

She was standing in front of the ominous wrought iron gate. The thick iron vines designed in way to mimick a bougainvillea plant. Never had anything look so daunting and formidable.

She was happy , nervous. Jittery and . . . about to collapse.

"Nothing to be afraid of. Get in. Do as you're told and then hope for residency." She whispered so ly.

She had to be there for herself.

Pat herself on the shoulder.

She was not going to be the one demoralizing herself. Emma had to be careful with her thoughts because they the thoughts, ran her body. Her soul.

She straightened up and pressed the golden button.

With thudding heart, she heard the distinct click of the hidden camera. The thin neck erecting up .Camera zooming in on her.

She tried to stay still so it could catch her.

"It's you again!"

The chirpy voice boomed and this time she didn't jump. She had come prepared.

"Uh yeah. I got the job." She smiled at the camera, shrugging slightly.

"Okey-dokey! Come on in!"

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Emma was walking on the pathway smacked dab between the plush green lawn. To anyone else she seemed like an innocent stranger passing by but her senses were on high alert. Actively absorbing her surroundings.

Two guards walking aimlessly in the lawn.

A driver wiping the doors of the luxurious Porsche.

A gardener plucking plants here and there.

With eyes downcast, she moved towards the entrance . Stepping up on the marble stairs. Going up towards the wooden oak door and—

A hand shot up. Halting her immediately.

The stern face of a guard greeted her.

Of course she thought.

"And you're?" He asked in a curt voice , trying to intimidate her.

"Diana Santos hired me." She replied in a to the point voice.

His black eyes slipped up and down at her outfit. A plain t shirt thrown over washed out jeans. Brown hair tied up in a bun. . Emma could see the mocking in his eyes but she didn't let that faze her.

If they don't know you personally, don't take it personally d

That was her motto.

He opened his mouth and her heart sinked because she knew that look. He was going to dismiss her .

She was ready to beg when—

"I can't believe—why the hell are you holding her up?" An annoyed voice asked.

And Emma breathed a sigh of relief.

She knew that voice.

The man made himself visible by stepping out and standing beside the stationed guard.

"Hey. . ." His face pinched in like he was trying to remember something.

"Emma." She smiled , a grateful smile at seeing his familiar face.

"Emma. Right Get in. She's in her bedroom." Miles jerked a thumb to the inside.

"Thanks." She said and he nodded .

The guard grunted and stepped to a side, letting her in. On her way in she heard Miles scolding the guard for not letting her in.

As soon as she stepped in, she tried so hard not to let the extravaganza intimidate her but she failed miserably. The plush carpets , the couches that could cost her life, the head of animals stuck to the walls and the paintings. .

Her grip on the strap of her bag tightened. It wasn't just a bag . . sometimes she felt like it was her support system. Funny how inanimate objects could make you feel safe.

And then it hit her!

Shit!

She didn't know which way to go!

Emma had stopped in the middle of the lounge, the same place she had seen Diana last time. Occupying the couch. There wasn't any maid on sight . feeling helpless, she turned around back to the exit . planning to ask Miles but then she ditched the idea.

What would he think? She couldn't even do a simple task as finding Diana's room?

Feeling unsure, Emma turned around again . eyeing the grand marble staircase. Twisting around her hands. .

All she had to do is find the room. .

Then why was her heart thrashing around wildly? As if she was about to trespass a forbidden area.

"Stop it. Get it over with!" She muttered , stepping on the staircase.

Her steps were wobbly as if her being knew she didn't belong here . . and suddenly she got a flash of how sure his steps were .

Bounding down . .

Shaking her head, she pitied her thoughts. She didn't get a clear picture of his face and still . . her mind remembered his presence. Pathetic!

Deep in her thoughts, she had reached the top. Standing on the top, she looked at the right wing and then at the le.

"Which way to go?" She asked herself and then she picked the right because nothing could go wrong with right.

She walked towards the right side. Feeling her confidence seeping back. Her spine straightened up and this time she felt sure about herself.

She got the job. She won't let the stupid house intimidate her!

As she moved in, her walk slowed down , spotting two black doors with a gold handle.

The design minimalistic and elegant. Nothing flashy. Nothing overdo or overkill.

Just sleek doors.

"Guess this is the one. ." She trailed o looking around . For any indication of the owner of the room. Didn't rich people have a plaque or something attached to the door with the owner's name? d

Li ing her hand, she gripped the gold handle and pulled it down. The door opened with a so click. Emma slipped in quickly . . shutting the door behind.

Her eyes were busy taking a look around . her back to the door. her gaze flickering from the made up bed to the white chandelier — the checkered floor—the black and white contrast and an apple laptop perched on the table that was placed right at the end of the bed. . the screen bright.

As if someone had been here . .

Emma frowned slightly . walking around the spacious room. It was odd how the walls were bare . No pictures nothing at all but a wall clock ticking away.

Suddenly she heard the splash of water behind the close door.

She must be in the bathroom. .

Not knowing what to do, she chose to sit on the chair . Eyeing the screen of the laptop.

Guess Diana is going to hire her as a secretary. .

She felt hopeful. Hopeful at securing a safe future for herself. If only they o ered her residency —

Emma's brown eyes slipped from the icons on the laptop screen to the gallery.

She was not going to snoop around! She was not going to—

Emma stopped breathing for a second. Hearing the water splashing around on the floor.

Her fingers moved on their own accord and quickly she clicked on the gallery.

An array of pictures popped up.

Hastily, She clicked on the first thumbnail, her heart beating fast. d

The picture started to load and she heard the movement . . in the bathroom.

She glanced at the shut door and then back at the screen and almost toppled over!!

It was him!!!

The green eyes were staring straight back at her. The arch eye brows raised up in a challenging manner. The dress shirt he had on was dispalying his lean body and—Emma shut the gallery.

Her hands shook with such force for a moment she got blank.

Then she heard the swish of fabric.

What were the chances of her being in his room?!!!!

Emma shot up towards the door and grabbed the handle—nearly breaking it away.

It wasn't budging!!!

"Shit shit shit!!!" She whispered, looking around wildly. Panic laughing on her state.

And then she saw it.

She sprinted towards the opaque glass doors of the wardrobe. Sliding the door all the way to the end and stepping in.

The bathroom door clicked open.

Emma slid the glass door back in place . she was going to collapse any moment now! She covered her mouth with her hand . breathing as slowly as she could. Thanking the lord for the opaque glass door.

She bit her palm when she saw the— his tall figure. It wasn't clear but she could make it out. Him moving around in a bathrobe.

Him sticking something to his ear she couldn't see.

Him talking!

"Miles, you need to take them down bit by bit. I don't like their approach." His deep voice nearly forced her to reveal herself.

And then—

Her eyes widened with horror.

He was coming right towards the wardrobe! d

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