.4

"Thanks , Mrs Bagshot!"

Emma raised the cup of co ee up in the air in a cheersmanner. Mrs Bagshot couldn't help but smile back at her.

She had to accept. .Emma was growing on her. Her smile, the innocent brown eyes—the way she added Mrs Bagshotat the end of each sentence. .

Emma sipped on the co ee hoping it would calm down her jittering nerves. Anxiety seemed to be the mood board of today. She felt queasy when she thought about what exactly is going to happen the next hour?

Would she nail the job?

Would they hire her?

Whywould they hire her?

"You'll get early frown lines if you kept that face on." Mrs Bagshot commented as she dusted o the tables with a rough cloth.

Emma nodded obediently, fixing her face.

"Mrs Bagshot, have you ever felt like. .," Emma looked around for a word ," like you won't make it?"

Mrs Bagshot moved to another table, nodding gravely.

"Why yes. Marriage."

"I loved the man and then. . I got sick of him." She shrugged her dainty shoulders.

Emma's eyes moved wherever she was moving.

"Oh. . .you dri ed apart. ." Emma sounded disappointed.

She waved her hand in dismissal.

"No, silly girl. I meant someday I loved him. Someday I got sick of his bony ass." She rolled her eyes. " He would hog all the blanket and it would drive me nuts."

A slow smile spread on Emma's full lips. She felt . .happy to know the woman in front of her had lead a full filling life.

"Say, don't you have somewhere to be at?" She asked wiping her forehead with the back of her hand.

As if a light bulb went o on Emma's face, she blinked and the next second got up. Downing the co ee in one go!

"Careful."

Quickly, Emma moved towards her and gave her a quick hug.

"Thank you for the co ee. For everything!" Emma sounded breathless for some reason as she backed o .

Mrs Bagshot cracked a smile.

"May luck be ever in your favor. "

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She didn't have to look around much.

The second she uttered Santos,the cab driver nodded and immediately she dived in the car.

It was already **11 PM.**

As the cab slipped on to the main road , Emma tried not to fear the unknown. It was her golden ticket. She had to give it her best shot!

She was dressed up in her best attire. A purple top over skinny jeans. Simple. Basic. Minimalistic.

Because she had to be a caretaker / cleaner. Not attend a fashion show. She was dressed accordingly. .atleast that's what she hoped for.

"What ya doin' at Santos?"

Emma sighed so ly. .the sceneries outside passing in blur.

To survive

" Job interview."

She kept her answer to the point. Not giving any extra information.

His head bobbed up and and down.

"My dad — the old fart was a gardner at the Santos estate. "

That sparked her interest. .she sat up straighter.

" Was?

'Das right. " His voice turned bitter. "The hot shot at Santos kicked him out for being late one day. "

Emma lowered down on the seat, her heart sinking. That definitely wasn't a good news to hear on the first day. She gulped down all the bad thoughts and only thought about her goal. Her priority.

To be safe.

To keep herself safe.

It didn't matter if people at Santos made her sleep in the kitchen. .as long as she was safe with a roof over her head.

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The cab sped away leaving a messed up Emma on the pavement. She had such positive vibes and now the driver ruined it into a dump.

"Come on, Em. You got this far for a reason." She talked some sense into the anxiety building in her.

Looking up at the cloudy sky, she asked for help from whoever was above and then. .her face pulled up into determination as she walked towards the gate, merely at five feet distance away from her.

The location had to be sterypical rich and dripping with self obsession. With mansions standing le and right . . looming on her. She was thankful for the empty road and pavements.

Didn't want to catch a wandering eye.

Or a judgemental sneer.

Emma halted in front of the wrought iron gate and squinted at the marble plaque with gold borderline. It was tucked on the wall, high enough for everyone to read.

Santos Estate

She let out a breath of relief.

Yes! She was standing at the right place . Rubbing her hands together to ward of the cold, she pressed the bell.

As soon as she pressed it, she heard a mechanical zingand the hidden camera erected it's thin neck. Revealing itself . Focusing on her.

Shit! Ofcourse! How could she forget?

Rich people had CCTV!

Emma tried not to move as the camera clicked on her.

"Yes?"

A voice boomed from somewhere nearly giving her a heart attack. She placed a hand on her wild heart, her eyes going wide.

"Hello? Are ya listening?"

The voice boomed again.

"Uh—yes. I'm here for the interview. " She tucked a strand of hair behind her ear.

"Gotcha!"

She stood there waiting for something to happen and it did. The iron gates opened up. At a leisurely slow pace.

Inviting her in.

"Here goes nothing." She muttered to herself stepping inside.

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She was occupying a poofy pink chair. A cup of green tea handed over to her for which she was eternally grateful. The tips of her ice cold fingers warming up as her fingers curled around the delicate crockery.

When she had stepped in and got a first look at the mansion itself. .it was as if the surrounding nature had embraced it. The flora growing within it as much as around it. It was obvious, the owner of the house harbored love for the plants. She spotted mighty oak trees in the lawn. .their scent awakening her sleepy soul.

"This color look so drab on me."

The haughty voice brought her back to present. Nope , she wasn't alone. Surrounded by twenty girls who were chatting about their makeup , the outfit. And looking at them had her confidence taking a dip.

She felt. . underdressed.

The girls were dressed impeccably. Makeup done to enhance their features . .Emma could hardly swallow the tea.

She felt like she might as well get up and leave right now.

She stood no chance infront of them.

Emma had definitely caught serveal condescending looks cast her way when they thought she wasn't looking. One had openly stared at her and then whispered to the girl beside her. .a jeer in their eyes as they glanced at her.

Emma tried not let them a ect her but it dida ect her. She felt horrible. Why do people make other people feel horrible about themselves?

The door opened up and a tall figure slipped in.

The way he cast everyone an irritated look made her smile . She bit her lip to stop herself from smiling out loud.

He had a paper in his hand, his eyes skimming over it.

"Miss Deborah Daniel."

A bruntte stood up, dusting away the barely their frowns on her skirt.

"It's me."

"Follow me." His voice was dull like he had been forced to do the job.

Brunette definitely didn't like his o hand attitude or him not sparing one look her way. She muttered something to her friend and moved .

Going out .

"You think she would get it?"

"No. She's fat around the hips." A blonde said dismissively. "I hope we do see him though. Life wouldn't be worth it if I didn't see him in ze flesh." She grinned wickedly.

Another one chimed in.

"You mean Maximus? I read he's an introvert. Hates being in the spotlight."

"True but that so don't mean he hates being in bed too." Blonde cackled delightfully earning sly looks.

Emma kept her mouth shut.

To her nothing mattered but landing the job. If only. .if only she could tell them straight up please I need this job. I don't want to be raped .

If only. .

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Everyone had vanished.

Only she remained.

The tick tockof the wall clock grated on her nerves. She bit her nail—an old habit she couldn't seem to get rid of.

Her leg jumped up and down, restless.

No one had returned yet.

Did all the girls get accepted?

That's ridiculous!

Was she the. . rejected one? The le out? Why wasn't anyone telling her to get out?

Guess she should leave on her own

May be they forgot about her.

Trying not to feel dejected or worse fall into despair. . .she stood up. Collect herself together . .hope had slipped out from her hand again.

Just when she was drowning in miserable thoughts, the door burst open.

Emma jerked at the sudden noise.

The lanky guy came in, casting a bored to death look her way.

"Emma Gavenvel?"

She nodded.

"Follow me."

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If the exterior blew her mind away, the interior was awe inspiring. Beautiful and chic were the only words that kept popping in her head.

The gold decore, the oil paintings , the chandeliers—it was hard to look away. And be in her senses.

"I know it's amazing and whatever." The guy said walking beside her.

He must have caught her expressions. She fixed her face into a neutral one.

He sighed. " Don't worry. You'll get used to it. It happened to me too."

"Really?" She blurted out.

"Yeah. Kinda." He shrugged. "I landed my first job here and— here we are."

They went from a narrow corridor to a spacious room. Seemed like a lounge with the LCD screen and couches.

Emma did spot the back of her head.

A brunette with a sleek bun.

A maid placing a tall glass of juice on the table .

Once again Emma felt her confidence dimming down.

Just the back of her head seemed intimidating. How the heck was it going to be like to stand in front of her?!

But lanky guy made a beeline and got right in her line of vision. Emma still standing behind the couch.

"Miles, I'm so tired of the chirpygirls. I need a painkiller." Her so voice made Miles grimace.

"I think you should meet this one." Miles said now glancing at Emma. Jerking his head at her to come forward.

Crap! This was it!

Clenching her hands into fists, she moved towards them. Her eyes downcast, she moved towards Miles—feeling somewhat comfortable with him by her side .

"You can leave." The woman ordered Miles and Emma almost wanted to burst into tears. She didn't want him to leave!

"Thank God!" Miles breathed a sigh of relief as he looked up and then at Emma. "Good luck."

With that he was o .

Emma watched his back leaving. .

"You're nervous. " The woman suddenly said. Forcing Emma to look at her.

The woman had to be in her late 30's. Decked in a charcoal black skirt that reached her knees , she had a kind smile on her face . .her green eyes just had that look in them. .that made breathing easy for Emma.

"A little." Emma hesitated.

"Your hands. .unclench them , dear. You might hurt yourself." She chuckled so ly.

"Come here." She patted the space beside her.

Nodding slightly, Emma moved towards her . Carefully occupying the space beside the elegant woman.

She turned towards her.

"What's your name?"

"Emma." She was so proud of her steady voice.

" HmmEmma. Tell me what do you expect from this job? From us?" She asked , her tone as gentle as ever.

She had one word pop up in her head.

Security.

"Food and comfort." She said it out loud. Straight form the heart.

"Food and comfort. .," She repeated and then smiled at her. " I'm afraid we can manage that quite well." Her smile deepened and it hit Emma.

She was joking!

Quickly, Emma cracked a smile.

"I'm Diana Santos. Nice to have you on board." She raised her delicate hand and Emma slipped her hand in hers. . shaking.

Diana Santos was about to say something when heavy footsteps thundered on the stairs and Emma glanced around at the commotion.

The lean figure was bounding down the stairs. Strapping a metallic watch around his thick wrist. It— hecertainly wasn't a boy. He was coming towards —them!

His strides sure . Looking at the mature glint in his green eyes had Emma believe . .he was far more experienced than he looked like. The mouth pressed in a harsh line , the straight nose li ing up his strong features . The slashes of his brows intimidating.

This definitely was a man Emma wouldn't cross in her life.

"You're going? Already?" Diana asked in disbelief.

He had stopped right behind the couch. Busy with the cu links now.

Emma didn't dare make her presence known.

"Have to. "

"But—why don't you let Miles run it this time?"

He let out a breath.

"D, I promise I'll be back on time, alright? Don't your dare wait for me at dinner."

Emma heard the mock threat behind his deep voice. It was obvious. .he loved Diana. Emma could hear it in his voice.

Diana's shoulders dropped down.

"We shall see, little brother. Oh! Meet Emma. My new teammate." Diana said it so suddenly. .Emma didn't have the time to react or breath.

She felt the shi in the air.

Felt the pressure of those eyes on her.

Emma's eyes were firmly fixed on the woman beside her.

"She's a sweetheart." Diana said vouching for her.

"Make sure she doesn't steal anything. I don't want to deal with a headache later." His curt comment seared her skin but she kept her mouth shut.

Diana was about to protest when he bent down and kissed her forehead. Killing her protest in an instant.

Emma didn't feel mortify or worse angry.

She definitely didn't care what a stranger thought of her. All that mattered was. . .she got the job!!

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A/N

O on holidays. Will be posting a er one week ☺

Continue reading next part □