

Ouch! My CEO Fiancé Fell For His Maid

Chapter 63

63- Feast: My Turn

Sarah pov

When I woke up, my first reaction to the peculiar surroundings was, maybe I was kidnapped and kept in a room. Keith might be living in a nonfancy place, but his bedroom was opposite the exterior of the house.

It was modernly furnished with top-quality wood furniture. A big LED was installed on the ceiling while a high-brand grey colored room fridge was placed in a corner.

"Good morning." The sleepy voice beside me made me go still and it all started coming back to me. How he started kissing me. How he brought me here to his place and how I came here willingly.

God! We were not even drunk.

And not even for a moment I thought of Justin. The love of my life.

Oh, my God! Wasn't I engaged to him? Didn't I just have sex with his best friend on his back?

The thought was enough to make me gag. I sat up straight and realized I was not wearing anything under

the sheets.

"Sarah!" I felt the confusion in Keith's voice.

"Sorry, Kevin. I need to go." I tied the sheet around me and got up.

"Did something happen? I mean..." He trailed off when he saw me looking for my clothes, wandering in the room. He was sitting there on the bed silently observing me.

"Nothing happened, Keith Kevin Bernard." I said without looking at him, "Nothing happened. It's just that fate is playing with me."

I found my bra lying under the bed. I hurled all my belongings on my arm and went to the bathroom with the sheet still tightly clutched around me.

"There is an extra toothbrush in there, Sarah." I heard Keith after locking the door.

"OK!" I answered back and quickly washed my body thoroughly to wipe away the scent of the man. All I wanted to do right now was sit in the shower and cry.

But no. This was not the time. I needed to go back home. I could cry later.

"I hope everything is good!" Keith tried talking to me when I came out of the bathroom. I started brushing my hair with a poker face. I wanted to look presentable while leaving the place. Justin never liked crybabies. And I was not planning to become one.

"Sarah!" He had just touched my shoulder when I shoved away his hand and started scurrying to the door

aggressively.

"Listen, Sarah." I felt him coming after me, "I know you are disturbed..."

"DISTURBED?" I spun around in resentment, "YOU THINK I AM DISTURBED, KEVIN?" the tears were now flowing down on my cheeks.

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"... I just stabbed Justin!" I sobbed, "Behind his back and could not keep it in. I ..." I cried. Kevin tried to hold me, but I raised my hands in defensive mode, "See?" I laughed sarcastically, "I spent the night with a man. That too his best friend."

Wiping my face, I opened the bedroom door and went out to what seemed like a dining area.

"Sarah, stop!" Keith was coming after me, "I'll drive you home."

Placing my hands on my waist I turned to him, "Do you not realize Keith? Justin is your friend and my fiancé. We just cheated on his back. Do, you get that?"

He seemed frustrated by now, "The same Justin whose missing wife you were looking for last night?"

"HE IS MY FIANCE, KEITH!" I shouted at him and pushed him.

Hell! He might be lanky but did not seem to budge from his place.

"HE IS MARRIED, SARAH!" he shouted back at me, "WHY DON'T YOU GET THIS THROUGH YOUR THICK SKULL!"

All the pent-up anger was now coming out of me in the form of tears.

"You!" He poked his finger into my chest, "You are not happy with this one-night stand? Fine! We don't have any emotional attachment towards each other, Sarah." He said tiredly and pulled a chair out, "The man you are running after he is no more there. You are not after Justin but only his silhouette." He plopped on the chair.

I tried to open my mouth, but he did not let me speak, "Shh. Quiet now!" He raised his index finger, "Tell me one thing, Sarah." He pasted a sarcastic smirk on his face, "Have you ever seen Justin this happy?" he paused for a moment, "this responsive... This alive?"

I did not have an answer to this. Or maybe I did know the answer, but I did not want to acknowledge it.

"I think... Sarah... I... think that he has fallen ... for..."

"Enough!" I raised my hand and turned on my heels.

"By shutting your eyes, you can't escape the reality, Sarah. He is getting involved with her." He screamed behind me. The same old Keith who had been painfully and brutally honest all his life. He not only came after me but also tried to stop me by holding my arm in a painful grip.

Well, I kept walking.

"Sarah. Listen. The problem is NOT Justin's marriage here. It's not that girl either. Spare her. Spare Justin. Let them breathe. Let them go."

I stopped in my steps and turned to him slowly. By now I was no more crying, "I can't breathe when he is not here, Keith. I just can't. I promise you, Keith Kevin Bernard. Soon Justin will throw her out and you will be standing there celebrating my victory." I nodded at him. He was listening to me silently. Not giving any response, "When she will be out of his life. He will again be mine. You just wait and watch!" I started walking but then turned around, "And guess what, Keith? You were right. I am indeed a bi*ch."

With that, I strolled out of his house.

Ashley Walters pov

"How you spent your childhood, Justin? I mean without your parents. Does money really buy you all the happiness in the world?"

I was lying beside him sharing the same recliner. His arm was around me and we both were chilling by the pool after midnight.

"Money can buy you anything kitten. Except one." He touched his lips to my forehead, "happiness."

I smiled and looked up. He gave a quick peck on my lips.

"So, you were never happy in life?" I asked him and he this time removed the loose t-shirt down my shoulder and kissed the bare skin.

"I might be happy but let's say, I was never contented." Brushing his knuckles on my cheek he brought his face closer to mine,

"You tell me. How was life at the orphanage?"

"I won't say it was bad. But that warm love feeling was missing. The way a child is supposed to get warm and cuddly hugs from his parents. I missed that. That little Ashley inside me yearns for that. I was very little when I decided, I will not only have lots of kids but will never abandon them. No matter what happens."

My voice must have sounded teary because his both arms tightened around me like a vice.

"By cuddly and warm hugs mean that you want this?" He asked me and rolled me over his hard body, pasting his cheek to mine.

"Is it warm enough?" he whispered against my cheek and a teary giggle escaped my lips, "tell me. Or should I make it cozier?"

"Ouch! You are crushing my bones!" I yelped in his tight embrace and reached over to kiss him hard.

"Nah! One kiss is not enough." He pouted and again started tightening around me.

"Ok. Fine." Rising up on my palms on his chest, I took my lips to his nose tip and then took him by surprise by digging my teeth in the soft flesh of his nose tip.

"Ouch! Don't act like a werewolf, Ashley."

"You mean she-wolf? I can't help it, love," I said fluttering my eyes, "I watched a werewolf movie last night."

"Hmm. Now that explains why you are behaving so wildly." He teased me with a straight face and then slowly his smile vanished.

"What?" I asked him giggling.

"You called me... love."

"What?"

"I mean... just a few minutes back... You called me, love." He whispered, "You never called me that."

I went quiet after that and looked into his amber eyes. Shouldn't he be the one who should confess his love to me?

That's what they usually showed in movies.

"Justin,"

"Hmm?"

He asked me while his hand kept brushing against my hair, "I want to make you happy."

"Happy? But I am happy, kitten."

"No, not that happy. I mean... I mean... eh... the way...y... you made me happy. After our breakfast." I finished the sentence awkwardly, stuttering.

His brows knitted and this time I saw his eyes changing colors. Now he got it. I was aware of my flushed face, but I wanted to be bold for his sake.

"How will you do that?"

I did not know how to answer this.

"Maybe by... I don't know how to explain. But I just need to make you happy."

"My kitten," there was so much tenderness in his eyes, "You don't have to do anything to make me happy if you don't like doing it."

"B...but..."

"Kitten. You were already scared when the previous night you saw that part. If making me happy involves a hand job, then ..."

"No, Justin. No hand job. I am talking about a mouth job." Now that got his attention like anything.

"Just the way you did to me."

"I did it because I enjoyed doing it, Ashley. I liked your taste."

"How would I know, how you taste if you won't let me do it?" I protested, "But if you don't like my mouth there then that's ok."

He chuckled at that, "Believe me, kitten." He moved his face extremely close to mine, "When you are closer all I could think of is..." he inhaled a deep sigh, "How to touch you. How to feel you in different

ways."

Our faces were so close that our noses were touching.

"Kiss *me* then." My eyes fluttered close,

He did *not* need more words and happily accepted my request. However, his eyes went wide when I tried inserting my hand inside his cotton trousers elastic.

Holding my wrist he stopped me, "Woah. Let's take you inside otherwise Edith might suffer a heart attack due to terror."

"Tonight, we can do the penetration too," I suggested.

"No, nothing is more than your pain. We are not doing any such thing." He warned while standing up.

When he was carrying me inside, I was brushing my index finger on his face, tracing his features. Tonight,

I also wanted to touch the V muscles on his body.

He had his feast this morning. Now it was my turn.