

Chapter 15 Not Good Enough

She laid in bed with her eyes closed. Ever since she returned home after getting her forehead stitched, it was impossible to do anything else. The pain in her head continued to ache badly, it was annoying how incapacitated it made her feel. Roxanne flinched when she heard her room door open and close. She shut her eyes tightly, so whoever had come in wouldn't see that she had been crying. Not that anyone else would come to her room besides Emily, the woman was all she had left in the world.

"You okay baby?" Emily asked, placing a tray occupied with a cup of coffee and two sandwiches on the stool beside Roxanne's bed.

Roxanne couldn't speak, instead, she managed a faint affirmative nod.

Emily lowered herself and sat at the edge of the bed. She ran her fingers round the bandage wrapped around her friend's head.

When she looked into Roxanne's dim eyes, she could see her friend had been crying. Emily's eyes softened as she placed a kiss on her friend's forehead.

"Roxy. You need to stop doing this to yourself. This constant crying and everything you're doing, it's not healthy."

The tears began to flow nonstop from Roxanne's eyes. Why did everything about her life have to be so chaotic?

Ever since she lost her job, she found herself jumping from one tragedy to another. And the people she felt she could hold on to had disappointed her.

Now, all she had was her best friend. Even at that, she felt like she had begun to draw her back. Since her accident...no, Rayla's silly attempt at murder, Emily had been at home to take care of her. Roxanne didn't want that, she hated to feel so helpless.

"I don't know what else to do Em. Everything is depressing to me. I feel like I don't even know what I'm doing anymore. I'm so lost, so alone..."

"That's not true baby," Emily cut in, placing her hands on Roxanne's.

"You know I'm always going to be here for you," she continued.

"And that's the problem Emily! You're always here for me..." This time, Roxanne gathered what was left of her energy and sat up. She placed her back against the headboard, her teary eyes fixed on her best friend's face.

"You do everything you possibly can for me Emily. And what do I do? Every time I lean on you, I expect you to be there for me. You haven't been to work in two days and that is all because of me..."

"Perks of being your own boss," Emily cut in, with a smile on her face. She was hoping it would cause Roxanne to smile. She hated to see her friend like that.

Roxanne stopped, she couldn't fight the faint smile that crept to her lips. As she looked at Emily, she drank in the sight of her friend's beautiful face.

Thick nappy curls that fell all over her head, even down to the top of her brows, brown eyes, lush pink lips and a bright and beautiful smile. Emily still remained the most beautiful woman Roxanne had ever set her eyes on. Maybe, just maybe if she was lesbian like Isabelle, she would have not hesitated to marry Emily. She was everything anyone could ever need in their lives.

"You're always so busy Emily. If you're not working, you're looking after me and all my sorry issues, if you're not doing that, you're working again."

Emily chuckled. She knew Roxanne was right, but she had no problem with it. Before anything, Roxanne would always be her number one priority.

Unlike her best friend, Emily had never been a fan of love, marriage or a family of husband, wife and children. Or maybe the artiste in her had never allowed her free spirit to settle down for anyone. Roxanne was the only friend she had, and she would do all that was humanly possible to take care of her.

"You've been so busy trying to tidy my relationship issues that you've never had the chance to be in one yourself."

Emily couldn't help the laughter that forced itself from her stomach. Roxanne's eyes narrowed in annoyance. "It's not funny Em."

"Oh, but it is my love. Hey, you know that I have never been a fan of love or whatever it is you guys call it. I am my own woman, I love to keep it that way. Now, just look at all the hurt Jonah caused you. I'm sorry baby, but you and I know that if such were to happen to me, he and Rayla would be six feet deep by now and my black and big booty would be warming up benches in a motherfucking jail cell."

The anger in Emily's eyes did nothing to hide itself. Just thinking of all that Roxanne had been through in the past month caused her to boil inside. She could not imagine the pain and the hurt. She had only seen such a thing happen once before; to her mother. Since then, she swore away from issues of the heart. And it had been working perfectly for her.

"Life's just a bag of horse shit," Emily muttered, shaking her head as she looked over to a smiling Roxanne.

"The fuck you smiling at me like that for?" Emily queried.

Roxanne said nothing, she simply shook her head and continued to smile.

"Bitch, spit it out before I throw you under the bed."

"Okay! Okay!" Roxanne was smiling now. Even as Emily picked up a pillow, ready to spank her best friend until she fell to the floor.

"I'm just finally happy to see you express yourself Emily. You had all these emotions bottled up and I just wanted to see you release them. I knew that you would never do that in front of me cause you wouldn't want to put or see me in more pain, but I just wanted to let you know that I'm grateful for all you do. And I promise, once I'm called for the job at the publishing company, my first paycheck would go to you and the gallery."

There was a smile on Emily's face, before it dissolved and turned into something that looked like pity.

Roxanne could sense something was wrong. Slowly, she reached out and placed a hand on her friend's thigh.

"What's wrong Em?"

Emily shook her head slowly, as she lowered her gaze to the tray of coffee beneath them. She wondered whether to tell Roxanne now or after she had lunch.

She was more than certain that if she told her friend now, she would lose her appetite again. Tragedy had a way of making Roxanne's belly full. Emily didn't need that to happen right now. Still, she knew that Roxanne wouldn't eat if she didn't tell her.

Could she lie now and say the truth later? No. That would break her heart.

She was going to say the truth. It was a tough pill to swallow, but she knew Roxanne was courageous enough to swallow it.

Emily cleared her throat, lowered herself to pick up the tray, placed it on the bed close to her Roxanne's legs and smiled.

She was going to make it as much of a joke as she could.

"Well, you might have to hold on to that promise a while longer," Emily said. Roxanne's gaze changed from worried to confused.

"I don't understand. You told me last night that they sent me a mail, why would you...?" Roxanne stopped talking as realization dawned on her once again.

"It was another rejection letter wasn't it?"

Roxanne's heart broke once again. Why was she attracting so much bad luck?

Tears welled up in her eyes and guilt immediately flooded Emily's. She rushed to her friend's side and placed a kiss on her brown hair.

"These companies don't deserve you Roxy Harvey. When the right company who knows your worth comes along, they'll know better than to let you go."

"Maybe I'm not just good enough."

"Are you crazy? Lex Corp knew how much of an asset you were! They retained you after your internship cause they knew you were a smart and industrious young woman. Don't let these silly banks and publishing houses fool you." Roxanne was supposed to feel better, but she didn't. If she was so good, how did Alexander let go of her and her relentless services so easily?

They hadn't valued her. Either that, or she just wasn't good enough.

"LexCorp fired me..."

"Hardy was and still is a filthy bastard. It's not lack of skill that got you fired, it's his ego and his cock sucking stupidity."

Roxanne chuckled at her friend's choice of words. She had often wondered if Emily Davidson could go one afternoon without swearing.

After three years of living with her, Roxanne had come to the conclusion that it was impossible.

"Cock sucking stupidity?" Roxanne asked, still chuckling with amusement.

"Bitch, I said what I said."

Together, in each other's arms, they burst out laughing.