

## Chapter 24: Smile

### Layla's POV

I was still wrapped in the sheets in the morning, according to me it was a little early to get up. I couldn't sleep either, so I decided to stay in bed because a lot was on my mind.

Damon walked out of the en-suite with only a white towel wrapped around his waist, water was still dripping from his body. His curly brown locks were still wet from the shower water, making him look twice as incredibly, deliciously handsome.

I can't believe I just thought that....

And you could see he was surprised to see me up already because he had a habit of showering early in the morning while I was still asleep

I now see why ....

"I didn't think you would be awake at this time", he ran his hand in his water dripping hair, which made him look even sexier. This was the second time I saw him half naked across my innocent eyes, and he had an amazing body, to die for

I'm so weak and stupid

His broad shoulders, his well-defined abs and even toned body. I was practically drooling over the sight of him.

"I couldn't sleep", my mind drifted to yesterday's events again, I just couldn't stop thinking about it. What if Granddad died without seeing his great-grandchildren? I mean that's one of my duties as a wife right? To have children?

A cold coin was placed in the palm of my hand as I noticed that Damon was now sitting next to me. He was dressed in black jeans and a white polo shirt, looking drop dead handsome.

"A penny for your thoughts?", he rose an eyebrow at me and I looked down on the coin in the palm of my hand before slowly closing it

"I can't stop thinking about what Granddad said yesterday", I admitted, and he groaned loudly

"Not this again", he rolled his eyes. "We talked about this"

"No. You talked, and I listened", I interrupted him, and he paused for a second and looked at me straight in the eyes

"So what do you suggest we do then?", he folded his arms

"Maybe we should, you know-", I looked at him, and he was practically daring me to continue

"Try", I forced the word out of the back of my throat, and he furrowed his eyebrows

"Try what?", he asked still confused about where I was heading with this

"You know", I gestured with my hands, and he shook his head

"No I don't"

I took a deep breath. "Try to make a baby and see how things turn out", I elaborated, and he got up from the bed.

"I can't"

"Why?", I questioned, and he scratched his head in frustration

"Because...", he trailed off, appearing to be deep in thought

"Because what?"

"Because I don't want your first time to be like this, in a rush to make a baby", he said intensely and I frowned

How did he know?

"W-what?", I stuttered, and he sat down once again and took my small hands in his

"I know you're still a virgin, Layla"

"And what makes you think that?", I asked defensively, folding my arms in a protest and he tilted his head

"You're not denying it, so it means I'm right", he pointed out and I shyly lowered my eyes from his and I felt him take my hand in his, giving it a so caress. "I wouldn't want to take your virtue just because we are forced to start a family. I want it to happen when you're fully ready"

"Most guys would jump at that opportunity", I joked, and he chuckled, it wasn't the first time I heard him laugh but this time it was such a sweet melody, it was really nice to see him smile.

"Most guys, not me", he led my hand to his lips and planted a so kiss and I smiled a little, biting the insides of my cheeks to hide the blush that was slowly creeping on my cheeks

"So, we're going to wait?"

He nodded. "We are not in a hurry are we?"

"I guess not", I shrugged and he gave a short nod before getting off the bed and walked out of the bedroom. I cuddled one of the so pillows on my chest.

### Damon's POV

I remember it like it was yesterday...

#### 《Flashback》

**"What do you mean they went to the club?" I roared furiously when Harry informed me that Quinton and Layla disobeyed my demand and went to the club even though I made it clear they shouldn't**

**"I thought you knew sir, Harry stuttered, trembling with fear from the tone I was using**

**"Do I look like I knew Harry?" I demanded to know and he shook his head. I ran my hand through my face while pacing to-and-fro, I shouldn't lose my cool.. .at least not yet**

**"I'm sure they are fine. Stop stressing" Taylor took a sip from his juice bottle while handing Matt his. I invited the both of them over for the weekend as they are the two people I can rely on for keeping me sane. They arrived a day earlier than we had planned.**

**"I can't just sit here and do nothing, I'm going a er her. And Quinton better pray hard that I don't get my hands on him, I swear I'm going to fucking paralyze him if anything happens to Layla," I growled lowly, walking out of the house furiously as Matt and Taylor both shrugged their shoulders and followed a er me.**

**"Where the fuck are they?" I screamed over the loud music to Matt and Taylor when we met up for the fourth time in the center club, there was no sign of Layla or Quinton anywhere in here**

**"Are you sure this is the right club?" Matt screamed back as we were still looking around for then**

**"Yes it is, Harry dropped them o here" I looked frantically around me, hoping to get a glimpse of Layla.... or that dead man walking called Quinton**

**"Maybe they switched clubs, there is another club downtown" We better go check it out", Taylor suggested, and we all headed towards the exit.**

**Quinton is so dead**

**As we walked to the car, there was a piercing woman's scream for help that was shortly silenced and God forbid, I knew that voice from somewhere**

**"Did you guys hear that?" I asked the guys and they both shook their heads**

**Call me crazy, but that's Layla**

**"It's coming from over there", I said already running towards the direction I heard the scream from**

**The closer we got to the dark alley, I could make out four figures but because it was foggy, I couldn't really see clearly**

**"Please don't do this" a feminine voice begged, and I lost my sense of humanity voice registered in my mind**

**Layla**

**I sprinted towards them, and she was pinned against the wall as the perpetrator was still chucking to himself while licking her neck disgustfully**

**A boil of rage came over me as I saw the Fear in her eyes ...and I lost it**

#### 《End Of Flashback》

I walked into Quinton's room, and found him laying his bed. I closed the door behind me and locked it. He only realized I was in there when I took his headphones off and his face lit up

"Hey big bro", he grinned at me, thinking that this was a friendly visit. "What's up?"

"Oh", I laughed a little, taking off my wedding ring to put it on the night stand. "I'll tell you what's up"

He frowned a little. "What are you doing?"

"I'm here to teach you a lesson", I grabbed him by the collar, pulling him off the bed and threw him on the floor. He groaned out in pain as he started crawling away from me, sticking both his hands at me.

"Damon, wait", he cried out, and I reeled him back in closer to me and slapped him hard across the face, sending him on his back again. When I successfully pinned him down, I beat the living hell out of him.

"You don't listen", I choked him, pressing my fingers on either side of his neck and he started gasping for air

"Damon please", he croaked out, almost running out of breath

"I fucking warned you", I stopped wringing his neck and send out another punch to the face despite his bleeding nose and cut lip, and he winced in pain

"You better shut the fuck up", I half-threaten, half-whisper at him. "If Layla hears you from the other room, I swear Quinton, I'll do a lot worse to you than I'm about to do now"

"I'm sorry okay?", he whimpered as he tried to peel my hands off his neck

"You're sorry?", I promoted. "Will your sorry rewind to that night? Where Layla almost got raped and killed? Do you think your sorry can undo everything that happened that night?"

He struggled to shake his head.

"Didn't think so", I got off him and wiped my hands with his shirt to removed his blood, grabbed my ring and slipped it back on and he him groaning on the floor

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