

Chapter 7 The Wedding Party

The wedding party started in full swing three hours after the exchange of vows. And those three hours were the longest Roxanne had ever experienced.

She had clung to Emily every second, afraid that if she let go of her, Rayla would be back again to spite her even though she knew Rayla and Jonah had returned to wherever it was they planned to get ready for the wedding party. Roxanne could not afford to face Rayla again. Earlier on, Lancelot had rescued her. She could not count on him to do so again after the wedding... Or during the wedding party.

That was, of course, before he made it known to her and Emily that he would be attending. Roxanne could still see the shock on her own face. She remembered pulling him away from where she stood with Emily, to a corner. She needed to speak to him privately.

"What do you think you're doing? I needed you to escort me to the wedding, and that's over."

"Is it?" he had said. His perfectly carved brow arched as he looked around the venue. "...cause it seems to me all these people are still going to be present at the party."

Roxanne bit her lower lip harshly. It hurt that he was right.

"I can handle it then."

That was when his eyes fell from her face and took a quick sweep down her body, then up again. She had expected him to protest, to disagree. She would not have been surprised if he just nodded and walked away.

He didn't do any of these. Instead, he looked over her shoulder after adjusting the collar of his tuxedo.

"I'll see you at the party," was all he said. His tone didn't give her the chance to complain, his eyes ordered her to be silent.

It was funny, she thought. It was extremely funny how the strange man could throw orders at you without saying a word. With his eyes only, he told you what to do. In his eyes, you could see the consequences of disobeying him. Or, maybe the intensity of his stare warned you against disobeying him.

You didn't know what would happen and you knew you didn't want to know.

"Now that I think about it, I can't find my car outside," Emily said, interrupting Roxanne's line of thoughts.

Taking up a defensive mode, Roxanne shook violently as she turned to Emily.

"Hmmm?"

Emily looked over her, concern etched in her gaze.

"You okay baby? You still need water?"

Roxanne sighed, wiping the sweat on her forehead with the back of her palm. Emily's eyes widened at her.

"I'm okay, it's just... What?" she asked, noticing Emily's gaze.

"You've ruined your powder silly! Let's get out here... Wait a minute ..."

"Your car," Roxanne cut in. Emily nodded, folding her arms on her chest and eyeing Roxanne dramatically.

"He bashed it. That's how I was able to drag him here," Roxanne swallowed hard after her big confession. She flinched as she saw Emily's eyes darken.

"Who did what?! Scratch that! We have to get out of here."

That was how they called a taxi, drove back home in order to get ready for the party.

Roxanne didn't know what she had expected to see, but the reception hall surely beat her expectations.

The limousine Emily had hired to drop them off stopped in front of the banquet hall. Looking outside the tinted window, Roxanne now understood why Emily had insisted on hiring a limo instead of a normal cab car. "Bitch, when you pull up in front of that hall, you're gonna see why I'm doing all of this to save our asses," Emily had said. And she wasn't wrong.

There was only one way to describe the tall and white castle they stood in front of; Magnificent.

Roxanne sighed once the tip of her crystal heels touched the floor. Now, she was putting on a thigh high silver colored dress. The long sleeves and turtle neck prevented her from putting on any serious jewelry. The body of the dress stuck to her skin, showing off her petite curves. She held her brown hair in a tight ponytail at the back of her head, only allowing few curly strands to fall to the front of her face.

Emily made sure Roxanne looked as hot as she could possibly be tonight. Hot, beautiful and comfortable, Roxanne currently felt all three. She hoped silently, that she could retain the third feeling throughout the wedding party.

"Time to slay and get laid," Emily said, leaning into her best friend's neck as she whispered.

"Emily!"

"What? Girl you've been brooding over Jonah's cock for a long ass time..."

Roxanne flinched. "I haven't..."

Emily cut her short and locked their arms together.

"Time for us to get you a new cock."

"Please stop saying cock aloud," Roxanne said, laughing and rolling her eyes.

"What should I call it?" Emily was smirking now.

"Shut up!" Roxanne almost yelled, laughing.

When they walked into the hall, Roxanne felt her breath seize.

Classical chandeliers hung on the roof, the white polished walls were adorned with white luxurious draperies and lovely portraits of Rayla and Jonah together.

People were seated in exquisite chairs arranged around equally exquisite tables. The tables contained mouthwatering small chops; cakes, pies of all sorts, chocolates, and doughnuts. She took note of the wine and champagne selections. After seeing small Campari bottles on every table, Roxanne knew Jonah had handled the drinks himself.

There was a live band playing in front of the large room. People sat and talked, waiters and waitresses walked around, photographers were scattered at every corner of the room taking pictures of people and as many moments as they could capture, while others danced and merried.

Roxanne caught sight of Isabelle and her wife first before she saw anything else. They were seated at a table on the front row; the head table. Beside them were her mother, father, Theresa. Between them, Rayla and Jonah sat. Jonah's left hand rested on Rayla's shoulder as she leaned into his neck to laugh.

Roxanne's fists clenched at her sides.

"You can take your time before we go Roxy," Emily said. She knew how badly her best friend was hurt by what was happening.

Roxanne scoffed. "And give them the pleasure of seeing me hide my pain? You know me better Em," she replied, looking up at Emily. She threw the dark woman a smile before turning to a passing waiter.

She picked up a glass of champagne from the tray and emptied the contents into her gullet with one gulp.

"I won't let them see me sad," she said, but her tone and eyes, both choked with the pressure of fighting tears back, said something else.

She took deep breaths as Emily gripped her hand firmly.

Slowly and steadily, she walked towards the table.

They approached the head table. The closer Roxanne got, the faster and harder her heart beat against her chest.

"Roxy!" Rayla was the first to see her, again.

Roxanne flinched at the fake enthusiasm in the tone. Her sister rose up to hug her.

"You look amazing! I'm so glad you could make it!" Rayla said, even as her eyes scanned her sister.

Roxanne muttered a faint "thank you." Her smile widened as her eyes met Isabelle's.

"I'm so glad you came hunny," Sarah said, beaming with smiles at her daughter. Roxanne said nothing to acknowledge her.

Emily greeted everyone at the table with smiles and giggles, she had always been a woman full of energy.

Roxanne did the same as well.

She threw Jonah a curt smile when her eyes finally met his.

"Congratulations," she said.

His eyes narrowed on her, before brightening.

"Thank you, I really appreciate."

The air was tense, no one said anything until Rayla spoke up again.

"Hey, Roxanne. I haven't seen your man anywhere around..."

There was a mocking beam in her eyes.

"...he couldn't make it?"

Roxanne's eyes widened.

Why did Rayla have to be hell-bent on humiliating her?

She looked around, as if searching for him while thinking of a lie.

"Uhhh, actually ..."

She was interrupted by the murmur and chatter that erupted around the room. Her eyes moved to the door as she saw photographers rush to the door as well. Some men and women rose up and rushed to the door with phones in their hands.

What the hell was going on?

When she saw him walk into the room - a man dressed in a black suit in front of him tried to ward the photographers and reporters away - Roxanne felt her heartbeat quicken.

He was here, again. Looking as handsome - no! Even more handsome than he had looked in the morning.

His dark blonde hair was gelled and styled to the back of his head. His sexy, intense and yet bored blue eyes scanned the room as he walked in. This time, his tall frame was clad in a white suit with a black long sleeved inner shirt. Roxanne felt herself chuckle; wasn't the reverse supposed to be the case?

When his eyes fell on her, Roxanne turned away from him quickly.

"Ouu, I didn't know your man was coming," Emily said, a knowing smirk on her face.

"He wasn't supposed to be here," Roxanne whispered.

"Good evening everyone. My apologies for arriving so late," his thick baritone called out, a few inches behind them, in his slick and pronounced British accent.

Roxanne felt her heart freeze as he leaned and pulled out a chair by her side. He settled down into the seat as he briefly greeted everyone at the table.

Roxanne watched all of them. Rayla feigned a smile at him before rolling her eyes. Roxanne's eyes drifted to Jonah, but his eyes were on something...no someone else; Lancelot.

She sighed and looked away from him to the man sitting beside her.

"You're..." She swallowed hard, avoiding his eyes.

"...here"

His blue eyes danced all over her body.

"Just as I said," he replied.

"Everyone is supposed to think we're taking our relationship to the next level," he spoke, his voice mocking hers.

His breath fanned her left ear as he spoke. Roxanne cursed her hormones for the small puddle his thick baritone formed in between her legs. How did this man effortlessly throw her to the edge all the time?

She straightened her posture and held her head up. None of them were going to embarrass her! Not Rayla, not Jonah, not her family and not the Greek god of a stranger that stood next to her.

"Now that you're here, I was hoping you could play for our last dance," Rayla said, excited.

Roxanne's eyes narrowed even as she almost choked on the wine which was halfway down her throat.

What the hell?

"Play what?" Roxanne asked, hoping she had misheard what Rayla had said.

"The piano of course!"

Roxanne felt Lancelot's gaze fall on her. Whenever he looked at her, she felt her subconscious suddenly become very conscious. Even his gaze announced itself, wow.

"Come on Roxanne..." Rayla was making disgusting puppy eyes now.

"You were always so good at it. Remember? It was the only thing you did better than me. I would really love for you to bless my audience with your skill and awesomeness. Please," Rayla continued to plead. But, Roxanne didn't miss the faint mockery in her sister's eyes or voice.

She looked around the table, at everyone, her eyes and mind silently praying for someone to rescue her.

"Yes Roxy, it's your sister's wedding. It's bad luck to say no to the bride," her mother spoke up. Everyone around them laughed in agreement. Everyone except her, Lancelot, Emily and Isabelle.

She didn't know why, but she turned to Jonah. Hoping that he'll be sensible enough to refuse. She prayed that he would understand the situation Rayla had put her in. Even if it was just once, out of shame, guilt and remorse, he'd help her. His eyes brightened, Roxanne's heart fell.

"Please Roxanne, it'll be such a beautiful performance. You play the piano so beautifully," Jonah said, as he sat up and leaned into the table.

What? What was even going on?

They all had her now. All of them.

Roxanne sighed, fighting all the raging emotions boiling in the pit of her stomach.

"Fine," she said as she feigned a smile at Rayla.

"I'll play."

Oh! She'll play alright. They wanted to dance didn't they? Well, they'll dance, all of them.