
Emma had to catch a bus today.

She woke up late. Didn't eat anything. Just rushed out the door . cursing at a dark man who kept her awake at nights.

Sitting in the bus and watching the scenes pass by in a blur, she couldn't help but think. Has he ever been on a bus?

And then she would get pissed at herself.

Why couldn't she get rid of him?

Hitching up her backpack, she stepped down from the bus. .dusting o her clothes and watching the bus rumble away to the next station.

Quickly, she checked her wrist watch.

9:30 AM

"Damn it. ." She shook her head in mild annoyance at herself and walked with a quick pace.

Vowing to sleep early at night.

She couldn't a ord losing the job. Sure , Diana seemed more of a buddy than a boss but still. .she was herboss at the end of the day and Emma was heremployee.

Though Diana had always been gracious and open with her , she had tiptoed around her because of the boss employee relationship.

It was as fragile as the beast's ego!

Ehh! There she went again. . thinking about him.

She stood in front of the iron gates and pressed the bell, the camera erected from its place and snapped on her.

The usual good morningwere murmured her way and she stepped in. The pit of her stomach feeling queasy for some reason. .

Must be because of waking up so late she thought.

There was just something. .her sixth sense was going haywire like a radar spotting the enemy's missiles. .ringing warning bells which made her sti en and stop on the path to the entrance of the mansion.

Emma looked around. . .

The sun was out. Lawn seemed lush and green as always. The flowers were in bloom. Even her tiny lilly had poke out her head. The guards were stationed where they always were. Nothing seemed out of place.

Emma frowned slightly. .

Shaking all the negative energy and thoughts, she continued on her path.

It was her empty stomach talking.

Stepping onto the two marble stairs , she walked in through the wooden door.

Taking a deep breath, in and out to calm down her anxiety, she turned around at the lounge.

No Diana welcoming her.

Now that should have raised the red flags on itself but Emma resisted her gut feeling .

"Guess she's upstairs. ."

Moving forward, she failed to acknowledge the tall figure watching her impassively. Failed to see the murderous glint in the green eyes. His eyes alone were enough to shake her to the core and watching her walk in his house so boldly set his whole being on fire.

"Wait."

Emma's heart tumbled down from it's place, her eyes widening at the cold command.

Coming right from behind .

Slowly, painfully slow, she turned around . . and spotted him standing by the door. Wearing a casual T-shirt over brown pants, looking as intimidating as ever. His arms crossed , his posture screaming danger and eyes—

Emma swallowed.

"I-i have to check on Diana." She rushed and whipped back towards the stairs, her feet about to hit the first stair—

"She's not at home."

Emma squeezed her eyes shut.

Her heart coming to life. Thudding viciously against her chest.

"When you're asked to wait, you wait!" The condescending sneer in his voice didn't go unnoticed by Emma.

She clenched her fists, refusing to look at him.

"Laura texted me to visit her. I gotta go." She lied so fast, the words jumbled up together. Barely making any sense.

Of course she didn't wait for him to descend from the back.

She climbed the stairs.

Not daring to look back.

Isn't it a rule of a horror movie? You never look back!

Coolly, he watched her scramble away from him. So eager to put distance between them. Her words flashing back and forth. .

Well, that makes him a characterless piece of pork!

Emma went breathless with exhilaration as she reached the top. Her eyes were searching around for an escape route and Laura seemed to be the best option right now. She didn't waste a single second as she zoomed past the rooms and stopped beside the room she had seen Laura in last night.

As her hand covered the bolt... one thought rushed across her head, she was ready to do anything.laura asked her of if only she would let her stay in the room.

God! She was such a coward!

Why the hell did she always run away from him? because she knew if she stayed close to him. . something irreversible would happen to her heart. .

She opened the door all the way in when—

He was right on her head before she could blink!

Breathing harshly, his hand shot out and wrapped around her wrist— pulling her in the room a er him. Jerking her in!

Eyes wide with disbelief, Emma could feel his fingers digging in her bone—how could a man be at such a contrast? She remembered the last time he had held her wrist like a china dish. . . gentle. . careful. .and now. .his grip was unforgiving!

Maximus had her against the door.

So close. .he seemed so close, Emma thought wildly. His chest was a breath away from hers. .green eyes branding her soul with a cold murderous glint.

Him so close was taking away her energy. .

She tried to melt into the door as he leveled down to her height, face to face with her.

Green eyes boring into brown ones.

For Emma it was too much! Too overwhelming! She didn't understand how her heart went from terrified to curious . her heart's reaction seemed more scary than anything. .

As if attempting at her last escape option, her hand tried to find the bolt and he noticed—

His hands went on either side of her head!

Capturing her without touching her.

"Seems like you love crossing boundaries, Emma Gavenvel"

Her name was uttered like a curse.

She didn't dare look up.

Her eyes leveled with his hard chest.

"Laura needs me—

"Not only boundaries but you boisterously keep your head high while crossing them."

The venom in his voice cracked at her heart and now she did look up. Masking her hurt like he masked his eyes.

It was written in his eyes.

He wanted to hurt her! Watch her crumble!

All that , intentionally.

"Let go. ." Her plea was so and pathetic.

Maximum cracked a smirked. ☞

"You want to scream for help? Be my guest. Cry at my feet? Be my guest.The end of the story is . you're not going anywhere until I don't want you to." He bit out.

Emma glanced around helplessly.

"Don't see anyone? That's because no one is home. People who belong from your class think they descend from heaven while they paint us red. The only reason I tolerate your presence in my house is because of Diana. Do your fucking job, get the god dammmoney and get out. "His voice turned deathly low. " Get it?!!!"He snapped suddenly, viciously, making her jump out of her bones.

"You're no one to decide anyone's character! People who don't defend me on my back don't deserve to be in my life. Laura got out because of you"

"What?" She breathed out.

Laura got kicked out because of her? What did she do?

You're no one to judge anyone's character.

Realization dawned on her face. He had been listening to them!

He had been eavesdropping and that made her feel. .pissed.

And then she spoke without her voice trembling. Not even the fire in his eyes could have silenced her.

"People like you usewoman! Discard them when needed and guess what? That soundslike one characterless mam to me!" She spit out .

Maximus kept staring at her.

His nostrils flaring.

His arms slipping down from the door. Seeing him loosening, she tried to slip out , careful not to touch his body and barely stepped in the room.

She couldn't take another step.

Because her wrist had been captured in his ruthless hold!

Emma bit her lower lip, not liking the way her heart responded to his touch. Not liking the way how she felt goosebumps all over her body.

.

She tried to struggle by pulling at her hand—and gasped when he snatched her at himself!

Her body went flushed against his. Hard contours melting against so ones. He had her arm pinned to her back. Holding her immobilized . Emma felt the tremors going up and down her body . .

She squirmed in his hold.

"Since you take me as some characterless piece of shit. ." His eyes darkened." Let me actuallyshow you what that word means. ." He trailed o .

Emma's eyes widened at the hidden threat in his words.

Her response was instant.

Her vision turned blurry.

Words broke out of her mouth.

"I didn't—i didn't mean it like that—"

He crushed her to himself, jerking her to himself, her hand at an odd angle pinned to her back by him.

His eyes not wavering o her face.

"Really? What did you mean then?" He asked smoothly, the moment losing its grip over him as he watched the tears cascade down her eyes and into his shirt—watch her open her mouth to say something and then close it up.

Seeing her cry. .he felt strange.

A strange thought filtered in his mind.

She shouldn't cry. it didn't seem . .feel. .right. .

Slowly, his grip loosened on her hand and then he took a step back. Seeing his fingerprints on her pale arm. Seeing her trying not to break down.

He knew she was about to . .cry again and this time he couldn't watch.

Sighing, he went towards the door.

Hearing her so whimpers.

As he moved out, he had a question he didn't get an answer to.

Why did it matter what she think about him?

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