

Chapter 13: Hangover

Damon's POV

I woke up, and it felt like a knife was piercing through my skull. I had the worst throbbing pain ever and had a sour taste in my mouth. I felt like hell. I tried getting up but because I was drowsy, I ended up hitting my knee cap on the edge of the table.

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Shit

I cursed aloud as I grabbed my knee to ease the pain. I hate hangover. I just wished someone would invent some kind of alcohol enjoyable to drown the sorrows in, but doesn't have the a e r e c t s of hangover.

As I felt strong enough to attempt to walk again and limped my way to the kitchen. As I reached the kitchen a heart stopping view was before my eyes.

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Layla...was cooking breakfast while dancing to probably her favorite song because her earsets were plugged in her ears

She was all over the kitchen, jumping around like an idiot as she prepared what seemed like pancakes

I would never let her know that I loved pancakes, because she may sprinkle spices all over them and this time she would probably send me straight to the opposite of hell

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But I still don't think she did it, it's hard to believe that she out of all people could come up with the idea of sprinkling spices on my food because I'm allergic to them

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She doesn't strike me as that kind of person. She's too innocent...but you know what they say...

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Looks can be deceiving

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As she whisked the eggs and milk together, she was swaying her hips side to side, and it seemed as if it rhymed with whatever she's listening to. Her back was facing me and I couldn't help but to look at her. She was wearing one of those shirt dresses and with denim shorts, which curved her body perfectly.

Her brown silky hair was tied in a messy bun and a few curly strands of her hair were hanging from both sides of her face. Well the way she was moving her body, jumping around like a little child was kind of like, I don't know, like...cute.

I walked over to the counter and grabbed a seat, looking at her as she didn't even notice my presence behind her, which I was totally used to by now

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I sat there looking at her as she did her thing, she made making pancakes look easy, but I was more intrigued by her dancing. I could imagine her giving me a lap dance.

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I stood up on the chair to peek behind the counter to look at her legs, it has become more of a hobby to look at women's legs

Pervetic I know...but I just can't help it.

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And she had amazing, long, beautiful legs. She turned unexpectedly and caught me in the act as I was eyeing her up and down. I quickly returned to my sitting position and cleared my throat. I couldn't let her see that I was checking her out.

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"I was just making sure you are not spilling anything on the floor due to your incompetent odd behavior", I returned to my cold expression

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She actually didn't say anything because she must have been a little embarrassed that I saw her dancing. I'm surprised that she didn't comment on my remark. I should catch her in the act more often, that's the only time she wouldn't make a come back.

"Morning to you tooDamon", she said in a duh tone and I frowned, she actually said morning?

"Are you hungry?", she asked breaking the silence as she dished up

Are you kidding me? ... I'm starving.

But because of what happened the last time I wasn't really eager to eat her food. She probably saw me unsure whether I wanted to say yes or no.

"Relax, I didn't add anything, this time", she almost chuckled and held the plate of admirable goldness before me and I looked at it before taking it and placed it in front of me

She placed the chocolate syrup before me as she sat opposite to me with her earsets still plugged in and started eating

She ate while humming as she was scrolling on her phone and I couldn't stop looking at her

What are you doing you idiot?

I removed my gaze o her and started eating. I must admit...the pancakes were delicious, even better than Mary's to be honest, no offense.

As I was eating she got up to do something, but I didn't want to pay much attention to her as I was still busy savoring every bite of the pancakes

As my last bite I felt a lot better, but I still had the drowsy feeling, this hangover was not going to end today

A glass filled with red liquid was pushed towards me by Layla and I looked at her, and she was still was scrolling on her phone

"What's this?", I looked at the contents of the glass which made the pancakes I just ate threaten to come up again

"Tomato juice, it will help with the hangover", she went back to eating her pancakes

Was my hangover that obvious?

"It is said here that tomato juice, taking vitamin C and getting a lot of sleep can help with your hangover ", she said as she put her phone down

She was surfing the net to find ways to cure my hangover?

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-So she does care

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"So I have to drink this thing?", I asked not really excited about gulping this down. I'll rather have wine, or another beer.

"No, just look at it, it will sure work", she rolled her eyes. "Of course you have to drink it. How will it work if you don't?", she deadpanned.

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I looked at the juice and hesitated. She sighed as she got o from where she was sitting to hold the glass against my lips, I shook my head.

"Come on, it's not that bad", she reassured me, but I shook my head again She drew a breath as she took a sip of the juice, and she kept a straight face while sipping it

"See?", she cooed. "It's not that bad", she gave me the glass.

"Easy for you to say, you're not the one who has to drink all of this", the glass was still half full and I thought maybe her drinking it she would maybe put it halfway

I sighed before I gulped it down without taking a break, and it wasn't that bad, like she said. She clapped her hands together when I put the glass down.

"Yuck", I muttered as I wiped the liquid that stained my lips

"I'll go get you the vitamin C tablets, I last saw them in my drawers", she attempted to head upstairs, but I grabbed her by the arm, stopping her

"Why are you doing this? Helping me?", I asked and her eyes so ened.

She shrugged. "I just feel sorry for your ugly ass, you know?"

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Ouch

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"Thank you", I smiled, and she blinked, probably not expecting that before I let go of her, and she walked past me

I just said Thank youand that's a first. I guess that's what they meant when they said Thank you's should be laced with genuine meaning and that's what I think I did.

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