

Life had bounced back at the Santos mansion.

A week had passed by in peace. She went to her job on time. Shuttled back to Mrs Bagshot's apartment. And so on.

The cycle kept going.

So did her dilemmas.

Everyday she would give herself a pep talk of you can do this! Ask for the residency! And then upon sighting Diana, the words would stick to the roof of her mouth.

And she missed her mother. She couldn't get to her. Afraid, Jack might get her scent. Or worse follow her back to the mansion. The thought alone was enough to force her to stay out of her mother's life.

Her nights were another story altogether.

She had no idea why her brain couldn't stop projecting that... whatever happened that night. Him coming after her. Her crashing on him. Weeping like a damsel in distress. The berating kept going till morning. The how could you? And he's the enemy!

An enemy who kept reminding her and treating her like a person he merely tolerated around the house.

Tossing and turning around the whole night, she couldn't help but feel the first crack in her heart. The hard edges around it soening for him. And it scared her.

So bad, she couldn't accept it. She kept denying it.

Emma hated him! And that was final!

Or was it?

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Emma could see the glow in her cheeks.

It was so obvious.

She smiled at the humming woman. Diana was in love! She smiled left and right. Laughed alot. Kept asking Emma about her opinion on love and men.

Her answer was always a helpless shrug, being inexperienced in both departments.

Even now, she was fussing over the flowers in the vase. Correcting them in to an erect position. Humming a tune to herself.

The forest green skirt belted at her waist, her hair shimmering down in waves as the light bounced on it.

"I keep asking Max to change this vase. It's not up to my taste." She said now giving the flowers a critical look.

To Emma there was nothing wrong with the vase. But guess love made people want to see the best in everything.

The vase isn't the right color.

The cushion doesn't match.

The curtains should be rose gold.

"I hope he likes this color." She was in conversation with herself and Emma was only listening to her. Trying not to laugh at her over thinking.

"Why haven't I seen him yet?" Emma asked, tucking her chin on top of her hands.

"Oh you shall. Soon enough. He's shy. Max scared the poor darling into a mess." Diana said haughtily but Emma could hear the adoration in her voice for her brother.

Stupid beast! Emma thought.

"What else can he do but scare people." Emma muttered darkly, low enough so she couldn't hear her.

"—and I keep asking him to visit my house but he's as stubborn as my brother." Diana turned around at her, her eyes twinkling.

Emma couldn't help herself but smile, her heart warming at the sight of her. And it dawned on her. She loved Diana as much as her brother did. You couldn't help yourself but love her. She was a pooh by heart.

Picking up people.

Helping around.

Making people comfortable.

"I'll give up anything to see you happy. Forever and ever." Emma blurted out.

Diana chuckled delicately.

"Forever is such a long time away. And—"

The door to her was knocked thrice, catching her attention.

"Come in."

A maid stepped in, her eyes downcast.

"Sir is asking for you. He's downstairs." She squeaked.

"I'll be coming shortly." She said gently and the maid nodded. Going o.

Sighing, she massaged the back of her neck while looking at Emma.

"Come on. We have a dragon to slay."

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Emma didn't want to leave the vicinity of this room. She tried to make up excuses but Diana didn't buy them. Rolling her eyes she reminded her not to be a chicken where Maximus was concerned.

Emma shut up and followed her out.

How the hell was she suppose to tell her that each time they faced each other, a catastrophe befalls them. The air suddenly charges up and all she feels is this overwhelming anxiety of something is about to happen!

Still, like a good employee she didn't drag it out and went out. Though she made sure to stick behind her because yes she was a chicken!

Climbing down the grand staircase, she tried to peak behind Diana. Try to get a look at the ground level. She could spot his lean figure and—Emma frowned. Was that—

"Laura!" Diana suddenly cried.

The tall blonde spun around at her name being called. The golden hair spilling in beach waves, baby blue eyes blinking in delight at seeing Diana. She had been talking to Maximus and now—she clicked clacked in her heels right towards Diana. Outstretching her thin arms.

Bending down slightly to reach Diana's height as she hugged her and kissed the air on her cheek.

Diana held her hand, talking to her like a long lost friend.

Meanwhile Emma clambered down. Feeling awkward at being the only one not belonging to the family. She would never accept it but seeing Laura, the tall leggy blonde, chatting with Diana and then casting a tender look at Maximus's way, yeah it did something to her heart.

She had no idea what the something was.

And she didn't want to know.

"—I thought you would never return!" Diana exclaimed.

Laura laughed at her mock anger, her teeth blinding Emma.

"Why don't you ask your brother about that?" She gestured at the man occupying the couch, his eyes trained on the LCD.

Diana waved her hand.

"Asking him is like banging my head against the door. No use!

His green eyes casted a frosty look at his sister.

"I'm right here."

He was ignored and Diana looked at Emma—watching them warily. Maximus followed her gaze and his eyes shut down.

But he didn't say anything. Which definitely was surprising!

Emma looked helpless.

"Come here." Diana outstretched her hand towards her and immediately, Emma made her way towards her. Her only comfort zone in this house.

She didn't fail to notice the guarded look in Laura's eyes. Seeing her standing close to Diana.

Emma stood beside her and Diana wrapped her arms around her shoulders.

"Laura meet my employee/ sidekick, Emma."

Laura nodded, the dazzling smile slipping a bit.

"Nice to meet you." Emma said so ly. And all she got back was a nod

Laura acted like she wasn't around. Her eyes fixed on Diana.

"D, I have news for you." She grinned.

Without waiting for reply, she turned around and went towards Maximus. Reaching out, she pulled him up by his hand and sighing he stood up.

Emma's gut fell at the sight of their joined hands. The girl was nearly digging her razor sharp nails into his skin.

She walked back to them like she was on an isle, about to get married.

Laying her head on his shoulder like how couples do, she placed her hand on his shoulder—displaying the stunning diamond on her ring finger and... she said that one sentence Emma knew before Laura could open her mouth.

"We're engaged!"

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