

Chapter 18 Please Let This Be The One

She crammed another handful of popcorn into her mouth as she tilted her left ear to her shoulder to hold her phone in place.

"You're sure it's okay if I stay out tonight?" Emily asked, from the other end of the phone.

Roxanne, whose eyes were fixed on the television in front of her, nodded her head in affirmation. As if Emily could see her from the voice call.

"Roxy! I'm serious. If it's not okay and you need me, I can come back right now and..." Roxanne tried to laugh in a way that won't require her to choke on her popcorn.

"Are you watching Real Housewives of Atlanta again?" Emily queried.

"No, no," Roxanne said after swallowing her popcorn.

"I'm seeing wags. The show would be over soon and I'll just go to bed..."

"Once it's done," Emily cut in.

Roxanne laughed. "Once it's done."

"Promise me you'll call me if you need me," Emily said again. Roxanne placed her bowl of popcorn on the center table in front of her and smiled. She removed her phone from her shoulder and pressed it to her right ear with her right hand. "No, I won't. Come on, we talked about this just this afternoon Emily. I need you to live your life, go out and have fun..."

"I will Roxy, but..."

"You're not on pills, so make sure he uses a condom." With that, Roxanne ended the call while laughing and placed her phone on DND (Do Not Disturb) because she knew Emily would definitely want to call her back. With that, she placed her phone on the table, to enjoy the rest of her now favorite reality TV series.

Another ten minutes into the show, the sound of the doorbell caused Roxanne to pause her show and look up from the TV screen.

She clicked the home button of her phone to look at the time. Just ten minutes had passed.

Had Emily seriously returned home after trying to call her? Besides Emily, there was nobody else who would be at her door by such a time.

It was already 8:30 pm and she had not ordered pizza, so, it definitely had to be Emily.

Roxanne had already prepared to laugh at her friend to scorn. How is it that Emily did not want to be a mother, yet, was one of the most "motherly people" Roxanne knew?

Laughing, Roxanne rose from her couch and took slow strides to the front.

"Emily, you know you're definitely cra..." She stopped talking when she opened the door.

Her heart fell. Something like anger and pain began to boil in the pit of her stomach again.

She had already walked out of their lives, so what the fuck was this man doing at her door by 8:36pm, and drunk out of his mind too.

Roxanne looked over him in reflex. There was no one behind him, nothing as well.

Roxanne found herself sighing in relief that he hadn't drove here. In his condition, God knows what would have happened to him.

He raised his eyes to meet hers. He reeked of alcohol and sweat.

Still looking down at him in disgust, Roxanne couldn't tell whether to send him to hell and slam the door in his face, or to bring him in first, send him to hell, send him out then slam the door in his face. "Roxy!" Jonah called out, staggering as he struggled to keep his stance. Right now, he was the definition of fucked up.

Roxanne's eyes lifted up, in order to look away from him.

She pulled him inside the house and shut the door behind her. She watched him fall on her couch with his legs spread open. His tie was loose and the first two buttons of his sleeved red shirt were off.

Roxanne had often wondered what it would be like to be alone with Jonah after all that had happened. She had often imagined what it would be like to look at him again. But now that he was here, she only felt three things. Three things which were not normally supposed to coexist; anger, pity and indifference.

"Roxy, I'm so tired."

Roxanne stood across him, her arms folded under her breasts as she watched him mutter almost inaudibly.

"I'm so sorry Roxy, I miss you so much."

Roxanne scoffed bitterly. She moved to the table to pick up her phone.

"That's it, I'm calling the cops to take you away."

"No! Please don't."

Roxanne stopped on her tracks and turned to him. She cast him a disgusted glance again before taking her stance.

"And why should I not?"

"I'm here to apologize Roxy, I hurt you..."

"No, no. Nope." She waved her hands in the air dramatically.

"I don't want that Jonah, save it."

"But you have to know Roxanne. Rayla, she ..." He paused, a faint hiccup erupted from his throat.

"She trapped me into all of this. She seduced me and got pregnant with my child. I had to take responsibility for it Roxy, I had to do the right thing."

Her eyes widened in disbelief, chuckling bitterly.

The right thing? Did he just say "the right thing"? The right thing would have been to not put himself in a position to cheat on her with her twin sister! The right thing would have been him gathering the balls to tell her to her face. And not cower behind her sister and stupid emails!

"I thought that after marrying her, I would fall for her and get over you. But, I was lying to myself. Rayla is nothing like you. She's..." He paused to sniff back his tears.

"She's incorrigible, pathetic, selfish, proud, she's a bloody psychopath! I can't take it anymore Roxanne, you have to help me please. Just let me stay with you. I can't go back home to Rayla. Ever since we lost the baby, there's been nothing for me to live for. I want you back Roxanne. I..."

He fell on his knees and began to crawl to where she stood. Dumbstruck with more anger than shock, her gaze lowered to him as he knelt in front of her.

"Nothing makes sense anymore Roxy. I could file for a divorce, me and you can be happy again."

That was the last straw for Roxanne. Why wouldn't they just leave her alone? Had her family not put her through enough already? They wouldn't let her be with them, still, they found one way or the other to torture her. Jonah had the guts to come to her house drunk and pitiful. Maybe the booze had given him the guts. Still, Roxanne felt insulted, terribly insulted.

"It's time for you to go home Jonah."

On hearing her, he fell to the floor and continued to wail.

Roxanne frowned and lowered herself to him. She thought of calling Rayla to come and pick him up, but decided against it.

She knew she could not bare to look at her sister's face now.

So, she lifted him from the floor and flung his hand over her shoulders. She pulled him to herself so that she could control his stance. She walked him out of her house and waited for a taxi to pull up in front of her.

After giving the taxi man the description of his house, she paid the man and helped him with a twenty dollar tip. She didn't have much money to spare, but she knew the man was going to need it.

"That is for the extra stress. I really hope you're well familiar with the address. He is not in a position to answer any questions."

The driver took an uncertain look at Jonah before forcing a reassuring smile. After all, she had paid extra for whatever baggage the drunk man came with.

"You have nothing to worry about miss."

With that, Roxanne stood straight and watched the taxi driver off.

It was only when she had her back against her door, did she realize that she had been sweating profusely ever since. Still with her back against her door, she locked it and did a ten seconds breathing exercise to calm her nerves down. Seeing Jonah had exhausted her, terribly.

As she walked to the living room, she noticed that she no longer had the zeal to watch her show, or the appetite to finish the popcorn.

Annoyed and tired, she walked to the study table beside the kitchen door. She pulled out the wooden chair and settled into it. Her laptop was on the table, staring back at her.

She was going to rummage through it for some good news, no matter how small. Something just had to make her smile.

Roxanne thought of calling Emily. But she knew her best friend's night would be ruined if she let her know that Jonah was here.

No, she couldn't do that.

As her eyes danced around her home screen, she saw a notification pop up.

Roxanne's heart skipped a beat, a joyous beat.

When she clicked it, it was a job ad from a site she had signed up for. It was the one who had provided her with all job offers. Now, there was a new one and she was ready to try again.

"Dankworth Technology Corporations, New York, USA now has an opening for the job of a sales marketer. If you meet the requirements below, please send your CV to the email attached to this mail and await a response. Thank you," Roxanne read aloud.

Instantly, her eyes skimmed through the requirements. When she realized that she met all of it, she clicked the email link and smiled.

She smiled! She smiled!

Alas, something had made her smile.

She only hopes in her heart.

"Please, let this be the one."