

Ouch! My CEO Fiancé Fell For His Maid

Chapter 57

57-Someone who believed

Sarah pov

By now, my anxiety for Ashley was skyrocketing.

"For God's sake, Sarah. Are you crazy or what? First, you wanted that Pashley to go away and get lost somewhere. And now you are... ju... just look at you!"

Nadia said irritably taking a sip from her glass of orange juice. Both of my friends thought that I was faking it.

"Till last night, I was concerned because I was a little afraid that Justin might blame me for her absence. But now I am genuinely worried, guys." Shella was drumming her fingers on the table. We all just had our breakfast, and I could not eat anything except a cup of coffee.

Everything on the breakfast table was making me nauseated.

"Guys! Listen. What if... what if... someone has killed her or something." I stated matter of factly and felt two pairs of eyes looking at me in sheer disappointment.

"No, I am serious. She used to walk back home. What if some mugger attacked her or rap*ed her and right now she is lying in that dark alley all alone and..."

"Enough!" Nadia hit her hand on the table and stood up, "I am now getting tired of your obsession with that girl, Sarah." Her face had turned crimson and for some reason, she was fuming.

"This isn't an obsession, Nadia." I screamed back at the top of my lungs, "Why can't you just take it? She might be Justin's fake wife, but she is not home since..."

"Ha!" Nadia chuckled without humor, "You want to give us this impression that now you have grown a caring bone for that girl? Oh, yeah. Like we don't know you." She rolled her eyes and turned to leave.

"So... that's it?" I asked her quietly, "You are leaving? Just like that?"

She halted in her steps without turning around, "We all have been there for you. Always. Now it's your turn to realize that this world doesn't revolve around you." She said softly and started walking away. I could still hear the clicking of her heels when I turned to Shella.

"You may leave too... if you want," I told her softly.

She came *and* hugged me to her, "You better spend some alone time with yourself. That Pashley is a big girl. She can take care of herself, love."

When Shella left the room, I fell back into my chair. So, that's it? Both of them thought that I was putting up a pretense? Well! That was not true.

I needed someone right now. I needed a friend. I was missing Justin. No matter how strained our romantic relationship was. He had always been a great friend without being judgmental.

I wish I could turn to him and tell him that Ashley was missing. But again. A lot had changed. What if he would blame me?

Oh, God. What to do?

Instead of going to my room, I went to Justin's study where no one was allowed by him except me. And lately, he had allowed Ashley too.

Running my gaze there, I walked to his seat and sat on it.

Oh, Justin. We have slipped apart. Resting my forehead on the desk I did not know from where so many

tears started falling on my lap.

When I wanted to throw away that Pashley, my friends were with me. But now when I was genuinely worried for her, they thought I was crazy.

Strange! I laughed sarcastically and shook my head. Wiping my face, I sat straight and picked up the receiver of the phone placed on Justin's desk.

"Ice cream Heaven?" I spoke into the receiver, "May I speak to the owner?"

"Ma'am. She arrives for night duties along with her partner because that's the time we get customers' influx."

"Ok. Thank you. Please let her know that Sarah Garner called."

"Sure ma'am. I will."

After placing the receiver, I again leaned my face to the desk and closed my eyes. Was this Justin's scent in the room? That slight subtle male cologne...

Just then the study door opened, and someone entered inside. Whoever it was, seemed to be in a hurry.

"Hey! Who is this?" I sat straight when I heard a male voice close to me, "Sarah?"

"Keith?"

"What are you doing here?" he asked me busily.

"What are you doing here, Keith?"

"Oh. I am here to use Justin's computer. He wants some information that I need to email him." He went straight to the corner of the room where Justin's PC was placed and powered it up.

Placing my fist under my chin I started observing him. Justin never asked me to do these tasks for him. Keith was his go to man.

"Last night I tried calling Justin." I told him, "His phone was switched off."

"Yeah. I know. Signal issue." He said busily while typing something, "He contacted me using a landline."

"Understandable." I nodded at him, but he was busy on the monitor screen. I took hold of the empty pen holder and started playing with it.

"Done!" He clapped his hands and stood up, "Got to go! I haven't even had my breakfast." He was about to leave when he must have observed my face, "W... What? Are you alright?" He slowly walked towards me, "You have got dark circles around your eyes. Couldn't sleep last night?"

Instead of snapping some insults at him, I just nodded.

"Oh," he grabbed the opposite chair and wheeled it towards me, "You have been crying too?" I did not answer him.

Sitting before me, he bent a little placing his elbows on his lap, "What's the matter?"

"Leave it! When my friends can't trust me. Then why should you?" I smirked sarcastically.

"Ok. Maybe... I can help you. What is this about?"

"It's about Ashley! I ..."

Before I could finish it, he rolled his eyes and stood up, "Not again, Sarah! Spare that girl." He started wheeling back the chair to its place.

"Not even if I tell you that now she is missing for two nights?"

he wee who believed

He stopped at the door and turned around looking at me questioningly.

"Someone ... got to believe me. I... If Justin will return and won't find her... he will think I am involved in it..." a sob left my mouth, "My friends think I am obsessed. I might be jealous of her. I might dislike her, b...but Keith... I can't hurt her. I can't hurt anyone." Hiding my face, I started crying.

Until a hand came to stroke my head, "Sarah!" he called me gently and pulled me up.

"I ... I know you think of me as a bitch. B... But Keith... I will never ... think of killing someone... or... or... kidnapping someone."

Holding me against him the poor man was trying to pat my shoulder awkwardly.

"Keith. Please help me." I pleaded him while crying, "Please, Keith. Before he returns... we need to find her."

"Ok, Sarah." Keith pushed me, holding me by my shoulders, "Did you have your breakfast?"

"I don't feel like eating," I told him stepping back, trying to put a little distance between us.

"Crap!" He held me by my elbow, "Let's go out and have breakfast. We can discuss that Pashley of yours later. Besides I am very hungry. We might come up with something after that."

I switched off the lights in the study room. For now, I was happy that there was someone who believed me and was willing to help me.