

# Ouch! My CEO Fiancé Fell For His Maid.

## 4- My Husband Tried To...

Justin's pov

"Hello, Sarah. How is the tour going?" I asked Sarah leaning back my head on the recliner.

"Oh, Justin. I can't tell you how refreshing it is. I planned initially to run away because of your wedding. But it proved to be a mind booster and refresher." I could feel her munching something.

"Sarah!" My mood drastically changed due to the reminder that I had to marry against my will, "You and granny wanted it. I did it for you. And now you are playing this blame card as I cheated on you."

This was not fair to me. It was initially granny's wish and Sarah favored her.

I knew she loved me but I was getting tired of this blame game now.

The only conditions I put forward were not to see her face and no interference in my life from her side.

No friendship no communication. That was the reason the girl was getting such a big amount. Granny wanted to pay her one million but I knew it was not an easy task to cut yourself from the outside world for one year.

"Hey. I am sorry babe. I just..."

"I will talk to you later, Sarah." Without listening to her further explanations and apologies I disconnected the call.

It had been three days since my marriage. That unknown girl was keeping part of her bargain.

I hadn't seen her face but the way she used to cling herself to the mattress initially used to make me smile but after that, I felt sympathy for her.

When my phone started ringing again, I picked it up and canceled it.

Now my fiancée wanted to apologize and wanted to give reasons behind her bitter words.

Last time, she was adamant to know if my wife was beautiful. She didn't trust me enough that I haven't seen her face.

She was trying to call me again and again so I decided to put my phone on silent mode.

"Hey, mate!" Keith, my friend came out of the pool and sat on the sun recliner beside me.

"You look hell. What is it?" He asked me while drying himself.

He was my childhood friend and the closest to me. He was the most trustworthy person for handling my business.

I just handed over my phone, "She is trying to contact me. First, they get me married to that maid now they want to know if she is beautiful enough to get banged on my bed."

"Oh. Ten missed calls! Mate! I think your fiancée has lost it!" He was about to hand me back my phone when he frowned and looked at the screen.

"Justin. I think you need to take this. It's from granny."

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"Is everything all right at home? You look worried." While driving the car, Keith asked me, "Even granny sounded panicked."

"Yeah." I brushed my fingers through my hair for God knows how many times, "The girl... I married to... She is missing."

Keith slammed the brakes with full force making me strangled in my seat belt. I did not know what got into him.

"Missing? What do you mean by missing? Is she a piece of jewelry that is missing from your drawer?"

Great. Now I had to give answers to my friend too.

"Listen, dude. I am already worried. She is nothing but a loader for me. She was paid to stick her ass to that corner of my room and..."

"Paid? For sticking to a corner? Are you out of your fuckin mind?" By now we both were screaming at each other and I was hating that girl more for causing a rift in my friendship, in my engaged life.

"You are the fuckin boss of this empire, Justin! And you have bought a fuckin girl to stick to your..." he was now almost spitting on my face while shouting at me.

"Whatever your empire cost you. If I will pay you double of it, will you stay in a corner of my room, Justin?"

"I was NOT the one to ask her to marry me. My granny... and my fiancée ...

"Fuck your granny and fiancée, Justin. She is your **LAWFULLY WEDDED WIFE!** She is living under your roof and here you are telling me this shit that..." Throwing his hands in the air he punched the steering.

"Fuck you, Justin." Opening the door, he was out of the car, "I will take the cab."

I didn't try to stop him. If he did not want to drive, I fuckin damn care.

Shifting to the driving seat, I started the engine and drove the car exceeding the speed.

When I reached home, granny was sitting there on the couch, holding her head. Sean was trying to console her.

"Did you check the cameras?" I snapped looking at Sean.

"We were waiting for you. Granny's BP shot up. Someone had to stay with her."

Apparently, the maid who used to take meals to the room found her missing when she went to deliver lunch.

The guards did not see her going out of the boundary. So, she must still be inside.

I swear once I will get a hold of her, I was going to kick her sweet ass out of my home and life.

When I started climbing the stairs, I heard granny behind me, "I hope she doesn't let out our family secrets."

F\*k with these secrets. I don't give a damn.

I would look for her myself.

Reaching my floor, I opened my bedroom door. The carpet felt wet. Frowning a little, I searched for her in the bathroom and under the bed. She was nowhere.

I did not know why but now there was a terrible sensation in the pit of my stomach.

I started searching all the rooms. The guest rooms, my private theatre, the indoor games hall... she was nowhere. Man! Where was she? Did she run away?

Wouldn't it be better if you could just inform us that you were leaving? I asked her standing outside the last room that served as the store room.

It belonged to my mom and it was seldom used by anyone.

I twisted the handle but it seemed locked.

"Bring the keys to the store room." I snapped on the intercom that was fixed outside the room.

Within a few minutes, a house help came with a set of keys and started trying them one by one.

My patience was running thin with each passing minute but now I was more worried about the situation.

At last, when the door opened I dismissed the helper and went inside the room.

After flicking open the switches, I ran a careless gaze in the room.

No. She was not here. I was about to turn around when I saw some wetness on the white sheet covering the couch.

Frowning to myself, I moved ahead.

On a hunch, I gradually bent down and saw a tiny figure lying under the bed.

The clothes were drenched in water and she was shivering like hell.

My heart skipped a beat.

No one in her right senses would ever dare to come to a room that did not have any air conditioner or a proper ventilator. A room that was full of mud.

"Sweetheart," I called her gently and held her wrist. Now where this 'sweetheart' came from? I never called Sarah that.

The girl did try to yank her arm away feebly.

I slowly pulled her towards me.

"Hey! What are you doing here?" Never in my life, have I sweet-talked anyone. Not even to Sarah.

She started punching my chest feebly.

"Please. Don't touch me. Let me go. Please let me go." She was burning with fever. Her cheeks were wet with sweat and tears.

"Hey! It's all right. You are safe." I gently moved away black hair from her face and there was the most beautiful face I had ever seen in my life.

She opened her eyes and that aqua green color!

Was granny losing her eyesight? Why did she think that she was not beautiful?

"Please let me go. Don't do this to me. I promise I won't tell anyone."

What the hell! She was ... Shit! Did somebody try to ra\*pe her?

No! That was NOT possible. She was under my roof. Under my protection. This was my home and nobody dared to do any such thing with any woman.

"Sweetheart. Who did this?" I cupped her cheeks with my palms, "Don't get scared. No one will harm you." I tried to assure her softly.

F\*ck. I didn't even know her name. Keith was right. His fury was justified.

"Who did this to you? Tell me!" I was tying her wet hair at the back and was looking for a towel to dry her.

She could hardly open her eyes. Looking at me, her lower lip quivered like a child.

But it was the answer that got my attention like anything. Her statement was enough to blow away my mind.

"M...my husband. He t... tried to ... force my hand inside his... pants!"