

Chapter 2 In Just One Day

After she ran out of the house, Roxanne hastily flagged down a taxi. She threw herself into the passenger's seat immediately it stopped.

"Thirty first Avenue," she said, locking her fingers tightly together to stop her palms from shaking.

Tears welled up in her eyes once more. Again, she fought them back in, she had to. She had to keep fighting the tears back in until she figured out exactly what was going on. Roxanne sat patiently in the passenger's seat on the road to her parents' house. But the ride was driving her crazy. She wanted to steady her thoughts, but couldn't.

There was a deep hole in her chest, a very deep one that Jonah and Rayla had dug with their own two hands.

Their words continued to echo in her head, the smug look on Rayla's face; the nonchalance in Jonah's eyes!

Roxanne gasped, struggling for air. She clutched her suit trousers tight and held on to it as if it was what was going to ease her pain, as if it would fill the hole in her chest or fill her lungs with air to breathe. There had to be some sort of explanation. Maybe her parents were in on it too.

Maybe a prank, to celebrate something! Probably her new job. Yes! That had to be it.

Roxanne coughed and sniffed in her tears, she would not cry anymore. Everything was just a cruel, joke, it had to be.

Her sudden migraine threatened to split her head into two as she thought of Jonah again. He would hold and kiss her after she told him how the prank had shattered her, she was sure of it.

She would tell them all that the prank was unnecessary, she would smile and say, "Oh darling, you shouldn't have done that." He would drive her to work, kiss her for good luck, and everything would be fine again. When the taxi stopped in front of her parent's house, Roxanne took one glance at the whole polished bungalow before storming out of the taxi.

She normally took time to appreciate her mother's lavender flowers sprawled all over the front porch, but there was nothing to appreciate about them today. They sickened her.

Roxanne planted herself at the foot of the door and knocked on it.

"Someone answer me before I tear this door down!" she screamed.

That seemed to do the trick.

Theresa, Roxanne's older sister answered the door bell, Roxanne pushed past her into the living room.

She stopped to look around.

Nobody, there was nobody here. No decorations, no cake, no balloons, no Emily...no nothing.

She was wrong, there was no waiting party. The little part of her heart she had tried to hold together, shattered into a million pieces, her eyelids stung harshly from all the hot tears she was fighting back. Anger quickly replaced the confusion, uncertainty and heart break.

"Where's Mum and Dad?" she asked, pacing frantically about the large room.

"What the fuck crawled up your ass?" Theresa asked, coming from behind.

"Mum! Dad! Somebody get down here and answer me this minute!"

Roxanne screamed at the top of her voice, ignoring Theresa's questions.

She was going to get her answers, it didn't matter if she had to tear the house down.

"Roxy, are you okay?"

Roxanne turned to Theresa, holding a finger out so she knew better than to reach out for her. Her eyes were red with glazing anger. With every second that past, Roxanne was growing weaker and dizzier; the adrenaline that coursed through her veins was poisoned with spite, and there was nothing she could not do at this moment.

Theresa saw all these, and did not come any closer.

A bitter laugh escaped Roxanne's throat.

"Am I okay? I need someone in this house to tell me why my fiancé and my sister were holding hands on my front porch with an invitation card to their wedding! You better start talking, because I'm running late..." she wanted to gag on her tears, "...for work!" she screamed, pacing about hysterically. She wanted to throw the TV on the wall down to the floor and watch it crumble into pieces, like her heart.

Confused, Theresa looked around; she heaved a sigh of relief when their parents came down the stairs.

With the look in her daughter's eyes, Sarah knew what Roxanne had come here for.

The elderly woman gently squeezed her husband's hands as Tony turned to her.

"She knows," Sarah muttered, loud enough for Roxanne to hear.

In that brief second, Roxanne snapped her neck in the direction of her mother's voice. The look in her eyes only confirmed one thing; it was true.

They had betrayed her, every single one of them.

"Like hell I do! When was anybody here going to tell me? On the day of the wedding?"

Disheartened and confused, Sarah opened her mouth to speak. Roxanne was faster.

"And you all knew and thought it was okay? Jonah and I have been together for half of our lives, you sat and allowed Rayla to ruin everything?"

Sarah's eyes locked with Theresa's, silently pleading with her daughter to speak on her behalf.

With a nod, Theresa spoke up, moving closer to her sister with a concerned look.

"Listen Roxy, Rayla didn't mean to ruin anything. You have to understand that there's very little either of them could do. Love finds us in the strangest of ways."

A bitter chuckle escaped Roxanne's lips. As she stood there, watching all of them give her stupid explanations to justify their betrayal, she wanted to spit on each and every one of their faces. Love. What did any of them know about that word?

"Love? You stand there and you talk to me about love?! It is supposed to be OUR wedding mum! Mine and Jonah's, not Rayla and Jonah's!"

Sarah and her husband, Tony, were now at the foot of the stairs. However, they knew better than to go any closer to Roxanne.

"We can fix that my dear! You and Rayla look alike, there wouldn't be much difference, people won't even know when we switch the names..." Tony spoke up, with soft eyes as he looked at his daughter. "Your father is right..." Sarah cut in.

"Sweetie, you know how important we are in the church. What would people say to us when they find out Rayla is pregnant before marriage? Think about your sister, do you want her baby to grow up without a father?" she continued. Beckoning on her daughter's forgiveness and understanding.

Her eyes pleaded with Roxanne to be reasonable.

But, Roxanne was far from that. What she felt now, was a far cry from reason.

"Please, baby...be reasonable," Tony added again.

That was the last straw. Rage quickened her blood and her fury roared to life. They all stood around her, staring pathetically. Not knowing what to say or do. Reason. Did they just ask her to be reasonable?!

Her sister had been sleeping with a man they all knew she was dating, she got pregnant for him, and they all knew! And now, now she's the bad person for feeling bad? She's at fault for getting angry? She should be more considerate and think about her sister?

NOBODY HAD THOUGHT ABOUT HER. Nobody had considered how she felt! She was just supposed to understand and forgive! She was supposed to feel for Rayla's child. To hell with Rayla's child. To hell with Rayla. To hell with every one of them.

If she had seen this story in a reality TV show, she would have laughed to scorn. Perhaps that was the reason the only thing she could do now was laugh... in pain. Everyone's gaze shifted from Roxanne to the door when it opened.

Roxanne's eyes fell on Rayla's frame. The urge to yank her perfectly straight blonde hair from her skull lay in Roxanne's stomach. If Rayla moved one step closer, she just might. "The nerve of you all to stand here and talk to me after what you've done," Roxanne spoke again.

Roxanne could not stop the tears that flowed freely down her cheeks. She felt helpless and cold.

When she woke up this morning, she had not planned to be stabbed at the back by your own family, she had never expected this from any of them.

"I am so sorry, I never intended for this to happen. Jonah and I fell in love and we..."

"Stop," Roxanne cut in.

She cast a bitter glance around the living room and smiled.

"You know what? I never want to see any of you again. Ever."

The emphasis she laid on the last word caused Sarah's eyes to soften. Roxanne saw this but was far from caring.

As she walked slowly to the door, she stopped by Rayla's side and looked up at her.

"I always let you have everything. You wasted no time and spared no effort to show me how much better you were. I never said anything. But this..." She paused, tearing her gaze from her sister.

"This is the height of it."

With that statement, she was out of the door. Unsure of ever returning.