

Ouch! My CEO Fiancé Fell For His Maid

Chapter 13

• • •

13- Her Panties

“Where is Justin, granny?” I sked Electra Deluca, “He is out for his usual meetings.” She pursed her lips in a thin line. I wanted to ask her about Helga but that was not wise in the presence of my friends.

“How is Sean? Is he also accompanying Justin?” I asked taking off my shoes tiredly. By now all I wanted was a comfortable bed and Justin’s arms around me.

“Lately, he has been acting weirdly, not responding to my calls. I just don’t know what is going on around here!”

I wish I could kick the old woman. She was the one who convinced me to get him married to a b*tch!

“Ma’am!” A uniformed maid arrived and stood there lowering her gaze.

“Are their rooms ready? I don’t want any complaints!” Granny told her in a strict tone.

“Everything is done, ma’am. Just the way you asked!” the poor girl was talking to the floor and could not wait to run away. Most

of the house help called granny, a Hitler. I wanted to know about that girl but had to wait until we were alone. We were sent to our assigned rooms.

My room was the usual guest room closer to Justin's. While Shella and Nadia were occupying the other rooms in the same corridor.

Everyone here knew about our close-knitted friendship.

"Yes!" I called when I heard the knock. Nadia and Shella peeked inside the door. Like me, they were also freshly showered.

"You are still loading off your bags?" I kept settling my stuff in the built-in cupboards of the room. My father always lived in

Europe taking care of the business there while Justin used to take care of the business in the USA.

"When will you meet Justin's wife?" Shella asked me and that made me furious. How dare she?

"She is..." I went near her and held her by her shoulders, "NOT Justin's wife." I was seething with anger.

"Sarah!" She tried to push me away, "You are hurting me." She winced when I increased the pressure of my fingers on her bare shoulders.

“Sarah! Are you crazy? Leave her!” Nadia shook me a little trying to put some sense into me. I blinked and realized what I was doing. With a shock, I got back leaving her shoulders, “I... I am sorry, Shella. I am so sorry.” I did not know what got into me.

“It’s ok, mate.” She was rubbing her shoulders, “We know you are possessive about him. You need to do something about that girl. Today I am calling her, Justin’s wife. Tomorrow whole world might be doing the same. You can’t hold everyone’s tongue.”

She was right. I needed to do something about it, “Stay here.” With my chin up and shoulders squared, I walked to the door, “I am going to Justin’s room.”

Justin was not home so I did not need that girl’s permission to enter the room. Without bothering to knock on the door, I twisted the handle and stepped inside.

The room was dimly lit because of the lights emitting from the LED TV. I could hear the strange sounds mixed with those dramatic echoes. Maybe the sound of a wrapper? Blended with the TV sound? Granny was right. She was watching TV along with some munching.

Fumbling with the switches, I switched on the lights and closed my eyes when the room was highly lit. Gradually when I opened my eyes, I saw a girl sitting on the bed. Her one arm was covering her eyes due to sudden light and the other hand was holding a big bag of Doritos. She kept sitting like this for a few moments. Slowly she removed her hand and narrowed her eyes blinking a little.

“Who is this?” She spoke not sure what to expect. Open your eyes, bitch, and look at me. I commanded her silently. She took some more time and then her curious eyes, ran over me from head to toe.

She was examining me... weighing me. Placing the bag beside her she stood up slowly wiping her hands with her cotton skirt. Gosh! I wanted to laugh so badly.

Granny was insecure for nothing. The girl was wearing strange clothes, like an oversized blouse and a long skirt. Her hair was messy but silky.

Her lower face was stuck with what looked like crumbs. She must have known what I was thinking because she immediately wiped her mouth with the back of her hand.

“Do I know you, ma’am?” She was the first to speak. Except for her black hair and green eyes, there was nothing exceptional on her face.

“I don’t think you are allowed to sit on that bed and watch TV.” I knew I was being rude. But it was supposed to be that way.

I could not let her go out of my hands. She seemed to be nervous under my scrutinizing gaze. The spot where she was seated was filled with wrappers and crumbs.

I frowned when my eyes landed on the dirt and traveled back to her. She followed my gaze and I saw traces of shame in it.

“I am sorry, ma’am. I was just about to clean it!” She said with a fake sweet smile, but her fidgeting fingers were a telltale sign of how nervous she was.

“Sorry? You are sorry for not following the rules? You are getting ten million dollars by the end of this bargain. And here you are breaking all the rules!” I stepped forward to slap her face.

She might have sensed it and stepped back looking a little scared.

This was enough for today. That was the required reaction I wanted. I needed to leave the room now.

“Ma’am. I am sorry. It won’t happen again. I will clean up this mess and switch off the TV.” She murmured still looking down.

“Please do that!” I flipped my hair and before turning on my heels I warned her, “And yes. You better stay away from my fiancé!

Ok?”

“Your fiancé?” She frowned and her head shot up, “Who is your fiancé?”

I chuckled, “Your husband! He is my fiancé! Better stay away from him. You bet an eye on him and I swear...”

Her eyes went wide and then I did not know what got into her, “Are you out of your fuc*kin mind?”

“Excuuuse meee?” I could not believe, she was the same girl who was being so polite just a few moments back.

“You think I will like looking at your fiancé? Your, Fiancé. Is. Yuck!” She even got out her tongue as if she wanted to puke.

“Girl! Just be within your limits. Ok?” I wanted to strangle her neck.

“I am within my limits. You ask your fiancé to stay within his limits. I would like to jump off a cliff before even attempting to make a pass on him. He sucks. He is an a*sshole.”

This girl! I needed to teach her a lesson.

“The room you are living, the roof under which you are breathing, the food you are eating. It all belongs to my fiancé.”

“I give a shit to whomever it belongs to. If you don’t like your fiancé staying here, then better keep him inside your panties so that he won’t put his hand in my panties!”

What? Justin tried to... He tried to be intimate with her?

And what kind of girl was she? She was not happy with the attention she was getting from Justin? Was she asexual or something?

What was going on here? Justin never tried to put his hand in my panties.

What was so special about her panties?

• • •