

Chapter 10 Not A One Night Stand Person

The last thing he remembered was closing his eyes amidst the darkness, the calm waves of sleep washing over him as he took deep breaths in and out.

When he opened his eyes, there was nothing around him, besides darkness and a vast body of water.

Lancelot froze with cold and fear. The darkness terrified him, the body of water he found himself sinking in frightened him to death.

He began to struggle, flapping his hands and legs to make it to the surface of the water.

Suddenly, he felt someone touch his feet. Lancelot looked behind him.

He saw his face, Bran.

Bran had a reassuring smile on his face. A smile that seemed to say, "everything would be okay."

For a moment, there was hope.

His brother would save him now.

Nothing of that sort happened. Lancelot continued to feel himself sink deeper and deeper into the water. He looked beneath him again, Bran was nowhere to be found. Why? Where did he go?

Fear fell upon him with brute force again. Lancelot had to reach the surface, there was no way he was dying here.

The cold, the density of the water, and the darkness beneath the ice enveloped him all at once.

Lancelot didn't stop fighting. He flapped both his hands and legs with all his strength, continuously reminding himself that he couldn't die here.

A faint beam of light glittered over his head; faint chuckles echoed in his ears. Lancelot fought his way above the ice and stuck his head out of the water.

He sprang up from the bed immediately. He couldn't help but blink violently. The room was dark, just like the lake in his dream had been.

He looked over to the digital clock beeping softly by his bed side.

11:30.

Lancelot sighed, he hadn't even been asleep for up to an hour when he had the nightmare.

Beads of sweat trickled down his forehead, despite the cold from the air conditioners mounted on the four walls of the large cubic room.

Lancelot fought to steady his breathing. He still felt choked and out of breath; almost like he had been drowning for real.

The realization of the darkness of the room suddenly dawned on him. Lancelot hated to be alone in the dark. In fact, events of the past caused him to become awfully terrified of it.

How had he forgotten to turn on the lights before sleeping? How had he even slept with the lights off in the first place? Lancelot knew he had reoccurring nightmares when he stayed alone or fell asleep in the dark. His eyes danced around the dark room as he sighed. It didn't matter, what mattered now was getting to the switch and turning the lights on.

He hated to be in the dark. It brought back memories, very bad ones.

Just then, Lancelot felt something...no, someone, move in his bed. Frightened and alert, he moved away and turned to his right.

That was when he saw her.

Loose strands of brown hair scattered all over her face, her eyes shut in peaceful rest. She was still snoring faintly, murmuring things in her sleep.

How had he not seen her before? Lancelot began to recall events of the night. He shook his head, no wonder he had fallen asleep without adherence to the darkness. He had been exhausted, blissfully exhausted.

As he made an attempt to get up to put on the lights, her left hand rose up and fell on his waist in her sleep. He turned to her again, watching as she drew herself closer to him until her face finally brushed his hip.

The wave of ease that swept over him was unexpected. As she clung to his waist and pressed her face against his body, still muttering words Lancelot could barely hear, he felt his heartbeat steady. He felt calm, he was suddenly at ease. The darkness didn't mean anything anymore. As she snored faintly, Lancelot felt himself relax on hearing the sound.

He closed his eyes and took deep breaths in and out. His breathing steadied, his heart seized to race violently.

This wasn't a good sign, and he knew. He was never one to be neutralized by a woman, so why did this woman neutralize his fear by just a touch?

Still, he ignored it and slipped back into the bed.

He would allow himself feel everything she made him feel, just for tonight.

He carefully placed her arm around his chest again, careful so he doesn't wake her.

As he placed his head carefully on his pillow, he continued to wonder.

What was it about her that caused him to feel calm? Safe? Protected? What was it about her that suddenly made all his worries go away?

He felt sleep befall him again. Lancelot yawned weakly.

He would think about it all in the morning.

Right now, he had to...

And that was it, he drifted into sleep before he could complete his line of thoughts.

Her eyelids parted, much to her dismay. As her gaze greeted the chandelier that hung on the roof above her bed, Roxanne blinked twice. She had to make sure she was seeing right.

When and how did Emily get a chandelier installed in her room without telling her? She was going to question Emily about it, right after she was not lazy enough to stand up from her bed.

Still in her line of thoughts, another strange thing happened.

Roxanne heard the sound of a male snoring. A faint, yet grumpy snore, almost like he was angry in his sleep. Roxanne felt pity for him, of course he would be angry! He had not only spent the night with a bitter woman, but in her cramped room as well.

Wait. Wait a minute.

Roxanne's eyes caught sight of the magnificent dressing drawer by the side of the hexagonal window as she turned her face.

Her heartbeat stopped for few seconds.

She didn't have a chandelier.

She didn't have a window as huge as that across her bed.

And that dressing drawer was certainly not hers.

Her gaze traveled to the red polished walls.

Her heart rose and fell.

No, her wall wasn't painted red either.

One more thing. Emily definitely couldn't have made all these changes in one night. So, where the hell was she?

Frightened, she turned her face to take a close look at the man by her side.

Her eyes scanned his appearance.

Dark Blonde hair, lush pink lips, a pointed nose and perfectly arched brows. Her eyes drifted to his fingers, catching sight of a silver ring in his left hand's pinky finger. Her eyes widened in realization.

It had only been for a brief second, but she had seen that ring on Mr. Stuck up nose's finger the night before. She looked over him again. Oh, hell no!

She sprung up immediately. Her head threatened to split into two as she did so.

She wanted to lay back in bed and tend to her migraine after she woke up the second time, but she had to get the hell out of here!

How had she even allowed this to happen in the first place?!

"Get your mind off Jonah's cock," Emily had said. But still, she didn't mean it literally.

Embarrassed, she raised the duvet up and looked underneath it.

She was 'pussy naked'.

Flustered, she crawled out of the bed immediately. This was too much, way too much.

She had barely gotten over her anger, heartbreak, and bitterness at Jonah. Yet, here she was in another man's bed ON THE FIRST NIGHT OF MEETING HIM.

Roxanne had never been that type of woman. After Jonah, she had never harbored the thought of being with anyone else, yet, here she was.

As she tiptoed across the room, she managed to put on her panties and her dress, while being grateful he hadn't gone all "alpha male" on her and torn the dress into shreds. When she roughly dressed up and sighted his key card laying on the floor beside his shorts, she sighed, it was a sigh of relief.

She was going to get the hell out of here, and now.