

# Ouch! My CEO Fiancé Fell For His Maid

Chapter 62

## 62- Bad, Worse, Worst

### Sarah pov

Keith reached me on time and both of us left the mansion after midnight. He had brought the car, but it was sensible not to walk through the crowded area.

When we reached the town, the place was swarming and without realizing what he was doing, Keith held my hand a little protectively.

"Walk this side." He pulled me towards the sidewalk and increased the grip around my hand, "Coffee? Or slush?"

His offer seemed absurd to me, "The girl is missing for the past two and a half days, Keith," I pointed out, "We can't waste our time on a picnic."

"We are not exactly picnicking, Sarah. Even if the girl is missing, we do need our food and drink... or are you planning to go on a hunger strike?"

He smirked and pulled me towards a small café. The man had an influential background. His father dealt with property, and he was the only heir to all the wealth.

Still, he was so fond of going to small cafes.

A few minutes back my mind was on Ashley but once I entered the café, I could not help thinking that drinking a slush had eased off my mind.

"Do you know where she works?" he asked me, playing with his straw, "How do you know about this ice cream Heaven?"

"I followed her." The words were out before I could stop them. I looked away when I felt my cheeks burning under his gaze, "I am sorry," I muttered, "I know it is not ethical to breach anyone's privacy."

He chuckled but chose not to remark. We were silent for a few minutes, busy in our thoughts. I had been going out with Justin and was habitual of waitresses falling for him.

They used to adjust their necklines... those bras when they used to look at him and that always annoyed

1. me.

But since this morning's breakfast, it was different. Keith was an ordinary-looking man with no muscles, and no gym routine.

He used to easily mingle in public. Justin used to admire him and Terry because accompanying Justin meant to start copying him.

Just like Shella and Nadia used to mimic me and compete with me. They had the same brands of cosmetics and dresses as mine.

Both had strong backgrounds, but their brain could not go ahead of becoming Sarah Garner.

Here I had Keith with me, not giving a damn if he was being noticed. He was dressed quite casually in a not-so-modern jacket and a pair of old-fashioned denim.

"Done checking me out?" My eyes snapped up when I heard his amused voice.

"Stop dreaming!" I rolled my eyes and busied myself looking around.

"No, it's fine... If you want to stare at me..."

"Excuse me? Me staring at you?" I cocked up a brow, "Are you high or something? I am... No. Wait! Let's put it like this. You are out of my league."

Telling Justin's friend that I was out of his league was more rude so I decided to flip sides.

I started examining my nails which were freshly painted in red.

"Come on. Let's go out and find out about that Pashley girl." We both took out our wallets.

"Wait, Keith." I wanted to pay for this.

"You are delusional if you think I will let you pay." He took out some bills and tossed them on the table.

"No... but I would like to pay. You did pay this morning Keith."

"I know. Leave it. I am not letting a girl pay for me."

"Why? Because you have a peanut sized ego?" I placed a hand on my hip.

"No, because you are not any girl. If it was some other girl, I could have cut some slack. You are my friend's fiancée. So please no arguments on that."

That did not sit well with me.

"I was still your friend's fiancée when you called me a bitch!" I pointed out and he closed his eyes.

"Ok. Bummer. That was out of line, and I apologize." The apology sounded sincere, but I was not going to forgive him so easily.

"Apology won't be accepted until you find that girl for me."

"You really want to find out about that girl? Despite her stealing your fiancé?" That remark of his made my shoulders sag in regret.

"I know. It's nothing personal but I can't share my fiancé with anyone."

"You should have thought about it before getting him married, Sarah. Don't you think it's too late?"

"I did give it a thought. Ok?" I protested, "Granny was continuously asking me to let him. She was the one who was interested. Don't know the reason. Right now, I just want to find out about Ashley Walters. I can fight her later. But right now, I want her. I want to come clean in front of my fiancé."

Keith nodded in understanding. We came out of the place and started heading towards Ice cream

Heaven.

Once reaching outside, he stopped me from going inside, "Wait here. You said that those employers saw you with Justin. It's better if you don't show them your face."

I don't know why I liked his attempt to keep me safe. To shield me from any risk or danger. I hoped to God that Ashley was all right and was staying with some friend of hers.

I kept observing Keith through the glass door. He went inside and didn't have to try to show them his friendly side.

He laughed and started chatting with the people at the counter in a friendly way. The girl working there blushed a little and gave him the mini-size spoons to let him taste different flavors of ice cream.

Keith nodded and said something making all of them laugh. Then a guy scooped some ice cream into a paper cup and handed it over to him.

Keith turned a little to look at me through the glass door and winked. I could not help the smile forming on my lips when he started gobbling that ice cream. His facial expressions showed that he was all praise

about the taste.

After a few more minutes he came out of the shop and got serious. Holding my hand, he started walking to the right.

"What?" I asked him worriedly.

"There are cameras, and I don't want you to get stuck in trouble."

"What do you mean?"

"I asked them casually about their number of employees while adoring their shop. They told me that Ashley is not coming for her night duties. It's been two nights since they saw her."

My heart skipped a beat, "Oh," I went quiet after that, "Should we report to the police, Keith?"

"I don't think so. If someone should report Ashley going missing, then it must be Justin. Not you."

"I am worried. What if Justin started doubting my credibility..."

"I will keep you safe, Sarah."

"No... but Kevin you don't understand

"Stop freaking out, Sarah" He tried holding my shoulders, but I shoved his hands away.

"No, Keith. You listen to me. What if? I don't..." Kevin did not let me continue. Holding my waist, he pulled me to him, and his lips came down crashing my mouth.

Bad thing? I went still and did not push him back.

Worse thing? I started responding to his kisses.

Worst thing? When the kiss was over, I heard him saying huskily, "Let's go to my place, Sarah."