

Ouch! My CEO Fiancé Fell For His Maid

Chapter 8

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8- I Needed to weep

Sarah's pov

“Sarah. Don't you think you are being emotional? Justin can never stay angry loves you and you know that.”

with

you. He

My friends Nadia and Shella were trying to console me. Justin did not receive my call after that. I knew he loved me and cared for me.

This was the first time he did not talk to me for almost three days.

“I agree with Nadia,” Shella spoke for the first time, “Give some time to him. It was just a silly bet. We tried to warn you that Olivia is just jealous of you. She was after Justin for quite some time.”

Shella who had a secret crush on Justin tried to scold me. Nadia did like Justin but at least she had a steady boyfriend. Shella was still single by choice.

We all were sitting in the luxury suite of our hotel. “Don’t worry about Justin. Granny told me that maid is not much beautiful. I trust my fiancé.” My fingers were intertwined under my chin, “It’s just that... he is upset because of me.” I did not know why I was getting this uncomfortable feeling in the pit of my stomach.

Justin. Baby!

He was never much impressive about his feelings. He had been a serious guy from a young age since he lost his mom.

We had been close family friends until I started developing feelings for him. When I offered him to get engaged to me, he said yes. Because there was no one else in his life except a few meaningless flings.

After the engagement, I was over the moon. Justin was at last, mine. But my happiness was short-lived. After getting engaged to him how my close circle started treating me was another story. They were jealous because I got what they could not imagine having.

Justin De Luca.

Nadia and Shella kept glued to me in those hard times.

The hatred was genuine, but I never gave a damn. Our fathers had been business partners, and no power on earth could budge me from my decision to remain with Justin.

Granny was the one who wanted Justin to get married to someone else before marrying me. I never liked the idea and almost hated her for it.

At last, when I gave in to her idea, she tried to convince me that the girl she chose was not beautiful. She was a poor girl who was there as a maid. Justin rarely talked to girls. He never communicated with any maid except Helga.

Then why I was feeling so insecure?

Why was I getting these strange feelings in the pit of my stomach?

I jumped a little when my phone started ringing. Justin?

I hurriedly picked up my phone and saw Helga's name blinking on the screen. Now why she was calling me?

"Helga?" I spoke and nodded at my friends before stepping on the balcony. I wanted privacy.

"Ms. Sarah? I am sorry that I am disturbing you."

"No, no, Helga. Please speak. What is it? How is Justin?" Helga might be his maid, but she had been like an elderly for both of us.

I had no shame in admitting that she seemed to love me more than Justin. And why not? I used to slip extra cash in her hands quietly when no one was watching. She was the one who told me what Justin liked and disliked. What was his favorite food? His favorite color?

Everything!

“Young master is good, Ms. Sarah.”

“And how is that maid? Is she beautiful? Cunning?”

The question made Helga quiet.

“Helga? Hello?” I thought I lost the connection.

“Yes, Ms. Sarah. I am right here.” She paused for a few minutes, “Ms. Sarah. She is pretty. But there is no comparison with you.

You are too beautiful to compete.”

I smirked shrugging my shoulders nonchalantly. I had been hearing it since childhood.

“But Ms. Sarah...”

Now I was getting irritated by these silly pauses.

Why Helga was being a drama queen?

“The girl might not be as pretty. But she sure is too cunning.”

That got my attention like anything, “What do you mean, Helga?”

“We held her luggage because we wanted to go through her stuff... Just you know ... for security purposes.”

“Helga!” I rolled my eyes, “It’s not good! That’s a breach of privacy!” If Justin would hear that he might kill her, “It’s her right to get her suitcases back. Oh my God!” It had been quite some time since her wedding. And they did not return her suitcases to her?

Why?

I did not know how she was managing. This was dangerous. All these tricks could awaken empathy in Justin’s heart for that so-called wife of his.

“I am sorry, Ms. Sarah.” I could detect fear in Helga’s voice. Poor woman! “There are some documents that I got from her bag. I thought you might be interested in it...”

“Whatever it is,” I hissed through my clenched teeth, “Return her stuff!”

Without bothering to hear her response, I disconnected the call and stormed inside my room. Shella and Nadia were busy in a heated argument about some ramp model on the huge LED hanging on the wall. Shella thought he looked like Justin. Nadia was saying his six pack abs were like my fiancé’s.

Oh, boy! I was not the only one whose mind was occupied by him.

“Girls!” I clapped, “Get your ass moving. We are leaving.”

“Why?”

“What?”

“Where?”

Both of them stood up in shock shooting questions at me, “Our one–week trip is still left, Sarah!” Nadia complained.

“We need to get back home. Justin needs us. I need to see if that girl should be there in his life or should be thrown away.”

“WHAT?” Both girls screamed at the top of their lungs.

“You can’t be serious, Sarah!” Shella whispered.

“I am.” I shrugged, “It’s not that he has brought the dame to the family dining table. Of course, granny would never allow that. But

before she walks to that dining area. I need to go and take matters into my hands. Now you tell me.” I extended my hand

spreading my palm before them, “Are you two with me? Because I won’t mind if you two want to stay here and enjoy rest of the vacation.”

“Urgh.” Nadia rolled her eyes, “Anything for you, mate.” She slapped her palm on mine.

“Count me in, Sarah.” Shella joined our hands, “We are not leaving you alone.”

Yes! That’s the support I needed. My friends were with me in this. I wanted my man back.

Little did I know, the damage was done.

Ashley's pov:

It had been three days past that incident. Helga only managed to bring one of my bags. For the time being that was enough.

Justin used to visit the room daily only for five minutes to know if I needed anything.

At least I had started getting three times meals.

Luckily my husband was not visiting me anymore.

He was not even sleeping in

his room. As far as I was concerned, I was happy about it.

Helga did try to intimidate me when she brought me dinner last night, but I did not get scared. Well! I did choose to stay quiet.

I was here for just one year and I did not want to shake the household. Once I will leave the place with millions in my account, I

will straight away go to the Welfare hospital where Mother Superior was being treated for her cancer on charity donations.

I was also planning to offer Justin to work for me. If we would click, we would make a great team.

But how was I going to spend one year when it was getting harder to spend my days doing nothing?

I got up for the bathroom visit. One more benefit of the absence of my husband. I could visit the bathroom whenever the hell I wanted.

I guess Justin was keeping him busy.

Thank you, Justin. With a smile on my lips, I went inside until I realized what happened. Oh!

I just got my period!

I came out of the bathroom and started looking for my pads. Crap! It was in another bag.

What to do now?

I immediately went back to the bathroom to avoid any accidents. I did not want to wash my clothing with the male body wash again.

By now, seated on the toilet seat, my mind was racing.

For the time being, I could place my extra underwear to serve the purpose. But what about the next visit?

Oh, God!

I let my head fall limply in my hands.

Just then I heard the bedroom door opening. I wish it was Helga or Justin but not my husband.

My my!

If it was my creepy husband, according to the marriage conditions, I was not supposed to be here in the bathroom.

“Ashley!” I heard a soft knock on the bathroom door. Thank God! It was Justin. I wanted to cry with relief and happiness.

“Kitten! Hello!” He again knocked on the door, “I hope you are ok. I am waiting here. Take your time.” He said softly and moved away.

Now how to tell him what I needed?

“Jus...Justin!” I was not sure if he was the right person to ask for help.

“Kitten!”

“I haven’t got my other bag. Can you bring it?” I could feel my voice being shaky.

“You haven’t got back your bags?” There was surprise in his voice.

“No!” I said while chewing my lower lip. For some reason, I felt overwhelmed and wanted to cry. In the orphanage, we hardly ate good food or wore decent clothes. But there... at least, we were happy.

Contented!

“Kitten! Don’t worry. I will bring it right now.” There was a trace of fury in his voice, “Do you kitten?”

hear me,

I could not answer him. I did not even know how to stand up and walk to the door. That slight pain in my lower belly that I knew would increase in the next few minutes. That familiar heaviness.

“Kitten! Answer me, honey!” He was talking to me so gently that I wanted to weep.

I could feel uneasiness in his voice. By now I hid my face in my palms and gave in. I was crying silently.

When I thought that Justin might have left the room, the door handle twisted slowly, and the bathroom door opened a little.

“Kitten! I am coming inside.” He kind of warned me and I was in no state to speak.

I felt him walking inside and crouching down close to me, “Ashley!” He touched my head and then I heard a soft rustling near me.

He was taking off his jacket so that he could place it on my knees to cover my partial nakedness. After spreading it he moved my hands away from my face. Holding my chin, he tilted my face up.

“Ashley? Sweetheart? You are crying? What happened? Tell me!”

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