## 5- Shame

Sarah's pov:

Justin was my fiancé. Hot-headed. Drop dead gorgeous. He was never expressive. Eh! Except when he was angry. He smiled rarely. My friends thought he was madly in love with me and that was true.

He fulfilled all my demands and used to spoil me like anything. He never raised his voice at me. My friends used to envy me. They could not wait to get a chance to take my place.

To grab my fiancé.

I got him married because of a harmless dare. Granny was involved in it. Justin gave in to my demands after a lot of persuasion.

not afford to lose him. He got mad at me when I asked him a simple question about his wife.

Oh, sorry. About his maid. Yes. She was not his wife. She could never be his wife. She was a

Now don't take me wrong. There was more about this marriage than a simple dare. I could

plain maid.

I was the one, he was supposed to marry. I was the one who deserved to be his wife. Who

deserved to be the daughter-in-law of De Luca family.

THE De Luca family!

Justin's pov:

"M...my husband. He t... tried to ... force my hand inside his... pants!" She said while trying to keep her eyes open.

Embarrassment!

Shame!

Regret!

Disappointment!

Everything started attacking me at once. Keith was right. Even my female working staff was supposed to feel safe under my roof.

protected. I needed to find out who did this to her.

I was not only responsible for their bread and butter but also to keep them secure and

After sharing this titbit, she hid her face in my chest. Her long black hair smelled of my shampoo.

Her skin had a faint scent of my body wash.

she started wiggling in my arms.

"No. I don't want to go inside. Please save me. I don't want..." A sob escaped her lips.

I scooped her up and started walking toward my room. When I was about to open the door,

"Ok, honey. We are not going there. Relax." Instead of my room, I headed to the guest room where sometimes Keith or Sarah used to stay.

It had a single bed. I made a mental note to get it replaced by a King sized bed.

Putting her down was not an option right now. Her drenched clothes could make the mattress wet.

Putting her on the couch, I made her wait and jogged to my room to collect her clothes.

Well! There was none.

Where the hell were her clothes? I looked for a bag or a suitcase. Then I opted for my shirt

skirt.

the bed.

because I did not want her to go crazy while waiting for me.

"Here. Put it on." I placed the shirt beside her and turned my back to give her some privacy.

I wished I could help her with that but right now she didn't seem to trust anyone.

I kept standing there waiting for her to let me know.

"Done?" I asked her softly wondering if she had heard me or not.

I was about to repeat myself when I heard a slight "Yes."

Slowly turning around, I found her hiding her long slender legs with her hands.

Oh crap!

She was still wearing her wet underwear.

"Here. Take this!" I handed it to her and turned again after collecting her wet blouse and

"Wait!" I again went to my room to bring a boxer.

It smelled like my body wash. Did she wash her clothes using my body wash?

"She is your lawfully wedded wife! She is living under your roof!"

Keith's angry voice rang in my head.

She was hesitant to hand over me, her underwear but this was not the time for shyness.

Putting her clothes in a laundry basket, I returned only to find her resting her head on the couch.

I had already called my assistant Alex to bring the medicine box.

Once he arrived, I told him to inform granny that the girl had been found.

After popping the pills, she was about to lay back when I scooped her up to make her lie in

"Now you are all dry and clean. So, it's safe to use the bed." I felt like she was a child and I was telling her a bedtime story.

My body went still when I heard her, "You are a good man." A tear slipped down her cheek. I did not know what got into me.

First time in my life I was feeling ashamed. Whoever tried to take advantage, told her that he was her fuc\*kin husband.

I wiped it off her cheek, "Please don't leave me alone. My husband might come anytime..."

"Don't worry." Taking her in my arms, I whispered, "Nobody would dare to touch you, kitten."