Ouch! My CEO Fiancé Fell For His Maid

Chapter 64

64-Help

Sarah pov

Taking a cab, instead of going home I went to a salon to get a hairdo. Yup!

Right now, I did not need to be frustrated. I had to do this on my own. No one would help me unless I help myself.

The so called peers and buddies were only interested either in my wealthy background or my smiling face. Nobody wanted to know what was going on inside my head and my heart.

The only one who used to care had slipped far away and I was adamant about bringing him back.

I was not happy to give up so easily.

After my hairdo, I got myself a leisure manicure and pedicure.

"Ma'am. What nail color would you prefer?" The salon girl asked me while massaging my feet. The other one was giving a massage to my arm and knew perfectly about the pressure points.

"Umm..." I opened my eyes lazily, "maybe a moss green color!" I said and closed my eyes again.

My brain had finally started working.

The regret of spending the night with Keith was lessening now. I could always explain to Justin that I did it because he was giving his attention to that Pashley girl.

"I have seen you somewhere." The girl who was doing my foot massage tried to chat with me. In all those high–end salons they were not allowed to gossip around their customers. They could be fired for violating

the rules.

"Aren't you Justin Deluca's fiancée?" She asked me and that brought my brain to active mode.

"Yes, I am," I said with a subtle smile.

"Oh, ma'am. You are so lucky." There was a hint of jealousy in her tone. And it was making me proud that I was not a common girl but the fiancé of the most prominent man who was the dream of so many girls.

Once I was done with the self–care part, I called the driver to pick me up from the salon. On my way back home, my phone started ringing.

Urgh. It was Keith.

I canceled the call and kept looking outside the window. If he thought that I would be available to him just because I did not have my fiancé with me then he was in for a surprise.

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I rolled my eyes when I saw Keith calling me again.

"Oh, please." I again canceled the call. Why couldn't he take the hint? I was NOT interested in him. I was Sarah Garner. Not some x.y.z.

I deserved someone no less than Justin. Or maybe Just Justin Deluca.

When my phone pinged, I picked it up and found a message from Keith.

'Just wanted to know if you are home.'

Huh? Now he was playing a concerned boyfriend role.

I typed back a message to him.

'You are not my papa. So, save it for your daughter. Ok?"

After reaching home all I wanted was a cup of chamomile tea to soothe my senses. But nothing prepared me for the surprise waiting for me at home.

In the living room, granny was chatting with some guests and I could not control my excitement as soon realized who they were.

"Daddy! Mom!" I raced over to the grey—haired handsome man who had stood up as soon as he saw me materializing in the doorway.

"Sarah!" Mom yelped in excitement while daddy not only hugged me back but also picked me off my feet.

"Do you like the surprise?" Dad asked me as soon as he put me down.

"Like? I am speechless. This is hell unexpected." I said while hugging mom, "When did you people arrive?"

"It's just been one hour," Mom held my hand and made me sit beside her, "Your dad had some business engagements in the

nearby towns, so we stayed there for two days and headed here.

"Oh, God." I happily leaned my head on my mom's shoulders.

"Will I get a hug, love?" I heard a deep voice and bolted up.

"Marwick!" By now I was open-mouthed. My twin never dropped by here. It was I who used to visit them in my hometown.

arguments.

But deep down, I knew I could always count on him.

After hugging me, he kept me glued to him for quite some time. We never saw each other eye to eye with our fair share of

"You don't look like yourself, Sarah!" He carefully examined my face. Yup. That was my brother who could detect sadness in my eyes even after I got a salon treatment.

to warn him not to say any such things in front of our parents.

"Oh. It's nothing." Holding his hand, I squeezed it and pulled him onto the couch beside me. He was aware that the squeeze was

"You can't hide things from me, Sarah." He whispered touching the under–eye area of my face, "those circles say it all."

He might be the ruthless man for everyone but for me he was a protective brother who could fight not only Justin but our father also.

For *some* reason, he had stopped giving in to my father's absurd demands and decisions about our business and personal lives.

Lately, they could not bear each other's presence under the same roof. But look at them. Ignoring their strained relationship both

Just for me.

"Where is Justin?" Marwick casually picked up the coffee being served by the maid.

"He is on a business trip. Will be here most probably by tomorrow or the day after that." I told him happily and got a sarcastic

the men of my family came here.

I decided to talk to Marwick later.

away Ashley away from Justin.

smirk in return. And that I found a little bizarre.

My twin shared a very good friendship with Justin and at times he found him more reasonable than me. This smirk on the

mention of Justin's name did not sit well with me.

My family did know about Justin's marriage and how I was the one who had insisted to make it happen.

And then... A brilliant idea crossed my mind. Now I knew, whom to turn to for getting help. My brother could help me in keeping

Yes!