

The next three days, Emma tried to keep it low.

Tried to hide from his intense gaze, heated looks but what set her soul on fire was the possessive glint in his eyes as if he couldn't wait—

For what?

To have her?

To . . . ?

The answers kept tumbling around kept bothering her in a sweet, breathless way. Maybe the answer didn't matter much. These days she felt dazed, over the moon, above the stars.

Daydreaming.

Nothing seemed to matter but his eyes on her.

If he wasn't looking, she would look for him. .

Seek him out.

The didn't talk.

Their eyes did.

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Finally, the day had arrived and for Emma these days had to be the best ones in her life because last night she had a revelation, a wake up call, an intervention, whatever people wanted to call it. .

Late at night, she had looked in her heart. Asked herself questions. Be honest.

You can hide from the world but not from yourself.

She had to break it down. .

Why did suddenly mattered so much?

Well, it hadn't been sudden. .

Why did she kept thinking about him over and over again? As if she would never stop?

Because she loved doing that. .

Why did her skin flushed at the sight of him? Eyes turned bright and heart perked up?

The anticipation got to her. .

It was obvious, wasn't it?

She should have know. . recognize the signs. .

Emma had clapped a hand over her mouth, her heart speeding against time.

"I love him. ."

She hid her face saying, " Oh my God! Oh my God! I love Maximus Santos!"

No wonder she liked everything he did. No wonder she blindly followed him around. Loved talking back to him.

Giving it back to him.

She sighed happily. And as moments passed and she pondered hard. .the happiness kind of evaporated in the air when she saw the big elephant in the room.

The question she didn't hold any answer to.

Did he love her back?

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"Yes! Right there!"

"Wait! I'm going in!"

" Ah!"

Emma winced slightly seeing Diana being squeezed into the tulle body hugging gown. Hair up in a bun with wisps of hair framing her face, the cream colored dress was outlining her delicate frame. Emma had always admired her figure. .curves just on the right places where as she was flat like a skinny model.

Not that she had any complains about that.

"How do I look?" Diana asked breathlessly as the designer frowned, checking her zipper on the back.

"You can shatter the mirror with that dress on." Emma said from her heart.

"Why thankyou! And you might just shatter my brother's heart!" She winked and Emma's skin turned a bit pale. Her smiled dipped. . .

Leaving Emma stuck, Diana turned around at the makeup artist who quickly dusted her face with powder.

She. . Diana. . .she knew?

Emma swallowed hard. Looking in the mirror as the small group around her worked on the engagement bride.

Diana had hand picked her outfit from Dior. A beautiful beige color shimmering shoulder dress. Her earrings and open tresses complimented her look. The second she has worn the dress, one thought had her heart in an overdrive. .

How would hereact to her? How would he take her?

She brushed off all the thoughts. .which was kinda hard now that she knew what she had for him. .

ConcentrateEmma thought darkly.

It was Diana's big day! And she only wanted to celebrate her!

No green eyed man for today—

The door opened up and a tall figure slipped in. Taking everyone attention. The authority suddenly being his as he walked towards his sister. Not at all noticing Emma's presence close by the door.

A carefree smile on his face that cut Emma's heart, he went up to Diana.

Once again all the guards turned down, every single bad thing in her life banished away. .all that remained was him. Dressed in an royal blue three piece suit, he cut up a sharp figure. His hair set out in waves and his green eyes—

Emma straightened up.

On her!

They were zoomed in on her!

Diana was seated on the plush chair while he was bent over, his cheek pressed against hers—Diana's hand cupping his face while she talked away with a stunning smile. .his eyes were up on the mirror.

"You look beautiful." He said directly to the mirror.

Staring at her.

Taking her all in.

Scarlet, Emma fought hard not to give in to her nervous ticks. Like touching her face or wiping her eyes. .she let him have her. .

"—he's down at the lounge. I'm trying to make him run away while he still can." He mused, eyes darkening over Emma.

Diana chuckled. "Don't you dare. He's the love of my life. Appreciate his existence."

Maximus didn't say anything, just kissed the side of her head while the makeup artist did an awwwww.

Emma's heart warmed up at sight of them but. .

The room felt stuffy and. .it was hard to breath in. Her lungs felt under pressure. .he always did that. Made her feel short of breaths. So quietly, she turned around and sneaked out the door without making a sound.

Everyone was busy in doing their duty. .

No one noticed her absence.

Closing the door, she let go of a heavy breath.

No one said anything about how hard it was to be in love! One sided love! Or was it?

With an absent mind, she walked. .not sure about which way she was going. .not sure about anything in her life anymore.

Yes, she loved him. But what was the price of that? Was she going to lose herself in all the signals he was giving off?

Were they onlysignals?

And nothing much?

Was she doing the right thing by going in deep? Will there be a way out for her?

The questions kept going round and round in a whirlwind until she felt her head going light. Emma halted, her hand sheikling the wall for support. .

"What's wrong?"

The deep voice nearly made her fall.

She turned around, her back against the wall. . seeing him with an arm distance from her.

He was watching her. .

His eyes scrutinizing her face. .

"Nothing." Emma whispered so ly.

Maximus shook his head and then he stepped in. . killing all the distance. .close to her. .close enough to kiss—

He lifted his hand, watching her rose bud of a mouth, noticing her trying to back up from his touch.

Emma felt her skin turning hot when the back of his hand touched her skin. .he grazed her cheek in a gentle caress as if feeling her temperature. .

"You can tell me anything, you know." He said in a sure voice. Not at all liking the slight sadness in her eyes.

What was bothering her?

She had him. Wasn't that enough?

Emma glanced down as she took his hand off her cheek. .not letting go of him.

His grip tightened around her hand.

"This. . ." She breathed out glancing up at him, " what's happening between us?"

His face didn't waver nor did it give away anything.

She knew her side. She knew what she felt. What about him? What did this meant to him?

Emma felt like her existence depended on his answer.

Maximus didn't break the eye contact as he let go of her hand. . leaving her cold. .and then he leaned in.

His forehead tucked against hers.

The both of them seeing each other raw and vulnerable.

"All I know is I can't see you sad or worried or. . apart. I can't see another man look at you. And. . unfortunately we all have a past. I have a past I'm not proud of. You made me pause, Emma. You just. .you look like my present." He smiled, his heart easing at seeing her eyes brightening again.

"That's my girl." He whispered, leaning all the way in. . covering her mouth with his.

Sealing his words with a searing kiss.

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