

Mrs Bagshot was asleep when she slipped out.

It was breaking dawn. The light making itself known. She couldn't get enough of it. Falling in love with the beautiful sight every single time! Seeing the darkness being chased away by the light. .it brought hope with itself. For the very first time, she felt happy. .liberated at last.

Which was odd . She should be feeling lost and lonely and everything bad. .but she felt the opposite.

The place she called home never felt like one. What was the point of pining a er it? Leaving her mother's "home" was better than wrecking it. What hurt was. .she didn't get to kiss her mother for the last time and the pain of not saying the last goodbyes would always hunt her down.

Why is it a must , necessary, to meet for the last time? To say the goodbyes? Why can't people just go and leave?

Her job stated at **9:00 AM**.

She had three hours to go.

Emma chose to walk aimlessly around the humble town. She went to the community park . Watch the ducks quacking away in the pond. Heard birds chirping sweetly. Spotted people jogging around the park. She was broke, barely had clothes or cash and yet she had nothing on her head but peace and tranquility.

Sitting on the bench, she saw the mighty sun break away from it's deep slumber. Raising up like the king it was. .she shut her eyes . . letting the sunlight hit her face . Letting it bake her to the core.

It was her day.

She named it the Emmaday.

The day of emergence.

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Stepping in the Santos mansion, she hid the smile she had been wearing from the past few hours. A smile wide enough to hurt her cheeks. Emma fixed her face into a neutral one.

As she passed, the gardener had a water hose. .he was watering the plants and the scent of the soil raising up freshened her soul. She kept her head down and went straight towards the entrance. The guard stepped to a side with a grunt upon seeing her coming.

This time Emma knew her way around the house and the second she looked up—she wished she hadn't.

The brother sister duo were gathered around the couch. Diana dressed in a casual t shirt . .well their certainly wasn't anything casual about the shirt since it had a D & G logo. She was sporting the smile Emma hid on her way in.

Emma's gaze flickered from her to the dark man occupying the space beside her. His arm on the back of the couch. His posture relaxed. Decked in a navy blue dress shirt with brown pants on— he brought color to Emma's face.

Because. .it was him— his image that saved her. .

"Emma!"

She jumped out of her skin.

Diana chuckled so ly. ".Ever so absent. Come here , love." She waved at her and Emma nodded.

It was hard seeing him from a distance. How the hell was she going to breath in his vicinity?

Emma walked towards the empty single couch. She never felt his gaze on her. .and again. .she felt small. Invisible.

For which she definitely was glad. She wanted him to ignore her presence. Till eternity.

As she came near the couch , her hands shook a little. Clenching her hands into fists . .she sat down.

"I'll invite him over." Diana said to her brother who was busy swiping on his phone.

It was clear. Diana was bouncing with excitement. Happiness she could barely contain. The way her cheeks were glowing, her eyes were sparkling. .and suddenly her delicate neck turned at—Emma!

Catching her o guard.

"Have you been in love?"

The question put her at an odd and awkward place but her reply was abrupt.

She shook her head.

Not daring to look anywhere but her.

Diana opened her rosebud of a mouth when—

"I'll let him in only if he agrees to sign the papers." His sombre voice made Diana forget about her.

"Is it necessary? I see no need of—"

He glanced at her and Emma couldn't help but look. .

His green eyes seemed decisive. Nothing could shake his resolve. What he didn't say, his eyes did.

"I'll not be taking any risk regarding you, D. " His steely voice made his sister roll her eyes and Emma knew she had given up on her brother.

"Excuse me."

He stood up, placing the cell next to his ear. Emma watched his back disappearing up the stairs. Talking .

"Half the time I don't know if I'm the older one or he is."

"You. .aren't?" Emma asked carefully.

"I'm. I took care of that little beast ordering me around now." She said dully. " It's so hard to get him to agree to my terms. "

Emma didn't know what to say. She subsided with a gentle nod.

If only Diana knew how her brother had saved her. .

If only . .

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Emma had a feeling she was more of a personal secretary than an organizing gal.

Diana kept her around all the time. She attended calls while Emma sorted out the documents scattered on the mahogany table.

"I le the o ice for my dearbrother to rule. It's an absolute horror to work by his side. So. .I work from home. " Diana had answered her inquisitive eyes.

Her "home o ice" didn't have any o ice feeling or vibes. The pink chandelier, the earthy tones , the pictures decorating the walls. .Emma felt at home.

Shocking how strange room and strange people feel like home.

A er ten minutes, Diana had occupied the revolving chair . . leaning over the documents. Pen clicking in her hand.

"Emma please call on Max." She said suddenly. .her eyes skimming over the document.

Emma's hand stilled.

"Max?"

Diana looked up at her , she seemed tired . Worn out already.

"I keep forgetting you guys know him as Maximus. Call him for me."

For a second all Emma did was stare at her beautiful face. Did she hear her right? She wanted her to call him?As in her brother?

Emma swallowed down hard.

"I—I think someone else should—"

"I think you should." Diana gave her a gentle smile that shut her up immediately. Even if she wanted to. .she couldn't say anything back . The case was closed!

Emma nodded, placing the files back on the table. The neutral circumstances abruptly charging up. The anticipation twisting at her insides. Her social anxiety perking up.

Slowly, she turned towards the door.

She was suppose to call him!

How the hell was she going to do that? Why would Diana put her at such a di icult place? Emma felt her throat constricting. . .she wanted to turn at Diana and ask her to have some mercy. .

But that would be chickening out.

What would Diana think about her? It's not like she asked him to marry him for God sake!

Numbly, she went out the room. . shutting the door.

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She was standing in front of the door.

Her hand raised up.

This was no ordinary door for her. It was the red door. She felt her tummy twisting around like how it feels when the teacher hands you the report card.

"Get it over with, Em. Come on. ." She whispered so ly and then straightening up to her full height, she rapped on the door twice.

There was no need to be afraid of a man she knew nothing of! No need to be—

The door swung open.

And Emma's thoughts froze right there.

Him! It was him . . standing with a stone face, the hair gelled back making his jawline stand out. Green eyes clashing with brown ones impassively.

And Emma had barely opened her mouth when it happened!

His large hand shot out and wrapped mercilessly around her elbow— pulling her in!

Emma had no time to react . She was so flabbergasted at what just transpired. .shell shocked , she was pulled in and whirled around in the spacious room—her hair flying around wildly! His fingers digging into her delicate flesh!

As if she was an object he wanted to hurl at the wall and watch it break.

Emma's elbow throbbed painfully. With her heart thudding loudly, she looked around wildly. Not at all in her senses.

What happened?

Why did it happen?

What went wrong?

What did she do?!

Breathless she watched his broad back . . turning around slowly. Making her realize he had all the time in the world.

She couldn't escape him.

Most of all his void eyes scared her to the bones! So glassy! So. . ruthless! And she was under his sight!

"What. .Diana said. .said. ." Emma trailed o when he took a step towards her, cutting o her air supply.

His aura was threatening!

And Emma blurted out!

"I didn't do anything! I swear!" Emma said hurriedly seeing him quietly watching her every move.

He took another step at her.

And Emma felt the walls closing in on her , glancing at the door helplessly.

Reminding her of a moment she wanted to forget. .

"Let me out. ." Her voice was weak and her eyes were rapidly getting wet.

"Answer me and you're free to go."

His icy reply did nothing to calm her down. It was like he didn't care the girl was trembling so bad. .she was near to break down.

"Answer?. .I don't know what you're talking—"

"What were you doing in my room?"

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