

## Chapter 8 Fuck It

The rest of the party went by in a blur. Roxanne sat there as they talked and laughed over her head. She continued to boil with rage.

How could they do this to her? She knew Rayla would spare no expense to see her down, but she had not expected her family to side with her. She had not expected him, Jonah, to humiliate her in such a manner. While everyone ate and drank, danced, and sang, she managed short smiles here and there and a few glasses of Chapman, with the few slices of cake Lancelot silently forced into her mouth.

She appreciated his show of romance. At least, with the way Jonah's eyes darkened on them, she could tell he was jealous.

She couldn't wait for the night to be over.

"And now, for the grand event of the night! Ladies and gentlemen, sit back, relax, aww and ouuu..."

The audience erupted into laughter, interrupting Jonah's best man. A man Roxanne knew as his roommate during Jonah's college days.

"...at the beautiful bride and her loving groom as they give us their couples dance!"

A hearty applause filled the room, almost deafening Roxanne's ears.

"Oh my God! It's time!" Rayla said, clapping with excitement. Her red gown and red lipstick caused her to appear dangerous, just as dangerous as she really was. Her eyes fell on Roxanne. "Hurry Roxy! Mount the stage first!" she said again.

Roxanne fought the urge to empty her glass of champagne on her sister's perfectly dyed blonde hair. Instead, she sipped from the glass and threw everyone a smile as she rose up.

She didn't look at anyone or anything, she stared straight ahead. At the Grand piano in front of her and then stood beside it. Tonight, she was going to play.

"Poor girl, she should have been the one with him."

"Is it true that her sister got married to her fiancé?"

She wanted to deafen her ears to the chatters, but she couldn't.

With her head held high in false confidence, she mounted the piano. When she turned to the crowd, Rayla and Jonah rose from the head table, hand in hand as they walked to the front of the crowd, just in front of her as well. Roxanne closed her eyes. When she touched the first key, she knew there was no coming back.

With every key she touched, every tone that followed, every melody that was formed, she threw her feelings into it.

Her eyes were closed, she didn't see the keys, she didn't see them. She didn't want to.

When she started, the melody was soft, smooth, and sweet; just as she had been before meeting Jonah. A starry-eyed ten-year-old. She smiled at she thought of all their happy and good memories. The melody was beautiful, so beautiful she thought she would cry.

Unti, her eyelids parted and she saw him. In his suit, dancing with her sister in his arms.

Roxanne frowned. Her heart broke again, just as it had done one month ago when Rayla dropped the news at her doorstep.

Fuck. Them.

In pain, and with tears flowing down her eyes, she shut her eyelids. The melody grew strange, intense, and bitter. She let her anger flow, she didn't give a damn about how it sounded.

Free-spirited, they had always called her. Right now, she didn't care. She would play to her heart's content. With every growing tempo, she threw her head back and forth dramatically, not minding how she looked to the rest of the crowd. Right now, she was as free as the wind. It was why she loved playing the piano even as a child, it was the one way she could express herself and her feelings without saying any words. Finally, when she felt all the tears of bitterness dry up on her cheeks. She stopped, smiled, and took deep breaths.

Now, she would play-play the soft melodies in her heart. Melodies of sadness, but not of bitterness. Melodies of hurt-hurt she knew would come to an end soon. She just prayed, even as she touched each key, that it ended soon enough. Lancelot dropped his gaze from her sister's face to hers immediately he heard she could play the piano, and beautifully too. Still, he had his doubts.

What could these vain Americans possibly know about classical music? He hadn't known what to expect from her, still, never in a million years had he expected her to take him by surprise.

Lancelot Dankworth was never taken by surprise.

In the first ten seconds, he recognized the tone by how beautifully she had played it.

He could tell that melody anytime, any day; Für Elise, the Beethoven classic of love and heartbreak.

He fought back the urge to smile. She was playing such a tune at a wedding party, how convenient.

He watched her carefully, it was all he could do. With every passing second, he felt a powerful force draw him to her. There was something

about the way she played; so much power, so much freedom, so much spirit. As a royal child, he had spent more than half of his life learning the piano, but not for once had he found it as interesting as he currently did.

She played not caring where the waves took her. She didn't control the waves, no. She rode with waves, taking everybody in the crowd along with her. Her sister and her husband had stopped dancing. How could they not?

It was audible to even the deaf, the bitterness and anger in the melody of the song. He smiled inwardly, Roxanne knew just what she was doing.

He caught sight of a woman in tears, seated on the table across theirs. By his side, Emily fought back her tears as well.

Roxanne was slowly leading everyone to an abyss, one she had created herself and for herself. His admiration for her grew. When she threw her head back and forth with so much power, Lancelot felt something stir inside of him. She looked and felt like a dream. A figure of a strong, bitter, and still free-spirited woman she was only imagining.

Henry Purcell's 'Dido's Lament' came next, barely seconds after the Beethoven classic. Now, Lancelot knew he was sinking into her abyss as well.

His heart fell as his fingers clutched the glass in his left hand.

This song was Bran's favorite.

Bran.

His heart skipped. He would not think of his late older brother, certainly not now.

He watched with keen eyes as she stopped. The song had finally come to an end.

She bowed in courtesy and exited the stage with a soft smile on her face like she did not just ruin her sister's wedding dance.

When her eyes fell on his, Lancelot felt himself relax. He didn't know why, and he didn't like it.

Alas! It was over, all of it.

She cat walked back to the head table as the smile she forced at her sister and Jonah disappeared from her face.

She needed two things; lots of drinks, and a taxi to get the hell out of here.

She walked steadily, her head held high, chin and shoulders up. She would never look down again, ever.

She arrived at the head table, picked a bottle of champagne, and excused herself. She was going to find a corner and drink herself to stupor.

She walked towards the exit of the room and found a stool there. With a weak smile, she fell on it, still clutching the champagne bottle in her hands.

Luckily, it had already been open but was more full than empty.

She pressed the lid to her lips and took her first gulp.

Fuck all of them, she thought. She would make lemonades out of the bitter lemons they served her today, she would make sure of it.

Halfway into the bottle and ten curse words later, she caught sight of a familiar male figure heading toward her. Her vision had grown hazy. She fought to steady her gaze and put a face to the figure, but failed.

"You might want to put that bottle down," she heard him speak, when he stopped in front of her.

A scowl fell on her face, she knew that voice better than she had hoped to.

"Oh. It's you, mister stuck up nose..." she stopped, a hiccup seized her throat, "...I didn't see you come."

"Exactly why you're going to drop that bottle," he ordered again. Roxanne rolled her eyes, the gesture almost caused her to fall from the seat.

She heard Lancelot curse before rushing to her and steadying her on the chair. He took the bottle from her hand and placed it on the floor.

Why? Why did he decide to take away the one thing that was bringing her joy? Why did he derive pleasure in seeing her as gloomy as him? With the way he always frowned and held his nose up, Roxanne could swear he didn't laugh as a child. Tears welled up in her eyes now. Why didn't anyone want to see her happy?

"Why did you do that?!" she screamed, but he didn't answer her. Instead, he placed his palm over her mouth to silence her. Annoyed, she punched his chest hard; she saw his eyes darken.

It worked, he moved away from her.

But she wanted to get out of here, she needed to get out of here. Everything around her made her sick, very sick.

"Please..." she muttered, drawing his attention to herself again.

"Get me out of here."

"I'll call Emily to get you..."

"No! I'm not going home!" she yelled. She needed to be far away from anything that reminded her of them; her family, Jonah.

"Please, just take me away."

Roxanne saw his blue eyes darken on her again.

His right hand was around her waist and her hand across his shoulder before she knew what was going on. Her vision was still hazy even as he led her into a black car, but she could sniff in his cold and romantic Arabian scent.

He drove her crazy when she was sober. But drunk Roxanne found it hard to control the effect his hold on her had on her hormones, her mind and her body.

"Where are we going to?" she asked, half laughing and half cautious.

He turned away from his window and looked at her.

"My hotel."

Something about the way he said the word caused her stomach to turn; and in a good way.

She heard someone get in the driver's seat and start the engine.

"The hotel sir?" the man at the front asked.

He tore his gaze away from her to her annoyance and looked ahead.

"Yes."

Fuck. Roxanne groaned. Why did everything he say suddenly sound incredibly sexy?

"How far is your hotel from here?" She hadn't intended to, but now, her voice sounded incredibly husky.

She saw his ice-blue eyes drop to her thighs. Her short gown had risen to her butt level as she sat down. He stared at them.

Roxanne cursed mentally. He was only looking at her, yet it was more than enough to drive her crazy. She sighed when his gaze lifted to her lip, before he turned towards the window again.

The car stopped. She didn't see the hotel building, she didn't see the lobby as they walked in, his hand wrapped around her waist again, and she didn't see the room number as he swiped his key card and stepped in, closing the door behind him.

She staggered, to stop herself from falling.

He turned to her and looked over her once again. He was trying to hide it, but the hunger and desire in his eyes exposed his aching need for her. Sighing, he took off his coat and walked past her.

"You can have the bed, I'll make myself comfortable on the couch when I've freshened up," she heard him say again.

Now in the black shirt, he stood tall and handsome. His hair was still sleek, but there was something awfully and roughly sexy about him. Sleep on the couch, he had said. After causing her to drip between her legs?

Hell to the fucking no. She wanted him, she needed him.

He was going to help her take her mind off everything.

"Get your mind off Jonah's cock," Emily had said.

Her eyes narrowed on Lancelot's built frame. He had now freed his shirt of the three first buttons, exposing his bare chest to her hungry eyes. Mr. Stuck up nose was just going to have to help her get her mind off it all.

"Fuck me."

The words slipped out of her tongue, past her lips before she could do anything about it.

Lancelot's eyes widened. He saw a golden ring form around Ziko's eyes; that was not a good sign.

"What did you say?" he asked.

She took one step towards him, slowly closing the gap between them.

He wished she'd stop, still he wished she wouldn't.

She didn't say anything; she just continued to walk towards him.

Did she really know what she was getting herself into?

Lancelot tried to control himself. He wasn't going to lose himself to her. He would have a shower, and the bulging in his pants would reduce.

Roxanne planted herself in front of Lancelot, she could feel his eyes burn through her skin.



She wanted him now, and despite the indifferent look he tried to put up, the growth in his pants said otherwise; he wanted her too.

"I said..." She placed a hand on his cheek.

Lancelot's eyes fell to her lips and lingered there, so he saw them form the next words that came out of her mouth.

"Fuck me."

Ziko growled within him.

He saw her bite her lower lip faintly right before he lost every ounce of self-control.