

Chapter 16: Nemesis

Layla's POV

We arrived at the gala event, and it was really beautiful but so ocating at the same time. I really did not like to be around a crowd of people. Quinton immediately disappeared in that very crowd the second we walked through the doors, promising he'll be back as soon as he could a er he rubs shoulders with people that could be potentially interested in investing in his studio.

Damon kept his arm around my waist all the time as if he was possessive over me or something, and it was somehow uncomfortable because I felt like a caged bird in a huge crowd of people

"Damon Kingsley", a middle-aged man called a er Damon, and he turned with a smile on his face with extending his arm for a handshake

"Rob", his lips spread into a smile. "It's nice you see you"

"You bastard", Rob pretended to be mad. "What's this I hear you got married, and I didn't even get an invitation?"

"It was a last minute thing", Damon turned to look at me. "We couldn't wait to get married. A spur of the moment thing", he smirked with a hint of sarcasm in his voice.

"And this perhaps is the famous Mrs Damon Kingsley?", he asked and Damon nodded

"Meet Layla, my wife", he introduced me, the word wifesounding foreign to his lips. Rob took my small hand in his large one and placed a kiss on the back of my hand.

"A pleasure to meet you, Layla", he said, and I nodded in response

"Likewise", I smiled politely at him, and he turned to look at Damon

"And quite the beauty", Rob chuckled and Damon forced a smile. "No wonder you couldn't wait to make her yours".

"Please excuse us", Damon gave a little smile before dragging me with him, away from the preying eyes of what I assumed where his other business associates and the flashing lights of the press cameras

"When are we going home?", I asked as he navigated us through the crowd

"I don't know, but I hope it's soon", he said as we were stopped in our tracks by some of his business associates, and they went on and on about business again. My feet were killing me, so I told him he'll find me at the table we were reserved at, and he gave a short nod.

When I found the table with our names on it, I quickly grabbed a seat, feeling the sudden urge to take my heels o but chose not to

A light brown eyed man was sitting across the table, just staring at me. I dropped my eyes from his stare, ignoring ever meeting his gaze by sipping some wine and I could see him with my peripheral vision that he was standing up from his seat.

Phew...enough with the staring

"I don't believe we've met before", a calm voice unexpectedly breathed out beside me and I jumped in shock that I almost spilled some wine on my dress. The man was now sitting beside me on the chair that was reserved for Damon.

There was something about him that just gave me the chills and not the good kind.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to startle you, forgive me", he said calmly while looking deep into my eyes while handing me his handkerchief to wipe o the little wine I spilled on myself.

"No, it's okay really", I focused on wiping myself clean with the handkerchief he gave me, hoping that he'll soon go away

Creepy

Damon's POV

When I finished talking with some of my business associates, I remembered Layla mentioned that she is going to the table that were reserved at and as I made my way to the table my eyes landed on the last person they would desire to.

Daniel

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My view got clearer and clearer as I politely pushed past the people that were blocking my way to see that he was talking to Layla

Why the fuck was he talking to her?

My pace hastened towards the table, walking right behind him and both him and Layla looked at me.

"Are you still doing alright?", I leaned to kiss Layla on the cheek, that was my way of showing him that she was mine

"Yeah, I'm still okay", I could see it in her eyes that she was taken aback but forced a smile instead.

"Ahh Damon", his lips curved into a grin. "How lovely to see you again. I was just introducing myself to your beautiful wife", the way he was talking, it was almost like there was no bad blood between us. He got up from my seat smirking.

I really didn't say anything but just tightened my jaw while shooting him a glare

"We'll talk again sometime soon right, Layla?", he turned to her, and she nodded while smiling before he straightened his posture to face me directly

"Damon, it's always a pleasure", he said curtly while giving me a look as he turned to leave, but I grabbed him by the arm, pulling me closer to me without causing an obvious scene

"Daniel, if I ever see you near my wife again-" I whispered near his ear and he pulled back to look at me dead in the eye before I could even finish

"What are you going to do about it, Damon?", he challenged confidently, while peeling my hand o his arm and I glared at him, only to see his lips turning up into a petty smirk. "Enjoy the rest of your evening"

He turned to walk away, and I watched as he took his seat not far from us

"What was all that about?", Layla asked me as I sat down next to her

"Let's just say his not the kind of man I want you to be associated with and I'd prefer if you stayed as far away as possible from him", I warned and her eyebrows knitted in confusion, like she didn't get what I'm talking about.

"Why?"

"He's dangerous"

"How is he dangerou-"

"God Damn it Layla, he is a dangerous man that's all you have to know. Stop asking me stupid questions", I hissed lowly at her, and she frowned a little before I noticed her eyes watering. Before I could even apologize, she quickly stood on her feet to walk out on me.

Fuck

I got up and followed her as she was trying her best to push past the mingling crowd to run outside.

"Layla, please wait", I called out to her when I was close enough for her to hear me, but she continued walking

She stopped when she reached the car and waited for me to walk up to her. I felt bad for lashing out on her when I realized she was sni ing as an indication that she was crying.

"Layla. I'm sorry-"

"I want to go home", she interrupted while looking away from my eyes

"But we just got here"

"I don't care, if you can't drive me home I'll catch a cab then", she pushed past me, but I grabbed her by her arms, stopping her

"Fine, I'll take you home. Get in", I said, and she got in the passenger seat while wiping her tears o with her wrists.

Daniel is already ruining my life

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