

## Chapter 24 He Just Called Her A Liar

Roxanne walked out of the office, right behind the lady in green.

She could not believe her eyes, or her ears. Everything she had worked for, prepared for, studied for, drank two cups of coffee and put her bowel health to the line for, had just come to an end. And all because of him.

As she headed straight for the elevator, Roxanne gripped her files in her left hand and managed to dab her eyes with the back of her right palm. What was she to do now? What was the next step to take?

She had invested a lot of time and faith in this interview, and it had been going well... it would have gone well if it had not been for him.

Why? Why did he decide to show up in her life after such a long time? She was certain he of all people knew that she was well qualified for the job. She had answered all the questions correctly. Not only correctly, even to the extent that it had impressed the board.

At least, the rest of the board, besides him.

Roxanne was certain she would have been able to answer the question he had asked, if only he had given her enough time.

On the other hand, what amount of time would have been enough for Roxanne to get rid of all those bad memories? Even if she was given three hours, or the whole day, would she have been able to look all of them in the eyes and say why she was really fired?

That she had refused to sleep with her human resource manager. Would they have believed her?

It would have been a big dent to LexCorp's name. And she was very certain that if Lancelot truly called them, Thomas Hardy would have told him something totally different. No. He would have not believed her. None of them would.

It would have been her word against LexCorp's. Of which she was not even a match to. Roxanne was completely helpless against all the forces that threatened to tear her apart. LexCorp.

Her family. Him.

When the elevator opened in front of her, Roxanne flung herself inside and pressed the button that led to the ground floor before anyone could enter with her.

She needed to be alone. She needed sometime to breathe, to think. Roxanne tried her best to fight back her tears. She wanted to be strong, she didn't want to cry.

But, when she thought back to all that had happened in the past one month; her shattered hopes, and her shattered dreams.

Her heart tore into pieces.

Tears gathered in her eyes and ran down her cheeks. She couldn't hold it in anymore, she wouldn't hold it in.

Even as her knees buckled under the weight of her body, her back fell on the wall of the elevator with a loud thud.

With that, Roxanne cried out in pain. She screamed, hit the walls of the elevator with her right foot, dropped her files to the floor in frustration and threatened to pull out her hair. She was tired, weak, broken.

This was the last straw. The thin line she had held on to all these months had finally cut, and now, life was hurling her into an abyss of nothingness, sadness, and pain.

"Why?!"

She could stand there and ask herself the question for as long as she wanted to, but she knew she would not get an answer. The only one who could answer that question was him. It was only him who could tell what it was that caused him to be so cruel to her.

Roxanne tried to think back. There was nothing she knew she had done to deserve the chills Lancelot had brought to her veins.

Suddenly, Roxanne straightened her posture. She wiped her tears with her both palms and lowered herself to pick her files from the floor.

She was done crying. In the past two months, Roxanne had realized that crying never solved any of her problems.

She could either cry all the way back home, munch on cheese burgers, cry on Emily's shoulders, rinse and repeat. Or she could stand straight, go back upstairs and fight for the one thing she really believed in right now; herself. But, what would she do? He had already made it clear that there was nothing she would do or say to change his mind.

Still, Roxanne had made up her own mind as well. She didn't care what it took. Even if it required falling face flat to his feet, she would do so.

This was not a matter a pride, it was a matter of survival.

She would fight for her survival now, and worry about her pride later.

The elevator seemed to jolt as it approached the ground floor, Roxanne steadied herself and arranged the hem of her red suit jacket.

Before the elevator doors opened, she pressed the button that would take her back to the fifth floor.

This time, she wasn't going to let fate dish her whatever it pleased, she was going to fight for her fate by herself. She was going to shape her own destiny, no matter what it took.

As the elevator vibrated, a signal that it was about to begin movement again, Roxanne struggled to take deep breaths in and out.

If she had to face him, she was going to do so as calmly as she could. If he wanted to see her raging and crying, she wasn't going to give him the satisfaction of doing so. She would do her best not to.

Slowly, the numbers on the elevator started to lit up.

Number one sparkled. She was on the first floor.

Number two followed next.

Three, four and then five.

As the elevator came to a halt, Roxanne suddenly felt tears gather in her eyes again.

For a fleeting moment, she was angry with herself. Why wouldn't she just be strong?

When the door of the elevator opened, she lowered her gaze to her body to make sure she was well dressed, when she was satisfied, she took one step forward.

A black masculine leather shoes stopped in front of her.

Without looking up, she could tell it was him.

Only Lancelot was capable of making her heart thunder against her chest so violently. Only Lancelot was capable of making her melt under his stare.

Instantly, Roxanne stepped back and turned her face away from him. She sniffed sharply and dabbed her eyes, making sure that she had not left any signal that she had been crying.

Lancelot could not say he was surprised to see her in the elevator after the doors spread open. After her mock show of an interview, he got bored and decided to leave. After all, he had fulfilled his purpose for coming here; to make her feel the same pain he had felt after she slipped out of his bed without notice.

Not even the courtesy of a goodbye.

Seeing her here again, infuriated him.

Why was she not out of the premises yet? But he did not ask her. Instead, he stepped into the elevator and stood beside her.

He made sure that he did not so much as glance at her.

Lancelot was not sure Ziko would be able to control himself if their eyes met. Truthfully, it was not Ziko he feared, it was himself.

With all that he felt for her, he wasn't sure he would be able to control himself if he looked at her.

The last time they had been alone together...

He shook his head, he wouldn't think about it. He would not think about her.

"I didn't peg you to be the type of man who could not separate his personal life from his professional one," he finally heard her say, her tone choked with tears. Lancelot merely scoffed.

She owed him, and would offer her no explanation whatsoever.

The elevator suddenly felt cramped. The heat between them was growing with every second.

"You know that I am qualified for the job! You know that I deserve it! Why would you do such a thing to me? What did I do to deserve it? If you have a problem with me, why not just tell me? Why punish me in such a manner when you know just how much this matters to me?!"

So much for not letting him see her tears.

Right now, as she stood facing him, a stream of tears ran down her cheeks. Frustration continued to grow in the pit of her stomach.

Despite her anger and tears, he did not even turn to her.

Roxanne felt her heart break. And break. And break again.

"I did nothing to deserve the cruelty you're showing me. I did absolutely nothing Lancelot, and you know it!"

The elevator doors opened in front of them.

As her eyes remained on his strong figure, she saw him turn towards her.

"You would have done worse if I were the one who snuck out of your bed, without so much as a goodbye note."

That was all he said, before he stepped out of the elevator.

Roxanne couldn't believe her ears.

Was that really why he had done all of this? It was all because she left his bed without his knowledge?

What. The. Actual. Fuck?

Roxanne followed him closely behind. She didn't mind the eyes that were watching her- or rather, him- she continued to chase after him.

"Mr. Lancelot, please wait!"

"We have nothing to discuss Miss Harvey," he replied, over his shoulder.

"You don't have to do this because of one night. We can talk about this!"

"We would do no such thing Miss Harvey."

While he liked that she was running after him, he silently wished she would stop.

Now, they were at the exit doors of the company.

Two security men opened the doors as Lancelot walked out. Roxanne took note of how their eyes rested on her, she ignored them and ran out behind him.

"Mr. Lancelot! Please just listen to me! I really need this job, I beg you." She was crying uncontrollably now.

Even as they approached the parking lot, Lancelot did not stop to talk to her, neither did he even turn to her.

"I asked you a simple question Miss Harvey, you failed to answer it."

Roxanne stopped walking. Her tears now caused her vision to become hazy, somewhat blurry.

Her jaw tightened. If he wanted an answer, she would give him one.

"I refused to fuck him!" she yelled out in anger.

She didn't care what he thought of her now, what mattered was that she knew she was telling the truth.

Lancelot's movement came to an abrupt halt. Something in him lit up at her statement.

"He fired me, because I refused to fuck him. My HRM."

Lancelot's jaw tightened. The pain in her voice caused Ziko to growl, and it caused him to frown.

He managed to keep his cold expression as he turned to her.

Hope lit up in Roxanne's eyes as his gaze rested on her.

Maybe, just maybe he would reconsider and give her a second chance, a second chance to prove herself.

Lancelot took two steps closer to her, before he stopped.

"If that were true, I would have known it," was all he said.

As her heart shattered into a million pieces for what seemed to be the one millionth time today, she watched him walk away from her.

She didn't move, she couldn't.

Her tears froze in her eyelids as realization dawned on her.

Liar. He had just called her a liar.