

Emma looked in the mirror.

Brown eyes glanced back at her. A little wide and glossy. Still in disbelief. Her skin seemed flushed with color but her right cheek. . . slowly, she raised her hand and touched the bright pink skin. . feeling her heart tingle as her mind rewinded everything.

"You sound jealous." Emma said bravely, quite breathless.

He breathed out, green eyes boring into her with an intensity she couldn't fathom.

"You sound happy over the fact." He said in a husky voice as Emma saw him li ing his other hand and placing it beside her head.

Trapping her.

Oddly enough, she liked the idea of being trapped by him. .

She knew if she moved or breath, she was going to burst into flames! The temperature had suddenly risen up to the point she had held her breath.

"I'm not. Happy. " Emma whispered so ly.

A crack of smile appeared on his full lips.

"You look quite tempting when you lie. I wantto believe your lie, Emma. That's how tempting you look right now. " His voice turned low.

Watching her struggling with an answer, he didn't let her talk much. Emma squeezed her eyes shut as he leaned in all the way—her whole being trembled like a leaf when she felt his lips on her cheek.

Maximus Santos kissing her?!!

As if on instinct, her hand had clutched at the front of his shirt wanting some sort of support. .

"Emma, myEmma. ." He breathed against her skin, his voice heavy with possession.

All she could hear were his breaths and the word my Over and over again.

Oh so slowly, he backed away feeling her grip on his shirt.

Awakening his primitive senses.

His heart suddenly felt overwhelmed with an onslaught of feelings. He wanted to possess her! In every way! Brand her as his—

"Walk away while you can." He warned , now regretting for not having her mouth against his.

Perhaps , another day. .

Hastily , she let go of his shirt and Maximus watched coolly as she wrestled with the door and had it open.

Looking back at him , over her shoulder.

Hands in his pants's pocket, he had smiled.

Emma scrambled out of the room with her heart up in her throat, her cheek burning.

Reminding her who she belonged to.

xxxxxxxxxx

She didn't get to spend the night back at the apartment. Exhausted , physically andemotionally, she decided to stay back.

Changing back into her baggy clothes had been satisfying.

Tossing and turning around in the bed, she succumbed to sleep with a smile on her face and a man in her heart walking around as he pleased.

xxxxxxxxxx

She was in the bathroom, brushing her teeth vigorously. Thank God she kept all the tiny stu in her bag. Just in case. .she landed on the streets or something.

One had to be prepared.

Walking back in the room, she wondered what was on the memo today? She didn't get to ask Diana. Just as she was brainstorming, something caught the corner of her eye.

Emma glanced at the object . . .no it was no object. Laid innocently on the bed, seemed like a dress? Feeling unsure, she went towards it and held it up from the hanger.

The dress rustled inside the package with her movement.

She turned it le and right. .

Back and front. .

Seeking for some form of confirmation that it was indeed for her but she could find no note attach , nothing at all. Slowly, she zipped down the bag it was protected in and took out the dress.

A floor length charcoal black dress with a V neckline on the back. It was classy yet sexy with the backside showing some skin.

The first person who came to her mind was—

But. .

Why would he?

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

"Oh my goodness! You look like an angel!" Diana gushed over her as she entered her room with the dress on and hair up in a sleek bun.

Emma frowned.

Because she hoped Diana would be the one saying I got this for you "Did you save this dress up?" Diana asked curiously as the stylist blow dried her hair.

Emma's face fell.

It definitely wasn't from Diana.

"No. It was in my room. I-I thought you got it for me. ." She trailed o sounding embarrassed.

Diana chuckled, her eyes glowering.

"Oh I might just know who got it for you."

Emma didn't like the devilish glint in her jade eyes.

"You look stunning! Whoever got the dress for you knows what looks good on you." She winked.

Emma's lips turned dry.

Did he get the dress for her?

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

They were occupying the lounging room, Diana disappearing in the kitchen to give maids direction for food while Emma sat beside a worn out Miles.

He looked like he was forced to be here.

"You look beautiful." He said so ly noticing her slender frame for the first time.

"Not more than you." Emma smiled at him. Her heart and mind stuck on someone else. . .

"You calling me beautiful?" He asked with a smirk.

Emma opened her mouth to reply—

Her answer was cut with the thundering of feet coming down the stairs. Her heart thudded madly in her chest as her senses suddenly perked up when she heard his voice.

"—no. I only want co ee."

Emma didn't dare breath as he made his way towards them. Fixing his cu links, he overpowered her heart into submission. He seemed to have taken a shower because his wet hair were gelled back, giving o his strong jawline.

As if feeling her silent gaze, he looked around in puzzle and the second he saw her. . his brisk walk slowed down a bit. . . seeing her dressed up—one look at her and he went towards the single couch right in front of her.

The table between them like a barrier.

Did he have to pick that couch?Emma bristled knowing well how her skin was going to react to him.

Like a dark gargoyle who refused to move , his eyes roamed carelessly over her face. Not leaving her a room to breath.

Not giving a damn about being caught.

A maid came hurrying towards him with a cup of co ee. Taking it from her , he held the cup in his grip. .eyes not leaving her face.

Guess he is never going to admit he got the dress?Emma thought bitterly. And then an idea hit her head. It was kind of low and overused but it definitely came handy when dealing with egoistic men!

She turned her body towards an innocent Miles busy on his phone.

"How do I look ?" She asked him sweetly, loud enough for Maximus to hear.

"I just told you. You look beautiful." Miles said skimming over the screen of his phone.

"Define beautiful." Emma said in a so voice.

Miles chuckled. "It's Emma. Emma is beautiful. Say can you get a cup of co ee for me? "

"Sure!"

Emma grinned wide enough to hurt her cheeks and stood up.

Maximus took a sip of the co ee, his eyes watching her over the rim of the cup. Noticing the spring in her feet.

The co ee tasting much bitter than it was.

Emma moved towards the maid who seemed free and asked her to bring a cup of co ee. She was standing quite close to Miles. . merely three feet away and Maximus's blood boiled at the way Miles's eyes seemed to get stuck to her bare back.

Looked like he was enjoying the view.

The V back wasn't deep enough but still it did put her skin out.

"—and if you can get one cup for me too. " Emma requested. She nodded, walking away with two orders.

She was about to turn when the pin, which held her bun securely in place, was taken o ruthlessly! so suddenly she gasped!

Her long hair tumbled down her back, concealing her skin from roaming eyes.

Emma turned around , anger leaped in her heart.

He was standing so close! With his jaw taut and his eyes burning! The pin scrunched up in his grip. Destroyed!

"What's your problem?!" She snapped not liking what he did.

"The problem, " he hissed , " is with you! Half the time you don't even realize what's going on around you! With you! Wake the fuckup!" He sneered.

Where the hell was this coming from?mma thought wildly.

Miles had mysteriously disappeared from the couch.

Leaving her alone to deal with the fire breathing dragon.

He was about to unleash his anger on her but then—

He saw the vision in front of him. The charcoal black color looked lovely against her pale skin—a flash of her bare skin branded his heart as he watched her hair cupping her face in a careless manner.

He just wasn't sure what she was doing. . but she was doing something to him.

Annoyed at himself for staring far too long at her, he whipped around —

"Wait."

He clenched his hands into fists.

Why did she always stop him from leaving?!

He didn't turn at her.

Emma couldn't believe the amount of arrogance this man was radiating right about now! What was so damn hard into accepting he got the dress for her?!

"I have a question. ." She said so ly.

Seeing his back muscles bunch up.

"What now?" His curt voice did not set well with her.

"Did you. . . get this dress for me?"

There! She said it!

His shoulders relaxed and then Emma watched with a sudden glee as he turned around at her.

Crossing his arms over his chest, he stared at her in a detached manner.

"I did."

The answer was so not what she had expected! Her eyes widened at his open acceptance!

"Did you really?"

He rolled his eyes in annoyance and that had to be the hottestthing Emma had seen him do.

"If you don't like it take it o. "

What?!

"In case you're blind I'm wearing it because I liked it!" She felt her patience running thin.

"Then stop asking questions and . . ." His eyes swept over her in one heated gaze , " it doesn't look that bad on you."

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx