapped up. She had doubts in her eyes. Trying to swallow the lump I nodded at her. I was willing to take this

risk even if it meant, losing her forever.

At least, I won't regret it later, that I didn't try enough to give it a chance.

"You will really let me go? Just like that?" she didn't sound convinced.

"Just like that. Your happiness matters, Eve. You are worth trying for." This time I leaned forward and planted a kiss on her cheek. She was looking at me with those misty eyes. At last, a small smile broke on her lips, and she bent over a little to give a kiss on my cheek.

Damn! There was hope.

There was hope for me. Yayy!

She opened the passenger door and walked towards her apartment gates. I knew I had to let her go. I couldn't force her to stay, and I didn't want to make her uncomfortable.

As I drove back home, I couldn't shake the feeling that she was the missing piece in my life. The one person who understood me, who made me feel alive. And I knew I had to do everything in my power to protect her, to make her feel safe and loved.

Because in the end, all that mattered was her happiness, and I was willing to do whatever it takes to make her smile.

Because she was worth it.

It was after midnight, and I was still not able to sleep. With a coffee cup on my study desk, I was using my laptop and trying different keywords on different search engines. I put up her salon name and was told it was founded two years ago. Then what was she doing before those two years?

Studying?

Internship?

Freelancing?

I kept searching for her but there was no significant info before that two years time period. So, I thought to call Justin. I knew he was awake because he sent a message to me not more than five minutes ago.

"Hey. What's up." He received my call on the first ring. I discussed a few of our business proposals and then brought up the topic of Eve.

"Justin. This friend of Ashley. Evelyne. Was she working in some salon before opening her own in Arguli?" Justin suddenly went quiet.

"Why are you asking?" he was quite a blunt man and I liked it when he sounded defensive for Eve.

"Because I know nothing about her." With Justin, it was better if one would be honest instead of beating around the bush.

"Why don't you ask her, Elijah?"

"I did!" I brushed my fingers through my hair in frustration, "But she is not ready to talk."

"Elijah!"

"Listen, mate." I interrupted him, "I am serious about her. I ... I think ... I like her. Like Seriously. If you won't help me then I will

hire someone for investigation. And I don't want to do that. I want to understand her, Justin."

By now I was running out of breath, "I want to know about her from someone who really cares about her. From you or your wife.

Please, Justin." There was silence on the other side of the phone.

Holding my breath, I was waiting when his voice appeared on the phone.

"Fine," I heard him inhaling shakily, 'Two years back, she shared the ownership of a small ice cream set up with her boyfriend. It

was located in Gravern town which is situated near Deluca mansion. One night, the gas cylinder of the shop kitchen burst.

Causing the deaths of her boyfriend and his cousin. She survived because she was out to buy ketchup for making sandwiches.

Ashley was badly injured in it."

His voice showed he was still traumatized by the accident.

"Man!" I didn't know what to say, "So who was this boyfriend and his cousin?"

'They didn't belong to any influential family. Elijah and Eve both were self-made and started the ice cream business from scratch.

"Sorry? Who?" I must have heard wrong.

"Elijah. Eve's fiancé. Elijah and his cousin Sam couldn't make it."

Elijah? Did he say, Elijah? I was not aware of what I said to Justin after that and when I disconnected the call.

But Eve was fine until that night when we had great s*x. And then something dawned on me. She was fine until she didn't know

my name. She must have discovered my name when she was here at my place.

And then that reminded me of that absurd convo we had at Justin's place," So, your name is Evelyne. I am ..."

"I know. I heard Justin calling your name." she didn't let me speak.

After a while, she spoke, 'I... I'm sorry,' She had stammered. "But we're done, Adonis.'

"Elijah,' I had corrected her, "My name is Elijah." Fu*ck. She always called me Adonis but never Elijah.

Sh*it! Sh*it! I threw my phone so hard that its screen broke. It was my name. It was my fu*cking name all along.

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Read Ouch My CEO Fiancé Fell For His Maid by Lisa Salman Chapter 130

Read Ouch My CEO Fiancé Fell For His Maid
Chapter 130

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Chapter 130

The Read Ouch My CEO Fiancé Fell For His Maid
by Lisa Salman has been updated to chapter
Chapter 130 .

In Chapter 130 of the Ouch My CEO Fiancé Fell For
His Maid t series, The story is about a young woman
named Ashley

Walter who is offered 10 million dollars to marry an
unknown man for one year by a wealthy woman
named Electra De Luca,
who is also the grandmother of the man she is to
marry. Electra sets absurd conditions that Ashley
must follow, including not

being allowed to talk to her husband, sleep in the same bed as him, or use the bathroom in the same room. Ashley agrees to the conditions to obtain the money needed for her sick mother. After the wedding, Ashley is taken to a grand mansion where she is given a room with a mattress in the corner. Despite the luxurious surroundings, Ashley misses her life at the orphanage and is apprehensive about meeting her husband, who she is not even allowed to look at....

Will this Chapter

130 author Lisa Salman mention any details. Follow Chapter 130 and the latest season of this series at .

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