

The ride back home had been .deadly silent.

Only the sound of wheels churning on the road could be heard as the companions acted like the other didn't exist.

For Emma, it had been a whirlwind of emotions. One minute he was talking and the next they were. . . married?

She swallowed down the dread in her pit and slowly, painfully slow, turned her delicate neck at him.

Eyes on the road, hand on the wheel his aura had her believing. .he was far o in his own world. Right then she knew. No matter what she said, he won't hear her.

Maximus was closed o .

Aloof.

In another world she wasn't invited to.

Still, she tried to speak. .to convey her outrage to him . .tried to scream. .ask about the why .but nothing came out. The mind and heart were shell shocked, still absorbing what had transpired minutes ago.

She had a heartbreaking realization right there. .

The man she loved had changed in a matter of hours.

The whys and the whats got buried the moment they walked out of the chapel.

Her husbandrushing o to the car.

Rushing o from her.

Emma turned away, her eyes out on the dark images blurring past one by one. She couldn't see anything clearly. .the unshed tears had her vision blurred out.

She could feel the back of her nose burning up, a ball the size of a golf sticking in her throat . .

The silent drop of tear slipped from her eyes and vanished into the tulle of her gown.

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His demeanor didn't change.

Maximus ripped through the house with her behind. She looked like a picture of a worn out barbie a child had played with and then got bored o .

The lovely gown didn't look so dazzling now. It had tears in it.

The bun had been disbanded and the long hair were covering her back.

Makeup long gone, she was walking from one nightmare into another or was it?

At least he isn't dragging me behind, Emma smiled ruefully.

Marching inside the lounge, he pushed his hand in his hair. .his back to her . .as he rubbed down a hand over his face. .his appearance dark and alluring at the same time.

She hated how he made her feel safe. How he attracted her even at the worst of his state.

Love . .what a cruel word.

Emma moved in, her gown rustling with every step and his back muscles sti ened , remembering he wasn't alone.

He let out a long tired breath.

"I'm going to talk to my sister." He said in a curt voice, not at all looking at her.

He seemed on edge.

Slight touch and he would burst into flames.

Emma didn't reply.

For her , he didn't deserve her answer.

Nodding to himself, he moved towards the stairs. As he walked away from her, she couldn't help but take a step towards him . .she couldn't help but say in her heart don't leave mebut then she stopped. His footsteps were echoing in the empty house, exhausted and lifeless. .

With glassy eyes, Emma watched the man of her heart disappear on the second floor.

Leaving her behind.

A er such chaos in her life , the sudden silence got to her. The tick tockof the clock , the thoughts swirling in her head, the beat of her heart. . . everything was amplifying with each passing second.

Glancing around wildly, she li ed her gown and nearly ran towards the grand staircase. Going up up up.

Not looking behind at all.

The demons were down . Waiting for her to collapse so they could drown her. They were all over her head, in her heart. .they wanted to drag her down to pit of darkness. Swallow her whole. Feast on her misery.

Misery opens up portals to demons.

You've faced things no one could! You cannot give up! You hear me?!

Biting her lower lip hard, she knew where she had to be. She had to think rationally.

Emma couldn't be safe in her own room.

Safety lived in hisroom.

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Emma's heart sank when he entered the room.

Occupying the bed, she didn't know what to do? How to react? Should she stay or scramble away? Run or hide from his wrath?

What was le anyway?

Emma fisted the bed sheet when he entered suddenly. His eyes impassive , his face stone cold and then he paused . .as if just realizing he couldn't be alone in his room anymore.

With bated breath, she saw his eyes shi to her figure and instantly his eyes filled up with unkempt hostility and volatile rage!

He slammed the door shut!

Making her jump!

As he stalked towards the bed, his hard chest raising up an down. The exhilaration getting to him. He was on her head in the blink of an eye.

Watching her occupying hisbed , clutching at hisbed sheet . . Maximus clenched his fists. Every breath seemed to draw in fire , hate and. .an emotion he couldn't seem to get rid of .

"Just the thought of sharing the same air as you is beyond disgusting . " His low voice ripped her heart into shreds.

"Pat yourself on your back. You got what you wanted, Emma." His snide remark had her getting o the bed.

Her soul had been whipped at raw.

This time she didn't held it back.

Her eyes came alive with fire! As she moved towards him without any fear. Face to face, nose to nose. .both of them were breathing hard!

One word broke from her lips.

"Why. ."

He didn't answer.

Just watched her burning alive.

Emma couldn't take it anymore!

She li ed her hands and pushedat his chest harshly! Not at all making him budge.

Breathless, she tried to push at him again when he caught her wrists in a vice like grip, stilling her. .and breaking her down the next second as he ripped her hands o of his chest. As if her touch had been filthy.

"Why did you marry me? " She breathed harshly, ignoring the full throb around her wrists.

A venomous smile li ed his mouth.

"It's astounding how people like youstill have the courage to ask around questions. "

" Why did you marry me?!"Gritting her teeth, she repeated as if she didn't hear him.

His dark eyebrows shot up as he bent down slightly. .the tip of his nose almost touching hers.

"Marriage ,you ask? This is nomarriage. This is a contract. A er six months you're out. To my sister, we are a happily married couple and don't you dare try to paint it otherwise. ." He whispered so ly. .

breaking her down gently. . backing o .

"I'll tell everysingle soul of your treachery." She bit down in a hard voice.

"Tell them and watch a Mrs Bagshot beg on roads. It would be a shame to see such an old woman cry for pennies but then what would you know about shame. ." He smirked, his eyes impassive and deadly.

A pang of hurt resonated throughout her. She couldn't believe this was the man she fell for? Where did he go? Where did he vanish?

He was threatening her now?

"How-how can you do this to me. ." She wondered out loud. .in disbelief.

Maximus smirked.

"I see the hotanger burning in your eyes. I heard revenge is a dish best served cold. I'm only improvising it by serving it hot"

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