

The Unwanted Matrimonial –

Chapter 2: Proposal

Damon's POV

“You wanted to see me?”, I walked into my grandfather's study and closed the door behind me. He was sitting behind his desk, waiting patiently for me even though I was an hour late. I knew he was probably going to let it slide for now but if the meeting doesn't go as he planned, he'll bring it up.

“Yes. Sit down”, he ordered while coughing badly. He was really sick recently, and I had to come check up on him once in a while because he was the only person I was really close to in our family. I was even closer to him than I was to my own father.

“Are you okay? Have you taken your meds today?”, I asked walking towards the cabinet where his medication was kept.

“Just sit down Damon”, he deadpanned. “Kim had already given me my medication for today”

“Talking about Kim, is she around?”, a smirk played on my lips as I thought of seeing her. She was his personal nurse. And damn, that girl was the full package. Beautiful and smart, curves in all the right places. I could tell she was good in bed too. I even had my fantasies about her, beneath me, screaming my name.

“I told her to take the rest of the day off”, he said in a warning tone that I should focus

“Why?”, I asked almost pouting my lip. I was disappointed at this, really disappointed.

“Because I knew she would have been a distraction. You even stutter when she's around you. You'll be acting like a stupid teenage boy”, he spat with his voice raising a little.

As much as I hate to admit it, he was right. I had a tiny crush on her, but I couldn't help it, she was just so freaking hot.

“I have something to tell you”, he said sipping from the glass of water

“Okay?”, I said as I leaned back on the chair and swirled a little with it

“You're getting married”, he stated, his voice monotone

“I'm sorry?”, I laughed. “What?”. I paused for a second, giving him an opportunity to change what he just said to me. He just sat there, no sign of a smile or a laugh, clearly

unimpressed with the almost tantrum I was throwing. He took another sip of his water. My jaw dropped to the floor. He was serious.

“That's not going to happen. Over my dead body”, I stated firmly after my realization that he wasn't joking.

“I don't remember asking you”, he continued sipping his water

“You can't force me into a loveless marriage. I'll get married when I want, to whomever I want to. You are in no position to make such decisions for me”, I barked, and he remained quiet for a minute, studying me.

“You know Damon, you are living well off my riches, my hard-earned money. The least you could do is follow my wishes. Besides, the girl is hardly a stranger”, he said monotonously

“You can't tell me anything about respecting your wishes when you were merely just a mentor. I worked hard to get where I am now, I earned this position, so you can't threaten to take all that away from me if I refuse marrying someone I don't know”, I stated firmly, and he chuckled.

“You know, this marriage is a great investment between two powerful companies, we need this merger. So it's either you tag along or you take your own path, just know the family won't be on your side when that happens. You'll be all alone, broke, and you won't be worthy of the Kingsley name anymore. Don't make me turn my back on you Damon, because you know I'm more than capable of doing so and we wouldn't want that now, would we?”

That's Dylan Kingsley for you. Despite being deadly sick, he was still a cold, and blackmailing as he was as I was as a kid. He was controlling and manipulative. I'm tired of this bullshit.

“No, we wouldn't”

“Glad we understand each other”

“Who's this girl?”, I sighed as I took out my phone to Google her name, I swear if there are No results in the search of her name. I'm seriously not going to marry her. I can't marry a nobody, a complete stranger. I have a reputation to uphold.

“Layla Jones”, he grinned, and I typed in her name on the search bar. Her name sounded oddly familiar though....

No results, please let No results pop up my screen. A tab opened up.

Layla Jones, 22 years old

Daughter of Cedric Jones and Granddaughter of the iconic, Hendric

Jones

Shit...

There was even a profile about her and a few pictures. She was kind of pretty though definitely not my type, but she'll do.

"You like what you see on Toogle?", he asked amused, and I threw him a glare

"Its G****e", I corrected. "And no, she's not the kind I pictured I would marry when I would plan to marry"

"I've known the Jones from way back and believe me when I tell you that Layla is just what this family needs. She's a lovely young lady, family-orientated, beautiful, and she just graduated from collage; successfully obtaining has her degree in english literature top of her class, meaning she's smart".

"She's too ordinary, nothing intriguing about her", I protested, and he laughed dryly. This was his mock laugh, nothing I said or did would change his mind because he always had the last word.

"You wouldn't know intriguing even if it hit you on the face, judging from the all the women you've dated in the past", he pointed out confidently I glared at him

"Now that we're done with that, the wedding shall be in 3 weeks", he announced, looking directly at me

"What?", I choked on my saliva. "Three weeks?"

He gave a short nod. "Is that going to be a problem, Damon?"

"The least you could do is give me some more time. A year maybe?", I bargained with him, and he laughed sarcastically.

"No. Three weeks it is", he let out one final cough, telling me in a way that this conversation was over while standing to his feet with a crutch supporting his weight. "You'll see yourself out".

He walked out and left me alone to battle with my thoughts.