

Emma gulped down.

Hard.

It was blatantly clear he knew. He knew she had been in the room. It was written in the way his jaw twitched, the unmasked loathing on his face told her everything about the incoming storm.

There was no point of lying. No point at spitting white lies.

Did he know she saw him change—

Emma shook her head wildly, desperate.

"It was a mistake! I got lost—"

The words died on the tip of her tongue when he took a threatening step towards her, silencing her. Towering over her delicate frame. Instinctively Emma stepped back. Palpable fear in her brown eyes.

"Mistakes are done while knowing your worth!" He bit out, the words wrapped in pure venom. Daggering her heart.

Indirectly being called worthless cut her up.

The ugly words hung in the air between them. Hitting her in the heart. A bullseye. She couldn't stop the tears his time.

His stance didn't change.

Not a crack of flexibility.

"Unlike you I don't have time for this fuckery. Security saw you coming out of my room!! I want the goddam truth or else... trust me you don't want to know the rest." His green eyes lit up with aggressively.

"I swear I'm stating the truth.. " Emma's voice broke at the end but it had no effect on the person standing in front of her.

He scooped irritably.

"How much did you get pay for this?"

"Pay?" Disbelief colored her voice. "I didn't! Why can't you believe—"

"Whom do you work for?"

She opened her mouth and then shut it up.

Insulted, shamed and hurt Emma fell silent. At that moment she realized, he wouldn't believe her. No matter what. Even if the Angel descended from the heavens above to clear up her name. He wouldn't budge. And Emma was glad she couldn't see him clearly. Her eyes had blurred out his image. His undeniable hate. His fury.

The statue she had build in her heart came crashing down. Her idol mangled it. Killing what she had imagined it to be.

"I have nothing to say to you." Emma said quietly, wiping her face with the back of her hand as he watched with void eyes.

Hurt to her core, she stepped to a side. Aiming for the door. Why did it hurt so much? He was a complete stranger she knew nothing of.

Why did it feel like nothing would ever be normal again?

She took a step towards the door and her eyes widened slightly — a startled gasp leaving her mouth—when his hand shot out. Thick fingers curling around her arm! Snatching her back! Something akin to a scream left her mouth and the next second he pushed her against the wardrobe she had hid in. The glass trembling with the sudden hit.

Dark eyes descended on her how darkness comes for light. Emma's pupil dilated with sheer horror.

He slammed one of his hand right beside her head, startling her. The delicate tendons in her neck popping out.

"Who asked you to leave?"

Emma wanted to break down right then and there but she bit the inside of her mouth hard as she bared his brutal words.

"Did you heave say leave? Did you?!" His tone conceited and his dark eyebrows raising up. "Here. I'll give you the chance to rummage through my stuff by your self. You wanted to gather information? This is your fucking chance!"

In her face—eyes flashing dangerously—mouth pressed in a harsh line. Emma had never felt so defeated before.

Feeling helpless, she shook her head. Eyes shining brightly with unshed tears.

"I know the likes of you." His voice was low and cutting.

The blow of his words were such that—

The sob wrenching out from her chest had her surprised. Her heart bled at the cruel surety in his tone like he knew everything about her. When he knew absolutely nothing.

He had opened his mouth—about to hurl another insult her way when someone knocked on the door.

"Max?"

Diana's voice floated inside and he stepped back. Eyeing her with utter distaste. The wet eyes. The disheveled appearance. The blush in her cheek. The alluring cupid of her lips—

He breathed out.

"Fix your damn face!" Maximus snapped forcing her to bite her luscious bottom lip. Probably trying not to cry.

The door was rapped at again.

"Coming." He called back, giving her one last warning glance.

As soon as he opened the door, Emma wiped off her face trying to straighten her frizzy hair with her fingers. Pasting a neutral look on her face.

Diana had stepped in.

"By any chance did you see Emma—Ah! There you're!" She said so ly. While taking a full look at her, she sighed dejectedly. "Max, you did it again. Didn't you? You scared her." She gave her brother a pointed look.

"No need." His curt comment didn't go unnoticed by Emma. She completed his sentence in her head. Giving him a wounded look.

No need because she's already a scaredy cat?

"I have to go." He said to his sister and he was out the door before she could blink, shutting the door with a loud bang.

Diana winced slightly.

Watching Emma, she tried to give a weak encouraging smile.

"Don't you worry. He loves scaring strangers. Collect yourself while I thwack some sense into him." Diana seemed apologetic. Emma nodded feeling conflicted.

Seeing Diana had instantly made her feel better.

And at the same time she wanted to run away from here and never look back. But then again. If it hadn't been for this woman she would have been devoured by the streets of this unforgiving city.

After a minute, Emma realized she was all alone. Diana had gone out. She let go of a tired breath and leaned against the glass wardrobe.

Some idol he was, she thought bitterly.

Why did she get dumbfounded? Why did she get so weak. Lamb like? She was a survivor! A fighter! Then how come—

He got her suddenly.

She didn't know how to react. What to say. How to defend herself.

I know the likes of you.

It definitely didn't sound like a sentence to her. It resembled a lash. Whipping at her back. Scarring her forever.

How could he think so low of her when he knew nothing? How could he—

"The entitlement comes with being rich." A humorless smile spread on her face.

The faceless statue she had build in her heart had disappeared under a veil of darkness.

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