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When she came out, he was breathing hard like a raging bull. His back muscles had bunched up, hands clenched in to fists. The thick sinewy veins protruding out at the back of his hand.

It definitely wasn't the first time she was seeing her brother in this state. Her brother was what? 27? 28? And he had battled the darkest of storms single handedly. Fought his way through it with her by his side. She had watched the sweet ol boy transform into what he was today.

Unbreakable and unbothered.

Even today, she could see the past lurking in his eyes. Haunting him.

Quietly, she went up to him. . placing her hand on his shoulder tentatively and immediately his tensed shoulders relaxed in response.

Dropped down.

His guards slacking.

"You shouldn't have come in between."

The annoyance laced in his voice made her smile.

"And let you bully her huh?"

He turned around, exasperated with the teasing smile on her face.

"If reminding people their place is bullying than I don't mind being called a bully." He stated not at all impressed by what his sister did.

"She's a good girl, Max. I did get a background check on her. She's an orphan." She said so ly seeing him roll those jade eyes. ā

"Orphan or not, I do not tolerate my employees sneaking around my house."

"She wasn't sneaking, dumbass. Emma was lost. She's just a girl making her way through life." Diana defended her.

Maximus breathed out.

"Enough of your woman empowerment speech. Where is your fiance? Didn't he promise me to take care of you all his life? Why don't you go pester him?" Maximus asked, a lazy smirk flickering on his handsome face.

Diana widened her eyes dramatically.

"Did you just ask meto leave?" She pressed a hand over her heart playing along.

He shook his head slightly, smirking now.

"Shut up." Was all he said as Diana's thin arms wrapped around his muscled body.

Whatever he was, however he was. atleast he had done one thing right.

Diana was happy.

As long as she was happy, nothing mattered to him.

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Since that awful incident, Emma had been tip toting around the mansion. One week into the job and she didn't see him again. He whirl winded around the house. she would hear his voice floating around from the lounge.

Emma made sure to never come in his way. If she knew he was in the house, she wouldn't step out of Diana's room. That were her extreme measures.

Well, she was kind of avoiding him like a plague. Diana had apologized to her over and over again and that actually made Emma felt embarrassed for some reason.

She would turn red at seeing Diana being so earnest.

When a good soul apologize, it gets awkward because it's not their fault and yet they ask for forgiveness.

Emma had one task le to check.

She hadto gather all her courage to ask Diana for residency. She couldn't forever crash at the old woman's house. If thatincident didn't have happened. She would have done it straight away. .but. .a certain someone didn't let her.

In the mornings, she would walk around the park three hours before her job started. Seeing the sunrise. Watching the nowfamiliar ducks. Naming them Tom, Dick and Harry And at nights she would crash around Mrs Bagshot's apartment. The old woman never raised her overly plucked eyebrows at her odd timings. Never questioned her about her exhausted state.

Quietly, she had taken her under the wing. Like a cat. Feeding her and telling her to shower because she smelled like a skunk

Mornings were easy breezy, she would let Diana's rich laugh consume her worries. The rich kind woman made her feel better in a weird twisted way. Made her believe everything and everyone was as kind as her in this world.

Emma definitely wished she could ask her how does it feel to have no ill will towards anyone? How did you survive with such a clean heart?

The question was forever going to be locked in her heart.

Her nights were another story.

The worst story.

Laying in bed, the whole scene would replay again and again. Agonized, she would lash out at herself for being a mute. She definitely was no mute. She knew how to stand for herself. the scene would play over and over again and like a director she would pick apart the whole scenario. berating herself this isn't how it's done

I know the likes of you.

Her answer should have been . .

A slap!

Or I know the likes of you too! Characterless piece of pork!

The nightly shenaniganswere why she was sporting eyebags.

One thing stuck to her.

Strangely, the harsh man didn't inspire fear in her. Yes she felt terror and dread but onlybecause she knew she might be losing her job. She had nowhere else to go. Not once did fear make itself known or else she would have known.

Jack brought out cold fear in her.

She knew the difference between fear and terror.

"Darlin', take care of yourself. Someday I fear you might drop dead." Mrs Bagshot said quietly, noticing her haphazard appearance.

She gave her a tired smile.

"I'm fine . ." She said gently seeing worry on her wrinkled face and Mrs Bagshot opened her opened probably to protest, " trust me on this, my boss isn't a pimp and I'm not doing what you think I'm." She chuckled so ly watching the old woman give a hmph!

"Whatever pays the bills right?" she said in a dry voice with a pinch of humor.

Used to her dry wit, Emma nodded cheekily. Pulling up her hair into a bun.

"All I'm saying is I knowyou're a good gal wanting to do good in this world. I know but . .you gotta put yourself first too, ya know? I would advise you to notkeep saving people all the time. I see you helping out people now and then. Jeez! Who does that in this era? Helping out?You help this, " she gestured to herself, " old woman out too but. .save yourself first, Emma. Save yourself."

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