

Ouch! My CEO Fiancé Fell For His Maid

Chapter 93

93-My Father

Sarah Garner pov:

(Past flashback)

"I went through their work and all it had was nothing but postponed dates without any reason," I explained to Justin and tried to hold back my yawn maybe for the third time when he chuckled and leaned back in his seat.

"Is Keith making you awake?" he asked me, there was mischief laced in his voice.

"Nah!" I tried to hide the unexpected blush, "We just found out this morning that we are pregnant!" I said sinking my teeth in my lower lip.

"You are what?" he left his seat to come and hug me, "Keith is sure faster than any of us!" he bantered while hugging me gently to him.

"Why don't you go and spend some time with your guy? I can take care of these things."

"No! He is at last getting serious about getting financially strong. Let him work hard. I can lay back on my back in my ninth month." It was just an excuse otherwise I was not planning to quit until the last day of

my pregnancy.

We were planning to spend maximum time with our baby.

"Should I ask someone to bring you something? Any certain craving?" he asked, playing with the pen holder.

"I need a little caffeine in my system." I stretched and rose to my feet.

"Caffeine in this condition? Are you sure?"

"Mr. Deluca. Stop acting like a gynae. Don't worry. Caffeine intake must be limited. But it's not forbidden. Now may I go? Please?" I batted my lashes dramatically.

"Rubbish. A maid can fix you anything." He was about to pick up the intercom when I stopped him.

"Justin. I need to move my feet. It's getting boring just sitting here for so long." I said and this time could not help the yawn that made my mouth go wide open. I quickly covered it with my palm.

While leaving the study, I didn't miss the subtle chuckle coming behind me. Smiling to myself I headed to the kitchen and sent a message to Keith.

"I am going to the Deluca kitchen for a coffee. Wanna join?" He didn't send the reply immediately which meant that he was hell busy.

Well! Good for him.

After that day when Justin blessed Keith and me with his approval, the respect for him in my heart increased ten folds and I promised myself I will bring back Ashley one day.

I started writing more letters to her and made it a habit to start every letter with the word 'bitch'. However, I could never share about those letters with Justin or Keith.

The day I conceived, Keith and I were over the moon. Justin was equally happy for us. He wanted me to rest more but I wanted an active pregnancy that's why I kept working for our business.

It was one fine afternoon, Justin was discussing a new contract with a business associate when I felt hungry and excused myself as usual. I went to the mansion's kitchen routinely and started fixing a sandwich along with a coffee for myself when someone stood just behind me and wrapped his arms

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around my waist.

"What are you doing here?" I yelled in excitement when Keith kissed my ear lobe from behind.

"Just wanted to keep a check on you. I was missing you, princess." I turned in his arms to face him,

"I was hungry, so I thought to..." He didn't let me finish and kissed me soundly, "Should I make you a sandwich?" I asked him when he at last detached his lips.

"Hey, princess." He kissed my nose tip, "Sit here. I will make it for you." Keith offered me and opened the refrigerator, "Have you decided yet?" He asked me before switching on the coffee machine.

I lifted a brow at the query, "About what? You need to remind me. These pregnancy hormones seem to play with my memory."

"Huh. I guess I am lucky that you still remember about me, princess." He rolled his eyes and looked down, "I just wanted to ask if you have decided about shifting. You want to move to my place or ..."

I didn't want to move to his place. My apartment was more luxurious as compared to his.

"Why not my place?" I looked challengingly at him, "It's more beautiful with a beautiful view."

"Hah! Good old, Sarah!" He placed the sandwich plate on the counter and started pouring steaming coffee into a cup.

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"I am sorry." I didn't want to sound rude, "Your bedroom is good. I mean too good. B... But your house is a little... umm...'

"Old fashioned?" he supplied, and I snapped my fingers, "yeah. Right."

"Yes, That too!" I started nibbling the toast. Placing the steaming cup before me he gave a quick kiss on my lips.

"What if I find a new apartment for you that is bigger, more gorgeous, and has a breathtaking view of the beach?"

"No! I am not going to that Arguli cottage!" He once took me there and man. The written chat on that tabletop between Ashley and Justin made us woo.

It made us understand why Justin wanted to buy it from Keith.

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"It belongs to Justin, silly. How about I buy you a new one."

"Really? Your father will allow it?" I teased him.

"For your information," he held me in his arms, "I have started dealing in a few commercial lands and it is giving me immense profits. So, no. It will be mine. Ours! It won't be from my father." He smacked my lips soundly with his.

"You always make me want more," I whispered to him.

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"Not more than you. This pregnancy has made you more se*xy." I had to chew my lower half lip when I felt him licking my ear lobe.

"What is going on here?" A booming voice made us jump in the kitchen and we maintained some distance as if we were stealing something.

"Oh, my God! Dad!" I ran to my father for a hug, but he stopped me right there by raising his palm,

"Are you telling me what is going on or should I ask Electra Deluca?" Dad asked me angrily, "Or... should I ask Justin?"

"Go ahead," I felt Keith's arm circling me, "talk to anyone you went to

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stroking my bare arm softly,

"I know you. You might be loaded with money." Dad had this bite in his tone for Keith which I didn't like," But you certainly lack class."

"Dad! That's not fair." I protested, "You should apologize to him."

"Ask him to leave right now, Sarah," Dad demanded unreasonably as if we were standing in his house.

"Dad! Listen! This place belongs to Justin. You can't order me around. We can sit and discuss." I almost begged him. I so wanted him to like Keith.

"Boy!" Dad didn't even acknowledge what I just said, "Please leave us."

"Dad! He has a name!" I grumbled in irritation.

"I won't, sir!" Keith said loudly, "Not until your daughter asks me to."

Dad was being irrational, and I needed to ask Justin to intervene.

"Keith. Honey." I held his hand and kissed it, "Please leave us. I will talk to you later."

"No, you won't." My father tried to speak again, "You won't talk to him, Sarah."

I kind of ignored my father's command, "Keith. Please." I promised him silently that I will get back to him

once I am done with dad.

"Are you sure? I can stay here, no matter what happens." He offered me and I smiled shaking my head. I kissed his palm which was now cupping my cheek.

"No, silly. I will call you once this is over."

He swallowed hard and nodded. He didn't back off and looked straight into my dad's eyes, "Sarah! Call me, honey, if *you* need me."

It felt like he was telling this to my father instead of me.

I didn't like that sarcastic smirk pasted on my father's lips. Keith kissed my forehead before he left.

I waited until he left the kitchen, leaving me and my father alone.