Ouch! My CEO Fiancé Fell For His Maid Chapter 35

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35-Bingo

Ashley Walters pov

I was out in the daylight after such a long time. However, I was expecting a uniformed chauffeur not Justin to drive us to the mall. During the drive, I kept looking outside the window instead of giving company to the hot driver sitting beside me.

Justin took me to all the branded shops where I started trying different skirts and tops. The salesgirl there was too helpful and too

jolly. There was just one problem. The poor thing was squinted. While she was talking to me her eyes had been on Justin the entire time.

She kept suggesting me cocktail dresses too.

"Who wears a cocktail dress at home?" I tried to argue with the girl.

"You will when you will attend some official dinner or party," Justin said casually going through dresses hanging on a railing.

"Excuse me?" I turned before going inside the trial room, "What kind of official dinner?"

"The ones where you will accompany me." He said indifferently and started pulling a few gowns out of the pile.

those dinners?

The task that was supposed to take just thirty minutes took hours. I kept coming out of the trial room wearing different dresses to get the approval of his highness. Justin kept rejecting most of the outfits and kept asking the girl to show something new. By now,

"Here. Try these as well!" He did not let me think much about what he said earlier. Of course, why he would take me with him on

the shop owner who was a lady and knew Justin personally was also standing there.

I was not presentable enough. I did not know how to carry a decent conversation with an executive.

My body tensed initially because I still did not want to tell anyone, especially from his close circle that what was my relationship with him. I was still scared of Electra Deluca.

Yet, the owner woman seemed too sweet and did not drill either of us with her prying questions.

When it was time to pay, Justin handed over his card to the owner and eyed me with concern, "Hungry?"

By now my face must have looked tired. Spending a few nights at my job transformed me into a night owl. I could stay awake at night and my days made me act like a sluggish bum.

"Yes!" He held my elbow, "Come on. We have lots of things to do and that needs to be done today."

I felt his hand on my head tussling my hair.

"See? That's the reason I asked you to take off last night. Well, I don't think it should take much time as we will head to buy you some shoes and..."

I lifted my face and made a pout, "And?"

"I am not hungry." I leaned my head on his shoulder, "I am sleepy."

"Lingerie!"

"Oh?" I cocked up a brow.

"Oh! My company has made you smarter." He teased me and chuckled when I pinched his upper arm, Yes. I am expected to take a trip in the upcoming days."

"Why? Are you going somewhere?"

goodbye, "Ma'am. Our shopping bags... They are still with you. We paid for them." I was in my fighting mode totally forgetting that she was not a street vendor but the owner of this huge brand shop.

We were just about to leave the boutique when I halted mid-way and turned to the owner who was standing there to say

I tilted my head to meet his gaze and then looked back at the owner who was trying to give me a polite smile. I bet she wanted to strangle my neck by now.

"Oh. Sorry." I went ahead and hugged her, taking her by surprise, "I never wanted to cause you pain or hurt you, but I just

The poor thing was now trying to hold back her smile and Justin was pulling me to get me out of the shop, "Ashley Walters! Come!"

"Ahem... Ahem" Justin cleared his throat, "They will be delivered this evening, Ashley."

"What? Don't look at me like this. You should have told me how Richie riches behave!" I tried to ignore his shooting glares.

I was after my comfort while Justin wanted me to look like a runway model.

"Justin. I like pumps and joggers. I don't need these high heel sandals." I whispered so that the owner would not hear me.

half inch doesn't make it a high heel."

squeezed my hand and entered the greatest lingerie shop I had ever witnessed.

something happens to it when it reaches home. It expands."

He hissed in my ear, and we again said our goodbyes to the owner.

We did not spend much time on shoe selection.

Urgh. This man.

He brought his mouth close to my ear, "I know." He whispered back in my ear, "For your information, these are not high heels. A

"Ahem..." I again heard Justin clearing his throat, "Shell we leave, Ashley?" He was carrying all the bags and his lips were rolled between his teeth!

"Please get them delivered this evening. I need to try them again tonight. My foot size is quite confusing. It fits well in a shop, but

Rascal! These were NOT supposed to be delivered.

embarrassed.

Fair La Fete

thought..."

"I am sorry, Sir. I thought..." I wanted to talk more to the shoe store owner, but Justin preferred to tug me along. The poor guy was handling all the shopping bags along with a grown–ass woman who did not know how to leave a shop without making him

"I am hungry. Need to eat something, chief." I did not want to face any more embarrassment in the lingerie shop, but Justin was adamant.

"Just get done with it, sweetheart." He told me softly, "No need to feel awkward. Take it as your learning. experience." He

When we entered, salesgirls started whispering among themselves.

"Isn't it Justin Deluca?"

today?"

"He is the reason girls want to look good inside clothes too." They were talking in hushed tones, but I was sure it was making my

I knew why Justin was accompanying me everywhere. Like Sarah, I was not used to shopping from high- end brands.

"He never visited the shop. His bratty fiancée visits us a lot and he always waited outside: Why is he here

I was in no way, Sarah. She was the epitome of beauty and brains. She was someone Justin chose for himself, and they both deserved each other.

After knowing my right size, it did not take long to select my favorite colors and stuff

face redder with each passing minute.

"Justin," I tugged his sleeve, "I want to buy this." I pointed to a small transparent pack that had two velvet pieces in circle shapes.

"These? Are you sure?" He blinked twice to confirm.

Trying to ignore those girls, I started trying the usual bras and panties. Justin asked a salesgirl to show him bikinis of my size

"Please include that with our packages."

"Sir!" The salesgirl asked us professionally, "Should I show some G–strings to ma'am?" They both were looking at me questioningly.

"Yes I am sure. I watched a girl using it in a movie." I spoke near his ear. He curved down his lips and nodded at the girl.

"Are you sure?" Justin asked me gently and I nodded again.

"Hungry much?" Justin eyed me when I bit a big piece of pizza. Like him, I was not eating it with a fork and knife.

He bent forward and murmured, "A lot. Shh. You need to keep this secret!" He straightened and took a sip of his drink and poured some red wine into my glass.

did not enjoy my company?"

"Stop it!" I heard his tense voice

enjoyed shopping in my life."

I could feel his lips in my hair.

out. He was there to park our car.

Enjoyed shopping?"

Sarah.

restaurant.

I could feel stinging behind my eyelids.

"I just thought that maybe I mean I made you embarrassed and..."

him confidently when he did not let me finish and his voice boomed in the

time

"Look at me when you talk to me, Ashley."

I was blushing profusely, so I just shook my head.

"This is so good, Justin. Shopping is such a tiresome job. Gosh!"

"Really? And how many have you met?" I raised a brow questioningly.

"You are the first girl I ever met who doesn't like shopping." He said munching his bite.

shopping. You are rich. You could easily afford to send an experienced girl with

"No! It's not like that." I moved my head and prevented looking into his eyes.

instead..." I shrugged and raised my hand gesturing around me, "instead of wasting your

feet and hugged me, "You are such a dork, Ashley. From where do you get these absurd notions?"

me."
He furrowed his brows and placed his knife and fork on the plate, "And why do you say such a thing, Ms. Ashley Walters? You

"I am sorry. I dropped the napkin on the table, "It's just that... I think your time is precious. You should have stayed back

Instead of taking my next bite, I kept looking at him, "Instead of accompanying me here you could have sent someone to help me

"Justin…"
"You silly girl!!" He reached over to hold my hand, "This is the first fu*cking time, I enjoyed shopping. Do you hear that? I never

"Oh, Ashley!" He stood up and came around the table. Not bothering what the people might think about us, he pulled me to my

"Everyone is watching us." I tried to look around, but he pressed my face into his chest.

"Hell with the people. Now tell me "he cupped my cheek, "Why you bought those maroon-colored

"Those are eye pads, Justin!"

"What?"

On our way back we did not talk much except after every few minutes he would start laughing and shaking his head.

"Yes. I saw them in a movie where they cover their eyes during a facial with either a cucumber or one of these..." I was telling

I was somewhat aware that I had made a blunder, but I did not attempt to talk about it. All I wanted to do was punch his face.

The moment we stepped into the living room, I heard a familiar female voice squealing in excitement," Hello Justin. Hello Ashley!

beauties from the shop? You asked me confidently that you want it but the next minute the G-strings made you blush."

No, shit. I mean... to park Justin's car.

Justin quickly rounded the car and opened the door for me, "Ask someone to deliver the bags to ma'am's room."

Justin ordered him in an authoritative tone and his arm came around my shoulders.

I felt Justin's arm tighten around me in a protective grip.

My husband's fiancée was back in the house.

When he killed the engine and got out, a uniformed chauffeur was standing there waiting for me to come

Bingo!