# Sealed With A Kiss

ritika

STORYPDF

Complete English text · US Letter reading edition

# Contents


Blurb-- 7

Chapter 1 - When We Met 8

Chapter 2 - Her First Love 12

Chapter 3 – Proposal 17

Chapter 4 - Grand Wedding 24

Chapter 5 - My Wedding Life 30

Chapter 6 - His First Love 34

Chapter 7 - They Don't Really Hate Each Other 38

Chapter 8 - He Wants To Do What? 45

Chapter 9 - Pretending To Love Him Was Not That Hard 49

Chapter 10 - Road To Love 54

Chapter 11 - Too Close For Comfort 59

Chapter 12 - His Cute Nurse 64

Chapter 13 - He Is A Big Tease 68

Chapter 14 - He Cares Now When He Knows I Can't? 72

Chapter 15 - Silent Rejection Hurts Even More 77

Chapter 16 - My Little Dreams 81

Chapter 17 - His feelings Are So Confusing 86

Chapter 18 - His Friendship Is All I Have 91

Chapter 19 - He Loves Cuddling? 96

Chapter 20 - I Can Never Dress Like A Girl 100

Chapter 21 - I Am What? 105

Chapter 22 - Embarrassing And Awkward Situations 110

Chapter 23 - Date Plan Gone To Hell 115

Chapter 24 - Compromising Situations 121

Chapter 25 - Hot Arguments And Cool Answers 126

Chapter 26 - Some Wise Decisions 131

Chapter 27 - Jealous Arguments And Broken Hearts 135

Chapter 28 - When Fake Turned Into Something Much More Real 141

Chapter 29 - Dangerous Game 147

Chapter 30 - Heart Want What It Wants 152

Chapter 31 - Was Loving You A Better Idea? 157

Chapter 32 - Reasons We Are Far Apart 162

Chapter 33 - Your Name 168

Chapter 34 - Hurt And Comfort 175

Chapter 35 - Most Natural Thing To Do 182

Chapter 36 - Unexpected Encounters 188

Chapter 37 - Don't Move 196

Chapter 38 - You Think I'm A Man? 201

Chapter 39 - Old Friends Reunion 208

Chapter 40 - Mission Mia 213

Chapter 41 - I Hate You 222

Chapter 42 - His Passion And Desire 230

Chapter 43 - Do You Love Me? 240

Chapter 44 - Why He Never Gets A Clue? 248

Chapter 45 - Some Old Secrets 253

Chapter 46 - Shocking Revealations 258

Chapter 47 - His Cute Little Secrets 264

Chapter 48 - What's Her Deal, Man? 273

Chapter 49 - Her Embarrassing Encounters With Him 279

Chapter 50 - Dangerous Territory [ Second Kiss/ Intimate Moment ] 284

Chapter 51 - Crazy Confessions 292

Chapter 52 - His Thoughts About His Past 300

Chapter 53 - His Cute Exceptions For Her 307

Chapter 54 - Don't Break My Heart Anymore 314

Chapter 55 - Truth Always Resurfaces In The End 321

Chapter 56 - For His Sake 326

Chapter 57 - Her Broken Heart Knows No End 332

Chapter 58 - Will He Ever Love Her? 337

Chapter 59 - His Drunken Mishaps 346

Chapter 60 - Friendship And Some Golden Advises - Part I 355

Chapter 61 - Friendship And Some Golden Advises-Part II 362

Chapter 62 - What's Her Real Identity 368

Chapter 63 - You Can't Run Away From Your Past 375

Chapter 64 - He Is A Fucking Dense Pot In The Name Of Pottery! 382

Chapter 65 - It's Not Easy To Love Someone...Back 386

Chapter 66 - Part One of Epilogue : Where She Had Accepted Changes For Better 392

Chapter 67 - Part Two of Epilogue : When Her Past Life Speaks Too Much About Her Feelings 397

Chapter 68 - Part Three of Epilogue : There Is Just So Much That She Needs To Tell Him 402

# About this edition

This StoryPDF reading edition contains the complete English text, with its original paragraph and section order preserved.

Newly typeset with selectable text, a linked contents section and chapter bookmarks. Copyright rules can differ by country. Corrections and rights enquiries: liuxinglianxue@gmail.com.

Read online: StoryPDF / Sealed With A Kiss.

Reading edition: 2026-10-28. Typography: Crimson Text (SIL Open Font License).

# Blurb--

[ FRIENDs TO LOVERs - COMPLETED ]

Twenty years. Two best friends. She loves him more than herself. He needs her more than he should. She couldn't deny him anything. And he decides to test her loyalty by asking her one of the most toughest favours she could ever imagine him asking.

How will she cope up with it? What'll be her response? Will she go beyond herself to help him in his high time?

Most importantly, will he ever realize just how she means so much more to him than he would ever let himself know?

Especially when their recent encounters keep going out of his control, out of his Just-Friends zone, pushing their lifelong pious relationship more off the edge each time his own unexplainable urges decide to slip away in the bliss of wrong timing between them.

Yes, maybe it has always been the wrong timing between them.

But it's never too late to make it right. Especially commendable if it's coupled with the one of the most natural sizzling chemistry ever.

—

Warning – This book contains some kisses and some scenes that might make you blush lol.

**One Hundred and Forty Thousand Words of If Only He Knew**

# Chapter 1 - When We Met

**| Epigraph |**

**His hands are saying that he wants to hold her. His feet are saying that he wants to chase after her...He's probably forgotten that I'm here, beside him.**

**~Based on the same theme of unrequited love, but with the different sort of love-triangle. Written with feelings and passion, so hold your seats pals, it might give you Tachycardia if you ever had serious one-sided love for anyone lol.**

***throws cream buns to all my readers***

**>>>This book is dedicated to those who think they don't deserve the one they love <<<**

**Here you go!**

| When We Met |

**"Love is like a wind. You can never see it, but you can always feel it."**

Birds were chirping, the skies were all clear except for kites. A soft breeze splattered over trees which reverberated with pleasure. It was the spring season, perfect for every girl and boy, man and woman.

Two children were playing on the playground. Or more like fighting.

"You can never win against me, " the little boy said, patting girl's forehead.

The girl tried to reach him, but he was slightly taller than her. How can he be taller? He is just six, the girl thought.

She pouted in annoyance at the rude behaviour of the boy who she didn't even know!

"I will tell my mom that today I met a girl who actually plays with robots and not with those pinkish-pinky dolls, " the boy said while laughing loudly, gripping a grey coloured talking robot in his little finger by its antenna.

"Give me my robot. My father gave that to me!" The girl ran towards the boy and pushed him hard to the ground.

The boy fell straight on his stomach into the puddle of muddy water, his clothes dirtying and his knees bleeding crimson due to the scratch he got right after he fell down. He started to cry, his shrill voice reaching the ambient noise around them, and to the girl's ears.

The girl stared at him.

And stared.

She blinked once.

Twice.

Then she came forward and offered her hand to him, her little fingers too small to pull him out of that mess, but her heart too big to ignore him lying there all injured.

Now it was the boy's turn to stare. Instead of letting her pull him, he actually pulled her by her hand. She also fell into the puddle, the mud splashing all over their clothes, her hands gripping his t-shirt for support and his gripping her little frilly skirt in reflex.

Ten minutes later...

"What did I tell you about giving my robot back? I wouldn't have pushed you then!" the girl said, placing a bandage on his knee wound, blowing air from her mouth to make it less painful.

She took out another band-aid, which her mother had made her keep in her pocket for safety because she had a habit of falling and getting into trouble every time she stepped outside.

She unwrapped it with little difficulty, straightened it out before sticking it to his other arm which was injured while they were trying to get out from that puddle.

He was sniffing his nose when she was completing her little treatment. "I would have given it to you. I am not a bad boy!" said the boy, while wiping tears carelessly from his shirt sleeves.

"Sure, " the little girl dragged the word and continued, "Mommy says I shouldn't go near weeds like you, " she said, smiling widely and lifting his arm again to check if she had done the treatment well or not.

"You just called me "weed". What is that anyway?"

"I don't know. Mommy says that boys are weeds!"

"Then I am not a boy. I am a man, " he said, standing quickly only to stagger back, pain evident in his eyes.

"Don't stand. It will hurt. Wait! I will take you home!" she said, snaking her arm around his neck and placing his weight on her shoulders. They walked to his house, both limping from their respective injuries but nevertheless content with their meeting.

"I am Emily!" she said, smiling brightly at him while helping him open the gate of his house.

"I'm Edward, " he said embarrassed of his vulnerable condition, his manly pride kicking him too much for his short size and age.

Adjusting the dirty, muddy robot in her arms, she untangled her arms for a handshake.

"Friends?" she asked, waving her hand once again in front of him.

The boy merely stared at her hand, cocking his head to his side before shaking it back with a huge smile plastered on his face.

"Friends!"

From then onwards, the whole Dixon street knew who they were.

No, they were not famous.

They were troublesome. Breaking glasses was a daily habit of theirs. She would always come to play in his house, his house being large, and he would always come to her house to eat and study when his parents were out of town often. They made a great duo, their minds in sync when it came to pranks.

Twenty years later:

Emily's POV:

That son of a crow. He actually painted meatballs over my jeans. I thought he was joking. I kicked the mud on the ground in frustration, suddenly remembering I needed to save my innocent face from going viral in social media.

I sneaked out stealthily from my college, adjusting my bag in my arms. My head was hung low, hiding my face from people and cursing Edward's generations.

Oh, how much I would like to put a hole in his future!

I put the magazine in front of my face while walking, staggering in steps and unable to see when something vibrated in my jeans. Fumbling with effort, I pulled out my phone and pressed the button.

"What the hell Edward?! You filthy son of a tortured sparrow! How am I supposed to walk now?!" I yelled into the phone, earning several people's stares.

I was actually walking with my purse behind my butt.

This was so humiliating.

In so many not-so-humiliating ways!

I was going to graduate. I was so happy about that a few minutes ago. And I was actually happy to tell him that, but then I saw the washroom mirror and realized what I had been wearing all day. There was no doubt someone snapped my picture when I wasn't looking.

"That's what you get for wearing my clothes. I told you not to mess with my closet! You always steal my favourite pants and jeans!" he said, laughing heartily. His laugh was music to my ears.

"I didn't steal them. I borrowed them in hopes of returning them. You know I don't like to do laundry. And when I get clean clothes every week, it makes me lazier. That's why I took yours. But you painted fucking meatballs all over them."

"Okay, I'm sorry. Let me make up to you. Come to Latte Coffee, " he said.

"Don't you dare to run away from there. You wait there! You're dead meat" I yelled, quickly hanging up before calling for a taxi.

I immediately went to my house to change into a new pair of jeans, stuffing his meatball jeans into a dustbin, rather harshly, but not before kicking and grinding it beneath my shoes.

That's what you get now, hah!

You don't get anything!

While on my way to the cafe, I saw the old playground where we met for the first time. Some kids were still playing there, heaps of mud castle sprawled on the ground. I couldn't help but reminisce about our moments and memories.

Nothing actually changed until now, except for the world became more lodged with technology, people became more distant with increasing desires and money dominated over precious human relations.

We didn't change our neighbourhood; we didn't need to, I suppose. But maybe dates or seasons changed.

And maybe our feelings too.

I smiled sadly, flipping my hair and pulling into a rough ponytail before walking to my destination...thinking of my unrequited love for my best friend who doesn't even have any idea about it.

# Chapter 2 - Her First Love

Emily's POV:

I was happy. Very happy, in fact. Who wouldn't be? I mean I just had my life all planned out. I had graduated, got a job offer, and my best friend just called me saying he needs me.

The same best friend who I had a crush on for maybe about fifteen years. It was more of a crush at first, but then it turned from a mere degree of "like" to "inevitable love" before I could even gather my thoughts up.

And I, like any girl in love should behave, sealed it deep in my heart. I thought if I could be able to match his type, he would reciprocate it, but I was afraid he might not want me back.

Because he was in love with someone who was not me.

Tragic, isn't it?

The problems didn't start there, I guess because he certainly had the right to love someone else. Not that I have any problems with it, but maybe I had problems to cope up with the fact that she loved him back.

Let me describe this 'she'.

Lara Williams.

Her name is as pretty as she looks. Covered with pretty organs from head to toe, I wouldn't have any problems in getting along with her if it weren't for the fact that she was my best friend's so-called 'girlfriend'.

Well, I was not jealous...if breaking the jars, smashing my head against a locker or banging my head against the counter or putting her name in my list of enemies counts as something! She was way better at everything.

Everyone worshipped the ground that she walked on. She was everything I could never be. Head of the cheerleading group, an object of adult's fantasies, an achiever of average grades, good nature, perfect figure, better dressing sense and most of all, a cool and calm personality.

If I were a boy, I would definitely go crazy for her.

Which thankfully I wasn't!

Thus, I understand Edward. Despite being a billionaire's heir, he's got no attitude at all, except for the usual fights with me I guess.

Good in grades, aristocratic body, chiselled face, bright smile, blue eyes and cool attire, he has everything I don't deserve.

He is to inherit the enormous Jones Multielectronics, a company indulged in manufacturing all of the electronics around the world. He has always been responsible and obedient, the clear opposite of me.

I always tried to catch up with him, but always got left behind by one or two steps. Maybe I should have befriended someone ugly and dull some twenty years ago. I guess his ability to solve things easily and his optimistic nature towards life is what made me fall in love with him.

Stay with him for a day and you would know what I'm talking about. He is the only one who accepted me for what I am.

A tomboy.

Yes. That's what I am. A boyish-girl. The last time I painted my nails was when my mother had remarried.

Yes, I have a stepfather and a good one at that, so if you were expecting some Cinderella story then you're wrong. He is everything I imagined my actual father to be. He is the only one who lets me wear shirts and pants to my college.

To tell the truth, I actually tried changing my attire a few times. Once I wore a skirt to impress Edward, but he actually laughed at the skirt saying it didn't suit me, for which I banged his head against my desk. I guess my temper takes over my love for him.

Once I wore lipstick and Edward was like, "Did you drink someone's blood on your way to college?" and he actually checked my lips to search for the answer. As for me, I think I hurt his leg pretty bad that day.

Once I actually tried a crop top with heels and earrings and lots of makeup and he actually, I mean really said, "Seriously dude, did you forget that you are not supposed to be wearing girl's stuff?"

Alright, calling me 'dude' was fine but questioning my gender was not something he was about to stay alive for. And so, I lunged at him really bad. And by really bad I mean, breaking his X-ZONE? I suppose I didn't care if I would be having children in our family in future. It was worth it.

I was walking down the street as I remembered all these things, but that is me. Reminiscing about life: that is the only thing that gives me hope. I reached 'Latte coffee', our usual cafe.

Edward was sitting there. He had chosen a corner table, sipping his coffee, deep in thought and I took this opportunity to analyse his looks up and down.

God, I would kill a person and dump their body in the sea to be able to touch those dimples. I was once 18, a time when I actually really wanted to paw at his body, the time when I wanted him really bad, both as a male and as a lover I guess, and I didn't get both.

"Take a picture, it'll last longer!" he had said smugly. I finally averted my gaze to his face.

I rolled my eyes. "By 'taking a picture', you mean 'take it and put it on the wanted list', right?"

I laughed at my own stupid joke. He knew what I was talking about. When we were nine years old, Edward had been abducted by a gang who kidnapped children to make them beg on the street. He was only abducted for three hours when his father found him, and he was crying horribly as if he had lost his future or something and I had to hug him to sleep for next three weeks.

That's the main reason he hates the police because he thinks they were not competent enough to find him earlier. Typical Edward, I guess.

"That was so not funny!" he retaliated.

"Oh yes, it was not." I laughed out loud. I sneaked my hand in my bag and presented my graduation certificate. I couldn't contain my excitement in.

"Here, guess who got graduated? Me!" I danced like crazy in my chair.

"Really? Wow, I'm so happy. Wait, let me join you!" He got out of his chair and danced along with me. And then I kicked him hard. On his leg. And then I snaked my arm around his neck in a headlock to fake choke him.

"This is for painting meatballs in my pants, " I hissed.

"Hey, those were my pants, " he said breathlessly.

I tightened my grip.

"Okay, okay, you win, " he said, fanning his hand over his face. My grip wasn't even that hard; that drama queen!

"Ahem!" someone coughed loudly. We both turned around to look at the guy.

"Sir, customers are staring!" Mark-something said, his name not clear on his name tag. With that, he went away. We sheepishly sat down in our respective chairs.

"Thanks man, you saved a life here!" Edward yelled after him.

We ordered some coffee and settled down for some friend-time.

"I bought you something. Here!" he said, sliding something wrapped in black across the table.

I stared at the object: the first gift I got from Edward except for my birthdays. I tore open it like a dog nibbling at its bone.

It was a brand-new shirt, grey in colour.

"Wow. It's amazing! You remembered?" I breathed. He knew I wanted to get that shirt from the store but due to my part-time jobs and not being able to pay much, I couldn't. I smiled widely at him.

"Isn't it at times like this, girls go crazy and hug boys tightly!?" he smiled and winked.

I scrambled towards him and hugged him tightly, not wasting the moment to sniff his masculine cologne.

"Are you wearing push-up bras?" he whispered, a smile clearly tugging at his lips.

I shook my head. "No. I don't like tight, showy things"

"Then why is your chest bigger than normal? I felt like I was really hugging a girl!" he laughed.

"Because I might actually be a girl, I suppose. But I don't know. They are just getting bigger, I'm worried, " I said, breaking our hug.

"Hey, that's okay, it's one good step in showing your gender, " he laughed and I smacked him hard.

"Oh, don't be angry, just let me hug you more!" he winked, earning a kick on his leg.

"Last time I checked, your kick didn't hurt that much, " he said faking pain.

"Well, that's because I learned new moves. Should I try it on your 'where the sun never shines' part?"

"No thanks. I think I want to send my kids to school in future and for that, I need to have kids, " he said.

I smacked his arm playfully and shook my head. We sat silently for a while when he spoke again.

"My parents didn't approve of Lara."

At this, I looked at him.

"Well, for starters, tell her to wear full legal clothes next time. I really think your father wants someone who could walk two steps without showing enough skin!" I said bitterly.

"But they can't decide with my love. I love her, Emi."

Okay, it hurts a little if announced openly.

"Of course, you love her, if you didn't, we wouldn't be having this conversation in the first place!"

"What should I do? I really want to marry her. Help me, Emi. My parents listen to you. You're the only one who can convince them, " he said, holding my hands and squeezing them softly.

I looked down at our interlocked hands and up at him again. There was hope in his eyes. Oh, don't look at me like this! It's difficult. Don't!

"Okay, I'll help you!" I cried hysterically, banging my head loudly against the counter, scratching nails on the walls, screaming loudly on the isolated island!

In my mind, of course! In reality, I only agreed and gave a small smile.

I lazily slumped my head on the coffee table, replaying everything I wished to have with Edward and replaying everything again only to be seen all of it destroyed by me, myself!

I think I just won the award of "the biggest loser" as well as "the greatest friend" at the same time.

By myself!

Ironic, isn't it?

# Chapter 3 – Proposal

Emily's POV:

We decided to visit Edward's home. I rang the bell and Mr Jones opened the door, a warm smile on his face.

"Hello, Mr Jones!"

"Oh, my cute girl, it's been a long time since we hung out, " he said patting my head.

I smiled widely at him.

"I graduated and I also got a job offer from the National Tropics hospital. I will join after a month." I said, earning praise from him.

"Oh, my two children have already grown up. I can't want anything else than seeing you succeed as much as this world can offer!"

Mr Jones always thought of me as the second child of his, a daughter which he never had. He took care of me, even going as far as scolding his own son. I was blessed in some aspect.

When my father died, he actually financially supported our family for some time until my mom found a suitable job, thanks to his help. Willows and Jones were always there for each other I guess.

Mr Jones invited me inside and offered a drink.

"How come our sweet neighbour is here to meet us?! See Elena, how these two have grown up. It wasn't long ago when society committee actually complained about them breaking people's window glasses, taking stray dogs, singing loudly in public or taking late night swims in water, " he smiled mildly.

We both grinned widely and a wave of nostalgia hit us.

"Yes. But I thought I should meet you today. I guess I don't want to lose you now, do I?"

Was it too dramatic?

Edward shook his head, an attempt to say, "You're hopeless"

Now I'm going to destroy my own happiness by myself. Here I go.

"Isn't it too silent in the house? How much better it would be to have a daughter-in-law and very cheerful one at that! Not to mention, having charisma like Barbie, when she walks on the floor, it

burns like hell and you couldn't get any better after seeing her smile... Oh her lips, When they open, they talk like a waterfall of Nigeria and when her hands touch something, it's done as real, oh her legs are the masterpiece of Indian redwood tree, and her eyes remind you of those extinct dodos around the world...Oh how much you want someone like that in this house, " I said huffing heavily.

One-minute silence.

All three just gaped at me.

And then they burst into a fit of laughter.

"Honey if you wanted forest and nature so badly, why didn't you just tell us.? We could have gone to some trip!" Mrs Jones said, wiping tears off her eyes.

"If it wasn't for your medical job, I would have thought you were practising some comedy, " said Mr Jones.

Oh. Just. Kill. Me. Now.

Edward pulled me by my arm to the next room, his grip on my arm slightly more rougher and urgent than usual.

"What are you doing?!" he whisper-yelled.

"Helping you?" I reminded him, in case his human brain hasn't evolved yet but it came out like a question.

"But you called Lara dodo and her legs tree and rabbit and her lips waterfall. How is that helping?"

"I didn't call her rabbit though! How am I supposed to describe her? I don't know her. You know her. You do it." I whispered back.

"They listen only to you."

"But-"

"No buts. You said you would help me."

"Why-"

"Because you are my lucky charm. You know I won all those certificates and matches and trophies because you cheered for me!"

I rolled my eyes at his stupid imagination.

"Or more like 'I taught you late at night skipping my dinner, " I filled in.

"Because my biology is weak. You of all people should know that"

"Okay fine, I will do it again."

"Please...Goddess Emily, " he said, winking at me. So much for pleading, I thought.

I walked, with him urging me to do my task more precisely. I looked behind, his eyes filled with hope and wrists balled in fists wishing me "fighting".

I mouthed 'I will'.

And then Thud!

A loud one at that. Since I wasn't looking forward, I crashed into something. I fell on the carpet, a vase on my head and water seeping into my pants.

Oh hell to this fucking plan now!

I just fell, in front of my best friend who I had a crush on for like, forever and his parents too!

"Honey, sweety, are you okay?" his mother came forward in a hurry.

"I'm fine. Couldn't get any better. I just am....kinda felt like exercising, " I said moving my arms in circles, smiling in spite of the pain.

"So Mr Jones, how would you feel if you had one girl to fill in your family? Wouldn't it be great to have Lara as your daughter-in-law? She is an excellent girl, she knows everything, and she loves Edward. They have been dating for five years already. Isn't it high time to include her in your family?"

"But dear, we don't like her. Something is just… off about her, " Mr Jones said, "She doesn't really fit into this family."

"Don't worry, she is a cheerful person, she gets into the atmosphere easily. I am sure you will never get bored with her. She is a good company. A perfect one to complete your rich family, " I offered, tasting the bitterness in my sentence.

Okay, I won't cry... I never will... He wants that. Just because I couldn't get his love doesn't mean he couldn't get his share of love.

He deserves everything.

And I'll make sure he gets that.

"Can she cook?" Mrs Jones asked.

Edward looked at me and then shook his head.

"Then how can we marry Edward off to someone who doesn't even know how to cook when you know very clearly that he doesn't eat anything except for homemade ones. Weren't you the one who cooked for him when we were outside for business?" Mrs Jones said, clearly agitated.

I gulped.

"Then I can cook for him like always?" I offered.

"Then why can't you marry him? You know him since you two were kids, " Mr Jones said.

I so was not going to have that conversation again. It always breaks my heart when Edward ends up rejecting me not-so-conscious about my feelings towards him.

"Mom! Dad! Not again. You know we can't do that. Just let me marry the girl I like okay?" he pleaded.

"Don't you like Emily?" Mr Jones asked.

He paused.

"I do! But dad-"

"No. We have a reputation, Edward! You are the CEO of the Jones company. People look up to you. What would they think if you marry some chick who wears dangling tops and chews bubblegum while talking to your parents? All she cares about is her manicures. She doesn't even have the decency to show any love to you in front of your parents. I will never approve of such marriage!!" Edward's dad almost yelled at him, his temper rising.

"Okay. Nobody gets married. Not me. Not Edward. Topic's over. Let's go, Eddie. We have to play rock paper scissors, right?" I said, telling him to leave the topic for now.

I pulled him with me hurriedly to the next room.

"Seriously, rock paper scissors, Lily!?" Edward half-joked.

"Then should I tell them that I was going to break their son's neck off and sew it back over his leg? " I said, narrowing my eyebrows.

He just glared.

"Then what are we supposed to do now?"

We? There was a 'we'? I never wanted him married in the first place.

"You do the action. I am going to my karate classes, " I said, waving at him only to be pulled by him, back at the place.

Five minutes later:

We were sitting in the cafe. Trust me, as much as I love him and want to either kiss him or strangle him, I hate his habit of tagging me along in his problems equally.

I know I won't be able to help him because I am a horrible liar, a horrible planner as well as a horrible walker who can't even walk properly.

Thinking of not being able to walk properly, I think I tasted some clotted blood in my mouth. I guess I hurt my jaw badly. It ached now that I thought about it.

I just glared at him nevertheless. In the need, I started to sip my coffee. Three cups of coffee in a row. This much of diuretics is gonna burst my bladder soon.

"So, what's your plan? Any plan B?" He asked.

"That was plan A? You didn't tell me. I would have done better then, " I said rolling my eyes.

"You know how much I love Lara. You said you would help me! What now? "

Ouch. Don't say the L-word in front of me, dude.

"I will help you, " I reassured him, my lips twitching upward, unwillingly, but my heart twisting painfully in my chest.

He stared at me intently, as I continued to fidget nervously under his penetrating gaze and in my discomfort, I started to sip coffee.

"Then marry me."

"What?!" I choked on my drink, coughing violently as I stared at him in blunt surprise.

"I said marry me, " he repeated.

"I heard what you said but it's-" I inhaled deeply, trying to calm my raging nerves, before looking at him. "Seriously have you lost your mind, Edward?! This is really..." I trailed off, looking at him incredulously.

"You said you'd help me. I am merely asking for your help."

"But you love...but why?" I narrowed my eyes at him, my mind going frenzy thinking of what he asked me just now.

"Because it's the only way I can get off with this marriage thing and can have my love, Lara!"

"What? Are you crazy? This is... so not fair to your parents!"

"But they want me to marry you. You know that. This way I get Lara, my parents get you as their daughter-in-law. This way everyone is happy." he said, assuring me.

But I am not. His plan was illogical anyways.

"Please, Lily?"

"But still, it's too much to-"

"You know I would do it for you."

Quickly, I looked at him, no words shared between us as we locked eyes with each other for a brief moment and I realized he was saying the truth after all.

It's not that I doubted his words in the first place.

Indeed, if I were in his place, he would've done it for me.

He would do much more crazy things for me.

For us.

For our friendship.

And this time, he needed my help.

Urgently, that too.

To support his love.

Gulping nervously under his penetrating stare which was asking me for his answer, I averted my gaze to look at the nearby couple laughing loudly at some joke before the man bent forward to kiss her. He slid a shining ring on her fingers to which she squealed in delight and hugged him.

I smiled subconsciously at the sight.

"Besides you can leave this marriage anytime you want. I am not forcing you. But I assure you as long as you are my wife, I will be a good husband and a friend to you. I will do everything to make you happy." Edward took my hand, squeezing them a little. His eyes bore into mine, reflecting honesty and the promise of a better future with me.

I nodded looking down at our joined hands, feeling those lazy butterflies doing somersaults in my stomach.

"So? What do you think? Will you marry me then?"

"I really think it's not right to betray-"

"I assure you, Lily, that we'll be fine." He intertwined our fingers and I stared at him, and then at my hands which fit perfectly over his large calloused ones. "If only you were to agree to this."

"I..." Words got stuck in my throat as I found my voice too heavy with emotions to even respond properly to him. My eyes pricked with tears, seeing his eyes reflecting hope.

The hope of his bright future with someone else.

With my help.

"I will, Edward. I will marry you, " I smiled at him through the unshed tears.

I felt him hug me almost immediately, my feet floating in the air. He ducked his head at the crook of my neck before kissing my forehead, his lips lingering longer than usual.

"Thanks a lot, Lily. I promise you I won't do anything which we both will regret. I will make you the happiest wife and woman of this world!"

I rolled my eyes at his dramatic character.

You can never give me the happiness which I want Edward because you already gave it to someone else? a long time ago and I am not that much of a villain to ask for it when clearly this is the only thing which you smile and laugh at!

# Chapter 4 - Grand Wedding

DAY OF MARRIAGE

Emily's POV:

I was nervous. I should be. That's what normal brides feel. I was going to take a long step. A step which would change my life forever. My hands were sweating and I couldn't even walk on the ground because of this gown.

Yes, I was wearing a gown.

A wedding gown. My dream gown.

I have always wanted to marry Edward, wanted him to propose me first and then I would say yes. All of this happened but I didn't know it could happen in such circumstances as well.

When I first realised my feelings for Edward, I was very cool, unlike other girls who freak out. Because I know I would get over those feelings one day or another. But when those feelings turned into love at my tender age of 20, I was devastated. On top of it, he got himself a girlfriend before I could even spill something about it.

He fell in love. That's what he said to me. Okay, I had said.

I guess things worked out for him cause when I met Lara, she was nothing like those bitches which I always read in novels. Instead, she was mannerable and lovely. I don't know why she was rude to his parents, though. Maybe she was nervous.

The only thing off about her was her silent nature. She didn't speak more than two lines at once. I was actually surprised that how come a girl can't talk to another girl. I heard that it was impossible.

Edward was cool about her silent nature. He said she talked a lot to him.

Okay, that burned. What did I even do to universe!!?

At least talk to me so I could decide whether to hate you or like you?

She never actually did anything wrong to me. She was okay with me and my friendship with Edward. I did like that part of her. Maybe she knew he would never fall in love with me.

I settled on liking her.

We went two months later with the plan that Edward broke up with Lara Because she cheated on him with some blonde and how he realised that he couldn't live his life without me as I had always been by his side. And so he proposed to me.

As if that can ever be true.

Breaking the news of our marriage to Edward's parents was not easy. They actually suspected us. And that's why we had to act lovey-dovey around them, with Edward holding me by my waist and me, as a hanger, clung to his shoulder.

Edward also had to peck on my cheeks to make them believe it offering them the reason that we can't kiss because of me having a cold.

That was horrible.

No, not my cold, but my reason.

I always have been a horrible liar.

I am surprised I managed to hide my feelings for like, fifteen years.

But there is a time for everything.

As for my mother, as any typical moms would do, she started sobbing.

Like really bad. I was terrified.

I thought she had gone berserk. Oh, she hadn't.

And then she started stating reasons as to why I never acted like a girl, always wearing baggy pants and all.She really, like really, started stating in front of Edward's parents as well, that I never liked to wear skirts but only wore them to impress Edward.

He smirked. And that was so embarrassing. I wanted to dig a hole in the ground and crawl Two meters deep into it.

But my father never doubted me. To my surprise, he just wished me luck and hugged me.

And then they started to talk like how we should have married a Long time ago if it weren't for Edward's stupidity to date Lara. I sensed Edward's fist clenched, so I grabbed his hand to assure him, smiling brightly at him.

My jaw was practically hanging by giving fake smiles all day. I didn't know love was that costly. I paid price for the whole fifteen years for it and I guess some two years won't make a difference.

Two years. We decided to keep our fake marriage for two years. Until we convince his parents that our marriage was not working in the way they wanted.

"Emily!" Someone shouted.

"Mia!"I said, smile making its way in my face.

No matter what problem I am into, I can always be happy with my friends.

She reached to where I was standing and hugged me tightly.

Mia Shane. She was my friend since high school freshman year. Though we have nothing in common, how we became friends was still a miracle. But she understood me. And she is the only one who knows about my crush on Edward.

And she was the only one who smacked me on my forehead really hard, after listening that I was going to get married to Edward, but not in the way I wanted.

She lectured me for a whole week and even threatened to break our friendship if I continued but she knew I won't do that. I would never betray Edward. My heart belongs to him.

"You look so beautiful!" she said, admiring me and my gown.

"Have you heard of any girl looking ugly on her big day? It's all makeup, Mia. You know me. I am not that much of a beauty!" I defended myself.

"Oh, shut up before you get your forehead tainted red and blue!" Mia said.

We looked at each other and laughed.

I never doubted she wouldn't come to my wedding.

In fact, she was the only one I was waiting for. We chatted for a few minutes and were continued by a human I knew too well.

"Mia! That's wrong. You couldn't just go and tell Victoria that I am gay, " called out and in entered Jake Anderson. The so-called playboy of our college. And the so-called crush of Mia.

Yeah, you read that right. She had a crush on him like for seven years. And he, as dense as a tree, doesn't even know about it. Hell, even my parents know about it. How could he not know?

Only trees are allowed to be dense. Not humans!

And I have these three crazy friends for crying out loud.

There is Rose Montana as well. She is the quietest girl in our group if we note the sarcasm. She knows everything. Where the boy lives to how many girlfriends he used to have in past life, everything. Just ask her and like a waterfall, you would have your tank filled with information related to anything.

I still don't know where such connections for information come from, pertaining to the fact that she comes from a normal family. Not some K. C. UNDERCOVER, I suppose. Due to her job in New York, she was currently unavailable at my wedding, and I like the fact that all my friends have a nice future.

"I didn't actually say the 'gay' part. You just assumed it, " Mia said, rolling her eyes.

"You look beautiful, Emily. And how the hell would you define the part that 'I used to sleep with Leo after my breakups'? That's filthy. You crossed the line. You questioned my sexuality!" said Jake, gritting his teeth.

"We sleep together sometimes Jake, " I started in a consoling voice. "It doesn't make a difference. You know that's shit. I would never doubt your masculinity, okay? So let it rest. Today is supposed to be my big day, right?" I said.

"Lily, you always take her side. A time will come when actually I had to prove my gender to my future wife and that day I would climb off the cliff and in my suicide note I would write 'all credits to Mia Shane'!" he yelled.

We actually laughed hard at his comment. That was funny.

When actually it wasn't!

"She is really sorry, Jake."

"No, I am not!"

"Oh yes, you will be!"

And the fight continued forever. I mean they can't go on a day without fighting and here they say that the other ruined their life. I can't imagine them without each other. When they fight, they barely can hold themselves for an hour without talking, let alone the whole day.

"Oh, my Emily dear!" I heard a voice that I had taken solace into many time for the last twenty-five years for. My mother entered the room and gave me a big smile.

"You look so beautiful, sweety. We are so proud of you, your dad and I. You made the right choice!" she said, her voice heavy with unshed tears.

Typical mom.

I actually felt bad for not telling her the truth.

Not because she would be sad but because she would bury both me and Edward alive.

Again, a typical mom.

"See, I told you he loves you. You just waited and there, he proposed to you. I can't wait for the day mini Emily's and mini Edward's will be playing on my lap, " she said, grinning.

I blushed at the thought of having babies with Edward. It wasn't that I never thought of it. I have always wanted that. But now that people say it loud, it feels so embarrassing.

"Don't mention that right now, mom. I'm only getting married, " I said and looked down. I looked at her and my face turned sour.

"Oh, these nails. Mom, why do I have to grow my nails? And my chest! I feel so suffocated. Why are they growing so much? I can't even walk properly in these heels. And this veil is not doing any much good to me, " I cried out, frustrated.

Yes. I was frustrated. I was nervous.

I had cold feet and I can't believe it!

Don't worry Emily, it's not like you are going to marry for real. This is fake.

But this will be the last time I wear my wedding gown. I was suddenly sad.

"Emily dear, it's good that you have ample chest. This way your marriage life will be happier. This veil is supposed to bring happiness. And as for nails-"

"Okay, I get it. Please don't elaborate!"I exclaimed. "You don't have to answer those questions, they were rhetorical!"

What does having ample chest anything to do with my marriage life...?

I sighed.

"I will go and prepare for the ceremony. Be ready to walk the aisle in ten minutes sweety, " mom said and I nodded. At the same time, my dad came into the room.

"Are you ready, sweety?" he asked me and I nodded.

And the door opened. Violins and soft music entered my ears.

There he was standing. His beauty on his full glory. His tuxedo doing all the good to make him edible. Edible? Seriously Emily? I smacked myself mentally.

His faint smile widened upon seeing me. His eyes glistened like dew on leaves and our eyes remain locked until I reached him. For me, it was a life-changing moment. It was happening. I was going to marry him. Like, marry marry him. Like they do in movies. My father gave my hand to him. He held me and nodded at My father.

The priest talked about vows and how we all have gathered here to witness this grand wedding.

We looked into each other eyes. The nervousness in my eyes wasn't present in his own but he understood my feelings. His hands slid into mine, caressing them to calm my nervousness. I smiled at him and he reciprocated the look.

"I, Edward Jones take, Emily Willows, to be my lawfully wedded wife and vow to take care of her in sickness or in health, till death do us apart."

I felt tears prickling my eyes involuntarily. I swallowed a lump, my throat sore from emotions.

"I, Emily Willows take Edward Jones to be my lawfully wedded husband and vow to take care of him in sickness or in health, till death do us apart."

Till death do us apart. Yes. I wish I could do that. If only you were to accept me.

"With the power bestowed upon me by holy god, I now pronounce you two husband and wife. You may now kiss the bride. "

Edward stared at me. I just blinked. I was dumbfounded as the priest's words reached my ears. We hadn't prepared for this!

Oh crap. He had to kiss me. I panicked.

Before I could even faint, he lifted up my veil a little, his eyes widened slightly upon seeing me, from which he recovered quickly, and kissed me lightly on the lips.

I was shocked. I didn't even get to respond.

He just took my first kiss ...in a not so good way.

Applause filled the hall. Everyone shouted and cheered but I was numb to it all.

My cheeks and ears were flushed red. My fingers were all sweaty under the gloves. My lips slightly opened.

See that's why I remain outside 1-meter radius from him. Except for hugs which he initiates first. I can't control myself or my feelings around him. This is bad. So bad...

What the hell did I get myself into?

# Chapter 5 - My Wedding Life

Emily's POV:

I was tired. My legs were numb; they were probably swollen and my posture was not anymore erect.

The ceremony had ended hours ago. I just wanted to lay down and rest but the first big thing was to remove this enormous gown from me, which was clinging like a second skin to me. I waved at Edward. He was on a call.

Edward's parents actually gifted us a sweet apartment. It was huge for the two of us, but I knew it was actually for the three of us, including Lara as she would be a frequent member of our house.

Our house. I sighed. In other cases, I would have jumped with joy by that thought.

I smiled at Edward when he helped me get in the car. The ride was silent, a comfortable silence that always had been there between us. He asked me about my parents and if I had the difficulty in convincing them howsoever of our clever lie.

That was good. At least he made it very clear to me that I was married to him for a purpose. And I am supposed to fulfil that purpose, not mourn over my feelings.

The house was so beautiful, the one you can only dream of. It had seven rooms, a separate veranda, a nice porch, one kitchen and a large lawn.

It was way too big for both of us. I took one step and slipped but Edward caught me by my wrist.

"Hey, are you okay? You seem a bit out of it today. Are you sure you are not on drugs or something?" he said, and I saw a faint tired smile playing on his lips.

I smacked his arm and lifted up my gown.

"I had to walk like caterpillar just because of you! If it weren't for this gown, I would be racing you to the bedroom, " I said, words slipping before I could manage to control. I bit my lips, anticipating his reply.

"Oh. I can always carry you, you know. You should've said it earlier. I didn't know you were so eager to go to the bedroom, " my not so real husband said, a sly smile on his face.

I blushed thousands shades of tomato and went to my room. Our room, to be exact. It was decorated with petals. Bright candles adorned every corner, curtains embellished with flowers and strong aroma of mint as well as something sweet surrounded the room.

It was much beautiful. I never knew a room could be decorated like this as well. I made my way towards it and dumped my suitcase, zipped open and took out a pair of pyjamas, and went to the washroom without a single look at Edward.

I removed all the accessories, including the veil. I tried to pull the zipper down but it wouldn't come off. My attempts being in vain, I peeked out at the door, seeing Edward already in his sleeping clothes, busy on his phone.

I came out, my head hung downwards, thinking of thousands of ways to ask such an outrageous question in a less suggestive way.

"Hey, Ed?"

He looked up, his eyes showing tiredness of the day.

"Can you open the 'thing' holding up this gown, I tried a lot but it won't go down."

"You mean the 'zipper'?"

I nodded meekly.

"Sure! Wait a minute." He came to me and I shifted a little.

My senses came into alertness as soon as he touched my hair to bring them to my side. The way his calloused fingers touched my neck quickened my breathing and I held down a shiver. I closed my eyes to calm down my heart.

Shut it, he would hear it. I said to myself.

I tried not to squirm when the tips of his fingers accidentally touched my back while pulling the zipper down.

"Here, " he said. I quickly thanked him.

I was going back when he said, "Hey, Emi, are you feeling uncomfortable? If that's the case, I want you to know that you are more of a best friend to me than my wife, " he ended by winking at me.

Yes. Best friend. That suits me best.

Now I can die in peace.

"No way! Why would I be uncomfortable with you, of all people? Trust me, that's the last thing I'd be with you, " I said, holding my gown in position, fiddling with its frill in nervousness.

"The feeling is mutual. How about we go down and play video games? I've got Call of Duty too!" he suggested. At the name of the video game, my ears perked up and my lips twitched in a smirk.

"Okay. If I beat you this time, you are gonna have to shave your head, " I said, laughing out loud, my gown hanging loose on my arms.

I saw Edward staring below my eyes. I looked down and my eyes widened, my top had fallen off my arms and he might have seen my more than enough cleavage which was willing to spill out any moment. I quickly collected myself and my remaining dignity, pulling the strip back to my shoulders.

How embarrassing.

"I will prepare for the game. You can change your clothes, from your gown, not that I mind the view I am getting now, " he said, winking at me, his cheeks slightly flushed.

I threw a pillow at his smiling face and went to change.

I entered the room again and saw that the game had been turned on. I lost in the video game which I was so willing to win and Edward actually laughed like crazy at the thought of me shaving my head off. He had mercy on me and I had to make his favourite cheesecake as a penalty. I was tired but I made it anyway, which he ate like a hungry animal.

I was tired, I was planning to sleep on couch like always but Edward wanted to win award of I-am-a-born-gentleman so he kept on refusing it and we never settled on anything possible.

"Eddie, This is crazy. You know I can sleep on the couch so why make me look like some wailing girl? I can perfectly be fine without it."

"But still, Lily-"

"No, I want to sleep on the couch. It makes me feel like an adult."

He rolled his eyes at my comment.

"I can't let you sleep on the couch. It makes me a villain!"

"No, it makes me a hero, " I said making a hero pose.

"It's the same thing!"

"No. It's the opposite. A villain is someone who-"

"I know what villain is, Emi. Okay, we'll make a pact. You can sleep on the couch for 2 hours and then we will switch, " he said, coming to a conclusion.

"Aye, aye, captain!"

I walked to my side and laid on the couch. It was surprisingly comfy. If a couch was that comfortable, how good the bed must be. I shook my head and stared at the ceiling.

It was a long and challenging day, but it was okay. I should get used to being this tired as I was going to my job in weeks. I can handle this, I decided to myself. I am 25 for crying out loud.

I looked at his side, soft snores coming from his side.

Forget about switching beds, I guess, I smiled to myself and shook my head.

"Good night, Edward, " I said and closed my eyes.

# Chapter 6 - His First Love

Emily's POV:

A shrill noise entered my ears and I groaned at the alarm clock.

Okay, I am up!

I shifted uncomfortably in my couch.

Ring ring!

I kicked the alarm clock.

Crash!

I am finally up!

I woke up the next morning, my back aching like a thunderbolt. I practically had to bend double to make it up like the original. I stretched my arms, yawning and scratching my legs.

That's not a girly thing. You are not in your room, Emily.

Wait. I am married. Act like a wife. I nodded to myself. I m a wife. I walked over to Edward's side. He was sprawled over to his side, slight drool on his side cheek, his pillow on the ground doing somersaults and his blanket under his leg.

God, what the hell was he even dreaming about!

I shook my head and went to the kitchen to prepare breakfast. The fridge was loaded with a lot of ingredients, and I decided to go with butter pancakes and extra veggie omelettes with apple juice because Edward doesn't like oranges.

He was allergic to walnuts. I discarded everything from the fridge Edward didn't like or was allergic to.

I started cooking the preplanned breakfast. The pancakes were fine but I think I put too much oil in the omelette. Edward needed to eat a healthy breakfast. I quickly made some apple juice.

"Hello ma'am, you are up early. I was expecting some post-wedding night symptoms from you, " a lady with old burly looks was standing in front of me. She smiled warmly at me.

I looked at her, confused.

"I am Miranda, your housemaid. I was asked to take care of you two. I was the nanny of Edward when he was nine years-"

"Oh, my-my! You are Miranda!" I exclaimed and practically lunged at her.

"I am Emily! Edward's-"

"Oh dear. I know you. Emily. I can't believe it. You two were so small and so adorable, always clinging to each other and fighting. I always thought you loved each other so much, " she said, her eyes glistening with tears.

Only if that was ever right!

"Yes. I am so happy to meet you again. You left us so early we thought we would never meet you again, " I said remembering the pain we felt when she left her job.

"Don't worry dear. I am here now. And seeing you two married, I couldn't get any happier. Let me help you, " she said, coming forward to fry the pancakes.

"Oh no. I want to cook it. I will do it all by myself. Miranda, you are at a tender age, so go and rest. We want you longer here, " I said, squeezing her arms.

"I will be outside planting some flowers. Call me if you need me, dear, " she said and went outside.

As I was preparing a meal, I felt someone grab my wrist. Reflexively, I grabbed their hand, flipped them on my shoulder and slumped them on the ground.

Or on the tile floor.

Ouch! That must've hurt.

"Damn, Lily. This is how you greet your dear husband who you just married just a day ago?" Edward complained, rubbing his shoulders.

"Oh my god, are you okay? That must have hurt. Then why the hell did you grab my wrist when I was cooking?" I said, standing up and stretching my hand for him.

He took it. "Then what should I grab? Your ample chest? Cause I won't be having any p-" I shut him by punching his shoulder. God knows how, but he fell on the ground again!

Unconscious!

Containing my laughter in, I knelt down beside him and said, "Rest in peace, Edward, my best friend. I will bestow upon you my greatest courtesies to pray you -"

"Oh shut your mouth! I am up. This is what you say to your ex-dead friend right?" said Edward, faking sadness.

We both laughed at his stupid joke. He took a seat on a chair and munched on his breakfast, praising me for my cooking skills and I blushed like some high schooler in love.

I watched him eat his breakfast when his phone rang. Excusing himself, he got up and accepted the call on which he was for hours.

"It was Lara. She wanted to meet. I haven't met her in weeks. I need to get her a gift, otherwise she would be grumpy all day, " Edward said, laughing to himself.

I nodded and started to do the dishes.

What did you expect, Emily? That he would stay with you and act like a real husband?

I kicked myself mentally. I finished doing dishes in minutes. I can be a tomboy, but I was verse in household work, the reason being my mom and dad outside for work often.

Turning the tap off, I rushed upstairs to see Edward wearing his formal clothes, the front button undone, the sleeves folded up-to elbows and his wet hair sticking over his forehead. He was searching for something.

Hearing me enter, he looked up at me.

"Em, did you put my red and black file somewhere? There were important documents in it."

"Are you searching for the ones I already put in your car this morning when you were lazily sprawled over your bed?" I said, walking behind him helping him wear his blazer.

"Oh Em, you are a lifesaver! I am going to go now. Don't wait for me and go to bed early. I have a late night appointment with Lara, " he said and grinned like a horny teenager.

Okay, I understand, you-

"Wait, where is your necktie?" I asked, seeing his collar dishevelled.

"Oh.. This. I don't know how to do it. My mom would do it for me but now she can't, " he said.

"Okay. Hold it right here." I quickly went into his closet and pulled a black necktie, my birthday gift to him.Standing in front of him, I straightened his collar, layering his necktie and knotting it.

My fingers touched his neck, elating goosebumps on my arms, my hands all sweaty but still busy in doing the errand. I felt him Looking at me; my knees actually wobbled from his intensity of stare.

I felt that we stayed like that for hours when, in fact, it was a couple of minutes only. Knotting it finally, I patted on his shirt.

"Here. All done, " I said, ruffling his almost dry hair.

"How do I look? Ravishing, ravishing or ravishing?" he said, grinning at me.

I winked at him in response. "Come home whenever you want. Your dinner will be ready. "

"Lily, You don't have to do all that. You are my friend, not my servant, " he said, placing hands on my shoulders.

I am your wife, you fool!

"But I will be staying home these few weeks till my joining date. Better as well as use the time. You know I love to cook. Being a doctor comes after, " I said, assuring him.

"Okay do whatever you like but don't you dare break your leg or jaw in this house. I am going now, " he said, ruffling my hair.

I smacked away his hand and waved at him. He waved back.

"I will be borrowing your clothes for a while, " I shouted at him, hearing his faint yelling sounds of 'Don't you dare do that' before shutting the door.

I sighed. I had a long day in front of myself. I didn't know how was I going to cope up with him being with her all the time. I guess I invited myself into the worst hell ever.

# Chapter 7 - They Don't Really Hate Each Other

Emily's Pov:

I cleaned our room for hours, though being a new house it was already clean. I had this habit of cleaning stuff when I was depressed.

Yes, I am depressed.

That's because my husband is having an affair. Just kidding. He is my fake husband if that term even exists. And he married me to have an affair!

Can it get anymore dramatic?

Oh yes. I am his best friend who has been in love with him for fifteen years when I should be using this time to get over him.

I patted the sofa, dusted the shelves and put my books in a row. I am a bibliophile and a strong one at that. Sherlock Holmes and Augustus Dupin are by far my most favourite ones, me being a fan of mystery thrillers. I am such an addict of criminal profiling that I actually have list and screenshots of wanted criminals or serial killers on my phone.

Serial killings were always my favourite ones, as they have something In common and it always piqued my curiosity as to why there are still serial killers like Jack the Ripper or Stripper on lease. I guess not

Everything can be put under control.

I shook my head, prying off invisible dust and sat on the sofa to eat my breakfast, which I should have eaten a long time ago. I tried to munch on it but I lost my appetite at the thought of Edward spending his nights off with Lara.

What do you expect, Emily? He had already been with her many times without you knowing. It makes no difference.

Yes. It doesn't make a difference. I will die a virgin who had her first kiss stolen by her first love in an inevitable circumstances.

My phone rang and I looked at the profile. It was Mia. I picked it up and shouting filled my ears.

"He locked me in his room, Emily! The fucking Killer of The Venice confined me in this horrible apartment!" Mia shouted.

"Okay, Mia.Tell me in detail -"

"He called me saying he was sick and I, as a kind person I am, went to help him-"

"Mia!" I warned her.

"Okay. I knew he was lying about his illness to push me in the swimming pool when I would go to meet him because he knows I hate cold water, " she was breathing heavily by now.

"And so you took revenge?" I enquired.

"Of course I did!"

"And you…" I trailed off.

"And so I might have poured ice water over his sleeping ass and he might have locked me in rage, " she said, sounding defeated.

I shook my head. "Wait. I will come over." She didn't say anything and I figured she had ended the call.

I told Miranda that I wouldn't be home for some time and to take care of herself as well as the house. I quickly escaped the house and looked at my car. It was a beautiful, red car and my baby. I rushed over to it and towards my dear friend.

Mia and Jake live in the same neighbourhood; the studied in same Mary High School And went to the same college as me and Edward, I don't know what makes them so hostile. I always shipped them like some crazy anime girl, always tried to make Jake see Mia in a new light, but nothing worked.

Jake had a lot of girlfriends and every time he introduced them to us, Mia would not talk to him for weeks. This was her way of declaring war. I mean how much dense could he be to not know her feelings.

After reaching there, I called Jake because I didn't know his security passcode. At first, he was unwilling but when I talked about breaking his X-done, he came grudgingly. As soon as he opened the door, Mia kicked him hard on the balls.

I guess I am not becoming aunt anytime soon. Oh. I am a family freak!

I patted Jake on the back to relieve his pain.

"You son of a gun, how dare you to lock me in your jail? I was so sca-angry, even the electricity was cut off. Did you think you would make it alive after this stunt? Mia said, poking him in his chest.

"Oh please, you poured ice water-"

"I did it because I knew you were playing a prank on-"

"Oh, you fortuneteller, don't go on thinking things on your own, " he said, grabbing her finger, and twisting it around.

"Ouch! You wait-"

Mia lunged at him. Wow. Like climbed over his head and soon they were on the ground, pulling each other's hair off. I hid my face from people's view, mouthing "I don't know them", as all of this was happening on the street.

Yes. On the street.

"Hey, guys. Do you think we can talk this one out?" I said, kinda already knowing the answer.

"No!" they shouted in unison, continuing their fight.

"Oww, you smacked my chest!" Mia accused, smacking Jake on the forehead, covering her chest.

"What? That's why it was soft. But hey! This is the last thing I would ever do to you, " he said, lifting Mia by her waist and putting her over his shoulder. She shrieked out loud.

"Let's continue it inside. We've got some unwanted audience, " he said it so smoothly, that I couldn't even believe he was taking her so romantic style in his house just to continue fighting.

I shook my head to pry off vulgar scenes and followed them inside. I had enough with these two. If Mia was not going to do something, I swear I would. I mean, I can't think of any other beside Mia's side. Any person has to be an alien to not like her.

She is the best to be around, always giving everyone comfort and courage and kindness, but she kinda becomes hostile with Jake. I think she is not the type to express her feelings correctly.

"Okay, guys. Before you start ripping each other throat's off, I want to make an announcement, " I said, earning their attention.

"Make it worth postponing her death, " Jake said angrily.

I nodded.

"Mia is getting married, " I announced, patting my shoulder mentally for such a clever plan.

The reaction I got was so hilarious that I was sure it could make me laugh a million ways if that was even possible. Jake's eyes were wide, his mouth hung open, his eyebrows squinted in confusion and then he looked at Mia, who had the same reaction as him.

Mia mouthed to me 'I am getting married?'

'Yes.' I mouthed back.

"Oh, " Jake responded.

"Why didn't you tell me, Chipmunk? I can't believe-" Jake started.

"Don't worry. I am as shocked as you, " Mia said, eyeing me, urging me to explain. I just asked her to play with me.

'What?!' she mouthed. I ignored her.

"Yes. Mia is getting married. Now if you will excuse us, we have a lot of preparations to do. She still has to get her manicure and her hair layered. She wouldn't want to look ugly on her BIG DAY, right Mia?" I smiled sweetly at her, warning in my eyes.

"We have a lot to catch up to, " I continued, "your wax, and yes your bikini wax. My mom says your marriage life depends on these things, " I ended, pointing at her breasts, which she covered defensively.

I grabbed her hand, literally dragging her outside when I felt something resisting and I turned around to see Jake holding Mia's wrist. I quirked my eyebrows.

"Is it right? Are you really-" Jake said, trying to form words.

"I don't know, " Mia whispered to herself.

"Yes. We are sorry we didn't tell you earlier. Now if you must excuse us, " I said, pulling Jake's hand from Mia rather harshly, making it more effective. Jake looked like a child deprived of his favourite candy. Aww. I wanted to pinch his cheeks.

"Seeing the circumstances, I must ask you not to touch Mia inappropriately now when she is out of the league, " I said impassively and pulled Mia out with me, dumping her in my car.

Such a dramatic exit. Pheww. I made it out safely. I thought I would fall on the carpet or something.

I put my seat belt on and started the car.

Okay. Here we go.

For her worst emotional banter ever...

"Are you crazy? Why would I get married? This is... this is the most ridiculous and I have to say, " she paused to think, "wonderful, clean lie I have ever heard come of out of your mouth, " she shouted in my ear.

"Calm down Mia, I am doing all this for you."

"Should I do a happy dance Now? Emily, he is going to hate me when he knows the truth. I wanted to make myself available to him and you did -"

"He didn't make any moves when you were available. I guess he would when you're not, trust me, Mia, this actually works. I am fed up with you two acting immature all the time, " I said and shook my head. "You are 25 for caterpillar's sake and so is he. Grow up. You caught the bouquet at my wedding so it's time for you to get married, " I said, glaring at her.

"But Emily, that's-

"That's right. Everything is fair in love in war, " I said, winking at her.

I reached home by seven. Throwing my bag on the sofa, I rushed into the kitchen to make dinner. Miranda urged me to let her help me so I let her cut the vegetables. I baked some bread and made chicken stew, mixing ingredients for Edward's favourite cheesecake from one hand.

All was ready by 9. He still wasn't home. I knew he was with Lara, he had already told me not to wait but how can I not worry when he didn't even message me the whole day.

I went upstairs to change into comfortable shorts. My mother packed me a whole bunch of lingerie to wear on my wedding night and for other subsequent nights, but not a spare decent shirt to wear.

Was she thinking of me roaming naked in the house for the rest of my life?

Edward didn't even spare me some affectionate glance, I was sure my mom would be so disappointed once she knows the truth. Changing into Edward's borrowed clothes, I rushed downstairs and switched on the TV.

I dialled his number but he wasn't responding. It was almost 12.

I heard a car screeching and then crushing of pebbles. Must be Edward. I rushed to open the door, only to stop dead on my tracks after hearing someone giggling.

Peeking from the window, I saw Edward and Lara, engaged in an intimate kiss. Lara's mouth was sealed with Edward's, her arms around his neck, his hands grazing her smooth curves. She moaned.

Quite loud. Even I could hear that.

I quickly rushed back into watching TV. Suddenly, I heard a knock at the door.

I was scared. More than scared actually.

Would I be able to greet them without breaking down? I nodded to myself. I can do that. Just bear with me for some time, my heart, I patted my chest.

I opened the door, my lips curling into a bright smile, the sound of my broken heart dancing on my nerves.

"Lara, it's you! Wow! You still are so beautiful and are glowing like the sun! Long time no see, huh?" Before she could say anything, I pulled her inside and hugged her.

The hug was an excuse to hide my face. My feelings. My tears betrayed me and I couldn't even do anything about them.

"Emily, are you okay?"

No, I am not.

"Oh yes, never better. Actually, I fell from stairs, my jaw hurts badly and so-"

"My God, Emi. You didn't hurt yourself badly, did you? I told you-"Edward exclaimed, his arms leaving Lara and checking my limbs and face.

I raised my hand, stopping him."I am fine, Edward. It's just -"

"No, it isn't fine. I forbid you from falling or anything. You never listen-"

"Eddie, I am really fine. Now if you can stop giving me attention, we have a guest, " I said, removing his hands from my face.

"What would you like, Lara? Tea, coffee?" I said, tying my hair in a high bun. She answered by saying she would like to have coffee.

"Actually she is staying the night. I asked her to, " Edward said, trying to gauge my reaction. I looked at him and then at Lara. Then:

I smiled. Brightly. Once again. It hurt like bitch, to be honest. But, I couldn't do anything about it.

As always, I was hopeless. I had always been whenever it came to him. Or his happiness, which was never me. Or with me, to begin with.

"That's perfect! I was going to ask her myself. Lara, make yourself at home. Here is your coffee and snacks. I made you two dinner as well. When you feel like eating, tell me, I would warm the stew. For now, I am going upstairs. Mia wants to talk about some stuff. You know, all this girl stuff. Call me if you need me, " I blabbered and rushed into stairs.

I am okay. I anticipated it. I wouldn't cry. That's a stupid girl thing. I thought to myself, climbing stairs to my room.

Yes. I would sleep in another room today.

# Chapter 8 - He Wants To Do What?

Emily's POV:

I felt horrible and disgusting. I closed my ears, trying to stuff a pillow but to no vain. Man, Edward really had some balls to have sex with Lara when I was in the next room. The walls were much of a negative soundproof than I could ever comprehend.

I closed my eyes, trying to sleep but Lara was moaning literally loud. I had to bite my lips to stop myself from shouting at her. I knew Edward was experienced in this field but did she really need to make it this obvious.

Damn her!

I sighed. It was always there, that hopelessness. It came and went but never left me.

I had always been a happy-go-lucky girl, some called me goody two shoes, some tomboy, some nerd and some boy, but I was okay. It never bothered me.

I have already been okay with everything in my life because I didn't think I deserve to complain. I was high spirited, boisterous, fierce, loud-mouthed, mature from outside but from inside, I was always scared.

Scared of losing.

I lost my grandparents and then my father.

People say you only have one dad and one mom. I guess I realised its meaning a little too early at my tender age of 13 when I lost my father in a car accident. He was chasing terrorists at that time. He was a martyr and I am so proud of him and will always be.

Mom says I looked a lot like him, and that I reminded her of him. I couldn't help but miss him. If he were here, he would always make my day by telling me about Police stuff, fighting, dodging, firing, escaping and so, so many things.

He was the one who taught me martial arts; though I wasn't good at it from start, I eventually pulled it off by practising on Edward. Heh. He really was the only one who accepted me with my flaws, even encouraging me to go with what I want in life. I didn't know at what point I fell for him but what I know is I love him.

And I don't regret it.

Though I don't deserve his love. That's the reason I never told him about my feelings. That thought of being rejected always held me back but most of my worthiness was more important. I knew I could never be anything which Lara was. I can't give him what she can.

His happiness. Hey, I didn't even have a chance against her.

I walked to my corner of the room and opened up the curtains. A soft breeze caressed my cheeks, flushing them. It was the spring season. I was never a season freak. I loved all the seasons and treated them as my friends that's why when one season goes, I kinda feel sad. I zipped open my suitcase and took out a photo of my father, placing it carefully on the side desk of my bed.

How I really want to be like him! I always wished to die like my dad, doing something big for someone. He did it for our country. And I was going to do the same, by becoming a doctor. I will be joining a hospital in months!

I went downstairs to do the dishes; Miranda had already cleaned the tables where we ate our dinner. Edward and Lara were there, of course. It was awkward to eat with her but Lara was friendly. That was what I liked about her.

Sometimes, I am proud that Edward found such an appropriate girl for himself. I smiled, remembering the times when we would play all day, doing all sorts of pranks that were ever invented or discovered.

Going over near the sink, I turned on the tap, cold water tingling my senses. Wearing a pair of gloves, I started to wash the plates when I felt the moisture on my arms. I quickly looked up only to see the ceiling, covered with glasses. I turned the tap off.

"Honey, what happened? Why are you crying?" Miranda said, her eyes concern coating her eyes, a cloth in her hands to help me clean the kitchen.

My head quickly snapped. I looked at her in confusion before placing my hands slowly over my face, as if I was afraid of the truth and reality. I felt moisture, the salt and water on my tongue, making my senses go numb. I quickly wiped them away.

Was I really crying?

"I am? Was I crying?" I touched my eyes and surely, there were wet. I laughed uncomfortably. "Do you mean when I had chilly peppers on my eyes accidentally while washing the plates? Oh, Miranda, you know today's stew was spicy, you said so yourself. It's burning when you pointed it out. Wait, I'll just-" I opened the tap, splashing water on my face. "I washed my face. Here, see I am fine as sunshine, " I said, spinning once to show I was alright everywhere.

Miranda nodded and it took actually a lot of time to convince her of my well being. I wiped my face off the towel, my eyes were red with prolonged moisture. I completed washing the rest of the dishes and headed to my room to take keys of my car and decided to stay at Mia's today.

It was already past 3 when I reached and Mia went into the fist of mania upon seeing me at such hour. She thought I had been robbed or something. I never told her the reason.

What? I was fine this way.

We slept on the same bed, chatting about our school days. Yeah, I miss them. We all miss them.

I woke up, rays of sun falling on my eyes. It was at 6 am. After doing my daily routine, I went down to make us strawberry fruitcake. I was craving for something sweet.

As I was about to drink it, the door opened and someone dragged me by my shirt to their lawn, like literally dragged me to their lawn. I cried, screamed, screeched, but to no avail. modern day people are not of morning types I guess. Anyway, I continued to scream.

"Shout one more time and I will gift your lungs to this nation, " the person said, rather harshly.

I turned my head to see Jake. That son of a bull. I kicked him hard on his butt and he fell face on his stomach in his lawn, mud splattered on his face.

You messed with the wrong girl, Hah! My karate pose.

"Hey, I was just trying to have aconversation with you, " Jake said, rising from the mud.

"You literally dragged me, Jake! I am sorry to break it you, and to your picometer brain, Mr Anderson but in my dictionary, having a conversation means actually speaking with your mouths, not dragging the other by their shirts", I barked at him, patting my shirt clean of creases.

"I was going to talk. After dragging you off course. I didn't want Mia to know that I needed your help that's why I was borrowing you secretly, " he said defensively.

I urged him to continue. We sat in his room and he actually offered me a drink. Oh no! He is going to ask for something big.

"Emily, I want you to know that I always considered You as a potential friend, a best buddy, a nice partner in crime and a cool -"

"Get to the point already, man, before I gift your tongue to this nation, " I said.

"iwanttoapologizetomia."

"What? I am afraid I didn't unders-"

"Okay. I will say it once more. I want to.. to. Apologize. To. Mia, " he said, his head actually hung low in guilt.

"For what?" a voice said behind us and we turned our heads to see Mia standing at the door, her eyes glistening with tears.

Oh no! That wasn't good.

# Chapter 9 - Pretending To Love Him Was Not That Hard

Emily's POV:

Man, we were about to get a huge fight today. Who should I cheer?

"For what did you want to apologize? Because I assure you I have a long list of scars still deprived of your apologies, " Mia said, walking like a tiger on his hunt: slow and impatient. For a moment, I thought that she would spill her feelings right then and there.

"Mia, listen, I know I was a jerk-" Jake started.

"Oh. So now Mr Playboy realises it. That's good. Now I can die in peace, " Mia said sarcastically, tears still evident in her eyes.

"Yes. I am a jerk and I will always be. I don't know why. You of all people know me best, " Jake looked at her, guilt present in his eyes. He looked down at his shoes. "You are the only one who has known me for more than ten years, so you should understand-"

"Why should I be the only one understanding?" Mia cut him off. "Don't you have brains not to do that same thing again?" she asked, trying hard not to spill the tears threatening to escape her.

Man, isn't it getting dramatic?

Realising I had to intervene to avoid World War III, I started speaking, "Mia, just listen what Jake wants to-"

Jake cut off my words. "I know. I know everything bad about me and sometimes I kind feel-"

"So you feel also?" Mia said, her eyes boring holes into Jake's.

"Guys-" I started again.

"Oh for god's sake, let me complete one sentence properly. If you cut me off like that -" Jake yelled, clearly annoyed with the interruption.

Oh. Good. Now they are ignoring me.

"Why should I give you the chance to speak now when-"

"Okay...Don't give me the chance but still listen to what-" he yelled, taking one step towards Mia.

"Why should I listen? Who am I to listen to your shit? Go and tell it to Victoria!" Mia yelled, now poking his chest.

Oops, she shouldn't have said that.

Jake looked at her. "If I didn't know any better, I would think you were jealous or something, " he said, smirking at her face, taking one more step towards her.

"Oh, you really are delusional. I thought they were just rumours of you being a maniac, " Mia said with an evil gleam in her eyes.

"I am not some-"

"Oh yes you are, you pathetic excuse for a friend!" Mia said, taking one dangerous step, their foreheads now practically touching.

Ouch. That was low. And one bold move to get closer to your crush. Physically.

Jake was mad now. Oh boy. "How dare you-"

"Oh, I can do much more than that, mister, " Mia said, her eyes shining with.

Oh, dear Merlin, that was so hot, only if they weren't fighting.

"Listen, " I took another shot at it, "my dear friends if you could back up a little we can sort this out -"

"Shut up!" they shouted in unison. I raised my hands in defence. But then again.. What did I do wrong? I was mad now too. Walking up to them, I grabbed the collars of their shirts and banged their foreheads.

"Oww!"

I smirked to myself. "That's what you get for shouting at me, " I said, dragging Mia by her collar.

"Oh wait, my clip is stuck in Jake's hair!" she said, trying to pry it off from his hair. I turned around to see them trying to help each other, Jake helping her pull the clip out of her hair and Mia, gripping his shirt trying to reach up to his level.

So cute! Can't they stay like this forever?

After a minute or two, we were in Mia's room, her anger still radiating. I tried to calm her down but she was fumed about the fact that I even dared 'To Help That Weed'. Then we heard the ringtone of a call. It was Mia's phone.

She mouthed 'It's Edward' to me. I told her not to pick up because I was going home anyway.

Home. I sighed. Only If one-fourth of that was ever true.

I drove my car speedily. It was past 8, much late for Edward's breakfast. He must have gone to his office by now.

I reached home and Miranda opened the door, her eyes filled with concern. I assured her that I was at a friend's.

As soon as I entered, someone engulfed me in a warm tight hug. I looked upwards to see Edward hugging me as his dear life depended on me. I looked into his eyes, searching for any anger but found no traces of it.

"Gosh. Lily, I was so scared. I thought something had happened to you. I am so sorry for not taking care of you. I'm so sorry, " he hugged me tighter, his arms caressing my shoulders, sucking the air out of my lungs and making my eyes go closed on their own accord. I hugged him back, placing my head on his shoulder, sniffing to stop tears until we eventually had to break apart due to the unwanted audience.

Yes. Lara was there. Man, I was just hugging him, not strangling him!

She didn't say anything but clearly, she was jealous. Ha! Jealous because of one, innocent hug? I had clearly misjudged her!

"Good morning Lara. Did you sleep well? I am sorry to make you two worried but I had this urgent call last night from Mia asking me to visit her. She fractured her arm while driving a bicycle and so I went to nurse her. Now she is okay, you don't have to worry." I waved it away and smiled.

"Wait. I will make you two something to eat, " I told them, opening the kitchen racks to collect ingredients.

"We are fine. Miranda made us sandwiches, " Lara said, placing a wet kiss on Edward's lips and murmured goodbye.Gross. She is still horny after last night?!

Edward went upstairs to change as he already was late to his office. His driver was waiting in the driveway. I rushed upstairs to collect his bag and electronic accessories and gave it to his driver.

"Here. Let me, " I said, placing his grey necktie around his neck and fastening it quickly when he was buttoning up his shirt. No. I am not a pervert. I was looking up.

"Okay. All done. Wait." I ruffled his hair to the side, took some gel and rubbed it into a contour shape. He looked stunning. I want to laminate him and put him on my wall. I shook my head for my thoughts.

"Thanks, Emi. I am off now. And don't you dare to go around without actually calling me or texting me, otherwise, I swear I will never talk to you again, " Edward said, his lips turning into a pout.

Holy shit…I want to kiss him so badly.

No, you can't, a voice in my head said. In a haste, I put my hands over his mouth and pulled him out until we were standing outside the house, his VEYRON parked next to us. I retracted my hand, literally dumping him in his car.

"What, Lily?"I heard his muffled sound before I closed the car door shutting it in his face.

I ran to my room, closing the door quickly, and leaning my head on the doorframe, my eyes welled up with unshed tears. I finally released the breath I was holding. God, I really would have done it if I didn't hide his mouth. I mentally killed myself a thousand times before I was once again in the kitchen, preparing lunch for myself.

After lunch, I started reading a book and didn't realise when I drifted away into sleep.

It was already 6 pm when I woke up from my nap. Lara was already gone; I had read her text. I washed my face, picked some bubblegum, popped it in my mouth and started to practise my martial moves. There was a knock at the door. Who would it be?

I opened the door. It was Edward's parents. I greeted them.

"How is my dear? Did you sleep well?" Mr Jones said, hugging me.

"Oh... See that blush David, it only comes when you have lots of sleepless nights..."Mrs Jones trailed off, a mischievous glint in her eyes…

Light blush tainted my cheeks, my ears red as a tomato.

How many times I had to tell them he doesn't love me. I am his fake wife for god's sake! Oh, wait. I hadn't told them even once. If only I could share it all...

I prepared some snacks for them. We chatted for a while and I excused myself to prepare dinner for them. I hurried to buy some groceries and other stuff. In spite of my speed, it took me almost one hour to prepare dinner. I placed it on the table, inverting the plates and forks, wine on the table and some juice for Miranda as she couldn't drink wine.

I heard the doorbell ring. As soon as I opened it, my eyes widened. Edward was stuck like glue with Lara, who was kissing him open-mouthed. I quickly looked behind to check if anyone had seen them, looking back, I grabbed Edward by the collar and pulled him inside. Lara faltered due to sudden imbalance and I put finger on my lips, signalling her to remain silent.

"What-" Edward started, his mouth covered with my hands. I felt the moisture on my hands. He spits when he talks!

"Shut up! Your parents are here! Make one noise and I will pluck out your lungs, " I whispered in his ears. He glared at me and I turned around, mouthing "goodbye" to Lara before I shut the door at her face.

That felt good!

"Edward, why are you late? You shouldn't leave your wife unattended when you are newly wedded. You are lucky you got your best friend as your wife. She is much understanding. Your mother here would have killed me a long time ago if I were you, " his father said, winking at me.

Were they always this dirty-minded? Why didn't I notice it before?

My thoughts were cut short when I felt an arm snake around my waist. I looked up to see Edward smiling face. Oh, I knew that face. I had to play along.

I sighed.

Things were never going to get better. I should stop being optimistic.

# Chapter 10 - Road To Love

Emily's POV:

Pretending to love him was never tough for me. With a genuine smile on my face, a slight flush of cheeks, the? rigorous beating of heart, sweatiness of palm, butterflies in the stomach or the stuttering of my tongue, I was familiar with all types of symptoms of love.

Because I had experienced all of them. In mere twenty years.

Edward's parents came to visit us, giving us the wedding gift for our honeymoon. Bam!

What had they given us? Tickets to a seven days trip to Mauritius. Sounds dreamy right? Well, it ain't any dream, I am telling ya!

I was happy; a little trip could warm up my insides. Some fresh air was necessary to ease up my very disturbed mind. Edward was refusing at first, sliding his work hours reason on the table but his parents came prepared for all of it. His father assured him of his work, giving him instructions about how he should have some time off to make some family of his own.

He agreed, to my surprise, because as far as I know, Edward was the most diligent person I ever came across, even more than those subway trains.

His studies were more calculative, he actually scheduled time table for his routine, which even I failed to follow for more than a couple months. If he put up his mind on something, he would do it for sure. I had also learned quite a lot from his diligence, a piece of evidence being my call letter from the hospital.

During our school days, he was the one who would knock on my windows early morning just to take me out on jogging. We would run for hours under the strong summer sun and eventually I had to kill him twice to let me go of such exercises. Oh Just kidding!

I did all the packing which was quite harder as I had this girl trait in my blood, of spreading rumours faster than the speed of light and of packing things more than required. No matter how much I subtracted from my stuff, it was still more enough to fit in the car.

Hello, Emily! This is not your real honeymoon, a voice in my head said.

Right. This is not but still, his parents don't know that…my other, more romantic side defended.

I decided to go with four suitcases, dumping them quickly into the car before Edward would even dare to comment over them.

Minutes later Edward came, dressed up in his summer shirts and pants. I offered him my shawl, scolding him of the cold he was bound to get. When I opened the car door, Lara waved at me.

Lara! how the hell did she know-

My thoughts were cut down by Edward who came and sat beside Lara, urging me to sit faster. Seeing my confused eyes, he said, "Oh. I invited her. When I told her about those tickets she got so excited. She always wanted to tour Mauritius but due to my busy schedule, I wasn't able to take her, " he explained. "Hop on, Lily! We don't wanna miss the plane." I nodded and sat on the passenger seat, beside the driver. Awkward!

Everyone was staring at me, even the driver. I coughed and he started the car. From the front mirror, I could see them whispering something and giggling, my mouth turned into a frown when they started to make out, with those weird slurping sounds. I turned on some music and fell into a deep sleep to escape this hell.

My head keeps colliding with the window every time I got a comfortable position to sleep on. I literally cursed in my sleep but then I got some good position to sleep on, I cuddled on the object. It was soft and calloused.

I woke up hours later to find myself on a plain, comfortable seat. A blanket had been draped over my body. My eyebrows squinted. Who carried me?

I looked around to see Edward next to me sleeping peacefully, earphones plugged in his ear, his head on my shoulder. I adjusted his head more into my shoulders, patting his head. Lara was sitting miles away from us, her seat number being different, I guess.

Edward shuffled In his sleep.

"Emi, you awake?" his voice croaked.

"Uh huh, " he smiled and scooted me closer into his arms. He always liked to do that when we had sleepovers. I smiled back, leaning my head into his chest. I closed my eyes.

If the only the world was as peaceful as this feeling.

"Did you sleep well? You were snoring like a bull and I had to bite my lips to stop myself from laughing at the driver's reaction, " he trailed off, his lips curving into a teasing smile. A beautiful one at that.

"I so was not. I was tired as hell, " I said, smacking him on the chest.

"Yeah. You drooled on my hand. And you cuddle also, do you know that? I don't know what you could have done if I had offered you my shoulder to sleep on!" he said, faking his shock, his grin widening on seeing my reaction.

Oh. So he offered me his hands to sleep on. And I drooled on them. I mentally clapped for my achievement!

We reached Mauritius, some nineteen hours later. I always loved the beaches because they remind me of my dad. We always used to go to one to play spy-spy, though my mom always scolded my dad not to teach me such ridiculous games. We made such a good team, I'll never forget it. I smiled at the memory.

The resort was perfect… for a newly wedded couple! The rooms were decorated with petals, flowers and trinkets and they even offered night services. But unfortunately, I and Edward had to share a room because it was our honeymoon.

Then where would Lara stay? As if reading my mind, Edward informed me that Lara was to stay in a room next to ours, which he paid for. Of course!

Edward's parents had prepared a lot for this honeymoon. One room, one blanket, one plate for dinner, one glass to drink. I wish they didn't go as far as preparing one shirt for us. Mentally killing myself for my vulgarity, I went into the washroom and changed into a pair of pyjamas.

When I came out, Edward was pouring wine in the glass. Wait, they didn't drug it, right? What if something bad happened after drinking this wine? Like what if we really ended up doing what they do in honeymoons!

I won't drink that. Never.

Gulp gulp.

But Edward did! Wow.

"Hey, what are you standing there watching me? Got a crush on me or something?" he laughed out loud, his eyes turning into a shade darker.

The drink was drugged! Holy Merlins of Merlin!

No, I can't let him cheat on Lara with me! I want that but not in this way, I thought to myself.

I rolled on the carpet, rushing in speed and kicked Edward from behind, on his butt, making him lose his balance. His wine glass shattered on the floor and he fell on his stomach.

Straight on the floor.

I repeat. On the tile floor.

"Oww, Lily. What the hell did you kick me for? Have you lost your mind?" he said rubbing his sides, glaring daggers at me. I just stared at him. He was supposed to be not hurt. But he is.

Suddenly…

"Wait! You are not drugged?" I asked, helping him sit on the bed.

"What? Why would I be drugged? Seriously, Emi, stop reading those fucking Sherlock novels before you end up snapping my neck, killing me and leaving my body to scavengers, " he said, annoyed.

My head was hung low in shame.

How embarrassing.

"I am sorry. I just thought this wine was drugged so we might end up doing something we don't want... "I trailed off, laughing nervously.

He stared at me for some time, leaving me fidgeting under his stare before bursting into fits of laughter. Now it was my turn to stare. And then he walked towards me, engulfing me into a bear hug by practically lifting me from the floor. My toes curled when my chest collided with his. I am sure he would listen to my heart beating like a horse.

"Oh Lily, only you, my dear could imagine such things that normal human mind couldn't even perceive. But I wouldn't dare to hurt you, not even if my life depended on it. I treasure you so much for that? thinking my life without you never even crossed my mind, " he said, pulling me closer, our cheeks touching by side.

Several feelings rushed through my body. I felt warm and mushy from inside and I couldn't suppress a smile.

Can you feel warm and mushy after falling in love with someone?

I closed my eyes, leaning to his touch, hearing his soft breaths against my chest. I still can't believe he is the same boy who I pushed into the ground and called "weed". I smiled to myself.

There was a knock at the door. It was room service. They gave us our dinner. We ate, teasing each other in the process. Oh, These days. I was still around him for these days only when we would actually have this friend time. I don't care if I never have his love at all because his friendship was much precious to me than any sacrifice I can ever do.

Lara was tired so she was sleeping all this time. She didn't even have dinner. I thought she was sick or something. Edward was worried for her so I went to her room to feed her something. She ate some salad and went to sleep. Girls and their diet! I pulled a blanket over her and went back to our room.

"You take the bed, I will take couch..." Edward trailed off, trying to find the said object.

Except there was no couch.

I looked at him. More like stared.

Ten minutes later, I was tossing and turning in my side of the bed. Yes, we had to share the bed. Congratulations to my feelings! It wasn't that I was a late sleeper, I just wasn't used to having men on my bed, and at the top of it, Edward.

I was freaking out. Take deep breaths, Emily. It's not that he will eat you or something.

No, but I might end up eating him, my other side said. I mentally groaned. I felt a tug on my blanket; turning around I saw Edward deep in his sleep, cuddling my share of the blanket like his dear life depended on it. I stared at him, placing my cheeks on my elbows.

He looked so peaceful with his eyelashes touching his slightly flushed cheek, his hair ruffled on the sides, his chest heaving slightly, slight drool on his side cheek. My hand moved on their own, tracing his forehead, his temple, his nose, his, cheeks, his lips...

Oh how much I always imagined them pressed against mine. He shuffled under my touch. I retracted my hand and I shook my head prying, off the inappropriate desires.

I laid my head back into bed, staring at the ceiling.

I didn't know what had to come tomorrow, but I was happy that today I was lying by Edward's side, as his wife.

# Chapter 11 - Too Close For Comfort

Emily's POV:

I woke up early, my legs entangled with Edward's, his arms scooping me up till our cheeks were touching. I gasped, feeling something poking on my lower stomach. I put hands on my mouth from making any sort of noise.

I knew very well what it was, I was once a medical student for Merlin's sake!

I tried to remove his hands, my fingers grabbing his arms carefully to his side only to sigh in vain. He scooped me closer instead, his hot breath fanning my neck, tickling my senses and producing goosebumps on my arms. I tried to wriggle again after several attempts going in vain, I huffed.

"Edward, I am being suffocated, can you move a little?" I whispered.

"Mmm, " he mumbled, only to pull me closer, his hands dangerously close to my chest. I tried not to squeak.

I breathed heavily, his morning erection doing nothing to hide my blush. I? stared at his sleeping face, falling asleep once again.

I woke up again at 6. This time I saw Edward sprawled on his side of the bed. I quickly removed the blanket covering us, placed it carefully over him, ruffling his hair and went into the washroom. I did the daily routine and ran to the beach after changing into shorts.

I personally opted for shorts because I didn't like to wear a bikini. Though my mother bought a bunch of them for me, I always found some excuse to escape from wearing it. I suppose I am not much of an exposing person.

I never had figure problems pertaining to the fact that Edward never actually let me off a day without jogging, except for these days when he himself got no time for it.

I reached the beach and put a hand over my eyes, shielding them from the sun. Sun rays fell vertical on the sand, which glistened with reflection. Palm and coconut trees surrounded the ambient, and people were starting to gather.

I took my time to stare at the atmosphere and surroundings and made myself comfortable on a nearby seat, pulling out a book to read.

After about an hour later, Edward came down wearing his swim shorts, Lara dangling on his arm wearing thing people call 'two-piece bikini'.

I took in her appearance. She was clad in a pink-purple bikini, wrists covered in matching bracelet, her breasts spilling out of her garment making her look sexy with the toned stomach of hers.

Her smile was doing wonders to nearby males who started to gather a long time ago. She whispered something to Edward, to which he smiled, kissing her on the cheek, her blush evident even from afar.

Get a room, guys!

Shouting in excitement, she ran towards the sea and jumped into the water, pulling Edward with her, much to his disapproval. I knew he didn't like to get wet in public. That's why he hated going on family trips to the beach. He told me he liked to tour the beach only because I was with him. I smiled to myself and resumed reading the book.

"Wouldn't you dip in the water? It's cold and fresh for this summer!" Lara said as she came over to me, her skin dripping of water, the bikini top sticking to her breasts. She didn't look even a tad bit uncomfortable even though she was practically flashing herself in the public.

I shook my head in response to her question.

"Why do you never wear a bikini? Is it because you are uncomfortable with your body or because you are actually a guy?" she said, pointing at my covered chest, laughing at her own comment.

The sudden urge of getting up and strangling her coursed through my veins but I fought it. What happened to sweet tongues she had been sharing with Edward all this time?

"Trust me, Lara, she is very much girly, I am afraid she had gotten a size even bigger than yours, " I heard Edward say as he came over to us. He winked at me, my face blushing a thousand shades of tomato and Lara's face flushed with anger.

"Let's enjoy Emi, we haven't got many days. You can continue being an Encyclopedia when we return home, " he said, not waiting for my response. He directly took my hand and pulled me over towards the water. I struggled but he had this firm grip on me, pulling me into the water.

Just as I entered the water, my leg slipped. My hands involuntarily gripped his shoulders, my fingers curled around his neck, our chests pressing harder against each other.

My breath hitched when I realised how close our faces were, our noses practically touching. I could smell his minty breath fanning my face. His arms were wrapped protectively around my waist, his eyes boring holes into mine.

I always loved those blue orbs; they reminded me of water I'm standing in. My lips parted on seeing water dripping from his forehead and making its way to his lips. I raised my hand to touch

his face, his smile doing wonders on me but then I closed my eyes and put my head on his chest, to avoid doing anything which might cost me twenty long years of my friendship.

We stayed like this until I caught Lara running towards us, calling us for breakfast, not going before she pulled Edward away from me. We went and ate, laughing and enjoying.

After breakfast, we went to an amusement park to enjoy further. Lara was afraid of swings and big rides. She was wailing like a pathetic girl, giving me and Edward an opportunity to laugh our butts off. We teased her like how she is a girl sometimes to which she barked at us.

Running away from her, we enjoyed swings and long rides by ourselves, shouting and laughing like the old days. We didn't care if we looked childish. Having fun was more important.

It was evening when we found Lara in a karaoke room, dancing and singing crazily, her sexy moves getting comments from Edward. We also took our microphones and started to sing like there was no tomorrow.

We reached our rooms by midnight. Lara was horribly drunk. She was pushing her weight on Edward, mumbling something incoherent in her breath. We made her lay in her room, pulling a blanket over her.

Minutes later, we were in our room. I had to change but I didn't get much decent spare clothes to wear so I borrowed some of Edward's. As I was changing, I heard my phone ringing.

I escaped the bathroom to pick up the call. Edward was speaking to someone on his own phone. He looked up and stared at me for some time before going back into speaking in his call. I picked up my own phone. It was Mia.

"Emi! I need your help!"

I chuckled. "Hello to you too, honey. What do you want?"

"How do I nurse a guy?!" her voice was frantic as she spoke those words.

I raised an eyebrow. "Why do you ask? Who are you nursing? Spill the beans before I cut your-"

"I am nursing Jake. He is having a fever, " Mia responded quickly.

"Oh. Is he ok-"

"He isn't. Tell me fast, " she said, her breath erratic as if she had run a mile. "His fever is invariably high. I think he got the flu: his nose Is stuffed and he had been sneezing for hours. His forehead is burning hell, Emily I am worried sick he might die-" she shouted from the phone.

I felt like laughing over how scared she was. "Calm down Mia. It's just flu. I wish I were there to check, " I said.

"For starters, just put wet strips on his forehead in ten minutes interval, cover him in something warm, make him something warm to eat and don't forget to close the windows, " I explained. "Also, feed him Azithromycin or Domperidone if he vomits or something, " Mia said 'alright', probably writing notes.

I hung up after assuring her that Jake would be fine. But what can I say, huh? I would probably be the same as her if it were Edward, maybe going as far as breaking something to ease up my frustration. Typical me!

I combed my hair and pulled it up in a high ponytail, and then applied some lip gloss.

"What are you doing?" Edward asked, from behind me. I shrieked and fell from my seat.

"Edward, you scared the hell out of me!" I yelled, calming my beating heart down. I comprehended his question a little late.

"I'm not doing anything specific. Why would you think that?" I said, confused.

He cleared his throat. "Then if you think of sleeping next to me like this then have mercy on my hormones. I am just a man after all, and a man can endure only a little, Emi, " he said, pointing at my shirt before winking at me. Confused, I looked down at my attire.

Oh. My. God.

I had been talking in front of Edward wearing his see-through swimming shirt all this time!

And what was even worse was that it was unbuttoned from front ones at the top of it! I could see my red bra clearly hugging my breasts, giving a nice view of my cleavage and my red underwear peeping out of my jeans. I buried myself mentally, throwing mud at my imaginable corpse.

Damn you, Mia!

Oh great. Now he would think I am seducing him or something.

How humiliating!

I quickly covered my chest with my hands, running with speed of light, grabbing nearby curtain. I dropped a vase in the process, cursing myself in my breath. I closed my eyes, putting hands on my chest.

Take deep breaths, Emily.

No way! How can I? I showed too much skin today! That's too much to endure in one day! I need weeks... no, months to digest it.

I heard Edward chuckling. I peeked from the curtains to see him doubled in laughter, rolling on the floor. He stopped laughing and stared at me for some time, probably thinking about something before standing up from the floor and walking towards me. My eyes widened in surprise.

No way! He wouldn't do anything, right?

Right?

"Ed, what are you doing?" I whispered. My voice came out rather croaked.

He didn't respond but continued to walk instead. I gripped curtains in my fingers tighter, seeing his eyes turn into a shade darker.

"Eddie? What the heck are you doing? You are scaring me, " I cried, my fingers boring nails into the curtain.

He walked beside me, his breath tickling my face, his eyes showing unknown emotions. For the moment, I was sure he didn't come for something which he did after.

He pulled a blanket around me, wrapping it protectively around my body till I looked like a cacoon and picked me up in his arms. My arms instinctively went to wrap around his neck, his on my thighs to hold me properly. I looked into his chest, afraid to look into his eyes for I might melt into them once again.

But when I felt his fingers holding me tightly, I eventually looked up to look at him staring at me, his blue orbs reflecting something mischievous. Before I could even comprehend his plans, I felt myself being dumped into something wet, making my clothes all dripping.

He threw me in a bathtub! How dare he! And here I thought he was actually-

"Next time when you try to tease me, remember I could do much better than this, " he warned. He was joking, but the evil gleam in his eyes told me otherwise.

I gasped. The nerve of the guy!

"Come out faster, let's have some fun before this weekend ends, " he said, walking out but not before turning the hot water tap and throwing a towel at me.

I glared at him, wailing my arms in water like fish, throwing some water at the door, as if it could harm it

Oh just wait, Edward. You will pay for it!

# Chapter 12 - His Cute Nurse

Mia's Pov:

I was getting tensed with the progress of time. He wasn't showing any progress in his health, his forehead still burning as hot as lava.

I took a wet strip of cloth, dripping from the bowl, squeezed it and placed it on his forehead. His porridge was turning cold but he wasn't eating it, saying his throat hurt.

"Jake, you gotta eat it otherwise I will be having trouble feeding you the medicines. They won't work on an empty stomach, " I said, caressing his hair. He made no sound of approval, his nose was all red from sneezing, his skin pale with fever and cold. I let him sleep. What else can I do besides nursing him?

I went to his kitchen, placed the porridge on the counter, covering it before going back to his room. His room was a mess like World War III had actually taken place there. I shook my head, I never really had problems with his room or cleaning before.

What, I had a problem with was his insensitivity!

I picked up a discarded book. Reading its title 'My mistress', my mind began searching for scenes which could be in the book before collecting others and placing them carefully on his shelf. I took his vacuum cleaner and started to clean every corner of the room, placing his discarded stuff to where it belongs, and dusting his couch and table cloth.

He used to have a maid in the house, but since they all were still young, he gave them salaries early so they could complete their education. Even if he was cranky and feisty from outside, I knew he had a big heart, a very big one at that.

I smiled at the memory I had of him when we were 15, he had adopted a dog, much to his parents' disapproval, just because he doesn't want it to live in the streets proving he had the soft spot for animals.

And one time, when I actually fell from riding a bicycle, he scolded me a lot for riding it alone without telling him about it and he actually pulled my pony in anger. When I started crying, he cooed me and bought me ice cream, carried me on his back home, and I fell asleep while falling for him.

Yes. That day I fell for him.

I developed a huge crush on him in subsequent years when he was busy changing his girlfriend. I always avoided seeing him with other girl but I always ended up seeing him bringing them to his house or kissing them passionately. My tears would always betray me, even though I had made mental note with myself never to look at him with those feelings again.

Unrequited love is always hurtful. The type of love I read in stories or watched in movies, I didn't know I was living with that for more than ten years.

Though I am sure his parents know about my feelings for him as they once read my diary, I couldn't help but fear the fact that they would be the one to tell him about it even before me.

I looked at him. He was sleeping soundly like a kid, curled up into a ball, his face showing evidence of his sickness. I ran to change his wet cloth, once again squeezing it and putting it over his temple, wiping his face with another wet cloth lightly.

He squirmed in pain beneath my ministrations; I caressed his hair to let him fall asleep again. I completed the rest of the cleaning and put some music on to do some exercise while changing his wet cloth in the process.

It was almost evening when he woke up, his face showing some freshness, lips less pale and his cheeks less flushed. I was relieved to see the difference in him.

When he called me today to come over, saying he had to tell me something, I was excited. But noticing that something was off about his voice, I quickly hurried from my bed, wearing my pyjamas to his house, only to find him sick as hell in his bed.

I freaked out. He never was the one to ask for help. Even when his parents were busy with work, he didn't ask anything from me or Emily Or Edward, always playing the bad guy.

One time I ended up smacking him badly when he refused to eat food which I made for him, saying he didn't need any help to live but I promised his mom to take care of him..and I am a promise freak! Even if he doesn't like me!

I opened his closet to find a huge mess of it, segregated them and put them in the laundry, making sure to read the manuals to put some on dry cleans as well and he had heaps of clothes. I was partially annoyed with his laziness but I just shook my head.

I sat on the couch, heaving from all the work and cleaning, preparing to take shower soon but I wasn't willing to leave him alone as I am sure he might fall down from the bed one time or another!

I patted my chest, calming it down of all the worries. When I felt my breasts loose, much loose for my comfort, I liked my collar of my pyjama shirt to see my chest naked!

Oh, my fucking hell!

I forgot to wear my bra, oh crap! I was so much in a hurry when he called me. I instantly looked at my front and back to see if anyone had seen me like this. It was night time and I wasn't planning to leave Jake alone to wear my undergarments from my house.

But who the hell am I worried for? He is half as dead in the bed, I am sure he won't even recognize my face, I assured myself. I heard a grunt from the bed. I quickly ran to his side, seeing his eyes open staring at the ceiling.

I looked at him. He looked at me and blinked.

"I am thirsty, Mia, " he said, groaning. Goodness, he recognised me. Hell, Mia, he had just got flu, not amnesia!

I nodded and went to get him water, my hands subconsciously covering my chest. He drank it and tried to sit on his bed, but failing miserably. I inserted the pillow behind his back to make him comfortable, before running again to warm his porridge and some fruit juice, placing it on a tray and sliding it in front of him. His face was scrunched up in dismay.

"I can cook, Jake. I assure you, you won't die from my food, but I can't say the same for my words, " I said, making my sentence as cool and calm as I possibly could.

He looked up at me, his eyes emotionless as ever. Then, he took the spoon, his hands shaking and started to feed himself, half of the porridge falling on his shirt.

I snatched the spoon from his hand, ignoring his strong grip in spite of his sickness, and stuffed food in his mouth, carefully wiping his lips of remnants. After eating it, he drank the juice and I took the dishes to wash them on the sink.

When I returned, he was already up from the bed, trying to change into some new clothes, but not finding some as I put them on laundry.

"Here. I washed the rest of them. They required washing, " I said, placing a washed pair of shirt and jeans on his hand. I folded his blanket properly after washing the dishes from the sink and preparing to go before making a proper tea for him.

"I placed your tea on the table, I will be going now, so if you need anything, just ring me, " I said, with my back to his side as he was still changing clothes. I waited for him to change, hoping he wouldn't fall with weakness in the process. Hearing no sound, I figured he had changed his clothes.

I proceeded to go when someone grabbed my wrist, and I was suddenly thrust into something hard, my back pressing against it. My eyes widened when I realised Jake was hugging me from back, his hands curling around my shoulder.

My toes curled when his hot breath fanned my neck, his bangs producing a tickling sensation. My eyes close involuntarily, though I made an attempt to move as his hands were dangerously close to my chest when he gripped me even tighter, my cheeks now colour of the rose.

"Jake, " I whispered, trying to escape from his grip. I felt my neck loose from his grip and tried to escape to some safe zone when he caught my wrist this time, swirling me around and my face landed on his hard chest instead, quickening the pace of my heart.

"Just stay like this, " Jake whispered, his arms pulling me tighter, our chests now pressing hard against each other.

What the-! Why did Jake have to hug me now of all time when I wasn't wearing safety?!

I tried to place hands in between our chests, making it look like I was trying to hug him which I would be doing if it wasn't for protecting my innocence, but he caught them in the middle placing it on the back of his shoulders, pulling me even closer, sucking the air out of my lungs. I could feel my heart beating rapidly, and I could even feel his!

How embarrassing!

"Wait, I felt something...are you not wear-" Jake started but was cut off by my kick on his legs. He stumbled for a minute

"Oww what was tha-" he started but I pulled him by his shoulders, my fingers wrapped tightly around his neck.

"Shut up. Don't say anything..."I said, my face burning like a stove, placing my head gently on his chest, not having guts to stare at his face which might not be as red as mine.

# Chapter 13 - He Is A Big Tease

Mia's Pov:

I was preparing myself another cup of tea, as Jake refused to let me go alone to my house which was just ten blocks away!

He was crazy! Totally crazy!

I sipped the last drop before entering the washroom to take a shower, taking my clothes which Jake went to take from my house. He actually refused me smoothly not to even walk outside his house when I was without my bra!

I couldn't even imagine what else he must have seen when ransacking my closet, my girl stuff mustn't have gone unnoticed by his view!

I kicked the shower water in the air to ease my pent up my frustration. I almost slipped, a scream escaping my mouth before I gripped tap to mobilise myself. I sighed in relief. There was a knock at the door, muffled with the sound of water.

"Mia, are you okay? Did you fall or something? Should I come over?" Jake asked, coughing a little. Worry was evident in his voice.

"No, I am fine, don't you dare walk a step out of that bed!" I threatened him, making sure to check that the bathroom was locked.

"Yeah. Just make sure to come out in one piece. Girls these days have a habit of eating like a bird and falling like a kangaroo, " he mumbled, the sound coming like he was going back to the bed. I sighed in relief. I showered for a few more minutes before changing into a set of fresh clothes and then came out, my hair tied up in a bun.

Jake was lying by his side, busy with something on his phone, probably messaging. I went to the kitchen to make myself something to eat, after realising all I had in a day was a cup of tea, which I more appropriately drank it.

Shaking my head, I made myself an omelette and veg sandwich, ground some juice before making some fresh porridge for Jake, as he's still sick. After placing it on the table, I called for him. Just then I heard tapping on the kitchen window. My head instantly snapped in the direction, my hands shaking.

Man, I really hate ghosts.

No, I AM AFRAID OF GHOSTS!

I took a frying pan, gripping it tighter with my fingers, my legs keeping a slow pace. I hopped on the kitchen counter, opened the window and instantly swung it In the air. I felt a strong push, making my leg lose balance.

I was beginning to fall when a black hand came from the window and caught my wrist rather tightly. I stared at the hand, looked up to see it coming from the air and closed my eyes, screaming bloody murder.

And I literally screamed out loud!

"Shut up, Mia! It's me, Jake, " he said, gripping my hands tighter, stopping me from falling on the tiled floor. I opened my eyes to see Jake staring back at me.

"What the hell were you doing up there? On the roof? Have you signed a contract with hell to be the death of me!" I yelled at him, seeing him climb from the window on the kitchen counter. He sat down on the floor, pulling me down by my hand.

"I was just trying to feed Jenny. She got food little late today because I was sick, " he said and I looked at him in bewilderment. He took his plate of food and started eating. He noticed me staring at him and he gulped his food before asking me:

"What?"

"You really have one of your girlfriends live on your roof just because they love you too much to refuse it? How insensitive and selfish you can be?!" I exclaimed, pointing a finger at him.

Now it was his turn to stare. He looked at me with an 'are you serious' look before laughing out loud. He rolled on the floor while laughing and I blushed, not sharing his amusement.

"Wow, Mia! You just earned my respect for reaching the infinite level of stupidity at such a young age, " he said, wiping tears from the corner of his eyes

I glared at him. He sighed.

"Mia, Jenny is my cat which I had been taking care of for more than three months. I found her on a rainy night on my trip to work so I adopted her. Since then she has been living with me, " he explained with a smile.

Wow, Mia, you really like to embarrass yourself, don't you? I sighed and blushed again, laughing nervously. I felt so guilty for making him a villain and even more humiliated for thinking such ridiculous thing that someone can live on the roof. I stabbed myself mentally before turning up to give him a smile.

"Oh, I knew that very well. I just wanted you to admit it with your own mouth. You know, old habits die hard, " I said, giggling awkwardly.

I took a bite of my omelette when I felt something missing from my plate. Then I realised.

My sandwich! I looked up to see Jake eating my sandwich which he had taken from my plate without my notice. That idiot!

However, when I looked at him eating it, I kinda melted. He looked so cute eating it. He almost looked innocent. Almost.

Minutes later, he was wiping his mouth with a napkin. I poured both of us some juice. I would have gone with wine but Jake was sick and I knew I couldn't drink it without sharing it with him.

"When you die tomorrow, don't you dare write in your suicide note that I offered you carbs to eat!" I said, smiling, trying to have a conversation.

"I would rather die by your words than by your food. You said that yourself, " he said, raising his glass of juice as a toast.

"Race you to finish this glass in five seconds. The winner gets to have five things done from the loser!" I announced, raising my glass in enthusiasm. I would surely win this one. Now, it's my turn to boss you around!

He looked at me and narrowed his eyes.

"Deal!" he shouted and we shook hands.

"Cheers!" we clanked our glasses together.

I touched the tip of glass in my lips, taking a large gulp.

"I didn't know you were a 40 C, Mia, " he said out of nowhere. "Last Time I checked, you were a 35, " Jake said nonchalantly, a hint of a smile on his face. I spilt the whole contents of juice back into the glass and stared at him with shock and embarrassment.

Oh. My. God.

He knows my size!

"Time's up. I win!" he said, placing his glass on the table like some king, rather loudly. I broke up from my trance to find I really lost only to realise that he cheated!

"What? I lost? No, you cheated!" I yelled, running behind him, trying to stop him from leaving the fight. I ran in front of him and spread my arms wide to stop him from escaping. He looked at me like I had my two heads grown on my shoulder.

"You lose my baby, Mia. I am sorry for your loss, " he said, not at all sounding apologetic. "Keep your phone close to you. I might need to have my five wishes completed at night. I am a man after all, " he said, stressing on 'night', making the blush on my cheeks more prominent.

He chuckled at my reaction, poking my cheeks like I was some baby. I slapped his arm which he caught easily, placing it behind my back gently, before opening my bun with a simple tug. My hair fell on my shoulder, water still present in them. I couldn't help but shiver from the wet droplets on my cheeks.

I looked at him with an icy look, only to find him staring back at me, this time some kind of emotion evident in his eyes. He pulled me straight on his chest, my cheeks collided with his, our chests pressed tighter.

Second hug in one day! Am I dreaming or am I dead and in heaven?!

He touched my fingers tentatively, entangling our index fingers and producing beautiful sensations in my body. I closed my eyes involuntarily when I felt his hot breath on my ear, his mere breath increasing my own. He sniffed my hair, touching them with tips, caressed them before bending his hot mouth over my ear.

"I will make sure to make you complete best five wishes of my life, " he said, his fingers leaving my own, his hands leaving my hair. I turned around to see him going to his bed before my legs gave up and I leaned my head against the wall, slowly sliding down, my hands placed over my heart to leaven my breath.

I looked once again at his door.

I shook my head.

What the hell did I get myself into?

# Chapter 14 - He Cares Now When He Knows I Can't?

Mia's POV:

I woke up to the sound of something crashing on the floor. I hurried to Jake's room, too afraid to check my own.

"Are you okay? Did you fall?" I asked, worried about him. "I told you not to walk two steps out of that fucking bed of yours and you- AH!" I cried, instantly groaning in pain when my legs landed on something sharp. I sat on the floor with pain, water seeping into fibres of my jeans.

"Don't come here, Mia! I think I broke-what the hell! You stepped on the broken glass vase!" Jake said, hurrying towards me cautiously, immediately pulling me upwards by arms to make me sit on his bed.

He looked at me, his eyes red, indicating his lack of sleep, gripping my legs to put them on his lap.

"I told you not to- What should I do with you? You never listen to me and see, this is what happens!" he said, getting annoyed with each passing moment, his hands gentle with my wound, though.

He pulled the first-aid kit from his drawer, picking bits of glasses from my wound. I covered my mouth to stop myself from making any sound; it was paining too much to handle.

He looked at me, slowing his ministrations before applying antiseptic on my cleaned wound, gripping my legs tightly when I whimpered and bandaged it firmly before picking me up gently and plopping on his bed. I stared at him, like he was some werewolf, wincing with pain on my heels, massaging the wound myself.

"What? Don't stare at me!"jake started defending himself. "I am not going to eat you. I don't eat humans. So for this night, let's just have a nice sleep, " Jake said while yawning, cleaning the mess of water he created when he broke the jug.

I was confused. He was asking me to sleep next to him? No way! It can't be. I am just delusional.

He turned off the lamp, before sprawling on his side of the bed. After some time, I looked at his back which was not moving.

I threw a pillow on the wall strong enough to produce a 'plop' sound to test if she really was sleeping.

Still no movement. He is asleep!

I nodded to myself, putting my toes shakily on the floor. I tiptoed, avoiding anything that may fall or I may fall upon before I successfully made to the door. I leaned my head for some time on the wall, grabbing my knees which were starting to pain from the wound now. I turned the knob. It made a soft 'click' and opened. As soon as I was going to run outside, someone grabbed me by my waist.

I screamed loudly in terror. Must be the roof ghost!

A hand came over my mouth, muffling my scream and I found my body lifted and thrown once again into the bed. My eyes widened to see Jake awake. He came to my side, poking my forehead and my head plopped on the pillow, pulling the blanket over me before going back to his side to sleep.

"If you were awake, why didn't you move when I threw the pillow on the wall?" I asked, curious about his antics. He turned to look at me, fully tuning to my side.

"I wasn't awake but did someone tell you that you walk like an elephant? I thought you were walking like that on purpose!" he said, smiling brightly, offending me more. I smacked him on his forehead, earning a glare before closing my eyes and drifting into sleep.

It was 7 am when I woke up, feeling heaviness on my chest. I looked at the ceiling of the room when I felt something moving, I looked down to see Jake's hand cupping my right breast, his face nuzzling on my neck, his lips blowing hot air over my pulse. My eyes widened on their own accord.

A blush rose to my face when I felt his palm pressing on my breast more, making my nipples hard due to friction. I quickly shot up, throwing Jake over the bed, on his pillow rather harshly. My body also lost balance and I fell on my side of the bed, with my back straight on the hard floor. I muffled my mouth to cover my pain but Jake still ran over to my side.

"Mia, are you okay? Did you have a bad dream?" Jake said, helping me up. I sat on the bed, not meeting his eyes, my cheeks on fire.

"No. I mean yes. I did have a nightmare, " I said, thinking whatever makes him go away for now!

He looked suspicious but left the topic.

About half an hour later, we were munching on our breakfast. Jake helped me do my daily routine like brushing my teeth. I felt like a weak and wailing girl who needed him each time I needed to drink water or I needed to walk somewhere.

The whole day had passed. I was lying on my bed when my phone rang. I picked up, after reading it was some unknown number.

"Hello. Who's this?" I said, running fingers through my hair.

"Hello baby, this is James, your future husband, how is my darling?"

I immediately shot up, my spine cracking in the process. I pulled the phone from my ear and stared at it.

No way! This cant be!

"How the hell did you get my number?" I barked at him after putting the phone over my ears again.

"That's my worries, darling, for now, be ready to be my bride soon as I just inherited my father's company and they couldn't wait for more for their daughter-in-law, " he said smugly and I felt like smashing his head against my wall.

"What do you want, you stalker?", I yelled at the phone, hearing him giving a loud, obnoxious laugh.

"Just be ready on the 29th. I will send over your wedding dress soon. Don't make me wait. You know I hate waiting, " he said. I could picture him smirking to himself.

I hung up, my mind in mess.

Theo James, the nightmare of my innocent life and the bane of my existence. I met him at college when we became lab partners. He was infatuated with me: no it was more like an obsession. He painted my name all over the boards of cultural festival send me birthday cards with our children names on it, followed me till my house, tricked me into thinking he had changed his mind.

But it wasn't even close to that.

He called me on his 20th birthday party where he announced in front of every student that I was his future wife and even distributed wedding invitations which were dated 29 March 2018. That time I thought he was delusional but when he told me about it so firmly today, I couldn't help but stare at the calendar.

He had just left me 9 days! That's horrible! He is just a stalker. He won't be able to do anything!

He can do much worse, my inner side said.

I still had goosebumps at the thought of his level of creepiness. He even was a pervert who used to crawl over my window just to get my shorts stolen from, evidence was recovered by Jake when he went to play over his house.

Since that day, Jake had hated him. He started to stay under 1-mile radius of mine, accompanying me to college, to the mall, to shop, to any convenient stores, to parks and even to my room.

I smiled to myself. I heard a knock at the door. I opened it to reveal Jake. He came with two plates filled with noodles and ketchup. I quickly grabbed one, pouring a large amount of ketchup over my food. I started to stuff myself.

Jake's mouth was open with awe.

"What?" I said, stuffing myself more, his reaction growing shocked more weirded out.

"Nothing. Here, take mine too, " he said, sliding his share towards me.

"Why? Won't you eat?"

"I was but seeing that someone needed it more than me, I might as well offer some charity, " he said, laughing at his own stupid joke.

I took a large spoon of noodles and stuffed it in his open mouth.

~???~?|?~???~

I was on the balcony, inhaling some fresh air to ease up my mind about this James. I spread my arms wide, letting the cool air of spring hug my insides, my toes curling to the mild coldness. I put my ankles over the railing of the balcony to get more air when my phone rang. It was from my dad.

"Hello, dad!"

"Hi, sweety. How are you?"

"I am fine dad, just getting some fresh air. What about you? Why did you call?"

"Well, I was hurt at first when you didn't inform me but nowadays children are like this I know. So when were you going to tell me that a boy proposed to you and you are already getting married on 29?" he said, excitement evident in his voice.

What?! When?

And then it dawned upon me.

Oh, that sneaky son of a bi-!

"No, Dad! That's not-"

"Oh, don't worry sweety, we like the guy more than he likes you. He visited us yesterday evening and seeing his manners and his love for you, we were just getting happy when he informed us that

you two have been dating for years now and have decided to marry by this 29th, " he said, cutting me off.

Oh no, this is not happening.

"No dad, James is just trying to make you two happy -" I started, this time cut off not by my father but by someone whom I never wanted to know about all this ridiculousness.

"You are marrying James?"

My head instantly snapped around to see Jake standing on the door, his fingers gripping the coffee cup stronger than usual, which he ended up snapping into two, hot coffee spilling over his hands.

Oh, shit.

# Chapter 15 - Silent Rejection Hurts Even More

Mia's Pov:

I was devastated. No, that shit was not happening with me. His company was way more precious to me than my own feelings, which he had been crushing since the day I met him.

I quickly told dad I would call him later and cut the line.

Ignoring my own pain, I ran towards Jake, grabbing his hands which were red from the hot coffee which was spilt over them just minutes ago. I blew air on his burning hand, making sure not to touch it when he pushed me not-so-gently.

"Don't touch me! I don't want anyone's help!" he growled at me, prying me off even far away from him. I stared at him, my eyes welling with tears. I quickly wiped them off with the back of my palm.

What did I do to deserve such a life?

"Jake, that's totally ridiculo-" I started, only to be cut off by his sharp intake of breath. He raised his palm at me, his bangs covering his forehead and eyes.

"No, don't say anything. Let me complete my question first! So you're marrying Theo James, the one who stalked and was so infatuated with you that he stole even your shorts?!" he said and shook his head. He walked past me, standing near the railing of the balcony and turned over to me. I could clearly see his eyes which had many emotions present in them, pain, anger and hurt more evident.

Then he spoke again.

"Oh, Mia. I thought so much better of you and your freakish brain!" he said, his anger evident in his eyes. He took one step towards me making me take another of my own.

"No, Jake that's totally wrong! Please, listen-"

"Well, why the hell are you explaining to me? Who am I to ask such questions?! I never was worthy enough for your company Mia, let alone for your answers, " he barked at me.

"Jake, at least let me-"

"Congratulations on getting married, " he said with heavy sarcasm. "I would make sure to drop by your wedding if I had the time off with my work. See you around then, " he said conclusively before he walked out leaving me still in a daze.

That's so not good, I need to talk to Emily soon.

I met Jake in high school when my parents changed the neighbourhood. They were never actually around except for times when I was sick or I had to submit my school report.

My father is the shareholder of the Shipbuilding industry, always busy in his work. I never saw him much, not even for my birthdays. When I had first developed a crush on Jake, I was horrified to death because he was a playboy. It didn't matter that he himself came from a rich family.

His father is the CEO of the Automobiles industry, the reason he changes his vehicle each week. He had got his cocky personality from his father but a kind heart always comes from a mother. His parents used to me well as 'Chipmunk' when I visited them once to correct my innocent name.

They actually know my feelings for Jake as his mom once visited me to offer me gifts on Christmas and when I went to make her some coffee, leaving my unprotected feelings on the table, she made no attempt to leave it unrevealed.

I had thought that all was over, I would have to break my friendship from Jake.

But the reaction I got was opposite one, she was rather happy and collected after reading my feelings saying me to keep it with me for years until he'd propose to me. I laughed and waved at her comment, saying I wasn't that lucky in love knowing very well about the heap of love letters lying on my cupboard.

But I wanted only one person, the one who didn't love me back. I sighed. Our classmates were almost all married; I had attended the wedding of some whom I still have connections left with, the rest I just received information from Rose.

With my heart aching, I decided to sleep to stop my haywire thoughts.

I woke up from my nap a little later, feeling thirsty as a fish. I walked lazily, striding my crocodile feet on the carpet like a snake to the kitchen. I poured myself some water and lapped it down my throat.

I didn't know if Jake had returned or not. Hell, I don't even know why I am still at his house. Nevertheless, I tiptoed quietly to his bedroom, turned the doorknob stealthily only to find it empty.

Where could he be at this time of hour?

I looked outside the window. It was raining cats and dogs, in spring! I was worried sick if he had taken the umbrella or not, hell he recovered from his illness just a few days ago.

I paced the room, limping in pain due to my own injury when I heard the screeching of a car. I jumped from the sofa, reaching for the door when it opened itself and in surprise, I hid behind the sofa where from I peeked at the intruder.

I gasped, putting hands over my mouth immediately, my eyes wide as saucers when I saw Jake kissing Victoria as if his life depended on it, his hands gripping her thighs which were wrapped firmly on his waist. Her hands were roaming through his perfectly gelled hair, thrusting her tongue in his mouth.

I almost gasped loudly when Jake pushed her against the desk, sliding the stationery down the floor which ringed rather loudly to my ears, his hands now under her half-naked chest, massaging them and his tongue invading her neck, eliciting a loud moan from Victoria, who was rubbing him over his jeans.

I instantly looked down, my mind clouded with several emotions when I found my cheeks with something wet called tears. I quietly slid down the floor, avoiding the discarded stationery on the floor, my eyes now a well of tears when her bra and his shirt fell in my way.

I lifted my feet up a little which were heavy with all my crushed feelings, running hastily to my room. I slumped on the bed, my heart heavy as that rain which was seeping into the soil to provide us freshness.

I opened the drawer and found condoms lying above. I quickly closed it. Of course, there would be condoms only, its fucking Jake's house for God's sake! I need to get out of here! Now! Otherwise, I was afraid I might end up dead with something ridiculous as they call rejection.

I packed my still wet clothes, opened the front door, to walk out hurriedly, not wanting to hear more of her moans and mewls. And most of all, I didn't want Jake to see me in such a state when he had no idea what I was going through. I didn't want to give him much fodder to make fun of me.

They both didn't notice me leaving which I was grateful for. I ran towards my car, turned the ignition on and sped off to my house.

I closed the door of my house behind me, resting my head against it only to hurry up immediately to my room because of the pain shooting badly from my heels. I opened the wound to found it badly swollen; must be because I walked in rain, the doctor had advised me to avoid water. I laid on the bed, taking sharp breaths before closing the lamp, and drifted to sleep.

We didn't talk to each other for the next four days, not even glancing at the other. That was the first time in the history of our friendship!

I missed him so much but I controlled my heart for the single drop of dignity that I had left in my veins. I would not even dare to cross his path until I had my thoughts assorted. I had majored in MBA, my father was willing to let me go to States and like a good daughter, I would do that. I made myself coffee when I heard a doorbell rang. It was a courier boy.

I was confused. I didn't order anything!

"Ma'am, Mr James wanted me to deliver this to you. Congratulations and thank you for choosing us for your hospitality, " a man with a burly look said, bowing at me little lower than usual.

I stared at the box which was wrapped in red colour, striped with white ribbons. I pawed at the box, opening it with my hands and my mouth hung open to see a beautiful wedding dress, a white gown embellished with tulle, curling down at the end.

I lifted the dress up to see its floor length and a veil with tiara embedded with pearls! I was mesmerised by its white reflection, my mind already imagining myself in the dress.

How much happy I would be if it weren't sent by some devil!

I packed it back up, sliding it under my bed carelessly. My phone rang and I saw the caller ID. I checked it and saw my dad's face. I knew why he was calling. I put it on vibrate and when my phone buzzed for the 10th time, I picked it up, it was my mom. I was happy to talk to her finally.

We both have been busy lately that we haven't talked to each other for almost a year. I missed her so much. But my expectations were forced into the gutter when she showed enthusiasm in my forced marriage.

I tried to talk to her into it but she waved me off saying how much she waited to see me in a wedding dress and scolding me for hanging on to my feelings for Jake so long, threatening to snap his neck off next time she meets him.

I nodded meekly, my soul flowing out of my body. I went heavy-hearted to bed that day, thinking about what else was left to happen with my crushed life now.

# Chapter 16 - My Little Dreams

Emily's POV:

It had been a week since we last came to Mauritius. Sure, we enjoyed a lot if that 'we' includes Lara and Edward's short night visits, not to mention her throaty moans which I could hear even while peeing, and my long night walks across the streets of Mauritius alone, enjoying the view of metropolitan cities, driving in the car by myself.

It was the last night of our stay, so I started to stuff my clothes back into the suitcase, ransacking the hotel closet neatly to find any other belongings. My fingers were then entangled with something which when I pulled out my hand from the pile, found it to be Lara's lacy black underwear. I instantly tossed it away, only to pick it up this time by my one finger, fully grabbing it before walking to Lara's room and turning the knob.

I regretted as soon as I opened the door of Lara's room, ignoring the 'Do not disturb' sign as I saw Lara without her top, lying below Edward whose mouth was ravishing hers in a hot passionate kiss, and his hands were on her boobs, massaging them filling the room with her loud hard moans.

Quickly, I averted my gaze, raising my hands slowly to show them the reason for my interruption before tossing her underwear at the nearby couch without a second glance. I hurried to my heels, covering my mouth to stifle a sob, which would expose my secret feelings so readily.

Next day, we travelled all the way to our home, with Lara clinging to Edward, kissing his chest in front of the driver, much to his annoyance. I knew that Edward never liked to show public affection, the reason he never takes Lara with him to his office no matter how much she begs for it. She even fought with him often yelling at him to tell him why I visited his office more readily when she didn't even get to see it.

Though she was his girlfriend, Edward never hid anything about her from me. In fact, he always came to me to help him decide what to give Lara on her birthdays. He knows she loves luxurious accessories so we never really had any problems picking it out.

So, dear Lara, the bags, dresses or earrings you sway at me every time I wear a shirt or pants were actually brought to you by me, Emily Willows...err now Jones, by his desperate request, not by my choice, of course.

We reached home late night after eating at a nearby restaurant and I slumped on the bed like a pig and slept my night off, with Edward joining me later after dropping Lara off. Hush! This love!

I woke to find it was already afternoon, sun rays seeping strongly and brightly on both of our faces. I pried myself from Edward's cuddling, finding it hard to ignore his lips which were touching my neck, his hot breath still making my nerves go havoc! I quickly got up and got ready and went downstairs.

I went into the kitchen and poured myself some water. Miranda had already made our lunch. I was munching on it quietly, my thoughts elsewhere on how I would be able to leave Edward after two years when I already was sharing enough closeness which was making me crazy. I smacked myself hard, muttering 'oww' after realising I was sexually frustrated!

How can I not be? I mean I am a virgin girl married to her love of eternity for-

Urgent Correction: Fake married to my best friend, ugh, God forbid my wolf-ish hormones and my potato-sized ovaries for being saint-ly patient with him all this time!

Edward came downstairs after some time, we talked about some random things when the doorbell rang. Miranda opened it to see my parents.

My parents were demanding too much from their son-in-law, weren't they now? I mean who wants their grandson too soon. Even I am not ready to be a mother, not when the person who will be helping me with it doesn't even know he is supposed to do it with me!

They kept on asking if we had some family plans but I am a doctor for god's sake. I am not going with more than one child, I told them smoothly, of course when Edward went upstairs to change.

"Of course mom, we enjoyed a lot. Who asks such a question? We go on a honeymoon to enjoy, don't we?" I said, quietly grabbing Edward's phone to stuff it my pocket which was blinking with Lara's messages. I excused myself and went upstairs.

I tossed his phone at the bed, angrily turning towards him.

"What the hell, Edward? They almost caught us! That was a close call!" I yelled at him, who was buttoning his shirt now. He smiled at me, before leaning to give me a kiss on the cheek, his lips lingering on my already flushed cheek before lifting me up in his arms. I shrieked, gripping his shoulders in reflex afraid that I might fall and he twirled me around. His laughter was like music to my ears.

"Lily, Lily, Lily, today I am so happy, " he said, still twirling me his arms draped around my waist protectively.

"What?! Eddie put me down first, I am afraid I might vomit on your face, " I said, huffing. He put me down, putting an elbow on my shoulders this time, his fingers lifting my chin. He stared at me, his blue eyes mesmerising me when I averted my gaze to avoid falling for him again!

He put his hands around my cheeks, puffing them up, before pushing my hairs aside to kiss me on the forehead. What the hell is wrong with him! Did he drink or something?

I merely stared at him in shock. I have seen happy Edward many times but not once I had seen him this crazy about it.

He was beaming with joy, excitement rolling off his body. "So what I wanted to tell you was this: today, our company signed a deal with International Digital Corporations and I couldn't wait to tell you about it!"

"What? Really?!" I exclaimed. "You mean you signed that deal you worked so hard for? Yay, I am so happy for you!" I said, my own happiness suddenly returning.

I knew how much Edward wanted to have this deal, he worked several hours to design up routes for it. He won't even let me go my own home whole month for it, just because he believed I would be the only one who would not let him be lazy, even if it was opposite, and also that I was his lucky charm or something.

Although being a billionaire, he used to have this dream of expanding his company worldwide. He also promised me to take me on World Tour once he accomplishes that but that was a long time ago. I bet today he wouldn't even remember our age when he made that promise!

He shook his head. "No, we worked hard for it, together, " he said, suddenly serious, making me look up. I bet my eyes are teary now. I looked down to hide them.

"Emi, I am really happy today, " he whispered again staring at me, his gaze making me want to crawl under the ground.

I gulped. "I know."

"But I see you're not, " he whispered to make me look up.

"Ed, that's never -

He grabbed my hand in his, intertwining our fingers before pulling me with him down the stairs.

"Owe dear, see how lovely they look, " my mom compliments, seeing us coming down the stairs.

"I was just coming to ask for you when your mom stopped me, saying that you must be having a post-honeymoonic amusing side effects."

Does such a thing even exist?

We smiled at him, Edward pulling me closer than usual.

"Oh dear, you wouldn't believe when I told you how he would also love you back. Now you see for yourself. That boy can't even stay away from you, " my mother said laughing to herself.

At her words, the smile adorning my face was wiped off abruptly. I instantly looked at Edward who was gazing at my mom with a confused expression.

No way! She won't tell it to-

"Oh right! I knew she wouldn't tell you but now you must know for how long she loved-" I clapped my hand shut over her mouth, huffing heavily from running by the speed of sound. I lifted her by the arm pulling her to my room.

"Let's have a daughter-mother time!" I shouted, making myself clear to two men who must be thinking I ate crap in my breakfast today.

It was tough to lie to mom but I did it anyway. Like a mom, she worried but as a daughter, I cleared all her doubts.

"Mom, I am really happy. So don't worry and don't you dare cry in front of me. He really is the one for me. He keeps me happy and we have fun all day until we fall asleep tired, " I said hugging her, my own eyes spilling tears now. I snorted and put my head on her shoulder.

"He really keeps me happy, Mom. He really does, " I whispered.

I was making dinner when I heard the doorbell ring. Edward put the bottle of wine on my hand, kissing my cheek before walking to the dinner table, drumming his fingers over it. He motioned me to sit, his face full of merry stars.

"Lily, I want to ask you something, " he said, his hands taking mine and squeezing them. I was confused. Why the hell is he asking me if he could ask something? That's so formal!

I nodded. He smiled and stuffed his hands on his coat before pulling out a velvet coloured box, wrapped in ribbons. He slid it towards me.

Opening it, I gasped. It was a beautiful diamond ring, stoned heavily with millions of carats. I looked at him, his eyes searching answers from me.

"Would Lara like this ring? Tomorrow is her birthday and I really want to gift her this."

And my broken heart once again crashed into millions of pieces but this time I knew one thing...

...That I don't have energy left to pick up its pieces again.

"I know Lily, " he interrupted my rant, "but I want to be prepared for everything. For now, I have already signed it so keep it safe with you."

I flipped pages of the file to see he had really signed it. My heart broke once again. He was really going to divorce me.

So, what did you expect Emily, that he will suddenly realize that he loves you back and blah blah blah till happily ever after!

My eyes fell once again at the amount I was going to get with this agreement. No matter which angle I see it from, this was all wrong. Though I come from a middle-class family, I didn't really have the wish to collect materialistic achievements and as for this fake marriage, this was a stark no!

"But still, the money is too much to give Eddie. we can donate it to some NGO or school. They need it more than me. You see-"

"Emi, Emi, my dear Emi, " he sang, shaking my shoulders, making me look up at him, a bright smile adorning his handsome face.

I almost swooned at that, you brat! Next time give me a warning before you smile. Ugh!

"You deserve so much that I don't have enough to give it all to you. I wish to give you all the happiness of this world but I know you won't accept it. So just pretend to take 100 million as alimony when we divorce and then you can donate it to poor or NGO, whichever way you want to spend it."

"But still, Edward, this is-"

My stomach growled this time and Edward laughed at that. I guess priorities should come first!

"Let's not talk about it. You sit here, today I'll cook, " he said, walking to the kitchen.

"What do you want to eat on your birthday, Mrs Jones?" he said slyly, looking so handsome from afar that I just wanted to eat him instead!

Stop, stop! Bad Emily!

I blushed at the surname, clearly loving it more than my face could express! I walked over to him, facing him with a smile before poking his nose gently.

"My birthday ended three hours ago. Its way past midnight, Mr Jones!"

# Chapter 17 - His feelings Are So Confusing

Emily's Pov:

I was baking a chocolate cake, frosting it with cream before sprinkling chocolate chips over it. No, it wasn't for Lara's birthday. It was for me.

Surprise, surprise, it was my birthday too!

And I was not sad because he had a gift already planned out for her. It was because he forgot my birthday over hers. I sighed.

It wasn't the first time when he did that actually. When I first discovered that Lara and I share the same birthdate, I didn't really have any major problem with it, In fact, I was cool about it.

As for Edward, his happiness was evident from his words "Now I have my two beautiful girls booked over on one date called a birthday."

I poured wine in the glass, placing cake and other vegetables and fruits over the table. As it was only me, I prepared myself veggies to eat, because Edward called hours ago telling me not to wait for him and go to bed already. I was disappointed in him but said nothing.

I poked a fork in the salad before stuffing it in my mouth. My mouth was suddenly dry. I was craving for some freshness, something which would give me back my old self again, the one which didn't know to be an adult was so not easy.

I excused Miranda to go home for today as I wanted to be alone to sort out my thoughts which were in crazy havoc. About twenty minutes later, Mia came to wish me, giving me a birthday gift and a minute later Jake joined us, hugging me birthday, completely ignoring Mia.

Wait a minute. Did they have a fight again? Like, again?

I sighed. They are never gonna grow up, not even when they would have kids to pet! I kicked myself mentally before looking back at them again. Hell, at least look at each other!

It was almost fifteen minutes of awkward silence when I decided to step in.

"So ladies and gentlemen here, how is everything going on?" I shouted cheerfully at them, picking up my glass of wine as a toast.

No response.

I looked at Mia, quirking my eyebrows asking for an explanation before turning towards Jake who was staring at his wine glass so interestingly that for a minute I thought he would end up kissing it!

"I think we better cut the cake, " I yelled, my excitement making them look up at me.

At least they have eyes left with them! I thought they had lost much more along with their fucking brains!

We cut the cake, Mia and Jake hugging me together, only to step back immediately, turning their heads away! I merely stared at them, my mind killing both off each time with different methods.

"Hey guys, are you still at it, now? Like seriously, we are all in our twenties for God's sake! Grow some balls already, " I said raising my palm up at them, earning glares from both of them.

Mia frowned. "We're all grown-"

"Yes, she is all mature Emily, don't you see she is already getting married so don't you even say the shit to her, " Jake said, his arms folded into a genius manner. I quickly looked at Mia who was burning flames at his comment.

Man, we're getting a big fight here. I have a feeling that I am going to have to act as a referee again!

"So what? I am not immature like you! I can decide for myself-"

"Oh, really? Then congratulations and thanks a lot. You freed me of such responsibility of watching you over-

"I never wanted you to-"

"Well, I never did it willingly-"

I waved my hands between their heaving faces, flushed from yelling too much only to have my hand slapped harshly away.

"I am not your responsibility and I have others to take care of me now-"

"Oh, yeah! I didn't actually know how much you admired James until now-"

"Yes, I admire James. Very much. Actually, I will tell you what now! I love James. I fancy him so much. He is my unrequited love, first love, first friend, first crush, first kiss, my first everything! And now you tell me why you keep on lashing on my marriage-"

"Mia, Jake let's eat my ca-" I started, knowing very well they weren't gonna listen.

"I don't fucking care who you marry! Just get the hell out of my sight and never show up your face again! I don't even want to have anything-" Jake said, his hands grazing his hairs in a nervous fashion, probably trying to ease up his frustration.

"Fine! Thanks a lot for making my importance crystal clear. I'll be going now. Bye Emily. And once again Happy Birthday!" Mia said, collecting her purse, walking out hurriedly after hugging me. She shut the door so loudly that I slipped out of my shock.

What the fucking hell just happened? It's my birthday for God's sake!

I saw Jake sitting across the chair, his head on his hands, thinking quietly. I walked to him, placing hands on his shoulder when he looked up, his eyes moistened to my utter surprise. All my anger flew out of the window to infinite space.

"Jake, " I whispered, sitting beside him, caressing his shoulder to make him look up at me.

"I messed up, Emily. I really did it pretty bad this time, " he said, finally looking up at me, his eyes pleading me for comfort.

"I know."

"I didn't mean to."

"I know that too."

"Mia is my friend and I don't want to lose her."

Oh my dear bear, that would've broken her heart!

"I know. But you did lose her anyway." He nodded.

"That's why I want her back. I want her back to fight with me like old times, to smack me, hit me, feed me, fight for me, be angry with me, walk with me, talk with me. I want her back in everything she has done with my life. So much."

"But you also know Jake that she can't always be with you. Someday she wil-"

"No way! Why can't she give me some of her time... I mean she can give her whole fucking life to some obsessive infatuated James and be her wife- man, I hate that word!" Jake said, his hands balled into fists.

"Jake, you are not her boyfriend or her lover or her husband, so you really shouldn't be saying this-"

"Then I can be all of those fucking things! I just don't even want to think her giving someone else the thing which clearly belongs to me!" he yelled, pushing a vase over the ground, which fell on the carpet, crashing into pieces.

Holy shit! He is jealous! That's some news! Mia, you go girl!

~???~?|?~???~

I was picking the broken pieces of the vase, carefully placing it on a dustpan after Jake left. One piece eventually dug into my flesh, eliciting a groan from my mouth. I poured water over my wound, neatly wrapping it with a bandage before went over to the dinner table and poured myself another glass of wine. I took a piece of cake, raised the glass and said cheers to myself.

"Happy great birthday to myself, Emily Willows, who did the most stupid thing of fake marrying her best friend who doesn't even remember her birthday over his girlfriend's when all she had in her mind all day was him, her husband and her best friend, " I said, my voice croaking with tears which fell drop by drop in my wine glass.

I wiped my nose off, eating the piece and drinking wine before cutting another piece, placing it on plate spraying extra cream over it. I poured another glass of wine and took my own to clank with it.

"Happy Birthday to the beautiful Lara Williams, an elegant girlfriend of my Edward. I wish you all the happiness of my life, even more for your relationship and love. I wish you everything good for your care and love for my Edward but just promise me one thing, " I said, my voice slurring due to my low tolerance to alcohol treatment. I scooted closer to the piece of cake, my hands on the table before puckering my lips.

"Promise me one thing to always keep Edward happy. His happiness is the reason I am doing all the stupid things in my life. I will try to attend your wedding if I had my feelings collected till then so just wish me luck for that."

I scooted even more close to the cake. "And I will tell you a secret as your birthday gift. You wanna listen?" I sniffed again.

I placed my hands on the imaginary ear of the cake, before forcing myself in it, my fingers pressing over my wound hand which must be bleeding by now.

"I love Edward so much. And I have been in love with him for more than twenty years but you don't have to worry, I assure you he loves you very much, even more than himself I guess. And I am so happy for both of you, " I sniffed.

Then I continued, "I'll be honest when I tell you that I was jealous of you at first, even trying to be like you but I guess we can't change actually who we are! And shuuu!" I said, placing my hands on my lips, "Don't be worried even a bit because after these two years, I'll be gone from both of your lives like a wind: you never see it ever again once it's gone", I said yelling "Pheww" in the air with my fingers before laughing to myself.

"Here. That's my secret! But I have to admit you're one hell of a lucky cake to-"

"Emi."

I stopped talking to the cake, immediately recognizing the owner of the voice.

No way! That can't be!

My head snapped in the direction of the owner of the voice, regretting my decision to talk to some cake about my precious secret!

Whooo talks to a fucking cake?!

Me, that's who.

Edward was standing there, wide-eyed, his hands on his side, a bouquet of roses and lilies scattered on the floor.

# Chapter 18 - His Friendship Is All I Have

Emily's Pov:

"Emi."

Holy bullshit! Edward heard me.

He saw me talking to a cake confessing my feelings for him! I pushed my face into dung mentally.

Okay, don't panic, Emily! This happens, it is life, it is love but… It's my fucking birthday as well, my inner voice shouted.

I looked at my right and left, planning a route of escape. Because I ain't no fairy tale princess who thinks that when her prince would hear of her secret feelings for him, he would confess romantically in front of her, kissing her and then they live happily ever after! That bullshit wasn't taking anyone anywhere.

I know very well where I am standing in my life right now and how much a person likes me or loves me because if that weren't the case, I would never have gotten myself in this fake marriage from the start.

That's why I really don't want to get rejected on my birthday and end up killing myself to tears. I shook my head violently to pry off such thoughts!

"Hey Eddie, how was Lar-"

"Lily, Are you fucking out of your mind? What were you thinking of before doing such a thing, huh?" Edward said, clearly angry, striding hastily towards me.

I scooted my chair subconsciously, not from fear but from open rejection. The thing which had been in front of me from start, I accepted it heartily, but when it will be forced upon me again, this time in words, I don't think I can do such thing as confronting it.

I know I am twenty-five, for bull's sake but my heart is not ready to bear rejection continuously for years.

I can watch him happy with her all time but I don't really have the guts to survive after being rejected officially.

"Edward, I was just eat-"

"Lily, don't do things like this again and again. It hurts me to see you hurt all the time, because of me!" he yelled, snatching my hand from the chair, taking it in his hand before opening my fists to run his calloused fingers along my wound.

I shivered both from pain and his touch, looking at him, bangs covering his eyes, his cheeks little red, maybe from drinking. Looking down, I found designer white table cloth soaked with my blood, my wound aching more now when he peeled the bandage slowly.

Eh, when did I start to bleed?

I was sitting on the chair, lost in my thoughts when Edward came, water in his hands. His tie was loose, and the front buttons were undone. He unbuttoned his sleeves, only to roll his shirt up to his arm, his hands taking mine once again before he started to treat my wound. I whimpered a little when he took hold of my other hand, placing it on my shoulder pressing it there firmly.

"Here, pinch my shoulder or grip it tightly when it pains too much, " he muttered, still not looking at me.

"Are you mad at me?"

A gust of wind blew over my face.

No response.

"Did I do something wrong?"

One minute silence.

Still no response.

He was busy wiping my wound, being extra gentle with it. I smiled at his affection and ruffled his air earning a glare from him. At least he looked at me!

But still...

"Eddie? Can you open up your pants for me?" I said, pouting girl-ish-ly at him.

His head snapped at me so quick I was sure he had whiplash. He looked at me, quirking his eyebrows before a tiny smile broke into his handsome face.

"Say that sentence once again and I'll make sure to oblige to you thoroughly, " he said, resuming once again his challenge of looking down.

"What? You know this is my emergency line to make you talk to me!"

"I didn't know that until now."

"What, Edward? At least tell me why you are mad at me? Did you have a fight with Lara or did she not like your gift because I assure you that's the most beautiful ring I saw yesterday. Or are you having problems at the office? You know I am always available. We're friends-"

"Goddammit, Emily!"

He called me by my first full name! He never calls me that unless he is angry as hell!

"Stop it already, will you? Why? Why're you so good and supportive of me? Why're you always eager to help and protect me, to feed me, to laugh with me, to let me share my feelings and all?" he was frantic by now.

"Why can't you for once be rude and angry at me, for real and for long? What did I do to deserve such a loving caring friend when I can't even take care of you or spend time with you? I can't even look after you when you're wounded and then also when I ditch you on your birthdays to spend time with my girlfriend, you welcome me home with a smile and a delicious dinner to die for, why fucking-shit! I hate myself for it!" he yelled, throwing a ball of cotton on the floor.

I am sure I must be crying in front of him like a waterfall, right now!

"Eddie, that's not the case. I swear I am not angry or mad at you. I am not that immature. Besides, you didn't do that on purpose. I kno-" I said, placing my hands on his shoulders, assuring him.

"I know Lily that even if I end up killing someone, you'd take that one on you as well, " he said sighing loudly.

I stared at him.

"Wait, did you kill someone cause I'm not that much of mother hen-"

"Shut it up already. I was just kidding!" he said, looking up at me. We stared at each other for a minute before laughing like hawks!

"It was such a pathetic joke, " I said rolling on the couch.

"I know, didn't expect anything better from you, " Edward said, earning himself a kick from me on his face when his stomach growled. I looked at him with a confused expression.

Wait.

"Wait, didn't you go to Lara's house to spend her birthday so you must have had some of the birthday bites, right?"

"Well, actually Lara tried cooking her birthday dinner and ended up messing it and I didn't want to break it to her that she cooks horrible as you know how cranky she is about these things. So I kinda ended up throwing my share of carbs into a pot when she went to bring the dessert, " he said,

scratching his head nervously and I kept my hands over my mouth to stop myself from laughing at his misery.

Poor Edward! I guess love really makes you go insane!

"Then wait, I'll make something-" I said, standing up from couch only to be pulled back roughly, this time straight on Edward's lap, feeling quite aware that I am straddling his abdomen right now. I heard him take a sharp intake of breath.

"Walk one step out of this couch with that beautiful wound again and I'll give you a divorce, for real."

I laughed at his stupid joke. There is no way in the hell he would destroy his own plan! I turned around to see his face all serious, he ducked his hands into his folder bag before sliding a file towards me. I lifted it up, tentatively opening its cover to find my brains straight into the gutter.

It was a divorce agreement with my alimony of 100 million! What the-

"Edward, are you insane? If anybody sees this then we're all busted! You know it's already much of a hassle to act-" I said, sitting properly on the couch, placing my legs on his lap, leaning my head on his shoulder.

"I know Lily, " he interrupted my rant, "but I want to be prepared for everything. For now, I have already signed it so keep it safe with you."

I flipped pages of the file to see he had really signed it. My heart broke once again. He was really going to divorce me.

So, what did you expect Emily, that he will suddenly realize that he loves you back and blah blah blah till happily ever after!

My eyes fell once again at the amount I was going to get with this agreement. No matter which angle I see it from, this was all wrong. Though I come from a middle-class family, I didn't really have the wish to collect materialistic achievements and as for this fake marriage, this was a stark no!

"But still, the money is too much to give Eddie. we can donate it to some NGO or school. They need it more than me. You see-"

"Emi, Emi, my dear Emi, " he sang, shaking my shoulders, making me look up at him, a bright smile adorning his handsome face.

I almost swooned at that, you brat! Next time give me a warning before you smile. Ugh!

"You deserve so much that I don't have enough to give it all to you. I wish to give you all the happiness of this world but I know you won't accept it. So just pretend to take 100 million as alimony when we divorce and then you can donate it to poor or NGO, whichever way you want to spend it."

"But still, Edward, this is-"

My stomach growled this time and Edward laughed at that. I guess priorities should come first!

"Let's not talk about it. You sit here, today I'll cook, " he said, walking to the kitchen.

"What do you want to eat on your birthday, Mrs Jones?" he said slyly, looking so handsome from afar that I just wanted to eat him instead!

Stop, stop! Bad Emily!

I blushed at the surname, clearly loving it more than my face could express! I walked over to him, facing him with a smile before poking his nose gently.

"My birthday ended three hours ago. Its way past midnight, Mr Jones!"

# Chapter 19 - He Loves Cuddling?

Emily's Pov:

"My birthday ended three hours ago. Its way past midnight, Mr Jones!"

Edward's face fell comically. His smile turned into a frown.

I was sad seeing Edward's face full of guilt upon hearing that my birthday ended and he didn't even get to wish me. I tried to convince him that it wasn't his fault and that I was happy spending time with him but he didn't look much convinced.

He nodded meekly before rushing upstairs to change after we settled on the matter that he wouldn't cook, as we didn't want him to endanger our health.

I went to pick up the lilies and roses which were scattered on the floor, half wilted, half disintegrated. I selected the ones which were still intact to put them on vase filled with water and the rest I had to throw in the dustbin.

I really didn't like the thought of throwing someone's gift in the dustbin, especially of Edward's, so I settled on burying them in soil.

I boiled some water, cut some fresh vegetables only to stir fry them, sprinkling some spices and salt in the pan. I prepared a quick ramen for us, calling Edward to come and eat. I placed two bowls on the table, some fruits and water after putting my own previous dinner aside.

We were in comfortable silence, eating our meal when I heard Edward chuckling. I looked up to see him staring at my previous meal, or should I say my diet food.

"You were eating grasses? On your birthday? Since when, 'cause the last time I checked you had this weird habit of eating like an elephant!" he said, his hands on his stomach, laughing out loudly this time.

"When did I eat like that?" I said, pouting at his comment, glaring, making him laugh like a maniac.

"No seriously Emi, you were munching on vegetables, what about meat? That's why you always fall or slip because you are as weak as a pigeon!" he said, this time fake chuckling to himself, his hands draped over his mouth.

I glared at him, throwing my salad consisting of spinach, cabbage, tomato and cheese at him. Now it was my turn to laugh when he grudgingly removed the strips of spinach and wiped himself with a napkin.

"You're not getting any now!" he said, pulling a container of ramen towards him, eating in front of me like a cow.

"Hey, this is unfair! I made it with my weak hands and you-"

"Then go make some more for yourself, " he said nonchalantly stuffing himself. I lunged at him only to yelp in pain when contents of my bowl get spilt over my injured hand, this time tears pricking at the corner of my eyes.

"Oww. My hand!" I shrieked.

"What the- Lily, you really are such trouble!" he quickly took my hand, covering it with a napkin and pouring his glass of water over it. I whimpered in pain and he looked at me with pity.

"What? This is all your doing! How am I going to work now? I have to join in weeks! This is fucking-" I yelled, kicking him in legs.

"I am sorry. My bad. First, come here and treat your second trouble in a single day, shall we?" he said, rubbing his legs before pulling me to sit on the chair. I rolled eyes at his not so formal language.

I tried feeding myself only to spill half of it on my shirt. Edward stared at me for some time, laughing at my attempt to fight with the spoon before snatching it.

"Here. Let me, " he wiped my mouth with a napkin, using his thumb to clean the tip of my nose.

He lifted the spoon and I leaned in to take it in my mouth. It was comfortable this way. It was really my first time getting fed by someone. I smiled to myself and leaned for another when he poked my forehead, and I fell back on my seat. I pouted, glaring at him.

"Don't pout and don't lean! I could see your-" He stopped in between, averting his gaze, looking at anywhere but me. I looked at him in confusion.

Feeling my gaze, he sighed loudly, placing the bowl of noodles on the table. He raised his hands towards me, his fingers gripping my shirt and buttoning it up-to my face.

Like, what?! Excuse me, but I am shocked!

"What-" I didn't get to complete when he stuffed a spoonful of soggy ramen into my mouth. I glared at him.

"Just stay like this! Here!" he said offering me another spoon after eating one himself.

I placed bowls on the sink, opening the water to wash them. Just then I heard a crashing sound upstairs. I ran quickly to our room, only to find Edward buried under the heaps of my lingerie.

What?!

I helped him up, much to his annoying cussing. He took one lacy black lingerie in his hands, staring at me and I couldn't help but blush at his gaze.

"Let's just forget this ever happened!" I exclaimed, collecting my stuff, too embarrassed to even look at him.

"Is it supposed to fit you? As much as I know, your butt is larger than this and your chest is-"

"Edward!" I yelled in embarrassment.

"But seriously, what the hell Lily? You hid these under bedsheets. What were you even thinking of?"

I fiddled with my fingers, looking down.

"Well, my mom gave me to wear them on our...urmm that night-"

"Which night Emi? I am afraid I never heard of this word before!" he said, smirking.

Oh, he was enjoying this, wasn't he?

"Oh shut up. She gave it to me to wear these on my wedding night, and others for our...you know..." I cleared my throat, "subsequent nights and your mom also gave me some of these, like this red one!" I completed.

I am sure I am dead with embarrassment right now!

"I am sure my mom doesn't know what colours I like. I like hot and sexy ones so I would like it very much if you walk for me in these black ones!"

"Edward! Seriously, that's so not funny!"

"Oh yes, it is! I can't believe my mother gifted you these. But why did you hide them here?"

"Well, I am sorry if I thought you are smart enough not to violate bedsheets' closet!"

"I didn't violate it! I just wanted to sleep on two pillows tonight cause I have this intense headache!" he muttered.

"Here. Take your two pillows and hug them to sleep. I am going!"

"Wait, where are you going? Won't you sleep with me tonight?" Like seriously, his level of insensitivity!

"Do you know you have this really wild habit people call 'cuddling'?" I teased him, expecting for some comeback.

But it didn't come. Instead, I saw his head hung low in shame. Wow?

"Well yeah! I have. That's why Lara doesn't let me stay at her house. She doesn't like cuddling. I am sorry if that was uncomfortable for you!" he said, pouting at me.

Isn't he doing it on purpose?!

But it is cute!

"I don't actually mind, but-" I was cut off by my own shriek when he lifted me suddenly, plopping me on the bed and snuggled close to me, his hot breath fanning my neck.

What the hell just happened?

I shifted in my position only to be pulled back on his hard chest, his arms wrapping protectively around me.

"Remind me again the exact time when I agreed to this cuddling thing!"

No response.

I kicked his leg which was slowly draping over my waist earning a grunt from him. I tried to glare at his face which was all too difficult when I was forcefully pressed against him.

"Edward, I can't sleep!" I said, churning in my side, finding it difficult to sleep.

He loosened his grip on me and I tried to escape when he grabbed my arm, pulled me little closer to him.

"You can sleep as well as breath now, " he murmured.

I sighed and went back to sleep, knowing that fighting was a futile thing for me.

# Chapter 20 - I Can Never Dress Like A Girl

Emily's Pov:

I was preparing myself lunch, with Miranda helping me to do it since Edward didn't want me to get into another trouble again. I switched on the TV, changed the channels and settled on watching 'Big Bang Theory', my favourite show from my college days.

I was devouring my food which mainly consisted of carbs when my phone vibrated. I swiped it on call, not seeing the caller ID while still chewing my lunch.

"Where is Edward, dear?"

The voice was so slow and intimidating that I was about to scream when I took hold of my phone after wiping my hands and putting it over my ear. It was Mom. Edward's Mom.

Oh hell!

"Good afternoon mom. How are you? I heard you went to India for relaxing. You were always a fan of yoga! So how was your journey there? Did you make some new friends? How is dad? Is his diabetes still over control?" I blabbered, as usual, trying to hide my surprise.

"Honey, everything is fine. Yes my journey was great and I did make friends there and your dad is as fine as a flower. Now back to my question, where is Edward?"

"Mom, he went just hours ago to his meeting saying he wouldn't be free till evening."

"Oh yes? I am sure my eyes were working properly when I saw him in the mall, shopping with Lara!"

Say what?

That idiot! I told him not to wander around with her in public places!

"Oh mom, Edward must be with his secretary now! I am sure you have misunderstood. We are in good terms and he broke up with Lara a long time ago-"

"But dear, I am sure he was with her-"

"No way, Mom! In fact, today he is going to take me on a date to celebrate the success of that international deal which he had been wanting for so long. Mom, he loves me all day and night that even I am not able to keep track of time. I am very much happy so don't doubt his love again!"

That was not too much, right?

"Yes dear, if you say so but still-"

"No buts, Mom. I don't have much time to get ready for this special occasion. So bye and take care, " I hung up quickly only to dial again, this time another number.

"What the hell, Edward?! I told you not to go anywhere in public with Lara!" I barked at him.

Seriously, I was working too hard to keep this fake marriage thing and here he was busy doing things his way!

"Whoa! Wait, what? Are you stalking me now? Like seriously-"

"Oh shut the fucking hell up and evacuate immediately with Lara from that freakish mall and go somewhere safe-"

"Wait, why-"

"Your Mom! She saw you shopping with Lara. Seriously, Edward once you get home, I'll make sure you'll be eating food with your legs for the rest of your life!" I yelled hanging up and throwing my cell on my sofa rather harshly.

My mind was in chaos. I suddenly felt the need to get a cold long shower. When I was preparing my clothes to wear, I heard the doorbell ring. I ignored it and went to take my toiletries from the cupboard.

"Oh dear, you don't think you're wearing these on your special night, right?" someone said quietly behind me and I screamed bloody murder at the creepiness of the sound.

I turned around to see my mom standing in front of the bedroom door, her hands gripping my shirt.

I looked at her confused. Was she going to come or did I really start to get early symptoms of Alzheimer of forgetting things easily?

"There is no way I am letting her wear these, Elena!" Edward's mom said, taking the shirt from my mom's hand and throwing it in the dustbin. It fell beside it! Hah!

Wait, why they both are here again?

"Girls, this is Emily, my daughter-in-law and Elena's daughter. I'll leave her to your courtesy now!"

Just then I saw two girls, one with blue eyes and long straight hair and other with brown eyes and blonde hair, dragging me somewhere which felt like a parlour!

Wait, I had a parlour at my house and I didn't even know about it!

I felt someone lifting my hair, putting some machine over them, my mind still in waters to comprehend what the hell was actually happening when the brown haired girl poured hot wax over my legs. I screamed in pain closing my eyes.

This was torture! Pure torture!

I really hated waxing. I would never forget the pain I had to go through when my mom pushed me into the parlour to have wax before my wedding and I cursed maybe all generations of the Jones family for my unbearable pain.

"Don't scream this loud, ma'am. We still have a lot to do with you!"

Wait, what?

After going through hours long of waxing, shadowing and I don't know, whatever it was, the blonde slid white pair of heels on my side to wear.

These heels are higher than my future!

I was still worried about Edward as I didn't get to speak a word about this whole date thing to him so when I saw two girls discussing my outfit for the night, I excused myself and rushed to the washroom with the speed of light.

He wasn't picking up and I was getting impatient. When he picked up finally, I was relieved.

"Edward! We have an emergency!"

"What happened, Emi? Are you hurt somewhere again-"

"Ma'am, we're ready with your outfit. Madam asked us not to let you go anywhere with your phone so we're afraid we might have to invade your privacy."

Just then, I heard the washroom door open and my eyes widened in surprise and shock. My phone slipped out of my hand so fast that I nearly lost my balance and was about to faceplant the floor.

When the fucking hell did they get a double key for my washroom door?

I came out grudgingly, glaring at the two girls who were way too much professional with their work. I nodded meekly to all their instructions, trying any outfit they made me slip into.

After two hours of continuous hard work, I was all ready, sitting on the bed with the girls decided on the type of bag I would carry. I rolled my eyes at them.

They're making being girls too harder than it already was!

Hearing the doorbell ring, I quickly rushed to open the door when I was pulled back by those rude girls (again, might I add) back to my room.

I glared at them, gripping the floral bed sheet with my fingers. I was afraid that our moms might discover the truth if Edward came home with Lara!

"You're not supposed to run in this dress, ma'am. We're afraid you might fall and hurt yourself!"

Yeah, yeah. I understand!

I was getting impatient by now, tapping my heels on the ground, my ears raised to hear any commotion that he might cause.

After a minute or two I heard some noise downstairs. I rushed in spite of their warning, my pace little slow with these pencil heels.

"Edward! How much I missed you. I was afraid I might die of waiting. Dear, you're late!" I yelled at the top of my lungs, my eyes signalling him to play along which I am sure he missed cause he was too busy scanning my body.

His mouth hung low open, his eyes widening a little and suddenly I felt too conscious of my body, covering my chest with my purse. I ran towards him, wrapping my arms around his neck, hearing his breath get hitched.

I was wearing a blue mini dress, zipped from my back, my brown hair curled at the bottom with a slight tinge of sparkles. I didn't know much about makeup except for they had applied some rosy blush over my already flushed cheeks, eyeliner and mascara were mandatory, according to them, and they had gone with a peach coloured lipstick. I had matching bangle bracelet for my dress, which complimented my purse.

?

"Don't speak a word. Our moms are here to watch us, " I whispered in Edward's ear.

"What?"

"I don't know but when your mom called me about you being with Lara, I told her that you were going to take me on a date tonight to celebrate your deal!" I blurted out and his grip tightened on my waist.

"So what am I supposed to do now?"

"I don't know! You take the lead from here. I have had enough with your plans! And please let me kill you once we get this over with!"

"Don't worry. Here, " he extended his arm in a gentleman-ly way.

"Shall we?"

"Oh, we shall."

I smiled taking his arm, resting my head on his shoulder while walking over to his car. He draped his coat over my shoulders, his arms wrapped protectively around me once we were in the car.

"Don't want anyone looking at you like a hawk! But did I tell you that you look unbelievably beautiful and hot today? Man, I thought once for a moment that you were someone else!"

I blushed at his compliment. I didn't know what else had to come to confront our unwavering friendship but for once, I was happy because I had this beautiful moment of my evening to spend with Edward, my unrequited love while enjoying my first date with him!

# Chapter 21 - I Am What?

Emily's Pov:

What the hell?!

I stumbled across the grass, my toes curled up, burning with fire due to long and sharp pencil heels I was wearing digging into the soft grass.

I groaned in pain, my chin erect with the pride and honour, not willing to show any sign of discomfort on my first real date!

I glared at the spot in the corner of the greenhouse, a growing mould and horsetail above it, trying to distract myself from the fact that I was practically walking half naked in some attire that women dared to call a ‘dress’.

While Edward's arms were draped so casually over my shoulders, I had the urge to shake some sense into him that I wasn't habitual to his lingering touches no matter how much I was a villain thinking this as his wife.

Oh, my, my. I was his fucking fake female wife. I totally forgot that. Bam!

"Lily, are you okay? You seem to be a bit tired. I told you, taking a walk in a park in the middle of an evening was not some idea a man would prefer if he was to have a dinner date with his wife the very same day! Man, I have some of my own desires as well but wives these days are no better than nursing cats, always ready to scratch the innocent faces around and creating a nuisance!"

"Excuse me. Did you just call me an animal? A fierce and servant one at that?" I glared at him, my nose scrunched up in an attempt to scare away the men who were glaring holes into my skin right now.

These fucking animalist caterpillars! Hadn’t they ever seen a female in a female attire before?

As if judging my discomfort, Edward scooped me even closer, adjusting his coat around me firmly.

"No, I called you a cat, to be precise!"

"A cat is an animal. Pet one at that! How can you call me that! Don't you-"

"Well, most girls like to be called 'cat'!"

"If you hadn't dropped your brain while walking and wagging your tail, you would've known that I don't come in the category of 'most' girls!"

"Good, good. Now we're going somewhere. I thought you were going to be depressed the whole evening for the fact that your feet are bruised and your toes are swelled up. At least we're having a conversion here!" He walked ahead of me, only to turn back to look at me, this time walking with his face directed towards me, his fingers swaying to the words while he talked things about his office. I hoped he wouldn't stumble into someone.

He told me about anything and everything and how he signed another deal with the company, and how he had a fight with Lara. Wait, what?

"You had a fight with Lara? How? When? Is it about that ring you gifted her on her birthday? Didn't she like it? Oh dear, it was the best ring I had seen-"

"No, it isn't that!" He stopped walking, momentarily stumbling on a stone or pebble lying casually on the green moss. His eyes held mine, blue orbs boring into my own green ones. I searched his eyes for any emotion which he might show but found none.

Struggling with my inner self, I approached him slowly, lifting my fingers tentatively to touch his shoulder. He tensed slightly at my touch, still not breaking his gaze and I felt extremely exposed at his ministration. I dropped my gaze in embarrassment, my cheeks now strawberry coloured.

"Edward? Tell me you two didn't break up. Tell me you stopped loving her. Tell me she doesn't matter to you anymore!" I whispered, still looking at the ground, my fingers planted more firmly on his shoulders, now with nervousness.

"I can't."

Every time Lara and Edward had a fight, he would make this pity face and I couldn't help but ask the same question about him not loving or caring for her anymore and he would shower me with the same answer of the sweet little monosyllabic word ‘no’ every time I asked. It would've sound sweet and romantic to anyone else but it was a straight dagger to my heart every time I had to ask him what I always dreaded all along.

Nodding absentmindedly at his response, I continued to walk, my eyes fixed on a couple who were sharing saliva and lips so loudly I concluded they were versed voice actors of some kind of pornography.

Hearing the grass rustle, I concluded that Edward was walking behind me. I felt his arm snaking around my waist, brushing my sides so blissfully in the process, pulling me closer to his side. I stared at him, trying to step out of his grip to some extent since I could feel his side hard muscles pressing tightly the side of my left breast, leaving my cheeks tingling with a blush. He pulled me closer instead, playfully trying to rest his head on my shoulder and earning a glare from me.

"She had a problem with all this marriage thing."

I lifted my head to look up at him, urging him for some elucidation.

"She doesn't like why I had to behave like a husband if I am not even married for real to you."

"But this is mandatory. And she knew all of this beforehand. This way everyone will know the truth if it doesn't-"

"I know, I told her the same but she wasn't willing to agree. On the contrary, she seems to have a problem with our friendship out of blue, saying I listen too much to you than to her and she had been thinking this bullshit since we started dating, continuously nagging me about you being -oh leave it already! I tried to ignore every time but this is too-"

"Me being what, Edward ?"

"Leave it, Lily. It's so absurd I don't even want to mention it to you, or to anyone else for that matter!"

"Tell me what she said," I urged. "Tell me! I want to hear what she thinks about me or our friendship and if there's anything I can help you with, I would gladly-"

"No. That's not it, Emi"

"Then, what is it? Tell me. I promise you we'll sort it out together, I myself will go and talk to her. Wait. I am going right now to assure her there is nothing wrong-" I turned abruptly, sudden pressure on my heels making me wince, my eyes filled with determination.

His arm shot right at the time to curl around mine, pulling me back to a hard embrace. He rested his chin over my head, his arms wrapped protectively around me putting me firmly in place. His fingers caressed my arms, eliciting goosebumps on my fair skin.

"You don't have to do anything. You did nothing wrong," he whispered in my ear, his hot breath fanning my earlobe making me sigh in embarrassment. I scooted closer to him, my fingers digging holes in his shoulders sliding further to wrap them around his neck. I snuggled closer to him, hiding my face in his slightly heaving torso. I sniffed his cologne not too gracefully.

"Then why don't you tell me?" I looked up to see him staring behind me. When he saw me looking at him, asking for an answer, he sighed loudly. I took his hand up in my own, caressing them with the tip of my fingers.

His hands were soft and cold but at the same time adorned with small creases probably because of his continued use of pen and paper. He sighed once again, looking up at me, this time his eyes reflecting some emotion akin to hurt… sadness... or loneliness?

I took hold of both of his hands fully this time, squeezing them and giving him an assuring smile.

"What is it? Tell me, Eddie. I promise you I'll help you with it. You can't have your relationship ruined because of some misunderstanding, right?" I cocked my head to the side, pouting a little to try my luck in puppy dog style of extracting information as well.

"Lily, it's-"

"No. Tell me. I died five times already out of curiosity," I half-joked and he chuckled, the sound appearing lovely music to my sadness laden desert.

He grabbed my hands, his thumb caressing small circles on my palm before intertwining our fingers firmly.

I stared at him.

"She said you always take care of me, pining after me, cook for me, laugh with me, touch me, hug me, look at me, smile at me, cry at me, hold hands with me." He was staring at the space again, his gaze fixed on little children playing with their parents.

I looked at him in bewilderment.

"So? It's nothing you don't know! You know I do it all for our friendship. For your plan to keep your relationship going with Lara since you love her."

"Yeah. I do. But she thinks you do it thinking of me as more than a friend."

My eyes met his in a bold fashion, his fingers tightening around my own.

"What do you mean, Eddie?" I asked softly, my voice coming more like a whisper.

"She thinks you adore me"

I tightened my grip on his hands, our eyes staring at each other, searching for the truth. I found he was speaking the truth while I could only crawl away in fear if he ever found my own.

"She thinks you fancy me, more than a friend."

I averted my gaze, looking somewhere else other than him. If I looked into his eyes right now, it would be a clean fall of me. I would fall right away and give in to everything.

Everything he would say, be it a truth or a lie.

And he would see right through me then.

Taking a sharp intake of breath, I closed my eyes to calm my rapidly beating heart. My nostrils flared, tears prickling my eyes. A cool breeze washed my face, leaving the corner of my eyes tickling. I felt tears welled up, pooling across the corner, itching to fall right into doom.

"Emi, Lara thinks you're in love with me."

I abruptly let go of his hand, stumbling across the rough grass recovering immediately to take one or two steps back away from him.

# Chapter 22 - Embarrassing And Awkward Situations

Emily's Pov:

"Lily," I heard Edward whisper to me but his voice seemed so distant to my inner turmoil. I took one hesitant step back, followed by one or two more before I felt him grab my arm abruptly, pulling me slightly towards himself. But my mind was too hazed by the strange revelation of my true feelings in a not so impressive and romantic way.

I had always recalculated every possibility of being exposed or disclosed about my feelings but none of them involved one certain beautiful Edward's girlfriend. Edward never dated before Lara, proving the fact that he really and seriously was in love with her.

Usually, when there is a girl being in love with her best friend, that said friend was always some playboy or manwhore but that wasn't the case with Edward. Of course, in romance novels it was!

He was too honest with everything involved with his love life, liked always to share every minute detail of his romantic encounters with me.

I still remember the day when he had his first kiss with Lara after he confessed to her and she accepted it. He was sweating all day, his cheeks were flushed and he didn't even dare to meet my eyes for the whole week as if he happened to rape someone on the street!

He was always shy when it came to lingering touches and sexual encounters. Once he dragged me all the way to his house in the middle of the night only to watch porn with me cause he wanted to have his first time with Lara as loving, passionate and pleasurable as possible.

Lara was not too shy when it came to such things, always pestering him for more attention and more restricting positions.

Ahem! I was his friend for god's sake.

And you never tell your friend what type of position your girlfriend loved!

But this was Edward we were talking about, so any rules that were applicable to humans didn't apply to him.

He didn't talk to me for a whole month only because I refused to tell him I was in my fucking menstrual cycle and I had to walk all alone to buy medicines for cramps! He was grumpy because I denied accepting his help in my painful conditions when I clearly helped him in his own!

He said he knew all about female anatomy so I shouldn't have hidden it from him!

Like, really?

I also know the fucking male anatomy but I don't point to you every day shouting in your gigantic elephant ears for your embarrassing morning arousals pressing against my back, now do I?

And don't even remind me of the situation where I had to watch naked man and woman fucking each other, slurping each other's tongue as if they never possessed a brain in the first place!

I mean what did they even find on lips to be so addicting that they go as far as digging and plunging their tongue and teeth into other's mouth!

Yuck!

But I would prefer to have all my hair shaved from my body in a rather unorderly fashion before admitting that to anyone about my non-existent love life!

And my present pathetic condition!

After we had finished watching that porn where they practically were eating each other, fingering the female who was eliciting not too innocent moans before joining their mouth and tongue in her womanhood, I had this urge to dig an infinite meters hole on the tiled floor which would lead me to hell before I could even turn to look at Edward who was clearly sweating profusely, more aroused than me.

And it didn't help when he had his fingers gripping my arm, stopping me to go anywhere and we watched that embarrassing video all night, where I would sense his discomfort when he would shift uncomfortably in the couch, more often touching his pants. Once he saw me, his eyes gazing below my eyes and I realised what he was looking at.

I was wearing a pyjama shirt for the night but considering the size of my generous ample chest, it didn't help much when pertaining to my female anatomy, I was also aroused watching porn and I could see my hardened nipples poking my shirt, feeling an unusual feeling in the pit of my stomach when he licked his lips looking at my slightly heaving chest.

I cracked my neck slightly, pretending to take a stretch before covering and rolling myself in a nearby blanket properly. I could hear him chuckle behind me and my face turned into a scowl when he told me he was only teasing me with this whole seducing thing.

My eyes had flickered to his pyjama pants where I could see his hardened erection clearly pressing against the cloth. That was the sign. He immediately stuffed a pillow over his discomfort and I chuckled more for his flushed cheeks and shaking sweaty hands!

He told me to go back to sleep and he insisted he slept on the floor in spite of my protest against me not being a weak girl.

He ended the conversation pleading me to let him sleep on the floor as it would be for the benefit of both of us!

I never heard the end of the day when he lost his virginity to Lara, broadcasting it too shamelessly to me. He was so happy because Lara liked his first time and first attempt too much for an amateur. He hugged me many times the following days to express his happiness whenever he would succeed in making Lara happy.

Days went by as I got busy in my medical studies and him, in his own. We used to call, text and video call more often than usual cause it was first for both of us to be away from each other for this long.

I still remember the day when Edward's mother pronounced to me so excitedly that in no time, Edward would miss me so much, practically dying for my company before he would profess his undying love and affection for me, pleading me to be his wife and he would dump Lara in front of me.

As if people were allowed to be that optimistic!

The fact had loopholes but it wasn't without impressive results either, I concluded. We were four years away from each other. I don't know if he missed me or not but I was sure as hell that I was dying each and every day, coaxing my insides to not beg to see his smile every day or to hear his voice.

Sure, he would call me three or four times a day, but most of its contents were always filled with the Lara did this and Lara did that and Lara laughed at this or Lara laughed at that. And I, as a kind and loving friend I was, did what I should never have done.

I encouraged him in his courting, helping him selecting gifts and accessories for her with video calls. When during my stay at hostels, I fell ill with mere chickenpox where I ended up not talking to him for a whole month, I sure as hell wasn't expecting him to run like a weak squirrel all the way to me.

To say that I was surprised was an understatement. I remember him shouting at my warden for not taking care of me properly, and when she didn't allow a boy like him to visit a girl like me saying I lived in a girl's hostel, she was welcomed with a not too habitual Edward's volcano glare!

He stayed with me for next whole month in spite of me being too overreactive about his loss of classes and studies but he assured me that he could handle very well without seeing my dead body in such a young age! I couldn't resist rolling my eyes at his drama.

He took care of me, feeding me, cleaning me, wiping my face, and he also ordered a television to be installed in my room where we used to have occasional movie marathons.

Edward's mother bombarded my phone with her texts of success shouting imaginarily at me how his son couldn't survive a year without me and went running like a cow to me.

Hah! If only she knew her son!

I returned three years later to find his mother awaiting my arrival more than my own mother. She had me all dolled up from head to toe, insisting that I had to look astonishingly beautiful to receive his son's proposal. She was so sure that he would propose to me, I had my hopes high too.

She lectured me all night about how should I stand or how should I hug, occasionally wiping her tears to show how much she already wanted me to be her daughter-in-law!

We waited. And waited. It was past midnight.

But he didn't come.

We waited again.

And this time, he came.

But not alone.

I couldn't get more humiliated than that day when he announced to the whole Jones household that he was to marry Lara and that she had already accepted his proposal. His eyes met mine and they widened for a millisecond before he shifted a little away from Lara to walk towards me.

Edward's parents looked at me with pity and I averted my gaze to look at the said fiancee of my best friend who looked more mature and beautiful since the last time I saw her.

I turned abruptly on my heels back to my room before I could lose even the last shred of my dignity which was already hanging loose in my mind. I felt someone tug at my arm but I didn't turn. I knew who it was.

Man. If only I could erase all those painful memories and start my life all over again!

All without him.

I immediately shoved the excuse of my homecoming party when he raised his eyebrows at my adorned beautiful self all covered in artificial stuff which he knew I wasn't accustomed to.

Nevertheless, he engulfed me in his arms as if he really would have died a day without having me in his embrace, continuously accusing me of not telling him of my sudden return since he said he should've planned something big if he had known it beforehand.

Little did he know the effect of his announcement of his proposal to Lara on me!

And here I was, standing in the middle of some park wearing semi short blue dress looking ravishing and hot according to the people's stares, in the beautiful evening of my fake date with my fake husband and best friend, being his fake wife with a fake smile plastered on my face and he told me just now that his girlfriend thought that I was in love with him!

Which I was, to be honest.

I didn't even know when the moments of my life which I always dreamed of sharing with Edward since I realised I was in love with him turned so ‘fake’!

# Chapter 23 - Date Plan Gone To Hell

Emily's Pov:

"Emi."

I felt a slight tug at my fingers, which brought me out of my reverie. I realized the situation I was in, where I would be caught like a snare in a trap any minute I let down my guard. I looked up to see him staring at me, his eyes held a usual expression of concern.

For a friend.

Yes. That's what he would always feel for me!

Concern.

Friendship.

As if I never deserved anything else.

I smiled at him, my lips curling up longer than I had expected them to, considering nobody in their right mind would like to be in my sleeves. He looked at me as if I had lost my brain a long time ago and he just had gotten time to realise it.

"Lily?"

"Yes, Eddie?"

"Are you sure you're okay?"

"Well, I am more than okay if we put aside the fact that my bladder has been killing me for more than two hours and I wasn't able to blurt it out to you!"

"What! Why didn't you tell me before?"

I shrugged.

"Well, I was fifty per cent embarrassed and fifty per cent uncomfortable for imagining myself peeing behind the bushes of this park in this already short dress while you watch me behind my back!"

"Woah! What gave you that fucking idea?"

"What? That you'll watch me secretly while I pee? "

He chuckled.

"No. That I'll let you zip down your shorts in the middle of this park and would allow you to sit on this dirty mud to leak your bladders while half of the male population gawks at you?"

I laughed at his punny reference.

"Are you sure you won't be joining hands with that 'male population' gawking at me?"

He made face like a distorted cow thrown into the horse stable.

"Nah! I'll rather join my hands to break their faces and their future for exploiting my best friend's butt! Now let's get you to the washroom if we happen to find it in here in time, of course!"

He hooked my arm with his and started to tread along the grass, once again continuing his usual blabber about his work and his day.

Sometimes, I was glad he was such an influential person. He always got distracted easily from the topics. But I did know one thing, that I couldn't avoid questions about my feelings forever. And that one day or another, they'd cost me my twenty years of friendship with him, which I treasured more than anything in my life.

I didn't actually feel like peeing. It was a clear white lie spoken with such casualness that I knew nobody would dare to detect a hint of urgency in it.So when we reached the washroom, I took my time to get fresh while Edward waited for me outside, talking something about dinner and decorations with Michael.

Michael was Edward's bodyguard, assigned to him by his parents, forced by me. I knew he was a powerful and rich man, always busy in deals and work. He had so many enemies without him knowing it. Though he just happened to have the best nature in the world, it didn't mean he would be so eager to let anyone cross his way of success in a threatening way.

The Edward I knew was friendly, supportive and cooperative with his friends and family but was fierce, narcissistic, diplomatic, conservative and intelligent in his way of dealing with office works and his employees.

I really loved and appreciated how he always segregated his personal and professional life so cleverly and that was the reason he always had time for Lara, his family and me.

Lawfully I was his supposed wife and so his mother continuously nagged me about being a wailing wife who couldn't survive a day without her husband's touch.

Even if I were his real wife, I would never have allowed him to ditch his work only to spend time with me or whatever because I knew we both worked a lot in his company's development and letting it fall apart due to our animalistic desires would not be such a credible reason whatsoever!

I found Edward waiting for me, his hair all ruffled up due to a slightly strong breeze. He extended his arms forward and pulled me to his side.

"Tell me you didn't wet your shorts and we can continue strolling this park!" he said it so nonchalantly for a second I thought he still thought of me as a five-year girl who couldn't control her raging bladder!

And no! I never peed in my pants even when I was five years old!

"On the contrary, I am not wearing any shorts to wet them, in the first place!"

I smiled at him brightly and he froze in the place.

"You aren't?"

"Nope." I looked at my nails, blowing soft air over them. I was laughing hysterically in my mind though.

"Not even a piece of cloth?"

He was being dramatic now!

"No! Shorts and a piece of cloth don't go with this dress. Or that's what I am told!" I twirled once, to show him how comfortable I was in that particular piece of clothing.

He covered his mouth with his hand, shaking his head in despair and walked two steps away from me. His eyes were now focused on my bare thighs which were tingling from his hot stares and he bent a little maybe to peak when he raised almost immediately to look at me.

"Don't tell me you've been walking naked in your- all this time. Emi, there are men all around. How can you-"

"I am not naked. And I know you'll protect me."

"You're not naked? But you just said-"

I raised my hand.

"Edward, I am wearing underwear for your not so kind information."

I can't believe I was having my undergarment-related talks with him?!

I never knew such kind of talks even existed!

"But you-" I covered his mouth with the back of my hand.

"Let's go. I am hungry."

He nodded reluctantly, joining me in the walk outside the park.

Can I just say that the family I was born into was not luxurious or prestigious so I really felt bad about sitting in the enormous chair carved with beautiful designs with a table full of meal which I never even knew I wanted to taste before until that moment?

There were things which I had eaten before, I realised, but now they were modified into such delicacies I was surprised how they could melt so easily in my mouth. I was in pure bliss, swallowing the best the cook had to offer.

"Mmm. This is the best, so delicious!"

I heard Edward chuckle before he raised himself from his chair a little to wipe the corner of my mouth with a napkin.

"Clean yourself, you elephant! You made a complete mess on the table!"

I looked at the table and yeah, it was true. I had everything toppled over as if I had eaten like some ape-man which apparently, I did. It also was practically so humiliating I couldn't admit it aloud!

"This is not my fault! It's all so good. Here! Try this chocolate cake! It's so tasty!" I extended my arm, the piece of cake dangling loosely in my fingers, signalling him to open his mouth.

He obliged almost willingly, opening his mouth and I found myself wishing him to eat my lips instead when I felt the slight touch of his tongue against my fingers.

And maybe eat me more. Everything I had to offer.

I killed myself mentally for thinking such vulgar things.

I put another piece of bacon in my mouth, opening one eye to look at Edward who was looking at me as if he hadn't seen anyone eating bacon before.

"What?!"

He waved. "Nothing. I just realised I never knew how much I missed a woman eating like you in front of me! I always met women who eat like birds and flop like a kangaroo in front of men but watching you always gives me hope for humanity!"

Did he just insult me?

No, wait!

It was a compliment!

Did he just insult me in a complimentary way?!

"In normal circumstances, I would've liked to drill a hole into your little brain but just out of curiosity, do you know that woman sitting at the corner of that table? She's been staring at us for probably one hour!" I pointed at the nearby table where a blonde woman of near twenties was sitting rather roughly, drinking coffee which was unusual as it was just one hour to midnight!

Edward turned to look at her. He snapped his head towards me so fast I swallowed my cake with the speed of light.

"What the-" his mouth was open with awe. He looked at the table, his thoughts somewhere else.

"What, Edward?"

He looked at me with urgency in his eyes.

"Lily, it's Linda!" he whisper-shouted.

Who? His secretary? His ex? No, Lara was his first! His other mother? No Emi. You're crazy as shit! His stalker maybe? Yes. That's it!

"Who, again?"

"Its Linda, mom's secretary's sister!"

"You know your mother's secretary's sister? How so?"

He narrowed his eyes at me, and I giggled nervously.

"Okay. So we somehow establish the fact that you happen to know that bank-vault headed lady at the corner though I get this sudden feeling she is not sitting there just by a coincidence. Now, why do you sound somehow... afraid of it?" I finished, struggling to find correct words to point his emotion.

"Lily, my mom sent her. It's urgent-"

"Oh. So she is here to meet her date. But why isn't the man her yet? Man, these males are never gonna grow up the head-" I looked around to search for her date.

"Lily!"

That snapped me out of my short search.

"Sit! She sent her to spy on us. I knew she was suspicious about all this marriage thing and maybe she is planning something mischievous as well. Oh man, this is-"

"So. What do we do? Do we escape now? Like really! Do you have the black uniforms to disguise us? Wait, we can always buy them anywhere!Oh yeah! I am getting so excited!"

I looked up to see him staring at me with what looked like concern and then... anger?

"Emi, this is not your stupid spy stuff! This is serious. We might get in trouble if she found out the truth about our fake wedding."

I saw the naked truth in his eyes. I nodded in approval.

"Okay. So what do we do?"

He took my hand, covering them with his own. He ran the pads of his fingers over my knuckles and I shivered with the intensity of his gaze. Nevertheless, I didn't break our contact.

"For now, how about pretending to be a real husband and wife?"

# Chapter 24 - Compromising Situations

Emily's Pov:

Um, what?

Did I hear him right? No. Wait! Maybe I was hallucinating!

"What do you mean?"

He looked at me, maybe contemplating his own words, or maybe preparing to rephrase his sentence.

I expected him to explain. Or elaborate on it. Instead, he left my hands to pay for the dinner leaving me to dig holes into my ear to assure myself if I heard him right.

We were walking silently on the road and Edward was keeping a slow pace behind me, talking something with Michael. I had this sudden enlightenment that maybe I had been walking too much for my first date when we could always travel by car.

I heard some shouting followed by rustling and dangling of keys and I found myself, in a minute, leaning behind some car, peeking to see the cause of the commotion.

A burly looking man dressed in brown and black was harassing a young man, probably in his twenties who was holding his hands up probably to show him that he was disarmed. A small group of that old man, which consisted of five to six men surrounded the poor man who cowered away in fear, though the struggle against his man pride was quite visible on his face.

"What are you doing?" I jumped in surprise at the sudden interruption and was about to scream when someone clamped my mouth shut with their hands.

"Shh. It's me. Edward!"

I relaxed but he was pressed against my back so firmly, I found myself revelling to that delicious feeling of pressing myself back against him, maybe pinning him to the car and then we could continue what he started.

Ahem!

"See, I think they are harassing that man. It's so not good Edward. We have an independent country and a developed police department and still people like that old dog always bark at the weak ones! It's wrong-"

He covered my mouth so fast and tackled me down to the ground, I had no time to realise he was lying above me, his fingers pressing deliciously against my lips. I wanted to lick his hands but restrained myself anyway.

Gross, Emily!

My heart quickened its pace and it could be dancing the galop at that moment. I could feel his cinnamon breath tingling my neck as he shifted his position and now his left leg was resting between my slightly parted thighs. Slight sharpness of pebbles on the ground hurt my back and I squirmed a little to adjust my discomfort when I heard him take a sharp intake of breath.

I froze in place. I didn't dare to look at him.

Maybe touching him there was not such a good idea.

"Lie steady, will you? You'll get both of us dead in the middle of this street!"

What?!

"What? Why would I let you get killed? And why are we even hiding? It's not that we can't fight! Well, I can do more than that! I learned a trained martial!"

He sighed with frustration.

"Emi, it's not always about fighting and swinging your legs around. It's diplomacy and we have to keep things calm and composed. One wrong move and everything we love and care will be snatched away from us in a blink!"

His face was now inches from mine, his breath doing wonders to my mind laced with desire.

"But Edward! Somebody needs to step up to protect the ones who need protection!"

"And what makes you think that might be you?"

I didn't like the glint of his eyes. It was as if he were challenging me to prove him wrong!

"I don't think when it comes to my duty and action. I move my hands and legs which doesn't require much thinking if you must know!" I didn't plan on yelling at him but he was provoking me into doing it.

"And that's specifically the reason I am not letting you go there!"

His hands gripped my arms tightly and painfully, pinning me to the hard ground. I struggled against his iron-like grip, cursing myself silently for not practising the moves for the last couple of days.

"Let me go! Edward! This is wrong! You can't tell me what to do! I can't let that man get away with his bad dealings."

I tried to punch him but he caught my other arm too fast to my liking.

"Edward! I am telling you I won't do anything bad. I just want to-" I tried to kick him and he caught my bare thighs with his other hand keeping them fixed, now pinning both of my wrists with his one hand.

Now I was embarrassed. When in the name of all that is holy did he possess such a hulk power?

His hands moved closer and his fingers tread torturously over my bare flesh. I rubbed my thighs subconsciously, leaving his hard smooth hands to rub against my flesh almost with pressure. His hand was caught between my thighs and I blushed at my stupidity.

He coughed slowly, shifting in his position to keep his hands steady and slowly he tried to pull it out. His fingers traced and grazed along my virgin flesh so near to my core and desire. In his attempt to make it slow, his actions felt more like caressing and I could feel his heart quickening against my chest.

Involuntarily my eyes closed to marvel at this feeling of his hands against my skin which was creating awkward heat at the pit of my stomach.

He pushed his hands into his pocket, leaving my thighs and pulled out his phone. I heard him talk to his bodyguard about the situation we were in.

No. No. Not about him straddling me. Or the opposite!

He explained about the guys pestering that man and how he couldn't help but help the man when turned to glare at me. I grinned at him. He asked Michael to cover up the situation quickly and as clean as possible.

Adjusting again, he put his head beside mine, his hands crawling on the ground to balance his weight over me. His hair tickled the side of my face, my cheeks and ears.

"Now stay low. I asked Michael to cover for your justice campaign!" His lips grazed my earlobe. A delicious shiver ran down my spine and my eyelids drooped to the overwhelming sensation. I resisted the urge to close my eyes.

Ten minutes later, I heard the screeching of the car, bolting of the door and I the clatter of feet of men followed by shouting and silent whispers of argument and agreement.

Everything was silent for a while and Edward scooped me closer in his arms when the sound of footsteps approaching was heard again. I put my arms around him to assure him of our safety and he snuggled close to my neck.

We lay like that for a while and while I tried to ignore the fact that his head was almost pressing against my chest, his chin digging in my soft flesh, I didn't shift. Because I knew that would only entangle us in a more uncomfortable position.

It was the first time a man had ever gotten this close to me. Though I had my own fair share of admirers ogling at me, I never allowed them to cross the line which only one man was ever allowed to. And that's why I was glad somehow that Edward was lying above me, and not some stupid brainless beast ready to eat my soul!

Michael came a moment after to inform us that the matter was carefully resolved. Edward nodded and waved at him to leave, and I was so much grateful that we had been lying in a less compromising position then since it was turning hot and awkward lying there any longer!

And no! Not that kind of hot!

At least not for him.

But yes, it was for me.

It took every ounce of my pocket money to control myself from gripping his neck and smashing my and lips and tongue against him. I caught him glancing at my face and lips many times. I disregarded it thinking he was just checking if I were having any problem with him lying on top of me.

No. I didn't have any problem!

But I couldn't tell him I was enjoying it either!

I didn't dare to look at his lips again, afraid of losing my dignified sanity!

But partly, it was because I had never kissed anyone before. Hell, I had never even been to proper date before. And so I didn't know what to do or how to kiss a person!

And I realised I never needed to learn this art of kissing probably because the man I want to kiss is in love with someone else and I am just his fake wife!

And his best friend!

As if I would reach to the moon, proving this title to anyone!

We were just walking across the street again when I heard a man call to us.

"Mister! Miss!"

Turning around, I saw the same man we rescued running to us like a sad heroine of those romance movies who was running to greet her husband after he returned alive from a country battle!

He stopped and took Edward's hands in his in a forced handshake. His eyes were full of appreciation, nobleness and humanity.

"You saved my life, sir! I am extremely grateful to you, sir! Let me offer you my courtesy to you!"

Courtesy? What was he? A girl of the Victorian era?

"No. No. We just performed our duty of humanity! I am glad you're all okay, sir!" I sang along him.

He turned to look at me. Raising his eyebrows, he took the liberty to trace every line of my body and that was when I realised it did no good to talk to a stranger wearing a low cut dress. I felt coat slide up my shoulders and a pair of hands were around me in an instant.

"If you must know, we are on a date. So we really don't have any time to receive any courtesies from a stranger. But if you want, take this and visit my office at my leisure!"

I was surprised by Edward's authoritative voice. He gave the man his business card or more like shoved it roughly in his hand. The man complied but not before he took my hand and kissed my knuckles, his wet kiss grossing out all my horrors. I retracted my hand quickly to wipe it on my dress.

"What's the name of this pretty lady here?"

"Emily Will-"

"Mrs Emily Jones." Edward offered my name with an urgent gesture.

"My wife," he added immediately and gripped my shoulders to turn me around.

"Now let's go, my dear. It's time to spend some little time in our raw bedroom. We didn't get to have our little hot moment there under the car completed, now did we?"

Woah!

Was it my horribly delicious imagination or did he just shout it out for the whole world to hear?

# Chapter 25 - Hot Arguments And Cool Answers

Emily's POV:

I tried to wiggle out of his searing grip, giving all the hints to him that he was practically squishing my very innocent female parts against his aristocratic male parts, tempting me to do not so innocent things with him.

Edward was pressing me to his side, his large sculptured hands were encircled around my waist firmly and I couldn't help but feel how perfect his hands fit my generous figure.

And then I started thinking about how his hands would feel against my chest. Would they be able to cover them up? Maybe his hands were bigger than my bust or they could cup.

I shook my head vigorously to pry off these desires and stumbled rather roughly. In that struggle, my stupid pencil heels got stuck to the small pit in the ground.

After many unsuccessful attempts, I pulled my heel too forcefully. knocking my balance off to Edward who was busy in swiping texts to Lara while still clinging to me like a caterpillar! He gripped my arms to steady both of us, his eyebrows furrowed.

"What are you doing, Lily?"

"What are you doing, my dear Edward?" I mimicked his way of saying 'dear' to me, pointing at his arms which were crushing my neck to the point it could break off any moment.

"You've been clinging to me like a horse-" He put his palms over my mouth, pressing it firmly against my lips while his other hand scooted me closer to squish more against him.

"Shh. Linda is still following us! Turn to your left around the street and you'll see her popping candies in her mouth! But don't be suspicious otherwise we both are dead as meat!"

I stared at him, narrowing my eyes which looked more like glare.

Indeed. He was right. As I turned around slowly, I could clearly see Linda walking leisurely on the street, her phone buzzing more often than usual. Hmm. Maybe she had been reporting all that to his mom.

I nodded meekly and put my arms around his shoulders to pull him close to me, the movement which surprised him so much he hauled all his weight over me. I struggled to balance myself, feeling his fingers on my waist tightening.

"Why don't we just go home and she can go tell mom that we just want to spend some time alone, maybe doing some husband-wife stuff?"

"Lily, it sounds plausible but don't you think if we remain here in public, they'll expect us to have less physical contacts?"

"On the contrary, it's the reason they'll expect us to have more contacts. When we're home, nobody is gonna spy on the newlywed husband and wife as they already know what we'll be doing!"

"But Emi, if they spy on you outside, what makes you think they can't do it at our home?"

"Because that makes your mom a professional illegal criminal, and really, what the hell did you even make her think about me or our relationship to which she has started to stoop so low as to spy on her own son and his non-existent marriage life with his friend?!"

"I didn't make her think anything bad-"

"Don't say anything. Let's go home but first I think I need to have new shoes. Are you accompanying me to the shop or I can always go alone? Like always!" I tried to walk wearing those broken heels only to stagger back when a pair of arms covered me from the back and I felt smooth hard muscles passing against my soft creases. I inhaled deeply when I felt his manly organ press hard against me due to the forceful fall.

"I think Michael can buy-"

"No. I want to buy it myself. Michael doesn't get paid to buy heels for the wife of their owners!" I almost yelled, sighing in sexual frustration building up inside me.

"But Lily, Its past midnight-"

"Are you or are you not coming?"

"I am coming. Come on, Michael. We're going to buy some shoes for my dear wife!"

I didn't know why I had suddenly gotten so frustrated. Maybe it had something to do with the fact that Edward was suddenly using me so much while whispering sweet nothings to Lara on the phone or maybe I was too fed up with bottling up my feelings for him for almost twenty years that it was getting impossible day by day to get closer to him without feeling the urge to pull him close and let him devour my soul and body and heart.

My heart craved his touch. I always knew that but seeing my body doing the same didn't settle well with me!

It was so wrong to want a man who already loved another person!

My tensed night got slightly lighter with passing time when I met a guy named George who also came to the shop to buy shoes for himself. I couldn't help myself when he started to talk about random things around the world and in the end, I just gave in and laughed my heart out at his gags.

"Do you also believe in the fact that someday all the countries around the world will have a huge fight over the fact that they can't stay at the same place any longer? That they're bored to the core?"

Wait, what?

I looked at him, trying to zoom his nonexistent brain.

"Never mind. How about you show me some other pair of heels for this nice lady here, my boy!"

A boy came rushing in speed to present me with a new elegant pair of heels and in spite of being a manly woman, I drooled at its design. I quickly put it on and I heard a complimenting remark from George who was smiling genuinely at me.

Why was he smiling?

I bent to remove the heels when someone grabbed me by my arm to shove me back to my seat. I winced in pain at the sudden hard contact of my back with the sofa and lifted my head to glare at the daring person who must have his death wish signed and approved by the Supreme Court itself.

It was Edward.

"What are you doing, Edwa-" I was rubbing my sides to soothe the pain.

"Call me Eddie! And don't lean, will you? You're not giving the men a proper etiquette to stay cool in this room! Now stay seated and let me remove these for you!" With that, he bent down to remove my shoes.

I adjusted my dress somewhere upward to satisfy his remark.

"But I want this one! It's perfect, see-"

"No, we're taking these blue ones-"

"But George here says they fit fine with my dress!" I shoved him; the said piece was indeed looking better.

"That's specifically the reason we're taking these light blue ones!"

"But they don't even go well with the dress! See, these straps-"

"Then we can take these dark blue ones which go way too well with your dress, my dear!"

I looked at the piece which he was gripping rather firmly and decided that it was really more fitting and precise with my attire.

But the way he was ordering me around didn't sound good to my inner pride self!

"Since when do you decide what I should wear?"

"Since when do you decide I shouldn't?"

"Since when do you decide I should let you pry with my fucking life?"

He was really making me worked up for nothing!

"Since when do you start taking interest in nearby strangers and swallow the new designer shoes like a normal girl?"

I narrowed my eyes at him, who in turn glared at me. I lifted my finger and started poking him on his chest.

Poke!

He didn't flinch a bit as if I were a beetle sitting on cactus!

If that was even possible!

"Since when do you even care if I was a normal girl or not?" I curse myself inwardly for the tears that were starting to prickle now.

Poke!

"Since when do you care if I take interest in strangers, beggars or even the President for all I know?!"

Poke!

"Since when do you care if I am fine or I am hurt or I have been living in a stiff situation for years with my feelings, you idiot?!" A lone tear trickled down my face, cool breeze producing a cold sensation on my cheeks which were all flushed red with shouting and anger.

I saw the hurt and concern in his eyes the moment I said the sentence. He opened his mouth to speak but I silenced him yet faster this time.

"Lily-"

Poke!

"Since when do you even decide the fact that there is your wife waiting for you at home when you were so busy sticking your tongue in your girlfriend's mouth!"

Shit. I shouldn't have said that!

I stifled a sob, biting my lips and averted my gaze somewhere else to stop any more tears to fall to doom!

I saw his eyes filled with anger this time, his fingers balled in fists. He took a sharp breath, probably to calm himself. But I continued my accusation anyway. If I was speaking now, I knew one thing that I would never get that chance to speak all of it again.

Poke!

"Since when do you care if I talk to any boy or stranger or if any of them ask me out?"

Poke!

"Since when do you even start caring in the first place, Edward?" I whispered it as softly as I can, meaning for him not to hear it and never to answer this rhetorical question.

He grabbed my finger abruptly, which was poking his chest, gently twisting it around, before pulling me towards him, this time his eyes reflecting something I never saw before.

And I didn't know what it was.

I fell on his hard chest with a soft 'eep' and he stared into my eyes with so much intensity I could imagine him slowly and torturously removing my clothes to have his way with me!

Which of course was my hallucination!

Gently lifting his hand, he cupped my cheeks, his thumb pad tracing patterns over my smooth skin. I leaned to his touch, craving it more than my heart could ever show when he leaned towards my face. His lips grazed over my earlobe and I shivered in anticipation.

"Since the day I slipped my mother's ring in your finger and gave you my surname!" he whispered in a husky tone, making my heart go frenzy.

Holy crap.

# Chapter 26 - Some Wise Decisions

Emily's POV:

I was stunned for a while, standing intact and erect, not moving an inch to waver my gaze at him. When I blinked for once, I found my dream still going on.

Only it wasn't some dream.

He really said those words I imagined him saying so smoothly only in my dreams!

Once reminded of the cruel reality, and the way he still was gripping my finger gently, I tried to pull it out of his clutch. My eyes furrowed an inch to see he still wasn't letting it go. I tried to turn my stares into glares and he pulled me closer, his nose almost touching mine.

I could feel his cinnamon breath combining with my own chocolaty breath. Without my consent, my lips parted slightly and my throat went dry finding him too close to my comfort.

Did I use a mouth freshener after when I ate like a cow? Did I wash my face carefully when I did my makeup?

My mind was flooded with all kinds of thoughts, trying to sort out the dirtiest ones in order and throw them ruthlessly in a nearby trash can.

"Don't lean back! Linda is watching us with eyes of a hawk! One wrong step and she'll get suspicious!"

What?!

I tried to turn around inconspicuously and this time he left my finger to grip my head, cupping both of my cheeks, his fingers curling below my chin. I could feel my heartbeat increasing to a higher rate. I lifted my eyes to meet his and found that he was trying himself not to look behind me where probably Linda was sitting watching us.

"Don't turn around, Lily! This angle would make her think we're kissing like a couple in love!"

No, you're wrong, buddy. Only I'm the one who's in love here! And though you may also be in love, it's most probable, I am not that person your heart craves for!

I was shocked to learn that he touched me like I wanted him to, in like, forever, played with my feelings, and promised me all that cheesy lines which turned out to be just his game of 'pretending'. I wanted to be angry with him, maybe slap him but my inner conscious knew better.

What did you expect, Emily? It was always a marriage of convenience. It has nothing to do with love and happiness!

I nodded bitterly, staying in that position against my will of heart but my body sure wanted to embarrass me in front of him. I shifted a little, trying to roll my eyes somewhere else, avoiding him. My lips were all dry from the tension and I bit them in nervousness. Lifting my gaze once more, I found him staring at me and I blinked.

His eyes shifted from my face to my lips once I darted my tongue out to lick my dry lips, lingering there longer. His eyes turn a shade darker, gripping my head tighter, his fingers digging the flesh of my chin and then slowly he slid his hands down and his fingers curl around my waist. I felt a slight tug before I fell on his chest. He pressed me firmly in a hug as if he was afraid if he didn't do it, he might get in trouble. His fingers dug in the bare flesh of my arms.

"You're hurting me, Edward!"

I struggled slightly, not wanting to make Linda suspicious. He loosened his grip, moving his hands around my back to pull me closer. I could feel my breasts squished firmly against his hard chest, leaving my cheeks burning hot with fire. It was too intimate for any hug which we shared before.

After Linda was gone, we broke apart almost in an urgent manner, avoiding each other's eyes as if we just did the most embarrassing thing in the world.

Having my chosen item packed beautifully, we were just about to leave the shop when I heard someone call for me. Or it was most accurately like, “Lady, wait for me!"

In a second, the black haired man I had known in this past hour as George was in front me, huffing from all his caterpillar running.

"You forgot your handkerchief, lady!" He held the blue cloth in his hand, bringing it to his face to sniff it in a playful manner.

"Mmm. It's so sweet. What perfume did you use, ma’am?"

"I don't actually know ‘cause I didn't buy it. It was gifted to me by my mom!" I laughed nervously at my own lie.

"Oh yeah. It smells like a mother's heart mingled with strong grape wine and squeezed in a strawberry thistle!"

Strawberry thistle?

Man, I was really going to drag this person all the way over to have his head examined thoroughly before throwing its dysfunctional part in a river on my way home!

“Never mind. What's the name of this peculiar beauty, might I enquire?"

I smiled at his genuine compliment. I felt hot eyes glaring at me, ready to eat me to death anytime. I shrugged. Well, it was time I also got a young and handsome friend who'd help me out of my depressive feelings. And maybe help me, move on, even.

Edward was fast to answer.

"It's Emily J-"

But I was faster than him.

"Miss Emily Willows to you!" I grabbed my hanky from his hands now forgetting to present him with my best smile ever.

"Well, well. What a lovely name you have my lady! And this man next to you? What's his honourable name?"

I looked at Edward whose face was twisted in a deep frown.

"He is Edward Jones. A good friend of mine!"

"Mr Jones? The youngest eligible bachelor of Jones company? Really! It's a pleasure to meet you, sir!"

George extended his hand, expecting for a generous handshake and when Edward didn't move even a bit from his place, I stepped on his shoes trying to send him my best death glares at possible.

Hesitating slightly, he took George's hands in a handshake and I could feel the temperature rising around us in the way Edward glared at the poor man who was trying not to wiggle with a hard handshake. After a minute or two, they broke the contact.

"I know we just met an hour ago but if it isn't too much Emily, would you care to have a coffee with me this Friday?"

It was my turn to hesitate now. I looked at Edward who was standing too cool and composed for a person who was nearly on the verge of killing someone with a mere handshake!

Something snapped in me.

He really didn’t care who I went out with or what the person did to me, be it a good or a bad man?

But at least, he should pretend to care since I was his wife even though a ‘pretend’ one at that. I sighed.

You could never ‘pretend’ to care for a person!

Would it make me a cheating wife if I went out with a guy behind Edward's back? It wouldn't be cheating, per se. He was also doing the same! And didn't he marry me to continue his relationship with Lara? So technically he was the one cheating in the real way.

But I was not even his real wife to start an argument with this 'cheating' thing anyway!

"Yeah, sure. I would love to, George! You're a funny person and I can't wait to spend and learn more about you!"

Was it too much? Did I exaggerate?

But I never really replied to anyone asking me out before, because Edward never allowed me to even wander near any guy whoever he thought might have an interest in me saying I was still too young to handle a man and he wouldn't let me sell myself to just any guy out there!

He specifically told me to bring the guy who I liked or wanted to date, first to him for a thorough profile check.

And what I learned from my experience was that no guy ever survived his survey and decided it was better for them to date some other girl rather than go through fire to get a girl like me!

But now I was old enough to take care of myself and I just have to show this to Edward who still thought I was a stupid five years old!

# Chapter 27 - Jealous Arguments And Broken Hearts

Emily's POV:

The exclusive journey to our home was much more comfortable, sitting on a comfy seat of an air-conditioned VEYRON after a long agitating day in those ill-fitting heels. But it was equally more awkward sitting beside Edward who was busy on his phone, texting someone with so much hardness I could hear his fingers making firm contact with his poor expensive phone. He didn't talk to me after our little argument at that shop, now only making slow nods and dull 'hmm' at all my questions.

We reached home about half an hour later. It was already past two hours midnight and I just wanted to get out of this tight short dress. For once, we didn't have to pretend and I was thankful for my idea that Linda wouldn't dare to follow newlyweds to the bedroom.

"You can wash up first, I am a little tired so I'll just take my time removing these accessories from my hair for now," I motioned Edward to the washroom, who was a little slow with his steps, maybe tired from his infuriating date.

Well, that was my first date also. So I tried to be as good as I could, but no matter how I thought about it, I could sense something had changed between us overnight and it was not a good change.

We had our pretty little fights in our twenty-five years of friendship, some were serious and some a mere trifle and the fights which we had tonight couldn't even stand a chance against them. They were so small in comparison.

And so precise and illogical!

But still, these little fights, I could sense, had already changed a lot for us.

"What was that?" I stopped midway in opening the clips on my hair to see Edward pacing in the room, with his arms crossed across his chest, front buttons undone, his tie hanging loose and sleeves folded upwards.

I almost lost my control to run over and wrap my legs around his waist but I bit my lips to refrain myself from doing anything illegal. He is a married man, for God's sake!

And you're his wife, madam!

"What? I said you can use the washroom first and-"

He raised his hand, waving it once to stop my blabbering.

"I know what you said earlier. I have a better long term memory for a man. But not that! What did you do at that shop?"

I was confused. What did he mean by...

Oh, that!

"Yes. I specifically remember a guy named George asking me out and I, as a kind person we both know I am, agreed to it happily! You were there, Eddie! Don't you remember? Don't tell me you forgot!" I pulled the clip holding my hair out and in a second, brown curls of wavering hue fell on my shoulders, cascading my face and features.

"I know what you did there Emily, I am asking for an explanation and a sensible one at that!"

Oh so he's angry now, skipping to my first full name now!!

I turned around to look at him, seeing his eyes widening a little at my full-length hair. I flipped them one side, my hands this time on my earrings to unhook them.

"Well, what type of explanation do you want? Don't you know that when a guy asks a girl out, it means he is interested in her and when a girl replies with a yes, it means she is ready to be interested in him! It's simple and cool as a cucumber, Eddie!"

I heard him take a deep breath, his fingers forming in fists before he hit the wall with so much intensity, I jumped from my spot to stare wide-eyed at him.

What the heck!

“I am not asking for your witty explanation, Emi! Tell me why did you say yes to that damn excuse of a man?"

"Why shouldn't I say yes to that man, Edward? You tell me! One plausible reason. Just one logical reason and I'll call that man right now to reject him at this same spot right in front of you!"

A look of surprise passed his eyes as if he never thought that type of question even existed. It caught him too off guard and he slightly leaned against the wall.

I looked at him, daring him silently to answer the question seeing him opening his mouth, closing it, opening it to speak a word before closing it again to think of something. I decided to let it go, accepting that there was too much of disappointment and disapproval between us in just one night.

And that night was supposed to be the beautiful night of mine. My first date night!

Pulling out a drawer to take fresh towels, I advanced my tired steps to the washroom when I heard a distinct shuffle.

"Because you're my wife!"

I had to admit the time he took to blurt out this stupid reason wasn't supposed to move me or my heart even a bit but the way word 'my' rolled out of his tongue, I felt a strange heat settle in my stomach making my breath quicken its pace.

"Not a real one, not forever, Edward! I am just a part of your plan, a plan made in haste to help you keep up your relationship with Lara!" I reminded him, just in case he had forgotten a real reason why I was suddenly his wife when he never held any feelings other than friendship for me.

He was silent for a while, knowledge and reason seeping slowly in his brains. "But you're my best friend too!" he added so quickly I had the urge to pinch his cheeks for being so cute and rolling my eyes at the same time.

I smiled. "Well, that I am, but tell me which part of the constitution says that best friends aren't allowed to go on dates?"

"But if people ever know about it, they'll think you're cheating on me with that crow faced guy!"

I sighed.

He and his stupid way of twisting everything around may need a little tight fixing in the near future.

"Honestly, you're the one who had been cheating on me with Lara! But look at me, do I say anything to you? No! Did I ever ask you to come home early or stopped you from making out with Lara or having sex with her when I am in the next room hearing her loud moans? Did I ever say to you not to visit her and spend all your time with me? Did I? I don't think so!"

I walked to him, and put my hands on his shoulders to assure him.

He opened his mouth to speak. "But Lara is my girlfriend and we've been dating for five years already!"

Thanks for providing me with the most obvious information, mister!

He was making me angry yet again, but I tried not to show it on my face.

"Then I can make George my boyfriend and then, tell me, will I be eligible for all those things with him which you do with Lara?!"

His head snapped at me, looking at me as if I decided not to be a human in front of him! All of a sudden!

"Hell no! Never! You don't even know the guy! What if he tries-"

"I'll never know the guy until I spend time with him!"

"But why so sudden? You never showed interest in men and sex before!"

I narrowed my eyes at him, anger flaring to earnest inside me.

"Unlike what you think of me, I actually want to have a husband, kids and a family full of love and happiness! And all of it in real, not a thing which would be fake!"

His eyes turned a shade darker with something, his little left finger twitching in an effort to calm him down.

"But Lily-"

"Look at me, Edward. I am just a boring tomboy nobody ever wants to have anything to do with! So if a guy ever shows interest in me, I am bound to respond positively if I ever want to have those fairy tales come true which I always dreamed of!"

"But what if anyone tries anything bad-"

"I am twenty-five for God's sake Edward! See, don't you see the difference? I was five twenty years ago but at present, I am a fully grown up woman ready to take my own decisions!"

"He clearly wants to get in your pants, Emi!!"

"I'll let him. It's my problem. And Edward, seriously, we're having a futile argument here!" I said, retreating again to collect necessities to go to the washroom.

"Why so sudden, Emi?! Why have you developed a sudden interest in dating? Did I do something wrong?"

Because you never gave me the hope to wait for you and your love as you never had enough to share it with me!

"It was never sudden Eddie! I always wanted to date but you never let me-"

"Because men are all beasts who might take advantage of you anytime you let your guard down!"

"And what makes you think you're not one of them? What makes you so sure that I had done the right thing marrying you as a fake wife? You never ran a profile check over yourself! I never doubted you as a man but you sure as hell never thought of me as a woman!"

He took two broad steps towards me, now standing in front of me. I could clearly make out his beautiful features of a god, his ruffled hair falling across his face, his chiselled nose pointing erect,

his sexy jawline following to his delicious throat and most of all, his peaceful blue eyes which could make me forget my own existence.

"It's not that! I always thought of you as a beautiful woman, Emi. I respect you more than me myself but I am a gentleman if I am not letting you go out with just any man out there!"

But his words pulled me out of my wild fantasies, reminding me again that we were having an argument here.

"Oh, really? Then let's see if you'll be maintaining your gentleman etiquette if I remove my dress right now, in front of you!" I pointed a finger at his face, gripping the front of my dress to threaten him, my eyes challenging him to something which I never thought I would ever do in my present innocent life.

Stop, girl!

I saw his eyes turn dark blue, and when they roamed up and down my body I felt a chill run down my spine. Something dark was pooling behind those blue eyes, like a raging storm and for a moment, I was scared. I never wanted to provoke him but he provoked me first so I spoke all that bullshit!

His hands closed around mine the moment I decided to let my hand slide down from my dress's front. I was surprised at his sudden physical contact, feeling very clearly his masculine hands over mine which were settling indirectly over my chest.

I coughed a little.

"Okay. If that's what it'll take you to stop from going out with that crow!"

I looked at him, confusion evident in my eyes. He sighed.

"I said I am ready to stand still like a gentleman while you remove your clothes if that's the way you won't go out with that piece of shit!"

At first, I thought he was joking but when I looked at his eyes clearly, he was damn serious as an AIDS report!

What? Did he seriously mean I would...

Immediately, hot wet liquid gushed out of my genitals, wetting my panties at the thought of Edward looking at me naked while I give him a striptease. And thinking that maybe he joins me in my little tease made me rub my bare thighs subconsciously.

I was looking at the ground purely with embarrassment.

"I... erm. I didn't mean it literally. I just said it out of rage! Forget we ever had the conversation as stupid as this!"

Grabbing my towel, I rushed to the washroom when I felt a hand wrap around my wrist. I wanted to groan loudly in sexual frustration but I held it in.

"So you won't go out with him then?"

I took a sharp breath to calm my raging hormones.

"Now what? Eddie?"

"I just wanted to make sure-"

"What the hell, Edward! You can go out with Lara but I can't go out with a man? Why? What did I ever do wrong to you? Tell me!"

"I just don't want you to leave me! Ever!"

I looked at him only to find naked truth staring back at me and it felt as if someone had slapped me. I was touched deep in my soul.

"I understand, Eddie, but someday, I need to go and live my own life! I can't just go on being your fake wife my whole life? And besides, our marriage is just for two years. You can give me the reason for being your wife to stop me from dating but after two years, I am gonna have to do everything, Edward!"

"I don't know anything! We're supposed to be best friends, Lily and best friends don't leave each other just because they found the one they love!"

Well, well. Look at who's talking!

"Edward, I need a man who would love me, take care of me, would laugh with me, cry with me, would listen to all that I have to say, can't eat a meal if I wasn't able to make him one and would be happy just by looking at me," my voice turned soft, "I want a man to need me, to want me, as if he would die if he didn't tell me how was his day! I want him to look out for me to, be it in his happiness or his deadly sorrows," I whispered softly, my eyes filled with unshed tears.

"I do all that! What else-"

"As a woman, Edward! As his woman!" I raised my finger to make my point clear before gripping towel tightly and walked straight to the washroom.

# Chapter 28 - When Fake Turned Into Something Much More Real

Emily's Pov:

Like the speed of the Flash, I rushed to the washroom. I couldn't say the same for when I wanted to get out immediately as I forgot to bring night clothes with me to change into. I closed my eyes to hide my embarrassment for those last words I said to Edward and that bloody chauvinistic exit.

Peeking out of the door, I saw Edward talking to Miranda about some files he might have misplaced and I took this opportunity to slide out of the door, almost quickly dancing in relief that I was still fully clothed in my dress, most strangely, still wearing my heels.

Opening the closet, I started to dig through my clothes to find something appropriate to wear when my eyes fell on something wrapped beautifully. It was a gift from Mia for my birthday. I tore up the decoration like a vampire and my eyes sparkled to see a totally new collection of Cadbury chocolates, all wrapped in a red paper.

Unwrapping the first bar, I put it in my mouth and moaned at its delicious texture melted like silk in my mouth. I continued devouring the chocolate while still searching for clothes when I heard the doorbell ring. I quickly looked at Edward to see him staring at me, both of our eyebrows furrowed in confusion.

Who could it be at such an hour? It was almost 2'o clock!

A minute later, Miranda came to inform us that a certain lady named 'Linda' had come here to stay for the night and before we could ask any questions about how the hell it was even possible, Linda found it extremely useful to make her presence known and inform us of the reason personally.

"How are you, Mr and Mrs Jones?"

Words rolled out of her mouth more as a challenge and less as a greeting!

When we didn't say anything, both me and Edward too busy in our thoughts about how we were going to survive the trap without getting caught, she smiled at us triumphantly.

"I am sorry, Sir but recently, due to my carelessness, my house burned down rather brutally and I asked Mrs Jones for help when she, as a kind-hearted lady as she is, asked me to stay at your home for one night while she returns from her business trip next week! But don't worry about me, Sir, I would try my best not to disturb this beautiful night for you!"

Translation : I'd try my very best and would willingly sacrifice every bone of my body just to spy on you while you two play a game of hide and seek with me!

I bit down and chewed my chocolate like an anaconda to show her my annoyance while Edward just nodded at her and went back to his work. I slammed the door shut in her face, after giving her the brightest smile ever.

"Good night, Miss Linda! I hope you are well received in our house with every care possible!"

And you'll get that special care after I break your fucking ovaries and throw them off in gutter!

"What the fucking hell, Edward! What'd we do now?!"

He looked up at me and sighed loudly.

"Calm down Lily! It's not that she'll-"

"Calm down?! Seriously? How can you be so cool and composed-"

He put a hand over my mouth, pressing it firmly over my lips while shaking his head at my voice.

"Shh! Be silent, otherwise, we'll be caught even before we do anything out of normal! Just trust me and we'll sort this out!"

"But-"

"I told you, just trust me!"

I looked at his serious expression and decided he indeed had a good plan to back all this up. Nodding silently, I went back on collecting my clothes to go wash myself up when a hand shot down to wrap around my wrist, twisting it gently.

"Where are you going?"

"To wash myself up, since you won't-"

"Are you sure you're not giving Linda a very obvious reason to be suspicious of our relationship?!"

I eyed him, confused at his words.

"What do you mean I am giving-"

"Aren't we a newlywed couple who was just out on their first date and had a special night ahead of them?"

I still didn't understand. I furrowed my eyebrows.

"So? What does it have anything to do with me changing my clothes?"

He responded with a questioning glare and then the realization dawned upon me. My mouth fell open to a wide 'O'.

"Oh. So you mean to say that we're supposed to be doing..." I struggled to try to find words, "supposed to be doing it in this same attire?" I completed, looking at the floor with determination and logical embarrassment.

My face was burning hot like a volcano and I was afraid if Edward ever saw me like this, I would've to kill him right then and there.

"Yeah. If I were a real husband, I would never have allowed you to walk away to change cause we'd been making love by the time we'd entered this room!"

I sunk low to the floor hearing his bold words. He said it so smoothly I thought for a moment, he was considering it as an actual idea and my mind was flushed with intense wild fantasies upon imagining him doing all those things to me which I always wanted him to do.

"Anyway, relax! I'm pretty sure my mother wouldn't stoop so low as to spy on her son's bedroom while he makes love to his wife on his-"

Blood rushed to my ears and face instantly, making my face to warm.

"Will you stop saying that word already!"

He cocked his head to his side, looking at me smugly, an obvious smirk playing on his lips.

He is teasing me, the son of a fucking cucumber!

"What, my love, should I stop speaking about? Any particular word? Any word related to 'making love' I sh-"

"Stop that, will you? It's embarrassing and this isn't the situation to be joking around!"

He raised his hand in defence, nodding still smugly at me and I couldn't help but roll my eyes at him while still stuffing myself with the chocolate bar. It was all melted now but I'd rather die before letting a drop of it go to waste!

"Don't you worry! I am trying to do something! But first, let's find the remote to turn on the cameras outside the door! This way we can find when that evil lady sneaks upon us." He busied himself in finding that particular remote when I remembered something.

"Eddie! Be careful. I think I left a paper blade over there and it might-"

I heard him wince and ran towards him quickly.

"-prick you, you dimwit!"

His finger was bleeding, and even though it was a small cut, I pulled his hand to plunge his injured finger in my mouth, sucking lightly at the wound, tasting metallic blood in my tongue. I pulled it out to scold him while blowing soft air over his cut.

"You never listen to me, you idiot! At least clean your ears and listen-" I swallowed his finger again in my mouth, my tongue licking over his wound. I heard him groan and lifted my gaze to look at him and froze right at the spot.

He was looking at me like a predator eyeing every move of its prey. The colour of his eyes that I had always known as light ocean blue was darkening with sudden intensity and emotion and was now of dark blue.

I felt a cold shiver run down my whole body the minute he took hold of my hand, running his smooth fingers over my arm, my shoulders and caressing the skin up to my throat till they settled on my cheeks to trace a soft silky pattern over them. I leaned to his touch involuntarily, savouring every moment of his touch, trying to think if it was a dream, I never ever wanted it to end, even though I'd never wake up again.

His eyes were boring fire into mine, raging wind and storm visible in them. And then all of a sudden, it was gone.

Hearing the faint sound of a 'click' sound, I realised he turned on the TV to see the camera. I swallowed the lump which had formed in my throat during our little staring session, taking one large bite of my chocolate in frustration.

"You know you're going to be a cow soon if you continued eating that carb, right?" his voice was laced with playfulness, teasing me if I could join him in that!

How could he joke so easily? Am I the only one who've been feeling certain things lately?! Am I the only one who wants him so much?!

Just then, I heard low steps approaching our bedroom and I knew instantly who it was. I narrowed my eyes.

Before I could react even an inch for our unwelcomed intruder, I was pressed hard against the wall, none too gently, realising it very soon that an equally hard body was being pressed over mine, my female parts moulding erotically with his male features.

A lump was formed in my throat when I realized how very close we now stood and if I tiptoed even an inch or if Edward bends a little low, I would be able to get all my heavenly wishes done in a row. He moved his head to graze over my face and I felt his hot breath over my ear, his beautiful curls tickling my senses.

"Relax, Lily. She's here! We just had to pretend that we're making-" his mouth glided over my earlobe.

I covered his mouth with my palm, hearing his muffled laugh.

"I understand! So what do I have to do to pretend that!" I tried ignoring the fact that I was still in that half-naked dress while being pressed deliciously against Edward, while he took his time to press his lips softly on my left cheek, his touch as light as feather.

"Well how about moaning? Can you moan?"

I gasped, glaring at him, now finding it hard to stare at him while he stood so close to my soul.

"Have you lost your mind? How can you ask such a ridiculous question, Edward?!"

"What? Aren't people supposed to pant and moan when they're making..." he looked at me, smiling widely, "love," he completed the sentence with a hidden challenge.

"No! I am sorry to disappoint your sorry ass but I don't know how to moan and pant cause I never got the chance to learn as some boy I had been calling my best friend-"

"Okay. Topic's over. You can't moan so we can try something else."

In a flash, he turned me around so that he was now pressed against the wall and I was facing him with my back at the door's peephole.

"What the-" I stopped abruptly when I felt his hands slide down my face to my waist and curled around my back. He pulled me towards himself, whispering me to put my arms around his shoulders.

I complied, closing my eyes to rest my head on his chest. Just then, his other hand went behind my back and began tracing patterns up and down, over the zipper of my dress before with a smooth single tug, he pulled it down.

My eyes snapped open to find my dress slipping from my front, feeling his hands grazing over the bare skin of my back. I stifled a moan when he glided his masculine fingers over my flesh, my fingers now gripping his shirt to steady myself almost as I heard him take a sharp intake of breath.

"What the-! Why aren't you wearing any?" he whispered in a husky tone, making my insides go tingling with something akin to fire while his hands continued to caress my bare back, his touch still as light as a feather as if he wasn't sure he should be touching it in the first place.

"Wearing w..hat?" My own voice came breathless, goosebumps evident on my skin now.

"Your bra." His hands went up along my spine and I bit my lips, my eyes shutting close on their own accord.

"I wanted... to wear it... but well, that beauty... parlour girls... said that... we don't wear those with this dress... and your mother said....it'll not be needed between.. us anyways...though... I was... against it!"

My mind was too focused on what his hands were doing to me just by touching my back and somewhere between deciding to stifle a moan and releasing it, I ended up moaning low anyway! I felt a fast shuffle and then with a smooth pull upwards, my dress was zipped up as before!

A wave of disappointment and coldness rush over me as I found his hands now grazing my back over my covered skin. I pouted to myself while gliding up my fingers to rest on his slightly heaving chest.

"You don't think that'll satisfy her enough to send her off to her room, right?"

I looked up at him to find him sniffing my hair, running his face slowly along my brown curls before bringing his face to the side of my cheek and gently pressed our cheeks together in an affectionate gesture.

"I don't know! You know her well so why don't you decide if for yourself?" I, for once, decided to be as honest as I could ever have become.

"Well then, my answer would be a complete NO. Women like my mother would never be satisfied with something as little as touching my wife on her back!"

I felt a strange heat pooling in the pit of my stomach.

"So what else we're to do then?" I asked, trying not to concentrate on his lips that were now dangerously close to touching my collarbone, their mere presence still producing a tickling sensation.

"Let's do it for real then!" Without warning, his soft lips descended on my neck, pressing there firmly before he opened his mouth to suck on the skin, lightly nipping at it. Not soon after, his tongue darted out to lick slowly over my sensitive skin, where he kissed once again at the same spot, clouding my innocent mind with desire and lust.

A throaty moan escaped my lips as his teeth made contact with that same spot where he nibbled and licked mercilessly, digging into my flesh with strong intensity, his tongue joining it a second after to soothe its pain. It'll leave a mark soon!

"Edward" I moaned his name.

Never to be continued actually....

# Chapter 29 - Dangerous Game

Emily's POV:

I didn't know what was happening right now as my conscious mind decided to ditch me for a week and went to its own long vacation!

As for my subconscious mind, it took every reasonable opportunity to moan and gasp as Edward's hand went from my shoulders to wrap around my waist, pulling me closer, and his tongue doing wonders to my neck and throat, waves of pleasure and passion hazing my eyes.

He shifted a little only to put his mouth over my collarbone, sucking it lightly before opening his mouth fully to bite on it. I bit my lips to refrain myself from waking up the whole house in the middle of the night while his hands slid around my back, pressing and roaming his hands harder over my waist.

He trailed his other hand down my bare arm slowly and torturously before reaching my hand and intertwining our fingers, the gesture making my heart go frenzy. Licking over his previous bite, he moved upward, darting his tongue out to lick the side of my throat once more and I exhaled a deep breath to stifle a moan, my eyes closed all this time, revelling in this amazing feeling of being touched like this for the first time.

By the love of my life.

And the man of my dreams!

He pressed our intertwined hands tightly, none too gently sliding his other hand over my dress and pulling the zipper down swiftly. I gasped as his cool hands touched my bare back again but this time they were more determined as they roamed freely and shamelessly, the pads of his finger grazing my virgin flesh.

"Mmm" I moaned, my free hand gripped his shoulder to support myself from falling down as my knees were weak as jelly while his mouth continued to kiss and suck on my pulse, making my heart rate quickening infinitely. My palms were sweating and my cheeks were warm and flushed with embarrassment.

The embarrassment of what he was doing to me right now!

The embarrassment of me enjoying and responding to it willingly!

He moved his head, his mouth hovering and fanning hot breath over my lips when he leaned to touch his lips at the corner of my mouth, his nose touching my flushed cheeks. Opening his mouth

a little, his smooth tongue snaked out to lick the trail of melted chocolate smeared at the corner of my lips, his tongue gliding up-to my jaw to open his mouth wider to suck on it, eliciting a low moan from me.

"I never liked chocolate," he whispered, his lips still grazing over my jaw before he twirled me around, pressing me against the wall hard and fast. His hand gripped my waist to support my weight when he ducked his head forward almost as immediately to nibble on my earlobe, taking a mouthful of it in a bite.

"So much until now!" My lips parted in heavy breathing just as his hands on my back moved further my spine, roaming and grazing the sides of my bare breasts and I was reminded of the fact that he knew I wasn't wearing a bra!

Was he just pretending to love me or did he really...

Was it all fake for him and so real for me?

Am I the only one who is receiving his touches thinking of him as my love and my husband? Was he touching me, expecting me to moan and cry his name as his wife?

Or maybe something else...

No way! That can't be! Once again I was hoping for more when I should just be happy with what I was getting at that moment!

But... Is it all, just a game for him? A plan? A game which already guarantees his victory? A plan so well devised nobody would ever be able to suspect anything?

He pressed himself against me further, a low growl escaping his mouth at the feeling of our chests pressed tightly against each other. Hot liquid wet my already moist panties and I rubbed my thighs to reduce the pressure.

In the process of moving myself, I ended up rubbing myself against his pants when I heard him inhale deeply, in frustration. I tried to look at him through my blurred vision only to moan loudly when his mouth once again bit my neck, his teeth digging deeper this time shooting slight pain and strong pleasure in my veins.

From behind my animalistic sounds and slow panting, I heard my phone ring somewhere near me. Turning to my side, I saw George calling me, his caller ID sprawled lazily on my phone which was settled proudly on the desk. He asked me to pick up his phone when he would call since he wanted to tell me something important. The call ran cold before it sounded yet again to disturb us.

"Edward, I think George is calling! It's something important! Would you shift-"

"Don't you dare to pick up that call! It'll make Linda suspicious!"

"No, I suppose... she might be dead... as a rat by… now, seeing us doing... all this!" I replied in short breaths while he nibbled on my earlobe.

"But still, you're not getting that crow's call!"

"But why?! You know-"

"I don't know anything! Just don't do it!"

If I wasn't so much affected by his hands caressing my cheeks, looking at me as if I was his lifeline and making me go insane by gently massaging my scalp, I would have thought he said it more like a plea and less as a statement!

"Still, for the sake of good manners!"

I tried to reach for my phone, slightly moving from his iron grip on my waist when he grabbed my wrist with his one hand and reached for my phone with his other hand. Picking it up, he looked at my eyes intensely as if challenging me to retrieve it and as I jumped to grab my still ringing phone, he caught my other wrist with the same hand which was holding my phone.

I tried to wiggle out of his grip, feeling helpless and aroused at the same time by his cocky moves when he threw my phone over under the bed without even looking and I furrowed my eyebrows in anger.

"That was my first phon-" I started.

"Gifted by me, of course!" he leaned towards me, kissing my nose and cheeks, chuckling heartily.

"But if I didn't respond to George-"

I saw his eyes flash with something akin to rage and fire before he twirled me around so fast I almost had lost my balance if I wasn't pressed so deliciously with my back against Edward now and my hands holding the wall for further support.

"Edw.. ard!" Words died down my throat as his smooth lips pressed against my bare shoulder, lingering there longer before moving so slowly to trail feather-like kisses turning ever so fast into open hot mouthed licks and nibbles and kisses. His hands wrapped around my stomach to pull me closer and now I was pressed to him with my back, very clearly feeling his hard chest and rapidly beating heart.

"Don't say his name in front of me!" he lifted my hands to wrap them around his own, the movement tugging the front of my unzipped dress slight lower, pushing my ample cleavage more in view.

"I.." His hands travelled down my arm, dangerously close to my chest, its mere anticipation making my buds hardening with arousal, my panties soaked as water with my juices now. My face was burning hot with shame and desire when I gasped to feel his full erection pressing against my lower back, so hard and soft at the same time.

I tried to move away in impulse, ignoring his hands moving dangerously down, the process ended up more like a slow grind, evident from his intense low growl.

"Ed..ward. I think it's ti-"

"I am sorry, Lily. I couldn't help it when you look so... daring... beautiful and sound so...hot.... and... sexy?"

What?

Did he just compliment me when I least expected him to?

In the middle of our heated encounter?!

Stop talking like a fucking cousin of a horny wolf, Emily!

"Ermm. I understand it!" I turned around to face him to tell him it was okay to react like that when he was just a male and anyone could be aroused being this intimate with the opposite gender but when I heard him take a sharp intake of breath, looking directly below my eyes, my face flushed yet more to feel his already bigger bulge growing against his pants.

My mouth fell open in horror to see what he was looking at was my half-exposed chest, peeking out of my blue dress with its strips hanging loosely from my shoulders. I quickly tried to cover myself, putting my hands over them and hastily sliding my dress over them before looking at Edward who was still staring at my bust shamelessly, in a daze.

I stared at him some more to remind him that my eyes are on my face and not exclusively on my chest, too embarrassed and shy to say it myself to him. Fortunately, he did look at me, only this time his eyes held clear darkness of the blue sea and something else I couldn't pinpoint.

Before I could even react, he was on me with his hand once again pulling me closer, and his lips ghosting over mine with millions of promises.

I shivered with greed and lust for all that he can give to me and make me his.

Forever.

"You shouldn't have done that Emily!" His lips kissed my jaw, nipping gently at it.

"Mmm. What I ..shouldn't have..done... Edwa..!"?

"Moan my name, Emily! I want you to hear you moan for me while I do… " his tongue darted out from his mouth, licking all the way to my mouth before running it slowly and sensually over my slightly parted lips, "all this," He opened his mouth, taking my lower lip in between his teeth and biting gently at it "and much more," he grabbed my wrists roughly to put them above my head on the wall "to you.

# Chapter 30 - Heart Want What It Wants

Emily's POV:

"I... mmmm...Edd..."

I never really thought that something in me could be triggered to such an extent that I could lose my vocal and conceptual abilities for a moment.

And yet, I couldn't adore more being meek and limp in someone's arms when that said person is touching you like you were born to be worshipped. I knew it was part of some dangerous game we started months ago, following it diligently while still protecting our friendship but the way it was all going right now, I was sure I couldn't see him just as a friend anymore.

Hell, I never saw him as a one before!

But still, I always tried doing it for the sake of our long year alliance and chivalry. Allowing love to come between us was something I tossed into dustbin a long time ago, always picking it up again when emotional but in the end, deciding to let it go for once and all.

My feelings were my own. Nobody gets the right to speak for it. So why should I let my heart come in between our comfortable silence and beautiful moments when I am content with everything and anything he had to offer or take it from me?!

But the question was, for how long?

For how long I was gonna hold myself in and watch him smiling, laughing and sharing everything with someone else when I always dreamed of having a nice future and family with him.

But we can't get everything nowadays, can we?

Then why was I suddenly getting everything so quickly when I never even thought of getting even a piece of it in this cruel reality? My mind was afraid of such a development, screaming at me to back out before it's too late but my heart...

Well, the heart wants what it wants!

And so when Edward kissed my cheek, pulling me closer before kissing my nose and eyes gently, I couldn't hold it any longer and wrapped my arms around his neck firmly, pulling him closer only to get squished against him sensually.

His hands reached my head once more, fingers digging into my brown curls gently, running them along my locks. He leaned an inch closer to my face, his mouth slightly parted, hot breath mixed

with cinnamon racing my senses. My own swollen lips parted, my heart going insane with our proximity. Opening his lips, he leaned a bit further when I turned my head abruptly, looking at the other side.

From the corner of my eyes, I saw him frown, his expression forming to a rare form of disappointment before his eyes turned into a shade of determination and he put his hands on my cheeks, gently turning me around to face him.

"What's the problem, Emi? Are you feeling uncomfortable with me?" his eyes held usual concern, his fingers grazing my chin and he slid his other hand trailing down my back to my hand, intertwining our fingers.

What's that supposed to mean?

Why does he keep on showing this unusual affection to me? Is he really pretending or…

"No. It's not that… I'm just… I'm... just kinda nervous. I don't know how to kiss… " I opened my mouth to speak some more, unable to find words to complete, "I never kissed… anyone... before!"

That was the truth! I was afraid I might end up messing everything up, biting him or hell, tackling him down or kick him if he goes further than that!

But does that really matter now, Emily! You already did more than that! Even more than your relationship with him would ever allow!

"You mean to say you never had your first kiss before?!" His face showed complete shock of surprise and amusement.

I glared at him to remind him of the exact reason and logical explanation for that fact. If he ever allowed me to hang out with any guy, maybe I would also have boasted of my skills to him!

But I knew that I never would have kissed anyone when my heart would always continue to want what it can never have. I could've told him smoothly and nonchalantly how he was my first kiss at our fake wedding and how much of a formality that kiss was for him.

I could mostly have told him that he didn't kiss all too good for a man but I didn't have any reason to say so cause he didn't have any reason to kiss me like his lover or anything!

"Well, I most certainly had my first kiss in most unexpected circumstances... in front of everyone!"

"Who was that person, might I enquire?!" The words that rolled out of his lips were covered with so much poison I almost felt like vomiting right at the spot but instead, I stared at him incessantly.

An understanding stare.

One which gave you all the answers whether you have asked the question or not.

The realization finally dawned on him some minutes later, his cheeks slight tinge of pink before he coughed low.

"You mean to say... I.. was.. your first kiss… at our wedding?!"

He blinked once at me.

I nodded "Hmm. Right." My mind was suddenly reminded of our fake marriage and his fake sweet little promises on that big day which he sealed with our innocent kiss.

His face was emotionless for a while, maybe contemplating my words when he broke out in a huge grin, his white teeth shining in a shady room, his short hair flowing slightly in light breeze coming from a nearby open window.

In a moment, he leaned again, this time gripping and cupping my cheeks with his both hands before parting his lips a little, snaking his tongue out to take a slow sensual lick over my lips. My eyes closed in a sudden pleasure, and when I opened them again, I found him staring at me, his eyes twinkling in the night.

"Did you like that, Lily?!"

"I… er..."

"I don't know about you but I sure as hell want to do more than this!" his hands traced my bare back again making me shiver, "otherwise Linda might get suspicious!" he bit on my earlobe sensually.

"But Eddie, I don't kno-"

"Follow my lead!"

His lips found mine in a searing force, where I stood as still as a rock, absorbing the electricity that shot through my body once his soft lips were pressed sweetly and firmly against mine. We didn't move our lips an inch and he broke a kiss some half a minute later to stare at me in shock as if he just found out I was the girl he had been living with all along and he was the boy who shouldn't be touching me like that.

My face was flushed as cherry blossoms. "Ed-"

I didn't get to complete my sentence as he had already put his hot mouth over mine once again, his lips opening a little to suck on my upper lip, before opening his mouth wide to devour my mouth whole. My hands crawled along his shirt tentatively to settle on his heaving chest while he continued to kiss me, opening his lips and suck on my lower lip. I moaned in between his nibbles when he joined, a minute later, his sharp teeth to bite on my lips gently before darting his tongue out to lick over them.

We broke apart abruptly, catching our breaths when he put his forehead against mine.

It could be dangerous territory if we continued like this. It had turned into something much more real just some hours ago and my body was betraying my conscious mind every time I try not to react to his passionate touches and sweet nibbles.

"I think this may...not be...mphhhh-"

Once again, I was silenced with his mouth, my back hitting a cold wall hard. He kissed me fervently, his sweet passionate kisses turning into hot open mouthed ones immediately, his tongue darting out once again to lick my upper lip while his mouth continued to suck on them.

"Open your mouth..." His breathless voice never turned me on so much until now. I wanted to ask him why should I open my mouth when he suddenly broke the kiss to trail feather-like soft kisses along my throat and collarbone. I opened my mouth to moan out loud when he opened his mouth and started sucking on his previous bite. He gave a long slick lick over my pulse before kissing me fully and hard on my lips.

I gripped a handful of his creased white shirt to support my weight since my knees gave up a long time ago when he adjusted his smooth hands between my thighs and lifted me up in a quick shot making me wrap my legs around his waist in impulse.

He scooted me closer to open his mouth against me, his tongue swiping over my lips before plunging in slightly deeper in my mouth to touch the tip of my tongue. A throaty moan escaped my mouth as his mouth opened wider to push his tongue deeper, so desperate to meet mine when we broke the kiss, panting heavily from our intense make out.

It was an intimate position for both of us, as I could feel his full hard erection pressing against my hot core and if I move even a little, I could end up grinding myself against him which I would never do.

Because not letting my guard down was something I learned from the experience of falling helplessly in love with him!

His rough hands caressed my bare thighs wrapped around his waist, rubbing the pads of his fingers over them slowly and torturously before he pulled me by my head and smashed his lips against mine. In between his tongue and teeth, I found myself plopped and bounce a little on something soft and silky.

It was a bed.

Our bed. Instantly heat rushed to my already flushed cheeks in crazy anticipation as he broke the kiss to remove his tie frantically from around his collar, throwing it lazily across some corner of

the room. As he turned to look at me again, his eyes widened quickly taking in my half-naked form, beautifully sprawled on the bed.

He swallowed a lump in his throat, drinking in my appearance where my dress had lifted up higher my thighs, my front lowered dangerously to expose my creamy mounds and his eyes trailed with lust over my heaving chest as he licked his lips, his eyes showing a mischievous glint.

Immediately, I attempted to cover myself up from his hot stares when his hand shot up quickly to grab both my wrists and pinned them against the bed, adjusting himself on top of me. I tried to wiggle slightly out of his grip, averting my gaze somewhere else.

I was too embarrassed to even look at him.

It was first for me to show myself in this state to some man.

"Edwar-" His lips found mine and captured them instantly just as his grip on my wrists tightened, almost painfully. He kissed me hard this time, his mouth nudging my lips apart, his tongue sliding in between my open lips and touching mine crazily. My mind was hazing with the storm as he caressed my tongue with his, pulling it out and sucking gently on it while his left leg adjusted itself in between my bare thighs.

His tongue tasted every corner of my mouth, licking my lips again before kissing my lips and continuing to delve his teeth on them. Loud moans and gasps filled the room as he broke the kiss to flip me around with a quick procession, his open mouth trailing over my bare back blowing hot air and tickling my senses and desires. He pulled my dress lower to run his finger gently before leaning again to suck on my shoulder skin, running his tongue long over up-to my neck.

I closed my eyes to revel at this amazing feeling when he kissed my ear from behind, the soft mattress digging in my skin making me produce animalistic sound shamelessly.

"I never was so happy before..." his hands roamed boldly over my thighs, "until now that I heard that..." he kissed my neck once more before flipping me around to kiss me fully in my lips "I was your first kiss!"

To be continued...

*blushing madly*

# Chapter 31 - Was Loving You A Better Idea?

Emily's POV:

What?

Did I hear him right? Was he really happy that he was my first kiss?

Really?

Like, really?!

I opened my mouth to ask him that question when he licked my lips quickly and plunged his tongue in my already open mouth with so much strength, it collided with mine with an intense passion that burned my insides making me wet.

I rubbed my thighs to reduce the tension when he ran his hands up and down my arms, his lips tasting my mouth like he was deprived of food and water for months. Not soon after, his hands caressed my throat and rubbed his fingers over his deep bite, making me wince with both pain and pleasure.

His tongue reached deep caverns of my mouth, clashing against mine, saliva mixing with saliva, cinnamon breath mingling with chocolaty one and his hands roamed dangerously closer to my chest, just wandering near the cleavage before he put his hands fully over my left heaving breast just as he broke the kiss, thick streak of saliva separating our flushed panting faces, his teeth visible from his open mouth gasping for air.

Suddenly, I became aware of where his hands were lying so promptly, I attempted to remove them in an impulse only to have his weight crushing me again, his hot mouth on mine once again, his tongue seeking mine when he bit down on my lower lip rather strongly making little blood ooze out from it.

I moaned loudly as his slick tongue snaked out to lick over my wound, so slowly and gently before pushing it's way again deep into my mouth. He pressed his hands on my covered breasts lightly as if testing waters, before cupping them under his palm, still not able to cup them all due to my enormous size.

His hand started to massage my left mound gently, my moan muffled with his mouth and tongue when he circled his finger around one hardened nipple, pinching it lightly and then forcing his pressure, now pinching them hard. I squirmed under his touch, wailing my legs and thigh around frantically like a bird, getting us entangled in a heavy mess.

He broke the kiss with a soft 'pop', letting me breathe for a second before delving his tongue again into my already swollen lips. His other hand crawled down my cheek and neck and shoulder to cup my other breast, this time pressing his palms over them harder before massaging them like the other.

He pinched both of the hardened peaks ruthlessly and brutally while thrusting his tongue in and out of my mouth continuously, slight drool of saliva slid down my left cheek. My lips were coated with slight blood, his own lips swollen as I never in this past hour refrained myself from kissing him hard and soft like he did to me.

I gripped the bed sheet tightly in my hands, fingers clutching it for dear life as he licked my cheek long up-to my ear only to slowly nibble on my earlobe.

"I am sorry for biting you hard! I didn't mean to-"

I toppled him over, both of us rolling on the sheets before settling on a position with me straddling him, lying proudly on top of him.

"Lily-"

This time, I didn't let him complete his never-ending conversation. My mouth found his shocked face and lips fully and quickly, kissing him hard and sensual, darting my tongue out to lick his lips. He opened his mouth, lifting his tongue out to meet mine when I decided to play a little game of revenge and frustration I was used to surviving for twenty years being with him as his best friend and craving for him and his love from a distance.

Breaking our heated kiss much to his disgrunt and disapproval, I trailed hot open mouthed kisses down his throat, slightly nipping on his pulse. I wanted to use my teeth so desperately to mark him as my own but our little beautiful Lara wouldn't appreciate it though I would have loved to see her face when Edward would tell her how I gave him a hickey on our innocent game of pretending as real husband and wife.

I licked the side of his face, revelling in that marvellous feeling of finally having him in my arms and doing all of it I always wanted to do with him. He shifted fast to kiss me when I dodged his face and ran my fingers tentatively down his chest hearing him growl and breathing heavily. I fumbled nervously to open the buttons of his shirt while kissing his throat when I ended up breaking front buttons, hearing him growl loudly this time.

I ran my nervous shaking hands over his tough hard chest, embellished with chocolaty abs and strong muscles, assuring my longing eyes that indeed, I was touching the object of my affections and love of my life and he doesn't exist in my dreams only but he is very much alive and real in my arms, reveling and responding to my touch sweetly and so much addicting for my body that I was

sure I wasn't going to forget his face, his nose, his eyes, his mouth and most importantly his smile even if somebody threatened to kill me or banish my existence.

The corner of my eyes pricked with bitterness, moisture pooling in my orbs, threatening to fall anytime and for a moment I was scared that my own tears would spill my soft secret and love for him which my own tongue never dared to even mention, too afraid to put my twenty years of friendship with him at huge stake.

In a haste, I ducked my head forward, my arms encircling his waist tightly to put my head on his open shirt, over his heaving chest, ensuring no moisture seeping from my eyes would ever reach his sweet heart. Because I knew that might break my little dream which is seeming so real to me now, with me lying so carefree in his arms.

I rubbed the side of my face and tears over his slight wet shirt, feelings his arms crawling on my side to pull me closer to his heart. We stayed like that for what seemed like an eternity, hearing each other's soft breathing and I was sure he must have felt rapid breathing of my heart before he spoke in a thin comfortable silence hanging around us.

"Are you tired, Emi?"

I stayed still, trying to prepare my answer, still not sure whether my face was deprived of tears or not. I wasn't ready to take any risk related to my feelings when I felt him grab my waist roughly to pull me to his side and lying quickly on top of me.

Immediately, I turned my head to another side to stop him from seeing my face when I felt his hot lips grazing my neck, his nose pressing my throat tickling my senses.

Was it all still a game for him? Did he never feel anything for me? Not even what a boy feels for a girl, what a male feels for a female?

Attraction, at least?

Was I the only one seeing him in a better light, always considering his good habits?

Was I the only one who craved for his touch, wanted him to want me as I wanted him?

Did he, even in his mistake or crazy wildest dreams, never imagined having a future with me...or anything more?

"Are you? He asked again, his hands touching my cheek gently, caressing them before nipping on my neck, eliciting a wild moan from me.

I shook my head without thinking and in a minute, he turned my head to capture my lower lip and then devouring both of them, his tongue once again joining our battle. Throaty moans and groans escaped our lips, both of us unwilling to leave first as our saliva and breaths mingled shamelessly.

All my doubts and indefinite deductions left the window when he ran his hands along my thighs, gripping my dress and lifting my dress up-to my stomach. I eeped in shock and embarrassment, now conscious of the fact that he can see my panties too clearly for my comfort.

I squirmed beneath him, wiggling under his grip when his fingers skimmed over my stomach, circling my navel, and caressing my skin. I rubbed my thighs lifting my leg, all ready to kick him to remind him I wasn't habitual to such physical contacts when his finger trailed over my stomach and went under my dress too boldly. He broke the kiss, his hand still under my dress, making me strangely warm and wet.

"I am not seeing anything, see? I'm lying here, on your eye level, not going down!"

His words brought steam to my ears, my cheeks as red as a tomato now.

So much for a gentleman!

As if sensing my discomfort, he reluctantly pulled out his hand out of my dress, his fingers brushing over my stomach once more making me close my eyes in anticipation.

The next moment, he was on me again, kissing me and the following next, his hands were roaming up and down my body making me produce disgraceful animalistic sounds I always disapproved of when I watched porn with him. His hands tugged at the corner of my panties, brushing against my thighs before he went down to my absolute horror.

My eyes widened in shock and my mouth opened in ecstasy and a low moan to feel him running his tongue along my exposed legs, again using his teeth as if he was habitual of biting every other woman he would make out with, when he nipped at my birthmark, on the side of my thighs, too embarrassing to even show it to anyone, the same reason I never told about it to Edward. The way he was biting my legs made me very sure that he was a leg person.

Hah! Who knew that Edward was a leg person? I always heard from Lara that he was a breast person, always loved to play with hers though I remember very clearly that I slapped her too hard across her beautiful face for being too shameless as to tell me about her sex life involving my own best friend!

In my mind of course!

“You have the most beautiful birthmark!" I heard him saying it to me in the sweetest voice possible while still nipping and licking my birthmark, his teeth digging slightly into my flesh.

"Don't stare!" I yelled to him, feeling too embarrassed to see that he was lifting my leg and maybe, he was able to see more than I ever thought I could ever show to him.

Chuckling heartily, he crawled over my body once more to kiss me, this kiss making me feel something else. It was sweet and sensual and not like any needy and demanding ones with tongue we shared previously. He kissed me slowly and gently, his thumbs running along my cheek tentatively as if he was afraid I was his favourite piece of art and he might break it if he went too rough with it.

But I knew better!

Neither was I his favourite piece of art nor I can ever trigger him to treasure me as his life depended on me!

That kiss left me wanting more, my closed eyes once again tickling with moisture, ready to fall anytime. I tried to stop them, but this time, a lone tear trickled down my cheek, without my will seeped into the fabrics of the sheets beneath me while his lips continued to kiss me heavenly.

A distinct knock was heard from the side of our bedroom behind my lazy unconscious mind when I heard the familiar voice of our most unexpected intruder.

"Edward and Emily dear,wake up! It's already 6 in the morning. I brought you two breakfast since you two might be tired from your outing last night!"

What? 6 am?

Shoot! We made out for like... 4 hours?!

In an instant, I was splattered with a cold breeze and Edward fumbled away from the top of me, his eyes as wide as saucers, looking at me like he had just woken up from sleep to see his nightmare getting real, his eyes widening inch by inch.

First, he saw himself and then stared at me and then again at himself, gripping his head in frustration before running to collect his coat and tie, and ran frantically outside the room, leaving our sweet maid Miranda puzzled as ever for eternity.

---

*angrily banging over the walls*

# Chapter 32 - Reasons We Are Far Apart

Emily's POV:

I woke up abruptly to the harsh tango dancing of my ridiculous alarm clock that is a shame to human habit of sleeping soundly when tired as hell. Stretching my abnormal female arms and legs, I toppled down the bed like a kangaroo to rush into the washroom for my urgent blast of the bladder which actually had no shame and manners for being the bladder of a female all this time!

I was brushing my teeth, more like scrubbing them with a dog soap when I looked at the prominent red and blue bruise normal people naturally preferred to call a 'hickey' at the crook of my neck in my reflection in the mirror. Immediately, I turned around, my cheeks flaming red to remember events of that night, those unforgettable moments in the life of a female, who spends her first that night with her husband.

That husband whom she loved with all her heart!

And that husband who had crawled in his hiding too ashamed to even come and face her after he showed her passion and love all night!

Why don't I drop my career as a doctor and start trying it, in being a drama queen?

Running down fast, I busied myself in making food and snacks, my hands actually paining from waking up all night and getting only an hour of sleep.

"Emily, dear. You're up so early. Why are you stressing yourself so much? I'm sure Edward will be fine. He's just busy in his office work dear. A young man like him needs to put his skills in managing his company, so don't worry much!"

Well. I was worried but not for him.

Packing all the stuff in a container, I rushed upwards to dress in something visual and wearable.

Gulping down one large glass of water and popping some grapes into my mouth as a light breakfast, I grabbed my purse and opened the door of my car hurriedly. I made sure to cover my neck to avoid any embarrassment and absurd notions, wearing large baggy pants to hide any signs of biting and raw passion which still persisted even after all these days.

I looked at the road, my fingers shaking from the fear of driving after a long time when I wasn't even good at driving in the first place. Nevertheless, I took a deep long breath to calm my raging nerves.

Thinking all is well that ends well!

Wait, where the hell does this quote come from? Because my ending was as poor and sad as the ending of the Titanic which never got its happiness in spite of its lovers being hopelessly in love with each other.

It'd been four days and Edward still hadn't come home. Normally, I would've barged into his office or wherever he is to pull him by his ears and scold him for making me worry over him so much.

But now the circumstances were different. Really different.

We crossed that imaginary line which always existed proudly between us, too proud and determined to budge even an inch no matter what happened in our twenty years of friendship, and which disappeared so urgently and hurriedly the moment Edward touched me and my soul, showering me with his kisses and passion.

Sometimes I wonder if I really had any type of control in myself. Was I a complete fool when I considered myself experienced in controlling myself or my feelings?

No. That control was never there. It has always been my delusion and my wild illogical theories to convince myself. The reason I stayed in my place, seeing him happy with someone else and not making any move though how much I wanted him to notice and love me as he did to Lara, was because he never took any step towards me that way.

Time moved for both of us and though I was happy, as his friend, in his happiness in somebody else, at the same time, I couldn't help but wonder that maybe... that maybe really I had been wrong all along in loving him. Maybe I hadn't loved him better.

Maybe I was not such a good match for him, the one whom he imagined his bright future with or the one he wished to link arms with and walk in front of the world with a proud smile on his beautiful face.

Maybe he's too ashamed of me to even tell it to me that he can't be friends with me anymore!

But if he would just tell me I am plain, abnormal, stubborn or an irritating tomboy, too simple for a big, rich and successful person like him, I would understand for sure. I swear I would leave him the day he tells me to. Though it may be hard for me to do it instantly I would try to leave him.

Maybe forever. If my heart possesses some magic ability to forget him like some bad past, then, of course, I am all ready!

Or maybe if he becomes too rude with me and hits me with a hockey stick or something, then I can always leave him!

I just needed some reason to leave him, one logical reason which had nothing to do with my emotional being and which would convince my heart to leave him behind.

If him loving someone else and that too being his first love, not to mention me witnessing his loving smooches with her was not a solid and convincing reason for me to leave him behind, then I was afraid I would never be able to do it.

Because I was afraid I had come too far in my unrequited love for him, too far that I couldn't even go back and too far that I was scared if I moved an inch without him in my life, I would be doing wrong to both of us!

Doing wrong to our persistent friendship which is the only thing holding us together!

But who was I even convincing? Huh? My heart?

Well. Maybe I don't deserve him. Or his love.

I never doubted myself or my family status before in judging my relationships with anyone, especially males, but now that I was thinking it now, I couldn't help but wonder that we two lived in a separate world.

Totally different worlds!

Though we lived together, joked and laughed together, ate and smiled together, cried and snorted together, fell and rose together, these factors could never change the fact that I never belonged to his world.

His world. Which consisted solely and purely of luxury, richness, prosperity and wealth. He interacted with people I heard names of or had seen them on my television which was outdated compared to his shining LEDs a long time ago.

He ate food comprising of various delicacies and best culinary around the world where I could get happy only by watching videos of them on my phone. His world was like a fairy tale every girl dreams to live in and when the lucky girl like me had gotten a chance to delve into it, I couldn't help but feel the urge to run away.

Run away fast and hard. From him and everything that had to do with him in my life!

Sometimes I also felt I never should've met him. Then, I would've married happily to some guy who maybe would've loved me like a woman. Like his woman!

Pulling out my mind of some logical stuff for the first time, I concentrated on my driving if I really wanted to live through this day alive.

Parking the car safely and without causing an accident of others or myself, I reached the office of Jones multinational by standing in the lift for ten minutes, because it was on the fifty-first floor and I almost cursed the generations of that cruel grasshopper lady who dared to stop me from going to meet my Edward.

"I am sorry, ma'am but our sir is not ready to take any visitors for now!"

Our sir? Visitors?

Who the hell does she think she is?

I looked at her name tag. Hah!

"Miss Vermicelli, I'm not just any visitor if you must know-"

"It's Miss Vermion to you, Ma'am!" she added bitterly, calling me 'ma'am' as if she would choke me by my throat!

In normal circumstances, I would have run like a horse laughing hysterically for confusing her name with some noddles but still, humour needs timing and I didn't have time!

"Call your dear sir to tell him I'm here!" I barked, spreading my arms to point at myself proudly to remind her I am much worthy than her noodle-like name!

I really didn't want to use my name on her. I never liked showing off or making people stagger away from me just because I had the richest surname attached to my poor name!

The lady stared at me for some time before picking up her telephone and shouted "Security! Mad alert! Now!"

Woah! What?!

Frantically, I ran to her side, kicking the phone from her ears, which fell on the wooden polished floor with a loud crash before throwing my purse on the nearby sofa to pick all of that phone parts again and dusting it with my fingers.

"Here. Miss Vermicel-Vermion. Your phone." I slid her the half dangling modern piece of telephone to her side, and she flinched to the corner, cowering away in fear.

She trailed her hand down to the nearby desk, below my eye level, thinking I wouldn't be able to see her hands dialling another phone seated on it.

I tapped the cabin in annoyance.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you, miss!"

She stopped, her eyes showing surprise disguised with fear and shock.

I raised my hand in defence. "I'm not some terrorist so unless you have this certain urge to have your own personal phone split into two parts, I would advise you to let me in for God's sake! Let me in! I beg you. Let me in. Please!" I banged on her counter, loudly with my legs.

She dialled another company's phone again, looking at my banging legs all this time. "Sir, there is some mad lady asking... rather ungracefully to request your presence! Yes, sir! Sir? Yes. I tried telling her that you're not ready to receive just anyone." she glared at me before continuing "Yes, sir? Her name? Well-" she lowers the phone, "What's your name?"

"Emily Willows," I offered quickly only to hear the complete damn silence from the other side of the phone when she told him my name.

"Well, Sir? Are you there?"

No, he had suddenly started to run a marathon in the Himalayas, you idiot!

Grabbing the phone from her ears rather roughly, I shoved it over my ears.

"Edward! You're not gonna run away from me forever, you know better than that! Get your fucking ass home right now otherwise, I'm gonna burn your future with my own hands! You listen, you excuse of a man, I'm meeting you anyhow!"

Besides the fact that he was very much a man without being an excuse of it, I think I spoke better for his own good!

I waited for him to reply. That did come too fast.

But not in words.

Silence.

Well, I knew all types of silence!

I tapped my foot on the floor to stay patient.

Interesting silence.

I tapped my fingers on the cabin.

Planning silence.

I gritted my teeth soundly maybe to scare him on the phone.

Frustrating silence.

Okay. He isn't going to answer, that stony-faced cow jerk!

I hung up the phone myself, shoving the woman out of my way to his office who wasn't leaving my arm as if stopping me from murdering her dear sir!

Well. That's a pretty good idea except for this idea can wait for a little to come to the action!

I had to admit the woman was pretty loyal to her company but the poor dear couldn't even wail her legs when I dumped her on the sofa and tied her pretty slim hands and body with a table cloth which proved to be quite a tedious task.

"Muhhhh. Hhm"

"Yes yes. I would say hello to him for you!"

I opened the door to his office quickly, but not before shouting it to the tied woman my greatest achievement in life!

My marriage.

"By the way, it's Mrs Emily Jones to you, dear!'

I saw her eyes widening like the sky before I shut the office door on her face, ready to face the embarrassment and rejection of my life. But that was all worth my long-time friendship with him which turned my life to a whole different level!

# Chapter 33 - Your Name

Emily's POV:

The room was dark and quiet as usual as if long series of serial murders took there and I was its next victim, entering the dangerous area where my murderer was already waiting for me, with a shimmering sharp knife in his hands.

Stumbling slightly, I put my hands over switch and taking a deep breath, I pressed it firmly. Immediately, everything glowed, brightness reaching every corner of the room, it's light falling on each and every object of the room.

Modern devices and polished furniture lay sprawled on the floor just like the last time I visited, window glasses covered with grey-white curtains and black carpet showed all signs of luxurious odour one can get by visiting the office of the youngest surviving billionaire.

But I didn't come to drool over his wealth as there was nothing he owned which I didn't know of. Pleasant masculine cologne burst my senses and I was suddenly reminded of the reason I was there and now that I was thinking about it, I saw very well that the said reason wasn't anywhere to be found.

He wasn't here.

Why? Did he really think so low of me that he couldn't even face me after all that? Was our friendship always this vulnerable and pathetic, its threads dangling lose the whole time? Was I the only one who thought nothing could break our precious pious bond?

Did he regret touching me that much?

Kneeling down on the floor, I peeked under the table and sofa, banged my hands on the counter, knocked my fingers on the wall to make sure I didn't leave any place to find him.

But Emily, he wasn't a child anymore! Do you really think he would just hide under the table or sofa like a baby boy?!

But he did hide under the empty water tank the day he got in a fight with those boys who dared to call me a boring tomboy and bullied me. I clearly remember him hiding there to avoid his father who got a call from the school telling him that their son was becoming a thug, beating up those boys! We were fourteen then, oh sweet days they were!

My eyes searched for an imaginary water tank or anything he might have mistaken for the water tank to hide in! I heard a distinct shuffle on the corner of the room and a smile crawled up my lips instantly to see his reflection on the nearby glass.

Oh. So he's hiding in his library. Or more precisely, mine as of last year he gifted it to me as my birthday gift! As always, he couldn't fool me for long. Immediately, I rushed to the door and pulled the plate up, the alphabet keyboard popping in my view, to enter the password which I set for myself.

My password. The date of my first dance with Edward in my first prom when Lara wasn't his girlfriend

Indeed, I didn't get the chance to go with him in subsequent proms or parties 'cause Lara would always pester him to go with him which he would willingly comply to but still, first will always be first for me.

And I was glad I was his first dance as well. Though I couldn't say the same for his rest of the firsts which he gladly shared all with her.

The loud buzzer snapped me out of my thoughts and I realized I entered the wrong password. I tried again. Still wrong. Typed Again. Wrong for ten times now, going to all security mode.

I kicked the wall in frustration, slightly staggering back with the pain shooting through my covered toes.

How dare he! Really!

"EDWARD! How dare you! You changed my password? My password?! Wait! How did you even know about it? I thought I was very discrete about it?!"

No response.

"Edward? Are you under there?!"

I knocked on the wall, pressing my ears on the cold wall to listen to any movement he might make. But he made none of that.

I knocked loudly this time. "Edward, are you there or not? Tell me! At least tell me if you're okay or not?!"

Still no response, but I heard loud shuffle this time, heavy footsteps approaching my side and I assumed maybe he had also pressed his ears on the wall to listen to me.

But he said nothing though.

"Did you eat? Are you okay, Eddie? Have you eaten properly?! Hell, have you even slept at all?! Don't tell me you slept on this ugly looking couch, have you lost your mind staying out for this long when you can't eat anything except for homemade food?!"

I leaned further to hear him breathing from the other side of the wall and a wave of relief and happiness passed through my tired body.

"Eddie? Tell me you're okay? You are, right?! You didn't hit your head or something, did you? Don't tell me you broke your leg or face and are too embarrassed to show it to me! If that's the case, then I just want to tell you that besides breaking your leg and face twice again, I'll forgive you like yesterday!" I tried making mood lighter, trying to make him laugh or even respond but he was too adamant for a handsome man.

I was getting frustrated by each passing minute.

"Hey! Edward! Open the damn fucking door, you bloody son of cucumber right now, otherwise, I swear I'll really like really so much really that you won't be able to survive the reality, call the doorman right now to have my passcode changed right now! It's my last warning to you! Don't say I didn't warn you, mister?"

No response.

With each passing second of the minute of the hour of the day of the week of the month of the year, my basket was getting filled with his silent words of rejection by default which was hurting and drilling my weak heart much easily and painfully than any of the words of his first love!

Lara Williams.

I couldn't help but think that he was already regretting spending the perfect loving night of my life with him! It was as if he never cared enough to think how much I wanted him to do all that to me which he did anyway without even me asking him to do it.

Pressing my ears to the wall, I tried to listen to him again, anything related to him because of my heart and soul was dying to see him. It had been four days, zero four days for me. I wanted to touch him, check him if he was okay or not, if he ate or not, slept well or not but he didn't even care.

I slid down the wall slowly in desperation, leaning my back against the wall and closed my eyes. Heavy moisture pooled in my eyes, falling from the corner of my eyes and landing softly on the carpet. I wiped my nose from the back of my shirt, biting my lips to stifle a heavy sob to escape when my eyes fell on the big picture hanging proudly on the wall.

It was the photo of our first prom dance, where my mom tried to doll me up like a princess, and for the first time when I entered into the hall, the whole school gasped to see my absolute feminity on

view. Like any school girl in love, I waited for Edward to see me, imagining how he would compliment me like a prince, would hold my hand to pull me closer and we would dance all night.

Except for the whole night dancing part, Edward never even took a proper glance at me as if he had seen me wearing a prom dress a thousand times in his life. On the contrary, he offered me to wear something masculine and I remember we had a huge fight that night where he specifically told me he liked me more in my regular clothes than the ones which I was wearing.

And that day, I understood that he never saw me as a girl. Or as a woman. Maybe he was delusional. Maybe he didn't even know I was a girl all along.

But that night which we shared so passionately changed every wrong notion I had about him. He treated me like a girl, again making me think if he really always thought of me as a girl without caring to show me that every time.

"Eddie, is it... because of me? Is it... because of what we...did that night? Is it because....of our big mistake...you're not coming home?!" My lips trembled with sadness and tears as I asked him what I had been dreading to hear the answer of all the time!

Calling it a 'mistake' with my own lips made my heart shred to pieces, more moisture dripping from my eyes and wetting the carpet.

"If it's because of me then I want to tell you that the house I am living in doesn't actually belong to me. Lawfully, it does, but emotionally it doesn't. It's your house! Your home! So you can come home and do whatever you want." I shifted in my place, attempting to stand up. "But since it isn't mine, I'm leaving. I'll pack my bags right now and leave you to yourself. Then you won't need to feel uncomfortable and awkward with me anymore! I'm sorry!"

I paced slowly on the carpet, dragging my feet with utmost pain to have my friendship with him broken like this. Putting my hands on the doorknob, I turned it around.

"Lily! Wait! You can't! Never!"

Immediately, I rushed to his side, pressing my hands on the wall.

"Edward, are you okay? Alright? Tell me! Are you? Damn, open this fucking door right now, I want to see you so bad! Didn't you miss me? Not even a bit? You fucking-" I banged my legs on the door repeatedly.

"But I am seeing you already, Lily!"

What? How?

"The cameras around the office are connected to my phone. I saw you coming in and sitting and all, on my phone and I couldn't help but resist the urge to see you face to face all this time!"

"Then open the damn door then, will you!?!" I kicked the door hard, almost breaking it to half.

"I can't."

"Why can't you, you stubborn mushroom of a muddy road sprawled lazily on the highway! Open the freaking door! I wanna talk to you!"

"I am not ready to talk yet-"

"Then grow some balls and prepare yourself!"

"But Emi-"

I tried my wild card, saved for emergencies, which I just found about, that it even exists just a minute ago!

"Then goodbye, I am leaving. Forever!"

"No!! Lily-"

"Tell me the password fast!"

"But-"

"Password is the key to stop my indecent exist. Now, spill it out fast!"

"We can talk from here-"

"Give me the fucking password, Edward!"

He sighed loudly.

"Your name!" he yelled.

What? Really?

"What? You forgot my name in just... four days.. Wow-"

I heard him take a sharp intake of breath.

"Damn, Emily. Your name is my password!"

Oh... well, it was a big 'oh' for me…

I fumbled with the keyboard, typing it fast only to have it wrong every time I put it. I tried continuously, getting loud buzzer every time. My eyebrows furrowed in confusion.

Did I forget even my own name? Really? Last time I remember, it was the first thing which my mom helped me to write on my copy on my first day to kindergarten.

I typed yet again. Went wrong again.

"Edward! Don't fucking play with me or my patience! I'm gonna bury you alive once I get inside, you official rotten potato!"

What did I even think? That he would really save my name as his password?!

"What? It's the one I typed it. I remember it clearly. I have-" he started to say in confusion.

"Yes yes, you have the long term memory for a man. I know. Now tell me the real password!"

"What did you type in the keyboard?

Is he joking?

"My name of course, like you told me, sir!" I mimicked that noodle name lady's way of calling him 'Sirrrrr'.

"Tell me the exact letters, or words, will you!?

"Emily Willows!"

He was silent for so long time, I almost thought he ate a snake in breakfast and that creature decided to poison his stomach and mouth the exact time he was going to tell me his fucking password!

I typed Lara's name just in case he must have saved her name in his passcode but too lost in thought to remember it. It was wrong though.

I panicked.

"Oh my god Edward! You're locked, you're doomed for eternity. Oh dear, you're gonna turn old and ugly as a cat and die there all alone, your skeleton will be eaten by spiders and you aren't even fortunate-"

"Lily!"

"Tell me the damn passcode, will you?!

"Well... It's... Your name!"

"I typed it already and it's-"

"With my surname!" he hurriedly added in a high tone.

"What?!"

"Emi, my password is your name with my surname!"

I gawked at the wall for a minute, my cheeks flaming hot subconsciously, secretly liking the sound of my name with his surname before typing it proudly on the keyboard and the door clicked open with a low creak.

I smiled and pushed the wooden door open with full force, yet again having hyperventilation to face him again, my sweaty palms still gripping doorknob and my eyes widening a little to see him after a long time.

# Chapter 34 - Hurt And Comfort

Emily's POV:

"Edward-you horrible son of a rotten smelling fungal black slippery sticky onion crushed in a juicer machine, you-" I started to blabber frantically only to stop and stare at the man standing in front of me, still and erect, tired and sad, seeing him going through everything hard I was going through myself these past four days when I looked up to stare into his blue eyes I missed so much that instantly my own eyes welled up with tears. I wiped my nose again with the back of my shirt to stop myself from breaking out in front of him.

"Edward-you real beetle of-" I started yet again but my body betrayed my tongue and before I knew I shouldn't, I ran towards him and launched myself on him, opening my arms hugging him firmly, my fingers digging into his shirt and my eyes betraying my mind, flowing tears of sadness and reunion.

"Lily I-"

With the force I attacked him, he staggered back a bit, tumbling on the stray book before falling on his back over the bunch of other books on the floor, taking me with him. I lay still over him, my breathing ragged, heartbeat racing infinity, my arms still around him, holding him for dear life. Avoiding eye contact seemed best for me right now.

"You, rotten piece of crap- how dare of you to make me worried over you, I ought to just kill you right now-you bloody-" I kicked him on his knees, balancing my weight over him, still not looking at him.

"Lily, listen-"

"What should I listen to, you filthy rag-" I kicked him yet again, swinging my legs slowly though, as I was aware he looked weak. He let me kick him as much as I wanted to and when I was over it, I laid on top of him, breathing heavily.

It took me a moment to realise where and which position we were in, with me straddling him and him lying beneath me. Instantly, I lurched my weight up, too embarrassed to even look at him, my mind replaying every intimate and passionate moment we shared that night. I removed my arms from around his neck to stand up when I felt a pair of arms wrap around my waist to pull me closer and immediately, I fell again on his hard chest.

He pressed me closer to him, his hands trailed down my waist to my shoulder, pulling me slowly and he buried his face in my hairs.

"Edwar-"

"I missed you, Lily. I missed you so much!"

I was touched by his gentleness and his softness which he had been showing to me so often these days. I closed my eyes and hugged him back and we lay there for a while.

"You've lost weight, Emi!"

I opened my eyes to stare at his face, his eyes still closed and holding me. His face was so close to mine, I could make it's each and every features, his nose, his hair, his cheeks, his eyelashes, his plump lips and before I knew what I was doing, my hand was raised dangerously and my fingers trailed over his cheek before cupping his cheek completely.

Immediately, his eyes snapped open to look at me in shock and surprise. I retracted my hand quickly, my fingers forming into fists before putting them over his chest and stood up abruptly. He also was on his feet in a moment, extending his hand to catch my wrist but I took two steps back, staring at the floor.

"I need to go to the washroom! I'll be quick!"

I rushed quickly, my feet heavy in steps. Quickly locking the washroom's door, I slid down slowly on the floor covering my mouth to stifle a sob in a dark room. Tears flew down my cheek yet again, while I sobbed quietly to myself shaking my head for my own stupidity. I wanted to cry out loud, wanted to scream and kick something in frustration but Edward didn't know I used to cry like that.

He knew me as a strong person, one who never goes down and cries like a bird for getting her happiness stolen and he definitely would never have imagined me in this state, being all weak and vulnerable just because I was in love with him and he couldn't love me back.

He could love me back. I knew that. If I confessed to him right then and there, I knew he would stop seeing Lara, in fact, he would never see her again just to stop me from getting hurt more. He would leave her for real and would gladly lie to me that he loved me back all this time to save our longtime friendship.

He was that concerned about our friendship which means so much to him as it is for me!

But I couldn't have his life and happiness destroyed because of me and my stupid feelings that wouldn't leave me no matter how much I tried. He deserves more and I couldn't have his worth lowered to myself by confessing anything.

That was the biggest of the biggest reasons I never told him about my feelings.

Because I couldn't have him love me for fake! Just to save our friendship!

Wiping my tears, I stood up to turn off the lights of the washroom when I felt something fall on top of me. It felt human-like and I screamed at the top of my lungs, my hands shaking frantically from fear as the said thing entangled in my legs.

"Edward!"

I heard heavy footsteps approaching me.

"Lily! Are you okay? What happened? Did you slip? Should I come over!?"

My voice trembled.

"Edward, I think something fell on top of me!"

"What? How can something-"

"I don't know! It's digging... in my legs and... it's hard... and... bony... It feels like human though! Oh my god! Help me! It's a corpse! It's a dead rotten corpse!! It doesn't smell though! Edward! Get your fucking arse right here, I'm telling you-" I tried to remove the thing myself but instead it scared me more by poking on my left cheek.

I heard him chuckle from outside.

How could he laugh like that? Was he always a psychopath who loved to kill people for his madness and hid their corpse in his washroom! I read about these in recently published parts of 'Ten things you don't know about your friend!' and I remember checking Edward, Jake And Mia's stuff to confirm.

Did I miss something? I really think I should've opened his car and searched it thoroughly using my forensic spray. Maybe I would've found some rotten body parts then.

Was I his next victim, lying all weak on the floor, ready to meet my dark death in such unexpected circumstances?

I heard a key digging into keyhole before the washroom door opened with a creak.

It's a modern wooden door for god's sake Emily, it doesn't open with a creak! And Edward isn't a psychopath, you are! For thinking like this!

I slapped my inner self hard for defending Edward instead of taking my side!

"Lily! Are you okay?"

He turned the lights on and my eyes widened in surprise, embarrassment, humiliation and once again the embarrassment followed by shock.

"What the-" I frantically kicked the object from above me and it crashed loudly on the nearby wall, splitting into pieces... or more like bony parts.

Standing up instantly, I glared at Edward who was still smiling at me, trying not to laugh out hard.

"Why the hell do you have a human skeleton in your washroom!? Don't tell me you ate the meat and was going to throw the rest outside when you heard me coming in and locked you and your.." I looked at the skeleton." your human leftover in my library!"

He crossed hands in front of his chest in amusement, his muscles all flexing from his white shirt, a beautiful faint but tired smile playing on his lips.

"On the contrary, in my defence, I must tell you it was your birthday gift, though it doesn't look like one!"

I believed him though how much he sounded scary and stupid.

"You were going to gift me bones on my birthday?! Why is that? Did I upset you that much that you started comparing me to a dog!"

He saw through my facade, his lips curling upwards in a smile and for a moment I thought everything was okay between us once again.

"You're a doctor Lily so I thought you might need help with this thing! I hope you like your belated birthday gift!"

"I do. I like this human skeleton as my gift no matter how much people think I have joined armies with nomads and Bushmen and am next in line to be their leader!"

He chuckled and left me to do my chore while he said he would wait for me in his office. I washed my face, cleaning every corner of it, splashed some of the water inside my eyes and slapped my cheeks gently to alert myself up.

"Wake up Emily! You got to talk to him!" I nodded to myself in my reflection and went outside to see him sitting on a couch, staring at the lunchbox I prepared for him waking early in the morning and wrapped it too meticulously like a real housewife!

"It's your lunch if you must know! I'll lay it for you to eat! Wait there!"I opened the box and started to assemble everything I made on a large table in front of his couch.

"But you said, you wanted to talk!"

"Well, I do. I wanted to talk about your nutrition!"

I opened the salad box, sprinkled salt over it and tasted it to make sure it wasn't too salty. "Mm. It tastes right. Here! Eat it!" I slid down my handmade food in front of me while he stared at the food, then at me and back again at the food.

"But I thought you wanted to discuss what we did that-"

I raised my hand, waving at him.

"Nah. We have a lot of time at home to discuss all those stuff. First, you eat! I think I made this soup little spicy, will it be okay for you? Wait, where did I put sugar bottle? I'm sure I put it in this bag," I said and searched my bag again but didn't find it. "Oh man, it's a trouble, I needed to add this in curd otherwise this-"

"Emi, I'll eat everything you made for me. Now just give it to me!"

I nodded happily and he took his spoon to dig in the vegetable soup I had made for him but his eyes furrowed when he saw broccoli sprawled proudly over his favourite spaghetti and his not-so-favourite pie stuffed with spinach.

"I don't eat broccoli, Emi. You know that and what's with this pie? It's stuffed with grasses and-" he looked up at me and stopped speaking.

I glared at him my infamous glare of
Eat-It-Before-I-Stuff-It-In-Your-Body-From-Down-Your-Ass!

He gulped in disguised fear.

"In fact, I'll disclose you happily my little secret Emi, that I own a broccoli tree outside my farmhouse and recently I bought a beautiful spinach garden to quench my thirst of eating spinach! Man, I love these two vegetables!" he continued to eat all of them, without looking at me.

My biology ghost kicked me hard on my butt to tell him how stupidly he explained my botany but I killed and buried the ghost in his office, patting its imaginary grave with my shoes.

"It's for your health, Eddie! See how much you've grown weak. You didn't even attend any meeting, did you? That's why I was telling you all this time-"

I stopped blabbering hearing a faint sound of 'click' and my head snapped immediately to see him holding his phone in his hand, taking my picture.

"Hey, that's-"

"A face that is worried for me!" he showed me his phone, tilting it to my side before swiping to show another picture of me,"And a face which misses me so much!" he swiped another, "A face which cares for me so much"

I snatched his phone from his hand fast and opened his gallery to see a folder 'My Lily' filled with all types of faces I was capable of making. Immediately blush rose to my cheeks to see he indeed kept my photos in his phone and my chest swelled up in pride to see his phone wallpaper consisted of our picture at the beach on our honeymoon to Mauritius.

And not the one with Lara!

"When the hell did you take so much of my faces-" I looked up to see him looking down, playing with the spoon on his food.

I knew what he was thinking.

"Edwa-"

"But I hurt you!"

He looked up and I saw his eyes filled with regret, remorse and sadness.

The three expressions I never wanted him to have after he gave me the most amazing night of my life!

"But Edwar-"

"I hurt you so bad, Lily! I'm a villain who doesn't deserve someone like you as my best friend. I should be beaten up so badly-"

"Edward! Will you listen to me first?"

"No, Lily... don't take my side. I'm a loser who can't even protect you from me myself-"

"Listen to me, Eddie!"

"And all this time I was protecting you from all those men when a real beast was lurking in my body all along-"

"Edward!" I yelled at him.

"Look at me. Here! Look at my whole self! Do I look like you hurt me? Do I?! Am I that weak to you that you think I can't even protect myself if I want to? Do you think whatever happened between us two that night was only your fault?!"

"But Emi-"

"No. It wasn't your fault alone! It was my fault as well. But what could we do anyway? We were two people with the opposite sex, clinging to each other for our facade, touched each other to fool someone and before we realised what we were doing, things got out of our hands. So it isn't anyone's fault. I understand it pretty well!"

"But Lily I used you for my-"

"No. You didn't, Eddie! It was just the heat of the moment. Nothing else!"

"But you're my best friend and I can't have you under me for that stupid scientific term!"

"I don't know. Okay. I took it my way and my way doesn't involve any of us being at fault or anything we did as a mistake!"

I really didn't want to cry out loudly in front of him for the pain which was shooting right through my injured heart every time I called it 'fault' when it seemed so much real for me.

"But Lily, I hurt you and no fact or reason you state can stop me from hating it or forgiving myself for that! I'm gonna repeat it my whole life!"

I put my hand on his shoulder to calm him down.

"Edward, there is only one thing you can do to hurt me and you know what that is?!"

He looked up at me, his eyes red from all that emotions and for a moment I thought he would cry like a child in front of me.

"What is that?"

"By behaving like this. Like I never knew you from the beginning, like I never knew if you were a beast or a villain… Like I never knew you intended to hurt me or not. Like I never knew you cared for me or not!"

# Chapter 35 - Most Natural Thing To Do

Emily's Pov:

It was really hard for me to explain my well-being being to Edward who thought he almost raped me and he would never be able to show his face to me again and I had to smack him hard across his face for thinking such ridiculous thing.

We were strolling along his arena for guests which consisted of well built polished wooden rooms and floors. A large wide swimming pool filled with clean water lay in the centre , with chairs, tables and waiters and waitress waiting to attend the guests. This area was frequently used by him to attend his VIP clients and if they needed to stay, they could as well stay there where they are most welcomed.

"Wow! It's so beautiful since the last time I visited it! See here, roses and lilies? Really? Last time they weren't here! Did Lara ask you to plant them? I should thank her someday!"

I roamed the whole garden, plucking flowers and leaves to play with them while waitresses came behind me to clean the mess I created. I didn't like how they were cleaning after me so I left the plants and flowers before joining Edward in his stroll who was staring at me, without blinking and I could decipher a playful smile of amusememt on his face.

It was actually good how quickly everything would sort out between us as if it never happened in the first place. But still, I coudnt help but watch out for his face and his expressions which would frown and fall back into sadness everytime he would laugh with me or smile at my jokes.

"So, how is Lara? Did you two make up?!"

He was surprised by my question, the way he stopped walking to look at me.

"Well. I don't know. I didn't contact her, neither did she. I think she is angry for real this time!"

I made a face. Face twitched in fake horror.

"Then you should've contacted her you idiot! She's your girlfriend not some client whom you would call only if you wish!"

He scratched his head in nervousness.

"Err. I kinda forgotten about her. I was so busy thinking about other things!" He glanced at me, his cheeks turning slight pink before he continued to walk forward, explaning to me the recent structure of his arena.

"The design of this fountain looks cool! Isn't it designed in the way that I asked you to? Wow. You actually listened to me for the first time! I told you this quality of stone and rock would look good in it?"

"But if you'll go on other side, you'll see my advice about using white stones instead of black ones is carved beautifully over them and I must say, I have best brains for a man!"

It was so typical of him to praise himself. As if he really didn't know that he indeed had a best brains for a living human male!

"I think I would just take one picture! Wait. My phone. Where is it?" I snaked my hand in my purse to search for it while Edward went on the other side of fountain to look at the stone carefully. In my haste, something fell off my purse beside the swimming pool and my eyes widened in surprise to see what it was.

A chocolate!

Immediately, blush rose to my already flushed cheeks when some ceratin hot flashbacks clouded my dirty mind the last time I ate chocolate where Edward took his time taking care of me!

"Hey! What are you doing!? Stay there! I'll show you something! Wait!" I heard him shout out at me.

No!

My lazy feet ran towards the swimming pool, running for my dear life when the pool was just steps away and I kneeled and sat over my dear little chocolate, beside the pool , throwing my feet quickly into water and in the a haste, I splattered some of water over myself. I removed the scarf quickly which was soaked in water and put it in my lap, and huffed wildly while opening my mouth to inhale air. Sitting on a chocolate actually seemed so.. soft.. silky... hard.

RIP my dear chocolate! You shall be remembered for eternity by me and my generations!

If I ever happen to have one!

When he came beside me, I was humming casually, playing with water.

"Why the hell did you run Emi? And why are you sitting beside pool!?"

"Well. I just wanted to get some cold water in my veins. See, it's so clean, peaceful, pearl like and so real!"

And the chocolate feels mushy now, by the way! I shifted uncomfortably in my position when he came to sit beside me, pouring his legs in water after rolling up his pants a little. He looked at me and then at my covered legs in water before putting his hands under water to grip my legs.

"What th-"

"Wait, you didn't roll up your pants! You would catch cold this way! Sit still!"

"But-"

He already had rolled up my pants upwards by the time I had planned to shout at him and immediately I put my hands over his and pushed them down making my pants cover my legs again.

There was so much I didn't want him to see in my body. The remnants of his raw passion and lust still crawled around each and every corner of my body wherever he touched and worshipped me that night.

He looked at me in mild shock.

"I told you,lily you would get cold if you don't-"

I raised my hand, waving at him casually.

"I don't care. It's summer and I would love to do skinny dipping!"

I bit my lips in embarrasment to hear myself speaking such things while his eyes widened a inch to blink at me once, twice and then thrice.

I giggled nervosuly.

"Well. Well. Did I say skinny dipping? I definitely meant to say ...ermm....

sunny dipping! Yeah.. Sunny dipping it is! See the sun in the sky! So bright", As If planning a revenge on me, cluster of grey clouds surrounded the sun and I looked at Edward to explain again.

"I didn't mean it that way, literally Eddie. You know me! I don't do such things! Hell! I never even went to wild parties who encouraged teens to do all that! Really? Have you ever imagined me doing skinny dipping! Without all those clothes! Teens these days-"

I cursed my mouth as soon as I saw all the colour drained out from his face, his mouth opened in awe to stare at me and dark red blush crawling sweetly on his handsome face.

I coughed slowly. Well.

"My my. I took all your time! Why don't you go and take some meetings, it doesn't do very well for your company!?"

He doesn't budge from his place a inch while I continued to stare at the building ahead of me, suddenly very interested in learning about it's structure. In between, I felt hotness in my face, the reason he turned his head to look up at my face and for a moment, I was confused thinking if he was trying to catch a glance at me.

No, Of course not! Why would he suddenly be interested in looking at my horrible distorted potato like face!?

"Would you look at that window its-"

"Does it hurt much!?" I heard him asking, his deep masucline voice dripping with concern.

I turned my head to look at him in confusion.

"I meant that!" he said, pointing at my neck, and I followed his gaze only to look down at water in shame and embarrassment to see him pointing casually at his own hickey and bite marks.

Well we can't call it a love bite, now can we!?

I adjusted uncomfortably in my position, not daring to look at him feeling very clearly mushy chocolate caressing my butt now.

"Emm. It doesn't actually. I am a strong woman Edward. You know me-"

"But still it looks..painful" he said cutting me off, his hands reaching my neck to trail over my mark and I winced in pain and the effect of his touch.

"I'm so sorry Emi. I didn't mean to do all that. I never meant to hurt you! Really!"

Yeah? You did hurt me but not by doing all that but by saying everything we did that night or everything you did to me, it meant nothing to you! You didn't mean to do all that!

I saw him holding his head in frustration and sadness.

"I didn't know what came to me! Really! At that moment, I just felt that touching you that way was the most natural thing to do in the world! And I... felt...like... I... just... felt.... like marking you... as my own!"

Before I could even react or reply, he stood up abruptly saying he would bring me some ointment to apply and I sat there, his words, his dangerous syllables seeping into my heart and and brain and producing butteriflies in my stomach.

I stood up eventually and put in the dead chocolate in my bag, dusting my pants and strolling again.

Ten minutes later, I was sitting in his office again, looking into all the magazines sprawled on his table and taking sip of green tea.

"Here. This might help you ease your pain. I brought a fresh pack!"

I stood up and extended my hand to take the ointment when I felt him not letting go of the medicine.

"Let me apply it! Come here!"

"Edward I can apply-"

He took one step forward and without thinking I took three steps back only to wonder why in the name of everything good would I do such a thing!!

I suppose I was able to convince my mind about his actions and how he didn't mean to all that to me in real sense.

But my poor heart felt betrayed. Cheated. When he was never mine to begin with. I felt used like a thing and being thrown away like a trash!

This was new for me. No matter what I had to do for Edward, I never felt used or manipulated. But now I feel completely violated!

And it scared me more than anything else. When my heart hated it so much but my brain was the one to convince it.

I didn't want to hate Edward. I never did. But if things keep going this way, then I think I might start doing It before I realize its too late.

"Emi. What happened? Why are you going... away form me?"

I shook my head and calmed my screaming heart.

He didn't do it on purpose,Emily!

He didn't. He cares for you so much!

But now he just seems like a hypocrite to me, my heart said bitterly.

I felt strong hand covering my wrist, pulling me forward.

"I am Okay Eddie! It's Just that-"

"Do you hate me touching you that much?"

No. I don't! But I must say, you do it for sure!

"No Edward it isn't-"

A loud beep was heard before a high pitched voice invaded our fueled futile argument.

"Mr Jones, a visitor is coming to meet you! She says she's your Friend!"

He loosened his grip on my wrist to look at the office phone.

"Who is it!?"

"Sir, she says she is Lara Williams. Your friend!"

I felt him drop my hand in haste...

# Chapter 36 - Unexpected Encounters

Emily's Pov:

Edward took huge steps away from me, first staring at me, then at the door and back again to stare at me.

I laughed nervously.

"Well well! I think I may need to squeeze up my bladder again! I must tell you I kinda felt asleep in bathtub today so water seeped into my hard fat skin, and it's tickling my kidney now! Anyway off to washroom!"

I retreated hurriedly, not meeting his eyes which were boring into mine in a cold fashion.

Closing the washroom's door, I rested my head against it to calm my racing heart.

What would Lara say? Would she know I am here?

What would Edward say for not contacting her all this time? Would she be mad?

Would he really go as far as telling her what we did accidently that night, to save his relationship with her!?

I pressed my ears on the door to listen to the conversation which didn't seem much hard as washroom was just steps away from his office. Opening door a little, I saw her beautiful angry face glaring daggers at his own handsome one, both of them standing at one place, none of them daring to move an inch, clouds of tension and pressure surrounding them.

"Why didn't you call me!?"

Putting my hand on doorknob, I opened the door slightly more to listen to her clearly.

Edward didn't respond to her.

"Edward, I fucking asked you the question!?

"What the fuck do you want me to answer Lara!? I had work to do. I'm a busy man and this company needs time, stacks of money is not the only thing holding this huge thing up all this time!"

Lara furrowed her eyebrows and her eyes flared in anger.

"I'm your girlfriend Edward! You ought to have time for me, if not for anyone else!"

"You were the one who fought with me for the stupidiest and ridiculous thing I have ever heard! So what would I have done? I didn't feel like responding to any of your foolish speculations!"

"Foolish speculations?! That's not some guess or my fucking imagination, Edward! I see very well about that girl swooning over you when you clearly are so oblivious to it!"

"Emily is my best friend! You already accepted that five years ago! You didn't seem to have any problem about it that time, then why fucking now!?"

"She clearly is smitten with you! She's in love with you! Open your damn button eyes to see it before she destroys all of you! I can't stand to see my boyfriend getting snatched by some poor country girl who wears shirts and pants and walks on ground as if world bows to her-"

"Lara!!"

Edward raised his hand to stop her, his eyes turning a shade darker.

"No. Edward! You don't understand! She's a cheapstake who's using you for her materialistic desire-"

"She never asked me for anything, Lara! Not even a penny-"

"Yeah? Because she's playing a role model of Mother Teresa! Always wearing the hat of goody-two shoes and luring people with her disguise of kind-hearted and benevolent shit-"

I covered my mouth to stop myself from gasping loud, tears pooling in my sad eyes. I never knew Lara hated me that much, otherwise I would never have agreed to marry Edward in the first place just seeing how much she is hurt by me.

"Lara!! You're crossing limits here! I can't tolerate a single bad word about her! She's my friend way before you were my girlfriend!"

Lara clapped her hands in a pure sarcasm, taking one step, clapping again only to walk fully towards Edward, this time clapping in pure hatred in front of Edward's face who himself was as angry as her.

"See, dear, you never cared enough to think worthy of me! It was always her! From the start and now, when it seems it's all ending, it's her again!"

"Lara, you've got it all wrong-"

"No! What did I even get wrong Edward!? That you think of her just as a friend? Yeah? Is it the case? Then what explanation would you give-"

"She's my friend-"

"Just let me complete, will you! Now where is your-" she started to search for something around the room, her hands ransacking fast and she bend under the table ,disppearing slightly from my sight only to appear again after a minute, her slim hands holding something familiar.

Edward's phone.

"This" she showed the phone to him.

"It's my phon-"

She started to do something on the device, her eyes growing cold each second of the passing time.

"Now, Mr Jones? What type of explanation would you like to offer me for all of this evidence which your phone spilled so easily!?

She flipped the screen to show him his gallery which consisted of my photos.

Oh no!

"Lara that's-"

"Don't you Lara me, Edward! Tell me why do you keep photos of Emily more than you keep photos of me, us or anything we do together!"

"Its-"

"No! I want the reason why your phone's wallpaper has photo of you two enjoying together in Mauritius when I was also there with you!"

Edward didn't say anything.

"I'm supposed to be your girlfriend, Edward! And you're supposed to be keeping my photos, our photos, in your phone, laptop or whatever! You cut me out of your life so easily forgetting each and every moment we shared in those five years! It's horrible!"

Tears flew down her pretty face, her black mascara flodding her features.

"Lara listen, I didn't cut you out! It's just that I want to give Emily same time and respect as I give to you-"

"Respect!? Edward? Really? You want to give me respect while keeping a separate folder of pictures for your LILY and keeping this office lodged with photos of her, you, and your little cute childhood wity her when I am officially your girlfriend!"

"I can't believe you're fighting with me just because I don't keep enough graphics of you, or us?! I didn't know you were so petty, Lara! "

"Petty!? Do you even know what a girlfriend is!? Do you even know how to treat your girlfriend? No, you don't?!? Cause you're always lilying around, aren't you!? Girlfriends aren't just for satisfying your desires,Edward!? Girlfriends aren't just for banging your d*** into their fucking wet holes!"

I covered my mouth yet again to stop a loud gasp.

"Did you even love me! Do you even love me!?

Edward looked at Lara with softness in his eyes, his hands grabbing hers almost immediately to cover them with his completely.

"Do you!?" Her eyes were pleading him to answer, some tears flowing from the corner.

"I do. Lara. I do. A lot but-"

"Then why is there a huge "but" everytime? Why don't you ever say "I love you" to me? You proposed me saying you liked me but you never said you loved me! Never! I'm still waiting for the day when you would say me those three words I want to hear so badly!"

What! Edward didn't say he loved Lara! Woah! Really! Why!

But he always said to me that he loved Lara? Isn't she the reason we're keeping this fake marriage? What the hell is going on!?

"No. Its not that-"

"I know what that is-"

"Lara, you're thinking wrong again. We're just friends-"

"No! It's always been her, it was never me to begin with!"

"Lara-"

"It's always been that fucking bitch! That fucking whore who would take you-"

"Lara!!! Mind your fucking language!"

Edward slammed his balled fists loudly on the glass table, a faint sound of crack reverberating in the room and I wiped my face frantically with my shirt to stop stupid tears falling so miserably from my eyes.

I trusted her so much! I liked her for God's sake!

It hurts so much to see everyone hating you around in the universe!

"Why should I-"

"Get out!" Edward yelled in frustration.

"Edward, you're asking me-"

"Yes, I'm asking you to get out! Now get out!"

"But you-"

"Are you getting out on your own or should I dare to call the security!?!"

"You aren't doing any good-"

"Get out and never show your face to me again!"

Lara glared at him, her eyes red and glistening with unshed tears.

"Fine! I'm going for now but you better-"

"Get Out forever!!

They glared at each other for a long time, both heaving and tired from shouting and yelling all this time.

She gritted her teeth, before collecting her purse and phone and stomped angrily on the floor to outside, not forgetting to shut the door rather strongly and loudly which resonated the window shutters.

As soon as she left, Edward closed his eyes, shook his head to take a deep breath, his face showing that of a desperation and misery.

He was regretting his conversation with Lara!

He really loves her! Then why is he doing all that!? Why?

I saw him coming towards my door and I locked it silently, snaked my fingers into my pockets to pull out earphones and plugged them in my ears fastly and fumbled with the magazines in washroom to read one.

I heard a loud knock and opened the door, inserting pin of earphones to my phone and searching for any song in haste but I missed pressing click over it.

"Yes?" I said, pretending to dance lightly on the silent mute earphones.

"What are you still doing there!? Constipation!?"

"No no. I was just getting out when I heard this new song came out recently and so I listened to it and.... and... now... I can't stop listening to it?"

"Oh! Then come out when you're-"

"On the contrary, Miranda called five minutes ago to inform me I had to attend a meeting from my hospital which I am joining in and it's important, really important so I must be going now! Bye!" I ran towards the library.

"Lily wait-"

Dragging the huge pile consisting of series of "Mary killed Who!?" and "Lucifer, A serial killer!" books, I yelled to him, grabbing doorknob.

"I hope you don't mind me taking all this and", I picked up some flowers from his desk " these too and", fastly, I grabbed some more books "and these too"

I mouthed "Bye" once again to him before opening the door hurriedly and running outside only to come back again.

"Hey!! And I would like it very much if you could set Miss Vermicelli free! I tied her mouth and legs.. accidently! Hope you don't mind! And call someone to clean the food mess on your table!"

Throwing books and flowers in my car, I grabbed the car door and pushed it open. Hopping inside, I put my head on steering wheel to catch in the breath I was holding all this time.

My phone rang and it was Edward.

"Hey, Lily! You forgot your purse! There is your hospital card in here! Should-"

"No! I don't need it. They just... ..want me to visit the patients and staff before I join! Nothing special!"

"Nothing special!" I repeated again to assure him. "Come Home early okay! I'll be waiting! I'm driving. So Bye!"

I started the car, pulled the gear and went straight to home.

Without causing an accident.

---

It was already past eight and Edward hadn't come home yet. Though he called me five times to assure me he was busy in a meeting but I couldn't help but get anxious if he might have changed his mind to come home and live with me after we did all that!

I saw too clearly everything they talked and most of all, I saw a crystal clear affection and love in the eyes of Lara for Edward. Her tears and words were pure and they depicted the bitter truth.

I knew she's just jealous but aren't we all jealous for something which is our mine and someone else is trying to take it away from us!? Doesn't it mean she loves him so much?

My phone beeped an alert and I realized too late that I had dialed Lara's number unconsciously.

"Hello? Hello? Emily? Is that you!?

Atleast she had my number saved! Thank god!

Clearing my throat faintly, I picked up the phone.

"Hello. Lara! How are you!?"

"Why did you call!?" She almost yelled.

Woahhh! She is angry, all credit goes to me!

"Well, can we meet somewhere?" Words rolled out of my mouth before I could stop myself.

"Why do you want to meet me after all-"

"I want to tell you something. So, can we!?"

"I don't wa-"

"It's related to you! So?!" I tried again.

I heard her sigh loudly. "Fine. We ca-"

"That's perfect. Meet you tomorrow at 5 pm!"

"Hey-" I hung up fast, throwing my phone on the carpet and cursed myself for my own stupidity.

Nevertheless, no matter how I think about it, it sounds pretty good idea to me to meet her face to face!

It would be better to molify and sort out her misunderstanding together!

Though it wasn't actually a misunderstanding! It was a better understanding on her part, I suppose!

As I bend to pick my phone from the carpet, I heard shutter of windows and a very faint slide of the glass. Immediately I gripped the nearby glass vase in my fingers firmly, holding it with my both hands and advanced slowly and silently towards the bedroom window.

I saw a black figure lurking in the dark, black hoodie hiding it's face. I attempted to switch on the lights of the room when someone grabbed my arm and I kicked them on the legs in reflex. I heard a loud groan and

a soft wince. I threw the vase on its direction which collided respectfully with the wall and broke into pieces.

My hands balled in fists, punching it's face and the figure swinged it's legs to kick in my stomach.

We both rolled on the floor in opposite sides. Abruptly I stood up to see the figure kneeling on the floor, with its back at me. I ran forward to kick it again when it turned to my side and my eyes widened to see it was a girl.

A girl with a long scarlett hair.

She stood up, cracking her neck to the side, and flexed her fingers before stretching her spine. Her face was still covered with her hair and a black hoodie and I moved to turn on the lights.

Brightness clouded the room and my eyes widened like saucers used to feed elephant, to see who it was.

"Your kick still hurts too much, Emily!?",she said, wiping the little blood from the corner of her lips before tugging at her hoodie which fell on her shoulders to reveal her scarlett curls and she shook her head a little to ruffle her hair that fell across her face with some admirable prettiness.

Winking smartly at me, she extending a hand towards me for a handshake, her mouth chewing and popping bubblegum.

# Chapter 37 - Don't Move

Emily's Pov:

I couldn't believe the person standing in front of me was the one whom I had known almost half of my life. I rubbed my eyes and blinked twice to confirm my suspicions.

She chuckled at my reaction, taking my hand in hers and squeezing it, her beautiful innocent smile reminding me of her real quiet side.

"How are you, Mrs Emily Jones! Well. Well! Who would've thought you two would get together so early. I always thought I would have to beat Edwrad to knock some real sense into his puddle mind that how much you love muhhh-" I covered her mouth instantly, my eyes wandering around the room to make sure nobody heard it.

"Oh my god! I can't belive you are Rose! Is it really you, Rose!" I yelled, my hands touching her black jacket and a hoodie to confirm.

"Yeah yeah!! it's me. Totally me. Infact, how about I show you my identity card! Or visa? Or anything else, Sir Emily!"

I smacked her playfully, "You've changed a lot. Totally! You didn't speak a word before and see you now speaking like a parrot!"

She waved her fingers in air.

"Well well!! The air of New York changes the mind of a pious person offering them a talking tongue in discount! So, how's you doing! Where is that dear husband of yours!" Her eyes wandered a little to find Edward when she winced a little and put her hands over her stomach.

"Rose! Rose! Are you okay!?"

She placed her hands on my shoulder "I'm fine, it's your fucking bodyguard, and his fucking hard leathery legs! He sure kicks like a damn dick of a man!"

"Oh my Jesus! Did he hurt you, Rose? Are you okay? Should we go to the hospital!?"

"No way! I'm fine! On the contrary, I must ask you to take him to the hospital cause we fought hard on your garden, while I kicked and punched him on his stomach. I ended up planting him in the mud before climbing the floors of your house so he must be kinda stuck there as I remember.... kicking his face after stuffing his ass in stoamach! Such a weak duckling he is!"

Just then, heavy footsteps hurried to the stairs, opening the door in a haste.

Micheal stood there, holding his earpiece in his ears, commanding something. "Be alert, everybody! Burglar invaded the area! I want everybody report to me, in the house, right now!"

He clicked his watch, a loud beep coming, and when he turned towards us, my eyes widened, a loud gasp escaped my mouth before I could prevent it. His young handsome face was swollen from the side, a clear mark of a heavy punch on his left hand cheek which was turning blue, his brown hairs all disheveled and his movements seemed tired and restricted.

He looked at me, "Mrs Jones, I'm afraid your safety is endangered-"

Rose turned around to face him, crossing her arms across her chest cooly.

Michael's eyes widened in shock, surprise and horror before he raised his index finger at her like a five year old pointing at the thief who stole his candy.

"You! How dare of you to come here! Mrs Emily stay away from her!"

Immediately, he gripped her gun from his side and pointed the metallic barrel at her.

"Don't move otherwise I'll shoot! Here everyone. She is in here.!!Yes yes.. In Sir's bedroom!" He yelled in her earpiece, glaring daggers at Rose.

Quickly I tried to speak out the misunderstanding when Rose waved her hand at me to tell me she was okay while Michael took it as a danger sign and with a clear "plick" removed the safety from his gun.

Rose remained cool and composed, her arms still across her chest, a beautiful smile adorning her features. She took one step, staring continously at Michael, then took another, then another, as if daring Micheal to shoot who stood there, looking at her as if he coudn't belive his eyes that a girl was challenging him..

It was too late when he flinched to realise that his gun was pointing at her chest now which he hurriedly pointed at her face to protect the remnant of his male dignity. Rose raised her hand, Michael's fingers around the trigger tightened and my head snaked around the room to get a closer view of their encounter.

"Well well. Scared are we!?" Micheal exclaimed with smugness, his gun now pointing at her neck, making Rose to tilt her head backward in air.

I was holding my breath all this time which came out as a squeal when Rose, to all our surprises, raised her arms to wrap them around Michael's neck and leaned towards him just as I leaned my head towards them to peek further.

His grip on his gun loosened a little as Rose leaned more to whisper something on his ear, his cheeks turning a shade darker at her words and I just gaped at the scene in front of me when Rose

titled her head to kiss him lightly on his cheeks, this time his grip on his gun tightened and he once again pointed the barrel at her face.

But he stopped midway when a similar weapon was pointed at the back of his head, digging into his hairs. My hands flew to my face to whisper a small "oh" seeing her holding the gun of her own.

How the hell did she own a gun!?

"Don't move!" Rose pointed her gun on his head, holding it casually as if she had all the experience of the world while Michael raised his gun once again at her.

Both glared at each other for a long time before Rose took three steps back, still staring at him and tilting her hand to drop her gun which fell on the carpet with a soft thud just as Michael pressed the trigger and I looked at him in absolute horror.

But nothing came. Just a sound of a soft side.

No boom!?

"Safety's on again dear, I hope you don't mind much!" Rose smiled deviously at him.

"No problem at all!" Michael yelled, smirking with smugness and turned off the safety again with his deft hands and once again raised a gun at her. Rose remained unaffected, still smiling at him.

"Scared much, are we again now !?" Micheal mocked her and I wondered if he always had that quirky attitude within him.

Rose waved her hand. "Nah! Infact, I must tell you I have been feeling quite uncomfortable lately... In these clothes!" Her hands trailed over her black jacket, hoodie, waist, and to her black jeans before she raised her jacket, exposing her toned stomach, and her fingers gripped her jeans button and with a single pull, button popped open and Micheal's eyes widened.

What the hell was she doing!? Giving all of us a strip tease!?

To my absolute horror, she pulled down the zip of her jeans down and started to tug at her waistband, raising one of her eyebrows at Micheal, perhaps to challenge him and with a fast movement pulled the jeans down. My hands flew to my mouth just as Micheal's hands flew to his pious eyes to protect himself from seeing illegal things, his gun now dangling loose in his fingers.

Her long legs came in view and I realised, in all my innocence that she was actually wearing shorts. Thank God otherwise I would have squeezed her brains out to massage people's shit!

My relief didn't last long as her fingers now danced over her jacket and, going way up the zipper again, pulling it down slowly and slowly, gauging Micheal's eye in an inevitable game.

"Rose, what the hell are you doing?!" I hissed at her, earning no response from her. Instead, she continued pulling the zipper down and removed the jacket from her arms deftly, throwing it across some corner of the room. I attempted to stop her but she raised her hand to stop me and I felt soft thud followed by someone's slow steps.

I turned my head to see Micheal gaping at Rose, his eyes widening like sky, his gun long forgotten on the carpet, his legs retreating slowly by slowly away from her, until his back hit the stony cold wall, flinching a little.

I looked at Rose who was wearing crop top, dangling loose below her chest, her black lacy bra visible even to blinds and her shorts, too short to be called innocent ones didn't do well to hide her volumptous body.

"Rose, what the-"

"Scared, are we not, sweety?!?" Rose said, walking towards Michael, tilting her body a little to his view and my face was hot, heat rising to my face seeing what she was doing in my own bedroom.

"Won't you shoot me now, dear!?"

Her cruel sharp words brought Michael out of his wild reveries. Immediately he lurched forward, bending on the ground a little to pick up his gun when Rose ducked her two arms behind her back and pulled out two guns, shining in the dim light and pointed at Michael, motioning him to stand up.

He glared at her, standing up.

"Raise your hands!" Rose yelled.

Are we suddenly shooting a crime and thriller drama now!?

Why!? It was a romantic drama just a minute ago and I was having so much fun!!

Micheal hesitated a little, furrowing his eyebrows at her before raising his hands up slowly in air. "Are you daring to threaten me-"

Click clack!

Boom!

His words stopped mid in air as a bullet passed past his head and hit the vase behind him, destroying it to pieces. My eardrums rang like hell to the sound of explosion and destruction.

What the hell just happened? Did she shoot? Really!?

"I don't do something as cheap as threatning!", she ran her fingers once more along the trigger, "I like to take things on my hands instead!"

Micheal stayed still, at his place, hands raise in air and I saw a thin streak of sweat trickle down his forehead before he gulped in disguised male fear.

Whoa! That is cool! I'll try this sometime on Edward or Jake. Or Mia.

But never on Rose!

But Edward never lets me have his gun. He scolded me saying I would play game of police, detective or spy in the house and might end up killing someone.

Or him!

I heard a hurried footsteps on stairs before I saw very tired, very much in haste, very much concerned Edward on the door, panting slightly from his fast running.

"Emi, I heard someone invaded the house! Are you okay? Ar-"

He didn't get to complete the sentence as Rose pointed one of the two guns at him, while still pointing the other at Michael, who was cowering away in fear.

"Rose!" Edward took one step forward, his eyebrows furrowed in confusion.

"Rose, when did you come!?"

"Don't move from your place!" Rose yelled.

Immediately she turned around a little to look at me while still pointing guns at both of them.

What was she doing, my god!?

"Tell me how this jerk treats you!?"

What?

"Eh!?"

"Tell me how much he takes care of you, Emily!"

I stood stunned by her question, looking at her as if she had gone mad.

"Rose-"

"Tell me otherwise I'll shoot him right now!"

# Chapter 38 - You Think I'm A Man?

Emily's Pov:

I stared meekly at Rose while she continued to point two guns at two men present on the room, one crawling on the corner and other still in confusion, standing at the door.

"Rose, what are-"

"Does he or does he not?!" She tilted her head to look at me, raising her eyebrows to press her question.

"Well..he does. He cares for me a lot-"

"Oh man. This is tiring!" She cracked her neck to the side, yawning a little while adjusting her guns before opening her mouth to blow the chewing gum balloon.

Edward still stayed as confused as ever, looking at me and then Rose and then again at me to ask what was happening.

I myself didn't know what the hell was happening!

"Rose, this isn't a joke-" Edward started, only to stop when Rose started to press the trigger of the gun.

"Rose, No!" I ran towards Edward abruptly, and flew my arms around him in air, shielding him from her target.

"You can't shoot him, Rose! Are you crazy!? He is our friend!"

Rose looked unaffected, still her slim fingers pressing against dangerous trigger.

"Well then, die both of you love birds!!", She pressed the trigger and I closed my eyes shut, my arms still around Edward, my fingers curling into fists.

But nothing came.

Except for water!

What!? Did she trick me! Us!

I opened my eyes to see Rose laughing to herself," Oh my God, you two! You actually believed I was going to shoot you!? Wow! Some trust you have in a friend like me!"

I glared at her beautiful face, laughing with mirth.

"Rose! That's horrible! You scared the shit out of me! You, Bitch!"

"Oh my my! Real pleasure to scare the devil!"

From the corner of my eyes, I saw Michael relax before he started to walk and bend a little to pick up his gun when Rose raised her other hand with gun, in air and shot the bulb in the corner of the room which burst with a loud sound and fell into pieces, scattering over the carpet.

I stayed still once again to see all smile wiped out from Rose's face which was now glowing with darkness of clouds.

Throwing the water gun in Edward's hands which he caught almost immediately, she pointed her gun once again at Micheal who raised his hands in air, taking fast steps away from her.

"Not you, my dear! You aren't going away alive today!" She told Micheal in a complete tone of disaster.

Michael stared in horror at the gun pointed at him and then at Rose.

"What? You thought I just play with waterguns?! No no sweety! You got it all wrong my dear. I don't point fake guns at my real enemies!"

As if to prove her point, she tilted her gun towards my bedroom window, her fingers curled around the trigger before she shot it fast, glass window broke with a 'clash' into tiny pieces.

I jumped right from my spot to hear loud sound drilling my eardrums, pressing my back on Edward who wrapped his arms around me to pull me closer, his fingers gripped my hands to squeeze them, urging me to calm down.

"Rose, let him go!" I yelled at her, to convince her.

"Rose, Emily is right, let him go!" Edward also tried to convince her.

"No. I can't! He dared to hit a girl like me! I would make sure to castrate him, emasculate him and sell his dick to the stray dogs and cats on the street!"

And I didn't doubt her a little that she wouldn't do all that!

She was always a moody person no one ever wished to cross paths with!

"He just did his duty, Rose! He thought you were a burglar so he kicked you-" Edward yelled at her, heavy with words to molify her anger.

"Do you want your dick as well, to be sold, Edward?! I don't mind having one more item to sell. After all they would give me a heavy price for a billionare's cock!"

Whoa!

Steam rushed out of my ears hearing her words and I saw all colour drained out from Edward's face, who could only cough in response.

"Rose, how about you leave him for now? I'm sure you must be tired! Let's eat, shall we!?I would be happy to talk to you! Tell me how was your day? When did you come back-" I asked, only to be cut down by her quick question.

"Do you keep beers with ice!?" Rose asked, looking at me, raising her eyebrows.

"Yeah! We do! A lot! Infact, we just bought a fresh pack of them yesterday, you know to cheer.. So? Will you join us then!? Huh!?"

"Well then. Okay! I'm tired as well! I might as well as get some hot shower!" She put down her gun, turning the safety on and throwing it towards me, which I caught it almost dropping it a second ago.

"Why are you giving your gun to me?!" I asked, my eyes gleaming with real love to run my fingers along the treacherous weapon.

"It's Edward's! Not mine!" She yelled bending on floor to pick one gun and putting it behind her back before bending again to pick Michael's gun and threw it towards him.

Michael caught the weapon with surprise, his eyes reflecting mild respect and mild admiration.

"You can go for now! But if you kick some girl one more time, I'll make sure to remove your bladder and make you pee in front of whole public next time you dare to do it!"

To my surprise, he just nodded, bowed a little and went outside.

"You have Edward's gun? How!?" I looked at Edward who stood as confused as me.

"Well! I came to your bedroom to surprise all of you, but then I thought I would take Edward's gun and would threaten you into thinking that I am some criminal. So I took his gun but you appeared before I could scare you away!"

"Where exactly did you find the gun, then!?" I asked bitterly, eyeing Edward to show him how much he wouldn't let me have his gun when Rose could easily found and use it.

"Why, In your shoe box, of course!"

"What? In my shoes box!? Why would someone hide it in my shoe box?!" I glared at Edward, asking him in third person.

Rose yawned and started to pick up her discarded clothes on floor. "Because it's the place where you would least expect the gun to be found!"

"You hid the gun in my stuff thinking I would never search my own things for it!?'

Edward merely scratched his head in nervousness.

"Guilty!? But it's for your own sake, lily! I didn't want you to get hurt or anything. That's why!"

"My my. Such a young love in such a tender age. God pardon me if I happen to curse such true love unconsciuosly cause I was never a believer of love, soul mates or partners. I'm going to take a shower now! Continue you two!"

---

Covering with lid, I placed the last food container on dining table before placing spoons and folks around the plates. Miranda helped me carry all those as she still thought I was weak with all those late night sleeps. I requested her to go sleep early as she did work all day and she could be sick anytime the way she was pushing herself considering her tender age. So I was glad for once that she complied and went to her room to rest.

Rose was still taking shower, while Michael stood beside Edward, giving him report of whole day and the recent heartrending incident. His views about Rose made me think he was visualising her as some convicted criminal or serial killer affiliated with some dangerous Mafia.

"Sir, I still think it wouldn't be very good keeping that woman in this house!"

I smiled. "But Micheal, she's my friend. A friend of your Sir as well! So I assure you she's more of a kind-hearted person in real life than some serial killer you are speculating her to be!"

"But, mam, if you could just order me once, I could find her the best apartment in the whole city! Just One order and the peace of this whole house will be conserved for eternity! Mam!"

Edward chuckled lightly before picking up a spoon to eat. "You are worrying too much Michael. She's a real sweet girl we knew back from our college days! She isn't a threat!"

"But Sir, didn't you see how casually she pointed guns at you and me!? She ended up destroying your bedroom, breaking things in just one day!! She's more of a man than any women I have ever seen in my whole life!'

I chuckled, pouring a glass of water, "Oh dear! You're worrying over nothing. Drink some water and calm yourself!"

He nodded and started to drink it when suddenly, I saw him splurt out water, coughing violently, covering his mouth while staring directly behind me, his eyes widening to see whatever it was.

I followed his gaze in confusion to see Rose standing right behind me.

In nothing but a towel.

Very short towel at that!

Her wet hairs were sticking to her cheekbone, some of them sticking beautifully on her forehead and her long legs stood perfectly in view to anyone who dared to gawk at her.

Quickly my eyes averted towards Edward who was not on his seat anymore, and I found he was nowhere to be found. My phone blinked with text and I opened it fast.

Had some urgent work to do! Will eat when we'll have less audience!

~Your Edward!

"Rose, what the hell are you doing here?" My eyes bored holes at her short fluffy towel," like this!"

"Oh me!? I was just going to take my suitcase!"

"And where is that, might I ask?!"

"Why dear, behind the bushes of course! I forgot to bring it over in hurry but now I need it urgently to cover myself in some elegant clothes!"

Thank Godd of beautiful Goddess, she wasn't planning to roam around my pious house like this!

"No. You won't go outside like this! What would my neighbours and people passing by, think of you!? No. Hell no! Michael!"

"Ye.... Yes Mam!"

He stuttered!?

"Go bring her suitcase to her. Now!"

"Yes Mam!" And he fled outside in hurry, as if his legs flew like a rocket to the moon.

Almost two minutes later, he returned with a large red suitcase, slumping it on floor, not even daring to look at Rose who was now sitting on dining table with her legs crossed and her arms across her chest, pushing her generous cleavage to his wild view.

But Michael continued to look at the floor," Here is your suitcase,... Rose...mam!"

He bowed a little to her, turning around to leave.

"So you think I am a man!?"

Michael stopped dead in his tracks, not making any effort to turn around and look at her.

"I.. di.. I'm sorry Mam!"

But Rose stood on the floor, walking towards him slowly, and placed her hand on his shoulder. Michael stiffened with alarm as Rose pressed herself against him, water dripping from her body and wetting my favourite carpet.

I was about to lecture her to do romantic movie walks next time wearing some dry clothes when to my absolute surprise, she put her arms around Michael's neck and tilted her head a little, to kiss him fully on his lips.

Michael stood still like a rock, his eyes

remained open like a fish to gape at her while she continued to kiss him, devouring the poor guy's lips without his will.

My hands flew to my mouth to stop a gasp when her hands roamed over his shoulders, torso, waist and to his

belt buckle where she put her full hand over his pants, cupping him over the cloth and pressing her palm against it, while still kissing him.

Oh my god! What the hell was she doing!?

And why the hell was I still standing there, seeing her do all that!?

After a minute, Rose broke the kiss, with slight harshness and my hands flew to my eyes to cover them after seeing a big bulge in Michael's pants.

Oh dear, he had been raped in front of me!

By my own friend!

And worst of it was that I totally enjoyed the show they gave me, for free!

"I think someone is coming! Emily, could you get the door please!" Rose shouted, before removing her arms around Michael, giving him a quick peck on lips and picking up her suitcase.

"I'm sure your all doubts about me being a man must be removed by now!" She said, pointing her index finger at his obvious erection and then looked up again at him," But if you still have more doubts left, you know where to find me!" She winked at him, walking above the stairs.

My thoughts about this whole new Rose were cut down when I heard a doorbell. Michael attempted to move only to stumble back into a kitchen counter, his legs betraying him and his head hung low in shame while I just pitied the poor guy who had such a pride for a male, but was so easily distracted by a half-naked woman.

They say right that the half-naked woman is more scary for a man than any woman armed with the scariest weapons of the world!

Shooking my head at Michael, I walked towards the door and opened it. My eyes widened a little to see who it was!

"Mia!"

# Chapter 39 - Old Friends Reunion

Emily's Pov:

Mia! What was she doing here! Did something bad happen!?

"Emily!",she yelled, her eyes filled with tears and her cheeks all puffed up from crying.

"Mia! Why are you crying!? Did something bad happen!? Mia-"

Mia shook her head, throwing her arms around me and started to cry hysterically, her tears not willing to stop. "I don't know ...what to do..anymore... Emily! Help me! I don't want to live anymore! I can't do all of this anymore!"

"Shh.. Mia. Never say never. Let's talk it all out! I'm here! We'll sort out everything! Don't cry!" I brought her inside and offered her a coffee. "Here. Drink it! It'll help you recover from your emotions!"

Mia hesitated a bit, before extending her arm to take the coffee and drank it all up in one shot before wiping her lips with the back of her hand.

"Good!" I patted her head, "Now tell me what happened. Slowly..word by word.!"

Mia nodded meekly before looking at me.

"I am.. getting... married!"

What?

"What! When? Why! How! No no. First tell me this! With whom!? Whom are you going to marry, Mia!?"

"I.. am... going to marry.. James!"

My mouth opened in pure awe to stare at her. "Don't tell me this is the same motherfucker James shit who was so much obsessed with you that he dared to steal your shorts!?"

Mia nodded, tears falling from her eyes yet again. "Yes. I am marrying him. But what else can I do, Emily!? I don't get much choice in it! It's so terrible!"

"Mia! Have you fucking lost your mind? Just because Jake doesn't notice you doesn't mean you'll go and marry off some obsessive shit of a stalker and have your ass fucked off by him every minute of your married life!"

"I don't know what to do Emily! I am fed up with my unrequited love for someone whom I constantly see sucking some other women's face off each time I visit his house! It's killing me inside! It hurts a lot in here, a lot! Seeing him with someone else!" She yelled, her hand on her heart, her continued tears proving her each and every word.

"But Mia! Still... this is too much.!" I said, trying to form words, "What about Jake!? What does he think about it!? Did he agree to all this!?"

Mia glared at me, her eyes all red and puffy with her tears.

"What about him, Huh!? He doesn't care at all! Not even a bit! In fact, he isn't talking to me, acting all angry with me! I don't even know what the hell did I do wrong but he was so fucked up about all this and before I could clear out all this misunderstanding....I saw him making out with Victoria.. in front of me...and so.. I ran out from there!" Mia completed her sentence, breaking out into heavy sobs in between before finally crying her heart out.

I gritted my teeth in frustration and anger. "This boy really had some guts to....ahhh...I would just fry his dick off and sell it in Mars! I would-"

"Do you want me to kill him!? That won't be tough for me! At all!"

I turned around to see Rose standing beside sofa, a black gun twirling smartly in her fingers, while she tilted her head a little to press her question. "Do you?" she asked yet again.

"Rose! My god! When did you return!? Why didn't you tell me!? How are you!?" Mia ran towards Rose, looking at her in pure shock and love before engulfing her in a bear hug. Rose tried to struggle a bit, patting Mia's back.

"Man, I really hate human attachments so much!"Rose muttered to herself, her hands betraying her words and slowly hugging Mia back.

Mia broke the hug to look at her, blinking once "What happened to you, Rose!? You've changed a lot in years! You were the type to always initiates hugs and affections so what happened in these past years!?"

Rose averted her gaze to look at me and then stared at the window, when I saw her eyes water a little before she turned around abruptly to wipe it off fast with her hands.

When she turned around, I saw the usual bored and nonchalant expression ghosting her features. "So, Mia, why don't you continue your interesting story and I would just have my time passed in a most entertaining way as possible! Man, I really can't believe that Jake still can't see your love, Mia. I mean how much a guy can remain ignorant for years! He must wish to have his kidneys crushed by my toes!"

Rose sat on the sofa, placing her legs above the table while I just sat across her, sipping my coffee in nervousness and curiosity.

"I don't know what to do so I came here to ask for your help, Emily!"

"Help? What help! If Jake can't see your love then how can Emily help you!?" Rose asked in confusion.

"Well, Rose, Mia is marrying James-"

"You mean that person who calls himself a man after licking some woman's shorts and who dared to distribute your future wedding invitations involving him as a fucking groom!?" Rose yelled, her anger rising the temperature of the room.

Mia fiddled with her fingers in some disguised fear, "Well. If you put it all that way, then yes! But I don't want to. I swear. I don't want to marry him at all! I never liked him a bit of an inch. But he has kinda invaded my parent's mind with his fake kind behaviour by sending them gifts and flowers and he also dared to tell them that he is my soon-to-be-husband!"

Rose glared at her,"So, what did they say now?"

"They want me to marry him no matter what! They're saying I couldn't go on this weak hearted by crushing on some guy for years who doesn't even look at my way! They want me to marry and live happily ever after with James!" Mia completed her sentence with a loud sigh before sipping her second cup of coffee in sadness and loneliness.

"Should I go and shoot this James guy and we can just dump his body in your backyard until his missing report goes off the minds of police while they search desperately for him around the whole globe when in reality, his body would be busy getting eaten by famous bacterias and then we can shift his body respectfully in some cemetery!?" Rose told us, in a casual tone, her fingers gripping her gun to prove her point.

"And why do you think Rose, that what we would do to him would be the right thing to do!? I enquired cockily to her, while Rose shrugged nonchalantly.

"He called me an hour ago to meet with him tomorrow morning when I texted him saying its too early to get married! He said he wanted to talk to me! But I know he would do more! I'm scared, Rose! He would threaten me with my family like he threatened me to meet with him with my feelings for Jake! He said, he would tell Jake about my love for him if I didn't meet with him!"

"Woahhh! He's a pscycopath. Don't meet him, Mia. Just don't-!" I yelled in shock.

"On the contrary, go and sleep tightly in your bed now. Wake up in the morning to dress yourself like a better woman and meet him like he wants you to! Don't give him the reason to crush you!

Make him believe you are starting to like him and would marry him willingly, like the woman he had been dreaming of his whole life!!" Rose told in a casual manner.

"But why would she do all that, Rose!? Isn't-"

"Don't worry a bit, Emily! I've got her back!"

"But how-"

Rose stood up abruptly from her seat to grab Mia's hands and pulled her up from the sofa.

"What are you-"

"Just come with me, will you!"

Rose took Mia to the front door, before opening it up and pushing her outside. She pushed her hands inside her pocket to pull out a little thing from it before placing it on Mia's hands who stood as confused as me myself.

"What's this?" Mia flipped the thing on her hands and her eyes widened,"Oh my god! Is it a knife!?"

Rose cupped Mia's cheeks, slightly pushing her up to look at her. "Look here, Mia! The situtaion you are in requires attention and prudence, not your panic and troubled heart! So take this knife and," Rose pulled her towards her car, opened the door and stuffed her in, "..and protect yourself until tomorrow. Trust us and you'll be fine! Take care!"

I ran towards the car "Wait, Mia!" Opening the car door, I put some fresh dinner I packed up for her. "Take this and eat it all. And don't you dare to go on stupid diets again! You lost so much weight! Have you seen the dark circles under your pretty eyes!? I would just crush his balls the next time I meet this James dog!"

Mia stared at me for some time before she came out of the car to hug me tightly,"I missed you so much Emily!"

I hugged her back, crushing her body with my arms. I caressed her back to calm her crying face. She broke the hug only to turn around to hug Rose tighly, "You really have changed a lot, you fool!" Rose smiled tiredly before patting her head, caressing her hair.

Hopping on the car, putting on her seatbelt, Mia started the car and went off while I waved behind her. When she was out of sight, I stopped waving and glared at Rose, "What plan do you have?!"

Rose smiled beautifully at me and whispered something in my ear while I could just nod in satisfaction at her words, slow grin forming in my lips.

---

Next day, I woke up early after sleeping in Rose's room with her, only to run up to the bedroom to wake up Edward who was curled up in his blanket like a mouse. Slapping across my urge to kiss him hard right then and there, I pulled up the blanket harshly letting Edward landed on his butt on the floor.

I heard him groan loudly "Oww. Lily, are you crazy-"

"Get ready in ten minutes. We have somewhere to go!"

Edward tried to open his eyes which were dropping from heavy sleep "Where?!"

I grinned widely at him, raising my hands up in air," We're going for a crazy hunt!"

# Chapter 40 - Mission Mia

Emily's POV:

I was preparing breakfast when Edward came down sleepily, his hairs all ruffled up like a bird nest and he muttered something about how I dragged him away from bed so early.

"Don't mutter like a girl and stuff your ass! We have to hurry!" I slid bowl of hot vegetable soup in front of him and he nodded absent mindedly, still leaning to table sleepily and digging his spoon in table to eat, and not in the real bowl.

Sighing loudly, I grabbed the spoon from his hand and put my hands fully on his cheeks, making him look at me. He tried to open his eyes but fell on my shoulder, snuggling closer to my neck when I felt his soft lips pressing firmly over my hickey. I froze right at the spot, trying to contemplate whether to push him away or pull him closer.

"Mmm. You smell so good, Lily! I want to kiss-" his mouth opened a little to press firmly on my neck, his lips starting to move.

"Edward! It's too late! Time to wake up!" I pushed him roughly away from myself, my heart wanting to touch him again but my brain beating up my desire everytime.

He stumbled a little from my rough force, now finally awake for real. "I am up. I am up! Totally awake!" Shooking his head a little, he slurped his meal and drank his juice.

"I'll be waiting for you outside! Come fast!"

Running outside fast, I fanned my hands over my face, my cheeks flushed with our little encounter. "Woah! That was a close call!"

Ten minutes later, Edward returned all dressed up in black and I would have swooned over him right then and there but I gripped steering wheel tight to control my raging hormones.

"What the hell, lily! Why are you sitting on a driver's seat!? You aren't driving even if you shout and cry in front of me! Michael!"

Michael came running after Edward in a second. "Yes sir!"

"Drive the car! And Emily, leave that seat right now!"

I hugged the steering wheel in my hands,"No! Never! Eddie, this is a great chase and I don't want to miss the fun! Besides, I promise I won't hurt anyone or do accidents!"

"No way! I already broke my leg years ago, trying to teach you driving but since, you insisted so much I tried to teach you anyway! But a big no for all your pleads and Hey! Don't pout! That's a cheating!" He took his phone and clicked a photo of my face, waving the phone in front of me to tease while I tried to take it out of his hands.

I ended up coming out of the seat and Edward took his chance to slid in my place. "I win!" he yelled, sliding his phone in his pocket.

"Hey! What's with you and all your photoshoots!?"

"It's not my fault that you end up making all the expressions of a girl! Just Like a woman!"

We both froze at his statement. Edward never called me a girl, let alone a woman and listening to him calling me a woman, the simple word "woman" coming out of his mouth so naturally made my heart flutter in a most amazing way as possible. I blushed involuntarily while a faint blush adorned his own features. Coughing slowly, Edward started the car," Okay. Hop on. We gotta go!"

I nodded and sat on the passenger seat.

"Sir, I can drive the car! You and mam can sit comfortably and relax the day while I drive you to wherever you may like!"

"And what would happen to me, then!?",came slow intimidating voice behind us.

All our attention turned to see Rose leaning against the car,dressed up beautifully in her red crop top and black short skirt, wearing net leggings and black high heels, looking all bored and uninterested.

She turned a little to point her index finger at Michael. "You are coming with me! In my car!"

"But mam-!"

"Whether you like it or not!"

Michael immediately opened my car door and rushed inside, not even looking at Rose who was fuming with anger at him for disobeying her order. In frustration, she kicked the door and it fell open before she also sat in my car, crushing Michael's lap even though there was more than enough space for the two.

She raised her eyebrows at Michael to mock at him, and popped gum in her mouth, pulling out her phone to do something in it.

Edward started the car and we reached Mia'a house in time to see her closing her house door and hopping in her car.

"For now, just follow her car! 'Cause we don't know where she is going!" Rose told Edward, searching for something in her bag.

I was getting bored following Mia's car and I still didn't know how much far that particular cafe was where she would be meeting with that certain excuse of a male's dick.

Throwing newspaper in boredom after reading it thoroughly, I opened my phone to check my mails when my eyes fell on certain thing sprawled lazily beside my seat. Bending a little, I picked it up.

It was a lipstick. Rogue!

Immediately, I applied it on my lips, putting my phone in my hands to see how I was looking. I actually ended up smearing some of it across my upper lip, but with a little wiping, it disappeared. Tapping a selfie mode, I tried making many faces and all ended up coming as cartoon faces.

Laughing to myself, I turned around Edward. "See here, what I found!"

"What did you found? I don't see anything new!" He replied, glancing at my hands before looking back on the road, focusing on driving.

"No! Here! See! On my lips!" He sighed loudly, turning a little to look at my face and then at my lips.

Abruptly, tyres screeched and car came to a sudden halt and I saw his shoes pressed firmly over brakes of the car. My eyebrows furrowed in confusion to see him staring intently at my lips, not even blinking a once.

"Edward!?"

He continued to stare.

"Edward? Are you okay!?"

Hell, it was just a lipstick. Why was he behaving like this!?

Gently, I touched his arm and he flinched a little before coming out of his long reverie.

"What happened!?"

He shook his head, "Nothing!"

Someone coughed and suddenly I became aware that we two weren't the only ones in the car.

There were Rose and Michael as well.

"Shit! I lost her! I can't see Mia's car!"

I panicked,"What?! What should we do now!? Should I call her!?"

"No!! That way she would become too obvious to show James that we are guarding her back!" Rose yelled.

"Then what should we do! I don't trust that James shit!"

Rolling her eyes at my words, Rose pulled out red laptop from her bag and clicked something in it. "Turn around left from this corner!"

"How did you know-"

"Just do it already!"

Edward nodded and started the car but my curiousity was busy killing my cat.

"How did you know, Rose! How did you know the direction!?"

Rose shrugged. "Well. I kinda might have planted tracker on the knife I gave her yesterday. It was a back up plan but I didn't know we would end up using it so soon!"

---

When we reached the cafe, Rose was sleeping like a bull, tired from her late night travelling from New York. She didn't even took four hour sleep at night, too busy in emptying her suitcase in her closet.

I smiled to see her cuddling like a ball on Michael's shoulder who was trying his very best to stay calm and composed. Rose laid her one leg over his lap, practically sitting on him while Michael shifted a little to get away from her.

"Don't worry. I'll wake her up now!"

"No! Mam. It's better to let her sleep on me than have my throat encircled by her! She is kinda less...intimidating ..this way", he grabbed her legs to put them away when she put both of her bare legs over his lap and now laid comfortably on car seat. He sighed loudly, shooking his head in pity.

Removing his coat from his shoulders, he put them gently over her exposed legs, pressing it tightly around her body while lifting her head from over the car door to put her gently over the seat. Not soon after, her head once again fell on his shoulder, soft snores coming from her nose.

Just what the hell did she even eat to sleep like this!?

"We'll take leads from here! Take care of Rose for me, Michael!"

"But mam-"

"Don't worry. If anything happens, we'll call for you two!"

---

Black shining models of car were laid in queue in front of the cafe as Edward and I went forward to take a little stroll in the cafe.

So this donkey James is a gang man, now!?

My eyes fell on a familiar grey car, parked strangly on alley but Edward pulled me inside before I could even go and check it.

When we opened the door of cafe, big queue of people clad in black presented us a threatning stares. I spotted James who was facing Mia but I was suddenly aware of those cold look his men were throwing it us.

Unconsciously I shifted a little behind Edward who wrapped his arms around me, pulling me closer and glaring hotly at those men, silently warning them not to cross paths with us otherwise consequences might not be in their interest and favour.

We took our coffee and sat beside the table of Mia who was listening to something whatever weired James was blabbering.

I pretended to talk something, slightly leaning a little to hear their conversation properly while Edward was busy monitoring angles at which his men were standing, armed with weapons.

"So you don't want to go according to my plan then!?" James said, munching loudly on some biscuit.

"Well. Look here James-"

"I am willing to look more than you want!"

My fingers curled into fists.

"I am getting married to you for a reason and I want you to respect my privacy!", Mia said, sighing to herself.

"There is no privacy between husband and wife babes!"

"Yes, I know. But if you'll give me some time then maybe-"

"Then maybe I can always tell that playboy Jake about that love letter you wrote to him on Valentines in your high school but ended up tearing it into pieces because you saw him kissing some other girl!? Right? Should I do that!?"

"No! Never! I told you to throw away that piece of paper! This is a pure blackmail! You-"

"Feisty much, are we?! I ought to blow out your nerves by banging myself against you sooner or later! That little mouth of yours would drop down to my knees to suck off my cock in pure bliss while I would take my whole time to fuck your brains off!"

I saw his legs crawling slowly over Mia's thighs and my fists started to bleed as my nails dug deeper into my palm when I felt two pair of hands cover them around mine. I saw Edward coaxing me with his eyes, urging me to calm down.

Releasing my one hand, I slipped it into my pocket, pulling out a gun.

"What!? When did you get my gun!?" Edward hissed in my ears, with mild anger.

"When you were sleeping soundly on your bed!?"

His grip on my hand tightened, trying to snatch away the gun but I wasn't willing to let it go anytime soon.

I wanted to puke right then and there seeing James eyeing Mia's body up and down and when he gripped her hands roughly, I almost lost my control and would have shot him right then and there if Edward didn't grip my hands tightly.

"Emi, Don't do crazy careless things here! All these men around here would never let you go alive after that!"

"So what should I do? Open my eyes wider to see Mia getting raped in front my eyes!?"

"You're overthinking. He wouldn't-"

Just then I heard Mia's scream echo the whole cafe as I saw James gripping Mia's arm and dragging her to the kitchen.

"Let's have a pre-wedidng night, shall we!?"

"You scumbag! Leave me alone! You-"

Mia tried to kick him which he dodged easily, now dragging her completely.

"That useless piece of shit! How dare he manhandle her! Edward! Leave my hand right now! I am born to commit a murder! Brutal murder of Theo James!"

"Just wait, Emi! You shouldn't-"

A loud clash of crockeries made me turn my head abruptly and my eyes widened in shock to see James lying on ground, a huge punch mark growing on his left cheek. A man was standing above him, heaving slightly, white cloth wrapped around his fist and his other hand gripped Mia's arm firmly, pushing her behind his back.

I moved a little to see who it was and my hands flew to my face in pure shock.

It was Jake.

Mia was crying now, tears flowing from her eyes. Without looking, Jake pulled out a white handkerchief and placed it on her hands before resuming to glare at the man lying on the ground.

James wiped blood from the corner of his lips, suddenly laughing to himself.

"So your knight in shining armour is here already!? But I don't see any armour in his hands now! This is bad cause I have more men ready here than your little Prince has brain cells in his innocent head!"

James attempted to stand up, when a sudden kick on his stomach pushed him on the floor again and when he looked up again, he was surprised to see cold metal barrel pointing at his skull.

"Now that your desired weapon is here, how about we have a little conversation?!" Jake asked James in a most slow and threatening way as possible.

Sweat of fear and shock trickled down James's throat as Jake lifted his gun to load it one by one, staring at him intently while doing it.

"So for each and every pain you gave to Mia, should I put one one bullet in your heart for it or you would prefer something more interesting like humiliating brutal beating in the middle of the street!?"

All the men pointed their guns at Jake but he didn't waver.

"Shoot any of you and I'll put all six of my bullets in his heart, right now!?"

James laughed in disguised fear.

In a blink, he was toppled once again in the floor earning himself a hard blow from Jake.

Jake put sole of his shoe over James' hands, glaring at him angrily before pressing it tightly.

"Ahhh...you dumb ahhh!"

James shrieked loudly while Jake continued to crush his hands."This is for touching her with your dirty hands!"

Kneeling on the floor, he pulled James by the collar up to his eye level, punching him hard before running his thumb beside James' lips to take a smear of his blood and showing it to him.

"Next time dare to cross her path even by accident and I will show you just how much my fists crave your bloody face!"

Standing up, he turned towards Mia while still pointing his gun at James.

Mia looked at Jake with tears in her eyes, her mouth curling in a slight pout. But Jake gripped Mia's hands and started to pull her with him.

"Jake listen-"

"Don't speak a word and just come with me!"

Mia staggered a bit, looking down to see her heels broken apart and then looked at Jake to see him staring at her.

He sighed loudly. In a blink, his hands wrapped around her waist to pull her closer before he plopped her over his shoulder, taking her with him and dumping her roughly in his car.

He removed her jacket and threw it over Mia, shutting the car door on her face.

Not soon after, he came again with his gun pointed at his men and then at James to kick him hard on his legs. James winced and groaned loudly.

"This is for treating her like a whore!"

When Jake raised his hand to punch him again, James spread his palm at

him to shield himself, his eyes reflecting fear and remorse.

"Learn a lesson and treat women with respect! They are not your bloody toys!"

With this, Jake pushed James on the floor, walking out of the cafe in silence.

I finally released the breath I was holding to look at Edward who looked calm and composed for a man who should be excited looking at something like this.

I narrowed my eyes at him.

"You knew all along that Jake would come for Mia, right!? That's why you didn't let me go there!?"

Edward shrugged nonchalantly.

"Well I didn't knew from the start. I just guessed seeing Jake's car parked outside! I anticipated him to come here sooner or later! Anyway! Let's go. Mission Mia is completed successfully!"

I nodded, still in shock thinking if things really were going to be okay between them after all this time?

Did Jake also like Mia?

Or did he just come here to rescue her as a friend!?

What would be do now!

# Chapter 41 - I Hate You

Mia's Pov:

It was awkward!

So awkward!

Sitting beside Jake while he was driving furiously to god knows where!

He didn't even spare me a glance and the speed with which he was driving, I was sure we would end up reaching Mars in no time.

Gripping my seatbelt tightly, I nearly toppled over my seat when he suddenly roatated the steering wheel and the car turned to some undecided destination..

"Jake!?"

No response.

"Jake!?"

Still no response.

"Jake, are you okay!?"

His fists were bleeding and the white cloth he wrapped around his fingers were soaked red now. I was getting worried for him. I knew he was angry with me but did he really need to be that moody now!

Without thinking, I put my hands over his fingers which gripped the steering wheel. He flinched impulsively, his fingers clutching the steering wheel harder now before he stopped the car abruptly and I looked above to see it was red light.

"What the hell is wrong with you, Jake!?"

He didn't respond. Instead he continued to look ahead on road, waiting for red light to go down.

"At least tell me where are we going, you jerk!?'

"To my grandfather's farmhouse!" He told me casually, still not looking at me.

"Why!?"

"Because there you'll be more safe! That punk would follow you anywhere as far as I know!"

"Really!? We're going to your grandfathers? Wow! It's been a long time since we last went there in summers! How is he now? Did he talk about me? Is he still that sick!? Is Jacky still there!?"

He frowned but still didn't look at me.

"Don't tell me you're still mad at him?? That's horrible Jake! He is a weak and old person and he only wishes you to live happily and comfortably!"

"But he don't have any right to tell me how many girls should I sleep with or how many girls should I date with, at a time!"

"But still, he is your grandfather and only he would wish best for you! Anynway! I don't know anything! Just wait for me here! I'll come in a minute!"

I opened the car door and ran to the nearby stores to buy some things I wanted to take with me.

After twenty minutes, I returned to see Jake's car parked on the side of a road and a green light was blinking on the traffic board. Oh I took much time than was required to buy all those things.

"Where were you!?"

"Nowwhere! I just thought if I am going to visit your grandfather again, I might as well as should take his favourite sweets and some dog snacks for Jacky and these are some flowers for Venessa, Mira and Kira! It doesn't look much good going with empty hands in someone's house without prior notice!"

Jack sighed loudly. "We aren't going to spend holidays-"

"Extend your hand to me!"

"What-"

I didn't let him complete and grabbed his hand roughly to put it over my lap, and opened the cloth wrapped around his fist carefully. He squirmed a little in pain but I rubbed his wound gently with antiseptic and wrapped it cleanly with a white bandroll.

"Here! All done!"

I looked at him, expecting him to say something. Anything.

But he didn't say anything.

Not even, "How are you Mia!? I missed you so much!"

Hell, we didn't talk for whole two weeks and he wasn't even looking at me. I missed him so much while he was living his life peacefully and in so much comfort. I wanted to be with him my whole life when he didn't even spare me his beautiful voice.

Gosh Mia! You really need to stop being optimistic. This love which you have for him will be the end of all your happiness sooner or later.

"Are you still mad at me!?"

No response.

But one thing I wanted to ask him really bad!

"Why are you mad at me!?"

I was getting worked up with his fucking nonsense silences.

"Jake, I asked you a damn question!!So answer me, you fucking bastard! Why the hell are you mad at me?!"

His head snapped at me and I saw the raging storm swirling behind his beautiful orbs.

"What should I answer you, Mia?! That I don't know myself why the hell I am mad at you! Or the reason I am mad at you is because I want to remain mad at you!?'

"What is that supposed to-"

"You know what Mia!? I am a fucking egoistic playboy who sleeps with every other girl he finds on pub or in the bars! I don't lack girls wanting to spend their nights with me! I drink whenever I want to and I go to my home whenever I like. I don't give a shit about my parents, grandparents, my fucking property or just anyone!! I never fought for anything or anyone in my life as I got everything at my feet the minute I want it to be mine! Nobody dares to tell me what to do!! But you!"

He pointed his index finger at me, his eyes talking a whole new level of threat and danger.

"But you changed everything for me!"

My heartbeat raced fast in a crazy anticipation.

"I am-"

"You know what happens when I look at you, Mia!?"

"I-"

"I get fucking crazy!! Suddenly I feel like breaking things and destroying everything around you! I get fucking out of my mind and I just want to drink all night seeing you talking of someone else which is not me! And I want to...I just want to..." he took a deep long breath,"And I can't tolerate my life getting this messed up because of you! It can be anyone else, but just not you!"

My eyes welled up in tears, my crazy anticipation slapping my heart each time he would say something hearbreaking to me.

I sunk low in my seat. "If I am that bad, then why did you come to save me!?" I muttered to myself, wiping the corner of my eyes with his hanky. When I realized I was wiping my tears with his hanky, I threw that cloth at him in anger and frustration. It fell on his head before falling leisurely on his seat. Grabbing his jacket from my lap, I shoved it roughly on his hands, and turned my head towards the window to look outside.

"What the-"

"I hate you! I hate you so much, you fucking jerk!" I yelled, not looking at him.

"Don't worry. The feeling is mutual!"

---

When we reached the farmhouse, it was already past five in the evening. I hugged his grandfather in happiness and excitement and gave flowers to all the maids of the house. Jacky was still heatlhy as ever and I was glad my depressed day was turning much more good and fantastic with each passing second in the farmhouse.

Jake still wasn't talking to his grandfather and after a short greeting as a grandson, he left us all to ourselves saying he would return soon when he would feel like to.

When I entered the guestroom, I was glad that my old clothes were still there which I might have left by mistake the last time I visited there. But all the clothes were short now and I really wanted to change as I felt like walking alone in evening for some relief of my heart and mind.

Fortunately, grandfather seemed to understand my state of mind as he ordered his maids to provide me a fresh set of clothes. After changing myself cleanly into them, I took my phone and purse to take a little stroll on the city.

It had been a long time since I enjoyed my company, sorting out my feelings and my thoughts but I knew someday I needed to discover the solution of my pain all by myself.

Taking my whole time, I took a long stroll in a nearby park, getting the peace and silence of nature more comforting than the inner battle going on in my mind.

It would be better to leave him alone. He didn't want me in his life. I was nothing but a trouble to him and he ended up dirtying his rich hands all because of me when he never fought for anyone else in his life.

He was right. I was messing up with his life which is a complete injustice to him and his future. He would go much far and successful in his life if only I were to leave him.

My hands shook uncontrollably as I took out my phone to dial the number which I never thought I would need to dial, especially after coming this far in my life.

But the sooner, the better!

The Lesser You See, the Lesser you suffer!

As I was going to click on the call option on my phone for "Visa Company", my phone vibrated with another call and I nearly dropped my phone in surprise to see who it was.

Jake Anderson.

"Yes? What do you want now!?"

"Where the hell are you Mia!? It's already past eleven in the night! All are worried sick for you!!"

What? Past eleven?!

Immediately, I looked at my way watch to see it was really past eleven.

Did I really walked that late? Oh, I must be lost in my thoughts then!

"Mia!? Are you okay? Where are you? Should I come over!?"

"No. No. I am coming. Coming right now-"

Loud thunder broke my line of words and I looked above me to see black clouds lining the dark sky, light rain starting to pour.

"Mia? Come fast! Weather is-" I hung up the phone to run fast into some shady area.

I ran fast and fast as rain started to pour heavily, people ran for warm shelter, all shades of shops closed while I ran straight to the farmhouse.

The time I reached the house, I was already soaked wet, my top clinging like a leech to my body, my hairs disheveled with moisture. My skirt sticked to my thighs, strong wind making my body freeze with cold.

Wrapping my arms around my body to gain some warmth, I opened the door of my room to see Jake standing in front of me, his posture leaning against the adjacent wall and two bottles of alcohol resting on a nearby table.

They both were empty.

"I am sorry I was late!" I told him immediately, not daring to look into his eyes which were boring hotly in my exposed wet skin.

He nodded and muttered something incoherent before throwing a towel to my side which fell straight on my head, covering my face.

He chuckled heartily while I panicked, seeing him laughing like that.

Good god. He was drunk now!

I started to rinse my hair, too busy to get rid of cold which these clothes were offering me.

Walking towards the mirror, I started to comb my hairs gently with my fingers, feeling very well the intensity of his hot stares each time I would do any movement.

"I want to say something to you!" I said, between patting water off my wet clothes.

"Yes!?"

"I want to thank you very much for saving me from that bastard today!"

"Hmm. And?"

I took my previous clothes from my cupboard, taking some fresh towels and putting them on bed.

"And I am sorry for snapping at you for no reason, earlier in the car!"

"And?!"

"And I want to say that you were the better person today than I had-"

Just then I felt his hot breath embracing my back and before I could turn around to look at him, he gently placed my wet hairs aside to press a soft lingering kiss on my shoulder.

I took a sharp breath to calm my nerves as his smooth fingers glided slowly over my arm towards my neck and with a single flick, strap of my top fell on my arms.

My eyes closed in anticipation when I felt his lips caressing my neck, his hard body pressing himself further against my back.

"Do me a favour, will you!?" He asked huskily.

"Ye... yes. Ask!"

"Kiss me!"

Immediately, I broke our physical contact to turn around, taking large steps away from him. His eyes looked at me with longing and desire but I refused to give in to any temptation he had to offer.

I knew I would just be a simple fling for him. A one night stand as called in common sexual term.

But I didn't want to lower my worth by becoming his whore.

"I don't ....Ja-"

"Kiss me otherwise I'll kiss you!"

He took one step towards me and I took one step back.

"But Jake this is....this is so wrong!"

He took another step towards me, his eyes boring a predator look now.

"Then why does this feel so right?!" he said, taking another step towards me.

I took one more step back. "But..but...but.. You hate me! Yes! You hate me!"

He continued to walk towards me. "And you hate me too!"

I took one step back and stumbled into something wooden before falling on my back, straight into something soft and fluffy.

It was a bed.

Before I could even blink, he was towering over me, his tall lean body crushing my soft feminine parts, his mouth inches away from mine.

I raised my hand to stop him but he was fast enough to catch my wrist tightly and firmly. His strong grip was painful, his fingers digging into my flesh.

"You're hurting me, Jake!" I told him, trying to wiggle out of his grip.

"Believe me, Mia! Hurting you is the last thing I would ever do in my life!"

"What is mmm-"

Loosening his grip on my wrists, he pressed his lips gently over mine. Loud thunder broke the ambient, heavy rain splattering against the bedroom window as my head fell gently on a soft pillow just as his hands grabbed both my wrists to press them tightly against the bedsheet.

His mouth opened to devour my lips, a throaty moan escaped my lips tasting his minty breath mixed with alcohol. He tilted his head to deepen the kiss, his tongue sweeping over my lips, urging me to open my mouth.

When I didn't, he broke the kiss to press his lips firmly at the corner of my mouth, his tongue licking my lips again to make me kiss him back.

His mouth descended to my neck, sucking on my throat before opening his mouth to bite hardly on my sensitive spot, making me open my mouth to moan loudly. "Ja...ke!!'

Taking this opportunity, his tongue glided smoothly into my mouth, touching mine. He was making me go crazy doing all this to me, and I felt like dancing in heaven just as he interwined his fingers with mine.

Giving in to his temptation, I finally wrapped my arms around his neck, pulling him closer. He smiled between the kiss, his hands going down to roam around my thighs before he removed my heels swiftly from my feet, which fell on the floor with a soft thud.

In between his kisses and passionate touches, my top was slipped out of my body followed by my skirt. Next gone was his shirt and my undergarments. His hands roamed up and down my body shamlessly, kissing and worshipping each and every corner of my body.

Loud moans, groans and pants filled the room, as all coldness of my body turned into quick hotness, his mouth, lips, tongue, teeth doing wonders to my body, bringing dancing stars in my eyes.

That day I didn't have any control left in my body as every shred of my innocence was taken away so hotly and passionately by none other than the person I wanted to despise so much.

But also the very same person whom I loved with every fibre of my being.

And would continue to love him forever!

Hoping one day he would love me back!

# Chapter 42 - His Passion And Desire

Mia's pov:

Loud sound of thunder and incessant strong rain made me open my eyes and I squirmed in my place, seeing darkness still surrounding the sky, dark clouds visible from the window.

I felt tired. Very tired!

Someone tucked the blanket draped over me and all tiredness flew out the window as I realised I was not alone in the bed.

"Mia" Strong pair of arms encircled my waist, pulling me closer. My mind was still half asleep until those masculine hands rubbed against my bare stomach, going slowly above to settle on my chest.

Bare chest! Over my bare breasts!

I was lying with my back to that person but I didn't dare to turn around!

Oh my god!

Let it be anyone else, but not him!

No, No! Not anyone else!

But not him either!

Gulping down my panic, slowly I turned around to see worst fears of my life coming true.

There he lay asleep, Jake, in the peak of its beauty, his hairs ruffled to the side while he cuddled with me like a bear.

His hand on my breast moved up and his fingers brushed along my neck, going down again to pull me flush against him by my waist.

My heartbeat quickened it's pace to remember all those passionate moments we shared just some hours ago but my mind was contemplating each wrong touch as a loosening rope of bands holding our friendship together.

Immediately, I rushed away from bed in panic to collect my belongings and run away from him as far as possible.

I knew it was a big mistake.

For him!

But not for me!

*****

MATURE CONTENT!

SKIP IT IF YOU CAN!

"Are you a virgin!?" he whispered huskily, his hands caressing my bare breasts, while his tongue licking my throat up to my lips, licking them slightly only to delve his tongue deeper into my mouth. He bit my upper lip gently, nibbling on it.

His other hand traveled down my chest to cover my other breast, his thumb playing with my hardened peak before pinching them hard making me moan out loudly.

"Yes! Ahhh Yes! I'm.. a ....virgin, Jake mmmmm!"

He growled in satisfaction as his hand trailed down my stomach to settle over my lacy black panties which was soaked wet with my juices now.

He stared at my face flushed with embarrassment and pleasure, my eyes half-lidded with love, desire and lust for him as he rubbed his two fingers over my panty covered womanhood while I shrieked and squirmed beneath him.

Kissing me hard, needy, rough and demanding, he moved down to take one of my swollen nipples in his mouth, his other hand rubbing slowly against my wet clothed core.

"Mmm..mmmm!"

He continued rubbing his fingers against my core, making me go unbelievably wet as my juices started flowing down my thighs to seep into the sheets.

"No.. Ahhh!"

Pulling my panty aside, he lifted my thighs up to lift my lower body up before with a single flick, I was deprived of the last piece of cloth which had shielded my innocence all this time.

Dark blush adorned my cheeks as I felt cold wind tingle my naked skin just as certain hard aristricatic body once again engulfed me.

His lips pressed against mine yet again, his kisses growing more hot and needy while his hands massaged my bare breasts ruthelseely. I writhed and arched my back against him while he continued to touch me wherever his hands could go and explore.

"You're beautiful, Mia! So much beautiful than I could ever deserve to treasure as mine forever!"

His lips found mine in a searing passion and force, and I wondered whether he would kiss me like that too the next day we woke up.

I knew it was all alcohol, emotions, desire, lust and sex for him.

But it meant so much to me!!

The reason I was allowing myself to get touched by him wherever he could touch me, was because I wanted to remember his each and every touch, kisses and sweet nothings he would give me willingly.

I wanted to test whether what I felt for him was a strong love like Emily had for Edward or it had just been a mere attraction all along!

I knew I was being ridiculous, convincing myself to get used by him as one of his whores but if ten years of loving him unconditionally and from afar is not what they called love, then maybe I was just attracted towards him!

His thumb grazed over my hardened peaks, pinching and pressing them before going under my thighs to rub over my virgin flesh.

I cried out his name in pure bliss and pleasure as he inserted his long finger inside my throbbing core, moving it slowly in and out. My walls constricted against his finger, making my heart and body grow hot and needy. His tongue invaded my mouth again, kissing me hard and senseless while he continued to pump his finger in and out.

He joined another finger in, covering my moans with his hot lips and opening his mouth to nip and kiss my jaw, cheeks and nose. I continued to whisper his name when I screamed his name louder just as he joined third finger in his ordeal.

His breath still reeked of pure alcohol, but he continued to kiss me, his teeth taking my upper lip in between.

Something weired and hot was moving in my stomach and my body, just as he pressed his hand further against my clit, increasing speed of his fingers.

"Ja..ke, I think ..mmm something is gonna mmmm come... I am suddenly feeling hot... mmmmmm ahhhh!"

"Let it come! Come for me! Come for your love, Mia!"

"I... I. Mm" Jake opened his mouth against me to kiss me with force, nudging my lips apart to plunge his tongue smoothly into my mouth.

I came hard and fast, a minute later, my slick and thick feminine juices coating his fingers. I turned my head to the side to hide my emabarrassment, but Jake put his hands on my chin to make me look up at him.

He stared at me for some time. His green eyes turned into dark shade of green, hours ago, but they were now shimmering with pure lust. My lips parted in anticipation, seeing his jaws clenched tight, his eyes looking at me with admiration and satisfaction.

His own mouth opened slightly, both of us panting hard. I could feel his bare chest pressing against my own bare breasts, it's mere feeling making my mind go ballistic. He was still wearing jeans, his big erection pressed against my thighs and I found myself getting more and more wet, seeing his eyes boring beautifully into mine as if he was finding answers of his own unknown questions.

I didn't know for how long we stayed like this, just staring at each other although my virgin mind was kicking my butt hard, screaming to me this fact everytime that I was lying all naked beneath the man who would never look at me or at my heart again, the moment he would get what he wanted from me.

My body!

Hot sex which he lived for all this time!

But the question was critical now!?

Was this sex worth my every year of crush, like, love or feelings for him!?

Was it a better option giving away my virginity and my inncoennce to someone who was habitual of taking it everyday from every other girl he found willing!?

Was my body the only thing he wanted now!?

In between our crazy immature fights and pranks, did he never realise I was actually in love with him all this time!?

Even today, when he came to save me heroically from James, was he saving me from that devil, just as a friend!?

Or he actually cared for me more than he showed me everyday!?

But the main question was, did he really hate me!?

Did he never felt anything for me!? All in our twelve years of friendship, was I just a common country girl for him, with whom he could fight, play pranks on, tease her, play with her!?

Did he never, even for just a better erroneous momemt, think that I could actually be a part of his future!?

He lowered his face to mine but when I thought he was going to kiss me, he pressed his forehead against mine, closing his eyes slowly as if closing his eyes to contemplate some tough decision of his life.

What did he need to think of!?

He hated me with every fibre of his being just as I loved him with every last nerve of my body!

So why not just take me!?

Why wait so much!? Take me hard and fast, violate me and destroy me!

Show me how much you hate me!

I am all ready to be manipulated!

If this was the end of every pain I got while seeing you spending your time with someone else, then don't wait anymore!

I am all ready to end it right then and there!

I felt his hands trailing slowly up my body, passing my thighs, my core, my stomach, my bare breasts where he pressed his palms tightly once more over my red swollen nipples before his hands reached my face to cup my cheek gently.

Was he this gentle with every women he spends his night with!?

I know maybe he was but I couldn't care anymore!

It's not that he was ever mine to begin with!

"Mia" My name rolled out of his mouth like a music played in heaven and I just wanted to pull him down and kiss him hard and senseless but I was afraid he might reject me or push me back.

"Mia, listen I....", he trailed off, his eyes searching words in my eyes to complete his sentence.

But he didn't complete his sentence.

I raised my hands which were gripping the bedsheet, to touch him gently on his cheek before cupping his face fully.

He flinched slighly at my touch. I saw the dark raging dilemma in his eyes, obvious fear of losing his friend if he took me right now, but the naked lust of not wanting to stop either.

But I had already taken my decision.

Some tough decision it was, I had to admit!

"Jake" I whispered, tears pooling in my eyes, my lips actually trembled while I called his name.

He centered his attention towards mine, looking at me this time with desire, passion and....

Longing!?

"Take me, Jake" I whispered slowly to him.

His eyes widened slightly, as if he never thought I would say something like that.

"Mia-"

"I have made my decision! Take me now, Jake and let us all be free from whatever that is between us, for once and for all!"

"But-"

"Isn't that what you wanted all along!? To be inside of me!? To touch me like you want to!?"

"I-"

"I'm all yours for now! Do whatever you want to do with me!"

"No-"

I didn't let him complete, pulling him towards me and smashing my lips against him. He remained still for a moment, blinking at me before moving his hands to cup my cheek and kiss me back.

Next thing I knew, he was digging his teeth in my throat, licking my neck, my collarbone, kissing my chest, trailing open hot mouthed kisses down my whole body.

He grabbed my ankles, nudging my thighs apart. My hands attempted to cover myself, suddenly too self-consciousness of my body, but he clutched my wrists, shooking his head at me.

"Don't hide anything from me! It's the only thing I hate when you start hiding things from me!"

I was reluctant in doing that, but my eyes closed in pleasure as he pressed his soft lips over my bare thighs. I inhaled deeply, feeling and reveling in the emotion which was growing inside the pit of my stomach.

His soft kisses turned into open mouthed ones, licking and biting my thighs making me grow more wet when he reached my wet core, placing soft gentle kiss over it.

"Jak..e mmm!"I moaned his name loudly, when he snaked out his tongue to lick my wet folds, opening his mouth to suck on them. My thighs pressed together in impulse but Jake gripped them firmly to put them over his head.

He plunged his finger into my core, joining another in and one more before lapping up my juices like a man deprived of water in a desert for months.

I put one hand over my mouth to muffle my loud moan, while he continued to eat me up, his tongue going deeper in my core, exploring my walls. His fingers were pumping me in and out continuously, licking every bit of my juices coming out.

I bit my lips and my head fell back in pure pleasure as I reached my orgasm second time in a day.

"Jake!!!"

My eyes rolled back my head, my heartbeat racing wild as more and more of my orgasmic juices spilled out.

I was breathing heavily when I was completed with my effort, while he took his time, licking and devouring my juices.

He towered over me once again. Seeing him look all handsome and unapproachable, I turned my head to the side, unable to stand the thought of going all one night stand with my unrequited love.

He frowned a little, cupping my cheeks and turning me around to look at him.

"Look at me. Look at me properly while I take you here and make you all min-", he stopped suddenly, his eyes looking confused at his own words.

I nodded at his words. He sighed.

"Are you-"

"I am all ready, Jake! Don't play all gentle with me! Fuck me like you do with all your other girlfriends! I couldn't care less!"

"Mia-"

"Please Jake! Don't give me false hopes!"

I knew he wouldn't remember a thing after he would wake up in the morning.

He was always like this. Emily was always a strong hater of drinking, the reason Edward never goes off bars. But no matter how much habitual Jake is to alcohol, his ability to forget things happened after drinking alcohol, never disappeared even after all these years.

He tried to argue me out of my wrong notion but I knew how men get emotional after having hefty drinks!

******

I heard his soft groan reach my ears, just as I was picking up my bra and top from the ground. I panicked, running around to grab spare blanket from the nearby cupboard.

*******

His gentle words kept playing in my mind when he was about to enter me, "This is gonna hurt so much, Mia!"

"I know. I know. I read all about it. Just go on!"

He sighed before grabbing my hands and wrapping them around his back.

"Grab me tightly. Scratch me, bite me, kick me for any pain I might give you unintentionally!"

He looked at me for an answer but I just nodded at him.

I wasn't about go and tell him how much I was touched by his words! I know I am a fool to always fall head over heels in love with him for his each and everything but he didn't need to know all that!

He grabbed both my wrists, pinning

me to the bed gently before interwining our fingers and entered me slowly.

And then a fast thrust.

I wouldn't lie if I said it didn't hurt a bit.

It hurt like hell and Jake stopped even in a middle to check me all up but I urged him to go on.

"I am so sorry Mia! Forgive me for all this pain!"

Yes. Yes. I deserved a sorry after all these years, you dumbfuck!

He kissed me and my tears, penetrating me yet again and I muffled my moan only to be kissed hard and passionately by him again.

He increased his pace, kissing my lips, my jaw, corner of my mouth, tip of my nose before nibbling gently on my earlobe.

Our fingers were still interwined and it was fluttering my heart in the most craziest way as possible!

He grabbed my thighs, thrusting me faster and harder, placing his forehead against mine.

Putting my left thigh over his head quickly, he increased his thrusts with a force, whispering my name in between.

We both reached our peaks one at a time. He fell above my chest, all tired from the effort and maybe alcohol.

*End of mature content*

While I just remembered saying one thing to him at last when he fell asleep beside me, pulling me closer, soft snores coming from his nose.

"I love you, Jake" I whispered, running my hands along his cheeks"I don't know why I am telling you this after all these years, but I just felt like I should tell you. You deserve to know what I feel, though I never deserved to be in your arms, let alone in your future!!"

I knew I would regret it the moment I would wake up, and I knew he would regret it too.

But before we both lose whatever existed between us all these years, I picked up my last clothing, wearing it properly, combing my hairs with a little difficulty.

It was hurting like volcano between my thighs and I was pretty sure I wouldn't be able to walk down all the way to my home like this.

Clock showed 4 am and it was still too early for anyone to wake up in this hour.

I knocked bedroom door of Jake's grandparents!

Sighing in relief that his grandmother came out, I quickly hugged her in emotions, slightly staggering in pain.

"Dear. What happened!? Why are you limping? Are you hurt!? Did Jake do anything!?"

Tears started to wet the carpet as I told her everything that happened between us. I just thought hiding it this much would make me go mad in a minute.

"Oh dear! You two-"

"I know. I know. I am so sorry. Please forgive me! I feel ashamed now!"

"But dear-"

"Can you do me a favour? Just one favour!?"

She looked at me with pity and affection.

"Yes Dear! Ask anthing!"

I hesitated a bit. "Call your servants to have him all dressed up!"

"Wha-"

"Yes. Please. I don't want him to know anything that had happened between us. It's all in past and I never want it to come in between our future, if we ever had one!"

"But dear, it's injustice to him!"

"Believe me, it's the best for both of us! Besides, he wouldn't remeber anything anyways! So I don't want to leave any clues behind!"

"And where will you be going now, dear? It's too late at night! You shouldn't-"

"I'm all safe and will always be!"

"But where are you going? Tell me the name of the place-"

"I can't! I'm going far away from my past! From everything now!"

I hugged her shocked form tightly. "I'll miss you so much!"

"Mia dear-"

"Remember you called me something last summer! Your daughter! Then please, please" I placed my hands over hers,"please never tell him anything about all this. It's my last request to you!"

"Dear-"

"Can you not scold him much for bringing over new girlfriends daily? He doesn't like it when you do all that? If he wants to live life his way, let him do it! Trust him better! Believe me, as much as I know, he isn't actually a bad person! He is just moody and maybe spoiled a little!"

"Are you saying goodbye this soon dear? Didn't you love him once!?"

"I told you I am going away from my past. For better and for best! Goodbye!"

I turned around abruptly on my heels and fled outside before any reason could stop me from walking forward

and leaving him behind, tears flew continuously out of my tired eyes while I just wondered if Jake would even care I left without saying a proper goodbye to him...

# Chapter 43 - Do You Love Me?

Emily's pov:

"Lily, I can't find my office files and where is my folder!?" I heard Edward calling for me, sound of things falling down coming from our bedroom.

"See there! Under that black cupboard inside your closet!" I yelled, stirring my stew before taking some in a spoon to taste.

Too spicy!

I added some water and vegetables, breaking two eggs and poured them over boiling stew. Chopping fresh parsley, I sprinkled it over my cooked stew.

"I can't find it anywhere! Emi Seriously, where the hell is that damn folder!"

I sighed loudly, shooking my head and turning off the heat of the stew.

Quickly I climbed over the stairs to see him all frustrated and half dressed, ransacking all cupboards of the room.

"Eddie! See properly there, will you!? I'm trying to cook you a proper breakfast here!"

With a single look and search, I pulled out his desired file, placing it carefully over his desk before crossing my arms in annoyance to look at him.

Though all my annoyance flew out of the window the moment I saw him without shirt, looking all guilty and smiling brightly at me.

"I thought it was the black cupboard you said to find in!?"

"It was the black cupboard, Eddie! Though its not my fault you happen to have many of them in your closet!"

He put on his white shirt, buttoning up his sleeves, his necktie hanging loose on his collars while I was trying to pretend to collect things from the bed, not wanting to look at his half-naked body which would continue the chain of my unwanted wet dreams of him just like when I was in high school.

When he was all done dressing up, I walked over to him, taking his necktie and fastening it around his collar. It was my daily task, doing it for him though he asked me many times to teach him so that he wouldn't have to bother me but I assured him it wasn't much of a tedious task for me.

Straightening his collar, I knot his tie three times, averting it, placing it and then all done.

Running my fingers once more over his black necktie, I backed some steps away, only to be pulled closer quickly by him, his hands wrapped around my waist.

I squeeked impulsively as I fell straight on his chest, while his hands encircled my waist, pulling me deliciliously closer.

"Ed-"

"Do I stress you too much, lily!?"

He rested his head at the crook of my neck, practically crushing me with his bone-crushing hug. My feet were lifted off the carpet as the strap of my kitchen apron fell off my arms.

"I think you-" I put my hand on his chest to push him slightly away.

"Do I!?" He asked again, his grip not loosening a bit over my waist.

"Er.. No! Never! Why would you stress me!? I'm your friend, Edward and friends don't give stress to each other!"

He pulled apart to stare at me and I blinked once to see him looking so handsome, yet I couldn't touch him and tell him all that.

"But you give me so much stress, Lily!"

I furrowed my eyebrows on confusion. "Why would I-"

"No matter how much I think about it, its all my fault. It's all fucking my fault! I am sorry. So sorry for hurting you when you weren't even willing to-"

Not now. Not again.

He was still regretting that night!

In frustration, I raised my shaking hand at him.

"People don't apologize for touching their wives, Edward!"

I don't know what came over me but suddenly I was feeling too overwhelmed with emotions. I wanted to cry so bad everytime he would apologize yet I couldn't do it 'cause I was afraid he might take it wrong way thinking he hurt me that night when he was truly hurting me with all of his futile apologies now.

He remained silent for some time and I took some books to place it on cupboard, folding the sheets and adjusting the pillow.

"Breakfast is ready! If you can hurry, it'll be warm and healthy for you!"

I opened the door, setting my foot forward to walk out.

"Why were you crying, lily!?"

I stopped abruptly and turned around to look at him, standing all confused in his thoughts.

"Why were you crying that night, after....opening my shirt and lying above me!? I remember you hiding your crying face from me? Why!"

Quickly, I was alarmed. I hesitated a bit, searching the room frantically to get any reason to escape from answering that question.

I was so careful hiding my tears from him! How the hell did he know!

Well, he ain't my best friend for nothing!

"Well, I ermm-"

"I have been wanting to ask you this question so badly but each time, something happened and I couldn't ask! Now, lily, will you please answer me!? It's eating me up inside that I made you cry-"

"I didn't cry because you were hurting me, Edward!"

"Then why? Tell me! If it wasn't my-"

"I can't tell you" I whispered softly, my hands clutching sleeves of my apron in nervousness.

"What? Wh-"

"I can't tell you, Edward, I am so sorry. Please forgive me!"

"But why Emi. I don't understand all this! We never hide anything from each other! There was nothing called as secret between us-"

"I'm sorry. I just can't-"

Abruptly I turned around to leave him when he caught my wrist and pulled me back. My eyes widened to see him all angry and annoyed. His eyes reflected pure rage and something else I couldn't yet pinpoint.

"You can't tell me!? Me? You can't tell your Edward!? Why is that!? Suddenly, you have started hiding things from me so cleverly! Why do I feel like you will ditch me and leave me alone to live all by myself in near future!?"

His grip on my wrist tightened, pressing me to answer his question.

"I'm not having this conversation with you again! You've started to imagine ridiculous things, Edward and you-"

"So you're telling me that I am thinking wrong when I say you won't ditch me!? Ever!? Then, why don't you answer me clearly why the hell were you crying that day!?"

I tried to wiggle out of his grip, joining my other hand to push him away.

"Emi, I never could've believed that you of all people would behave like this!"

His fingers curled tightly around my wrist, painfully leaving me squirming.

But I refused to show him my hurt and pain though I was very much sure my eyes must be betraying my words as I saw him flinch a little when a drop of my tear fell slowly over his fingers gripping my wrist.

Immediately, he loosened his grip but didn't leave my hand, still staring at me to get his answer.

But what would I answer him?

That I was so much happy he was finally touching me the way I wanted him to and my euphoria reached my peak when I laid on top of him, not believing that the man I was touching was the same guy I had been in love for years!?

I put my hands over his, slowly trying to remove his hands.

"Eddie, let me go for once-"

He tightened his grip again. "No! Never! You'll tell me the reason while I hold you like this! I am not letting you go anytime soon, if you won't tell me, Emi!"

"Are you fucking out of your mind, Edward!? It's such a silly argument again! How can you-"

"It's because of you we end up fighting every fucking time, Emily!"

"I am a girl Edward! There are some things I don't want to tell. You can't expect me to tell you everything like a bird to a boy like you!"

He raised his eyebrows at me.

"Oh. So now I am a boy and you're a girl!? Right? So now we are back to that "a girl and a boy can't stay just friends" thing!?"

Turning away from his challenging gaze, I stared at the floor. "I didn't mean it like that"

"Well then tell me what you meant then? Tell me what the fucking was going on between us for past twenty years if it wasn't friendship where people tell things to each other!? Tell me??! I never hid a single thing from you, Emi but you-"

"Believe me, Edward if I can, I would've told you this reason a long time ago!" I told him slowly.

"Okay. If you're going to behave this way, hiding things from me then why not just leave me at once!? I don't know about you,Emi, but I never imagined living single day of my life without you, and seeing you suddenly all changed like this is scaring the shit out of me! Really! I don't even know what to do and you're just frustrating me further-"

"Edward, it's just a simple thing! Anyone can hide anything from anyone-"

"But not you!" He pulled me towards himself by my wrist, our faces now inches from each other, our noses touching tip to tip.

"You don't come in those fucking "anyone" category for me! You are one of those who will stay with me until I die dea-" I put my hands over his mouth, shooking my head at him, urging him not to speak further.

I inhaled deeply to calm my nerves.

"Edward, you can't ask me to stay with you forever! You have a girlfriend for god's sake!"

"A friend is a friend and a girlfriend is a girlfriend, Emi. You are my best friend and no fucking women or girlfriend can come between us!"

I sighed deeply, not believing he was saying all those things to me when just a month ago he was busy having sex with Lara when I was in the next room.

"Did you seriously forgot that just some months ago you were so eager to get married to Lara!? Did you really forget everything!? The real reason why you proposed to me? The reason why we married for fake? The reason we are fooling our families!? The reason we almost ended up having sex-"

I stopped abruptly, too ashamed to continue.

"I'm sorry! I said I was sorry for touching you! I'm a man, Emi and those things which we were doing back there made me insane! I admit it! But you keep on pushing each and everything!"

"Okay. I'll answer you if you'll answer me one thing!"

"Yes! Ask whatever you want!"

I pressed my lips together inhaling a deep breath.

"Tell me why you never said "I love you" to Lara?!"

He was suddenly all silent.

I tilted my head to press my question.

He hesitated a bit, leaving my hand and walking to his side.

"Tell me if you can, Eddie!?"

He didn't answer me anything. Instead, he busied himself in adjusting his shirt and tie.

"See, you can't! But I don't mind! Not at all! There are certain things you may not want to tell me even though I am supposed to be your best friend! Why? You may ask? Because we just don't find it worthy enough to share! Because we know we both will be fine even without telling each other that particular reason we both are hiding!"

He still didn't respond.

I walked towards him, adjusting his tie and ruffling his hairs. "Be happy, Edward. You don't get loving and caring friends everyday. You're lucky I am not leaving you for two years!"

I said winking at him, showing him the perfect white teeth.

"Two years? You'll stay with me for only two years!? Why so!?"

I sighed.

"Our fake marriage is only for two years! In case you forgot! You already signed the divorce agreement as well! I have kept it with me for months. But

don't you worry! We'll continue being friends even after you marry Lara! And maybe if I have time out of my busy schedule, I would babysit your kids as well!"

Immediately I hugged him tighlty to hide my tears, but I wasn't much able to stifle the sobs so I had to bit my lips to control myself from breaking right then and there.

"Emi, are you okay? Why are you crying?"

He caressed my back, moving his hands up and down my back while I held him tightly for my dear life, not wanting to let go anytime soon. His hands tightened around my shoulders hugging me back.

"No. No. I am fine! Totally fine.! It's just that thoughts of settling you down with a nice future and a beautiful woman made me kinda emotional! It was hard believing that we grew up so fast turning from a little boy and a little girl to a complete man and a woman. Anyway. I am happy for you!"

I turned to leave.

"Emi. It's not that I don't want to tell you the reason. I just don't know myself why I haven't said "I love you" to her! It's just that it somehow never crossed my mind telling her all that!"

I was about to answer him when my phone rang and I nearly dropped it out of my pocket seeing who it was.

George!

Oh god. No!

I hid it carefully in my pocket, after checking messages from Mia. She still hadn't replied to my text and it's been two weeks since I last talked to her.

Nevertheless, I wasn't worried much since I knew she was with Jake and as much of a stupid fucking dumbo bastard he was, it wasn't a doubt to say that he would die himself before letting anything bad happen to her.

My phone rang again and I really didn't want to pick up George's call in front of Edward remembering the last time the consequences of talking to him weren't actually to both of our interest.

It rang yet again and I sighed.

"Who is it? Why don't you pick it up, Emi?"

I averted my gaze to stare at my books.

"Is it him? Again!?"

"No! Hell no! Why would George call me?! What would he get by calling some ugly tomboy like me?! I refused him a date weeks ago. He has nothing to do with me now, I assure you!"

"I never said it was George calling you though!"

My ringtone broke my line of thoughts again and Edward snatched the phone out of my hand to stare at the caller ID and then look at me.

"I told you to stay away from him!"

"It's not that I called him first though! He is the one calling me! And besides!"

I snatched my phone back from him.

"What right do you have to stop me!?"

I was about to take the call when Edward stopped me again. "No! Don't take it Lily. He is a bad person. Maybe he would just use you and throw you away like a trash. This guy is a shit!! You don't know men-"

I looked from my phone to stare at him in annoyance.

"Do you love me, Edward?"

# Chapter 44 - Why He Never Gets A Clue?

Emily's Pov:

He was still and silent as a rock, his eyes widening like saucers, as if I had asked him the toughest question in the world.

I sighed. "Are you my real husband, Eddie?!"

He thought for a moment, then shook his head slowly.

"No, right!? Then you don't have any right to stop me from talking to any men!"

"But he is just some stupid sales tax manager!"

"I don't talk to people for their money, Edward!! Do you think I am your friend because you are a businessman billionare!?"

He hesitated. "I didn't mean it-"

"No. I don't care about your fucking money or anything! I care only about you and trust me, Eddie, money is not the thing I am looking for in my life!"

"So I don't love you and I am not your real husband is the reason you are talking to that dickhead guy!?"

See, I knew he never loved me. It was always clear as a crystal but I am glad he rejected me unconsciously. That way all my stupid hopes can go to gutter and die there peacefully while he would never get to know how much I once loved him.

"You really and seriously need to consider your priorities first. Lara is your priority and I am just your friend helping you to keep her happy!"

He looked understanding for a moment.

"I don't know anymore, Emi! I don't know what to do with Lara now! I am pretty sure she hates me now considering how the last time I behaved like a jerk to her!"

I put my hands over his, squeezing them, assuring him with a smile.

"Do you want to get together with her again!?"

He nodded. "Yes. I miss her so much yet I can't call her! I am sure she doesn't want to get back with me again!"

"Don't worry, Edward! Things will be right again! Give her some time and take some time off to persuade her! She loves you very much and I am sure she won't hold herself back for very long!"

He looked at me with admiration and happiness, smiling at me the best of his best smile but I didn't have any energy left to smile back at him.

So when he came forward to hug me tightly, I immediately backed away steps from him, reminding him again to come down for breakfast.

I always knew it was her, it never was me to begin with. But I was proud of myself for even trying again after being hurt by him so many times.

What doesn't kill you only makes you stronger, I suppose.

---

I put last bowl of food on table, serving each and every thing on plate while Edward ate in silence. I wasn't planning to eat with him anytime soon cause suddenly I lost all my appetite hearing him missing Lara and wanting to get together with her again.

"Your phone is ringing!"

He still was lost in his thoughts, eating his meal as if it was some tough ordeal.

"Edward, your bloody phone is ringing!"

He snapped at me, realising my sentence a second later to pick up his phone call.

I was washing the cups and crockeries when I felt his presence behind me. Immediately my body stiffened as soon as he put his hand on my shoulder and I turned around reluctantly but still didn't look at him.

"Eric is coming."

A huge grin broke in my face hearing his name.

"Really?! When!?"

I wiped my hands in my apron and looked at him for an answer.

"In two days! He said he completed all his studies and my uncle and my father now wants me to give him an elegant position in my company!"

"Woah! That's cool! Oh man, I missed him so much!? So so much!! Why didn't you tell me earlier that he was coming this early!? That way I would have done some huge preparations to welcome him!"

Edward stared at me incredulously, his mouth opening, closing and then again opening like a fish.

"What!"

"You still....you still like him that much!?! Wasn't he just your high school crush!?"

Oh damn!

Did I forget to tell you that Edward thinks I like Eric Jones, his handsome bloddy cousin!?

When I first wrote a love letter to Edward on renowned Valentines Day,

in my high school, mentioning my name on it, I was just about to write his name on it and had just wrote a 'E' when Edward popped out of nowhere in my room and scared the shit out of me.

I tried to hide the letter from him but he grabbed my wrists and snatched away my letter only to stare wide eyed at me.

I never heard the end of the day when in my haste to complete the name, I told him Eric's name and he was surprised and shocked to hear it. He told me he never thought of me as a person to carry a crush on someone.

Well you don't know a thing about me then, my inner self shouted at him!

I always thought that maybe one day he would get jealous and frustrated thinking about my crush on his cousin, and would come for me, accepting me as more than a friend.

But, on the contrary, he was quite cool and friendly about my crush, often teasing me when Eric would come around me or visit my house. I didn't believe him at all when in his ridiculous desire to help me out, he locked me with Eric in my room, winking at me to confess to him already.

It was very awkward, explaining everything to Eric but he understood my feelings anyway, understanding me and my facade.

He was the best brother I never had actually, always taking care of me and the only silly arguments Edward and Eric used to have were because they both wanted to play video games with me while I only could be available to one person at a time.

It was really childish of Edward, declaring cold war with me for weeks whenever I would decide to play with Eric ditching him but I knew he wouldn't remain mad at me forever 'cause he always had loads of his stuff to share with me, and he wouldn't let me live a day until he spills all his secrets with me.

"Don't start telling me now that you love him now after all these years!?"

I snapped from my line of thoughts to look at him, staring at me for an answer.

"Well.. Hell no! Do you think I am that desperate to fall in love!? No way! You know me! I am not that kind of person!"

He nodded, narrowing his eyebrows at me suspiciously.

"Won't you eat, Lily?"

I continued washing crockeries, wiping them with fresh cloth and placing them carefully on the kitechen counter.

"No. I am not that much hungry. I ate a big elephant sized sandwich last night! It's still not digested properly." I patted over my tummy to press my words.

"But still you need to feed yourself properly-"

"I am really fine, Edward. How about going to work 'cause it's already nine!"

I showed him my phone. "See, it's late! Go to your company right now! And wait!"

Quickly, I ran up the stairs to retrieve his phone and folders and returned some minutes later, huffing heavily.

"Here! Take this! And!" I slid a beautifully wrapped pink box of chocolates towards him.

"Give this to Miss Vermion! I behaved very badly with her last time! She musn't like me very much after all that and she knows I am your wife so she can have a bad impression of you as well! And I don't want some bloody false rumours to spread around of you and your company!"

"You seriously have a very bad habit of being extremely kind and selfless to others-"

"Don't tell her I sent them though, otherwise she won't take them! Tell her you saw her very distorted and mistreated last time so you bought these chocolates as a piece of apology from your misbehaved wife!"

"Lily! I won't say anything like tha-"

"It's for the sake of your company! You don't want my photo to come in a criminal category in newspapers right!? You would be charged for manhandling your assistant secretary and press wouldn't stay silent over such issues. Your enemies are just waiting for an opportunity to destroy you, Edward!"

"But-"

"No buts! Now go!"

I pushed him outside in his car, seeing Michael waiting for him for hours.

He bowed to me. "Good morning, Mrs Emily! Have a nice day!"

"Sure dear. Now go. Bye!"

I waved after his car as it disappeared between the streets. Sighing loudly and extremely tired from my works, I went to my room to dress properly and took my purse and phone to visit a special person.

A very very special person.

Lara Williams.

# Chapter 45 - Some Old Secrets

Emily's POV:

My best friend's girlfriend!

One woman. One beautiful woman who changed both of our destinies.

One who destroyed my hopes of living happily ever after with Edward but gave him the best happiness he could ever get in his life.

Her Love.

They say that 'to love and being loved in return is the best thing in the world!'

They say right though, I must admit!!

Things worked out for them pretty well I suppose.

I always thought that Lara was a big obstacle between me and Edward but years passed by like seasons and I never realized when I ended up becoming obstacle between the two lovers.

I took reluctant steps away from their love, admiring my own love from afar and just being happy by that only. It was tough at first but years of practice made me somewhat habitual to it.

But I should stop being an obstacle between two of them now!!

If I didn't like Lara being an obstacle between us then how much she would have hated me when Edward took my side, throwing her out of his office!!

Reaching her house, I sighed loudly, fanning my hands over my face to calm my nerves.

"Calm down, Emily! Calm down! She doesn't know anything about you! She's a great person ever, just like the one Edward fell in love with! And I have very much trust in his choice! Yes! Yes! I trust him! I trust her!"

I raised my hand towards the doorbell but retracted it suddenly. "No! No! I can't do this! No! Never!"

I shook my head again. "Yes! Yes! I can! And I will! That's my duty as a best friend! That's the least I can do for him!"

Nodding slowly to myself, I rang the doorbell. A minute later, Lara opened it, wiping her wet hairs with a towel, wearing her bathrobe.

"Hi! How are you!?" I waved at her.

She looked at me, scanning me up and down.

"You came two weeks late!"

She left the door open and walked inside, a cue for me to enter her house.

"Should I sit over here!? In sofa?" I asked her, attempting to sit on sofa.

"Don't ask me! Make yourself comfortable anywhere! I will make you some coffee!"

I put my purse over my lap, tapping my shoes in pure nervousness.

What should I say!?

What would she say!?

Does she know I am in love with Edward!?

Would she refuse to get back with Edward, after knowing the truth!?

"I asked you something, Emily!?"

I snapped out of my thoughts to look at Lara, with two cups of coffee, standing all beautifully dressed in front of me.

"I am sorry I slacked off suddenly! Can you please repeat your question, Lara!?"

"I asked what did you want to talk about, Emily 'cause you called me after so many years to meet with me so it must be something important!?"

I thought for a moment. "Yes it is. Something important!"

"Then ask it already"

"Edward wants to get back with you, Lara"

There was a long silence after I spoke my words and I almost thought that I was just dreaming about going to Lara's house and talking to her about her breakup when she didn't reply for minutes.

I took my coffee and sipped some.

"Don't you love him, Emily!?"

I coughed on my coffee violently, staring widely at her before composing myself immdiately to smile widely at her. "He misses you so much, Lara! Don't you think you have been mad at him for-"

"I asked you a question Emily!"

"I heard your question very clearly, Lara!"

"So why don't you answer it then!?"

I laughed nervosuly, taking sip of my coffee. "'cause it's so ridiculous!"

Lara raised her eyebrows at me. "Ridiculous!?"

"Yes. Ridiculous! Lara, how can you even think of that!? It's really horrible! Why would I love him? Of course he is my best friend and all but he has a beautiful girlfriend whom he loves her more than anything in the world and I am not that much of a cruel friend to come in between you two!"

"Who said you can't love a guy with a girlfriend!?"

"Oh please Lara, you are just being worried over nothing! He loves you, only you! I guarantee his love myself!

I have seen it clearly in his eyes! It's just that he sometimes gets overprotective of me, when someone talks bad of me in front of him and you have to understand that that's totally natural of him considering we have been friends for twenty years already!"

"But he kicked me out of his office?"

"I know. I know. I am so sorry for that on his behalf. Please forgive him. Edward isn't like that, I assure you! He always keeps the benefit of his loved ones first-"

"But he keeps taking your side, talking about you all day even when he is with me and it hurts my pride-"

"So you think he is in love with me then?!" I asked her, suddenly wanting to hear the answer from her own mouth.

"Yes!"

I laughed loudly, for maybe minutes, wiping tears from the corner of my eyes before looking at her.

"Really?! You think he would love some manly ugly shit like me who wears shirts and pants," I ran my hand over my attire, "And these sport shoes!?" I showed her my black sport shoes.

"That's totally impossible, Lara. Totally! Believe me, he needs a woman who would compliment him, who would look good in his arms when he goes outside in some events or functions and would suit his billionare name with a surname!"

I walked over to her side, sitting beside her and taking her hand in mine.

"Lara, he needs someone who completes him! And that's you! That's so not me! You are the real Mrs Jones, the one who he was supposed to marry! I am just a substitute! A part of a plan! Don't be threatened with me, please! Seriously, what gave you this ridiculous idea that he would love me!? Me!? Hah! That's a funny speculation!"

"I am afraid he already does!" she whispered.

"Can I use your washroom for a minute!?"

She smiled. "Sure, go straight and turn to your left!"

"Thanks. I'll be out in a second!"

I ran to the washroom, zipping my pants down to pee quietly.

Washing my hands carefully with a soap, I searched for a towel, but coudn't find one nearby.

Opening some cupboards, I searched for some fresh tissues when something fell off from between them.

I took some tissues to wipe my hands off before slowly bending down, I picked up the thing to find out that it was just a photo album.

But who keeps photo album in a washroom?! Wasn't it supposed to be kept safely in your closets?!

My curiousity was killing me inside slowly and slowly. Immediately, I flipped open the album to see the pictures of a beautiful little girl, with curly brown hairs and blue eyes, in different poses.

Blue eyes!?

I didn't know when I walked out of the washroom, staring at the pictures of this little girl with a smile on my face.

"What are you looking at!!?"

Photo album was snatched away roughly from my hands by angry looking Lara.

I quickly raised my hands in defence.

"I am sorry! I didn't mean to peek but I was curious as to why you would hide some album in your washroom so I looked into it without your permission!"

She didn't respond, instead hugged that album close to her chest.

"By the way, I know I am being too nosy since we aren't even friends, but may I ask who is she!?"

She sighed loudly, tears flowing from the corner of her eyes as she hugged the album close to her chest.

"Lara!? What happened?? Who is she!? Tell me?!"

"Emily!?"

"Yes! Yes.!I am listening, Lara! Tell me?"

"Viviana Williams!"

"Viviana!?"

She wiped her tears to look at me, her eyes puffy and tired from crying.

"Yes. She is Viviana Williams, my precious little daughter!"

# Chapter 46 - Shocking Revealations

Emily's Pov:

I was as shocked as a bull deprived of water after ploughing fields in strong sunlight all day!

I stared continously at Lara, who was still crying hysterically, hugging the album close to her bosom.

"You have a daughter, Lara?!!"

She nodded meekly, wiping her tears like a little girl with the back of her hands. My motherly love kicked in and without thinking anything, I pulled out handkerchief from my purse and handed it to her.

She looked at the piece of cloth and then at me and I smiled at her, encouraging her to take it, coaxing her with my sympathetic eyes.

"Here! Come here!" I made her sit on the sofa and immediately poured a glass of water for her which she drank it, her tears still flowing from her beautiful eyes.

"I won't ask anything else if you're hurting so much because of it!" I patted her back, assuring her of my words. Standing up, I attempted to leave when she stopped me by clutching the sleeves of my shirt.

"Emily!"

I turned around to see her vulnerable and miserable form, pleading for something.

"I want to talk about it! It's been years and I can't hide the truth anymore! I am hurting everyone because of my biggest mistake!"

Hiding my own surprise after listening her gentle words, I sat down beside her, pouring myself a glass of water and gulping it down in one shot before finally looking at her.

"So why didn't you tell me! About your daughter and all!? I understand Edward hid it for me for a reason and that's why he was eager to get married to you but atleast, you should have told me the whole truth! That way I would've understood why he was marrying me for fake so desperately!"

Lara looked at me, her eyebrows furrowed in confusion.

"Why would Edward tell you anything about my daughter!?"

"Because then I would've understood the extent of your relationship with him pretty well!?"

"But how can he tell you about her when he himself didn't know about it!"

My eyes widened in surprise.

"You didn't tell Edward yet! Why!? He deserves to know he has a child, Lara! That's unfair!"

She remained silent for minutes while I just stared at her, expecting her to say something.

"She isn't Edward's child", Lara whispered slowly, staring at the floor, too ashamed to even look at me.

"What-"

"Vivian is not Edward's daughter!"

My hands flew to my mouth to stop a loud gasp. But my heart relaxed much to see that Vivian wasn't Edward's daughter.

It would be a understatement to say that my heart broke into million pieces to learn that Lara had a daughter. And it took my whole strength not to cry out loudly in front of her after she asked me all those questions about me loving Edward.

But if Vivian is not Edward's daughter then what about her blue eyes and brown curls!?

"Who is the father then!!?"

Lara stopped wiping her tears from my hanky to look at me, putting the cloth over her lap.

"Vivian's father!?"

"Yes. Yes. Who is it?!" I snaked my head towards her mouth, too curious to know her answer but when she didn't respond, my face fell in disappointment.

We sat still in sofa for more minutes. I tapped my foot on floor in curiosity while Lara just fiddled with her fingers, maybe in nervousness.

I coughed deliberately. "It's ok. If you don't want to tell then I completely understand! Its too personal for it-"

"No. No. I will tell you everything. It's just that it's been years and I never talked to anyone about it!"

I nodded. "You can totally take your time in it! I am hell yeah fine with it!For now, how about you just tell me how did you meet... ummm... Vivian's father!?"

Lara looked spaced out for a moment, before a little smile broke out in her pretty face.

"Almost eight years ago, we both met each other in our high school! I was totally a different person back then! What you see me now is just my reincarnation after a certain bad turn of events!"

"Reincarnation!?"

"Yes. I was a total nerd back then, with my ugly braces, pigtails, baggy clothings and a encyclopedia like books in my bag! I used to study all day and night, scoring best of the best scores in our class!"

"And!?"

"And then there was him in our class, always hanging out with the popular ones, and always looking cool and handosme. Though he behaved like a jerk to all the girls confessing their undying love for him, he was considerably very warm-hearted from inside and always stood up for those who bullied the weak ones and nerds like me!!"

"Oh. So that's why you fell in love with him?"

Immdiately, dark blush adorned her cheeks,"Yes! He saved me from those scary bullying guys that day when I was staying late in the library to study for my midterms! I wasn't planning to fall in love anytime soon cause I had a long list of my successful careers lying ahead of me but you can't help who you fall in love with and before I realised what was happening to me, I suddenly started to catch a glimpse of him in a class, wanting to help him anytime even if it was giving him my notes or favourite pencil and getting jealous at any other girl who he used to save from any bully and the symptoms of falling in love continued for eternity then!"

"So what happened after?!" I asked, taking one sip of my now cold coffee, my interest in her personal life increasing more and more.

"Then one day he came and proposed to me!"

"Wow! Really! Then!?"

"I was hesitating at first to accept his confession, no matter how much I began to love him until then, because I was just a boring ugly nerd nobody would even dare to look at and then there he was, one of the popular boys of our school, asking me to become his girlfriend! I refused him flatly, feeling too unworthy and undeserving for his love and concern!"

"Then! What happened after!?"

"Well he continued to follow me everwhere, accompanying me everwhere without my consent, dropping me home late at night where I used to walk on dark streets alone and he would just follow me from behind until I get home safely. He saved me seats for cricket matches of our school and sat with me on the beach to watch fireworks when nobody was willing to watch it with me!

These little things made me realise he really cared for me and I couldn't get anyone like him again, and so I accepted his proposal happily!"

I poured her a glass of water and offered her to drink which she gulped down quickly.

"So, When did you two... um... do it then!?"

Lara chuckled heartily. "You mean when did we have sex!?"

I nodded, quickly looking down at the floor, blushing profusely at her bold words.

"I opened up to him, told him all my secrets of life, about my family, about my favourite food, color, drawings, books, animals, clothes and all. We grew more close to each other, it had been four months of our relationship back then!"

Lara looked at me, to gauge my facial expression which was full of curiousity and interest.

"And then one day when he visited my house, in Christmas when my parents were outside to meet with my uncles and aunts, he gave me a gift!"

I scooted closer. "What was the gift then??"

"It was a phone, my first phone ever. It's still with me, in my belongings. I was so much touched my his feelings and his affection. We had a movie marathon that day and a movie situation made us to kiss each other. After that, one thing lead to another and we ended up having unprotected sex that day! We both gave in to our feelings, without thinking of the consequences!"

"Oh so, you got pregnant then!?"

She nodded her head slowly.

"Then what did he say!?"

I saw tears pooling in the corner of her eyes again which she tried to wipe it fast, but they ended up flowing on her lap.

"Lara!? What happened!? What did he do then!??"

"He betrayed me, Emily! He bloody betrayed me!"

"What!?"

"Yes, he left me all alone to deal with it myself. When I came to know I was pregnant with his child, I just wanted to tell him that! I never meant to kept the baby myself as I had a long life ahead of me and if he had told me once to abort the baby, I would have done it without hesitation but-"

Suddenly she stopped in the middle to break out into heavy sobs.

I grabbed her shoulders tightly, shooking her a little to make her look at me.

"Tell me, Lara! What the fuck did that bloody jerk say?? Tell me!"

"He sai..said that I.....way just the part of his stupid bet which he made with his friends to have me laid under him in just months! And I just stood there, staring at him speaking the whole truth smugly to me, while he continued to mock me and my neediness in my face! I wasn't...." she wiped her tears once more," And I couldn't tell him I was... pregnant with his child seeing that how much he truly hated girls like me in real life!"

"Oh Lara. I am so sorry!" I pulled her in a comforting hug, while she cried loudly in my shoulders, her pain breaking my own heart apart.

"Shh! It's Okay dear. We don't need guys like him in your life, right!? We need guys like Edward who can protect your pride whenever jerks like him appear to mess up your already fucked up life!"

"No. Emily. I can't fool him anymore. I never loved him in my life! I was just greedy and desperate to be loved after getting so much pain by my own one mistake!"

"Lara! Don't say it like that! You are much better than that! I know you! Let's just go and drag that jerk's fucking ass here with his damn bloody ears and don't you worry about beating, cause I am a trained martials and I have been saving my power to beat up the crazy ass of stupid jerks like him!"

"No. Emily! We can't do that cause he isn't here anymore!"

I opened my mouth to say something but I was too shocked to see he was dead already.

"Oh dear. I am so so sorry. I didn't know he would die so early otherwise I would have stir fried his heart to feed it to monkeys and then-"

"No. No. For god's sake he is very much alive, Emily! He is just no more in this country. He left for abroad a long time ago!"

"Oh don't you worry dear! I didn't read mystery thriller novels for nothing! Tell me your high school's name and I'll ask the principal his address to track him and his rotten dick down to this country again!?"

She didn't answer, instead chose to sit still in her thoughts.

"What was the name of your highschool again!?" I aksed again, in hope that she would answer this time.

"DreamCoastal High School!"

"Oh!? DreamCoastal High School!?"

Name sounds familiar though!

I pulled out my pen and a notepad to write it down carefully in my paper.

"Since you won't tell me his name, how about you tell me some of his things!? First, what was his favourite subject?"

"Maths!"

"Favourite colour?!"

"Grey!"

"Favourite food!?"

"Tomato, brocolli grilled sandwich!"

"That's a weired taste. Eww!"

"Favourite Friend!?"

She thought for a moment before looking intently at me. "You and Edward!"

I almost dropped my notepad, listening to her response.

Was it Jake?!?

Oh my god!

No!

No! No! He wasn't in DreamCoastal High School, that much I remember!

Wait a minute though!

DreamCoastal High School?

Tomato brocolli grilled sandwich? Maths was his favourite!? Saved girls from being bullied? Grey colour? Friends with me and Edward??

All colour drained out of my face as my notepad fell on the floor with a soft thud and my mouth opened, closed and opened again to say something before I didn't know what to say anymore.

"Oh my shit! Don't tell me Vivian's father is Him? Him!?"

She nodded her head. "It is the truth, Emily. I am so sorry!"

"But... he... he can't be!"

"Yes. I am sorry Emily but Eric Jones is the biological father of my Vivian!"

# Chapter 47 - His Cute Little Secrets

Emily's POV:

"But he is Edward's cousin!"

"I didn't know that before until I met Edward in my college days!"

"Oh god. This is so.. How did you give birth to the child then??!"

Lara sighed loudly before looking at me. "After he left me all my myself to deal with that unwanted pregnancy, I was heartbroken and miserable. But I wasn't willing to abort my poor child who wasn't even born at that time. Giving a excuse of studying for better future to my family, I went to Europe to study where I gave birth to Vivian at my tender age of 19. It was hard raising her alone. So I returned home after 2 years, all changed and that old Lisa-"

"Lisa?"

"Yes. My real name is Lisa Williams! But after all that happened with me, I decided to change my whole self because I knew all along that it all happened because I was just a ugly stupid nerd! I changed my name, my attire, my behaviour and my everything. That old Lisa died 5 years ago in Europe and I returned all transformed like this with my infant child, once again to continue my studies after giving my daughter to my mother, telling her the excuse that I am doing my friend a favour by raising her child for some years until my imaginative friend starts earning her own money to raise her child!"

"Oh. And Edward!? Why did you date him then!?"

"I never planned on dating again! I hated love like shit after my first love betrayed me and my child but then one day Edward came and proposed to me and I became greedy and smug to see that changing myself was after all a good plan. When I learned that Edward was Eric's cousin, I was again scared that he would do the same to me as his cousin did! This time I refused him with a pure determination!"

She glanced at me while I tried to look anywhere but her.

"But once again history repeated itself and Edward also tried to pursue me everytime we would cross paths and in him, I saw glimpse of Eric and I couldn't help but get curious to get close to Edward thinking of him as Eric. But in these subsequent years, I came to know how both of them are so different from each other!"

I clapped my hands together.

"Of course they both are different! Eric is Eric and Edward is Edward! They are both two males of the same family but from two different mothers! They are bound to be different!"

"Yes. I know. I don't know what came over me but suddenly I became evil and desperate for being loved like a woman by some man and Edward was everything I would ever want in a man ! But still, I never was able to love him but only wanted to listen "I love you, Lara!" from his mouth and that way my life would end at peace but-!"she stopped suddenly to look at me.

I looked at her in pity. "But he never said those three words to you!?"

"Yes 'cause he was already in love with you even before he met me! It was just pure attraction between us!"

I chuckled at her words. "Oh please? Once again? Edward is in love with me!? He doesn't even think of me as some girl so how can he be in love with me!?" I said, rolling my eyes at the irony of my own words.

Lara laughed slowly.

"Really Emily? You think he never thought of you as a girl!? Then dear let me tell you this! He always thought of you as a girl and now thinks of you as a woman! It's just that he told me that you don't like to do feminine things or girly stuff so he stopped himself a lot from making you feel like a girl!"

"What!"

"Yes. And I still remember the day he told me he was just crazy about your cute little highschool skirt but didn't tell you that because he thought you might not like it so he would always shoo away those crazy guys who would just roam around you, peeking below your skirt!"

"How is this even possible? Oh, so that's why he himself had taken my skirt to get tailored long? But he told me that he doesn't want me to tan my legs from summer that's why he did that!?"

"No. No. And everytime your birthday would come, he would fight himself from buying you girly stuffs but he couldn't help but wonder how you would look in those butterfly or flower clips so he would buy all that stuff anyway but never got the courage to give them to you and so he always had to buy you manly stuff on your birthdays but if you would go and check his fifth brown cupboard from front, then you can see every girl stuff he had ever bought for you but never got the chance to give it to you!"

I covered my mouth to stop flies from entering in my mouth which was hanging low with surprise now. "Woahhh! I can't believe it! Really! It's first time I am hearing all of it!"

"I know. He never told you anything of it because he thought you didn't like to be treated as some fragile girl but he always liked it when he would fight the guys for you and you would hide behind him, clutching the sleeves of his shirt in fear!"

"Hey! When did I hide in fear behind him!? That's bullshit-"

"Don't take it in your heart! He just wants that! He told me he likes to protect you as his own. And the day he married to you, well, when he met the other day with me, even after we had this hot make out in my room, he was busy talking about his wedding and how, for the first time in his life," she briefly glanced at me, before continuing ,"he saw his best friend Lily dressed as a beautiful woman, like the one he he had always wished to see her once in his life, all dressed for him only, as his bride."

I coughed on my drink, spilling its contents over my shirt in haste. "What?!"

"Yes, Emily! That was the day I realised all my doubts were true and indeed he was in love with you but he doesn't realise it yet!"

I waved my hand at her, "No way Lis...Lara-"

Lara cut me off politely.

"Call me Lisa please! I want to hear my old name after such a long time! I miss my old self so much!"

My eyes softened looking at her, all beautiful but vulnerable. "Ok. Lisa dear!"

My phone rang and I took a deep breath to see who it was.

Edward!

Oh god!

What would I say to him now?

Should I talk to him thinking he wants me to talk like a girl!?

No, wait I already talk to him like a girl!?

But what if I say, "Hello Edward! How are you!? So I just want to tell you that accidently and it all happened so fast that before I could control myself, I opened the fifth brown cupboard of your closet and found some girl stuff hidden cleverly in it!? Are you secretly a girl or have you taken a part time job to dress like a girl to dance in bars!? Don't tell me you've been petting a girl in your office all along!?"

I shook my head violently! There is no way I could let him know I now know all his dark secrets now!!?

He would peel my skin alive!!

"Take the call, Emily!?"

I waved my hand at her, laughing nervously.

"No! I can take it when I get home! Hell no!! It's already past 10? When did we begin to talk so much!?" I screamed, seeing the time in my phone.

Lara chuckled. "It's nothing new! I always knew you were a great company but I never approached you for any sort of conversation cause I felt guilty and slutty after spending all those useless nights with Edward even after seeing clearly how much you actually love him!"

I feigned ignorance. "Hell no! I don't love him-"

"Stop it already, will you!? I wouldn't get fake married with my best friend just because he wants to keep his relationship with his girlfriend unless I love him too much to refuse his bloddy stupid proposal!"

I laughed at her choice of words after raising my hands. "Okay! Okay! Guilty!"

"Thank god you accepted otherwise I thought poor Edward would get friendzoned!"

I rolled my eyes at her irony before pulling her for a bear hug. Lara hugged me back, smiling widely and wiped her tears to see my smiling face.

"Hey! Why are you crying!?"

"Nothing! I am just suddenly feeling guilty of my deeds! Holy Jesus would never forgive me for coming in between you two and destroying your happiness with my own greedy intentions but believe me, Emily I never was this bad person. Circumstances made me slutty and I used a good person to satisy my need to get loved desperately and now-"

"It's ok Lisa. I understand very well. Eric was a fucking jerk to you and we.... me and Edward are as fine as a sunshine.! You don't have to worry at all! I am glad that you found me as a comforting person and shared your scars with me!"

Lara hugged me once again, "I am so sorry, Emily!I will leave this city soon after breaking up officially with Edward. Dragging this facade further is gonna hurt all of us and it's for the betterment of all of us! I'll come tomorrow morning to talk to Edward and clear out everything!"

I nodded. "Don't tell him anything about Vivian or Eric please I ask-"

"Don't worry I won't! I had been a villain to you two for a long time and now it's time I set everything right myself. I will break up with him telling him as little as possible!"

My phone rang again.. I sighed.

Edward!

I knew I was late to home but did he really need to give me like..... Oh hell.. 57 missed calls!?

"Err Lar...Lisa, I think I should get going ! It's late and I am not that much good at driving at night so-"

"Of course dear go ahead! Edward must be crazily worried for you and might have called a police force to search whole city for you by now!"

I laughed at her joke, smacking her playfully in arm.

I waved at her "Bye Lisa, hope to have more conversation with you in near future!"

"Of course!" she smiled at me, waving back.

I looked at her smiling face, she was happy as if she got an honest friend after million years and I couldn't help but wonder if I should tell her that Eric was coming back home after all those years of studying abroad.

Would she still smile after hearing he was coming back!?

I decided not to tell her, maybe it would be better for her not to cross paths with him after all!

But nobody knows what destiny had planned for you until it happens in such a unexpected manner with you in such unexpected places!

Just like Lisa happened so unexpectedly in my life!

---

When I reached home, it was already past midnight, and I just wondered what I would say to Edward after hearing about his side that I never knew of, from Lara.

I opened the door and saw him, sitting on the sofa, checking his wristwatch time to time, still in his office suit. I smiled genuinely to see him waiting for me so desperately.

I pulled out my phone to call him which he picked up as fast as I called him.

"Emi!? Where the hell are you?? It's already past midnight and this time I am not letting you off the hook if you must know! Seriously, you make me worry over you so much! Will you even speak a word for fuck's sake now!?"

He ran his hands in his hairs in frustration while I just stared at him from afar, standing at the door, tears falling from my eyes as I wiped them quickly.

We really was so fucked up sometimes and I didn't even know when that one metre space was created between our twenty years of friendship just because of that stupid fake marriage!

I wanted my best friend back so badly and I didn't care whether he loved me or didn't love me, anymore!

"Lily!? Are you crying? What happened! Tell me! Where are you!? I'll come to take you back right now?!" He grabbed his car keys from the table waiting for my reply.

"Lily! Where the hell are you?!"

"Behind you, you idiot!"

Immediately he turned around to see me while I just smiled at him, waving my phone at him. His eyes softened a little to see me all fine before he transformed all in a angry mode!

"Emi, have you seen the time!? Where were you!? Even if you were busy doing anything important, still you should have called me-"

I dropped my phone on the floor and lunged myself towards him, hugging him tightly while he just stood still and as shocked as ever. My arms encircled his neck, snuggling my head in the crook of his neck.

"Emi-"

"Don't say anything!"

"But-"

"It's ok if you don't want to hug-" I removed my arms around his neck, attempting to break the hug when he crushed me back with a bone crushing hug, lifting me off the floor, his arms wrapped tightly around my back.

"I never say no to your hugs! You're one lucky girl that I am letting you go this time! Thanks goodness you are fine! I thought you got into some accident that's why you weren't picking up my call!"

"Hmm" I rested my head on his chest, playing slowly with his tie.

"Hmm!?"

I thought about Lara and how she would come tomorrow to officialy break up with Edward. I already sympthathised with him so much! He wouldn't be able to bear the pain of losing his first love, and I didn't even know if he could endure it well or not!

"Edward!?"

"Yes!" he put his arms around me, pulling me closer, caging me securely in his arms.

"If ever, I mean ever, you experience something hearbreaking or painful in your life that you can't endure it alone, will you please do me a favour then!?"

He thought for a moment, "Yes!?"

"Come to me and tell me all about it! I'll listen to everything you have to tell me and you can ask for any help to me then! Even if I am not available at that time, don't do anything stupid because we all get fucked up once in our lifetime but it doesn't mean life stops for us, okay?"

He broke the hug to look at me, "Why are you saying all that!? Did something happen-"

"No. No! Nothing-" Just then my stomach growled loudly and I blushed in embarrasment.

Edward raised his eyebrows at me.

"You didn't eat whole day!? After I left you in morning!?"

"Well.. I was planning to... really... ermm.... but things happened and I couldn't so-"

Edward pulled me by arm towards dining table and made me sit forcefully on it.

"Wha-"

"Shut up and eat already, will you!?"

He took the spoon and started to stuff my mouth with food, and only god knows how much I ate that day!

"Enough! I can't eat anymore-"

"There are still these potatoes left-"

"No! You eat it, please! Have mercy on my-mmppph"

He put spoonful of potatoes in my open mouth while I glared daggers at him.

He filled his spoon again to feed me and I put my hands in my mouth, shaking my head, "No, I won't eat it anymore!"

"It's just one more spoon-"

"No! Have mercy on my bloddy stomach, will you!?"

He tried to remove my hands from my mouth and I took this chance to turn his spoon upside down, and the contents of the food fell proudly over his shirt and coat.

I looked at his stained shirt and then at him and again at his shirt and again at his now annoyed face before bursted out quickly, laughing hard.

"Hawwwww! I am so sorry, my dear!" I mimicked my favourite cartoon girl, batting my eyelashes at him, while laughing my jaw off staring at his angry face glaring at me.

"Come here, you!"

I ran from my chair to make a run for my dear life.

"Wait till I get my hands on you-"

He dropped a vase on floor to chase me around the house and I hid behind the curtains, waiting for him to find me.

"Sorry to disturb your little innocent husband-wife moment, but do you two happen to know this certain pottyhead guy!?"

Edward stopped to chase me and I came out of curtains only to stare wide eyed at the guy whom Rose was practically dragging along the carpet by his ears.

"He was trying to climb down the floors of your house and I caught him just in time before he could open your bedroom window and slip inside but he says you two know him very well! Do you!?"

I was still staring at the guy, not believing what my eyes were viewing in front of me.

"Eric!?"

He grinned nervously at me before glaring at Rose who was still clutching his ears rather firmly, "Could you please let go now!?"

Rose let him go but not before she kicked him straight on legs, making him fall slightly backward!

"Oww! "

"This is for entering my friend's house like a burglar!"

"But I was just planning to surprise them!" He turned towards me, still grinning widely, "Hello Emily, how have you been, my dear??"

Oh my bloody caterpillar!

Why the hell was he here?

Wasn't he supposed to come after two days??

Oh dear, Lara was coming tomorrow!?

This was bad!

So bloody bad!!

# Chapter 48 - What's Her Deal, Man?

Emily's POV:

Oh dear, this so wasn't happening!

No, never!

What to do?

Should I strangle him!?

Oh hell no!

Eric is my friend and like a brother to me!!

But he was a villain to Lisa!

But still, if only you could cut him to half and throw him to gutter-

"Shut Up!" I shouted to myself!

I paced worriedly in my room, wondering what to do while all in the house were fast asleep like bull and goats.

Eric greeted us friendly, hugging me and Edward like old times, and though we talked a lot, of ancient rules and all, I couldn't help but feel anxious seeing the clock on the wall, as it ticked one by one second.

In my haste, I started to chew my nails, tapping my foot on floor worriedly.

Lisa wasn't picking up her phone, no matter how many times I dialed her number and at times like this, I felt like if only I had these wings of parrot then I could just fly over to her home, telling her not to come tomorrow.

Or if I were a dragon, I could blow her whole house away with just my one firy breath!

Yes! That would have been cool!

It would have been much better if I were a dragon!

But if I go now, Edward would surely drag my anxious fat butt out of her house in no minute.

I clutched my skull, gripping my brown curls and pulled them in frustration.

"What to do!? What should I do!?"

I glanced towards my bed, which was empty, and I still didn't understand why the hell would Rose go outside at this time of hour. She told me she had to take care of something and asked me not to ask further but I couldn't help but get worried so I asked Michael to go with her.

At first he was unwilling, sliding his excuse of guarding my house but I told him specifically that he didn't need to worry cause unless we won't get attacked by rifles, bombs and bullets, there is no need for him to provide us unrequired safety anymore.

**********

"I am borrowing your car, Emily?"

I was lost in my own worries, "Oh yes, go on! Take it!"

Rose nodded and opened the door.

"Wait, tell me something first!?"

She cocked her head to the side, getting clearly frustrated. "What!?"

"Do you even know how to drive?"

She thought for sometime, pouting her lips in un-rosy manner.

"Well..hmm.. No! I don't!"

"What-"

"But there is always first time for everything!"

"Woah! Rose? Are you sure you packed all of your things properly in New York, before coming here?!"

"Yes! Of course!"

"Well then you forgot the most important thing to bring here, you idiot!"

"What, my brain!?"

"No, your common sense, you rotten smelling ginger thrown aside in a blasted refrigerator!"

She stood as calm and composed as ever, stretching her arms and yawning casually at me.

"If all your motherly affection had flown into gutter already then I must get going fast! Take care, Emily!"

"No! You're not going alone! Michael!"

In a minute, heavy footsteps approached me. Michael came running fast, opening the door quickly and pushing aside Rose roughly to stand in front of me, his posture erect as a cactus growing proudly on the pot of my bedroom window.

"Yes! Mrs Emily, how can I help you?"

I waved my hand towards Rose without saying a word and Michael stiffened instantly, not daring to even look at Rose. "Go with her!"

Michael didn't respond for minutes, while Rose grew more annoyed by each passing second.

"Well then now we know your innocent little owl isn't joining me in my wild adventure, I must get going-" Rose attempted to leave.

"No! Michael go with her!"

"But mam-"

"She doesn't even know how to drive properly, she would end up hurting herself before drowning her feminine pride to ask you for help, Michael!"

Michael stared at the floor, lost in his own dilemma of helping his sir's friend or staying away from that dangerous Mafia who he thinks Rose is!

Rose didn't respond or even look at me. Picking up her gun and pushing it inside her jeans, she smiled mildly at me before opening a door to walk out.

"Don't wait for me, Emily!", She waved her hand behind, walking to the front door.

I heard Michael take a sharp intake of breath. "Hell, fuck me now!"

Immediately he ran after her, climbing down the stairs quickly, calling her name frantically behind her.

"Rose! Rose!"

Rose!? Oh wow! Where the hell does he learn to have this much courage to neglect "Mam" from her violent name now!? She wouldn't peel his tongue now, would she!?

I ran after him, curious to see what would happen after, my feet moving like a cat after a fat mouse.

"Rose, wait! Rose!"

Michael opened the front door while I just stood at the door, hiding behind it a little to peek at him.

Rose continued walking, folding her arms around her chest, her beautiful hair flowing slowly with the light breeze, while she stared at the space, humming sweetly to herself.

"Rose! Wai-"

Suddenly, she turned around to look at him. "Rose!?", she asked, raising her eyebrows at Michael.

Michael stopped in front of her, huffing slightly but when he raised his head, he looked slightly hazed by her mysterious beauty, his lips opened slightly only to close again, his words lost in his throat.

When he didn't respond, Rose turned around to resume walking to my car.

Shaking his head a little, Michael again ran after her and caught her wrist this time.

Immediately, she turned around to fight and tried to twist his hands in return but he was fast in his deal. He took hold of both of her wrists, gently twisting them around and when she raised her leg to kick him, he dodged it smoothly.

After minutes of struggle, Rose looked annoyed at Michael, gritting her teeth and glaring at him hotly while he took his time, staring at her angry face, still clutching her hands tightly in his grip.

For a minute, I thought Rose was also lost in a moment by the way she stopped struggling to look at him, blinking once and twice, her hands now gripping his fingers lightly, while there still lay a respectable distance between them.

But my doubts were solved quickly when out of nowhere, Rose raised her other leg and kicked Michael hard on his knees. Michael staggered back in pain, staring at her in confusion

"Don't touch me!" Rose yelled, suddenly feeling disgusted by his touch and started to dust her wrists and arms frantically.

"But Rose I was-"

"Rose!?" Rose took a deep breath to calm her nerves.

"Rose... Mam!?" Michael stuttered while I just wondered, staring at my Rose that how the hell did she change so much in these past years!?

When and why did she become so hostile!?

She was so fragile as a flower but at the same time, so friendly and caring towards the people she loved and cared!

Didn't she think of me as a friend anymore, I am ready to listen to anything she had to tell me about her!

What happened in those years while she was in New York!?

And now that I think about it, I didn't actually know anything about Rose!

And you call her your friend right? Some great friend you are! My inner self lectured me.

"Let me take you wherever-"

Rose raised her hand,"No! I'll go by myself!"

"But... But you don't even know how to drive!"

"I know how to drive Ok! Do you think I am capable of shooting at you but I can't drive some stupid car!?"

"You didn't shoot me-"

Quickly, Rose pulled out her gun and pointed at Michael in a swift motion, raising her eyebrows,"Then, should I do it now!?"

Michael gaped at her, wide eyed but his eyes showed a clear emotion of hurt and betrayal.

Pressing my lips in a thin line, I ran towards her, trying to stop her.

"Rose! Stop! He was just trying to help you, dear!"

"You stay out of this, Emily! He, this insolent peace of crap dared to touch me! Me!? Wait a second and I'll end this little animosity between us right here, right now! Then we can all rest and live in peace!"

Rest in peace? Or Live in peace?!

Would she kill him or let him live!?

"What the hell is wrong with you, Rose!? What had happened to you!?"

In haste, I threw my arms around her and hugged her tightly, emgulfing her in my bosom.

"I want my old Rose back! I miss her so much!" I whispered while hugging her firmly.

Rose put her gun down, raising her hands to touch me and just when I thought she was going to hug me back, her arms gripped my shoulders and pushed me away, gently though.

"I don't know what you are talking about! I'm going now and don't you dare to come after me!" She warned Michael before starting her car and driving furiously to only Rose knows where!

I stood still for a moment, still contemplating what to say to our inncoennt bodyguard when I saw him runing his smooth fingers in his hair, in frustration, before he kicked a pebble on the grass.

"Michael, Listen, you must know Rose was never like this before-"

"I know. I know everything! It would be a great favour to me if you can tell Sir that I won't be available tonight!Now if you must excuse me!"

Without waiting for my reply, Michael ran fast, opened the door of his own car, plopping under it quickly and started the car to go straight into the direction of Rose's car while I just stared at his car disappearing in between the streets.

# Chapter 49 - Her Embarrassing Encounters With Him

Emily's POV:

I was still busy in eating my nails and when I realised I was out of spare nails in my right hand, I stuffed my left hand in my mouth, chewing nails of my fingers in frustration.

"Oh god! What should I do?!"

Immediately, an idea popped to my ancient rotten head and a clear smile of relief made way in my potato-face!

"Yes! I can do that!"

I glanced down at my phone, looking down at the time and realised I still have half and hour left till it clicks five in the morning.

Well, a relaxing bath could always work at these times.!

Time would fly while I would busy myself taking a light nap in my wide hot bathtub!

Popping buttons of my shirt open, I slid it down my toes before sliding my jeans down with it. Unclasping my bra, I let it fall on the floor and walked down to the laundry table to stuff all of it in a washroom.

I was glad that after our little mistake in our bedroom on my date night, Edward and I came to a conclusion to sleep alone. He decided to sleep on other room but I told him I could sleep with Rose while talking to her all night and he could sleep in our bedroom. He complied to my decision, not questioning further as he himself knew it was for the best of both of us.

A light moan escaped my mouth just as warm water hit my cool flesh, hugging my curves tightly. I sunk further in the bathtub, spreading my arms on its side and leaning over it, my eyes closing on their own accord.

My phone alarm broke my little nap too soon and pouting in little grudge from the lack of my sleep, I stood up from the tub, water dripping from my body and now, cool air tingling my skin, producing goosebumps over it. I wrapped towel around my wet body, my hairs falling in wet curls around my shoulder.

Humming soundly to myself, I walked towards my closet, plugging earphones in my ears, playing loud songs to shoo away my sleep. In between, I started to dance around, gripping my towel, waving my hands and legs frantically in air.

"Mama, I am in love with a criminal! And this type of love isn't physical, it's rational! Oh yeah!" I plopped on my bed, jumping loudly on it, too much overcome with listening to good music after a long time!

"Whenever,wherever, we're meant to be together, I'll be there and you'll be near, and that's the deal my dear!"

Yeah! Shakira!

I jumped down from my bed, taking my hairbrush to sing along with the music before grabbing wiper from my washroom to dance with it!

So what, I found wiper more adequate dance partner than any human being!

Sorry, but maybe our views doesn't match! But you should also try wiper sometimes, a broom could also work well, if it isn't inhabited by nearby friendly cockroaches who wouldn't miss a chance to steal a little disco dance crawling proudly inside your clothes!

I clicked on Avril Lavigne's albums!

"Please wrap your drunken arms around me!And I'll let you call me yours tonight!" I touched my lips seductively and singing slowly in a sexy tone, I shook my head excitedly, my wet hairs sticking to my cheeks.

"When you turn off the liiiiights, I get stars in my eyes! Is this love!?

Maybe somedaaaaaay!"

"So don't turn on the lights! I'll give you what you like!"

Dancing in myself, I turned around, busying my hands in my closet to search for my undergarments, while my other hand gripped my loose towel.

Finding my black bra, I removed my earphones and put it over my desk before leaving my hands which were gripping my towel.

"What the- No! -Holy fucking shit!!"

My hands shook suddenly from the unexpected interruption. I bit my lips, closing my eyes in dilemma and I didn't want to turn around to look

at the intruder when I recognised very well the owner of that voice.

Gosh, I heard that same voice for twenty years now! I didn't need voice recognition system in my brain to recognise his deep masculine voice that could blow my senses away anytime and anywhere.

Not daring to look into his eyes that were now boring holes in my exposed skin, I paced my foot slowly step by step on the carpet, attempting to slip quietly to the washroom when my ankle stumbled against the table and I eeped in surprise, closing my eyes in surprise of sudden fall.

Pair of masculine arms wrapped around my shoulders, pulling me closer and I opened my eyes to stare at those ocean blue eyes I fell in love with a long time ago.

His eyes bored sweetly into mine, sending chills down my spine and my breath quickened in impulse. Dark blush adorned my already flushed cheeks, as my own hands went over my chest to clutch my towel tightly around my fingers.

Raising my free hand, I pressed my palm over his chest, slightly pushing him away in pure embarassment.

When Edward realised he was still holding me and staring into my eyes continously, he abruptly let me go and I stumbled a little before balancing myself to stand erect on the floor.

Edward scooted a little away from me, keeping a respected distance between us and coughed slightly, his eyes looking at anywhere but me. He slipped his hands into his pocket. His ears and neck were red and I could make out the light blush that was crawling lovingly in his face.

We stood like that, for maybe hours when it was just few minutes and I decided to collect my remaining courage to talk to him.

"Erm.. What are you doing here? In my room!?

"I.. heard loud ...sound coming from your room and thought that something happened! Michael wasn't picking up my calls so I thought I would go myself and check but when I opened the door I saw... well... you know what..you were busy in your earphones.... that's why you mustn't.... have heard my voice.....but I called you.. many times....I was just umm ...I was caught off guard and well.... hope you understand rest of it"

"I.. well... I wasn't feeling well you know that's why..." I trailed off, biting my lips to stop myself from kicking myself.

"I can see that clearly!"

I nodded and looked at his face but he turned around, avoiding my gaze.

"How much did.... you see then!?"

"Well I...didn't.....Nothing I haven't seen before, I guess!"Edward completed quickly.

My eyes widened in horror.

"That was many years ago when we used to take bath in your pool, Edward! Now... things are... different!"

"Of course! I can also see how much... your things ..changed in these years!"

"But still..how much..did... ." I trailed off as my eyes widened slowly to see an obvious bulge pressing against his night pants, the reason he wasn't willing to face me.

Oh god, this was embarrasing!

I hung my head low in embarrasment, swallowing the lump in my throat and looked up a little to see Edward still standing at the door, now turning his back at me.

"Why are you still here!?" I asked in confusion.

"I am guarding the door so that no man enters here so go and change fast! Go! I am not seeing anything!"

"No man? As in Eric?"

He nodded quickly before waving his hand at me, urging me to change fast.

I chuckled a little. "Edward, I can assure you Eric isn't interested in me that way! We're just friends!"

"But he is a big mature man, Emi!"

"Oh and you aren't, then!?"

He hesitated a bit, and for a second I thought he was going to turn around to answer me properly if he wasn't a man or not and..

Oh god, I can very well accept every explanation of his muscularity over my naked skin!

"Well....I am an exception for you, lily"

My heart fluttered beautifully at his words, those crazy butterflies danced hip-hop in my stomach, and I smiled genuinely at him, seeing pure honesty in his words.

Yes, he was right!

He had always been an excpetion in everything he had to do with my life!

Or with my body!

Or with both!

With pure happiness in my heart, I turned on my heels to change in my washroom, that clear grin of happiness not leaving my face for a second. I rinsed my wet hair with a fresh towel and tied my hairs in a simple bun.

When I came outside, Edward was peeping from the peephole, his eyes narrowed in a serious gesture to check if someone was coming.

I coughed deliberately and he turned around abruptly. A wave of relief passed his beautiful face just as he saw me dressed fully in a presentable clothes.

Nodding to himself, he walked towards me, his steps giving evidence of his tiring day. He stood in front of me, raising his hands to pat my head slowly, as if I had done the greatest deed in the world by wearing full clothes.

He rolled the sleeves of my shirt down my arms, buttoning it up my wrists like some Mom dolling up her child to prepare him for school before walking out of the room, not even looking back at me once.

When I looked at my phone, my eyes widened in horror to see it was already past seven now and I slumped my head down in complete disappointment.

I had planned to go to Lara's house early to inform her not to come today, and since Edward was asleep then, it would have been easier for me to slip out of house. But now Edward was wide awake, he would ask me thousands of questions before he would let me leave the house.

I dialed Lara's number again and still, she wasn't picking up. In frustration, I kicked my legs in the air, my mind in complete mess!

# Chapter 50 - Dangerous Territory [ Second Kiss/ Intimate Moment ]

Emily's POV:

I was cooking breakfast and watching the front door at the same time. It was almost eight in the morning and I was glad Lara hadn't come until now.

I wasn't willing to wake Eric up though he loved to go on morning walks. Edward had an important meeting today and so he was upstairs, getting ready for it.

Suddenly the doorbell rang and I jumped at my place, my heart leaped to my throat, glaring at the door in hope.

Please, let it not be Lara!

Please, let it be anyone but Lara!

While I was busy bribing God with my futile attempts, Miranda opened the door and I saw Lara coming towards me, smiling brightly at me.

"Hey Emily, good morning! How are you?!"

Immediately, I glanced towards Eric's room and for a moment, I was glad he wasn't awake yet.

"I am fine Lisa, Good morning.! But can't you come some other time! Edward has an important meeting today so he won't be able to talk with you right now!"

"That's great then! I'll be short in my sentences then!"

"No. Lisa, come some other time-"

"Please, Emily! Guilt of five years betraying both of you, is now crawling painfully in my heart! I can't wait any longer to end all my unwanted relationship with Edward-"

"I am totally fine, Lisa-"

"No, You're not Emily! Please! Don't be nervous!"

"But Lisa-"

"Don't worry a bit, dear! I won't tell him anything about your undying love for him all these years ! Let him discover it all by himself!"

"Listen Lisa-", Lisa grabbed my hands, and squeezed my knuckles gently, assuring me with her eyes.

"I'll be fine, Emily! Believe me! I couldn't get more at ease after clearing out everything with Edward!"

I could only nod at her words, still not able to tell her that Eric was here. Lara walked towards the stairs, turning her head a little to assure me once again.

Just then, door burst open with a jolt and Eric came out of his room, his eyes half drooping with sleep before he stretched out his arms and yawned widely. He waved at me in a friendly gesture.

"Good morning, Emil-"

All colour drained out of his face as soon as his eyes fell on Lara. He rubbed his eyes with his fingers, opening them again only to stagger back in complete astonishment and shock. "Lisa!?"

Oh damn, volcano is going to blow away my pious house right now!

Where is my wiper now!?

Lara stood erect in her posture, staring at Eric with her open mouth. Her hands gripped her phone and purse rightly, her fingers curling into fists. Her eyes itched with moisture, tears began pooling in them before a lone tear trickled down slowly on her face down her cheeks and she swallowed a lump in her throat, still staring incredulously at Eric.

"Lisa!? Is that you!?"

Lara turned abruptly on her heels, almost running towards the front door while Eric ran frantically after her, calling her name behind.

"Lisa! Wait! Listen to me, will you!?"

"She's not Lisa, Eric. She is Lara....my friend!" I yelled behind Eric while he was running behind Lara.

"Lisa! Lisa!"

Lara wiped her tears from her hands and continued to walk away, not caring to look behind at Eric.

Just then, I saw our bedroom door open and Edward came outside, busy in a call, shouting angrily at someone.

"No, I won't tolerate any amateurs again! Encouraging interprenauring is not my cup of tea! Prepare the seminar room quickly! Yes! Do it all over again and fire everyone who dared to mess

up with those assisting schedules- no! Don't do that! I want everyone ready at their tables sharp by nine! I'm coming in an hour there!"

Oh my god! Why of all the time he had to come outside! Why!?

What to do?? He can't go outside and see Eric and Lara together! No! That would hurt him very much!

I searched each corner of the house to find any reason to stop him. My eyes fell on onions and quickly I chopped them into small pieces with my bare hands and rubbed those hands over my eyes.

Tears started to flow from my eyes and I rubbed and sniffed my nose, making it turn red.

After that, I ran towards Edward and stood proudly in front of him, fiddling with my fingers, trying to look as desperate and miserable as possible.

Ending his call, Edward looked at me in mild shock and pure worry while I pretended to wipe fake tears from my eyes.

Should I try to rinse my shirt full of fake tears, in front of him!?

"Emi!? What the hell happened to you!?"

"Edward, I....", I broke into fake sobs suddenly, hugging him tightly.

"What happened!? Tell me!?"

Damn, I never thought of a reason though!

"Well, I... I... you know...I"

"Yes!? Tell me!" Edward cupped my chin, making me look up at him.

"I... actually",My eyes fell on a pot, window, shoes, carpet and a mouse painting on the wall, trying to think of a reason.

"Tell me?? What happened!? Are you hurt!? Are you ill!? Do you want me to call a doctor!?" He asked, checking the temperature of my forehead, and checking my limbs upside down.

"I... killed a..ma... mo.... mouse"

Edward let go of me, to stare at me in confusion.

"I killed a bloody mouse, Edward! You know I fell over that poor little brown creature when I was trying to-"

"Oh god, I thought something bad-let's just have your mouse talk when I return later, but not now! I have to get fast there!"

"But-"

"Later, Emily!"

I glanced towards the window and my eyes narrowed in worry to see Eric talking to Lara about something.

I tried to think of something when suddenly I couldn't believe I could also think something like that.

Finding my purse quickly, I ducked my hand under it and pulled out something precious which distracted Edward earlier.

Rogue!

Applying it carefully on my lips, I adjusted my bun to walk seductively towards him, swaying my hip from side to side.

"Edward" I called his name, as slow and sensually as possible.

He stopped in annoyance, turning around to look at me.

"What now, Emily!? You kn-"

I grabbed his shoulders tightly and pressed him hard against the wall, pressing myself further against him.

"What the-"

I coudn't let him turn around 'cause a slight tilt of head could easily show to even blind of the blind eyes that Eric was talking with Lara and I couldn't let Edward know any of it that all this time, Lara had a daughter with Eric while Edward was madly in love with her.

Edward tried to look behind, too confused to see me staring behind him but I cupped his full cheeks, turning his face around in my direction.

"Look at me! Eddie darling!"

His eyes widened slightly. "Darling!?"

"Hmm" I tried to play with his nectie, adjusting his collar, feeling him staring at me.

"Emi, could you please scoot over a little!? I am getting late!"

He tried to push me away but I pressed myself against him hard, further. Our chests were pressed hard over each other now, and I could feel his heartbeat racing with this physical contact.

"Oh yeah!? I should go away!?"

He nodded fast. "Yes! It's an important meeting!"

I nodded my head and then to his surprise and to my own surprise, I put my hands around his neck and opened my mouth to brush my lips lightly over his, my tongue touching his lips, purely by accident though.

I opened my eyes to see him blinking once at me. His eyes looked at me in confusion, our noses touching each other at tip.

I glanced towards the window and found that Lara wasn't there anymore, and neither was Eric.

Removing my arms around him, I sighed in relief to see it was now a safe zone for him to walk out.

"That'll be enough for now" I whispered to myself and as I was trying to entangle myself from him, Edward wrapped his arms around my waist, pulling me closer and staring straight into my eyes, his eyes now a dark shade of blue.

"Are you kidding me!?" He whispered to me before pressing his open mouth hotly over mine and kissing me fervently. He buried his fingers into my hairs, his lips moving over mine hard before sucking on my lower lip, licking it with his tongue, and biting on it.

He swirled me around fast and now I was pressed against the wall, with Edward pressed hard over me. His hands cupped my chin, grazing the pads of his fingers over my flushed cheeks while his lips covered mine in a frenzy fashion, eating them senuslally and passionately.

I moaned in between his kisses as he snaked his smooth tongue in my mouth, twirling it around every corner of my mouth, pressing me harder against the wall. As his fingers dug deeper into my curls, my bun got loose and my hairs fell in full length across my shoulder.

I raised my hands to wrap around his neck when he caught both of my wrists and pinned them above my head, taking my upper lip in between his teeth and nibbling on it.

He broke the kiss to stare at me, both of us heaving heavily with our intense make out and our lips mere inches apart from each other. My lipstick was smeared roughly on his lips. He continued to stare at me, wild emotions turning into a raging storm in his dark blue eyes.

I felt his hands loosening on my wrists and collecting my courage, I raised my hand to cup his side cheek slowly going down his neck but he caught my hand in between, encircling it with his own hand before crashing his lips once again over mine.

His kisses grew hot and demnading just as he interwined his fingers slowly around mine, his mouth opening against mine and tasting each and every corner of my mouth.

His tongue licked the corner of my mouth, my jaw and my lips before going deep under my mouth and I was glad I was pressed against the wall otherwise I would've fallen straight on my butt considering how much my knees were weak like jelly now.

I could feel my nipples hardening in pleasure as he broke the kiss to trail feather light kisses down my jaw, my neck, my collar bone and started to suck hard on my pulse before digging his sharp teeth into my skin.

I moaned out loudly as he popped open two front buttons of my shirt and pulled my collar aside a little to press his lips firmly on the side of my neck.

Opening his mouth, he sucked on my sensitive spot and I closed my eyes, inhaling a deep breath. His deft fingers opened one more button of my shirt, causing one more to pop open by itself, my ample cleavage now in his view.

He kissed my shoulder, his fingers roaming boldly over the strap of my bra and he raised it a little to press open mouthed kisses down my whole shoulder, before moving up to nibble and bite on my neck, joining his tongue in between. I closed my eyes and bit my lips to refrain myself from moaning out loud while he moved up to suck on my pulse.

He pressed himself harder over my curves, low moan escaping from his mouth just as his full erection pressed againt my wet core and he bit my neck harder in frustration.

Removing my entangled fingers from his, my arms wrapped around his neck to pull him closer and hugging him tightly to feel more of him on my skin while he continued to give me painful but pleasurable bites on exposed skin of my throat.

God, I wanted him so much now and I didn't care about any stupid rejection or my own bottled up feelings anymore!

He moved his teasing hot lips upwards to kiss me hard on my lips, nudging them apart by force to plunge his wet tongue into my mouth and both of our tongues entangled in a crazy dilemma, just as his hands trailed down further to pop open the last two buttons of my shirt.

I heard someone cough loudly. Breaking the kiss quickly much to Edward's disapproval and disgrunt, I turned a little to see Eric standing in front of us, looking down at the floor and my cheeks flushed yet more to see that he must have seen more than enough of what I never wanted him to see.

"Edwar-"

"I know" Edward answered me cooly, without even turning around to see who who it was and started to button up my open shirt one by one up-to the front.

He dusted invisible dust on my collar, running his fingers slowly over his fresh bites on my neck, throat and then over my swollen lips smugly, as if admiring his own work.

I didn't dare to look at either of the two men, and just stood against the wall in shock and embarrasment while Edward wiped my lipstick nonchalantly from his lips before leaning down to press a soft kiss on my lips.

"Don't do anything like that again! I am telling you, it's a dangerous territory for you!", he whispered slowly to me, nibbling on my earlobe.

Abruptly, he left me, and waved at me.

"I'll be late today, Lily! Don't wait for me and go to sleep early! Miss you, darling!"

When he left, I slowly slid down the wall, shaking my head in disbelief and shock and putting my hands on my head to think hard.

What the hell just happened!?

Did I do all that??

Did I start what turned casually into a heated battle of kisses and moans.!

God, when the hell did I become so horny!? I am crazy! Totally!

I was about to slap myself with my own hands when Eric stood in front of me, extending his hand at me.

I looked at his hand, and then at him.

"Get up"

"I.. "

"I know. I know. Get up now, will you??"

I nodded and took his hand and he pulled me up.

I was still in a daze, ready to murder myself anytime.

"By the way, since now you are completely presentable, how about you go and meet your friend!?"

I looked at him, confused.

"My friend!?"

"Yes! Your friend, Jake is waiting for you outside! He wants to talk about something important, he told me that to tell it to you!"

Oh! Jake?!

What did he want to talk about!?

Is it about Mia!?

# Chapter 51 - Crazy Confessions

Emily's pov:

Pouring two cups of coffee quickly, I walked towards Jake, who was sitting on drawing room, in heavy mood.

"Here!" I handed him a mug of coffee before sitting in front of him, crossing my legs.

"So... How come you're here? So early in the morning!?"

Jake didn't respond, instead he took one sip of his coffee, avoiding my gaze and perhaps, ignoring my logical question ever, as well.

"Jake!? You didn't answer me. And now when I am thinking about it, where is...." I looked all around the room, before fixing my eyes on Jake, "Mia?"

He still didn't look at me.

My natural feminine and partial tomboy instincts kicked my butt continuosly, telling me something indeed had gone wrong, the reason this dog named Jake was so early in my house, the one who used to bite off anyone's head whoever dared to drag off his slim ass of his comfy bed this morning.

"Jake!? I asked you a question!?"

Still no response.

I tapped my foot in annoyance, drilling a large imaginary hole in the blue carpet.

"Jake!!?" I yelled at the top of my lungs.

He jumped right from his spot, now staring at me.

"Jake? Did you have a fight with Mia? Again? Like seriously!? Oh fuck, when the hell will two of you actually learn to stand each other!? You both are fucking adults, for god's sake, then why don't you ever behave as one, you stupid leacehrous beetle crawling on a rotten spinach in a flooded street!"

"Emily-"

"No! I dont want to hear any of your stupid excuses! If you hate Mia that much, then why don't you stop hanging out with her-"

"Listen-"

"She never thought bad of you, Jake! Never! She always took your side, no matter how much you did wrong! Even in those crazy situations, where she was supposed to be hating you, she never hated you actually-"

"I am-"

"Don't you dare, you muddy earthworm crushed under leaves-"

"Emily, will you calm down for God's sake!"

"If you two fight again, don't you dare to come crawling like a snake on my door otherwise I'll stuff both of you under my washroom's sewer-"

"Listen to me for a minute, will you-"

"No-"

"Calm down your fucking familiar fat ass, Emily!"

"You two will- Well, what did you say!? Come again?"

"I asked you to calm down for a second!"

I raised my eyebrows, before nodding my head. Taking out paper fan from my purse, I fanned my face frantically ,"I am fine! Totally fine! Never been better! You can continue saying what you were going to tell me!" I waved my hand in front of Jake, urging him to continue.

Jake took a long relaxing sigh before looking at me completely, perhaps judging my expression. "I can't find Mia"

I choked on my spit which fell proudly on my coffee. "What!?"

"Yeah... I don't know anything but now I can't find Mia-"

"What do you mean you can't find Mia!? Weren't you the one she went out in the car with, last time I saw her? I messaged her asking for her well being but she didn't reply! I thought she was with you and that's why I didn't bother to check out on her because no matter you're such a sick-jerk at times, I knew you would take care of her but-"

"I know. I know, Emily! But we had this little fight in my car after I had decided to take her to my grandfather's farmhouse. We reached safely there and she went out for a little walk in the city as well, but then..." Jake stopped talking, his eyes bearing confused expression.

I waited for him to continue.

"And then Jake?"

"Well I don't remember the rest"

I furrowed my eyebrows in confusion.

"What do you mean you don't remember the rest!? Weren't you the one who took her to the farmhouse-'

"Yes. But I can't remember the rest of it no matter how much I try, Emily. I drank that day so-"

"You drank!? What the fucking hell happened that day that you needed to drink so badly Jake!? Did you lose your parents or your girlfriend died in a plane crash that day? Or you lost your greatest fortunes in a lottery or" I tucked lock of my hair behind my ears and glared at Jake,"Or Jenny fell over the roof and some stupid car ran over it!?"

"No! Don't curse my Jenny! Both of my parents are well and I don't have girlfriend, Emily!", he yelled, shifting in his position a little,"Well it wasn't that I wanted to drink! I just felt like drinking so I drank but when I woke up in the morning, my head was aching like hell and.....I couldn't find Mia! I searched in all the rooms and asked for her everywhere where she could be found but....I couldn't....."

Jake didn't look at me, but continued to sip on his cold coffee.

I sighed in frustration, kicking the table in frustration.

"Try to remember Jake! Try to remember what you and Mia talked about before she left you without notice!"

Jake took a long breath. "I tried, Emily! A lot but I still can't remember a thing!"

"Did you hit her!?"

His eyes widened to saucers, "What-"

"I am just saying it, you know, it's totally hypothetical though but we do unexpected things when we get drunk and some of those things may include violence, abuse, torture, exploitation, rape, temporary memory loss... "I trailed off, finding Jake's reactions quite interesting for my own taste.

Jake looked at me with shock and horror,"What the fuck-" he took a long breath, perhaps to calm himself,"Do you seriously think I would hit...Mia? Really? Do you think so bad of me, Emily!? I mean I saved her from that fucking piece of shit James who treated her like whore only to beat her to pulp later!? Why would I do...."he took another long breath, his fingers forming into fists,"I can't remember anything but I know very well that I didn't..hit..Mia!"

Jake completed the sentence, his voice croaking in the end as if he were tasting poison in his own words.

I crossed my arms in front of my chest, "Hmm...it's all futile attempt to try anything then!"

Thinking of some better options and neglecting them all with a harsh conclusions, I came to the conclusion that indeed something might have gone wrong otherwise Mia wasn't the girl to leave like Cinderella in the middle of the night, especially when her dreamy Prince was most willing to keep her with him.

"What did you dream of, Jake!? Do you remember your dreams?"

Jake shook his head, "No, I don't remember any of it either"

"I told you specifically to eat more mature almonds you idiot! You and your stupid brain will win the awards of the "I-am-the-most-manly-fucking-loser-of-the-zoo" soon if you keep living your-"

"It's not my fault that I can't remember it but.."he stopped for a second, thinking about something,"I do remember something though, it's kinda blurry, vague and..."

Immediately, faint blush adorned Jake's handsome face, and he averted his gaze somewhere else, avoiding my eyes.

"And? Complete your sentence, Jake! Was it about Mia!?"

Jake coughed a little and nodded. "Yes"

"So what about her then!? Tell me in detail, will you!?"

"Well.. It's not appropriate to tell you this but since it's all a dream then I think it wouldn't be so bad to tell you after all..."

I scooted closer to him, my ears transforming into a advanced elephant ones, rolling like a carpet on a floor.

"So...what's that dream about then!?"

"It's too personal to tell anyone, Emily!"

I ran towards him in annoyance, grabbing his collar and pulling him up by it," Don't you dare to ditch me now, I am telling you I can't tolerate all this curiousity thing these girls have and now it's itching my intestines to know what the hell happened in that fucking graphical dream of yours!"

Jake raised his hands in defence,"Well, you know.... it wasn't just some ordinary dream, it was..." He stared deeply into my eyes to press his words "It was that type of dream"

I stared back into his eyes, realisation dawning on me, "Oh! That type of dream! I understand very well!"

I nodded and went back to my seat, looking straight ahead at Jake and crossing my legs. "So..you know just for the sake of extra information and I swear I will keep it purely confidential though you never know when those lips of mine started to dysfunction but still....what type of that did you exactly dream about, Jake!?"

Jake sighed loudly before glaring hotly at me, running his fingers into his hairs in frustration. "It was a dirty dream, Emily!"

"What the- really! Wow congratulations," Jake shot a dangerous angry look at me, "I mean I am so sorry for your loss dear, but still what's so bad about telling your dream to me? I mean I know both you and Mia so I-"

"I am not telling you anything!"

"I am totally fine with it you know!"

"That's good then-"

"Oh please, you're behaving like an innocent boy now!? As if you never saw nude women ever in your life! But still, it's not that you saw Mia naked or anything..."I trailed off seeing Jake's cheeks burning flames now as he shifted uncomrfotably in his position.

"Oh my god, you saw her naked! How! When? Why!?"

"Shut it up, okay! It was a long time ago..."

I snaked my neck further towards him. "So what if it was ages ago! Who cares anyway but still, can you tell me the outline of your story... " I trailed off, blowing hot air on my nails.

Jake hesitated. "Well.....it was when I went to her home to pick her up for late morning classes of our college and she was busy...showering... And I needed to pee badly so I pushed my way to her washroom not knowing she was there and so...purely by natural accident though I am telling you...I might have ended seeing more than she would ever let me see so...."

I grinned wickedly, "These type of accidents never happen with me though!"

"I told you it was an accident! A pure coincidental and embarrasing plus humiliating accident!"

In frustration, Jake walked towards the kitchen and opened the fridge to take out a water bottle.

"Aww. Our bold playboy who is habitual of fucking almost everyday, was flustered by seeing a simple country girl, showering in her bathroom! Wow! Thats some juicy stuff I am hearing for the first time!"

"I wasn't flustered if you must know! I was just surprised! Surprised is the word you should be looking for to judge my reaction at that time!"

He stuffed water bottle in his mouth, pouring cold water down his throat to ease up his dilemma.

"So...did you like what you see then!?"

Jake spilled half of the water back into

his bottle, rest flowing from his mouth before glaring at me.

Wiping his mouth quickly, he walked towards me."What type of fucking stupid question was that!?"

I shrugged. "You are a man so I just wanted to ask your opinion I guess!"

"Why does my opinion start to matter in these type of questions!?"

"If only you knew, you stupid tortured grasshopper!" I muttered to myself, looking at the floor.

"Tell me one thing Jake and it's really important!"

"Now what -"

"Do you really hate Mia that much!?I mean she is beautiful, sweet, caring, sometimes feisty, but you know her better than me. She had been friends with you for more than ten years and I met her just some years ago but still, I think there is nothing to hate about her as much as I know her!"

Jake hesitated a little. "I don't really hate her you know!"

"So... do you like her then!?"

"I.. maybe... I don't know... cause it's not really true but still it's not totally wrong either and so if you say it that way...then you aren't wrong as well but I can't say anything for sure so well..I ur..I suppose I should...-"

"Jake, do you like Mia or not!?"

"I do. A lot! Maybe. I don't know! But yeah! I like her company, I like to spend my time with her... and I like it when she is willing to spend all time of her precious day with me and I.... also like it when she worries for me whenever I fall sick and whenever..... I am late to my home, I like it ....very much that she waits for me in her own home, standing on her terrace to wait for me till I get home safely...and I like to pick these little immature fights with her... and well there's more but still I don't know if I like her or not! You tell me, Emily! What's a person supposed to feel if he happnes to like someone!?

"What did you feel when you learned that she was getting married!?"

"Don't even ask me that! I felt creepy and horrible! Like I never knew anything better of Mia from the start! I mean to say that it never crossed my mind that she was supposed to marry someone in

the near future so when I knew she was marrying James, I started to compare myself with that piece of shit, calculating to myself ...why I wasn't the one whom she could have chosen to spend her life with!? And then,....I came to a conclusion that I was willing to change my lifestyle, living according to her expectations if only she could ever call off her wedding somehow!"

My mouth opened in awe to listen to the words of pure unexpected truth, coming from our infamous egoistic playboy, our one and only, Jake Anderson.

If only Mia were here to listen all this!

She would have died of intense heart attack, you flaming furry joke of an animal!

I cleared my throat loudly, hiding my happines and excitement.

"You know you certainly like her then, Jake! It doesn't take much of a genius brains to detect your feelings for Mia!"

Jake sat still and montionless in his position for minutes, not daring to look at me. I waited for him to speak but he didn't utter a word, for a moment I thought if he even knew he came to my house or he was just sleepwalking all this time.

"Jake!?"

No response.

"Jake!? Are you okay?!"

He still was staring at the space, not willing to respond.

"Jake!? Jake!?" I shook his shoulders violently when finally he looked at me, his eyes bearing shocked expression.

"Emily, what do I do now?"

"What-"

"Did I do wrong to both of us if I didn't know I liked Mia all along!?"

"No-"

"Did I commit a huge mistake if I didn't tell her I liked her!?"

He gripped his head, running his fingers along his forehead. "What the hell should I do now!? She isn't responding to my calls and texts, I am fucking worried for her, Emily! She would be safe right? Oh god, I want to see her face so badly-"

"Jake, listen to me, will you!" I gripped his shoulders, jerking him off.

"I don't know anymore! Will Mia reject me if I...tell her about my...feelings for her?"

"Hell! No way! It's a ancient yes from her side for a long time!" Jake looked at me in confusion, and I cleared my throat nervously "Or you never know what she actually wants! I mean your feelings can be rejected brutally and totally! You can cry on my shoulder! I am here for you, Jake! I will knock some better sense into her dinosaur skull if she dares to reject a person like you!"

I patted her head like a baby, to fake comfort him while my mind wondered where Mia could be and what had happened between her and Jake when he was drunk.

"Thank you so much for supporting me, Emily! But still Mia-"

"Don't worry, Jake! I will try to reach her! I am sure she's just gone for some time, maybe to complete something important-"

"But still she should've informed any of us before going anywhere-"

"Be at ease, Jake! I am sure she'll be fine. I will contact her soon to check so don't you worry!"

# Chapter 52 - His Thoughts About His Past

Emily's POV:

It was hard to reach Mia since she wasn't picking up my phone or replying to my texts and I was getting worried for her.

I contacted the mobile company to put her mobile number on surveillance using my late father's security business card and they wanted some time to tell me the exact location of Mia.

"So what did the two of you talk about?!"

Turning around, I saw Eric drinking water from the fridge and he placed food on the table, everything steaming hot and ready. I smelled the aroma of his handmade dishes, opening lid of the containers to admire his cooking.

"You know you didn't have to do all that! I mean you came just yesterday so it makes me a villain if you would continue to cook-"

"Oh shut up already! You and your stupid hero-villain things will never cease to eat my brains off! Now if you have talked enough already then how about you come and eat with your old friend!?"

I smiled at his words and he spread his arms in front of me. "Here! I think I really missed your hugs!"

Shaking my head at his immaturity, I hugged him tightly, my arms wrapped around his waist and my head resting on his chest.

"You married without telling me, Emily!?"

He broke the hug to look at me properly. I grinned at him, his fingers lifted my hand and he ran his index finger over my wedding ring which shone brightly and as beautifully as ever.

"Well. Look, look who's talking! I mean you were the one who left me and Edward to study abroad so I am not the only one at fault actually!"

"But still! I never knew Edward would realise his feelings for you this early! I always thought he would act all oblivious jerk towards you until the end but he proved to be the wiser one in the end after all!"

I sighed softly, taking my seat and serving myself a plate. I started to feed myself, eating with pure delicacy.

I didn't find it necessary to explain to Eric how much fake our wedding was and how much of a stupid best friend I was to marry Edward just because he wanted to keep his five year long relationship with Eric's girlfriend Lisa Williams!

We just had to keep our marriage for two years, so why go and stuff this truth on every other person's face that we weren't married for real!

Besides, everyone was happy this way, like the way Edward explained everything to me the day he prosposed me for this marriage!

And from now on, I would also try to be happy, just like Edward wanted me to be!

"Mmm.. This fried omurice is the best I have ever eaten I am telling you!" I moaned in my mouth, taking some ketchup in my spoon and swirling my fork in the heaps of baked tortillas stuffed with chicken pasta.

I took another bite of my bread, chewing it with my utmost attention, my mind going frenzy thinking where Mia was and why she wasn't responding to my calls.

"By the way, I didn't mean to be nosy you know but is that Lara girl really your friend!?"

I snapped out of my reverie, looking at Eric and blinked twice, registering his question some seconds late.

"Yeah! Yeah! You mean Lara? We are college friends! We know each other very well, and she came here to congratulate me on my wedding as she coudn't attend it due to her professional reasons!"

"Then why did she run after seeing me on the door?"

Oh crap!

"Oh right! She didn't mean to run but you know, she is extremely shy when it comes to men, the reason she is a celibate! A total celibate I am telling you!"

Seriously Emily, celibate? Have you lost all your fucking common sense in a lottery or have you been pretending to be some intelligent potato all this time!?

Eric coughed violently. "Lara's a celibate!?"

I nodded my head quickly, not daring to look him in the eyes. Eric sighed believed in my lie, as he continued to eat his share.

"Who is this Lisa, Eric!?"

Eric stopped eating and looked at me, bearing a surprised expression.

"And don't you dare to play all ignorant with me otherwise I will cut you like celery and cabbage and make your spicy stew right now!"

Eric chuckled. "No I wasn't going to ignore your question but still" He briefly glanced at me, and I crossed my arms across my chest to show him my determination "Are you really not going to let me get away with this question, Emily!?"

"No! Never! Now answer fast! Audience here wants to hear who is this Lisa girl anyway!?"

Eric sighed in disappointment, drinking a glass of water before wiping his face with a napkin.

"Lisa was my first girlfriend"

I tried to fake gasp but ended up choking on my glass of water instead.

"And!?"

Eric observed my reaction carefully. "And she was my last one too"

This time I genuinely gasped loudly, my mouth open ajar to stare at him.

"Really!? But why didn't you ever tell me that you used to have a girlfriend!!?"

"Emily, I didn't want to make her my girlfriend in the first place! She seemed too innocent and fragile for someone hard, tough and bad boy like me but..."

"But!?"

"But I ended up proposing to her and to my utter surprise, she accepted-"

"Wait! Why did you propose to her!? Did you like Lisa back then?

"No, Emily I didn't like Lisa. I just proposed to her for my own reasons-"

"What were your stupid fucking immature reasons, you dirty lizard sitting on a toilet seat-

"which, unfortunately, I can't tell you!"

"Don't you "unfortunately" me!"

Eric ignored my protests. "And then we started dating, we used to hang out almost everyday, at first she wasn't willing to accept me but then she grew habitual to my presence."

I glared at him. "So did you find her beautiful that's why you proposed to her? You were just attracted-"

"Yes, Emily she was beautiful, much beautiful in her own way but I took advantage of her innocence and did wrong to her that's why that guilt of justice keeps eating me from inside. I tried

to find her whereabouts many times with the help of my associates and sources but never found a single thing about her, in fact I came here two days ago only to go and search for her myself but she changed her house and the landlord couldn't give me much information about her current address."

That's because Lisa isn't Lisa anymore! She is Lara Williams now!

"But why do you want to find her so badly? I meant to say that if you were the one who did something wrong to her then don't you think you should stay away from her... I mean she might press charges against you..." I trailed off, trying to extract my answers in a most vague way as possible.

"I don't care! I am ready to face any punishment she might give me because I know I am the one at absolute fault here! But I couldn't find her until now and I just want to meet and apologize to her properly-"

Just then, his phone vibrated soundly on the glass of dining table. Eric glanced over his phone before looking at me.

"I need to take this call"

I nodded. Eric returned few minutes later, grabbing his coat quickly and putting on his shoes.

"I am sorry Emliy but I would'nt be able to do dishes with you now! I really wanted to spend some time with you but I had this urgent work to do soon-"

I stood up from my chair abruptly,"Oh no. I don't mind a bit, Eric. Besides you are here for permanent now so we can talk like old days whenever you want!"

"But I missed you and Edward so much!"

"And I missed you too, my boy!"

My cell vibrated in my jeans and I took my phone out to see Edward calling me. Instantly my cheeks flushed red to remember that heated encounter against the wall which we shared this morning.

I didn't take the call though, accompanying Eric outside the house

towards his car.

My phone vibrated yet again and this time I needed to take the call otherwise I had no doubt Edward would come here hurriedly, leaving his company or any of his important meetings whatsoever only to see why the hell I wasn't taking his calls.

"Yes, Ed..ward!?" I stuttered, my mind calculating some good words to say to Edward without making it too uncomfortable for both of us.

"Have you eaten, Lily!?"

"Yes, I finished my lunch. Eric made it and it was so delicious, he still had his chef skills left in his blood! And you!? Did you eat!?"

Man, this was really awkward! Since when do we start to have this 'food' conversation in our calls!

Since today, you dumb bamboo!

"Oh yes, I called you to inform you I'll be late today as I need to attend this company dinner urgently!"

"Okay, I understand very well! Take your time and I'll be fine here-"

"Were you with Eric all this time!?"

"No! Actually Jake also came today so I talked to him about his stuff-"

"So you were with Jake all this time then!?"

"No! He left many hours ago and then I had my lunch with Eric so-"

"So you were, after all, with Eric, right?"

"Yes, Edward I was! Eric made both of us lunch and we hanged out for some hours and we also talked a lot about old days but seriously what's with you these days? You get worked up for nothing, Edward! Eric is my friend just as you are! I don't discriminate between you two! You two are same to me and I try my best to treat you all equally!"

"Equally Huh? I understand then-"

"I didn't mean it that way, of course you are first-"

"I told you I understand very well, enjoy your time to the fullest with him! Bye Emily!"

Edward hanged up while I stared at my phone in annoyance.

What's with him and his stupid "I understand shit!" Trying to sound so authoritative, you bull!

"What happened!? Bubbly Hubby-chubby called!?" Eric said, chuckling to himself.

I waved my hand, "Yes. He said he'd be late!"

"Well I'll be late too, Emily! I want my bear hug too!" Eric slurred, making puppy face.

"I didn't hug Edward though for being late!"

"I don't mind being the first one to be hugged by you, Lily!" Eric tried to mimick Edward, failing to do so miserably.

I laughed at his choice of words. We shared a quick hug before Eric started his car and drove frantically between the streets, leaving me behind to wonder what was the reason of his sudden exit, just after a few days of his arrival.

---

Clock ticked to 12'O clock and still there were no calls or texts from Edward. It had been raining continously for two hours now and I couldn't help but get worried for Edward as each second of my restless night passed one by one. I paced my living room in anxiety, calling Edward once again but he didn't pick up.

Atleast pickup my phone you idiot! In nervousness, I started to chew my nails quickly while starting TV to distract my mind somewhere else but no series, programs or TV show was able to stop me from glancing anxiously at the wall clock and then towards the window.

Rose had returned this afternoon, fully tired and exhausted but still she had the decency left to slap my words on my own face cleverly.

**********

"Where were you all night, Rose!?"I asked Rose, who was striding towards her room without looking at me.

She stretched her arms in some unwomanly fashion, ignoring my question.

"Don't do Yoga and answer my bloody question fast, Rose! You didn't call me whole night and what's with you and your sudden arrogant attitude!? Where were you yesterday night!?"

"Searching" Rose answered, popping fresh black grapes in her mouth.

"Searching for what, exactly!?" I asked, putting my hands on table in orderly fashion.

"For my common sense, just like you told me earlier to find it!"

"What's that supposed-"

"I hope you don't mind me borrowing your fruits for some time! I need to have my share of nutrients as well!"

Rose picked up whole basket of fruits from dining table and started to climb stairs. "And, by the way, I coudn't find my common sense today. It seems too much of a mysterious object to me so maybe I need to go search for it tomorrow again!"

She left for her room before I could even ask her where Michael was who went after her in such a hurry, yesterday night.

What the hell is going on in her mind!? Why doesn't she tell me anything!?

I hope she didn't kill anyone and fled here from New York in hurry to hide her crimes, right!?

But where is that rotten corpse anyway?

Oh no, my Rose would never kill anyone! She isn't like that!

# Chapter 53 - His Cute Exceptions For Her

Emily's POV:

Loud reverberation of thunder broke my line of thoughts and I ran towards the window to realise it still hadn't stopped raining. Cold drops of rain splattered my face and chilling breeze hugged my features just as I opened my window to peek at the weather.

Glancing at my phone, I threw it annoyingly on sofa after seeing no calls or replies from Edward. I sat beside the window, my eyes glued on the muddy road, my eyelids dropping heavily from sleep.

A loud knock on the door woke me up abruptly from my short nap and I rushed towards the door, turning the knob and quickly opening the door.

"Edward! Where the hell were you, you stupid moron! Why the hell you were so-"

I stopped blabbering to see Edward slumped lazily on Michael's shoulder while Michael struggled slightly with his weight.

"Oh my god! What happened to him, Michael!? Why are you carrying Edward!?"

"Nothing, Mrs Emily! Sir is just drunk-"

"Drunk!? What!"

"Yes! He had this company dinner and so they forced him to drink as he succeeded in signing some deal off and he couldn't refuse it-"

"Emily..."

Edward stirred in his sleep, now looking up at me, his eyes all puffed up red and his hairs ruffled up from moisture. He was soaked wet from heavy rain, his shirt was dripping of water and he stumbled in his little steps.

"Hello Emily!? How have you been, my dear!?

Hello? Seriously how much did he drink?

"I missssssed you soooooo much, Lily"

Edward walked towards me, throwing all his weight on me while I stumbled back, not being able to balance myself properly. He wrapped his wet arms around me hardly, scooping me up. His breath reeked of pure alcohol, and his wet clothes sticked to my own dry ones.

"I think I should help you take him upstairs Mam!" Michael said, his fingers dusting off moisture from his wet hairs.

I looked at Micheal who was also soaked from head to toe. His eyes looked tired and I wondered if he was even able to sleep after he went chasing Rose yesterday night.

"No. Michael I will manage from here! Why don't you go and change into some warm clothes yourself! It's chilling cold outside!"

"But still you can't carry him all the way upstairs-"

"I can manage it very well, Michael. You can go now!" I said, struggling from Edward's weight on my body while he rested his chin on my shoulder.

"Thank you very much, Mrs Emily!"

"Miss Emily!?" Edward said, now breaking the hug to turn around and look at Michael.

"I said Mrs Emily sir!?"

"She isn't ...Miss Emilllly, Michael! She is Mrs Emily, meaning Mrs Emily Jonnnnnnnnnes, my dear wiffffe!" Edward slurred his words, glaring at Micheal.

"My apologies for my mistake sir but I meant very well to say-"

"Leave it, Michael. You go and change. I am sure Edward didn't mean any of it! It's just this stupid alcohol speaking!"

Micheal nodded and left the room and I turned towards Edward annoyingly.

"Seriously how much did you drink anyway!?"

Edward blinked twice at me, his lips curling into a dashing grin before he raised his five fingers at me. "I drank two. Just two, my dearrrrrrrr! I swear!"

I rolled my eyes at him. "Sure. If the meaning of two in your dictionary actually means "five rounds of two" or "two rounds of five"! Seriously, Edward if you can't hold your liquor then why would you go and drink loads of it!?"

He didn't respond, but continued to look at me, shaking his head in between to pry off sleep.

"Never mind! Let's just get you to bed!"

Snaking my arms around his neck, I tried to make him move but he didn't budge an inch. Instead, he entangled himself from me and walked towards my kitchen, his little steps showing the effect of alcohol.

"Where are you going now!?"

"I want to peeeeeee before I go to sleeeeeep.... or I would end up doing it over youuuuuuuu or over my bedshedeet!"

I blinked at him incredulously, not able to find my words to answer him while he walked towards my kitchen leisurely.

"Why the hell are you walking on my kitchen then!?"

"I want to do it in herrrrre! It's closerrrr for.. me!"

"Are you crazy, Edward!? That's my fucking kitchen sink!"

He waved his hand on my face. "A sinkkkk is a sinkk! After alll, it all goes down to the same pipelinneee and" He struggled to open his eyes "can....you please turnnnn around a little, I can't hold it anymoreeeee!"

My eyes widened in horror as he put his hands on the zipper of his pants and pulled it down. I covered my eyes with my one hand and gripped Edward's wrist with my other hand.

"No! Don't do it in here! It's my pious kitchen for god's sake! I'll take you to the washroom now!"

"No. I'll do it in herrrrre onlyyy!"

"I am telling you don't do it!"

"Leaveee my handddddddd!"

"Please, I am begging you with my whole life!"

"Let meee-"

"Edward, I will chop your fucking dick off if you dared to leak your proud male bladder here" I pointed my index finger towards the sink,"in my kitchen sink!"

For a moment, he stopped struggling and then zipped up his pants, mumbling something incoherent. He walked towards the stairs and fell on his face in his first step. Quickly I rushed towards him and pulled him up with difficulty as he looped like a mortein around my shoulder.

With more bumps, thud and loud falls of more than five vases and one painting, I reached our bedroom and opened the door by kicking it hard. Throwing him lazily on the bed, I huffed like a dog on the carpet, fanning my hands on my face to get some air, still feeling difficulty to breathe.

"My god! Your are so heavy, like a bull!"

I attempted to stand up but something cracked and I kneeled on the floor in pain. "I think I broke my back badly!"

Turning around, I saw Edward busy in fighting with the blanket, kicking it for no reason before he sat on the bed and started to unbutton his wet shirt.

Ignoring my own pain on my back, I walked towards him and gripped his hands, putting them on his side gently and unbuttoning his shirt myself while my eyes looked anywhere but him. I could feel his intense gaze on my face while I popped buttons of his shirt, one by one.

"Emilyy!?"

I looked at him. "Yes! Do you want-"

"I am in paiiiin Emily! So muuuuch pain!"

"What!? Where!? Did you fall somewhere else as well!? I told you to walk properly in the stairs! I hate alcohol seriously! You-let me see for myself! "Turning his face, a little, I examined his arms and legs for any injuries but didn't sucessfully find any.

"Not there, Emily" Edward said, shaking his head and gripped my hand which were on his shirt to place my palm right over his heart. "It's in here"

I looked at my hand resting over his heart and then at his face and my breathing laboured in anticipation to see his heart pounding loudly against his chest.

Maybe the effect of alcohol, I supposed. After all, alcohol increases the blood pressure causing hypertension due to narrowing of blood vessels and-

"Won't you ask me why I...am in pain!? Any first....symptoms of it!? You are a doctor, Emily!"

I nodded abstenmindely at him, still staring at my palm pressed hard over his chest. He covered my hand with his fingers, his light touch increasing my heartbeat rapidly.

"What.. what was the first symptom..then!?" I stuttered in my words, now staring at his eyes just as he pulled me closer to him.

"When you told me...you had a crush on Eric, and not me!"

"I.. "I looked down in embarrasment, my mind working for words to answer him.

"Second was....when some blonde boy took seat beside you...when I was supposed to be the one sitting beside you!"

I looked at him instantly, my eyebrows furrowed in confusion to see if he was really drunk or not.

"Edward are you-"

Suddenly he gripped my hand resting on his chest, tightly and pulled me more closer to him, now our noses touching tip to tip and I inhaled a deep breath to find myself in such a close proximity to him.

"It pains here" He put his one hand over his chest,"in my heart, very much" He stared deeply into my eyes, "Everytime you think and talk of some other man, who could easily take you away from me and then I..." He gripped my shoulders tightly, my lips parted slightly to see his mouth coming closer to mine.

"And then I think I won't be able to live another day of my life, not seeing you by my side!"

"Edward, I-"

He put his one finger over my lips, stopping me from speaking anything.

"Emily, I think...." He removed his finger from my lips to cup my cheeks, his smooth fingers grazing my chin gently. "I think there is something terribly wrong with me."

I furrowed my eyebrows slightly in confusion.

"I don't find those half-clothed women out there attractive anymore. Instead.." He glanced beiefly towards my attire."When you wear these simple clothes in front of me, I get this..." He stopped talking for a minute. "I get this crazy feeling to hug you tight and...keep you with me all my life and to never let you go but.... I know you also have a life so I try to remain civil but I can't...control myself and so I always end up... snapping at you... "

I smiled genuinly at him, putting my hands over his to assure him. "I am not going anywhere Edward. I am always with you but you have to understand to decide your priorities first! I mean, that someday you'll also have a wife" Edward looked at me in confusion. "A real wife, Edward, the one whom you'll marry with your heart's consent. I am just a substitute for now but when she'll come, you need to understand that we can't stay together forever. You'll have a family then and maybe I will also have a husband-"

Edward gripped my shoulders tightly, almost painfully, making me look up at him. "You're not leaving me anytime soon, you understand that! I'll hunt you down even from hell and heaven if you ever did that! Don't you remember, lily..." He gripped my wrists tightly "That I never share things which clearly belongs to me and Emily Willows will always belong to Edward Jones here! And to no one else!"

"And never talk of any other men in front of me, ever!"

I stared at him in anger and confusion. "Edward, are you seriously being all jealous and possessive now!? Like really!? After all those years, you are jealous of your own cousin!? Why so! Just because you think I have a crush on him? That I love him!?"

"Yes, Emily! I am jealous of Eric and I'll always be! Because you chose him and not...." Suddenly he stopped talking, his eyes not daring to meet mine.

"Not?"

Edward didn't respond but busied himself in changing his clothes, falling over his own blanket two times and when I came forward to help him, he refused to let me touch him. He went into washroom, stumbling loudly over the table and breaking the glass candlestand while I stared at him in pure pity, not being able to realise the reason of his sudden anger.

I tapped my foot on the carpet, impatiently waiting for Edward to come out and when a faint click of door opening reached my ears, I stood up abruptly to see Edward all dressed up in decent clothes and his eyes showing less tiredness, fatigue and stress of the day.

"Are you feeling little okay now!?"

Ignoring my question like a pro, Edward took his towel from his closet with some effort and started to rinse his wet hairs.

"Why would you go and drink loads of alcohol when you can't hold it!"

He still didn't reply and in frustration, I walked towards him and clutched his towel tightly in my fingers. "Talk to me Edward and tell me what the hell did I do wrong to you!?"

He looked at me in anger, as if he would eat me alive the moment I would speak a single word against him once more but I wasn't afraid of him or his stupid immature fights and glares anymore.

"Tell me the reason why you get mad at me for no reason at all!?"

"Why don't you ever understand, Emily!? Why you always stress me out so much!?"

"I never give you any stress, Edward but you always have every words and sentences aimed at me for your illogical accusations!?"

"Illogical accusations? I never accused you of anything but-"

"You don't reject me! You don't accept me either Edward! What am I supposed to do!? Play the role of your fake wife and best friend my whole life!? Why so? Just because you want to keep going with your relationship with Lara-"

"I told you before that you can leave this marriage anytime you want!"

"You never let me, Edward-"

"Because I never asked you to leave me, you can leave this marriage but not me-"

"Why not you!? What's so good about you, Edward that I can't go on with my life without you!? And yes, tell me, what's so good about me that you can't live a single day without me!?"

Edward stared at me for a moment before coming forward. I watched his movements as he raised his hands to cup my face, leaning towards me slowly, our noses touching and both of our lips parted.

"Don't you love me, Emily?"

My eyes widened slowly to listen those words from his mouth and when I looked up at him, I saw his eyes asking for the answer of his question but when I didn't answer, he moved his lips to brush them slighly over my cheek, just a light feather touch tingling my nerves.

I closed my eyes shut tightly in anticipation seeing his lips coming towards my own and waited for him to kiss me. But when I felt the sudden weight on my shoulder, I opened my eyes to see Edward leaning his head on my shoulder, his eyes closed in sleep. With disappointement crawling slowly in my heart , I caressed his hair gently, wrapping my arms around his waist and hugging him tightly.

Finally, the tears that I have been holding for so long, got loose and salty moisture started to drip drop by drop on the carpet. I snuggled my face in the crook of Edward's shirt, holding him tightly to support his heavy weight. Feeling pity for my own tears, I tried to wipe them as quickly as I could but they weren't willing to stop anytime soon and after a minute, I stopped struggling and let them fall on the floor.

"I love you, Edward. I love you so much!" I whispered in between my soft sobs, not caring anymore if he would hear it or not.

I didn't care anymore, I decided.

I was tired of my unrequited love for someone who didn't himself know what he actually wanted!

Edward wanted me in his life but I could never take the place of his first love in his heart!

With some little difficulty, I succeeded in placing Edward on his bed. I draped a large blanket over his sleeping form, covering his body up-to his neck and switched off the table lamp. Standing up from his side, I turned the doorknob around.

"I love you toooo" came the heavy sleep-laden voice of Edward.

My hands stopped in midway to stare wide-eyed at his sleeping form.

"Lara."

# Chapter 54 - Don't Break My Heart Anymore

Emily's Pov:

I organised all the fresh ingredients in the fridge, throwing away all the rotten and expired food products into the dustbin.

Stirring the glass of lemon water after adding a bit of salt, I drank it in one shot, cold water soothing my frustrated nerves and relaxing my body.

It had been three weeks already and I didn't receive anything satisfying from Cyber security and surveillance department, regarding the precise location of Mia or her whereabouts.

I heard shuffling of things, heavy footsteps on stairs resonated the ambient and I abruptly turned towards the kitchen counter, busying myself in wiping off the wet dishes.

My heart twisted painfully in my chest, remembering those three words which I had always wanted to hear from Edward my whole life, and which he indeed said to me but this time, those beautiful words weren't for me though.

His love and his feelings were for someone who held that special place in his heart which I couldn't even dare to take it, no matter how many years I would continue to be his friend.

No matter how many sacrifices I would continue to make for his sake!

"Good morning, lily!" Edward took his seat, scooting his chair closer to the dining table.

"Good morning" I continued to wipe off crockeries, not daring to turn around to look at him, knowing very well that my heart would betray my feelings once more and would forgive him for every pain and rejection he gave me every day, as a gift for standing by his side all my life.

"Here! Come and eat with me! It's been a long time since we ate together and I really miss eating with you!" He patted the chair beside him, motioning him to join him.

"I couldn't make anything good for breakfast today, Edward! Hope you don't mind-"

"I can eat everything as long as it's made by you, Lily!" Edward smiled at me, his hand still on the chair beside him, urging me to join him.

"Yeah but still, I couldn't wake up early today so-"

"Now will you please sit and eat with me if you're done nagging yourself already!?"

I nodded meekly and walked towards him, turning the plates around and started to serve him warm food. After placing spoons and fork on his side, I took seat beside him, still not looking at him.

Taking some food on my own plate, I dug my fork into the vegetables and stuffed it leisurely into my mouth.

"Emi!?"

"Yes!?"

"Why are you eating just vegetables in your breakfast!? You keep talking of my own nutrition and stuff when you yourself aren't taking proper care of your diet and your body!"

I sighed. "I don't really feel like eating, you know. It all seems just a boring work to me now!"

"Eating doesn't come in some boring work, Lily!"

"I don't know anything anymore, Edward." I looked at him, my eyes blank and deprived of every sort of emotions I was capable of feeling."I don't feel like talking to anyone now, I just want to stay alone in my room and I want everyone to hate me, to think of me as nothing more than some creature who doesn't care about anyone or anything and is selfish beyond recovery about her life and her own happiness!"

"What're you talking about!? My Emily is far from being selfish and she cares about each and everyone in her life. She is selfless as a freak and would do anything to bring a smile on someone's face!"

"I don't know. Maybe it's all because I have been wrong all along in my judgement, caring for those who doesn't even know what I actually want!"

Edward's eyes softened at my words and he shifted his chair closer to my side. He raised his hands to cup my chin but I stood abruptly from my chair, leaving his hands in air instead.

Turning my back at him, I turned to leave when he caught my wrist firmly and pulled me back to my chair. I furrowed my eyebrows at him, covering my fingers over his hand which was clutching my wrist and shoved his palm roughly to his side, leaving him shocked and gaping at my rude behaviour.

"What the-Are you seriously mad at me, Emily!? Why have you been acting so distant to me past these weeks!? You don't talk to me, you don't eat with me, you don't let me touch you, you don't let me hug you" He cupped my cheeks, making me look at him, but I still didn't look at him. "You don't even look at me anymore, Lily? Why? Tell me!? Did I do something wrong!?"

I shook my head, staring at the floor.

"You didn't do anything wrong, Edward. I just miss my home. It's been a long time since I last talked with my mom and dad so I guess that's the reason I'm getting hostile and frustrated these days!"

I put my hands over his and removed those hands cupping my chin slowly, putting them to his side.

Edward sighed in disappointment. "Why don't you go and visit your mom, then!? How about I come home early today and then we both can go and visit her properly!? After all, I myself wanted to talk to her-"

"It's not actually needed. Mom is coming to meet me today after I called her last night. I think I'll be fine after talking to her so you don't have to worry anymore."

Edward nodded and came forward to grab my hands, running his knuckles over my fingers. "Emi, you know I'm always there for you if you want to talk about something-"

"No. I don't want to talk about anything. I am really fine, Edward!"

"But-"

"I told you I am fine-" Edward lifted my left hand abruptly and ran his fingers over my knuckles, his eyes narrowed infintesemily, searching for something.

"Where is your ring, Lily!?"

"Ring!?"

"Your wedding ring, Emi! My family ring, the one I gave to you in our wedding!"

I looked at my fingers, realisation dawning on me. "Oh. I must have removed it while taking bath today-"

"Your mom is coming today, Emi! You need to be careful with all this otherwise we might get caught anytime soon and that won't be good for both of us then!"

"I understand-"

"Wait here!"

Quickly Edward ran towards the stairs and climbed over them deftly. After a minute or so, he came down and walked towards me with determination.

"Give me your hand!"

Ignoring his sentence, I kept my hands on my side. I bit my lips in nervousness, still staring at the floor, feeling his eyes burning holes into my skin.

Edward sighed loudly in frustration before grabbing my hand from my side and lifting it upto his level, he slid the ring smoothly onto my finger.

"Always wear this ring no matter wherever you are and whatever you're doing!"

"It's not that I removed it deliberately so-"

"It's my family ring, Emily! It's meant to protect you and keep you safe when I'm not around to do so!"

"But I am very safe here, Edward! We have guards all around this house and I really doubt if anyone would be fool enough to dare-"

"I don't know anything, Lily! Just never remove it from your finger! I don't feel very good seeing you without my ring and it's kinda unnerving to me seeing you getting all upset and distant from me these days!"

I nodded. "Okay. I understand"

When I attempted to remove my hand from his, this time, Edward raised his eyebrow at my struggle. His grip on my hand tightened and with a strong pull, he pulled me towards him and I landed straight on his chest. Quickly wrapping his arms around me to stop me from leaving him, he hugged me tightly, resting his chin over my head.

"I don't know why you're behaving like this, Lily and it's scaring the shit out of me! Please don't do this to me! Let's talk it all out!"

Tears pooled at the corner of my eyes, and I took a deep breath, wishing to God to give me some strength to bear all this unbearable pain without breaking out in front of him.

Resting my head on his chest, I let all my tears fall silently down my face. I wiped the salty moisture of my eyes on his shirt, my heart twisting and churning in my ribcage remembering his bold love confession for Lara, the night I confessed my own feelings to him for the first time.

"I love you too!"

"Lara"

Edward broke the hug to look at me and a pained expression passed through his eyes as soon as he saw me crying. Gently wiping my tears from his thumb pad, he kissed my forehead, running his fingers up and down my back to molify me.

"Atleast tell me what I can do to make you happy, lily. I really can't see you undergoing all this pain all by yourself. Share with me and we'll sort this out-"

I raised my hand. "I'm fine. Really you can't do anything for this. I'll be okay after some time!" I wiped all my tears frantically from the sleeves of my shirt and forced a smile back to my face.

"It's wrong, Emi! I don't understand why you can't share! Seriously you don't tell me anything when I never hide anything from you!"

"Trust me, Edward I am not hiding anything from you. You should leave for your office now, it's getting late!" I pointed my finger towards the wall clock, which showed thirty minutes past nine.

"I am not going anywhere unless you tell me the reason why you're behaving like this!" He took two steps towards me and I backed away from him, leaning against the nearby window.

"Why do you care anyway!? It's my life and my feelings, so I get to decide who should I share my things with!"

"Of course, you should share everything with me! I am here, right with you, to listen to everything you have to say!!"

Striding quickly towards me, he gripped my shoulders and I turned my head away from him, not willing to look at his eyes. When he gently grazed his fingers over my cheeks, I removed his hands roughly from my face.

"Don't touch me!"

"But why!?"

"Why not, Edward!?"

He looked at me with shock and confusion. "I don't understand-"

"There is nothing to understand in it! I am not your real wife, Edward and yet you touch me and kiss me like I was.." I stopped for a moment, searching for the right words to say to him "Like..like I never was your fake wife to begin with! You have a girlfriend who is very beautiful and lovely and you love her with every fibre of your being, don't you!? Then why do you keep on messing up with my mind and my feelings by doing all this!?"

"I just wanted to hug you, Emi! Why? Do you have a problem with this also!?"

"Yes! I have a huge problem with all this you're doing to me!"

"But why!? You didn't seem to have any trouble with those simple touches before, Emily!"

"Those were not the simple touches, Edward! You fucking kissed me-"

"But you kissed me first though!"

I hesitated a little. "I didn't mean to actually-"

"But you did it anyway though!"

I averted my gaze somewhere else. "There was a big reason why I did all that-"

"But I surely do remember that you thoroughly enjoyed what we did back there, without no resistance against my kisses or touches though!"

I stared at him in shock and embarrasment. "Seriously Edward you're saying all this shamelessly to me when you still have your first love as your fucking girlfriend! Don't you have a least bit of decency left in your words!?"

Edward shrugged nonchalantly. "Yes! But it's a truth after all!"

"It's a half truth, Edward, not the whole of it!"

"Then tell me the full of it, if you can, Emily!"

"I can't-"

"I don't understand what's wrong with me touching you like that!?"

I looked at him with sheer anger, my temper getting on my nerves. "I don't like it when you touch me!"

And you don't mean it!

"Oh so now you don't even like my touch!? Why so!? Any complete stranger can come out of nowhere and ask you on a date in front of me and I can't even touch my own best friend!? This is unfair, Emily! Totally unfair!"

I glared at him, tears of determination now brimming in my eyes, and I took two complete steps towards him. Our faces now stood close to each other, our noses touching and I stared deeply into his ocean blue eyes. "Do you want me, Edward!?"

He furrowed his eyebrows in confusion. "What-"

"Do you want to have sex with me!?"

I saw his eyes widening like saucers as heat rushed quickly to his face and he took one hesitant step away from me.

"Do you seriously want our pious friendship, our twenty years of long unbreakable bond, to turn into all this "friends with benefits" shit!?"

Edward looked away from my penetrating gaze, his eyes reflecting shame and regret.

"Answer me, Edward! I asked you a fucking logical question!"

I gauged his reaction for some time, waiting for his answer but none came from his side.

"See, Edward you're just attracted towards me" I looked down the floor and whispered to myself "As I am to you" I felt his eyes boring holes into my skin, at my sudden bold words. Collecting my courage, I looked at him, to show him the bare truth in my eyes. "And nothing else. I honestly understand all this 'cause it's kinda obvious and inevitable kind of thing between opposite genders!" Edward looked at me and I averted my gaze somewhere else. "But what I can't allow is this "attraction" thing to eat up what has existed proudly between us all these years! Our friendship is very special to both of us and that's why what I'm trying to say here may sound a bitter truth at first but still we can't deny that it is the only truth after all!"

Edward nodded lightly, his head hung low in realisation now. "I am sorry for everything, Emily! I'll never do anything like that again!"

I smiled at him. "Yes, that's better for both of us! You should get going now! It's getting late!"

# Chapter 55 - Truth Always Resurfaces In The End

Emily's POV:

I splashed some cold water over my face, cleaning each and every corner of my face.

Dark circles under my eyes were still visible, and I was worried if my mom saw me in freaking ugly condition like this, with my hairs sticking like a birdnest from my bun and my face looking like a distorted mushroom after all those sleepless depressing nights, then she would certainly throw a huge fit over it.

Mom was waiting in the drawing room after I excused myself to go to washroom and let Miranda open the door for her.

Quickly applying some foundation and cream under my eyes, which I stored in my makeup-kit for emergency makeup required often in conditions like these, I tied my hairs in a high ponytail and rushed downstairs to meet my mom.

She looked so innocent and heartwarming, sitting on the sofa and waiting for me impatiently. I smiled genuinely at her, and went behind her to scare her like old times.

"Booo!!"

Mom stood up immediately from the sofa and shrieked out loudly like a choked bird and I doubled up in laughter, seeing her immediate reaction. She raised her purse at me, thinking of me as some unexpeceted intruder or a thief.

"Relax Mom! It's just me!"

"Emily! You're gonna get a good beating from me if you pulled such pranks on me again!"

I raised my hands in defence, grinning like an idiot. "Okay! Okay! Guilty!"

"You really will never change, will you!?" She smiled back at me and hugged me tightly. I hugged her back, inhaling that motherly scent I missed all this time.

I really wanted to talk to her about everything I went through supporting this fake marriage with Edward all alone by myself but I knew that if she knew anything about our facade and pretend relationship, it might be possible that she might never let me be friends with Edward anymore, maybe going as far as breaking every relationship which we Willows have with Jones family all these years!

"How is my sweety these days!?"

I smiled. "Your sweety is doing fine as always! How about you tell me how have you been, my dear mom!?"

"Oh dear, why so formal now!? After getting married in a rich family, you sure have accquired some traits of ignorance and authority ,I guess!"

"Mom! Seriously! It was just to trigger your temper, you know!" I placed a cup of tea on the table, sliding plate of snacks beside it. "Here! It'll help your headache a little! How many times do I have to tell you not to travel in this hot weather when you can't tolerate all this scorching heat!?"

Mom made a face at me. "You seriously thought I would miss a chance to meet my own daughter after staying away from her all this time!?"

"But still Mom! It's not heatlhy for your migraine and besides, you could've visited me at night. Its not that I am going anywhere and Dad could also have come with you then! But tell me, how is Dad though!? Man, I really miss talking with him!"

"You missed your dad but not me!"

"Well well, I am the daddy's girl so am the selfish one here..." I trailed off, huge grin forming on my face seeing my mom frown sadly at my words.

When she didn't say anything for a minute, I sighed and hugged her from behind, resting my head on her shoulders. "Oh Mom! You know I missed you more than anyone else so why make this ugly octopus face! Make that chubby puppy face for me that you used to make whenever I would fall into a big trouble and came back home crying loudly after breaking my nose or jaw everytime I would go out to play!"

"You really have a weired way of showing emotions, Emily!"

I shrugged. "After all, fruits doesn't fall too far from their trees and I happen to resemble you in one way or another."

"You make me so worried sometimes, Emily, when you don't call or text me for weeks but I shrug it off thinking it is indeed tough to manage marriage life so you might be busy somewhere else!"

I grinned. "I love it when you worry over me for nothing Mom!"

"But you know I don't really worry much for you now, 'cause I know Edward is taking good care of you and I have witnessed a lot of his love for you these past years of your friendship with him so I am sure you must be very happy after marrying him, Emily!"

I looked down at my lap, fiddling with my fingers. "Yes, Mom. I am. Edward is a very good husband any women could ever ask for!"

"Of course he is! After all, he's your first love and first loves, when reciprocated, always give you every happiness of this world and a lovely happy ending!"

Mom was right in her each and every word but the problem was that...

I didn't have any happy ending in my life..

Or maybe I don't deserve to have any of it..

And I knew it from the moment I started loving Edward that my first love would always remain uncompleted and unreciprocated, even if for a moment I might get my hopes up for nothing.

He loved someone else and I was glad I never actually confessed to him.

After all, that would make me a complete idiot to confess to someone who already had a girlfriend, wouldn't it!?

"How is Dad doing!? Is he taking his medicine properly!? Is he in his office right now!?" I asked her, trying to change the topic of the conversation without making it too obvious.

"Yes! Your dad is planning to get a new car this time!"

"Why!? What happened to the old one though!?"

Mom sighed. "He got into another accident some days ago and this time, it's broken beyond repair-"

"Oh my god Mom! Is he okay!? Why didn't you tell me!? I would have come over to visit him properly then!? It's really scary and did he fracture anything-"

"Relax, Emily! He is fine! That's why I didn't call you! You would have thrown a useless fit over it then-"

"But what if he suffered a major injury!? Did you get an X-Ray!? A proper MRI!? What about a CT-Scan? Any minor injuries speculations!? Any blood clot adhering to the skin and muscles-"

"Oh dear, I told you he's fine! We got a proper examination and satisfactory results from the hospital already! If it was anything dangerous, I would've called you myself but since it wasn't, I didn't think it necessary to inform you!"

"I want to talk to Dad!"

"You can, dear, once he reaches home after his meeting! Don't worry Emily! Here. Take this!" Mom placed a red coloured box on my lap. "Your dad especially chose it for you! Send him the picture after you wear it! He wanted to see how you would look in it!"

I opened the box, unlacing the ribbons in a mild curiousity and my mood got a lot better after seeing a new pair of jeans and a shirt. I ransacked the whole box for further gifts and lifted my hand to see red floral dress entangled in my fingers.

"What's this, mom!?" I turned the dress around to take a better look at it.

Mom shrugged. "I don't know. It's supposed to be a dress girls wear to show off these days, you know!"

"I know what it is Mom. I just don't understand why Dad would send me something like this though, when he clearly knows I don't wear these frilly things!"

"Maybe this time, he wishes to see you in these frilly things!"

I narrowed my eyes suspiciously at her. "Are you sure that's what he wanted to send me!?"

"I don't know! Maybe he might have another reason in his mind to send you this dress, but see it properly Emily! Isn't this dress just gorgeous!? This colour will suit your complexion and if you would just open your hairs" She pointed at my bun, running her fingers down my hairs. "Your hairstyle will compliment these ribbons and I think red or maybe muticolored earrings will go better with it and-"

I raised my hand, chuckling at her words dripping with excitement. "I'll keep it Mom. Give it to me!"

She looked at me, a look of surprise and admiration adorning her fair face. "You won't throw it away after I am gone, won't you!?"

I waved. "No Mom. I won't, I swear I'll wear it and send you a pic soon!"

"Really!? Oh God, I am so happy for you, Emily! My daughter is making a progress, much better progress to dress like a women now! How blessed I am to have Edward as my son-in-law who changed her completely in mere few months, when even I wasn't sucessful in doing so!"

I opened my mouth to speak but found it better not to reply her back after all. It would be better to let her think what she wants as long as she is happy thinking I am happy.

I walked towards the kitchen and placed empty cups and plates on the sink. Opening the tap water, I started to wash them off one by one.

"Are you pregnant, Emily!?"

Cup slipped out of my hand and fell on the puddle of water, and I turned my head abruptly to look at my mom in confusion.

"No Mom! I am not pregnant! Why would you think that!?

She pointed her finger at the kitchen counter. "Then what about all these used lemons?"

I chuckled. "I just made some lemon water for myself. These days I am not feeling quite well and fresh." I looked at my mom and smiled a little. "How about we continue the rest of our conversation in my room!? It's quite comfortable there, and besides, you need to take a little rest after traveling in your sick condition also! I'll make you another cup of tea so take a little nap in my room until then."

"Then I can take these to your room!" She took the dress and placed it carefully inside the box. "I'll keep it in your closet then."

"And yes mom, if you want to wash up, there are some fresh towels inside my closet or you can find some on that black cupboard inside the washroom as well."

I busied myself in making tea and some proper lunch for both of us after Mom left to take a proper bath. Making myself another glass of lemon water, I drank it down in one go and resumed my cooking.

After half an hour, everything was ready and I started to plate snacks on a tray, placing glass of water beside them.

I heard a distinct shuffle of a carpet and turned my head around to see Mom standing on the stairs, looking at me with sadness and confusion.

"Mom? Why are you here!? Weren't you taking a bath!?"

"I didn't took it. Suddenly, I got some other things to take care of." She stared at me with some unknown emotion in her eyes.

"Oh never mind then. Let's go to my room to talk. I made you your favourite cutlets though I think I put a little too much flour in there. Or maybe I didn't! It's all to judge by taste now." I broke the cutlet in two pieces and taking one piece, I lifted my hand to her mouth. "Here! Taste it and tell me how it is? It's been a long time since I last made it so maybe it really isn't so-"

"Are you really happy with this marriage, Emily?"

# Chapter 56 - For His Sake

Emily's POV:

I looked at her, my face forming a surprised expression at her sudden, very unexpected question. "Yes Mom. I am! How many times will you confirm it-"

"But it's the first time I asked you this question though."

I sighed loudly, placing the cutlet piece back on the plate. "Mom. Look at me and tell me! Do you really think I am not happy with this marriage!?"

"Emily, I am your mother and I know very well when my daughter is hurting."

"Mom, it's a futile argument. Really!

And you know already how much I love Edward and how much this marriage means to me!?"

"Right? Isn't it the problem, Emily? That this marriage means so much to you when it isn't the same for Edward?"

I placed my hands on her shoulders. "Trust me Mom. He's very much happy with this marriage and he's the one who proposed me-"

"What's the evidence, Emily!?"

"I love him-"

"But he doesn't love you back, Emily!"

She yelled at me, making me stagger back in shock. My eyes widened at her words, and I just coudn't comprehend how did she know about it when I was very much careful with my every words and things, even at those moments when I wanted to share my pain with her.

"Mom... How...did you..." I trailed off, not finding any words to answer her when I knew my any sentence would just fuel her suspicions even more.

Mom glared at me with anger before she pulled out a black file from her purse and shoved it roughly over my hands. I stared at the piece of paper, my mind going frenzy just by looking at it.

Divorce Agreement.

Signed by Edward!

Oh God, I shouldn't have asked her to open my closet!

I shouldn't have kept that file in my closet! That was a bad idea from the start! I already told Edward that keeping the divorce agreement at our own house wasn't really safe for our marriage but he didn't listen to me!

"Mom. Where did you find it?"

"Oh so you were really hiding it from me all this time!?"

"There is a big reason behind it mom-"

"Then tell me your stupidiest excuse to cover up for your dirty lies, Emily!"

I bit my lips in frustration, flipping the pages of the file in nervousness, my mind searching for better excuses to bury this naked truth alive in front of my mom.

She snatched the file from my hand and raised her eyebrows, looking at the paper. "It's dated just two weeks after your marriage!?"

"It's not that-"

"Means you two were getting divorced just after some days of your marriage!? Why? Did something happen!?" She looked at me, waving the divorce papers on my face.

"Actually something happened-"

"You lied to me, Emily! You lied to everyone around you! Even to your dad!"

"Mom. Listen to me for a minute-"

"You two never actually married for real, did you!?" She gauged my reaction and I looked down at the floor, guilt and remorse crawling slowly on my face. "Why would you do it, Emily! I don't understand all this facade! And here I thought you finally settled with Edward after crushing on him all this time!" She looked at me, her eyes filled with pity and mild rage.

"For a moment I was so happy, Emily seeing you living your life with the person you wanted to share all your moments and dreams with and any mother couldn't want anything else but to see her daughter living happily ever after but.." Her eyes shone with tears and she sat on the sofa, unable to complete her sentence.

I rushed towards her and took her hands. "Mom. Edward needed me for the first time that day and you know I coudn't deny him anything!"

"So you went there like a nightingale and helped him!? Not even caring what your parents would go through, once they discover the truth!? Emily.." She took a deep breath. "You didn't even think of your own feelings for him!? You didn't even think of your own heart, of how you would be able

to cope up with all this fake marriage thing!? You weren't that hopeless, Emily!? What happened to your optimistic nature!?"

"I am sorry Mom!"

"Does Edward know that you love him!?"

I remained silent for a minute, deciding whether to tell her more or to remain silent for the better consequences.

But the biggest truth of our marriage was already out!

"No. He doesn't know it, mom"

She narrowed her eyebrows. "Then why didn't you tell him!?"

"Mom, you know I can't just confess to him after hiding it from him all these years!?"

"Is it because of that Lara Girl!?"

I gulped in nervousness. "Edward's girlfriend?"

"Yes! Isn't she that same girl whom he wanted to marry but his parents didn't approve of his relationship with her?"

I nodded briefly. "Yes, but-"

"Now don't tell me that he proposed a marriage to you just because he wanted to keep his relationship with his girlfriend!?"

I stood up abruptly from my side and started to stuff myself with cold cutlets. Drinking cold water from the water bottle, I looked at mom who was staring at me without any emotions, her eyes narrowed at me, asking for the answer of her question.

"Why don't you eat some of these cutlets , Mom! They're really tasty and here I thought that I actually put more flour in it!" Taking one piece, I lifted my hand to her face. "Here! Eat it mom! You didn't even eat your lunch so you must be hungry!"

"I lost all my appetite after hearing that my daughter is sacrificing all her happiness for someone who doesn't even know he is the reason for all her pain and suffering."

"Mom, you're just exaggerating it-"

"Then why don't you tell me the reason you agreed to this marriage!?"

If I told her that Edward married me for Lara then she would never be able to live the rest of her life without feeling remorse at the thought that she wasn't able to understand her own daughter all this time.

And I couldn't let her blame herself for all those mistakes which I committed in my haste!

"Actually, Edward urgently needed a wife to sign off some important deal for his company and so, he told me about his problem" I looked at her "And I swear Mom he doesn't force me into anything! It was my own free will to help him-"

"Is he still in relationship with his girlfriend?"

"No mom! He isn't! He broke up with her weeks ago even before marrying me-" I tried to fill in quickly.

"So why don't you go and confess to him already!?"

"I... I will. I will do it once all of this settles-"

"Then you aren't staying with him anymore, Emily!?"

"Why!? Why does me confessing to him have anything to do with us staying together, Mom!?"

"It matters Emily, it always does! My daughter will not stay with a man who doesn't respect his own best friend and her feelings!"

"But he doesn't even know about it!"

"Then tell him quickly, will you!? What're you waiting for!? For him to fall in love with someone, which isn't you!?"

But he already did it, Mom. It's not that I had done anything to stop him but people say it right, after all.

Love is indeed inevitable.

And will eat you alive unless you give it what it wants!

"I am waiting for the right time to come."

"The right time is any time one is still so lucky to have, Emily!"

"But that time never seems to come for me, Mom! You know I am born unlucky and whoever stays with me gets caught up with my bad luck-"

"Have some courage Emily! It's just Edward, your best friend! All you have to do is to tell him that you're in love with him and this fake marriage will turn real all by itself!"

If only my Mom knew how complicated it actually was!

Fake doesn't turn into real that easily!

Just as first loves doesn't always get reciprocated that easily!

"Yeah but still-"

"Does Edward already love someone else!?"

I opened my lips to speak but words died down my throat when I found myself out of every excuses. "I don't know anything actually. He never shares anyhing about his love life to me."

I stood silent for a long time, nervously biting my lips. I expected some kind of rude response from her side but Instead, Mom took out her phone and started to dial some number.

"What are you doing, Mom!?"

"Calling Edward. He needs to know about all this!"

Quickly I ran towards her and tried to snatch the phone from her hand. "No! Mom! Don't do this! Please! You're ruining everything by doing this-"

"It's not like you have anything to lose, Emily!"

"Why're you doing this!? I am happy living my life just as his friend-"

"But I am not happy seeing you living your life like this! I can't see you getting this miserable each time you see him with someone else-"

"Mom, try to understand!"

"Either confess to him right now or come with me back to your home, Emily!"

I stopped struggling, removing my hand from her grip on her phone and stared at the floor in deep thought. I blinked back the tears which were threatning to fall and looked at her with determination. "I'll go with you then." I told her finally, wiping my tears from the napkin.

Mom gazed intently at me. "He didn't really break up with her, right!?"

I looked at her, blinking twice. She sighed after gauging my reaction. "Lara? Edward still loves her, right? The reason you're not willing to tell him your feelings!?"

"Yes. It's true, Mom but I assure you that he didn't do it all intentionally-"

"Will you please stop taking his side already!?"

"But, Mom, you coudn't help who you fall in love with so it isn't actually Edward's fault-"

"That's it! You're coming with me right now, Emily! You'll not stay in this house for a single second, you understand that!"

"Atleast wait for him to come back home-"

"No! I am not waiting for anyone! Emily, for God's sake, have some self-respect and stop embarassing yourself further already!"

She took my hands and squeezed them gently. "Look at me, Emily!" She tilted my chin to her side. "I'll marry you off to someone better than Edward, the one who'll see you for what you are! The one who'll think of your happiness before his, one who'll do anything in this whole wide world to bring just a smile on your pretty face dear. And you know why" She carssesed my hairs softly "Because you deserve all this. You deserve every man in this world, Emily but it's bad luck for Edward though."

I stopped crying and looked at her, just as she wiped my tears gently from her hands.

"He doesn't deserve you, Emily. He never did."

I tried to believe in her words but my tears said it all otherwise. The heavy feeling in my chest engulfed my heart in a much larger storm, the deep abyss of tears and pain loosened strings of my hope for ever loving someone again in my life and for the first time in my life I realised that I kept on loving someone unconditionally with every heartbeat and passing second of my life, the very reason I forgot my own happiness and existence along the way and before I could realise it soon, I ended up doing everything...

For his sake...

# Chapter 57 - Her Broken Heart Knows No End

Emily's POV:

I sat on the side of the bed, leaning my head against it, my eyes filled with tears and my heart beating wildly at the thought of not being able to see Edward again.

I didn't even get the chance to run my hands along his face for the last time, to remember each and every corner of it, to memorize his smile for as long as I live in this world.

I wonder what Edward would say once he finds I am not there?

He would definitely go ballistic after learning that it was all my fault that my mom found the divorce papers!?

Would he go search for me?

No, he would probably be very angry at me, he wouldn't even call me after my huge clumsy mistake!

After all, I am the reason our fake marriage got discovered in such an unexpected circumstances!

Edward would never forgive me for that!

But still, I am his best friend.

Will he decide not be friends with me anymore!?

Would he miss me as much I would miss him?

Can he live his life without me being a part of it?

Would he want me to come with him, back to our home?

My line of thoughts were cut short by the continuous vibration of my cellphone. Quickly wiping my tears, I picked it up and stared sadly at the caller ID, too hesitant to pick up the call after what had happened. After five or six rings, I sighed in defeat and put the phone on my ear.

"Hello?"

"Why wouldn't you attend my call, Lily?"

I bit my lips, tears forming once again in my eyes. "I.. I was just reading some book and... I must have fallen asleep that's why I didn't see your..call."

"Are you okay?"

"Yes I am. I told you I am just a little frustrated, that's it!"

Edward sighed. "No you're not fine! Why do you always lie to me!? It's getting on my nerves now-"

"I am not lying, Edward! I'm really, totally and entirely fine, it's not that you really care anyway about it anyway!I am just not really in a mood to talk right now-"

"I care a lot about you, Emily! Even more than I think I can ever care for anyone in my life! Why don't you ever understand it-"

"You do have a weired way of showing it then!"

There was a complete silence from his side which stretched leisurely between both of us for than minutes. I waited for him to say something, a word or two but then I bit my lips in realisation that I actually snapped at him for no reason.

He sighed loudly. "Look, lily I didn't call to fight with you. I just wanted to tell you that I am on my way to home and I couldn't think of any better gift to buy so will you help me with it now?"

My eyebrows furrowed in confusion. "Gift!? For whom?"

"Why, for your parents, of course! I told you we would go visit them today since you miss them so badly and I really feel bad now, considering you're doing way too much of a favour to me-"

"And I told you my mom would come to visit me today, Edward!"

"So did she come then?"

"Yeah of course! Why not! We two had a very great time together and she was really happy seeing me after a long time! So we really don't have to go there now, and besides, Mom was not feeling well so I sent her home-"

"That's very much of a reason I must visit her! I also miss her so much, Emi and it's been months since I last saw her. It would be very much of-"

"Mom knows the truth, Edward" I whispered, cutting him off.

He stopped talking and I heard the loud screeching of the car, rough sound of shuffling, the light push of opening of the car door, indicating he must've come out of the car now, before he cleared his throat and spoke again. "What truth, lily?"

I contemplated in my mind, many ways of telling him how our truth was out so easily, without making it too painful and shocking for him. "Truth of you and me. Truth of our fake marriage, Edward."

"But how!? We were very cautious about it all this time, never giving them the chance to grow suspicious-"

"She found the divorce papers in my closet."

Silence.

Edward didn't say anything for a few minutes and I prepared myself for getting scolded by him, for my carelesness, cursing myself all along, for my own stupidity of hiding such an important papers in my closet.

"Edward?"

"Where are you!?"

"I told you it was a bad idea from the start to bring divorce papers-"

"Where are you right now, Emily!?"

I bit my lips, staring at the photo beside my bed, where our whole class was gathered to take a group photo and Edward was busy fighting with some fat bimbo, hoping to push her aside to stand beside me but they captured the photo in the middle of his futile fight with that girl and I remember I laughed a lot at his stupid misunderstanding when he thought that I was actually getting more closer with that girl, and would stop being friends with him anytime soon.

"I am at home." I whispered.

"Whose home!? Didn't your mom say anything after finding about our marriage?"

"Yes, she did. In fact, she was very angry, Edward and that's why she specifically told me not to stay with you anymore-"

"So she took you with her, then!?"

"I coudn't stop her. She was right all along. She expected a lot from me and all my life, I just dissapointed her. She had just one child, a girl she always wanted to have and yet I never behaved as one , no matter how many times she would try to convince me and I..I.." I wiped the tears from the back of my hand, adjusting the phone on my ears "I always hurt her with my stubborness. I am a bad daughter who is the cause of all her mother's pain!"

"It's okay Emily, we'll sort this out-"

"No we can't, Edward and we both know it! So don't give me any false hopes!"

"I am telling you, we will! So have some faith in me!"

"And what're you planning to tell her huh? That you proposed a fake marriage to me just because you wanted to continue being in relationship with Lara!?"

"She knows we married for fake!? But how? Just by looking at some divorce papers, she knew it!?"

"What else conformation did she need to suspect anyway!?"

"But we can always say that we had a huge fight over something and that's why it all lead to bringing divorce papers-"

"You signed it, Edward and she saw it clearly."

"Did you also sign it, then?"

I hesitated. "No but the divorce papers are the mere evidence to prove to her that our marriage wasn't a successful one, like the one she has always wished me to have!"

"But we can always convince her that we still want to be with each other-"

"Edward, she thinks that you don't love me! You never loved me to begin all this and she's really upset with all this!"

I hung up the phone in frustration, crying uncontrollably now, putting my hand over my mouth to stifle a sob just as my knees gave up and I slid from the bed down to the floor.

Leaning my head on the cold floor, I curled like a ball, placing my limbs close to my body to stop myself from shivering from coldness of the floor.

As well as my cold heart.

I let all my tears trickle down the corner of my eyes, onto the floor, my eyelids drooping low with the tiredness and pressure of the day. Raising one hand towards the corner of my bed, I tucked lightly on the blanket which fell above me.

Finding it too hard to move my hands, I lazily covered myself with the blanket moving my legs, suddenly finding some unusual warmth and kindness in that little piece of cloth which clung to me to protect me from cold.

Which accepted me for who I am and not for what I can be.

I had been rejected too many times in my love for Edward but none of that hearbreak ever involved me comparing myself or my worth to those lower objects which I had been living with all my life.

It was time for me to get over him.

Completely.

Before I lose too much of me to ever move on.

I had waited too long for him to notice me the way I wanted him to, when all he ever cared for was Lara, her feelings, his love and his future with her.

After all, Lara was the one he wanted to marry.

Not me.

I tried to take her share of happiness.

I was being selfish from the start, when I agreed to marry him.

I was only thinking of myself and my feelings then, hoping that things will change for good once I marry him.

I took a deep breath and closed my eyes shut tightly, hoping for sleep to engulf me completely, and never to let go of me.

It was the least I could do for my heart to rest in peace when it had always been the one to never get what it wanted.

# Chapter 58 - Will He Ever Love Her?

Emily's POV:

I shuffled in my blanket, tossing and turning over it, putting my arms around my body to gain some warmth.

Heavy rain was pouring outside, loud claps of thunder reverberated the ambient and cold wet breeze was coming from the open window of my bedroom, decreasing the temperature of the room.

I stood up from the floor, wrapping the blanket tightly around my body and walked towards the window. Extending my one hand outside, I let cold water fall down my arms and I closed my eyes, inhaling the muddy aroma of the wet soil, clutching the blanket from my other hand.

Faint yellow light penetrated through the heavy rain just as I saw shining grey car stopping abruptly in front of my house. I narrowed my eyes, trying to recognise the model of the car and my eyes widened in awe.

I quickly shut the door of the window tight, realising whose car it was, and

that was the last person I wanted to see that day.

Fumbling with my blanket, I managed to find my phone, which was stuffed in my jeans and lifted it in my hand hesitantly to see 67 missed calls and 134 texts from Edward!

I closed my eyes in frustration just as I heard the doorbell rang. Once, twice and then thrice. With some desperation now!

I held my phone in my hand, seeing the call from Edward. After some futile attempts to ignore it, I finally put the phone on speaker.

"I know you're there, Emily! Open the damn door!"

"I don't want to talk to you right now-"

"But I want to talk to you! It's urgent!"

"I really am not in the mood right now!"

"Please Emily" He pleaded. "Don't do this to us. Atleast talk to me. I really am sorry for everything. I am here to make evrything right again. I have come here for you and only you." I heard him adjust himself "And besides its already raining heavily and I'm completely drenched from head to toe. You know how easily I catch cold and what if I suffer from some serious diseases as in like

cholera, typhoid, viral fever" He lowered his voice, putting it in a dangerous tone now "and worse maybe pneumonia....and I heard from someone intelligent, who is very close to my heart, that it's one hell of a disease. A person could really suffer badly and painfully from it and maybe die...." He trailed off, leaving me to imagine the rest of it and I could imagine him pouting at the phone. My lips curled upward at his insane stupidity.

"You really are such a drama queen you know that?"

"Why thank you very much. It requires much dedication and practice to master this art. After all, someone has to play a role of girl!"

I chuckled at his words, climbing down the stairs quickly in a little relief and opened the door.

I peeked like a puppy from the corner of the door, seeing Edward running his long fingers along his cheek and neck, remnant moisture dripping from his hands. He still didn't notice I opened the door already due to the heavy rain pouring outside as he continued to ruffle his hairs, dusting off moisture from it.

I coughed loudly and he snapped his head in my direction, putting his phone back in his pocket.

"Emily!?"

"Come in. I'll make you some tea."

"Where is Mom and Dad?"

"Mom went to meet Dad in his office."I looked at him, with guilt and pain. "With our divorce papers."

Edward stared at me continuosly with some strange emotion in his eyes, without blinking twice, and for a moment, I thought it was the indeed the same emotion I had always looked at him with, all these fifteen years.

I shook my head vigorously, not believing myself even a bit and when I looked back at him, his eyes were completely blank, deprived of every emotions.

After offering him a towel to wipe himself, I made two of us some tea and we drank it in a complete silence, both of us not finding the exact words to start any plausible conversation without making it too awkward.

I placed my empty cup on the table and looked at him. "Do you want another cup of tea?"

"No. I am fine."

I nodded in approval and walked towards the kitchen to pour myself a glass of water to drink.

"You really don't want to talk about it, Emily!?"

Gulping down the liquid quickly, I looked at him and found him looking back at me.

With shimmering hope in his eyes.

The same hope he had the day he asked me to marry him.

And I agreed to it, without thinking of its consequences.

"What else is left there to talk to about, Edward?"

He looked at me with a questioning gaze. "There is still a lot left to say and to be heard, Emily." He avereted his eyes somewhere else. "Atleast from my side." He whisperd faintly, but it was loud enough for me to hear it clearly.

I walked towards him and sat beside him, leaving a clear respectable distance between us. Edward turned a little to see that space and looked quickly at me in mild shock and confusion, his face contorting in dismay, indicating that the space between us seemed too far to him than normal.

"I don't think it's really required anyway. After all, the truth is out for my parents, and it's just a matter of hours before your parents also hear about it. I'm sure they won't be very happy after learning all about our lies and I can't even imagine what they might do to both of us once they learn we have been betraying their expectations all this time."

Abruptly, Edward turned towards me and pulled me to his side. His hands were on my face, caressing it gently and my breath got hitched in my throat when I saw his expression filled with annoyance and rage.

He moved his face closer towards mine and I found myself trapped in between his arms and the cushions. I looked down at my now fisted hands, feeling too conscious of his hot breath fanning my lips.

"Edward?" I whispered to myself.

"Will you never forgive me for what I did, Emily?"

I refused to meet his eyes and instead fixed my gaze somewhere behind him, on the violet coloured wall.

"I am sorry for what happened, Emily. Please! Atleast look at me when I apologize to you."

"I am not mad at you, Edward. I told you I'm just a little moody, that's it."

He sighed loudly, running his fingers through his hairs. "You also took your stuff back without telling me."

"This all happened so fast, I barely had the time to tell you about it so I found it necessary that I must pack and go back with my Mom. After all, it wouldn't have made any difference even if you would've spoken every words in the dictionary to convince her and it was possible, matters would have even more worsened then and I didn't want any conflicts between our families because of our stupid mistake."

"Was marrying me seems a stupid mistake to you, Emily!?"

I looked at him. "Isn't it Edward? I was never married to you for real so-"

"I don't care! I married you in front of the whole world, took honest vows with you, and kissed you for real to seal my words forever! I did everything in reality, for the whole world to see, so what's the evidence that I married you for fake!"

I took a deep breath to calm my nerves and rubbed my sweaty palms

with my finger to hide my nervousness.

"I was honest when I said that I'll cherish and take care of you, in sickness or in health. Till death do us apart." He took my hands gently and I looked at him in shock. He covered my cold hands firmly with his warm ones, this common gesture leaving butterflies to dance around every corner of my stomach "I was honest, Emily, when I took you as my wife, both legally and emotionally."

"You really can't say anything like this now when everything is over, Edward! It's too late to confess anything!"

"I was honest about everything I ever did with you, Emily!"

"But you love Lara!"

"I know it very well!"

I glared at him, my temper rising. "You seriously can't expect me to stay with you after everything you have ever done to me!"

"I apologised for it!"

"That's what I am trying to ask you! Why the hell would you apologise to me when you claim that everything you ever did with me was out of your utmost honesty, Edward!"

"You don't understand-"

"Then explain it to me! I'm ready to hear what plausible reason you can ever provide me with, after everything we have been through!"

"Emily, I really... " He looked at me with annoyance and some unreadable expression on his face, his mouth opening to say something but his tongue not being able to utter it out.

I kept looking at him, hoping for some reliving words from his side. But he didn't say anything more and I slumped lazily on the couch, leaning my head on my side to curse myself for ever hoping anything from him again.

My head snapped in surprise just as Edward caught my wrist firmly and pulled me up.

"What-"

I looked at him in surprise and confusion as he started to drag me with him, through the rooms, the kitchen, the lobby before he turned the front doorknob open and pulled me outside.

Impulsively, I put my free hand over my face as the cold rain poured mercilessly over me. In mere minutes, water seeped into my clothes, producing tingling sensation on my body while Edward continued to drag me through the garden.

"Edward!" I shouted at him, expecting him to reply but he continued to take me, with strange determination in his eyes.

"Where're you taking me, Edward!?"

He turned his head towards me a little. "Back to my house! Back to our home!" He didn't wait for me to respond and started to pull me in front of his car, his hands tightening around my wrists almost painfully.

I stopped abruptly in my steps, with

my own determination, making him turn around to look at me. He tilted his head to stare at me in confusion, his wet shirt clinging tightly to his chest and his hairs sticking to the side of his face, as he narrowed his eyes to focus his gaze at me in that heavy downpour.

I looked at him, pressing my free hand over my wrist and slipped my hand out of his grip. "I am not coming back, Edward." I told him quietly, taking two steps away from him. His hand fell lazily to his side, staying there for a moment before his fingers curled into fists.

"But we-"

"I'm sorry. Forgive me but I can't help you anymore."

"But I am not taking you with me for any help, Emily!"

"I don't know. I just don't feel like staying with you anymore. Besides we don't have a right to-"

"Why!"

"Because you divorced me, Edward!" I looked at him, tears pooling in my eyes. "I'm not your wife anymore."

"But you didn't sign the papers yet so it isn't actually considered a divorce-"

"I'll sign it." I averted my gaze somewhere else. "I'll sign them all and send it to you soon!"

"Don't do this, Emi-"

"You have a stable job in your successful company, a bright future and an understanding people around you, Edward."

"What does all this have anything to do with us!?"

"I also want to be successful in my life. I have my personal life but my professional life is missing and I worked really hard to gain all this knowledge and intellectually. I am a doctor by profession and now it's time for me to use it to help all those needy people outside." I tried to give him a convincing reason so that he would go and leave me alone for a moment.

'Cause talking to him without any satisfying conclusion wasn't doing very well for my present state and the last thing I would ever want was to go and live with him again, after hearing his open confession for Lara that night.

"But you can do it all while staying with me as well!? I never refused you to work and do a job, Lily!"

"I declined my job proposal to support this marriage!"

Edward closed his eyes, probably to calm himself before he gripped my shoulders tightly and shook me once. "Who told you to do that!? Are you out of your mind, Emily!? You studied your brains off, working hard for your studies every single day of your life, to gain the degree of medicals and the next chance you get, you go and decline the very first job you get, not caring a once about your future or your damn hardwork!"

"What else should I have done, Edward!? You never even took your time to take a proper look at my life, 'cause you were so busy with your love life and I got so devoted to this fake marriage that I thought that I might actually be doing good for once in my lifetime if I declined this job and-"

"And you took a control over your future and did the most stupidest thing in the world!?"

"I was craving for your attention, Edward, not realising that you didn't have any time for me from the start. In my way of acting as your fake wife..." I looked at him, tears flowing from my eyes. "I didn't realise when I started to have dreams and desires of a real wife, the one who expects so much from her husband. That he would love and crave for her smile, touch and attention just as much as she has craved for him, and only him.." I turned away from him, facing the opposite side. "all her

life." I whispered it to myself, wiping my tears from my face and took steps away from him, attempting to go back to my house.

I inhaled a deep breath, feeling his hands on my shoulders, making me stop in dilemma but I didn't turn around.

"Emily"

Hearing my name roll out so lovely from his mouth made me want to turn around and hug him tightly, to forgive him for everything. I curled my hands in fists and stood erect and silent in my place.

"I'm sorry if I made you feel that way. I didn't mean to-"

"But the harm is already done, Edward."

"I really want you back-"

"I'm afraid we might not hang out like old times anymore."

"But why?"

"Mom is falling really sick these days and I want to stay here to take complete care of her."

"Then we both can take care of her-"

"Mom needs me, Edward!"

"And I don't?"

I bit my lips, sighing loudly and turned around to face him.

"You're a grown man now, Edward. You can take care of yourself and your loved ones-"

"But I need you in my life, Emily!"

"No! You don't need me! You need Lara, don't you know that!"

"I know very well what I want, Emily and I want you, no matter what!"

I blinked back my tears, glaring at him with fury and age in my eyes.

"You're just being controlling and possessive and it's really not good for both of us, and our friendship!"

"But that's the truth-"

"I told you it's just some fucking attraction between us and that's why we end up touching each other inappropriately everytime-"

"I swear I'll never touch you again if that's what you want, Emily!" He cupped my cheeks, making me look at him. "If that's what it'll take to make you come with me."

I removed his hands from my chin, tentavily holding his left hand and looked at him in defeat. "You'll never understand what I want, Edward and that's the reason I'll never come back again." I left his hand carefully to his side and stood steps away from him.

"Emily? Why?" He pleaded to me in his beautiful voice.

Ignoring his response, I smiled bitterly at him. "And yes, there is one thing I actually want from you!?"

He looked at me quickly, his eyes filled with hope and expectation.

"When we both return back to living our normal lives, I might need some space from you."

"Space." He repeated, in daze.

"Some time and distance apart." I explained to him. " 'Cause I really need it right now!?"

"You want space from me, Emily?"

"Yes, and that would be best for both of us."

"But why!? I don't see it necessary!"

"Belive me, you don't know how much it's required for us to stay away from each other!"

He closed his eyes and sighed. "Look, Emily, I want to spend my time with you-"

"But I don't want to spend my any time with you!" I yelled at him, seeing his eyes narrowing at my words before he stepped back and stood far away from me, in shock.

Guilt and pain crawled in my heart slowly as I saw him looking down, his eyes refusing to meet mine. Both of us stood drenching in that heavy rain, our hearts beating wildly in our chest, wanting us to say something, maybe more, to the other.

But we found it necessary, not to say it to anyone ever!

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to yell at you."

"But you mean your words."

"Yes."

"And you want me to stay away from you?"

"That's what I wanted all along."

Edward looked surprised at my words, before he realised he had yet to answer me. "Okay, I won't disturb you ever again. I'll give you space, time or distance, whatever you want." He briefly glanced at me. "From me. If that makes you happy and cheerful, and puts you at ease. I'll try my best at it. Will not disappoint you anymore."

I nodded and he came forward, probably to hug me, raising his hand to touch my shoulders but when I scooted away a little from him, he stared at his hand for a moment and eventually put it down. "Take care, Lily-"

"Emily" I told him and he stood there, confused.

"My name is Emily, not Lily. So I would like it very much if you'd call me by my real name, cause I really love it when people call me by who I am."

"Okay. As you wish, Emily." He pressed my name, with bitterness in his tongue, before striding long steps to his car, without sparing a glance at me. He started the car, his eyes focused on the road but he didn't move forward. For a moment, I thought he was expecting me to stop him and so when I walked a little towards his car, I saw him turn his eyes from the road to look at me.

My eyes locked with his and we stood staring at each other, not caring about the weather. My heart was beating loudly in my ribcage, seeing his eyes filled with hidden plead and a desperate longing.

For me.

But it was too late to move forward and embrace each other.

We already got hurt so many times in our love and care for the other, and each pain screamed loudly at me to stay away from him when I continued to come closer to him everyday.

I decided my own fate, but I can't decide his.

He had a bright future ahead of him,

and I was sure he could do better without me.

So, reluctantly, I turned around, putting my back at him, tears from my eyes fell on the wet ground one by one just as I heard him drive away his car in frustration, leaving me behind to cry all night for him.

# Chapter 59 - His Drunken Mishaps

Emily's POV:

It had been almost four weeks since my inevitable fight with Edward. We didn't talk to each other or to be precise, I didn't talk to him. He frequently called me and send me texts to check on me and I knew it was really a long time we gone without talking or seeing each other in our long history of friendship, so it must be hard for him to ignore me or my presence after I had behaved so rudely with him.

Supporting a marriage, and the wrong one at that, was really troublesome and painful experience for me but I learnt a lot in the way.

I put my every efforts to support my first marriage which ended so horribly and in the meanest way as possible.

I still had to sign the divorce papers and in these few weeks, my mom had already pestered me enough to sign them already but I always came up with convincing excuses to run away from it.

It wasn't that I didn't want to sign them.

I was just feeling guilty for what I had said to Edward that day and it didn't help me a bit when everytime I would pick up a pen to sign the papers, I was reminded of that fact that this marriage was as much as my fault as it was Edward's.

We both were equally responsible for it, 'cause marriage occurs between two persons so how it was only Edward's fault!?"

I admit it was wrong on his part to propose me for his reasons but still, I shouldn't have said yes to him if I didn't want to be the part of his proposal.

I heard a distinct knock coming from

the side of my window.

Who could be at this hour!?

"Who is it!?" I asked, walking closer to the window.

No reply.

Instead came that loud knock again. Slowly tiptoeing on the floor, I opened my closet carefully and pulled out the shoe box from the drawl.

Taking high pencil blue heels in my hand, I adjusted it in my hands and took one step towards the noise.

"Who is it!?"

Getting no reply from the intruder, I readjusted the heels in my fingers, gripping it tightly and opened the window, sliding it slowly with my one finger.

Closing my eyes shut tight, I raised my hands and was about to hit the intruder when he clutched my hands and twisted it around.

Gently though.

I felt soft hands encircling my arms.

He was a she!

Opening my eyes, I realised it was Rose sitting on my railing, her eyebrows knit in annoyance as she snatched the heel from my hands and threw it lazily on the floor.

"You were about to hit me-"

I grinned nervously. "My sincere apologies, Rose but I really didn't-"

"With those heels!?" Rose pointed her index finger at my discarded heels, clutching the railings with her other hand. "I really thought you could've done better than that, Emily. Like these shining shoes won't protect you from anyone. They'll only injure the intruder which can end up annoying them more. Next time hit them with something which'll knock them down." She climbed off the railing smoothly, landing onto my room and searched her eyes around. She turned around to look at me and then walked towards my desk, snaking her hand inside my study drawl and pulled out an electric taser. "You should've tried this taser which I gave you on your fifteenth birthday. This works faster than these weak footwears."

"So basically you're asking me to torture you with taser next time you come in my house!?"

"I honestly don't mind. It's all for your practice anyway!"

"Why don't you ever use the door, Rose!? You scared the bloddy shit out of me!?"

"Who uses the door these days!?" Rose shrugged, sitting on my bed, crossing her legs.

"Normal humans who have some sanity left in them!?"

"I lost my sanity the day I landed as a girl on this planet."

"So you're calling girls insane then!?"

"No, actually I was intending to call myself intelligent 'cause insanity is the road to happiness." She looked at me. "But since you pointed it out so cleverly, I must say you can take my words your way as well! I don't mind!"

"Why're you here so sudden anyway!?"

She waved her hand at me. "I came to give you something. Let's wait for that thing to come!"

I furrowed my eyebrows in confusion. "Is it some animal who's gonna climb three floors of my house and reach here!?"

"No, actually it's a human so-"

Just then, I heard someone climbing the roof of my house, gripping the railings tightly, his fingers curled around the rods firmly. He raised his one hand in air, trying to catch the upper railing reaching my room.

"Give me a hand!" He spoke, in a low tone, his voice coming out in a forced manner.

Rose ran towards the window, sliding it open and I walked behind her, standing beside her to see Michael struggling to reach my room.

"Who told you to climb the walls when you can't do it properly!?" Rose hissed, and I looked down to see Michael who frowned at her rude words.

"I just wanted to try it once since you do it so easily!"

"You were supposed to use the door!"

"Can we talk after I come above alive!?"

"Go down and use the door to enter my friend's house like a normal person!"

"I can't do it! I am two floors high and I'm carrying too much to go down and knock a door like some gentleman, if I ever happen to survive this much height though!" Michael yelled, adjusting some bags around his waist before holding the nearby tree branch tight.

"I told you I could've managed alone, then why did you stuff your lazy brains in my business!? You have

a great interest in becoming a socialist right!? Now keep hanging like a tortured frog there!" Rose crossed her arms around her chest, huffing in annoyance and looked away from him.

"Give me a hand first!"

After seeing no response from Rose's side, I extended my hand towards Michael. "Here! Take mine and grab it tightly! I'm gonna pull you up!"

Rose pulled my hand before he could take it and glared at me. "Are you crazy, Emily!? You both will fall down dead this way!"

"But you aren't helping him and it's dangrous down there!"

Rose ignored my words and extended her right hand towards Michael. He stared at her hand, blinking twice.

"What the hell are you doing!? Give it to me fast!" Rose yelled at him, shaking her helping hand on his face.

Hesitantly, Michael raised his hand and put it over hers.

"Not your hand, you fool! I'm talking about those bags around you! Or else,

we both will fall straight into the mud if we didn't reduce the weights on you!"

Michael glared at her before dipping his hand down to his waist and unhooked those bags around him with little difficulty. He handed them to Rose who threw them on my bed, one by one.

After that, she extended her hand once more towards Michael who now glared at her hand, as if it was some dragon which would start blowing fire at him anytime soon.

"What're you glaring at!? It's my hand!"

"I was just wondering, though I am not supposed to, while hanging like a famous painting, in this condition, but do you really have something they claim as necessary for human body!?"

"What!?" Rose blurted out.

"Your eyes."

"Do you really wish to die twice, and maybe thrice, if my evening happnes to get better, in this condition!?" Rose pointed her finger at Michael's struggling condition, smirking smugly.

Michael made a face at her words. "I don't have any other bags left to give them to you!" He pointed at her hand, with his eyes, asking her to tell him why the hell she was still holding out her hand to him when he didn't have anyother bags left.

Rose closed her eyes, muttering

something unladylike to herself.

"It's not for bags, you-" Rose fisted her hand angrily before holding it out for him again. "It's for you! Now take it fast before I change my mind and push you off the railing!"

Michael nodded silently before taking her hand, and wrapped his fingers tightly around hers.

With a little pull, he came upward, putting his legs firmly over the tree to support himself. He climbed down the railing and came inside the room, still holding Rose's hand.

When he saw me looking at him and then at his hand wrapped around Rose's, he quickly let go and stood beside the curtains, in his position as a bodyguard.

"This is what I was meaning to give you." Rose put a piece of paper on my hand and I stared at it. After some contemplation, I hesitantly opened the paper and read it's contents loudly "Flat No. 34, Green House Buildings, Near Little Ivory Park, New Jersey."

I flipped the paper left and right to check if anything else was written inside. Finding nothing, I looked at Rose in confusion.

"What's this, Rose!?"

"Mia's location."

I gaped at her like a fish. "How did you know Mia was missing?!"

Rose shrugged. "I just know it."

I stared at the paper again. "But how did you end up finding her location when even cyber department is unable to find anything about it?!"

"I was bored so I thought I should go and find someone who's missing!"

"So that's why you were-"

"Don't waste time and call Jake fast!"

I sighed in defeat, knowing too well that Rose wasn't going to answer any of my questions anytime soon. Pulling out the phone from my jeans, I dialed Jake's number.

"Hello?" Jake said, his voice sounding hoarse.

"Jake! I found where Mia is! I'll message you her location now-"

"Don't bother. I know where she is."

"But you must not be knowing the name of the place clearly so-"

"I am on my way to New Jersey, Emily! To meet Mia."

"How did you know where she was!?"

"I have my own ways. Anyway, will call you once I find Mia."

Jake hung up the phone and I blinked at Rose in confusion.

Was I the only one who didn't know where Mia was!?

But why didn't Jake tell me about Mia if he was able to found out about her!?

Did he want to go there alone to confess to her!?

I grinned deviously to myself, imagining every romantic scenario where Jake would confess his undying love to Mia and she would stand shocked, staring at him. Eventually she would end up saying yes to him, making Jake kiss her senseless until they run out of oxygen, both laughing together in happiness.

Then I could finally go to Mount Fuji and shout about their relationship from the highest peak for the whole world to hear.

I jumped out of my thoughts when I felt something soft hit my head. I picked the object and a weak smile spread across my face when I saw what it was.

Bif fluffy teddy bear.

"Why would you give me this, Rose!?"

Rose avoided my eyes and stared at my desk. "It's to ease up your mind."

"I am happy. Really, you didn't have to bring me this." I played with the teddy bear, pulling out it's fluffy ears.

"No you're not. You're just convincing yourself that you are and belive me, it isn't working for me."

"But still, it's the only choice I have."

"No it isn't the only one! You can still go and tell Edward about your feelings-"

"You knew about my marriage!?"

Rose looked at me, her eyes filled with mild sympathy. "It wasn't too hard to guess, when only you were the one to give while he accepted it all without even caring to see if you're fine with or not. "

"But you didn't say anything about it to me all this time, even when you knew the truth?"

"To be honest, I was quite surprised to see the divorce papers on your closet the first time I visited you-"

"You learned about it so soon!? On your first day there!?"

"Yeah. I had this habit of checking people's stuff whom I live with. " I glared at her, making a face and Rose chuckled heartily. "It's not that I don't trust you, it's just a weired habit developed unexpectedly after living in New York for two years."

"Are you also mad at Edward then!?"

"No. Why would I be!?" She walked towards my desk and took a papervet in her hands, staring at it intently. "It's not his fault that he doesn't love you."

I looked down and whispered to myself. "Yes. That's what I wanted to tell my parents."

"But, Emily" Rose narrowed her eyes at me, crossing her legs. " Do you really think Edward doesn't love you!?"

"Yes, Rose. I can feel it that he doesn't feel anything for me."

"Then why do I think that he reciprocates your feelings? Why do I see every signs of love in him whenever he's with you!? Why do I think that he wants you as much as you want him?"

I smiled at her. "It isn't possible in a million years, Rose. I've been with him for twenty years now and its not tough for me to see what he feels."

"That's the problem, Emily. You see in him what you've been seeing for years. Pain and Rejection. And you've accepted it as your fate. But his feelings are changed now and he himself doesn't know it 'cause he isn't habitual to all these feelings. It's all new for him. To feel something more for his best friend, the reason he prefers to ignore them, hoping they would go away soon. But he isn't able to control them when you're around him, no matter how much he tries to act cool and calm." Rose put her hand on my shoulder. "It's not that he doesn't love you, Emily. It's just that he doesn't want to acknowledge his feelings for you."

"But he breaks my heart everytime I hope something from his side." I blinked back the tears, pressing my hand on the teddy bear in sadness.

"Believe me, Emily, he has always thought of you, more than a friend."

"He always prove to me otherwise, though."

"I don't think he's at fault for being a

greatest dumbass out there. If someone is an idiot, it's only natural when they behave like it."

"But you know it when someone likes you. Like don't you know it that Micheal.." I pointed my finger at Michael who was trying to stay nonchalant but his long ears were itching to hear what we were talking about."likes you very much!?"

Rose stiffened at my words, briefly glancing at him before looking at me. "I know it. That's why I don't want it to grow into something more. I am not into love and family. Got much more important matters in my hands."

"But he seems like a nice guy to me-"

"All men are same for me."

"Micheal comes from a nice family, he's educated and mannerable. He isn't like those men who you're talking about."

"I don't care who he is. He is a man, the very reason I must stay away from him all my life."

"But someday, you need to settle down for the sake of your future and happiness."

"I assure you that I have many plans for my future but none of them actually involves getting happy with a certain male, or worse, getting married to him."

"And why is that!?"

"I don't know. I just don't....like attention. I like to be hidden-" My phone virated in the desk, making both of us look at it. Rose peeked at the caller ID, and immediately looked at me, raising her eyebrow.

"Who is it!?"

"Mia."

Quickly accepting the call, I put it on my ear.

"Hello Mia!? Is that you!?"

"Emily" came the low tired voice of Mia.

"Mia! Where were you for like...almost two months! Are you crazy leaving me without any information! You didn't even contact me and god knows where are you right now!? I seriously am gonna peel you alive once you get here-"

"I need your help, Emily."

I adjusted the phone in my hands, and Rose leaned closer to my ears, trying to listen. "Did something happen, Mia! Why're you sounding so tired, like you've been crying all day! Are you okay? Where're you, Mia goddammit!"

Mia started to weep, her sobs reaching my ears and making me worried. "Mia, tell me everything properly and I assure you that we'll sort all this out-"

"Emily, I..." She stifled a sob, trying to sound coherent before opening her mouth to say again. "I did the most horrible thing in the world!"

"What did you do!? Be calm and explain it to me in detail so-"

"I slept with Jake."

"What!?" I blurted out. "Oh fuck!" Rose cursed, sticking her ears closer to my phone now.

"And now I'm pregnant."

# Chapter 60 - Friendship And Some Golden Advises - Part I

Emily's Pov:

My phone almost fell off my hand, hearing such words from Mia while Rose just scooted more closer to the phone, ready to hear more from Mia.

Hesitating, I adjusted the phone in my hand. "Are you sure that you're pregnant?"

"Yes. I am. I checked it in a pregnancy kit-"

"Mia, those results can be wrong as well-"

"I got full checkup from the hospital, Emily. They told me I am one month pregnant, and they also asked me to come for regular appointments for better care and development of a baby."

My mouth opened in awe. "When did all of this happen!?"

"Go easy." Rose whispered to me.

"I was caught off guard when Jake initated-" Mia started but I cut her off.

"He initiated all this!? What did that excuse of a burned potato did to you!?"

"Well he was heavily drunk that day and he didn't know what he was doing-"

"Did he force himself on you then!?" I snapped at Mia, anger boiling up inside me.

"No. He didn't 'cause I equally wanted him as much he wanted me, then I couldn't help but remember all those times when he didn't notice me-"

"So he didn't notice you that's why you went and slept with him!?" I said to her, tasting bitterness of my own words in my tongue.

Mia started to cry. "I didn't mean to, Emily. I really didn't mean to but everything happened so fast that before I could think what's wrong and what's not, we were already doing evrything forbidden!"

"But he was fucking drunk for God's sake, Mia! Don't you know he doesn't remember things he does when he is drunk!? Did you seriously forgot all those drunk encounters we had with him, where he would forget everything the very next day we would meet him!?"

"I knew it. And I tried to convince him, with all my might that we shouldn't do it, but when he started to touch me, I forgot everything, never thinking of the consequences that may follow after."

"Mia, you should've done better than that! I mean what the hell did he even do to start all this, to which you lost all your self control and went along with his pace!?"

"He fucking kissed me, Emily! What should I have done to stop him, tell me! A girl can only endure her feelings for so long until the guy stops to give any signs of ever reciprocating her feelings! But he touched me the way I wanted him to and I.." Mia stifled a sob, inhaling deeply and I could imagine her tired condition, with her flushed cheeks and red swollen eyes. "I felt loved that day. Truly and undeniably loved for the first time in my life. That's why I didn't stop him. It seemed too good to be true and I didn't have any courage to betray my heart anymore."

I sighed in defeat. "But still, you could've been precautious enough in these aspects! It's not that you don't know anything about sex and it's consequences."

"I admit that it's my fault but-"

"It's not about admitting your fault, Mia! You have the results of your mistake and now-"

"Mistake!? You think what we did that night was a mistake!? Why is that 'cause the last time I checked, you always wanted me to end up with Jake, howsoever it may happen!"

"Yes I wanted that and I still want it, I will always want you to be happy, Mia but this time he used you-"

"He didn't use me! I wanted him-"

"But he didn't want you the way you wanted him though! It's called using someone!"

"Oh and you never, even for a single moment thought that Jake might actually like me a bit, right!? Some friend you are for sure, Emily when all this time I gave you my full support for your love for Edward! I never said to you that 'Edward doesn't love you 'cause he will love Lara no matter whatever sacrifices you would do for him! I never said to you that Edward used you all this time! All this time when you were considering his happiness over yours, he was busy fucking his girlfriend senseless in her house! I never said to you that Edward doesn't need you! He will never need you 'cause he is a selfish best friend you met purely by your bad luck!"

Rose turned to look at my face, her own face betraying any hints of nonchalancy as she took a deep long breath to see tears falling from my eyes. Gripping the nearby chair silently, I sat on it, feeling Mia's words slowly crushing my already broken heart.

Averting my gaze towards the ceiling, I titled my head slightly backwards, as mositure pooling in my eyes now trailed down my cheeks and fell silently on my side.

Rose narrowed her eyebrows in concern, as she mouthed sympathetic words to molify me and I nodded slowly at her, raising my hand to tell her I was fine.

Which indeed I was.

I mean I had to get over Edward.

But if I couldn't endure such harsh words of truth from my own friend, then it was almost impossible that I would ever be able to forget him in any given time.

"I am sorry, Emily. I shouldn't have said that to you. You were always a good friend to me and I'll never want to hurt you intentionally-"

"It's alright, Mia. I don't mind." I whispered briefly to her.

"But I was rude to you when you always supported me-"

"You just spoke the truth. There is nothing wrong in it-"

"I really behaved like a bitch to you, Emily. What I said doesn't hold any truth at all. I am sure that Edward will stop being a jerk to you-"

"We shouldn't be sure about the ending, Mia. It doesn't always go the way we want it to."

"But I will continue to hope for the best. After all, you have been his best friend for twenty years already. If he still didn't fall in love with you, then I really doubt if he was even a man to begin all this with. I mean any guy would fall head over heels in love with such a cute, caring, loving, hot and sexy wife like you-"

"Edward doesn't think I am hot and sexy." I said, laughing bitterly at her choice of words. My eyes pricked with the remnant of moisture as I wiped the corner of my eyes with the back of my hand.

"Did he tell you that himself?"

I hesitated."No. He didn't but I know what he thinks about me. He doesn't have to tell me everything, you know."

Mia sighed, and I felt the slight frustration in her sudden intake of breath. "Emily, why do you keep on thinking of all the utter bullshits of life!? I just don't understand the reason. You really need to increase your opinion about yourself sooner or later. I mean you should have some self-respect-"

"Having self-respect doesn't actually change the reality, Mia."

"But it sure can make painful conditions tolerable in the toughest moments of your life!"

"I am not trying to make anything tolerable here, I just want peace of my mind-"

"Which you can easily get by listening to my advice." Mia cut me off, agitation evident in her words. "Properly"

"And that strikingly hyperactive life-changing advice would be?"

"It would simply be to get this all over with already."

"Care for a short elucidation?"

"I am simply asking you to confess your feelings to Edward."

I chuckled at her smooth words. It wasn't that it was the first time Mia had advised me to do something like this. In fact, if my memory serves me right, then she was the only person who had been drilling into my head this significant piece of advice for a long time and I, as a stubborn daughter of Hitler as I ever was, never paid any heed to her words.

Standing from the chair, I walked towards my window. With the corner of my eye, I saw Rose following me like a hawk, her ears planted firmly like a parasite on my phone. Cool but indifferently warm breeze engulfed my features in a tight hug as I leaned on the windowframe, admiring the peaceful weather.

"Are you understanding what I'm trying to say here?" Mia asked again, her voice coming out impatient.

"For someone who has a degraded brain of a human, I happen to understand english too well, don't you think!?"

"And somehow that degraded brain managed to get a hold of Degree of medicals all by itself!?"

"Well that was purely a matter of coincidence-"

"So why don't you ever apply your rare coincidences in the case of Edward!?"

"Mia, I am not trying to joke here-"

"Neither am I. If I must say, I am speaking only the truth here."

"You mean to say, normally you incorporate lies in between your sentences!?"

"Are we talking about normal things here!?"

"You're not going to let it go, right!?"

"Do I look like I'm that easy!?"

I sighed in defeat and Rose smirked in satisfaction at Mia's words, earning herself a glare from me.

"You know it's not going to change anything between us, right!?" I tried to convince Mia, knowing too well it's not gonna work on her.

"We're not going to know unless we try, Emily."

"You seem too confident in advising me when you're on the same boat as me-"

"I'll change that boat when the time comes."

"And when will your time come then?"

"Maybe after you confess to Edward?"

I raised a eyebrow at her words. "Is that a deal?"

"No. It's a challenge!"

"But why should I do it first though? Why not you!? That's unfair to me 'cause as far as I know, you also-

"Because you had a crush on Edward way before than I even met Jake, and so that makes you more eligible for confession-"

"Eligible? Are you seriously bringing all those painful tortured years of my life in considering my eligibility of this stupid deal of who-should-confess-first between us!? That's called cheating! It's illegal in terms of court and law-"

"It's my final verdict. Consider it or live in the hell forever!"

"Are we playing some sort of law and order here!?"

"No but still it's my-"

"Don't you think that you should confess first, Mia!?"

"Why should I do it? I told you I would do it only when you-"

A wicked grin spread on my face. "Think about it, Mia. Carefully. You're pregnant with Jake's child, after spending only-mighty-holy-God knows how many passionate hours of your night with him. You have a part of him growing slowly and slowly like a coconut-"

"Coconut?" Mia interrupted and I heard Rose snort beside me, before she scooted closer to the phone, ignoring my hot glares at her.

"Yes. Like a coconut. It's small at first-"

"Every growing being is small at first, Emily! Do you think you came straight from your mother's uterus-" Mia started to rant but I cut her off.

"Vagina" I filled in for her.

"It all goes inside and comes outside from down the gutter anyway." Rose muttered, rolling her eyes at my precision.

"Gutter?" I cocked my head to my side, pressing the word.

Rose pointed her index finger at the bottom of my jeans. I blinked twice at her and then at her finger which was raised erect, too proudly for being a mere human finger.

"That's not a gutter, Rose! It's an essential part of a female reproductive system-"

"You mean vital organ for getting fucked and for automatically shooting out babies like a bomb!?"

I gawked at her bold words. "Yes but that's not a corect term you should use-"

"It doesn't change the fact that it's still down there, right!?" Rose pointed her finger right at my abdomen and I flushed in embarrasment. Turning my head around quickly, I searched for Micheal to see if he was suddenly transformed into a bat to hear this humiliating conversation which I was being subjected to without my consent, and I sighed in relief seeing him using his phone and doing something on it.

If only his house be blown in a heavy tornado so that he might leave quickly from here-

"You don't listen to anyone, do you!?" I hissed at Rose, my lips pressed in a thin line.

"After all, I am your friend. I wonder who should I blame now?" Rose shrugged nonchalantly, tucking few strands of her scarlett hair behind her ear, playing all innocent and childish with me.

I cleared my throat deliberately, wishing to continue the flow of the previous conversation. "So as I was saying that something is growing slowly and slowly-"

"Are we talking about coconut again?" Mia interrupted in between making Rose chuckle behind me.

I smiled at her words. "Yes. And-"

"So can we now talk about my human baby who is far from being compared to any living form of an animal or worse, plants with an honorable mentions of trees and shrubs!?"

My lips curled up in a grin. "You mean you want to talk about foetus?"

"Sounds very logical to me." Mia said, her voice sounding relieved.

Many thoughts got shuffled in my brain as I wondered about the future of my friend. "What have you planned about it then?"

"About what?"

"Your pregnancy, Mia. What would you do about it?"

# Chapter 61 - Friendship And Some Golden Advises-Part II

Emily's POV:

Silence stretched between us for long minutes as Mia took her time in contemplating her decision. "I don't know what to do, Emily. I am in a strange dilemma."

I glanced at Rose who merely threw me an annoying and impassive look making me roll my eyes at her.

"Are you sure you can handle the pregnancy? Will you keep the baby then?"

"I wouldn't ask that question if I were you." Rose said, raising one eyebrow at me.

"Unfortunately, I don't intend to behave as myself today." I said to Rose, who ignored my words like a fly sitting on her cupcake, making me turn my attention back to Mia again. "So? Did you think about it?"

"What do you think I should do?" Mia asked me.

"I think-"

Rose snatched phone from my hands and put it over her ears. "I advice you to let me take over this matter in my hands. I give you my words that there'll not be a single trace of any evidence left behind the murder scene and not even the experienced sons of the most fucking experienced and renowned detectives would be able to find his corpse which would be buried deep down the litters by then and about remnants, I can't guarantee you anything but if I'll feel even a little merrier after killing him then you may get the chance to recover his bones in the end. My sincerest apologies will always be with you-"

I grabbed my phone back roughly from her hands. "Rose! Have you lost your rubbish female mind?! That's Mia! Our friend and you're talking with her like this!? I mean yes, you can joke with her but what type of joke was that?! As if you would really kill Jake for-"

"I wasn't joking about the murdering part though."

"Then learn to joke with your friends. It comes in handy-"

"I would have acted upon your suggestion fast if it weren't for the fact that I am just behaving as a caring friend who is concerned about her friend's present state and so, I can decline your spiteful

advise with my own consent." Rose yelled at me, her words coming out too dignified for her own good.

I shook my head, staring at her incredulously. "It wasn't any spiteful advise. And I am also your friend if by any means, you happened to run into some unfortunate accident and lost your valuable piece of a little corny brain to forget such an important event of your damned life!"

"Of course, you both are my lovely friends, though sometimes, I may doubt the credibility of my choice of friends, considering the amount of selflessness you two have in yourselves, but when your unpleasant time comes, Emily.." Rose put her right hand on my shoulder and I looked at her in confusion. "I can arrange even more advanced methods of burial for Edward, even better than what I have planned for Jake-"

We heard Mia snort from the call and a small smile broke into my own face, seeing Rose trying to stifle a laugh, which eventually transformed into a huge grin across her beauiful face.

"I will consider it as a grim joke." I said, chuckling vibrantly.

"Whatever helps you sleep at night."

"Emily?" I heard Mia call my name.

Immediately, both of our attentions turned towards Mia. "Yes, Mia. I am listening."

"Do you think I should tell Jake?"

"I.. umm..I don't know actually. If you take my advise, I don't think you are really ready for bearing a child, both physically and mentally. It can be a grumeosme experience for you and for your career, if things didn't go your way. It's tough to nurture a child and give him care and attention. For now, my opinion would be to prefer an abortion-"

"No! Hell never! I don't want to abort it-"

"Mia, are you out of your mind-"

"I want to keep the baby. It's mine-"

"And Jake's as well. He deserves to know about it-"

"I'll tell him when the right time comes-"

"You don't understand the situation, do you!? Boys get scared when they are told of pregnancy out of nowhere!

They see it as an complusion to commit to that woman, and trust me, you don't want Jake to love you back just because he thinks you're his responsibility!? Would you ever want him to kiss you

just because he's feeling guilty of everything he ever did to you!? Love is anything but an actions of a sudden guilt! I mean you weren't even in a relationship with Jake and now you are pregnant with his baby! What do you think he'll say!?"

"Then I'll not tell him anything about my pregnancy."

"Think straight, Mia! This baby will hinder all your prospects of ever having Jake-"

"I'll not choose anything above my baby!"

"Not even Jake?"

Mia took a deep breath. "If possible for me, then yes. Not even Jake."

"But he is the father-"

"What he doesn't know won't hurt him, I guess. After all, I am doing everything for his sake. He wanted me out of his life, I am merely doing what he wants. His life is a mess and he can't tolerate that it's all because of me. It can be anyone but me, he thinks-"

"Did Jake say all this to you!? Is that why you left him all of a sudden from that farmhouse!? Mia, you need to have some faith in yourself-"

"It doesn't matter anymore. I am fed up with everything-"

"That's why you want to bring the baby in this world!? Just because you're fed up with everything?! That's why you don't want Jake to know anything about-"

"The baby is mine, and so are my feelings and my future! So now I just want to live for myself and care for things which are mine!"

"You have to wait some-"

"I haven't left anything behind to wait for it-"

"But that baby needs his father."

"And I want my baby all to myself. I'll give him everything he can ever need. I'll be both his mother and the father and not a single day, he would be able to say to me that he misses his father in his life-"

"You're being too hard on him now, don't you think!?"

"I have been nothing but soft to him all this time, Emily. And I was going to continue being fragile if you wouldn't have remained me of how boys are scared of being informed of pregnancy. And here I was planning to tell him about it so I want to sincerely thank you for being so supportive-"

I closed my eyes in despair and cursed myself under my breath. "I didn't mean it that way, Mia. I swear I never meant-"

"I couldn't feel anymore grateful towards you, Emily!"

"And I would have killed you with my bare hands, if only you were here!" I yelled at her, sensing my anger and frustration boiling my holy blood now.

Mia chuckled to herself. "I miss you, Emily. I really do."

"I miss you too, you rotten dangling dung of a pregnant hairy sheep! First, let me explain myself -"

"You already called me shit, what else do you need to elaborate!?" Mia said humorously.

"Don't try to distract me-"

"I miss Rose too. How is she!? Is she still behaving weired!?"

"Long things short, Rose is anything but Rose and her brain always floats in a pile of delicious gutter, just like she thinks babies come out of gutter!"

Rose looked unaffected with my harsh words and I bit my tongue to hide my disappointment at my efforts to insult her. I sticked my tongue out at her and Rose waved her hand nonchalantly at me.

"She insulted you, right!?" Mia asked, her voice full of mirth and a little hint of excitement.

"Nah! Actually Rose is out of words! She is speechless, too embarrassed to even insult me back-"

"I don't think any actual words are required to insult you, Emily." Rose cut me off in between my craziest ideas to insult her again.

I shot a dirty look at her. "What did you mean by that!?"

"She said you're not worthy of her words." Mia said to me, feeling quite elated at my insult.

"Someone understands me very well." Rose said, blowing air over her long fingernails, looking too innocent for someone who owned two guns and God knows, how many weapons.

Did she have some rifles in possession as well?

What about shotgun? Handgun? TMP? Mine thrower? Butterfly killer!?

Did she have like whole room filled with her armaments?

What's her favourite weapon then!?

Bazooka? Matilda?

Or maybe grenades?

My eyes sparkled with mischief as I laughed wickedly in my imagination and rubbed my palms in excitement.

Maybe I should ask Rose for some of these armaments in near future.

After all, it's all for self-protection anyway!

Edward owns a gun then why can't I?

I am equally eligible to have a gun just as Rose, Edward and Jake are!

But what about Mia, then! She also needs it just as much as I do.

"Do you have a gun, Mia?!"

"What? Why would I need a gun!?"

"For your safety against inevitable dangers! So do you have it or not!?"

"Well I don't really have it-"

"That's it! You need to protect yourself, Mia! How can you be so careless about these things, especially when you're at your weakest moments of life where anybody can easily take advantage of you-"

"And you think I would let them do it!?"

"Well I didn't actually mean it that way of course-"

"Just because I slept with Jake in my emotional turmoil doesn't mean that I would do that with anyone who comes by to coax my carnal desires!"

"I know you-"

"It was nice talking to you after a month, and I teribbly missed you all-"

"You have to listen to me properly, Mia! It concerns you-"

"Listen to you taking only Jake's side in whatever he does, right?! So that you can manipulate my decision and alter my situation anyway you want-"

"You have got it all wrong-"

"No, for the first time in my life, I feel like I am doing the right thing."

"That's where you're wrong, Mia! Try to understand!"

"I didn't call to fight with you so please, just let it go already-"

"Jake has finally come on terms with his feelings. He likes you back, Mia. He really does. It's just a matter of time before he would claim he loves you too, so please, don't back out now. It's everything you've ever wanted to come true and you need to be optimistic about all this. I admit Jake took a lot more time than was required to reciprocate your love but now- Mia! Hello! Hey! Are you there! Why aren't you replying-"

Rose snatched the phone from my hand, threw it roughly on my bed and turned towards me, only to meet with my infamous glare.

"What are you doing!? I was talking something important with Mia-"

"She hung up, didn't you know that!?"

# Chapter 62 - What's Her Real Identity

Emily's Pov:

I sighed and looked at Rose with defeat and resignation. "I shouldn't have said all those things to her, right!? She would have told Jake about her pregnancy if only I didn't stick my gummy ass-"

"She already left everything from the start, so it's not that you triggered her into doing anything wrong." Rose placed her left hand behind my back and caressed my spine upside down, her actions calming my raging nerves a little. I was feeling sad and I wanted nothing more than to to crawl around any corner of my room to cry all night.

Without any interruption.

"But it was her time to get a happy ending! Why does a baby has to come between them!? Why in the name of-Why of all the times, now!?"

"It's not just anyone's baby. After all, it's of Jake's-"

"That bloody son of a raped buffallo! I would peel his hanging dick off his balls and stick its pieces back into his egoistic face with a burning candle!"

"That would indeed be very entertaining to see but you shouldn't be this violent-"

"Says the one who is always read to kill someone-"

"Not someone. Men. Just men." Rose clarified herself, glancing beiefly at Michael who was going to turn into a brown lizard very soon, aiming to climb off my high wall to hide behind the curtains of the ceiling.

"That's very sweet of you, Rose-"

"I don't want your sympathy-"

"I wasn't sympathising with you. I was just trying to sound casual and sarcastic-" I told her.

"That you can never be, so end of every topic here-"

"But what about Mia-"

Rose raised her hand at me to stop my ranting, putting her phone on her ear in an unusual determination. She tapped her shoes impatiently on the floor as the time lapsed inevitably and no response came from the other side, until finally she slumped lazily on my bed and stared at me with

an impassive expression. She dialed the number yet again and this time, the annoyance on her features was well labelled and obvious to me.

"Yes! Now you pick up my call!? No! Hell! Why're you giving me your fucking malarial reasons! I don't want to listen to anything. Yes. Yes. Right? I am not in New York right now, so go and send my application of sudden leave to the headquarters and yes, email me all the documents and history of progresses made in that 'Emerald Robbery Case' quickly! Don't you go around slumping like a fucking wine barrel just anywhere 'cause when I return, I'll check your progress and character report in serial order. And tell Adrian to send me those audio calls saved in my computer. My password? Last four letters of my surname and first five letters of my account number! So what!? It's not my fault that you don't know my bank account number, go and find it out-And yes, put me on conference with Alyssa, right now!"

"Rose-" I moved forward to talk to her but she cut me off rudely.

"Can't you see I'm in middle of a very important call right now!?" Rose said to me, trying to pretend to be angry on me before she winked at me, hinting me to play along.

That must be a very professional call to her, then.

I decided to play along.

"Oh so you're gonna eradicate poverty and terrorism around the whole world with that call!?" I pointed my finger at her phone before looking back at her with my questioning glare.

Rose threw me a death glare and I danced my skull like a zombie in front of her.

"Do I look like any ancestor of Nelson Mandela to you!?"

I scowled. "Your mom wasn't an...." I pretended to think throughly. "African so it's a no from me-" I stopped speaking seeing Rose busy in her call again.

"Alyssa! Where the hell were your updates for the last few weeks?! I told you to give me all the latest intel related to that 'Monissa serial murders' right?! And how is that case progressing anyway!? Is there any recent murder related to that particular location? No? Alright then, I want you to arrange all the names of victims and survivors of that case in a decreasing order and send that pdf file to me in few days. Sure, I'll visit your office anytime soon."

Rose smiled briefly at something said to her by Alyssa and she put her phone from her left ear to her right one, which I took it as her rare sign of interest in something.

"I told you many times not to flatter me with your British blarney. That makes my rage go-Who says I am smiling right now!? You!? Who cares what the hell do you even say!? Anyway, I want you to do something for me? Now what? I know. I know.

That's why I had already deposited enough money in your account, if only you would bother your lazy fatass to check your bank account."

Finding some spare time to myself, I busied myself in making my bed and readjusting some books, files, documents and clothes in my closet. I glanced at Rose, who was still busy in her call and decided it was better to leave her alone after all.

"Yes, so I was saying that can you find me any secluded room, no no, it should'nt be that sophisticated, just should be spacious enough to eat, sleep and wake up alive. Yeah, and I had emailed you one number and all the details related to that person are linked in the next document, no, not in that account, your 'PantyPanther' account-oh my bad, yeah yeah, on your 'PinkPanther' account so keep texting me any movements related to that number. Where she lives, where she goes, who she meets with, which food she eats...I want you to inform me of everything going on with her!? Okay? Can you do that for me!?"

Rose smirked produly at her friend's response before looking at me, her eyes twinkling with excitement. "Yes, that's the spirit I want! Keep it up. Yeah. I had something holding me up here for a time being but I'll return there soon, and when I return, I want everything back in the place as usual. You can call me nagging granny after I hang up. Sure. I'll do it."

"Be careful and try to sleep less at night 'cause your life is at risk. No, I won't cry a tear at your death, you know that, and even if I utter a single sob at your funeral, that'll be because I will lose one of my most trusted confidential comrade and it would take me years to meet someone like you again. Anyway, no I wasn't lying actually."

Rose smiled again and hummed in approval. "Yes. I know I'm selfish. You keep reminding me of my good traits everyday. But I'll hang up now. Sure. Will do that. Good night."

Putting her phone in my desk, Rose walked towards me but I ignored her and stirred the strawberry shake in the container deftly, before placing three glasses on the table and poured light pink shake inside them, one by one.

"Emily." Rose called my name.

I looked at Michael and walked towards him with a big smile plastered on my face, brushing past Rose, not forgetting to bump my arm roughly on her shoulder.

Rose stumbled back a little with the effect of push and I pulled Michael with me towards my desk, taking one glass of shake in my hand and extending my arm in front of Michael. "Here. Take it. You must be tired of standing like a young cow by now."

Michael blinked at me and I passed him my best smile ever.

"I really am fine, Emily Mam-"

"You can call me Emily. I already told you this many times already that no formalities are required with me. Come here and sit-"

"But you are the wife of Sir-"

"Emily, I am talking to you!" Rose yelled at me once again but I didn't pay any heed to her words.

"Not anymore. We are divorced now. You can treat me like a bachelor. After all, we both are of same age-"

"What I'm trying to tell you is very important-" Rose intervened again.

"You didn't tell me anything until now!" I yelled at her and stood up from the bed to walk towards her.

"Here. It's your share." I placed cold glass of shake on her hands with some effort, frowning at her attempt to resist my actions.

"I don't drink-"

"Don't lie. I know it's your favorite."

"That was many years ago. I am not a child anymore."

"You were never a child to me, Rose." I put my hand on her shoulder and hugged her briefly. "Don't be too hard on yourself. You need to become benevolent and cheerful, like the one you were, before you went-"

"I'm leaving for New Jersey tomorrow night."

"What!? Why-"

"I need to settle some important pending matters there. And also..." She removed my hand from her shoulder and turned around to stare outside the window, ger gaze fixed on the beautiful moon peeking from behind the night clouds. "My friend needs me."

"You're going to help Mia?" I asked her, standing beside her to admire the beauty of nature myself.

"Yes. She needs someone there to support her, offer her some sympathies. That's why I asked my friend to make some arrangements for me-"

"Is it the same friend you asked to spy on Mia?"

Rose looked at me in disguised incredulity. "Yes. That would be Alyssa to you, my accomplice."

I nodded in approval, crossing my arms across my chest. "That would account for why you gave her your close friend's contact details so easily."

"She is a trusted comrade to me."

"Just so you know, I am also supposed to come under the same category as her." Feeling offended, I fixed my gaze on Rose who was staring back at me with her own questioning stare. "To you."

"But you already have Mia's number-"

"I am talking about you, Rose and you know that."

Rose sighed in disapproval. "I already trust you enough-"

"There is never 'enough' between friends, Rose!" My eyes glistened with moisture and I took a deep breath. "Or maybe you never considered me as one?"

Rose shook her head as she came forward to touch my hand but I took steps away from her, leaving her hand to remain still in the air instead. She looked at me and then at her empty hand which she curled into a fist and kept it by her side. I felt guilty leaving her in such a vulnerable state but my annoyance and hurt kept me from molifying her.

"I am sorry." Rose whispered, looking down and I smiled a little and put my right arm around her neck, pulling her closer to me.

She looked at me incredulously as I put my head on her shoulder. "We sure have grown up a lot, don't you think?"

"Except you, I suppose everyone have."Rose answered and I smacked her arm playfully. She put her arms around my back, her lips curled up in a rare beautiful smile. "But why do you ask this?"

Pretending to think, I pouted my lips. "That's because now we're hiding things with each other when we used to share every thing, back then when we were young."

"You always believe what you want to, you know that?"

I removed my head from her shoulder and looked at her with an utmost incredulity adorning my features. "That means you lied to me about your life, all this time, right?!"

"You can still believe what you want to."

"Then I believe you must have a very big reason for hiding those things from me."

"Indeed I have, but I ought to have even bigger reason to tell you everything now."

"And what that reason might be?"

"Can you guess?"

"'Cause you're feeling guilty now that I've mentioned how horribly you have treated me all this time?"

"Shouldn't you say this this to Edward instead?"

Sighing in defeat, I looked at her. "I wish I could, but you know the reason."

"That you love him very much?"

I chuckled. "Not anymore. I'm trying to get over him now."

"If only falling out of love was that easy." Rose said to me, sarcasm dripping from her words.

I chuckled heartily. "You'll have a taste of it for sure, I'm telling you. I curse you to writhe and suffer the same as me, and Mia with the power bistwoed to me by all those years of unrequited love I had survived with bravery and passion until now!" I pointed my index finger at her dramatically and Rose smiled evily at my immaturity.

"Sure. Sure. Whatever makes you happy."

"I'll only be happy if you promise me never to hide anything from me." I extended my hand towards her, asking her for her dedication to our friendship. "Ever again."

Rose stared at my hand, lost in her own thoughts.

"Promise?" I asked her yet again, waving my hand in front of her obstinate form.

Hesitantly, she lifted her right hand and brought it closer to my hand but stopped in between, leaving a space of just an inch between our hands. I looked at her but she avoided my gaze and just as I was about to ask her why she stopped in mid, she put her hand on mine, and squeezed it gently. "I promise." She smiled weakly at me and I covered my hand with hers, my heart feeling giddy at this older yet strangely new bond formed between us.

"So can I ask you anything now?"

Rose hesitated and looked down but then she lifted her face, strange determination lining her strict features. "Sure. Go ahead. Ask me anything."

I took a deep breath, preparing myself to ask her all sorts of questions which had been itching my intestines for answers since the day Rose came back. "What type of job do you do?"

Rose tilted her head, raising her eyebrow. "That's it? You wanted to know about my professional life all this time?"

"I want to know everything about you, what you did when you went to New York to why you came back home so suddenly. I want to know everything there is for me to know."

Rose nodded in understanding, her lips pressed in a thin line. "I'm a reporter."

I scowled at her."That's for others to know. I want to know about your real job, Rose"

"You never miss a thing, do you?" Rose scrutinized me carefully, her words more deeper than before.

"Learned from you, I guess." I grinned nervously.

"You're a fast learner, Emily. Like always. That's a very good thing in you."

"And you're pro at changing the topics."

"I am good at many other things actually."

"Like what? Killing people and burying their corpses in the most unapproachable places?"

She laughed at my words and turned around to see Michael, before walking towards him and taking a seat beside him.

"There is nothing unapproachable for the law and the police. Evidences will always be found here and there to incriminate you, no matter how better you are at slicing someone's throat and burying the suspected weapon deep down the earth's core."

"And suddenly you're taking the side of the police-"

Rose threw something on my side and I caught it almost as it was about to hit the floor. I raised it to my eye level only to have my eyes pop out of my sockets to see what it was.

"How do you come across this, Rose?" I held the golden-blue badge in my hands, pressing my question.

"I killed a person and stole it very elegantly and stealthily from him. That was a very smoothest I had ever killed any person in my life and that murder had been very lucrative and remunerative to me, don't you think?"

"Are you fucking kidding me!?"

"As a matter of fact, yes. I am."

# Chapter 63 - You Can't Run Away From Your Past

Emily's Pov:

I glared at her. "That is not an area of joking, Rose! I want an elaborated explanation of how you accquired-"

"This badge belongs to me."

I gawked at her, curling my fingers tightly around the badge. "Oh my God!"

"Yes. I know. I know." Rose waved her hand at me, nodding her head.

Michael raised his eyebrow at my sudden outburst and tried to look at the object I was holding in my hands. With little struggle in between maintaining his nonchalant taciturnity form and his giant curiosity crawling nervously on his nerves, when he indeed became successful in catching the glimpse of the desired object, he sat still on his place for minutes before he turned around abruptly to look at Rose in an absolute incredulity.

"Is this really true?" I asked Rose and she hummed in response.

"Wow. I never thought I would ever see you in a job like this."

"Everybody's future changes once in a lifetime."

"But yours has turned out quite beautifully, even more astonishingly acceptable to me, I guess."

"I'm glad then-"

"But do they really hire someone as younger as you in such a courageous job?"

"Have you started doubting my bravery and courage now?" Rose asked me, dangerously narrowing her eyebrows at me.

Nervously, I handed the badge to her and sat beside her, on the opposite side of Michael. "No! Why would I ever doubt something in you which has always inspired me to become a strong and independent woman myself? I was just asking if they hire sophomores and all?"

"I'm just practising there for a time being before I get placement as a real officer."

"Aww my Rose. I'm so proud of you! All this time I had doubted your morals but you turned out to be-Wait, what about the two guns do you own then? Do they give guns to new learners like you, as well!?"

Rose grinned at me and then held out her two guns in front of me. Then, she took one gun and looked at me. "This one is legal, given to me for my safety against unseen danger." She held out the other gun and emptied down all the bullets on her hand before placing it on my bed. "This one is mine-"

"It must be illegal then-"

"It's licensed gun, Emily. I'm totally eligible to keep it with me."

Feeling heavily jealous, I crossed my arms around my chest, my cheeks puffed up in trivial rage. "Sure. You're eligible for this distorted piece of a steel-"

"It's not a steel-"

"Fine! It'a not steel, but whatever it is, I'll never be able to get-"

From the corner of my eyes, I saw Rose slid her one gun towards me. When I looked up, she smiled genuinely at me. "You can touch, hold and examine it if you want, but I don't know when you'll get your own-"

"Oh!! Thank you! Thank you! God bless you all sorts of brains!" Gripping the solid metal in my hands, I reveled at the amazing feeling which shot through my body just as the cold metal touched my warm skin. I grinned in satisfaction and played with it for a while, opening it, closing it and pressing it's trigger again and again, not being able to stop myself.

Suddenly feeling too childish with my own actions, I quickly put the gun on Rose's lap and averted my gaze somewhere else, too embarrassed to even look at Rose or Michael who were now staring at me with strange curiousity and amusement of their own minds.

"Sorry, I got carried away."

"I understand. It happened with me too, when I saw the gun for the first time. But I got over my crush for weapons a long time ago, considering I practically had to live with them 24/7."

"Sounds dreamy to me."

"But takes more time, patience, devotion, courage, intelligence and teamwork than any dream I have ever seen, I suppose."

"But you're a Federal Agent, Rose. It's more than anything you can ever ask for, right?"

"I'm just an apprentice for now-"

"But you have the badge-"

"Badges don't bring justice and equality, Emily. People do and those who do, are given badges as a reminder to continue bringing justice and equality to every wronged person around the whole world." I nodded in understanding seeing Rose put her empty glass of shake on the table. "And besides, I was selected on a merit, among many other practitioners of other branches of criminal investigation, as a rare chance to practise under renowned, experienced but reserved FBI agents in the hope that I'll replace them soon, to walk on the same path they would create and devise me to go onto."

I studied Rose with an open interest.

"But still, I think you shouldn't go alone tomorrow night, considering you must have many enemies-"

"Who says I'm going alone?"

"But you didn't mention anyone else-"

"I'm going with Michael." Rose answered, her gaze fixed on Michael who stood abruptly from his seat to look at Rose.

"What!?" We both shouted in unison.

Rose walked towards Michael, who cringed away from her after her little too big announcement for him to digest in a single day.

"My apologies for not informing you earlier." Rose smiled at him before her eyes turned darker, rare hint of evil dancing behind her dreamy orbs. "But you're coming with me."

"But you didn't even tell-" Michael started to complain.

"Do I need to tell you everything now?" Rose answered him, in her usual arrogant tone.

"He's right, Rose. You should've told him something-" I tried to side with Michael but Rose cut me off, before I could even complete my sentence.

"I need you to bring me a car at 'Sunlight Star Espresso' by 8 in the evening. And when I say 8, it means you should be there, sharp at 8'O clock, by hook or by crook. I won't tolerate any ridiculous excuses-"

"I'll be there in time." Michael answered, his voice coming out a bit frustrated than usual.

"And don't forget to bring essentials with you."

"Essentials?" Michael enquired quickly.

"We would be staying there for more than weeks. So essentials, as in like cloth, food, water, toiletries-"

"But I don't use toiletries-"

"Does the world revolve around you?" Rose asked bitterly and I looked at Michael with pity.

"No but that's the truth. I don't-"

"I'm not going to stop the car even if you ended up blasting your bladders or intestines on the passenger seat and no matter how vulnerable you'll be by then, I would drag you by your ears and make you clean all the mess you'll create in my car with your tongue-"

"So basically you're telling him to bring a toilet seat and take it all the way to New Jersey just so that he could pee there without disturbing your very skilful driving right!?" I asked Rose.

She shrugged. "I don't have any problem. The car is more than big enough for two of us. Back seat will be empty throughout the whole journey-"

"And where would you go if you think you want to slap your bladder so badly!?" I asked Rose, trying to stifle a grin.

"Gas Stations have been maintaining

proper tidy washrooms for years now. I think my bladders can sustain short walks to those washrooms until they get the chance to get slapped-"

"And what if it's too urgent and no gas stations are to be found in a close range-"

"Where am I going!? Wildlife Sanctuary or National Parks where only plants and animals live!?" Rose snapped back at me.

"By the way, sanctuaries and parks are maintained by humans so..."

"So what!? We can't find washrooms in the middle of deep forests no matter how many humans pass by-"

"That's why I'm asking what would you do if it's beyond control-"

"I'd open the car door and make my way through the bushes! Is it too hard to believe now!?"

"Yes. It's indeed very hard to believe but Michael can always bring diapers with him, right!? This way he will stay away from Rose's radar without creating any mess." I advised Michael who literally cringed at my words.

"And don't forget to pack some spare diapers for Rose too. I don't want my

very respectable friend doing her business behind the bushes." I turned towards Rose who was now fuming with anger. "That would be very unhygienic for her."

"What!?" This time Rose and Michael both shouted in unison at my words and I smirked in victory, seeing second hand embarrassment written clearly on Rose's face.

"You sure enjoy saying gibberish, huh?"

"Strangely enough, I have learned this, as well, from you, I guess."

Rose nodded meekly, her body showing tiredness of a day and she passed a weak smile to me. "That's good. I'll be going now. Bye Emily. Take care and be careful. Good night to you." She turned towards the window only to retreat her steps back, stopping in front of Michael, her arms crossed in front of her chest in a menacing glare. "Who're you waiting for? Dancing disney princesses or fire balls from Pokemons!?"

I snorted at her choice of cartoons and quickly put a hand above my mouth to stop laughing out aloud.

"I was waiting for you to climb down first-"

"So I should let you fall down and kill yourself while I stay down to watch such an amusing scene unfolding in front of me, right!?"

Michael looked at Rose with hidden admiration and happiness as a faint smile made its way across his handsome face. "Are you actually worried for me?"

Rose ignored his question and stood beside the window, waiting for him to step on it and climb down first.

When Michael put his step on the window, Rose gripped his arm carefully, though he didn't look like he need any help from the start.

"I can handle now." Michael whispered to Rose, hinting her that she could leave his arm and let him climb on his own now. Rose didn't pay any heed to his words and instead, focused on making him land safely on his feet.

After Michael was down on the railing, Rose left his arm and clutched his hand tighly while he slide his fingers along hers, holding her hand firmly. "Step on that right rod, no! Not that right. Middle right of that metal bundle, you idiot! That dangling loose rod seems slippery to me! Step on the second last rod on your left instead!"

After helping Michael down on the road properly, Rose looked at me and smiled a little. "Take care Emily. And don't stress yourself for those stupid pages which can't decide anything that you've

gone through all fifteen years of your life." She pointed her finger at the divorce papers sprawled on my study table and I smiled at her, my eyes pooling with moisture at her genuine concern.

"I will take care of myself. But I wonder one thing though?"

"And what that might be, I wonder myself..." Rose answered in a playful tone.

"What were you searching for here, for which you...stayed outside whole night for days..and almost weeks?" I completed my sentence, struggling to find the right words before looking at Rose who was standing still, her sudden silent and erect posture making me even more suspicious.

"I don't think it's really important to share 'cause it's just a trivial matter, you know all these murder mysteries-"

"I love mysteries, you know that right? My bookshelf and closet are filled with books based on criminology and stuffs based on them though I'm a doctor by profession so you must know of my addiction for murder mysteries by now?"

"I do but still-"

"What're you hiding from me, Rose?"

"Its nothing-"

"And you promised me something just some minutes ago?"

Rose raked her hand through her scarlett hairs, taking a deep long breath. "Look, I do want to tell you-"

"Then why don't you, ever?"

"There is a big reason-"

"Fine, don't tell me then!" I turned away from her, anger radiatiating from my sides. "And don't you ever dare to talk to me again 'cause I hate cheaters. You went back on your promise you made to me in so much honesty, I can't believe it! Why do I always end up trusting the wrong people-"

"Its not about trust, Emily. I trust you. You're my best friend, you know that."

"But you don't know it, right!?"

"I don't want to put you in any danger, there are men who're searching for me like hawks, they trace my each and every action. I don't have a privacy, Emily 'cause wherever I go, I find even my soul stalked by those monsters. Nothing is hidden from them. You'll all be in danger because of me-"

"Who're these men, Rose?! Did they hurt you?! Are you okay!? Tell me-" I gripped her arms with force, shaking her in urgency and concern but Rose looked lost in her own thoughts. She was in a trance.

"Whoever loves me will always die." She cupped my cheeks with her both hands and I saw her eyes raging in a dark storm as a lone tear trickled down her face. "And I don't want anything to happen to you. Or to any of my friends. I've worked too hard to keep those men finding anything about my past life, Emily. Please don't ask me anything anymore."

"Pl..ease.." She whispered to me, her voice trembling with emotions and my heart ached with an unbearable pain, seeing her in this state.

"Shhhh. I won't ask anything, I promise. But just tell me what're you here for and whose men I should stay away from?"

She lifted her gaze to look at me, her eyes swollen red with unshed tears.

"Those men are dangrous, Emily. Never go near around them. That's why I'm more worried. You'll have been more protected and safe with Edward. They don't go after powerful and armed people. But I know I can't ask you to go back now 'cause that would be very selfish of me."

"But still, why did you come back suddenly!? What is that thing you're after, Rose? You have to tell me now. I can't see you in such a vulnerbale-"

"You want to know that?"

"Yes I do. Please tell me. I swear I won't tell a soul-"

"I'm searching for my mom's grave, Emily."

"What!" I snapped my neck to look at her, my eyes bulging out of my sockets but I didn't find Rose anywhere. She was out of my sight before I could even comprehend her revelation.

Hurriedly, I made my way towards my window and peeked from above to see her climbing down the pipes, her sombreness returning back as usual as I wondered how there could be her mom's grave, anywhere around the city...

Or around anywhere.

When she was very much alive at present.

# Chapter 64 - He Is A Fucking Dense Pot In The Name Of Pottery!

Author's POV:

"How can you be so cruel to your own friend, Edward!" Mrs Jones glared menacingly at her son, who just stared at her blankly, his mind somewhere else.

"I'm talking to you, Edward!" Mrs Jones rubbed her temples to relieve some stress, before she sighed at her son. "I had never known I'd live to see a day where my own son would scam me for his selfish desires!"

"I apologized already Mom. I'm sorry-"

"You're sorry!? That's it!? Did you say this word to Emily!? Did you apologize to her properly after you played with her feelings all this time!? Did you even know how much that poor girl must be hurting playing the role of cupid for you and your stupid girlfr-" She sighed loudly and attempted to sit on a nearby chair, her heart beating wildly, her blood pressure rising rapidly. She clutched the dinning table for support, stumbling slightly when Edward ran towards her, gripping her shoulders and making her sit on the couch.

He poured her a glass of water, and unwrapped some medicines from the kitchen counter, bringing the pills close to his mother's mouth.

"I won't eat them! I'd rather die than live to face the humiliation of Mr and Mrs Willows broken hope! Throw these pills away-"

"Mom. It's not the time to be stubborn-"

"I'm being stubborn?! I? After what you did to all of us, you still don't see what you did wrong!? I'm utterly speechless for ever giving birth to the evil in the name of a son-"

"I know, Mom. I know I'm evil. Okay. I admit it. Now please eat these-" He held the pills once again close to her mouth but his mother swatted his hand away, looking anywhere but him.

"It's not good to play with your health-" Edward once again tried to feed her medicine but she looked at him, in sadness and desertion.

Her eyes watered a bit before tears started flowing down her almost aged face. She gripped her chest to ease her agony and roughly shoved Edward's hand away when he tried to rub her back to soothe her burning pain.

"I'm sorry, Mom. I'm really sorry. I promise I'll be a better son to you. I really do. Please don't be like this. Your health is falling down rapidly and if it continued like this-" He took her hands, and joined them together with his own. "Please Mom. I know I'm a horrible person. I know you regret giving me birth. I know you won't ever forgive me for what I did but please, do it all this when your health becomes better. You need to eat these-"

"How can I, Edward!?" She detached her hands from his grip and walked towards the window, stumbling sllghtly. "How can I get better on my own? How can I be selfish enough to ignore what you did to Emily and think of myself and my health?! That poor child didnt even utter a word, Edward! All this time she'd been suffering it all alone-"

Edward walked towards his mom. "But she agreed to all this, Mom. I never forced her into doing anything she never wanted to do-"

"How can I dare to get better when my heart is burning deep inside and that's all because my son never thought of his family before taking such a big step in his life alone! Did you never think how this would affect us!?

"I'm sorry-"

"You really don't value relationships, Edward. Not because you can't. You just choose not to. And that's why I won't be surprised if you lose your years long friendship over your stubborn-"

"I won't lose, Emily, Mom! How can you say it so easily like that!? Don't you know how much she means to me!? I'd never let her leave me! She's with me and will always be with me forever!" Edward shouted at his mom, his hands balled into fists before he placed a glass of water roughly on the sink, making it stagger around the corner and it fell on the tile floor with a loud clash, cold water spilling on the floor like a blood-bathed corpse.

Mrs Jones looked at her son with derision and contempt.

"You think she's some robot you can make to dance on your will? I never remember teaching you to treat girls like trash-"

"I don't treat her like a trash, Mom! She is my friend-"

"How can you just be friends with her after all this time!?" Mrs Jones shouted at her son, making Edward's eye widen an inch before he recovered and stood still in his place.

He opened his mouth to say something, but nothing came out except for the evidence of his doubtful mind not being able to form his feelings into words.

"How, Edward? Just how, sometimes I ask myself? I don't understand how this works anymore. I can't see anything which doesn't make Emily perfect for you, I admit she has her own flaws but"

She glanced at Edward before continuing."Her flaws are nothing compared to what you did to her after being friends with her all your life."

Edward didn't say anything. He just stood in front of his mom, his eyes glued to the floor.

He was dying of guilt everyday as it was, did his mother need to remind him everyday what a horrible person he was?

He knew he messed up big this time, but it wasn't like he knew it was going to go the wrong way when he proposed her for that fake marriage!

He thought they'd never be discovered.

He thought he'd reamain married to her forever.

He thought he'd live as her husband forever, just as she'd live as his wife, till death do them apart.

To be honest, he wasn't even planning to divorce her anytime soon. After giving her divorce papers, signed by him, on her birthday, he literally forgot all about them.

If he had remembered about those damn papers anytime soon, he'd burned those a long time ago.

"I won't start mentioning everything she's ever done for you as I suppose you're more than aware of her empathetic side. I just want to ask this question which has been bugging me forever." She walked towards her son, and seeing his mother standing in front of him, Edward looked up.

"Why'd you do that?"

"I'm sorry..." Edward trailed off but one look at his mom made him shut up for once.

"Why'd you do that to Emily? Why her? Why did you use her? We thought you really loved her when you told us that you were marrying her. And the way she was blushing madly when you informed us, we didn't have any reason to doubt your intentions anymore. After all, love is something which can't be proven by actions so we trusted you with all our heart. But then-"

"I didn't mean to deceive you, Mom-"

"But you did exactly that! How can you lie to your own parents about your marriage!? How can you use your own friend for something ridiculous as that!? I can't believe Emily agreed to this stupid act! But then again, I'm sure the poor girl didn't even had time to refuse you, considering you must've forced her into this-"

"I didn't force her into anything Mom! I told you! She did everything on her own consent! How do you think she managed to marry me in front of the whole crowd if she wouldn't have agreed to all that in the first place!? You think I blackmailed her or something into marrying me!?"

"You shameless brat! How could she say no to your stupid requests? Did she ever refuse you anything!? Can you remember a single thing which she wasn't willing to share with you-"

He sighed loudly. "That's why I'm thankful she's my be-"

"Don't complete the word, Edward. Just don't! You don't deserve Emily as your friend. Let alone your best friend. As your mother, I feel no regrets in telling you I despise my own son for befriending a girl and making a total fool out of her feelings-"

"Not again. I told you, Mom, Emily doesn't hold any feelings for me-"

"How can you be so sure!? How do you know when you didn't even ask her anything about it-"

"I don't have to ask her anything about this! We're just best friends, Mom and best friends don't love each other! Atleast not like lovers!"

Mrs Jones glared at Edward. "You're delusional as always. Why do you think she agreed to this fake marriage when she didn't held any feelings for you? I'm a woman, a mother of yours, Edward. I can clearly see what she feels for my son and I'm glad she's the one who chose you first. Otherwise I had no hopes for you settling with any decent girl-"

"Emily didn't choose me, Mom. She loves someone else." Edward whispered, his eyes reflecting sadness.

Her eyebrows furrowed. "Who? Who does she love? I think you've misunderstood something-"

"It's Eric. It's always been him. In her heart. I saw it with my own eyes when she was writing a love letter to him." He looked at the floor, his shoulders slumped down in defeat."It was never me to begin with."

Mom's eyes softened a bit at her son's distant revelation. "Are you happy that she is in love with Eric then?"

# Chapter 65 - It's Not Easy To Love Someone...Back

Edward's POV:

His head snapped at his mother's direction, anger flashing in his eyes. "Why would I be happy for it?"

"Why not? Was she not happy for you when you told her you were in love with Lara?"

He looked hesitant for a moment before looking up at his mom's expectant face. "Yes. She was. She congratulated me for falling in love with an amazing person. I don't remember her ever talking ill of Lara so I assumed Emily must like her very much."

"See. You shared your happines with her. She willingly accepted to be a part of it. If you still don't know what it is, it's called friendship between two people. But can you ever be happy with her being with someone..."

"I'll try to be happy for her-" Edward started.

"...who's not you?" Mrs Jones completed her sentence, questioning her son to a very raging doubt in her mind.

"Trust me, Mom. I don't want to say it aloud but I'm not the one for her." He looked at his mother's eyes, trying to convey his thoughts. "Yet I don't like her with someone else. Anyone else, to be honest. I think I'm just overprotective, that's it. And I'm willing to change myself for Emily if she'd want me to. I just don't want her to-"

"Leave you? Ever?" Mrs Jones asked, eyeing her son warily.

Edward nodded in approval, running his hands through his hairs in anxiety.

"Why? Because she's your best friend? Because best friends are supposed to be with each other all their life? Because you think she can't be with any other man who's not you but you can be with any woman, not applying your rules of friendship on yourself? Why-"

"It's difficult to explain, Mom. I can't say it in words."

"Why not in words, Edward? Why can't you see her in love with Eric? For what seems like misunderstanding on your part, I must say if Eric were to be with Emily, she'd be very happy in her life. He treats her like a girl she was, like a woman she is now and I'm sure in the future..." She glanced at Edward before continuing."If they ever get married and have children..." Edward shifted

uncomfortably in his position, closing his eyes shut in annoyance, his face burning red as his hands gripped the kitchen counter for support.

"...He'd shower all his love, effort and time to keep Emily and his family happy, not sparing anyone who'd dare to hurt his wife, not anyone." She repeated as she walked towards Edward and gripped his shoulders tightly, making him look into her eyes. "Because that's how a man loves a woman. His woman. And that's how the woman knows she can't be with anyone else, but him."

For a moment, he was flabbergasted, not being able to say anything as a comeback.

Mrs Jones patted her son's shoulders as an approval of the reaction he showed to her words. "That'd be better for all of us, including you, if Emily marries Eric. I should've known better to not let her marry you in the first place. I should've known she's in love with someone else. I should've known better."

She smiled a little. "How silly of me to assume Emily was in love with you! How can she be in love with someone like you? How can she be? After all, you don't love her, as you say yourself-"

"I never said anything like that-"

"But you always made it seem otherwise!"

"How can I love Emily, Mom? She is my friend. It'd feel awkward between us-"

"Yeah. You're right. It'd indeed feel awkward. And as you're my son and she's my desired daughter-in-law, I had to make things right for both of you, after all that shit you made her go through."

Mrs Jones picked her phone from the table and dialed a number, waiting for the user to pick the call.

"What're you doing, mom?"

"I'm calling the one person who can make everything go right back to normal."

Edward narrowed his eyebrows."Who?"

"Why dear, Eric, of course. After all, someone has to be by Emily's side to give her a shoulder to cry. And as you've mentioned, she's in love with him, she'd love to spend some quality time with him. That would soothe her bruised heart and maybe, she'd be able to forgive you for making her do something she-"

"No! Don't call Eric! He'd make everything difficult for both of us."

After keeping her phone down, Mom frowned at Edward. "Why? Can things get anymore diificult between both of you than they are now?"

"No... But.. He..."

"If you can't be the man Emily wants you to be, then let someone else take your place, Edward. You can't keep her in shade forever. She needs to have her own happiness in life-"

"I'll give her everything, Mom! Anything she'd want from me! I told you I'm willing to change for her!"

"Anything?"

"Yes! Anything!"

"Then for God's sake don't ever meet her again and leave her to herself. This is the best and least you can do for her. And for yourself too. She needs time to recover which you aren't willing to give to her! She'd kill herself in frustration if you continued to push her like this!"

"I'm giving her time, Mom! Can't you see!? It's been fucking three months since I last saw her face! I am dying to see her, it kills me everyday not to talk to her, not to share my day with her, it hurts like hell here!" His hand curled into fists and he bumped his fist twiceon his chest. "Here it hurts so much! I'm in pain and I don't know what to do anymore. If I knew I'd end up pushing her away from me like this, I'd never have asked her to marry me! Never!" He slid down the wall slowly, as his legs gave up due to agony and pressure and he buried his face into his knees.

"I miss her so much that I'm afraid I'd forget her face someday if I don't see her anytime soon. I regret proposing her that day so much I want to kill myself over and over again for making her go through all that! Do you think I enjoyed signing the divorce papers!? Do you think I loved giving those fucking legal rag to her on her birthday when I came home after fucking my girlfriend on her(Lara) birthday!?"

Mrs Jones looked at her child with sympathy. "Edward..."

"No! I didn't! I didn't enjoy breaking her heart! I realised on the first week of our marriage that it had been so wrong of me to push her into my business. I felt guilty. But I coudn't do anything after seeing it had been too late for everything. I had to go on with Emily as my life partner. But you know what!? I didn't feel one bit awkward about all that! You know that husband-wife thing?! It was as if it was natural between us. I didn't even have to pretend to like her as a wife! With Emily by my side, everyday became so peaceful for a moment I forgot she wasn't meant to be married to me for real!"

"Then why did you take such a big step in life, Edward? Why did you let her go?"

Edward's eyes glistened with moisture as he swallowed a lump in his throat. "She was the best wife any man could ever ask for. And I realised she wasn't meant to be with me. I forced her to do it for

me, and she did it just as I asked. She didn't complain one bit. And once again, I realised she'd never be mine. I always put her around with my silly requests and my selfishness grew everyday as she continued to give and give and give everything to me."

"I became greedy for her and it scared the shit out of me. That wasn't meant to happen. I thought she's never forgive me if she knew what I thought of her. She hates being treated like woman. I want so badly to treat her like one. I really do. Sometimes she makes me lose all my self-control, it makes me go crazy for her. And I don't want to hurt her. I'd never live a day if something happens to her because of me."

"It all happened so fast in me but I can't see her with any man but I can't tell her the truth. She thinks I am possessive and jealous, and I'm glad even after all this, she never left me for some stupid man to live her own life."

He looked at her mom. "We are supposed to be together forever. Mom. I won't ever let her leave me in between like this. You know how much I value her."

"Yet you don't love her?" Mom asked, now caressing her son's hair in pity and affection.

"I don't know. It's difficult."

"How can you not know, Edward? It's so clear to all of us that you do. Then why do you keep on denying it"?"

"I can't, Mom. You have to understand that."

"Why not? Emily loves you fine then why can't you?"

"She doesn't love me, Mom! How many times would you make me say it with my own mouth!?"

"Unless you say you care who she loves or spends her life with!"

"I do! I admit I care! A lot! Dammit! I also admit I don't like her looking at some other guy as a man! And I most definitely don't like her having a crush on Eric, though he is my cousin-"

"Why?"

"I don't know! It just happened that way. I don't know when. I don't know why!"

"Doesn't it hurt when she looks at Eric that way, and not at you?"

Edward leaned her head against the wall, his eyes now swollen red with unshed moisture. "You've no idea."

Mrs Jones shook her head in disappointment. "How can you be not in love with her, after all these years of being with her?"

"Don't ask me. It just happened that way."

"Nothing happnes without a reason, Edward. You're scared to love her, why don't you admit it already? You're scared she knows you as the back of her hand, that she might betray you and leave you for someone else-"

"Emily will never leave me-"

"She already did. You may not realise it now but it's already too late to bring her back. You were also his best friend, Edward. Why do you think she isn't picking up your calls and replying your texts? Shouldn't she be missing you as much as you're missing her? Shouldn't she be trying to contact you as much as you have tried contacting her for months? It all means she has moved on. From you. Your friendship. Her fake marriage. Everything. And I'll be glad if she could go back to being her normal self-"

"No! Why'd she move on? She has me-"

"I'm not sure if she'd want to be with you now, Edward. Take my advise. Move on yourself. Give both of you time and go on your own ways-"

"Hell No! What're you saying, Mom? How can I live without her!? She's a part of my life, how can I ever go on without her being my side!? How can you even say that-" Hurriedly, he stood up in rage, his eyes slightly widened in awe and realisation before he almost ran towards his room and picked up his coat from the closet, wearing it in haste.

Fumbling slighly with the contents of the table, he managed to get hold of his car's key, stuffing it messily in his pocket while Mrs Jones watched her son's sudden change in behaviour with confusion.

"Where're you going, Edward?"

As if brought back to earth, he looked up to stare at his mother with determination in his eyes. "To bring Emily back."

He didn't wait for her response, as he strode towards the door, turning the doorknob.

"Wait! You can't go there like this! Her parents still haven't forgiven you for what you did. They'll never let you have around their daughter again! Let it rest for some more time and then we can all go together and beg for their forgiveness."

Edward turned around a little, to face his Mom, his hand gripping the doorknob tightly, before he turned it around and the door opened with a soft click. "I don't care. I'm ready to face everything now. I want Emily back in my life, and I'll do anything to make her forgive me. She isn't going to

live her life without me and I'm not going to let her have someone..." He turned around to face his mother. "...who is not me."

When he took one step out of his house, he stopped abruptly and furrowed his eyebrows too to see his mother gripping his hands in worry.

"I'll be fine, Mom. Don't worry about me."

"But do you... I mean are you really going to... profess your love for her?"

"No. I'm going to make her realise she doesn't need to be loved by me to live her life with me."

Mom sighed in defeat. "Edward, on the contrary, she needs to be loved by you to live her life with you."

"The world says a guy and a girl can't be just friends. But me and Emily have already contradicted this saying for twenty years now. Whoever still holds this view, I'll prove them wrong-"

"What about Emily then? What do you think she'll feel about all this?"

"She doesn't have to feel anything. She just needs to return back to her normal self and we can solve the rest from there."

"A woman wants to be loved by a man, Edward. I know it's not easy to love someone but if you believe in that person, they can be the only reason you'd want to live one more day of your boring life."

"I know. It's not easy. But for me, it's complicated. I'm ready to give her everything, anything she would ever want from me, so that she'd never miss something as small as love in her life."

"Love is not small, Edward. Never underestimate it. You don't know how much it can hold power over you. It can make you turn something you'd never want yourself to turn into!"

"I don't love her! I don't need to! Is it necessary to love everyone I want in my life!? Is it now, Mom!?"

Mrs Jones eye's widened with surprise."You don't?"

"Yes! I don't love Emily Jone-Willows! That's it! End of the conversation! I want her back just as a longtime friend! We are friends! Nothing more. Nothing less. And we can never be anything more!"

THE END

PS : Book - II will be written, as an extension, coming soon.

# Chapter 66 - Part One of Epilogue : Where She Had Accepted Changes For Better

Emily's POV:

"Ugh, this is too damn hard! I can't do it anymore!" I sighed loudly, letting the laces of the red dress I was wearing fall down to my sides.

Closing my eyes in frustration, I looked at the phone screen to see Mia muffling her laughter with her palm. We had been on a video call for an hour. She was teaching me how to wear this new dress my mom had made it necessary to gift to me as the part of my effort in changing myself all over to an elegant lady which she had always wanted me to.

Which I might add, would be the absolute brutal unnecessary death of my tomboyish-ness someday.

"What?" I asked her, somewhat irritated by her laughter.

"Nothing, " She answered me. "It's just seeing you trying to put on a dress reminded me of my own self."

I stared at her, in confusion.

"You know, when I tried to walk outside my apartment, wearing over-alls. Without makeup. Taking short walk around the neighbourhood, my hands into my pockets, whistling to some song related to women empowerment. My feet dipped in some bland looking shoes, my hairs folded and curled into a disaster. People were staring at me. I felt self-conscious. It was so sudden I was damn sure I had been..." She avoided my eyes. "looking exactly like you."

I glared at her. "How's that supposed to teach me how to tie these ketchup coloured laces?"

"But I didn't go back to my apartment that day, " She looked at me, smiling softly at me. "I didn't run away from people's stares, I didn't let their judging stares get into me."

"Why?" I asked, feeling pleased. "Don't you hate it when they just stare at you for nothing? When they talk behind your back like they have known you forever? When everything you do, every effort you put into being you, being yourself, looks just like a bloody mistake to them? When they don't know what you've been through but only know to vent out their frustration on you for no reason?"

Mia smiled and rolled her eyes, probably at those hypocrite people who leave no rocks unturned to make our lives trash. "I've stopped caring, Emily. You start ignoring them too. Besides, I wasn't ashamed of you, or being you that day, the reason I didn't care what everyone thought of me. I just felt like wearing what I wanted, I didn't want to drown myself on makeup, I didn't want to torture my poor hairs by slapping them off with burning sheets to style them or curl. Just a loose bun that day ended up giving me relief from my painful migraine. Then, I didn't care if I looked like you or me. I was at peace. That's what it all mattered."

"But still, those half-burned peanuts lining the street must've passed on some filthy remarks-"

"They did. But as I said and believe, I don't care. I don't need to. As a matter of fact, why do I?"

"But what they speak of me matters a lot to me. I don't know why it always gets at me. Or through me." I whispered, looking down, suddenly feeling under-confident. I twirled the red un-done lace in my fingers, feeling tiny fibres rub against the tip of my thumb.

"Emily, " Mia called my name and I looked up at her. "Sometimes, what a woman needs is not some dashing swoon-worthy man's presence in her life." She looked at me, scrutinizing me. "It's her self-confidence, self-respect and self-comfort what matters the most. What makes her love herself, above everyone else, every guy in her life. It's like, if you'll not love yourself first, who will want to love you? Have you ever asked this question to yourself?"

I nodded. "I don't know. I tried to love myself. I really tried a lot. I just..." I stopped, feeling my eyes moisten as my mind mercilessly recalled every heartbreak my poor heart went through, every word I want to say to mollify my bruised soul, every syllable I want to utter to confess my feelings to the one person who'll probably not reject me the same day I'll confess to him.

I was afraid he'd keep trudging me along with him, giving me false hope, giving me mixed signals while he would keep smiling at me, talking of his life and future with me, whispering sweet-nothings in my ear of how I meant the whole world to him, of how he didn't want me to leave him, ever, of how he didn't want me to see with any man other than him.

Of how he was always in pain because of me. Or how he was always jealous of his own cousin, just because he thinks I'm in love with him. I still remember the day he told his heart was in pain because I chose Eric over him.

And while he does all that, brutally crushing my hopes everyday, his heart would always go to his first love, Lara Williams, because that's where it all started from. That's when everything started to go wrong. For me. Because that's when I fell deeper in love with him while he was already dating the woman he chose.

Over me.

Sometimes, I wonder what's in her that I don't have? That I couldn't possibly give him? Is she too beautiful that I couldn't even imagine to be like her? Or does Edward simply hate the idea of being with me? Did he find it too gross to even consider it in the first place? [ Author - Arghh, *facepalming whole day* ]

Or he also thinks I'm a man, just like most people around me think? Or maybe, it's his some secret oath that he'd never fall in love with a friend, let alone date her? Or marry her, with the worst selfish reasons ever?

Or am I too precious for him to actually confess to me and destroy our twenty years of friendship for his feelings which he couldn't let it go, no matter how much he tries to?

[ Readers - *whispers to themselves* umm bi...bin...bingo, right author? ]

I shook my head at my own stupidity. I won't be optimistic anymore. I've had enough shares of rejection for my age already. I'd promised myself to move on. Get over him, completely.

[ Readers - *blinks with black circles under eyes* Please, author, let it be the truth this time. No eating up her own words this time Emily please.]

If I continued being like this, chances are, I might need to take a second birth to forget all about him.

[ Readers - Book - II is the real top-quality birth we all need.]

"You're still thinking about him, aren't you?"

I broke from my reverie to stare at Mia styling her hairs, curling them with machine. "You're also going somewhere?"

"Also?" She blinked. And then she clapped her hands in excitement. "I knew it! I knew you're also going somewhere right?"

I ignored her usual hyper-self and tightened one lace in my finger. Curling it around the sleeves of my dress, I slipped it inside the hoop and knotted it like a ribbon. "Is this how you do it?"

Taking one more lace in my hand, I turned towards the mirror to see where that one went. After a minute of unwavering torture, I looked at Mia, my eyes pleading for silent help.

"Come on, Emily! It isn't that tough, you know! You just have to pull your dress up a little, " I lifted the fabric, my long legs coming into view "Like this?" I asked.

Mia nodded. "Now the lighter one goes around your waist, " I pushed it in the way she wanted me to, "No! Don't slip it in that harder. You're gonna crease the fabric, you idiot, "

After cursing her silently, I succedded in tying some four laces around my poor body. I was just wishing myself best in case I needed to go to washroom and one of these snake-ly poisonous laces won't come out. In usual scenario, I would have aborted the mission a long time ago. But since I wasn't usual anymore, I decided to go with it.

"You still didn't tell me where're you going?" Mia asked, applying lip gloss on her lips.

After pondering over her question for a minute, I decided to spare her some curiousity in her critical stage of pregnancy. Mia was now three months pregnant due to her accidental casual unprotected intercourse with Jake. She was pretty healthy and was coping up fine with sudden foetus roaming around her belly, of course, excluding some major mood-swings, minor cursing battles, heavy emotional drama, unnecessary blaming on anyone, unexpected parabolic ejections of digested food and vegetables.

And untimely urge to devour just anythying and everything around her. Sometimes, even I'm scared to be in front of her. Who knows when she might end up spraying ketchup on my butt and whooping a whole ass-cake out of my pretty bottom.

But since she's still in New Jersey, living with Jake for a month now, I didn't have to worry about coming in front of her. She had decided to live there for few months more and would land on California only when her tentative delievery was three months due.

"I'm going to meet my senio-" I started but Mia beat me to it.

"Oh God! How did I forget such an important event?" I looked at her in understanding, knowing very well what she was thinking. I shook my head in refusal before she could utter a single word about it.

"Why? You're not going?" She asked me, her brows knitted together in confusion.

After braiding my hairs side-wise, I took some bobby-pins and slipped them underneath to support the weight of my curls. "What's the point of me going there anyway? I've embarassed myself enough already. Going there now will only make both of us hurt more-"

[ Author - *cries* Just go already, don't make me write the second book. Please. ]

"But it's his birthday, Emily! He has been celebrating it together with you for twenty years now. It should not matter what happened between both of you. It's an old event which you two always shared as best friends, "

"I'm afraid we aren't friends anymore-"

[ Author - *with swollen red eyes* Don't do that to me. Please be together. Okay I'll stop now lol, this is a serious topic. But you guys can continue these reactions in the comment section with me

lol. 'Cause where there is a drama, there are endless reactions too. Anyways, go on with the reading.]

"Emily, " She pleaded with me. "Don't be like this. I agree he's the biggest asshole out there, he shouldn't have used you like this, he should've treated you better from the start, he should've understood you and your feelings like you did, with his. He shouldn't have made a total fool out of you by dragging you in that fake marriage for his girlfriend, "

Hearing the truth from her mouth loudly made my heart ache so much, I had realised for the umpteenth time that day how much I actually miss Edward. How much he still means a lot to me, how many times I failed in getting over him these past three months.

How much of an idiot I was for still loving someone who kept me hanging in between his fake-wife and best friend, by barely an inch of my dignity. Most of all, he must think of me as a complete fool now, his puppet who doesn't have a heart, who doesn't feel anything.

But despite everything happened between us, I still want to be with him. Call me a fool, call me a love-sick bitch, I prefer to be none but his. A lone tear trickled down my cheek, without my consent. Quickly I wiped it with the back of my hand and applied foundation over it. But it didn't go unnoticed by Mia who regarded my state with sympathy.

"I know what he did to me, Mia. You don't have to list it in some orderly fashion because that's the least I expect of you, " Dusting the imaginary dust off my dress, I looked at my phone screen. "Besides, it's not like it's all his fault. Most of it is mine. I agreed to this facade in the first place. He didn't make me do anything I didn't want to. I did everything because I wanted to do it for him. For our friendship."

"But you also can't deny you'll always hold the first place in his life, no matter what woman he falls in love with. You're his priority, you'll always be the first person he'll come to, for anything or everything going on in his life.He must be regretting everything he's made you go through. I'm sure he's missinng you as hell now. He needs you there with him-"

"He doesn't need me anymore, Mia. Actually, he shouldn't need me, to be more precise. We both are grown ups now, we can take care of our own selves. We shouldn't always need to be the other's babysitter. We have succeeded enough in our lives, I'm in the process of being reinstated in the State Hospital too. And he, no doubt, has definitely made it big and dreamy in his life. Also, to be honest, " I looked at the mirror, brushing one lone curl behind my ear and said, "We should've stopped being in each other's lives a long time ago."

# Chapter 67 - Part Two of Epilogue : When Her Past Life Speaks Too Much About Her Feelings

Emily's POV:

Mia was confused and lost at my words. "Stopped being in each other's lives? What's that supposed to mean?"

I winced slightly as the pin I had been adjusting around a stubborn frizzy curl made every possible measure to poke my fingertips and, eventually, did succeed in bringing a gasp out of me. "I should've taken those little hints too, Mia. Considerable of all, when he decided to go on a separate path all by himself, most of which didn't involve we being together."

Mia looked at me with something akin to pity. Something that I loathe her for giving me every time our conversation loops back to him. "That was one heck of an immature decision on his part, Emily. You know you'd never mean anything less to him than-"

"I'm tired of meaning everything to him, and at the same time, just nothing to him. I don't know how long it'll keep going like that, Mia. How long are we supposed to play this game of a cat and a mouse?"

Taking the alcohol based cotton swab, I rubbed it against my blood-laden fingertip, lightly closing my eyes in a slight burning pain. "I don't have that confidence left in me to wait anymore. Just when will we eventually find the courage to speak out our grudges and pains comfortably with each other and be free of all these baseless ridiculous misunderstandings threatening our already spoiled friendship?"

Mia sighed, as she, for once, sat on the bed quietly, leaving her hairs half-untied. "Emily, " She sighed, as she said, "That's the question you yourself know the answer to. My question will be, just how much you'll want to be hurt more to stop ignoring the only solution you have with you, for all the misery you've been through so far."

I chose to remain silent at her too straight implication.

Discarding the cotton, and bandaging my finger, I went back to the previous but tedious task of dolling myself up.

"Don't try to avoid the direction where this conversation is going, Emily."

"I'm not avoiding it, Mia. I'm just over that path and I'd like to lock that solution within me for as long as I can."

"That would mean you'd probably never get the chance to confess your overly emotional and unique feelings towards him, even in the after-life too. Because that's the real damn stupid, naive, foolish, dramatic, stubborn and wailing excuse of a worthless woman you are!"

Stopping mid-way to my task, I gave her a side glare.

"When it comes to Edward, of course." She added in a haste, smiling sheepishly. "Jokes apart, I still believe he deserves to know what you've been keeping from him since forever. Maybe it'd work as a catalyst in his case for speeding up his tortoise shaped brain cells when it comes to his best friend, which, eventually, in a long run, will help him realize what a total loser he has been so far in handling his own feelings."

"That's the most common assumption I've been hearing for half of my life-"

"Then you, my girl, are some leaked broken product of a real stupidity for not even considering it once. 'Cause for all I know and I'm damn sure I'll be proved right, along with many others, once you do it my way, and, of course, the right way."

I looked at her with confusion, though knowing inside the rough outline of what she has been implying.

"That the stagnant status of your relationship will change as soon as you take the right time, the right place and the right words in your consideration, serious one this time, to speak out all to him, with everything you have in you, to make him understand it in a more bolder, more forward and a more broader way. Sometimes, probably, the most easiest way with the words works wonders too."

Sighing to myself, I pulled the drawer near me and picked a set of glittering red-blue earrings. "But that'd mean seeing him after all this time we've gone without-"

"Then that wedding ring placed so comfortably under your right drawer, that you still didn't find the chance and of course the right time, which you must know is the lamest excuse you use everytime, to hand it over to him till now. " I looked at her, as her eyes shone with sarcasm. "So, are you planning to keep it with you as well, for as long as you can, for, maybe, I've mistaken it as some kind of insurance policy oath you've habit of taking all by yourself, when it comes to stuffs related with him."

I narrowed my eyes at her. "I'm not planning to keep it with me forever. I just really didn't get the right time to return it without looking miserable."

"Then do both of you a favour, and be on your way. It's even his birthday today, such a cool timing, I must exclaim. After all, when will he be at his most happiest than to receive the lost ring from his ex-wife he didn't love, or as he claimed, and, that best friend whom he tied to a loveless marriage, just for him, whereafter, whom he had a break-up with in such a messy way, right?"

I rolled my eyes at her words. "You couldn't have put it in a more dramatic way. "

"Well, I can. Try me. I've more than enough juice from your story to keep it interesting for you as long as you want to hear."

Ignoring her rhetoric banter, I said, "But that'd be too rude of me to return him the ring on his birthday, Mia."

"Why not?, "She replied, " If he can gift you the divorce papers on your birthday while he comes back home after celebrating his girlfriend's birthday bash, totally forgetting about his own best friend's birthday which happened to be on the same day as her, then yes, you can do that to him too. No one will judge, I promise. No one will even want to, I bet."

"That's not about revenge, Mia. That time, he didn't know about my feelings-"

"Well, surprise, but after a whole fake marriage chaos, your mother forcing your way out of his place, the almost animosity erupted between the two families, that total disaster of the divorce paper signing event organised by your father, and the after-effects of these depressing three months for you, he still doesn't know about them. Poor him though. I'm sure he'll be guessing all sorts of weird possibilities the whole time you two have been apart, which I guess is the longest you both have ever gone without each other."

"I asked him to give me distance, Mia. For some time. For some space, without him being in my life. To be away from each other for as long as I want."

"Creating a distance doesn't feed you with miraculous solutions, Emily. Taking action and doing it right, and doing it yet again if not done right the first time, well, these two things sure do help you in the long run."

"Then what do you propose should I do now? I'm at loss of what to decide next."

"First of all, do something about that gift that you wrapped so beautifully and with so much care that it really doesn't deserve to be stuffed so back-way inside your shoe-cupboard, among those used footwears."

I grinned shyly at her choice of words. "You sure remember most of the things you shouldn't."

As I opened the cupboard doors, and pulled out the gift, I could feel Mia's growing curiousity poking my inetstines now.

"Are you sure you're not dying to tell me what's inside this really romantic looking box?"

Face-palming at her words, I said, "Just because it's wrapped in red doesn't mean it looks romantic. It's just a color, Mia."

"You still look you're dying to tell me what's been placed inside it."

I smiled. "Take your tricks over the train, Mia. I can tell your pregnancy is getting on your brains."

"Oh really. For a brief time, I totally forgot I was three months under. That really defines the intensity of my curiosity to know what's inside it-"

"It's a script. And some photos. Nothing much."

She scrunched up her nose and asked, "Script?"

Sitting on the bed, I placed the gift on my lap as I opened the ribbon, to reveal the dull yellow colored old looking papers whose edges were slightly torn, withered and loose.

"It's an old script for a theatre show. I remember once our homeroom teacher asked each of us to take part in the club, be a member to increase the points from our extracurricular activities for our report evaluations. Edward took part in sports, music, literature, theatres, and indoors. I didn't have any specific interest of my own as I was little bit good in everything but not fully versed in a particular thing. So, I wasn't left with much choice but to follow him to those clubs and, as usual, I ended up becoming a member of The Arts and Theatres Club for many reasons I don't quite remember properly."

By this time, Mia was intrigued enough to know more as once I stopped speaking, her eyes urged me to go on with my ancient anecdote. "So, we had this weekly assignments we used to get in the meetings presided over by the Club's President. That day, I got the plot of writing about Untold Tales, for which among several sub-topics, the one I chose to write the script on was, The Friendship and the Blurred Boundaries."

"So you must've topped that assignment with all the material you could've loaded on a single sheet of paper, about you being the queen of being friend-zoned-for-eternity while Edward continues to be oblivious for anything related to his best friend, where in reality, those non-existent boundaries between you two were already started to blur the moment you fell in love with him." I sighed to myself as her words condensed on my eyelashes in the form of moisture.

My reaction didn't go unnoticed by Mia while she added more to her sentence, "Or to be more distant in the timeline, when he started dating Lara."

I nodded as I adjusted the lace of the dress which was starting to get loose around my figure. "That's why I decided to atleast even try to put an end to my misery. I didn't get to submit this

script that day because one of the judges happened to be Edward's best mate in the Basketball. I was too afraid to take the risk as unconsciously my hands had penned down our own childhood tales of laughter, growing up, moments of each of our own immature crushes, milestones we both crossed to become the honest ones who had known, understood and accepted the world little by little, but not separately, as we hardly had any recollection of being alone in any crisis, without that homely smile, warmth and the helping hand of the other."

Putting the script back into the box, I started wrapping the box, saying "And so, maybe my inner conscious was too overwhelmed to keep those little pieces of special memories we both shared with myself only. I admit I had been disappointed with everything that happened thereafter, maybe we both had different perspectives towards life, people and things or maybe we just grew up being too much immersed with each other that we didn't separately get a chance to consider the other as the partner for the future too, even to the nearest possibility of zero to one."

Mia intervened. "But you did consider him as your life partner to the whole possibility of hundred, and dare I say, infinity."

"That's putting just too much weight on a single side."

"Well, that's because you didn't officially confess to him yet, which may I add, can change to the whole possibility of atleast fifty percent if you ever decide to."

"Why add fifty percent already-"

"Well I could've rounded that off to some solid unwavering numbers of seventy percent, but that would be putting too much weight on my own opinion, and of course, the opinions of every other sensible person I had met and hear their own opinions on, regarding your matter."

Shaking my head at her optimisim, I made my way towards the cupboard to pick the footwear of the night, among the newly carved crystal heels which my mother stocked on my old cupboard, replacing ever single thing she ever despised about my tomboyish life.

My past life.

She thought if she got rid of things related to my past identify, she could throw away those broken yesterdays too, which, according to her, would ease my pains, wounds and hidden scars too.

That being said, her idea wasn't working much as it instead put me in difficulty with going on with my whole three hundred and sixty degree changed life.

# Chapter 68 - Part Three of Epilogue : There Is Just So Much That She Needs To Tell Him

Emily's POV:

"So you're going to hand over this box to him right?" Mia asked, hoping for some positive response from my side, as evident from her slightly raised tone.

"I'm in the middle of considering-"

"What's there to consider-oh my God, I'm going insane, I think I've lost half millions of my brain cells trying to persuade the 'yes' out of you and Jesus forbid, but I still fucking failed! I'm gonna puke all my frustration towards your stubborn ass one by one-wait, I think I'm going to need to puke for real, wait! Don't go anywhere. I'll be back in a minute, " Mia said, as she leapt off her bed in a hurry to occupy the space in the floor of her bathroom, the alternating faint but sudden loud sounds of her throwing off the half-digested liquid contents being the only thing audible through the screen.

When she came back, she was breathless and half-exhausted as she took large gulps of water from the jug. Her eyes were red, brimming with the unshed moisture clinging at the corner of her eyelids as she wiped the sweat off her forehead with the small white towel kept ready under her bed drawl for these purposes only.

"Are you feeling better now?" I asked in concern.

She nodded her head in response, as she continued to wipe sweat on the side of her face and her neck. After drinking water again, she was sprawled on her bedside in a minute, trying to take the cool air from the air conditioner on her face.

"We can talk some other time, Mia. You need to rest now, you look pale and wasted. I'll also be late for the party organised by my immediate senior if I didn't hurry now and Mom will kill me some two times more if I tried to avoid the date set by her with so much expectations, and I must say, with so much disagreement from my side, as she suddenly had formed this notion that a doctor can find the real happiness in the other doctor only, as only they can understand the other so much than the layman-"

Mia was suddenly up on the bed again, taking the phone in her hands, with the selfie camera now zooming her face more.

"So are you going to the party or not, Emily?"

"I'll see after the party-"

Mia beamed in frustration. "Not to that senior's party. To Edward's birthday party."

"I-"

"This may be the last chance you'll ever get, Emily. Don't let it go-"

"But I asked for some distance from him. How can I go-"

"Yes you can and you will. Don't be stubborn! Otherwise I'm gonna call him right now and say you've something urgent to talk about-"

"Mia, that's forcing-"

"Fuck the generosity in friendship, I'm doing it right now-" Mia said as she took the phone and started swiping the contacts list.

"Okay, stop. Atleast give me some time to think about-"

"It's already past eight. Would you take the whole night to think about it and get ready to leave for his party only after the dawn?"

I sighed loudly in dilemma.

That was really the most pressure someone had ever put on me to confess. Ever.

"I've two numbers of Edward right now. First one goes right here, " Mia said as she swiped the call on her second phone and put it in front of the camera to show that she was really not joking this time around.

"No! Cut that call, Mia! That's so- that's really-" I took a long breath to calm my raging emotions and to think about it as fast as I can.

As the call showed receiving for a painfully extended time but received just as sudden, with the formal hello coming from the other side, I recognised the voice as someone I had been longing to hear from, for a long time of three months.

Closing my eyes in determination, my fingers balled in a tight fist as I took a deep breath and almost shrieked, "Damn, I'll--I'll go there...and--I'll...I will do it. Happy now!"

Mia smiled in victory, as she put the call on hold, and not just cut it, to push my remanining sanity more off the edge. "What will you do? Tell me more precisely so that I can understand well, " she said, her index finger hovering over the un-hold button.

I glared at her as while speaking, "I'll go to the birthday party, and hand over this gift-"

"To whom?"

"To Edward, of course."

"And what else will you do?"

I looked at her in shock, my expression suddenly taking a scared form. "Mia, that's asking too much-"

"Indeed. I should've never asked in the first place. Taking action instead works faster, "she said as she proceeded to put the call back on.

"No!" I raised my hands in defense as the serious expression on Mia's face scared me more. "I'll do that too! Don't-"

"Do what, Emily? Say it clearly for me to record it well, in case you end up eating your words later, so that I can atleast send this recording file to Edward if he ever was that unfortunate to miss his chance of hearing about his best friend's undying love for him to this extent."

I looked at her with disdain, as she tilted her head to highlight her demands more, while her finger still continued to hover over the red zone.

"Fuck you, " I said, as the words coming after, slipped slowly and painfully from my mouth, "I-" I paused to look at her and she raised her eyebrows, demanding for an answer instead.

Opening my mouth slowly and parting my lips agonishly, I took a small pause to continue again. "I'll...do it-I mean I...I will umm...say it...I'll confess, I mean."

"That's saying about deciding on such a huge resolution in too much of a careless way."

"I will get to you for this, don't forget-" Just as I said this, Mia put the call back on to speaking again, and my eyes widened to some three figures of zero, seeing her do that.

"Who's it? Hello? Mia? Is that you?" Edward spoke, as Mia smiled viciously at me.

"Yes, it's me, Edward. Sorry I had another call to attend to, didn't mean to put you on hold on purpose."

"Are you okay? Do you need some help? Where's Jake?"

"Never mind him. Jake is out to bring the freshly picked persimmons from his grandfather's farm for me as I get sudden cravings for just anything these days. But that's not the reason I called you now. Actually I've been meaning to tell you something for a very long--"

"Mia. No, " Shaking my head in disagreement, I mouthed her name desperately through the screen. "Don't do this please." I begged her, as I raised both of my hands above my head in defeat, showing her that I'm surrendering to her words.

Mia stared at my eyes, for a whole minute, searching for truth in them as her demeanour changed to shy one in a second while she spoke next, "--that I'm pregnant for three months now, is what I've never got the chance to tell you. Sorry, I've been out of many things recently so I never actually-"

Edward laughed lightly, and hearing his reverberating happiness made me feel nostalgic and sad. "I know it already, Mia. In fact, I would want to apologize for not visiting you even once when you clearly need some help and support in your tough emotional turmoils. In my defense, I'd just say, for the past few months, I had been caught up in many things I never thought would become the reason of the most of my misery. I've been drowning in self-guilt and self-resolutions but still, the only solution to everything comes back to the previous questions that I've been avoiding so far, and I'm not sure if I'm ready enough to find the answers to those questions all by myself."

"I'm sure we both know who you're talking about."

Edward sighed as he said, "If you're in contact with lily, tell her I'm still here, waiting for her to come back to me. I promised I'll stay away from her as long as she wants, that's hard on me too. I hope she knows how I'm dragging each day without her by my side, how this uncertain expectation with the biting pain that she'd come back to me one day, in her old smiling and cheerful self, and we'd go back to living in the old times as we've always been, keeps eating me up from inside. Still, if keeping the distance between us, keeping me away from herself makes her happy for all the pain and misery I've given her unwillingly, if that's the solution she thought is right for the both of us, then I am willing to go for it too."

"After everything that happened, how can you two ever be like before?" Mia asked as I looked down on the floor with heavy heart.

Edward took a pause, before speaking, "That's something I'd like to leave it all with her. Whatever she wants and however tough decision she takes for the both of us, I'll try to be sensible and respectful with her words."

"Then I hope you two get an ending that each of you soulfully deserve, whether individually, or being together as something that you can put a name on. As a mindful friend, I'd support both of you in anything you guys decide. But promise me just one thing Edward?"

"Yes?"

"That you won't let stupid reasonings blurr your sensible mind with unnecessary thoughts that would lure you into taking groundless resolutions which, eventually, will make you unhappy. Promise me you won't avoid situations for the sake of protecting it forever, and with a heart that is honest to at least half a degree, you'll try your best to sort out your problems and your reasons first, before going forward to embrace something what your inner conscious asks for."

"I won't ask the reason why you asked for such things but I promise, Mia, I'll take each word of your advise as the helpful words of wisdom in my hard times."

"Then you better get fine soon, I wish to meet you as the situation gets better. So, do call me then. I'll be going now. Bye. And don't forget my words and your promise. "

"I'll keep it safe with me. You too, take care. Let me be remembered as the kind Uncle when when he gets out into the world."

"That depends on how well you keep your promise."

"I'll keep note of each word of yours in a needy situation if that helps you sleep at night. Stay healthy and yes, eat extra from my side too. Bye." Edward said, his voice hinting a smile before he hung up.

Mia hung up too, as she turned towards me to confirm if my words still hold the validity or not.

I stared at her for a time, my mind processing facts, reasons, possibilities and every sort of timing that might not prove to be favorable for this ardent task for which I had considered to put my friendship, future, and love in risk, after avoiding it for the long and better half of my life.

"Have your thoughts about resolution gone back to being under consideration?" Mia asked, her voice hinting instability of her emotions. As if she's been pushed off the edge enough already.

My lips were shut in a thin line, before I spoke, with perserverence and sudden confidence, "No, I'll confess to Edward today." My eyes met with Mia's in a new determination as I said, "Everything I never got to tell him before. Everything that he needs to hear and everything that he needs to understand about our unnamed relationship. I'll tell him all today. I'll put an end to all this misery I've been living alone with, for all these years. And this time, I would hear directly from him too. If not immediately, I'd still tell him that I do need a straight answer from him. But this time, I would not expect anything from him, I'm not doing it for him. Or For our twenty-year long friendship. I'm doing this for myself. For me. For my satisfaction. For my own heart. For my own peace of mind."

Mia exclaimed in happiness. "That's my girl!"

I smiled in strange melancholic content, "You're right. What's there to fuss about? It's either yes or no. Nothing in between. Nothing beside it. It's already been too long anyway. And it should not affect me anymore."

---

[ The End of Sealed With A Kiss ]

[ Last Author's Note ]

Please, it's a hearty request, don't comment spoilers/ ending of this book on the comment section. It can put the future readers in a tough misunderstanding.

But I'd love to hear your views/comments on whether you honestly enjoyed this book or not. You're free to express your views/opinion/critics on any character or just anything you liked or disliked in this book. I'd take your suggestions into consideration and will try to write Book - II accordingly, owing to my reader's opinions.

Hopefully, you guys will not hesitate in commenting anything. Thank you so much for reading this book.

Second Book Name : Behind Your Smile [ Coming Soon ]

Do you have any of these following reader's thoughts?

• I actually love Edward. I mean he is honest and everything and atleast he is not like those men who pretend to love someone to have them! If he doesn't love Emily, he doesn't lie about it!?

• I still ship Emily and Edward?

• I want Emily with someone else now? Please!?

• I want Edward to suffer a lot, like hell, he should rot in heaven before he ever gets to have Emily?

⏭ It's kinda awkward writing man's words lol but I'm glad I wrote Edward's thought.

Maybe if I practised a little, I'd end up writing Edward's POV in later chapters, or as a bonus chapter!

Depends on if you guys would like me to write it or not, of course!

Anyway, why do you think Edward is being like this?

What is going on his mind?

But will you be waiting for the second book to come then? *winks like mosquito*

Qyestion of the day:

Do you watch K dramas? If yes, then which is your favourite one?

If you have anything to talk about this book, updates or just casual talk, you can find me on Instagram -

[ ritika_verma_970000

(I'm almost always active there. And I reply to everyone, if I happen to be online at the moment.

You can also follow me there if you think you liked reading my book, even if it's just the half of it lol.) ]

Thank you for having me as your author.

Stay Fit, Stay Healthy.

Goodbye.

Yours,

ritika❤