

Chapter 4 Lost for Words

Emily was stunned when she woke up to find a hand pulling her by her right wrist the next morning. "I lied! I won't survive today by myself!"

Emily's eyes widened in surprise as she took in the sight of Roxanne clad in her bathrobe.

"What the hell is going on?" Emily asked, eyeing her friend even as she stretched out her arms.

"It's 9am, Emily, and I am scared! I can't show my face in that wedding without a date. Please call your brothers, any of them. I need help!"

Emily could see her friend's pain in her eyes, the tears she fought to keep back betrayed themselves in her voice. She wished there was something she could do to help, but all she could do, she had already done. Roxanne allowed herself to be pulled into Emily's arms, she relaxed against her best friend's chest as she ran her fingers down her hair. The gesture helped to calm Roxanne's mild panic attack.

Emily held on to Roxanne without saying a word, and that was enough assurance for her that she would be alright.

For a moment, Roxanne felt better. Emily always made her feel better, it was the reason they remained inseparable since high school. In college, distance was not strong enough to keep them apart. While Emily flew to France to attend a School of Arts, Roxanne remained in the heart of Texas. Still, the two didn't go a day without greeting each other in the morning and saying goodbye at night.

With Emily, dressing up seemed easier. If she was going to look Jonah and her sister in the eyes again, she made sure she would do it as a better and prettier woman.

More beautiful than any of them had ever seen her.

As she stared at herself in the dressing mirror, Roxanne knew that her first mission was accomplished.

The sky-blue lace gown hugged her curves, down to her ankles before forming a ball around her feet. The sleeves were long, down to her wrists. The round neck was held back with a fancy button at the back of her neck. Her back was bare, as the dress exposed all of it before forming a V-shaped cut just above her waist.

Her brown hair rested against her left shoulder, flowing down to the side of her belly button. She had glazing matching blue earrings on. Her makeup was done nice and simple.

Roxanne felt like a totally different person. With heels on, the resemblance between her and Rayla became glaring.

It caused her to shudder in anger.

Emily left an hour earlier to attend to guests at the church, in place of Roxanne, who insisted she wanted to come much later.

However, her friend had made sure to leave her car behind. Roxanne did not intend to roam the streets in a bridal train dress while searching for a date, any suitable man at all. She had to find someone to walk into the church with, anyone.

Emily's blue Toyota Hyundai was a stark contrast to her sea blue colored gown, Roxanne drove it anyway.

Even as her eyes remained on the busy streets of Manhattan, her mind continued to race. Who could she call? An ex-colleague? A friend? Shit.

Her heart began to race inside her chest again. She was confused, and very delusional to think that she would be able to go to that wedding herself! Roxanne couldn't, she knew it. She had to find someone, even if it was a waiter at a restaurant.

She groaned in frustration, pounding her fists against the steering wheel. She was going crazy just thinking about it. She had never had many male friends, she never bothered making any because Jonah frowned against it. Tears welled up in her eyes at the thought of him.

Jonah Rivers. They had known each other since elementary school and started dating during their sophomore year in high school. He had always been there, through puberty, adolescence, adulthood, cranky college days, college graduation, post-graduate school, her internship days, all of it. They were in each other's lives during all the major milestones.

She was with him when he broke out of his architecture firm and decided to go solo. She was with him through the nights he worked his head off and the mornings he slept in. She was there to leave a cup of coffee on his table when he worked late nights, she was there to take his socks off and put him to bed when sleep caught him off guard on his work table.

When he finally got his breakthrough and started his own firm, she was there to show her support in the best of ways.

She was always there. Yet, he betrayed her in the worst of ways.

It could have been anyone. Roxanne wished that it was anyone else apart from her sister. He could have decided to get any random girl pregnant. Instead, he chose her twin sister. And Roxanne would never forgive him for...

Horror flashed through her eyes as she caught sight of the traffic light above them. The red color was blaring. She was going to make a major crossover from her end of the junction to the other when she caught sight

of the traffic light. In panic, she pressed her left foot on the brake pad of the car, causing it to come to a swift and abrupt halt.

The sigh that was to escape her lips was a grateful one. She would have lost Emily's car and would have to pay almost a hundred dollars to get it back, if not more had she been caught disobeying traffic rules, and that was money she did not have.

However, her Thanksgiving did not even last thirty seconds.

BANG.

Roxanne's eyes widened in horror as shock coursed through her veins. Her head flew towards the steering wheel; she found herself placing her hands on the car horn to stop her head from colliding with the steering wheel.

What the hell just happened?

The collusive force exerted by the car coming from behind was intense when it hit hers.

It could have fucking killed her! Roxanne's heart pounded violently against her chest at the thought. But a small voice in her told her it wouldn't have been such a bad idea.

Her hands gripped the steering as she fought to steady her breath. Her hands visibly shook against the leather coat of the steering.

She could have been severely injured. Emily would have been hurt, they would have said she tried to kill herself.

She could already see Rayla's fake tears and fake show of sympathy. She would have blamed herself for Roxanne's "suicide."

Her jaw tightened at the word. She knew it was what they would call it.

"Poor girl. Couldn't cope with the betrayal," they would have said.

Anger. The most common form of emotion Roxanne found herself portraying these days. It washed over her once again as she pushed the car door open and stomped out of it.

Whoever was behind her was going to pay for the damages. She was in luck because Emily's car was insured, but Roxanne wasn't going to let the careless driver behind her get away with it, never.

Her eyes looked over the black Range Rover once again, even as she stared past the glass of the windshield to the driver who was visibly shaking. All cars beside them had stopped as well.

Was he really still sitting in there when he had almost killed her?

Furious, she moved closer to the car and slapped her palm across the windshield.

"Mister, I swear to God if you do not get down from this car right now, I'm going to make sure neither of us walks out of here sane! You almost killed me and you're sitting cozy in your chair doing nothing?!" she screamed in anger. Her eyes grazed the scratched bonnet of the car. She smiled in satisfaction, even though the smile was in her head. His car was damaged as well, 50/50.

But it wasn't enough, not for her.

Finally, she had found a way to let out one month's worth of frustration. It was a pity the man behind the wheel was going to take the fall for it.

Slowly, the young man climbed down from the driver's seat and stood in front of Roxanne.

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"Madam, I'm so sorry. I..."

"You're sorry? You've ruined my car and you could have killed me and you're sorry?!" She turned to her car, pointing at it, and turned back to the lean man.

"I was driving right in front of you! And you just ran into me! Where was your head? Up in the clouds?!"

She was angry, so angry, and his apologetic eyes hidden behind heavy lens did not do anything to calm her down.

What was wrong with this world? Why did everything have to be against her all the time!

She was so focused on her screaming and ranting that she didn't see the man's eyes move away from hers and rest on the figure behind her.

"Mr. Lancelot sir... Please get in the car, it's nothing serious, I'm handling it," the man spoke, as something that resembled respect and fear darkened his gaze.

Roxanne paused. It was only when she stopped talking that she could hear the sound of breathing above her. It was then she took note of the shadow looming over her own and the direction of the driver's gaze. Right at her back.

Her eyebrows furrowed in a scowl as she spun on her heels.

Her eyes met the chest of a man clad in a blue tuxedo. Uncertain of what to expect, her eyes traveled up, through a broad chest and perfectly sculpted shoulder blades.

When her eyes reached his face, bored blue eyes stared down at her.

She froze, the look in his eyes was cold enough to freeze her.

"Call another car Peter, I'll take care of her," the man said. Even as his eyes left Roxanne's and fell on the driver.

She didn't see the man behind her return to the car. Her eyes were fixed on him, sinking deeper into his gaze as he stared down at her again.

She was shocked. She couldn't scream at him the way she screamed at the driver. It was almost like his ice blue eyes paralyzed her.

He raised a brow in query, only then did Roxanne notice she had been gawking at him.

"What is the problem, miss?" Now, his attention was on her; his gaze was on her. He was directing his question to her.

'Holy shit,' Roxanne muttered in her head when she realized his eyes on her had tied her tongue as well.