

Ouch! My CEO Fiancé Fell For His Maid.

1- Absurd Conditions

Ashley Walter's pov:

"You will NOT show your face to your husband. Agreed?" She asked me in a stern voice.

"Yes, Ma'am," I muttered under my breath.

"I can't hear you, girl. Louder!" Her voice turned harsher.

"YES, MA'AM," I screamed.

"You are not allowed to sleep beside your husband in the bed. You will use the mattress in the corner of that bedroom. On the floor. Agreed?"

"YES, MA'AM!" I yelled again.

"He usually doesn't spend his time in his room but once he will be back, you are not allowed to talk to him, not allowed to walk, eat or drink in that room. You are not allowed to use the bathroom. Agreed?"

Now that was too much. I lifted my veil to have a look at this old goat's face who was getting me married to her grandson for ten million dollars. Where was I supposed to pee? On carpet?

"I can't hear you, girl. Do you want money or not?" She screeched in my ear making them ring.

Urgh!

I did want that money. It could solve my problems. I could get Mother Superior treated for cancer.

"YES MA'AM!" I pressed my lips in a thin line and dropped back my veil. My vocal cords would suffer if she would keep asking me to shout like this.

"You will behave like you do not exist. You will think of yourself as a furniture piece... Just lying there. Now if you agree to my conditions, sign the papers." She threw a pen on the table and slapped her hand on the document.

I tried to read my soon to be husband's name but she was quick to hide it with her hand.

"Why are you reading it? Either sign it or get lost!" Damn. Can't she talk in a normal tone? Why she keeps on screaming like this?

I signed the papers and voila!

I was married!

I just turned eighteen when the orphanage management asked me to look for a job and leave the premises.

With my limited education, I applied for a maid job. When I received the call, I was over the moon. The interview was taken on the phone.

I packed my bags and landed here. The first time Mrs. Electra De Luca met me, she ran a suspicious gaze from head to toe. I could not blame her. After traveling by bus for so many hours I was sweating like crazy.

The cheap cosmetic base that I applied to my skin must be dripping by now making me look like Dracula...

Or maybe female Dracula!

Within a few hours after my arrival, I was asked to marry her grandson whom I knew nothing about.

I never saw him and didn't know his name.

Except that he was her grandson.

I was supposed to stay married to him for just one year.

After that, I was free to leave the place with millions in my account.

When I was about to sign the papers, she held my hand with an iron grip.

"Signing this certificate doesn't give you any right to even bat an eye at my grandson. Don't even think of touching him or talking to him." She brought her wrinkled face near mine.

"You try to touch him and I will shoot you. You hear that?"

Gosh. She was a bitch! I thought her grandson was man enough to put forward these absurd conditions. Well! He seemed like a baby who was still attached to the umbilical cord of his grand Mommy.

"No, Ashley." I kind of scolded myself. Ignore her face! Try to imagine ten million dollars.

Yes!

That did bring a smile to my face.

"Yes, Ma'am," I said happily.

The moment those words escaped my mouth she left my hand nodding in approval.

I quickly signed the papers and we were out of there in a jiffy.

A car stopped near us and I was ordered to sit in the passenger seat with the driver.

The grandmommy sat at the back.

Once we entered the gigantic mansion, I was left alone on the doorstep near the entrance and she went inside slowly tapping her stick on the floor.

"Come. I will show you the room."

The other maid who had become my friend during that short time of one or two hours took me to a master bedroom after passing through so many hallways.

Oh, my God!

The room was so ... spectacular.

The huge king size bed was inviting my tired body but then my gaze fell on the small mattress in a corner.

"Listen, Nicole. Can you bring my bag? My all necessities are in it. Or can you ask someone to hand it over to me?"

Instead of replying in her old friendly way she just nodded keeping her eyes cast down.

The poor thing got the shock of her life when I told her that the old witch just proposed to me to marry her grandson. They did not let me wash my face or clean my hair which still had all the mud and my leftover makeup.

"What! How is this f*king possible? He is... sinfully handsome, Ashley. You have got a lottery girl. Congratulations."

Though I did detect a hint of jealousy in her eyes she quickly hid it.

When she left the room, I started looking around.

I had seen such bedrooms in the movies when we used to have those movie nights in the Eden Home orphanage.

Gosh. I missed my friends like crazy.

My heartbeat quickened when I heard loud heavy footsteps coming towards the room.

Grand Mommy told me that the man was rarely home. I went to my mattress if just in case...

I was not supposed to show him my face.

Oh. It was him. My husband!

I know, I was NOT allowed to call him that.

But it was ok to call him this in my heart.

The doorknob turned and the moment it flung open, I ducked down on the mattress and hid my face.

Turning my head, a little, I saw the man standing across the bed.

His upper body was visible. The broad shoulders flexed under that white shirt.

He took it off and oh man!

He was all muscular, tattooed, and delicious.

My my! I wish my friends were here. We would have screamed in excitement.

He must have felt my eyes on him and tilted his head a little.

I squeezed my eyes, shutting them tightly.

Oh, please, God. I don't want to lose those ten million dollars!