

# Ouch! My CEO Fiancé Fell For His Maid

Chapter 38

38—Missing You

Sarah pov

“We have been waiting for you downstairs, Sarah. And here you are sitting on the carpet deep in your thoughts...” The lights in my room were switched off, but I could detect anger in Nadia’s voice. “Where is she?” I heard Shella outside the room, “Why the room is so dark? Has she gone to sleep?” “No! She is awake and chilling here.” Nadia told her frustratingly and switched on the lights. I quickly covered my eyes with my palms. I didn’t want to face lights. I did not want to face my friends.

F\*uck! I did not want to face the world.

I did not want them to see my wet face.

I did not want them to witness me as a failure.

Sean was fu\*king right. I could not do this. I could never bring Justin back. He seemed to be getting closer to her.

The way they were snuggled outside was a telltale sign that they had gotten quite close to each other. The way I could see the blush on her cheeks was enough to tell me that they haven’t been intimate yet.

“Oh, my God! Sarah! You are crying?” Shella gasped but I stood up wiping my face.

“I am good. Don’t worry about me.” I put on my jacket and started walking to the door.

“Where are you exactly going? Please wait.” They both were coming after me, but I had only one thing in mind. Justin was no more mine.

I started taking long strides to go out of the house.

“Where is she going?” I heard Nadia’s worried voice.

I kept walking when suddenly, I felt them finally catching up, panting profusely, “Girl. What got into you?” By now I was outside the main gate and was strolling across the road where bunches of trees could be

seen.

I spent my childhood there playing with Justin. I went near a big green bunch and went inside it. It embraced me like a cushion.

“Girl. You need to be careful here. There might be snakes...” Nadia complained while Shella gave her a nasty look and sat beside me.

“Sarah. What is it?” She shook my shoulder, “It’s unfair to us when you don’t share things. We are here because we love you. We care for you. Don’t you think we deserve some explanation?”

How to tell them, it’s not their love I wanted?

“Shella is right, Sarah.” Nadia said with a sigh, “I am not sitting here as you know the reptiles and...” Before she could finish saying it, Shella and I passed a knowing look and pulled her to us causing her to shriek in shock.

“You two bitches!” She was face down on our laps causing us to laugh so hard. Shella even smacked her

ass.

“This one is for calling us beechessss...”

Nadia scoffed and straightened up putting all her weight on our bodies, “Why are we exactly here, Sarah?” She asked me, trying to snuggle near Shella.

“We are here to follow Ashley. I don’t know why I am doing that... but... OH. MY GOD!” My eyes went wide. When my friends followed my gaze, they were in awe too.

Princess Ashley was using a small wooden staircase to exit the house. What kind of childish joke was it?

If Justin had allowed her to go out, then why she was using this...

“Let’s follow girls.” I snapped my fingers and stood up fixing my hair and clothes. There was no denying that Ashley looked changed in this new attire that fitted her well.

Nice! Time for some action.

“Girls. Keep your phone cameras ready. If we will find her doing something filthy or vulgar, we will capture it.”

After all, we might need this proof someday.

Ashley Walters pov

I just took one night off and my friends were so concerned about me. They welcomed me as if I had gone missing.

Tonight, there were not many customers so most of the time, we kept pulling each other’s legs.

“By the way,” Sam as usual tried to steal a spoon of blueberry ice cream from the container, “We never asked you this, as we never wanted to pry. By any chance do you work in the Deluca household?”

His question made me a little uptight.

“If you don’t want to answer that, we will understand. It’s just that you were sick and we did not know where you live.” Elijah shot a warning glance at Sam, “My girlfriend is hell crazy about the Deluca guy.” He touched her chin fondly, “So, please do bring her an autograph if possible. And that would be a bonus if you will arrange a meeting with him.”

Nobody noticed that I held my breath at the mention of him.

Evelyn was blushing, shoving away Elijah’s hand, “No! I just kind of like him. Let’s accept it. He is HOT!” Her voice turned heavy while saying the word ‘HOT’.

I did not want to hide anything from my friends. They might come to know tomorrow that I have been living in the Deluca mansion. Thankfully they were not nosy.

“I do reside there...” Before I could finish it, they gaped at me in shock. Their mouths were hung open.

“Really?” Evelyn closed her eyes and leaned into Elijah’s shoulder with a dreamy look on her face, “How lucky she is.” Elijah patted her head.

“You work there?” Sam asked me, no more interested in ice cream.

“No. My ... aunt works there. I am just living with her and trying to help her out. I am not their employee. Now come on, guys. Think about it. Working in the Deluca house means having a good salary. Why would I work in this ice cream parlor? I am just trying to support myself.”

That was the best, I could come up with. According to my contract, I was not allowed to share any secrets about the Deluca family.

“Have you seen him?” Everyone knew who Evelyn was talking about. Evelyn did not make any attempt to hide her blush, “I mean... obviously you must have seen him. We had our doubts that you live there.”

What? My head snapped up in surprise.

“Yes. Because living in that house means you can see that Greek God. Girls around here will not spare you.” She wiggled her brows causing Elijah to scoff.

“He is just okay-ish, girls!” Her boyfriend stood up and went to the counter when he saw a customer approaching.

“He is jealous.” Sam made it look like he was whispering but I knew him better. He was trying to get Elijah all riled up.

“Stop it!” I hit him on his chest and rose to my feet. The cash register needed my attention to be maintained.

We used to get a fifteen to twenty minutes break in between for munching. Evelyn used to bring homemade sandwiches for us.

They used to be simple mayonnaise ones with few chicken shreds, but Sam and I used to admire them a lot.

“Come on, Ashley. Eat your sandwich! Spare that register!” I closed one eye when Evelyn’s voice rang through my ears. She could take this jailor mode any time she wanted, and one could not argue with her.

Closing my record register, I pressed my tired eyes and picked up the sandwich Evelyn just left. Taking the first bite, I took my phone from my pants pocket and frowned when found a message from someone called ‘Sexy Roomie’.

Strange!

I never saved anyone’s contact details by this name. Chewing my inner cheek, I opened the message that just had three words with a sad emoji,

Missing you, kitten.