

Emma had stopped breathing all together.

Horrified, she watched his tall figure coming towards the wardrobe . The terror she felt was nothing compared to what Jack made her feel. Nothing to what she had been through!

She was hyperventilating!

If he found out she was hiding in his closet. .if he—Emma knew nothing would save her! She would be kicked out! A dead meat!

She slapped both of her hands over her mouth when he raised his large hand and slid the glass door from the far le side while she was standing at the far right of the wardrobe.

The door slid to the side e ortlessly and she glanced at his hands rummaging through the suits.

"Build the pressure. Build it until it breaks them. " His deep voice resonated through the wardrobe. Emma's heart thudded at hearing his voice so close to her. .as if he was talking to her. .

"Take Jeremy on this. I know Miles will collapse under pressure. The only reason he's not fired yet is because—"

He took a suit o the rack and slid the glass door back on place . .Emma ripped her hands o her mouth and leaned her back against the wall of the wardrobe. .nearly collapsing from relief!

First day of job and she was already having a panic attack. .

She rubbed soothing circles on the sore spot on her chest.

"It's okay. It's okay. You made it." She tapped on her heart like it would put it to rest.

She listened closely for his footsteps but all she heard was the swish of the fabrics. . something heavy falling to the floor and she took one glance at his shadow like image filtering through the opaque glass.

Was he.?

Instantly she squeezed her eyes shut. Clenching her fists.

Shit!

He was stripping.

Changing.

She didn't dare open her eyes until the last swish of the rich fabric slid down his body.

Slowly, she opened up her eyes.

Emma resembled a statue , not breathing not blinking. Her eyes stuck to the lean figure moving about the room. Collecting his stu .

And a er five minutes. .

He moved towards the door.

Going out.

The door shutting behind.

"Thank God. .thank God. ." She kept whispering while sliding the glass door with shaking hands. She was trembling all over!

The pinpricks moving over her body made her realize how close she was to being killed by a grown man.

She didn't waste a single second.

Quickly and quietly she slipped out of the door.

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Clueless.

Cueless about where she was heading to. .her head still under pressure about what nearly happened.

If he ever find out she had a glimpse of him naked—

She shook her head, dissipating the dark image. Thank God, again, for the opaque glass that hid everything and all she caught was a dark shadow of his body—

"There you're!"

A cheerful voice said right behind her.

Surprised, Emma whirled around seeing Diana Santos dressed up in a designer suit. A brilliant smile on her bare face. Hair tied up in a sleek bun.

She was instantly hit with how beautiful she looked like without any makeup.

Emma couldn't help but smile back at her .

"I got lost." Emma looked sheepish as she walked closer to her.

"Ah! Completely understandable. I used to get lost in this maze of a house quite a lot when we moved in. " She shared ruefully.

"Come on in." Diana said now ushering her into her room. Emma nodded , stepping in first.

It was strange how she never felt intimidated by Diana. In fact her aura was unicorns and rainbows. Making made her comfortable. .which was weird. Considering the fact Emma should feel under pressure around her . .

Unlike her dark brother, Diana's room represented her visually. Bright colors splashed around the walls. Vases with fresh flowers on the vanity . Pictures on the wall.

"Beautiful. Aren't they?" Diana's voice jolted her into senses.

She caught her staring around.

Damn!

Blush spread on her cheeks. "Yes. Incredibly beautiful."

Diana chuckled , gliding towards the vanity. Checking herself in the mirror. Glancing at her awkward figure which seemed to be sticking out like a sour thumb.

"You might be wondering about the job but it's not much. I just need you to .organize my stu . " She said while taking a tube of mascara.

"That's it?" Emma blurted out.

"Thankless much?. " Diana smiled while swiping a coat of mascara.

Okay. . .

"No definitely not. Umwhat am I suppose to do like right now?" She hid her confusion under the guise of a slight smile.

"Organize my makeup."

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Emma felt strange.

She was deadly thankful for the job but the job itself was strange. Diana set her salary on 400\$ without batting an eye. 400\$ salary for organizing stu ?

Who did that?

Why did it feel like she was missing something? A subplot of the story?

But she didn't dare make any assumptions or let Diana know how constricted she felt about the "job".

Like a good employee, she kept her head down, mouth shut and did as she was ordered to do.

Emma had no business knowing Diana's business. She hadto be thankful.

While collecting the liquid lipsticks strewn across the vanity , Emma kept stealing looks of envy at the gorgeous woman.

She was stashing the sleek cosmetics in the drawer when she heard the slight knock.

Though she didn't react to it.

She kept going back and forth between the makeup and the open drawer.

"Come in."

The door swung open and Emma's hand trembled at the sight of the person. The eye-shadow palette almost dropping from her fingers . .she barely managed to catch it !

The way he entered the room with complete ownership made her feel goosebumps. His powerful presence seemed to be stealing breaths from everyone.

The picture didn't do justice to the man in flesh.

His eyes were large, cut the most prominent feature on his angular face. The nose sharp. .cut throat. Mouth pressed in a hard line.

A navy blue button down shirt tucked neatly in the brown pants.

And his mouth was moving!

He was talking!

"—and it's late." His deep voice did something to her tummy.

Diana rolled her eyes, identical to her brother's.

"Did you get the guns out?" His sister asked looking at him in the mirror. A teasing smile on her face.

He sighed, his large eyes set on his sister.

Not casting a single glance her way.

He was acting like she didn't exist in the room. .and it made her feel so small. Like an insect ready to be squished on .Emma felt happy for being ignored. Already her head kept flashing the dark image of his shadow—

Emma bit the inside of her mouth.

"If he makes yousmile, I'm ready to put my life on line for him."

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A/N

Sorry for the late update.

Had guests over.

You guys know I update on regular basis. It was code emergency. Code red.