

Ouch! My CEO Fiancé Fell For His Maid

Chapter 27

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27-Pack up

Sarah pov

I followed that Walter girl.

Yeah. Last night I followed her and got to a small ice cream parlor. Ice cream Heaven, I guess. She was offering ice cream to the customers with a smile.

Well! That smile was supposed to be professional. But Nah. She seemed happy. Like genuinely happy. She was just eighteen.

Without a decent degree. Obviously, she could not get an executive job with it.

A guy came out of the shop with a big steel container.

“Hi.” I greeted him with a big smile. He ran a slow gaze all over me and looked back, thinking I was talking to someone behind him.

“I... am talking to you.” I giggled tucking my hair behind one ear, “I am Sarah.”

He tried to smirk quite unsure of himself, “Yes, Sarah. How can I help you?”

I pointed towards the ad, displayed in the upper right corner of the glass door, "I wanted to ask you about this job. Is it still open?"

He must have thought he misheard me, "Excuse me?" His brows knitted into several creases.

"That ad. Why?" I laughed again letting him see my dimpled smile, "I can't do this job, mister?"

"No. It's not that." He again tried to focus on my assets, "It's just that.... You are too refined and groomed for this job, miss. By the way, we have already appointed someone. You are late. Apologies but we forgot to remove it."

After giving a final once over, he started walking towards a mini-van to place the container.

"You have hired someone? Is that the girl?" I asked him stepping backwards trying to keep up with him. He turned his head

towards the shop and nodded at me.

"Yes. Ashley. The girl we hired just a month back." I nodded. I hoped they knew her secret.

"You are not here for the job. Right?" He asked me. I was wrong to take him as a fool. People who belonged to his class and status were usually cunning. Ashley also had the same traits.

I needed to blow her cover in front of Justin.

“Sam. Come back! We need help!” A female voice screamed at the top of her lungs. So the guy’s name was Sam.”

Without answering the guy, I started walking back home. So, she was doing a night job, screwing around and tarnishing Deluca’s name.

Justin should know about it. I was not going to spare her just so easily.

No, Pashley. You are not off the hook. I will make sure of it. From now on this is my mission.

I started walking back to the house which was not a problem for me. I had been an avid member of the gym. Justin introduced me to it because I wanted to keep myself fit.

“Are you awake?” I typed a message to Sean. Within a minute I received his call.

“Hey, Sean.”

“Of course, I am awake. Why would I sleep when I do nothing except watch TV and eat junk.” Oh, God. He was still angry at me.

“Sean. I promise you. I will bring you back to that house. You think you are there because of me? Ok. I swear you will be back.”

He went quiet. He might not be expecting me to accept my mistake. Right now, I needed everyone around me.

This Pashley would not leave the mansion so easily. “What do you want from me, Sarah?” He asked me tiredly, “I no longer live there. So, I don’t think I can do anything from here.”

“I understand, Sean. I just need a backup plan. Let me come over and discuss it. You want your house back and I want my fiancé back. Please help me, Sean.”

How to tell him that my fiancé was no more interested in sleeping with me? He was ignoring me. He had been cordial but reserved.

We were normal around each other, but he was keeping me at arm’s length. Not letting me get closer to him.

I heard Sean taking a long sigh, “Ok. Come tomorrow evening. I will see how I can help you.”

“Oh, Thank you, Sean.”

“But, Sarah. Don’t get your hopes too high.”

“I know. I know, Sean.” I said excitedly, “Don’t worry. I won’t.”

“Bye, Sarah.”

“Bye, Sean.”

He disconnected the call, and I could not help the silly smile spreading across my face. Now I needed to control that fu*cking Pashley!

I yawned loudly and rubbed my eyes. Yes. I stayed awake last night. As I not only followed her but also collected information about her and about the ice cream parlor, she was working in.

After getting done with breakfast, I decided to pay her a visit to Justin's room, but before that, I needed to go and meet Justin.

It made sense if I keep showing him my face. He should be able to see me twenty-four seven if I wanted that girl to stay out of his mind.

I took a leisurely bath and got dressed in a black sleeveless, high-neck sheath dress that reached my knees. The polyester fabric just clung to my body. I paired it with black pumps. After applying natural makeup that I bought from Paris along with Justin. Where he kept asking me to buy whatever I wanted.

Those were fond memories that I never wanted to forget. After spraying perfume, I examined myself in the mirror.

Wow! I looked great, just like Justin always wanted me.

I went out of the room and dashed towards Justin's room where that Pashley was residing.

Before I could reach there, the door to the study room that was in the far corner of the corridor opened and that girl came out of it all smiling.

"What the hell! What are you doing there?" She stopped short in her tracks when she heard me. The smile on her face faltered.

Instead of answering me, she resumed walking and tried to walk past me.

"Did you just try to ignore me?" I asked her and then noticed the moisture on her face and wetness on her front hair.

"Did you just use Justin's study bathroom? Didn't we tell you that you can only use the one attached to the bedroom?"

The guest room where Justin was staying had the lights on. A telltale sign that Justin was in there. So that meant she was alone in the study.

How dare she?

Instead of arguing, she kept looking down at the carpet. Running a quick gaze in the corridor, I held her elbow lightly and gave her a little shove inside her bedroom.

Once I entered behind her, I closed the door and faced her, "That is Justin's study. Everything placed there is confidential. Going there in his presence was another thing, girl. Why would you think of setting your foot in his absence?" She seemed upset and worry lines around her eyes were evident. She was hiding something. Then my eyes fell behind her and my jaw must be hung open. There was a cake placed on the bed. "Is this your birthday?" I chuckled and started taking slow steps towards it, "Wow! Now I get it. You brought this cake so that Justin can celebrate your birthday with you. And when he was not available you went to his study to take something. Or maybe to steal something. Why else would you go there except you might be interested in..." I frowned and shook my head, "Wait a minute. Let me search you." "What?" She said in shock. That was the first word I could manage out of her mouth, "No. You can't be serious." "I am dead serious, my dear Pashley." I was beaming with happiness. She was carrying something precious and expensive. This raid was unexpected for her. Gosh! I did not know for how long she had been stealing behind our backs.

Without warning, I turned her and started searching her shorts pockets and the baggy t-shirt that was tied around her waist.

Her face had gone beat red with embarrassment. The only thing I could extract from her pocket was an old male watch.

Interesting.

It was not only old but the cheapest thing I had ever seen in my life. I threw it on the bed and took a frustrated sigh. There was nothing she had.

Then why was she in the study? Just then my eyes caught something gleaming near her neckline. I furrowed my brows and tried to hold it when she stepped back.

“Don’t! It’s mine!” There was moistness in her eyes but her tone was firm.

“You are nothing but a lowly maid of this house, girl. Show it to me right now.” I spoke through clenched teeth.

Just look at the gall of this girl.

Her hands dropped limply to her sides. I grabbed the necklace and gave it a little shove. It was a branded silver gold that did not

come out easily. I twisted it a little and unhooked it.

I gasped when I realized this piece had a Cartier logo embossed on the chain. Justin’s favorite brand.

All the jewelry, he ever

gifted me was from Cartier. This one was a masterpiece.

I tried to control my fury. She was not only trying to rob me of my fiancé but was also stealing all the precious gifts, he bought for me.

I snorted and held the necklace before her eyes, “This doesn’t belong to you. It’s not made for a maid! Ha-ha.” I again batted my lashes, “Got it, Pashley?”

I was about to turn around when something strange happened. She quickly went ahead to open the door. It seemed like she did not want me to see the backside of the door.

Was she hiding more things there?

This was serious. I needed to tell Justin. He should be aware of her monopoly.

Without bothering to throw a second glance in her direction, I came out of the room.

Now I knew why Justin was pushing me away. She must be telling him stories against me and stealing things that he meant to give me.

Just then Justin came out of the guest room he was residing in and stood still when he saw me.

“Sarah. Hi!” He was freshly showered wearing a crisp white shirt. His black jacket was hanging loosely on his arm and his hair

was gelled back in style.

He must be going to some meeting.

“Aren’t you late for the office today, Justin?”

“Yeah. I am.” He seemed to be in a rush, “I will talk to you later, Sarah.”

“Justin?” He stopped abruptly when I called him, “I know you must be getting late for your meeting, but I need to do something about this.”

Raising my hand that held the necklace I dropped its pendant before his eyes to let him see. Justin initially frowned and then his eyes went wide.

“Wh... Where did you find it? I mean...”

“Yes, Justin.” I said with a smile, “Just a few minutes back I caught Ashley coming out of your study.” That piece of information must be enough to make him angry, but he kept his calm.

“And?” He asked me. There was no emotion in his eyes, and everyone was aware that Justin knew how to hide his feelings.

“And?” I smirked, “She knew I could search her so instead of hiding it in his pocket she was wearing it. Can you believe it?”

He kept looking at me. I knew he must be speechless.

He reached out to take the necklace from my hand and examined it carefully, “Sarah!”

“Yes?”

“Did you ask her to take it off? I mean...”

“No.” I said with a proud grin, “I took it off.” I placed my hand on my chest.

Closing his fist around it he raised his one hand to cup my cheek, “Sarah.”

“Yes, Justin.”

“Pack up!”

“Sorry?”

“I said pack your things. You are no longer welcome here. Leave my house.”

“J...Justin!” What was he talking about?

“You have two hours.” He then walked past me,

“And don’t you dare set your foot in my house or my room again.”

This order had left me tongue-tied. I wanted to remind him that I was not the other girl. Ashley was the other one.

I was his fiancée, damn it!

Before leaving the corridor, he turned and spoke again in a no nonsense tone, “And Sarah. Don’t you dare go near Ashley!”

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