

Chapter 19: In-Laws

Quinton's POV

We made it to my parents house safely. I didn't actually think that Layla would agree coming along with me, but the truth was she did deserve some time away from Damon, even if it was for a little while. ↵

"Quinton Sir, you're back", our family chauffeur, Harry seemed pleased as he helped me with the bags into the house. Layla and I opted for a cab at the airport because I wanted our arrival to be a surprise.

"Yep, and it's good to be back"

"Ma'am will be glad, she missed you terribly", he continued, and I scooped playfully

That's my mother for you...

"Alas lad, who is this young lady you're travelling with?", he asked referring to Layla while she was busy looking at our surroundings, she was probably in awe that our mansion was really huge

"Where are my manners?", I chuckled, bringing Layla closer to me. "Harry, this is Layla, Damon's wife", I introduced them together and Layla was the first to extend her arm for a handshake and Harry gracefully took her hand in his

"Layla, this is Harry, our chauffeur, but he's more like family", they shook hands, smiling politely at each other

"Pleasure to meet you", they said simultaneously, and I thanked him for helping me with the bags once we were in the house

"I'll take it from here Harry, thank you", I said to him, and he gave a short nod, closing the door on his way out

"Oh my God, it's so beautiful", Layla gasped at the interior of the house, clearly impressed at the design and the architecture

"You have seen nothing yet", I laughed as I pulled out suitcases behind me

"You're telling me it gets better?", she skipped happily beside me and I nodded my head

"Way better, just you wait and see"

"I can't wait", she jumped a little, clasping her hands together in excitement

"Mom, I'm home", I shouted at the top of my voice as that was the only way she could hear me and within seconds my mother came running all the way from the kitchen to meet me and cupped my face before squeezing me in a bone crushing hug ↵

"You said you'll only be visiting Damon for three weeks", her lips turned into a little scowl as she broke away from me. "You didn't tell me you would be gone for nearly 2 months"

"I'm sorry", I laughed a little at her short tantrum, which was quickly forgotten when I smiled at her, it worked every time

"Someone is here for a visit", I wiggled my eyebrows at her, stepping aside to reveal Layla behind and my mother smiled ear to ear, literally pushed me out of her way to embrace Layla in a tight hug and kissed both her cheeks, beaming with happiness

"Oh Layla my dear, I'm so glad you're here, it's about time you came home", she finally released her from her hold. "Is Damon here with you too?"

Layla and I looked at each other before she opened her mouth to speak

"Well he's, umm-"

"He's a little tied up with work, so he couldn't make it with us", I added and by hearing that, my mother's face was filled with complete sadness. Damon hardly made time to spend with us as a family and that hurt my mother more than he could imagine, she just doesn't want to show it.

"Well that's my Damon for you, always busy", she said weakly as she forced a smile before entwining her arm with Layla's. "Come on my dear, I'll show to your room"

Layla's POV

Rose opened the door to reveal a stunning room I get to call mine for a couple of days. Now I believe these people are loaded. Their bedrooms were to die for and luxurious.

"Do you like it?", she asked behind me, with me frozen in the center of the room with what I was seeing before my eyes. This was another definition of classy.

"Yes, it's breathtaking and beautiful. Thank you, Mrs Kings-", before I could finish my sentence she shushed me by placing her index finger on my lips.

"It's Mom. I'll be damned if my only daughter called me Mrs", she chuckled, and I smiled at her before dropping my eyes to the floor so that she didn't see the tears that were threatening to escape from my eyes.

"You are a part of us now Layla, and we are a family. You're not just a daughter-in-law to me, you are like my very own daughter".

"Thank you", I sobbed, and she engulfed me in a warm hug, running her hands up and down my back to comfort me, that was just going to make me cry even more

"Don't cry", she smiled, wiping my tears off the second we broke away from the hug

"I know, and I'm sorry, it's just that I'm not really used to this-", I trailed off, and she gave a nod of understanding and hugged me again

When my mother died, I felt like there was no longer a reason to live anymore. She somehow took away a part of me that I didn't even realize was missing. A mother's love was the only thing I was foreign to all this time because even though I experienced it in the early years of my life, I really couldn't explain it.

"Thanks Mom", I said, and she smiled before kissing both my cheeks

"Dinner will be ready in a few minutes", she stroked my head lovingly. "You'll come down after unpacking?"

I nodded

There was a set of dressers in the room, so I started unpacking my things then headed downstairs for dinner when I was done

As I was at the bottom of the staircase I nearly bumped into Mr Kingsley

"Ahh, if it isn't the newest addition to the family", he smiled, opening his arms wide to embrace me in a warm hug

"Lovely to see you again Mr Kingsley", I said, and he frowned a little

"Not fair", he protested while pointing at Rose in the kitchen. "You get to call her Mom, but I'm Mr Kingsley?"

"I'm sorry Dad", I emphasized Dad and he smiled

"That's more like it, shall we?", he said gesturing his elbow and I entwined our arms, and we walked to the dinner table

Was Damon the only mean person to the Kingsley clan? ↵

"Listen," he lowered his voice a little, almost like a whisper. "I haven't really apologized to you about this whole arranged wedding thing. I pretty much had no say in all of this myself. Once my father sets his mind to do something, he never changes it. One thing we had in common is that we both wanted Damon to have some sort of responsibility for his life and settle down a bit, getting married was the only way he can do that", he heaved a sigh. "I'm sorry you had to be dragged into all of this"

"There is no need to apologize", I said as I helped him set the table. "I understand"

"That's good", he smiled a little as we continued setting the plates and cutlery and Mom appeared from the kitchen, looking pleased that we were almost done

"Where is Quinton? He knows it's dinner time", she complained when she put the dinner on the table.

"I'll go get him", I volunteered while standing on my feet. It wasn't hard figuring which room was his because he was listening to some ear damaging music. The way it was so loud, I heard it all the way from the hallway.

I walked in, realizing that he wouldn't even hear me knocking and found him sitting on his bed but his back was facing me. Next to him, there were a lot and I mean a lot of crumpled papers. ↵

I walked over to the speakers and turned the music off, and he quickly looked up, smiling at the sight of me

"Hey sweets. It's you".

"You can't bring me all this way only for you to abandon me", I folded my arms in a protest and he laughed

"I would never do such", he pushed the notepad he was writing on aside. "So was sup?"

"Mom is serving the diner downstairs, so I came to fetch you"

"Already?", he looked down on his wrist watch and cursed under his breath. "I really don't need a lecture from my mother about the dinner table rules"

"What's this?", I took one of the crumpled papers and ironed it out with my hands so that I could read the writing on it

~*~*~

Amy... I don't know how to say this. I've fallen in love with you the first moment I laid my handsome little eyes on you.

Scratch...scratch

You are the apple of my eye... ↵

Scratch...scratch...scratch

I'm madly...insanely...in love with you...

~

~*~*~

The letter read

"A letter?", I questioned he stood up while pocketing his hands, scratching his neck to hide the blush that was creeping on his cheeks

"A love letter", he corrected and I laughed

"Well you suck at pouring your heart out", I crumpled the paper again

"I know, that's why I need your help", he pulled a puppy dog eyes face

"Okay I'll help you with a few suggestions but only after dinner, now come", I took him by the hand to drag him downstairs

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