

# Ouch! My CEO Fiancé Fell For His Maid

Chapter 22

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## **22- No More Virgin Maid**

### **Sarah's pov**

“Welcome, Ms. Walters. So, this is how you will honor your agreement?” She was not expecting me to discover her secret.

So, she was going out, enjoying her life while also trying to lure her trophy husband. She was cunning beyond my expectations.

I was enjoying her shocked face. She swallowed her spit and took off her old, shabby black jacket that was oversized like the rest of her usual clothes.

Wait a minute. The skirt she was wearing had better fitting tonight.

“What were you doing outside? You do know that your contract requires you to stay here in this very room. And here! Look at you! You are busy sleeping around.”

She shook her head and started taking an old watch off her wrist. A low chuckle escaped my lips when I realized that it was a man's watch.

“Whose watch are you wearing? You have started picking pockets too, maid?” She closed her eyes and blew a long-held breath.

“You won’t spare me. Will you?” She started taking off her dirty shoes that she was not allowed to place here.

“What would you do if Justin would come to know that you are using his room’s window for quenching your desire!” Still ignoring me she started loosening her braid.

“Why do you want to inform him about me going out, Sarah?” She asked me tiredly.

“First of all, don’t you dare call me Sarah. Just like Justin is called young master by the servants. You should call me young mistress!” I did not know what she found so funny that she started laughing.

“What? Why are you laughing?” She seemed a little confident tonight after recovering from her initial shock.

“You calling yourself mistress is quite hilarious. I do know that you are nothing but a mistress.” She batted her eyes just like I did when we last talked at that dining table.

The way she twisted my words was enough for me to kill her. In an instant, I closed the distance between us and held her by her neck.

“You little piece of shit!” I scathed with anger, “Do you know the consequences of calling me, mistress?”

“And do YOU know the consequences for holding me by my neck IFFFF by any chance Justin would come to know?”

hand away, When the grip of my hands loosened around her neck, she shoved my hand difference does it make if you are THE YOUNG MISTRESS or just A MISTRESS!”

“What

She was trying my patience and I needed to do something about that. She would only listen to Justin. I needed to talk to him.

“Ok. So, you are his wife. Then be ready to face him, lass!” I was trying to scare her, and she was not one bit afraid of Justin.

Everyone in the household feared Justin except me. However, at one point even I could not dare to argue with him.

I guess this was the time to show her true colors to Justin.

Controlling my wrath, I marched out of the room. In the morning, the first thing would be to talk to him.

Shella and Nadia had already moved to their home this noon and I was missing them.

They were my constant support against her.

I was still in the hallway when the phone I was holding started ringing.

Sean!

“Yes, Sean!”

“You must be celebrating by now. Right?” I frowned and looked at my phone if it was really him. He never talked to me in that tone.

“Where are you, man? Come to the dining area. We can talk.” I was about to disconnect the call when his voice stopped me from doing it.

“I am not home. I am residing at a friend’s place for the time being. Granny promised me that she would take care of my living arrangements very soon.”

“You are not living here? But why?”

“Because your fiancé gave me an ultimatum not to show my face or my existence in the house. He even slapped me... Right on my face.”

“Oh!” I was dumbfounded for a minute.

“Oh? That’s what you have got to say?”

“Come on, Sean. You tried to take advantage of that petty maid. And now you are trying to put the blame on me? This is not happening, Sean.”

I kept examining my chipped nail color.

I stopped abruptly, when I saw the lights inside Justin's study, "I will talk to you later, Sean." He was trying to say something, but I had already disconnected the call.

Justin was awake? I slowly went to the study door and pushed it open without knocking. Justin was talking to someone on phone.

"Yes, please. You need to be vigilant and keep an eye on her." He spoke, nodded, and disconnected the call.

I knew he was talking about that maid. He was asking someone to keep an eye on her which meant he did not trust her.

I needed to tell him about it.

"You are not sleeping, Sarah." He started collecting his paperwork in the form of a stack.

"You are also awake. What are you doing here?"

"I was expecting a few calls from Asian countries. And you know quite well we need to accommodate them due to the time zone difference."

He said busily, "By the way. Why are you here?"

"Justin! I ..." I needed to be careful about it. Helga and Sean were out of the house because of that girl, "I... was here to... tell... you that..."

“Yes?” he frowned and nodded his head, “Speak up.”

“Do you know that your maid... I mean Ashley...” Gosh. That slip of the tongue, “She is going out at night? I mean your marriage was supposed to stay secret. Granny would be upset if this secret will...”

“Don’t worry, Sarah.” He smiled, “Nobody would come to know about this setting.”

“But Justin. The way she is going out...”

“Ok. I will handle her, Sarah. I’ll talk to her. Anything else you are worried about?” He stood up and stretched. It was a long time ago when we made love. I was missing him.

“No. I am not worried, Justin. It’s just that... as long as she is married to you, she should be careful...” I had to stop when I saw Justin’s eyes slowly turning bloodshot red.

“I meant to say... I mean... I am of course not her foe.” I laughed trying to make light of the situation, “I am concerned about your family’s reputation.”

“Sarah!” He walked towards the door and opened it, gesturing me to leave the room, “As long as I am alive you don’t need to worry about me or my family’s reputation.”

I gulped down the disappointment when I could not get the desired reaction from him.

He followed me while exiting the room and ushered me to mine.

“Sleep tight, Sarah.” He was about to turn around when I stopped him, “Justin!”

He just stopped and cocked up his brow questioningly, “Why are you occupying the guest room? You could shift her there.”

I did not know why I was asking such an absurd question. If he found it odd, he did not remark.

“Someone tried to rape her under my roof, Sarah. This was the least I could do. To provide her security.” Damn you, Sean.

I knew he was responsible for it. I wish I could kill him for that.

“You did right, Justin.” I told her softly, “Nobody deserves such disrespect.”

“I know. Right?” He clicked his tongue and was about to turn away when I placed my hand on his arm. My core started throbbing just by touching him.

“Why don’t you stay in my room.” I tried to give him my signature se\*xy smile, “It’s been a while.” He kept looking at my face and then chuckled.

“No, Sarah. Good night.” He started walking away. Did he... did he just flatly refuse my offer?

“But why?” I asked him loudly, “Why not?” I demanded.

He stopped but this time did not turn around,  
“Because I am married, Sarah. In case you have  
forgotten, you are the one who got me married.  
Remember?”

With that, he walked away. Not to his bedroom at  
least. But he flatly refused me?

No Justin. You need to realize that I am the only one  
for you. No Justin. You can't reject me and walk  
away. I will prove to you  
that I am the one worth keeping.

Not her. Not that no-more-virgin maid.

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