

## Chapter 91 Another One

Emily touched down at London's airport at exactly 9:30am. She was not supposed to be here until 11am, but after she heard the news of her friend, Emily knew that every second she spent away from Roxanne, would have to be paid for with her mental health.

She managed, by the slightest chance, to get a ticket to a 5am flight leaving America for London. She didn't care how overpriced the emergency ticket was, she bought it the second she set her eyes on it.

By 4:30am, she was already at the airport, and the plane was ready to depart by exactly 5:15am. The universe had to be working in her favor, she thought. Emily didn't know how else a journey that normally took five to seven hours could be covered in just four.

After arriving at the airport, she went through all necessary protocols, before arriving at the waiting room. After waiting for five minutes, she decided to call the man who had informed her of her best friend's accident - the one who worked for Dankworth company to inform him of her presence.

Emily was both nervous and anxious to see Roxanne. It had been impossible to get back to her incredibly hot make out session after she received the call, and even harder to get some sleep in order to prepare her for the journey ahead. Now, she was standing in the middle of the waiting room, her luggage in her hand, suffering from lack of sleep,

coffee, breakfast and running thin on patience. She had already dialed the Dankworth official's number, whose name she couldn't quite remember, five times. And on every dial, she found out the phone was switched off.

Okay, what the actual fuck? She cursed, within her. Who puts off his or her phone when expecting an international visitor? Didn't he know that flights could leave earlier or later than scheduled? That was the reason why you always had to keep your phone ON.

Emily slipped her free hand into the back pocket of her black denim trousers and pulled her luggage behind her as she approached the entrance of the airport.

It was obvious the man's phone wouldn't be coming on anytime soon, and there was no way in hell she was sitting in that waiting room until 11am or even 12pm. So, she settled on a strong resolve; she was going to find Roxanne by herself. She wasn't a stranger to Europe after all, so, how hard could it be? Besides, anything was better than sitting here and losing her mind with every passing second.

When she got to the entrance, she walked towards the first taxi she set her eyes on. The driver turned to her, beaming with excitement; she was probably his first passenger for the day, she thought.

Emily managed to return the elderly man's smile, before speaking.

"I would like to be taken to the..." She paused for a while. Where would she say she was going? The name flashed in her mind immediately. Dankworth! Yes, if she went to the company Roxanne worked, she was sure to get a lead from there. "Dankworth. I'm going to Dankworth building."

The man arched a brow in confusion.

"Which would it be ma'am? The office building, the palace or the hospital?"

Emily blinked sporadically at the man's question. Woah! There was a palace, an office building and a hospital. Exactly how rich were these people again?

However, she knew that from the report she was given, there were very high chances Roxanne was in the hospital. So, she decided to try there first, if she was wrong, she would call the Dankworth official, yell his brains out, and make sure he refunds every pound she spends on this trip, before finding Roxanne.

"The hospital please."

"Very well ma'am." He pressed a button by his side that opened the back door of the car. Emily put her luggage into the back seat, before opening the door of the front and settling into it.

She dug her hands into the strands of her thick nappy curls she had dyed blonde just a week ago. Emily wondered, with a smile on her face, what Roxanne would have to say about her choice of color.

She sighed as the car engine roared and the driver set out, into the busy road. It was just as busy as Manhattan, but nothing close to it. While Manhattan had a rowdiness to its traffic, London's traffic seemed to be as uptight and organized as the people in it.

Emily listened in silence to the tune of Mozart the driver played from his stereo. How was it that everything in this place reminded her of Roxanne. She couldn't look at one thing without wondering what her friend would think, or must have thought about it. Emily couldn't wait to see Roxanne, "peace of mind" would be nothing but a myth until she did so.

"The road isn't always this busy. There was a big event with the monarchy yesterday, and most guests are returning back to their countries," the driver spoke up, and Emily nodded absentmindedly. She was in no mood for small talk, and hoped the elderly man would understand.

"Turn left into Dankworth hospital." The female sound of the AI in the driver's GPS caused Emily to snap out of her trance and focus her eyes on the road.

She was finally here, she thought, elated.

The driver turned into the hospital, and drove into the car park. He was going to make a left turn to search for a suitable parking space, when another car - a black Tesla, from what Emily could see crashed its trunk into the front of the car.

Emily screamed in fear and pressed both palms against the roof of the car, for fear of the airbag bursting out of the front seat.

The car didn't stop, it continued to move and pushed the taxi backwards for ten centimeters, causing both Emily and her driver to scream in fear, before the two cars came to an abrupt halt. The elderly driver watched, with quivering lips, as smoke emanated from the bonnet of his car.

Emily managed to steady her breathing, before anger took over. How was it, that on the day she came to see Roxanne who had just had an accident, she would have an accident of her own, and because of a careless driver who had bought an expensive car without first learning how to drive?!

Beside the cab driver, Emily was fuming with rage. So, when the driver opened his door and stomped out of the car, Emily followed suit, equally ready to rain fire and brimstone upon whoever it was seated behind the wheel of the expensive Tesla.

She stood in front of the cab, beside the driver as he hit the trunk of the car repeatedly, asking for whoever was inside to come out.

The left side of the backseat opened, and a tall and lean man stepped out. Finally, someone she could pour her frustration on had arrived. Without thinking, or even looking at his face - not that Emily cared who he was or could be anyway. The fact that he owned a Tesla didn't make him Elon

Musk. She was more than ready to dish him his portion of her morning temper.

"Mister, the next time you want to buy an expensive car, I would advise you..."

"Your Grace! Good morning Your Grace."

Emily was interrupted by the voice of the elderly cab driver. He spoke with a shaky tone as he bowed towards the man who might have just bashed his car!

Her jaw dropped with surprise as she took a closer look at the man standing in front of her. He was tall and lean, clad in an all-black suit, his hair a dark shade of blonde and his blue eyes seemed very uninterested.

"What was the commotion for?" Emily heard him ask.

His tone did not carry any hint of remorse, or acknowledgement for what he had caused the elderly man. Instead, he stood there and asked his question as if they were the ones who were wrong. This man was clearly very proud, and Emily detested proud people.

"What's the commotion for?" she asked, scoffing with disbelief.

"I'm sorry, but are you blind or do you just have an apology disability?"

James Dankworth's face contorted with rage. Who exactly did this crazy black woman think she was to speak to him in such a manner?

Beside Emily, the cab driver whimpered in fear. He moved closer to Emily and held her right hand, there was a plea in his eyes as he spoke.

"Please madam, forget it. My insurance would cover up for all the damages. You should apologize, his family is very..." Emily's scowl deepened. Why was this man taking bullshit from the stuck up white boy in front of her?

"I do not give a damn about who his family is," she snapped, before focusing her stare on James.

"You should," he replied, with an ice cold tone that sent Emily towards the edge of her temper's cliff.

James did not know who she was, but it was clear she didn't know who he was either. If not, she would have never dared to try him.

"Boy, fuck you and your entire family along with it!" Both James and the driver flinched at her outburst.

"If your mother did not teach you to respect elders no matter their status, then she did an awful job. You know why? All humans are equal, no matter the fucking class." As she spoke, she moved closer and closer towards him, and James was forced to look down on the raging woman.

All humans? What was she even talking about? They were not humans.

"Another one? You have got to be kidding me."

James held his reply and looked above the woman's shoulder to the direction of the familiar voice behind them. Emily followed the direction of the rude man's stare and her eyes rested on the most beautiful woman she had ever seen.