

Chapter 110 Second Chance

Six days later...

The big party Emily had spoke about was happening today, even if no one knew exactly what the party was about, Roxanne was pumped to finally celebrate with Lancelot. It had been long since she did that.

So, when she woke up in the morning and found three maids staring at her, Roxanne was more than surprised. It was just a party, why did they treat her as though she were a bride getting dressed for her wedding? She asked herself. After greeting her, two of the maids offered her green tea and stood still while watching her drink the tea. When she was done, they helped her get up, undressed her, and ushered her into the bathroom, where warm rose water waited for her. She had not even been given the time to update Emily, who stayed in the next room, about what was going on.

After a massage in the rose water, she was scrubbed and thoroughly cleaned. Roxanne felt like a stubborn five-year old baby when one of the maids asked her to lift her foot up so she could scrub it.

When the bath was done, she was oiled, massaged once more, before a red dress was placed in front of her. Roxanne noticed it was one of the dresses she had tested in the store. It was then she knew Emily was in on this plan, she alone knew where Roxanne had kept the dress, and the maids wouldn't have entered into her closet without her permission.

Roxanne put on the dress and was allowed to swoon over herself in the mirror. The dress had cost a hundred and fifty thousand pounds, half of her salary, and was adorned with rare and original ruby stones. It was an off shoulder dress with veiled sleeves, and a back that cut way down to the top of her waist. It was straight, and hugged every curve in her body, until it formed a small ball at her feet.

She was made to sit in a chair and watch as the maids fixed her hair and her makeup. She was given red heels to wear underneath the dress, while her brown hair was styled into an elegant bun above her head.

The diamond piece on her neck could have been nothing short of twelve carats, Roxanne knew that for sure. She also knew that Lancelot was behind the necklace.

After she dressed up, a photographer was ushered into the room. Roxanne was made to pose for pictures by her room window, before she was ushered to the banquet hall by the maids, where the party was happening.

It was already in full swing when she got there, but as she stood at the top of the stairs, the sound of trumpets drew everyone's attention to her. The sound of people gasping at her beauty could be heard.

Roxanne was overcome with shyness, her already red cheeks reddened all the more, almost matching the color of her dress as she stepped down from the staircase. She was already halfway down when she caught sight of a face she had never expected to see...

Rayla.

Her bitchy sister still looked like the Chief Editor of Vogue she had always been. But this time, Roxanne realized she wasn't challenged or feeling overshadowed by Rayla's presence. She noticed the confidence in her, and she was proud of it. When she got to the foot of the stairs, she realized it wasn't just Rayla who was here, but Theresa, Isabelle, and both her parents. They all stared at her, neither knowing what to say. Roxanne had

never dreamed of seeing any of them in such a way, how did they know where she would be?

Emily. It could only have been Emily. But still, why were they here?

Sarah was the first to break into tears as she rushed to embrace her daughter. Roxanne was taken aback by her mother's show of affection, but she realized she did miss it a little bit.

"Oh, Roxy, we have missed you so much," she said as she held on to Roxanne. Tears threatened to gather in Roxanne's eyes, but she fought them back. She could not cry now, not on this day when she was supposed to be happy.

Tony, her father, came forward next. He too had an apologetic look in his eyes, and Theresa stood right next to him.

"We're all really sorry Roxy, for everything."

Still, as she stared at them, she could not find any words to speak.

Isabelle came forward next, with a broad smile on her face.

"I always knew you'll be great, munchkin."

Roxanne laughed at Isabelle's nickname for her, while she still tried to keep her tears at bay. Rayla was the next person to move forward, and Roxanne couldn't help the frown that appeared on her face immediately. She had tried to forgive Rayla and her family for everything, but that did not mean she had forgotten so soon.

"What are you guys doing here?" she asked, before Rayla could speak. Sarah finally released her from her grip and wiped her tears off with a handkerchief. Tony drew his wife closer to him, to comfort her.

"Honestly, we don't know. We were only invited here by Emily and..." Rayla, who had decided to let her voice get heard, started, but she paused her sentence and focused her gaze above Roxanne's shoulder. "Isn't that him? The man that came to my wedding with you?"

Roxanne knew she was referring to Lancelot. She had not even seen him in a while, or Emily either.

"Oh, yeah. It's him, I wonder where he..." she began, as she started to turn her back to catch a glimpse of Lancelot, but when she turned, she was surprised to see him standing in front of her, with his hands behind his back.

The sight of him took her breath away. He always did, but something about now was different. He was in a black tuxedo, his hair gelled backwards, his blue eyes sparkled more than usual, and his lips...oh! his lips.

And when he broke into a smile, Roxanne felt her heart leap out of her chest. She would never get used to seeing Lancelot's handsome face, she knew it.

As she continued to stare at him, he did the most shocking thing; he went down on one knee, and stretched his right hand forward.

Roxanne felt cold run down her spine, she staggered backwards as her eyes widened in shock. It wasn't just her, everyone else present in the room shared in the surprise; including Madeline.

Arthur and the butler Lee wore a big smile on their faces, happy that Lancelot had finally taken the big step, not minding what anyone else had to say.

People all around them pulled out their phones to video the moment, while the maidens around gushed and wished they were Roxanne. The almighty Alpha King had knelt down to propose to a lady, she must have been really special. And they were right. To Lancelot, Roxanne was the best thing that had ever happened to his life. And going down on his knees and asking her to marry him, was something he had to do to make sure she stayed with him and brought color to his life forever.

Roxanne was breathless. She did not see this coming, not today. Lancelot knelt in front of her, while holding the most beautiful ring she had ever set her eyes on. The tears she had been fighting back broke themselves free and rushed out of her eyes with reckless abandon. It felt surreal, like a dream.

She felt cold and hot at the same time. She was so excited, it felt like she was floating in the air, just flying without wings.

Lancelot finally spoke up.

"Like the sun was made to shine, and the moon was made for the night, just like the sky is blue, Roxanne, I was made for you."

The room erupted with cheers, laughter, and applause. Roxanne pressed her hand to her mouth to stop her from screaming, but Lancelot wasn't done yet.

"My world was nothing but an empty drawing paper, but you stepped in and filled it with your rainbow of colors. Your smile, your cheerfulness, everything has filled my soul with so much joy than I know what to do with. I am in love with you Roxanne, and I do not know when I fell, but I have been falling ever since and I do not intend to ever be caught if it's not by you. So, I'm asking you to please marry me, and continue to make me the happiest man alive." "Say yes!" "Yes, say yes!"

She heard people chant from all over the room. But, she did not need them to tell her anything, she had known she wanted to spend the rest of her life with Lancelot the second he showed up at her side at Rayla's wedding dinner. So, she stretched out both arms and screamed at the top of her voice, for the whole world to hear.

"Yes! Yes I'll marry you!"

Drum rolls and every other musical instrument began to play their sweetest melodies. Lancelot slipped the ring into Roxanne's finger, stood

up and lifted her into the air, before spinning her around. At that moment, he knew he had never been happier.

Rayla stood in awe while watching everything. She was surprised at the man her sister had won, despite the fact that she was prettier. His house, the people around him, everything was spectacular. Almost like she was getting married to the King of England.

From where she stood Madeline rolled her eyes as she picked up a glass of wine from the tray of a passing steward. She was fighting hard to hide her irritation. Humans, lots of them, were scattered around her banquet hall - even if it was the human mate and her family, that was already too much for her. She fanned herself with her fingers and nearly choked on her drink when she heard a voice behind her.

"Don't be distraught now, Madeline."

When she turned back in shock, she found Eloise smiling. Madeline couldn't help but feel like everyone else had lost their minds, besides her.

"I'm not distraught aunt, I have no doubt that one day, Lancelot would realize the mistake he has made. I am his mother, I would be here to help him fix it."

Eloise smiled as she shook her head. Madeline was indeed a difficult person.

"You see, that's not how love works, my dear. Love does not discriminate, it does not know name, class, skin color, it doesn't know tribe, it doesn't know riches. All it knows is the yearning to be with the one it loves. I mean, just take a look at Lancelot's assistant and the witch queen."

As Eloise spoke, Madeline followed her eyes to where Peter and Hera stood, leaning against each other and laughing.

Madeline scoffed.

"Their love would start a war."

"But they would fight it together, just like you and Edward always did."

Eloise's last statement shocked her, and she was forced to turn to where Edward's scent was stronger. He was standing by the bar, laughing and speaking to a guest. Madeline's heart warmed instantly. More than thirty years, and her love for him was as strong as ever.

Athaliah, who had watched everything with a smile on her face, finally thought it time to approach Peter and Hera. When Peter saw her, his face turned gloomy. Athaliah was probably here to promise him a lifetime of suffering, but she did nothing of such.

Instead, she broke into a soft smile and looked at her daughter.

"Take care of her, Peter. You might get tired of her stubbornness one day, but on that day, do not forget the sacrifice she has made to be with you."

Peter's heart warmed at Athaliah's statement and he managed a smile back.

"Ladies and gentlemen, announcement please," Lancelot's voice rang in the hall, and everyone turned to him.

"I have finally found the love of my life, and I intend to be with her forever. And nothing and no one would ever come between us. So please, join me celebrate!"

Cheers filled the room once more as he pulled Roxanne into his arms and swept his right hand around her waist, preparing for the second dance.