

Chapter 108 Best Friends Forever

"Girl, don't tell me you're still asleep!" That was the first thing Roxanne heard, before Emily sent a pillow crashing down on her head. She groaned in pain - let it be known that she felt no pain, the pillow was filled with feathers - and sat up slowly, scrubbing her eyes with the back of her palms.

Roxanne and Emily broke into laughter when they stared at each other in their pajamas. They had missed each other an awful lot. The past three days of being together had taught both of them the true value of real friendship. With Emily around, Roxanne felt like no matter what happened, she would always have a home to run back to. Emily was everything to her; her best friend and her family, and she would not ever take that for granted.

Emily, on the other hand, felt the same way for Roxanne. They had spent so much time apart, but none of that had affected their friendship. Roxanne had been the only person Emily had ever let close to her, and she had not disappointed. Just like Roxanne, Emily's family was nothing to write home about, but Roxanne had always been there for her. So, Emily knew that no matter what, she would always be there for her best friend too.

"You're crazy, do you know that?" Roxanne asked, as she rose up and stretched her arms out.

"Girl! Don't you know what today is?"

Roxanne's left brow arched in query. "What?"

Emily rolled her eyes and picked out a black card from the pocket of her pajamas. She flashed the card at Roxanne's face with a broad smile on her face.

"Today is the day we paint London red!" Emily screamed, while jumping in the air. Roxanne shook her head as she chuckled. She didn't have to take another look at the card before she recognized who it belonged to Lancelot Dankworth. As she thought of his name, heat crept up from her stomach to her cheeks, causing them to turn crimson red.

"You're finished baby girl, and that's plain ass simple," Emily taunted, and Roxanne glared at her.

"What do you mean by finished?"

Emily laughed and moved closer to Roxanne, before she placed her hand on Roxanne's face and threatened to expand her cheeks. Roxanne squealed and Emily burst out laughing.

"Even the sight of his card is causing you to blush, that looks pretty finished to me."

Roxanne rolled her eyes and walked past Emily, while heading towards the bathroom. "Enough of the plenty talk girl, we have a long day today."

Emily took another look at the premium card in her hands. "Like hell we do!"

Emily and Roxanne took turns in taking their shower and getting ready. As usual, Emily made sure that Roxanne looked absolutely stunning, she has to be after all, the Alpha King of this land was madly in love with her. Emily was her normal crazy and artistic self, and Roxanne loved how her friend always expressed herself through her fashion choices.

The ladies were ready in two hours and Emily wrapped Roxanne's arm in hers as they strolled out of the room - after making sure that the room was

safely locked so no one could break in in their absence, there was no telling what the people of this pack could do laughed and chattered all the way down to the reception, where the guards Lancelot had assigned to watch over them today, were waiting for them.

Emily was absolutely thrilled to be in the Dankworth limousine. She had been in limos before, but there was something royally exquisite about this one. It was furnished to their taste. Good pop music and lots of champagne. "Be careful not to drink yourself away before the main party starts," Roxanne warned Emily while laughing, but her best friend wouldn't listen, after all, her body had developed a high resistance to alcohol over the years.

Their first stop was the National Museum in London, a reservation had been booked for them in Lancelot's name. Roxanne could see the joy on Emily's face, she knew that her friend would love to have someone of her artworks here one day. Throughout their one hour expedition, Emily could not stop talking about every piece of painting or sculpture she laid her eyes on. And when they were told that taking pictures of the exhibitions or with the exhibitions were not allowed, they were distraught, but rules were rules. Emily and Roxanne left the museum bubbly and happy.

The next stop was a makeover salon. Emily insisted on trying out a new hair color for her nappy curls; purple. Roxanne on the other hand, would not tamper with her hair. Instead, she got enjoyed a luxurious pedicure and manicure session, before Emily insisted on trying out the spa.

"Come on. We've been so stressed lately. At least, we deserve a massage."

Roxanne finally agreed. They each got their full body message, and paid for a thirty minutes soak in the bubbly hot Jacuzzi, before Emily finally spoke. She had been longing to talk to Roxanne about this particular issue, and now that they were alone, it was the perfect time to do so.

"Hey, Roxanne," she started. Roxanne looked up from the water her legs had been soaking in, and fixed her eyes on Emily.

She noticed Emily's sober expression, and her mind began to wonder what the problem must have been.

"Listen, I know that so many things have been going on here, some of them scary...what? Most of them scary," Emily said aloud, and Roxanne laughed. She was right, most of the things that had happened here were only possible in a classical horror movie, or thriller, or fantasy.

"And, I know that you expect me to vehemently kick against your being here. For reals, I want nothing more than to drag you away from this place and keep you safe in America. I mean, these people have put you through a lot, even Lancelot has put you through a lot of danger and the truth is, I don't trust them, any of them."

Roxanne understood her friend's stance. If Emily had been in her shoes, she would have felt the same way for her. It was hard to begin to trust someone who had repeatedly hurt you and put you in danger without thinking twice about it. Roxanne opened her mouth to speak, but Emily was faster.

"Nevertheless, I want you to know that..."

"If I can't get close to you, I'll settle for the ghost of you..." Roxanne broke into the famous Justin Bieber song and Emily's mood brightened up immediately. She burst out laughing and Roxanne followed suit.

"What the hell was that?" Emily asked, while throwing her head back in laughter.

Roxanne shrugged her shoulders and laughed.

"It just felt right."

"Girl, don't ever sing again!"

"I'm hurt." Roxanne feigned a pout and pressed her hands to her bare chest, dramatically. Emily laughed, until her laughter dissolved.

"Honestly, if you really want to stay here, if you're sure that all this is what you want, that Lancelot is what you want, I would go back to America and let you stay here. That is, after Lancelot swears on his life that he is going to keep you safe. This is a decision you need to make sooner or later Roxanne. Neither of you have time to waste. What do you say? What do you want to do?"

Roxanne sighed thoughtfully. She had had this in her mind for days, but had never found the perfect time to talk to her best friend. She let go of the side of the bath she held, and swam a short distance to where her friend sat. "I have made up my mind already Emily...I'm going to stay."

Roxanne noticed the gloominess in Emily's eyes, but she wasn't done yet.

"Em, the truth is, everything that has happened to me was not entirely Lancelot's fault. The forces against him, the forces against him and I, everything contributed to everything I've been through...that we've been through. And the funny thing is, despite all of these things, I still love him and I still want to be with him. What I feel for Lancelot, it's not a fleeting feeling that comes when things are rosy and goes away when things are bad. Even in the bad times, I ache for him. What Lancelot and I have....it's...it's worth fighting for Em. And I promise, Lancelot isn't forcing me to stay..."

"He couldn't even if he tried," Emily chipped in, and Roxanne smiled.

"I love you Em, and you'll always be my best friend. But, I have to stay, I have to fight for what I love."

The atmosphere felt tense and moody, before Emily faked a tear and Roxanne narrowed her eyes at her.

"You know, if I wasn't anti love, I would have broken down into tears at that speech." As she spoke, she dabbed her eyes with the back of her palms and Roxanne laughed.

Emily proceeded in mimicking Roxanne. "What we have is worth fighting for...yen..yen..yen."

Roxanne blushed madly.

"Shut up! Let's get out of this Jacuzzi, we have some more places to see."

"Alright baby girl!"

Together, they hopped out of the bath, and tied their towels around their chest.

The next stop was a boutique, and both women absolutely loved shopping. While they were trying out new dresses, bags, hats and shoes, Emily heard her phone ring in her bag. She excused herself from the dressing room and stepped outside to answer it, while the sales woman continued to swoon over how a red dinner gown looked extremely beautiful on Roxanne's body.

"Hello," Emily said, when she pressed the phone against her ear.

The next voice that came on was Lancelot's voice.

"Emily, I need you to do something for me."

She wanted to frown, but she remembered Roxanne's heartfelt speech. For Roxanne, she would try her best to trust this man again, whether or not she was spending his money. "Yes, what might that be?"

"Roxanne's family. I need you to book tickets for a flight to London for all of them. The same day, on the same flight, first class. They need to be here by Saturday morning." Emily's eyes narrowed at nothing in particular.

"What do you need them for?"

"You'll see. Just please, don't let Roxanne know about any of this. It's a surprise, please."

Emily rolled her eyes and kissed her teeth.

"Fine, whatever."

The call ended immediately and she turned back to look into the dressing room. Roxanne was posing for pictures, with a broad smile on her face.

At that point, Emily almost welled up. She had not seen Roxanne so happy in a long time.