

Chapter 31: Letter

Damon's POV

(Flashback)

"Do you have your wedding vows ready?" Matt asked me while we were sitting in the balcony of my hotel room, getting drunk at my so-called bachelor party

I rose my eyebrow at him. "What for?"

He chuckled, holding the beer bottle to his mouth. "It's your wedding tomorrow"

"Wedding vows are for people who are actually in love Matt, my case with Layla is completely different" I looked at the sky above, and I could hear them snickering

"I bet Layla is a knockout, isn't she?" Taylor asked, and I made an uncertainty sound while shrugging

"No" I lied. "She's not even attractive"

"Oh come on, she can't be that bad" Taylor nudged me on the elbow. "If she was ugly-ugly I doubt you would have agreed to marry her"

"Can we just drop this? I'm not in the mood to talk about it", snapped at them and they both leaned back on their chairs, raising their hands in surrender.

"I'm just saying it's best if you have your wedding vows with you tomorrow, maybe Layla has already written hers, and you'll be looking like an idiot at the altar for not saying yours" Matt gave me a notepad and pen before both he and Taylor patted me on the shoulder, heading to their separate hotel rooms when the night was over. I stared at the notepad and pen on my lap, thinking it wouldn't be a bad idea if I just wrote them and get this over and done with.

Why am I even considering it?

My vows would be a lie because they wouldn't come from the heart. Layla was a stranger to me and I knew nothing about her except the little information I gathered about her on the internet, it wouldn't be fair on either one of us.

But what if she wores hers? And I'll be standing there clueless when I'm expected to say my vows that symbolize our "love".

On second thought, let me write them, just in case

What to say first? Do I just write down my "I Do's" and that's it? Pretty simple.

I, Damon Kingsley, take you Layla Jones, to be my wedded wife. I promise to stress and freak you out, but whenever you need me, I'll be there in a heartbeat. I'm going to be unreasonable at times, but I'm not used to this, just please bear with me.

I can promise you that there will always be happy times, even through the saddest moments, I'll be right by your side. I'm going to make sure to always keep that gorgeous smile on that beautiful face. I promise not to give up on us. I vow to comfort you at times of need, and love you unconditionally, only death can only separate what we have, and I'll be there for you, till death do us apart.

(End of Flashback)

I placed the vows I had written a day before our wedding back into my drawer and prepared to write her a letter that will be given to her while I'm away on a business trip. It's being a coward I know, but someone once told me it's easier to write your feelings down rather than saying them to the person, that way my message would be loud and clear.

I took a deep breath before letting my handwriting flow freely on the paper

Dear Layla

I don't usually do this. Honestly I've never done this before because I'm not really good at expressing my feelings, but what can I say?

I wrote you this letter because I figured it would be best if I let you know what are my intentions about you and about us. This is probably the whack-est letter you've ever come across but please don't stop reading.

Okay, here we go

I grew up needing nothing in my life, I had almost everything. I became arrogant, thinking that people worship the ground I walked on, not realizing that the same reputation it took me years to build, I could have taken me a matter of seconds to crush it down. I learned to take everything and everyone around me for granted, big mistake, I know that now.

I hated excuses and nothing annoyed me more than that. "Excuses are for the weak, those who can't stand their ground", I thought. I sound like a total jerk right now, don't I?...yeah I know.

All of that changed the moment you walked down that aisle and deep down I knew my life will never be the same again. The moment you locked eyes with me and said "I Do", I felt my heart beat for the first time and I knew from that moment that a new life has begun inside me, when my old and ruthless thoughts were replaced by your image every time I blinked. Your face behind that veil gave me hope for a better future, that there seemed to be light at the end of the tunnel, tried fighting that feeling, reminding myself that what we have is just arranged and we could never actually be something. That's why I didn't even think twice about breaking my vows in the beginning but I knew I was running away from what I was feeling. I tainted my image and how you would see me as a person. I wouldn't even blame you if you didn't take me serious because I didn't either. But I would really like to fix that now, I don't want to run anymore.

I got jealous over you because out of everything I have, you are the most precious. That's why I lost my cool the night you were almost assaulted. I thought I would lose you and from that day onwards I promised myself that whatever happens, I would always be there to protect you. Even though deep down I had one enormous fear, that you were going to hurt me and leave me shattered. And when you did, that day you left for your father's house, you left along with a part of me I knew I could never get back. I promised myself that I would do whatever it takes to get you back because it felt like I was going insane without you.

That's when I realized that you leaving me wasn't actually a fear anymore, living without you was

Layla I'm not asking for much, I'm just asking for a chance to make it up to you. I know I haven't been the easiest person to deal with, but just a chance. To start over afresh, not just as Damon and Layla but as Mr and Mrs Kingsley.

I want you to be the first person I see in the morning and the last I see when I lay down at night. I want to share every small aspect that's happening in my life with you. I want to be the reason behind your smiles. I want to be the reason behind your laughs and giggles, but not the reason behind your tears. I really want to grow old with you

I'm willing to be yours, if only you'll be mine, from now on and till death do us apart

I love you Layla

Signed : Damon.K

Layla's POV

I love you Layla

The letter's last words read, and I read that part over and over again in my head, and it felt good to know that he loved me

Mary walked towards me as she saw the tears on my face from reading Damon's letter, and she tilted my head up so that I could look at her, asking me what was wrong. I couldn't speak, so I just gave her the letter so that she read it herself.

At first her eyebrows were raised in confusion, probably mentally kicking herself for giving me the letter that clearly upset me, but her face softened when she carried on reading. When she was done, she looked me straight in the eye with a wide smile creeping onto her lips.

"He loves you", she said barely trying to hide her smile. I nodded, wiping away my tears

"It's probably the whack-est proposal ever, but it's the thought that counts", I half-laughed, half-sobbed she hugged wrapped her arm around me

"Oh Layla", she ran her hand up and down my face. "It was going before giving you the letter because I had a feeling it was hated to upset you, seems I was half right, half wrong", she joked, and I laughed.

"What I'm going to do Mary?" I sighed heavily. "He's coming back tonight, what then?"

She smiled warmly at me as she pointed at my rib cage. "What does your heart tell you?"

"A lot of things right now", I shrugged lightly, and she shook her head

"Among those many things is the one thing are in denial with, about how you truly feel about him", she took my hands in hers. "Think about it, look deeper in there. You'll know what to do".

Damon's POV

Arriving back home from my trip, I was as nervous as I was on my wedding day. I missed Layla terribly, being away from here seemed to be one of the hardest things I've ever did in my life and I couldn't wait to see her. I was looking forward to seeing her but at the same time, I couldn't bear to see the rejection in her eyes as soon as I look into them. I could survive a lot of things, I'm just not sure her curving my proposal was one of them.

It was already 23:45, and I was certain she was already asleep by now. I just had to make my way around the house quietly so that I don't wake her up.

"Oh, you're back", hearing her voice behind me caused me to accidentally drop my phone on the ground while I was busy checking my schedule for tomorrow so that I could leave as early as impossible while she was asleep so that I didn't bump into her

"Uh, yeah", I stuttered nervously as we both reached to pick my phone up, and we grabbed it at the same time, our eyes locking for a while before she let go when I took it in my hands.

"I'm glad you're home safe", she smiled politely before walked past me to pour herself a glass of water in the kitchen. "So how was the trip?"

"It was okay", I scratched the back of my neck. "Business as usual, you know?"

She nodded her head while humming in response, taking another sip and placed the glass into the sink. We stood in awkward silence for a few minutes because I didn't know where to begin, and he cleared her throat, breaking the silence barrier as she opened her mouth to speak.

"Okay then, goodnight", she was about to walk past me, but I grabbed her by the arm to stop her from leaving

"Were you okay while I was gone?", I asked and her eyebrows ceased for a second before she confusedly nodded her head, causing me to mentally cursed myself for asking that. Who was I kidding? Of course, she was okay in my absence. She was even glowing.

"I was okay, thanks for asking", she smiled a little and I let go of her arm, and she was about to turn on her feet, but I blurted out,

"Did you get my letter?"

She tilted her head a little, her eyes starting to lurk around in confusion. "What letter?"

Shit.

Mary must have forgotten, but I asked her personally to give Layla the letter as soon as I left, and now she knows nothing about it

"Uh, a letter, where I...um", I stuttered, and she raised a brow. "The one where I tell you how I feel?"

"Oh that letter", she snapped her fingers together. "Yeah I got it, I really didn't think you had it in you to be honest. I was surprised".

"It was a good surprise though right?", I laughed nervously, and she gave an approving nod

"Yeah, it was a good surprise"

"So what do you think?", I asked, because I was dying to know how she felt about it and me

"I would prefer if you lived up to the standards of the contents of that letter because I'm a very strong believer in the phrase, actions speak louder than words. If you really meant everything you said in that letter, you have to show me".

"As in now?"

Mental-self kick

She laughed. "It's really up to you to decide"

A wave of relieve rushed through my veins as I took my hands in hers. "I meant every word Layla, give me a chance to make you happy"

"I'm not going to regret this am I?", she watched as I shook my head

"In that case..." she smiled. "I don't see why not"

I laughed, picking her up in a hug to spun us around and she giggled

"Thank you", I placed her back on her feet, leaning to claim her lips with mine

"You're so sweet, sir", Luke, my P. A, who was of course a male. Carla's idea, don't even assault a cup on my table, and I rose it to my lips for a sip. The second the liquid touched my lips, I regretted ever asking him to make the that co ee because it was beyond horrible and too sweet.

Carla always made co ee for me, and it was disgusting, not as delightful as Layla's. I crinkled my nose in disapproval, placing the cup back on the table and fixed my eyes on him to see him looking hopefully at me, expecting a positive response.

"Luke, what did I ask you to make me just now?", I questioned and his eyes widened a little

"Co ee, sir"

"Exactly, I asked for a cup of co ee, not a cup of an insult", I was surprisingly calm and his jaw dropped but quickly closed his mouth again. He tried to explain, but I raised my hand to stop him.

"It's okay Luke, try not to add so many teaspoons of sugar next time. It has to be a co ee, not a syrup".

He nodded. "I'm sorry, Sir"

"Do you have that file I asked you to get me?", I asked, and he placed the document in front of me, taking the co ee with him in exchange

"Thank you", I turned to see he was still standing beside me and I rose a brow. "Is there anything else?"

"Your 13:30 has been moved to tomorrow morning at 9:00"

"Thank you, Luke, you can go", I dismissed him with a nod and watched as he exited my office, closing the door carefully behind him and I leaned on the headrest in exhaustion, it wasn't even half a day, but I was already fed up

My lips curved up in a smile as I thought of Layla, realizing that I was already missing her, so I decided to give her a call

"Hello?"

"Ah, so this is how you usually answer your phone?", I asked amused. "I'm intrigued"

"How am I supposed to answer phone calls then?"

"Do you really want to know?"

"You brought it up so, amuse me"

"More like, Damon's wife, hello?"

I joined in. "So what do you care my mind, never she laughed, and I joined in. "So what do I owe the pleasure?"

"I missed you", she breathed out a laugh and I could imagine her shyly covering her face with her hand

"I miss you too"

"I just had to call you and asked how my wife is doing"

"Well she's fine, thank you for asking Mr Kingsley and yourself?"

"I'm good", I smiled. "I was wondering if I would like to join me for lunch this afternoon?"

"I saw your note this morning, and it's okay, I'll join you"

"I'll have you picked up by 12:00"

"Okay"

"Nice, see you later then"

"Cool" she was about to put down the receiver

"Hey Layla?"

"Yeah?"

"I love you", I said, and she laughed so ly

"I know"

Layla's POV

"Here we are Mrs Kingsley", Harry announced when the car came to a stop and I looked outside the window only to see we were outside Damon's building

"What are we doing here?"

"You're going to lunch with Mr Kingsley, he asked me to drop you off here", he took off his seatbelt. "Do you wish for me to take you inside?"

"No, thank you, Harry. I'll find my way", he opened the door for me. I regretted that I was wearing heels. I thought I was going somewhere important, I only realized that Damon had sent me a text.

Had to attend an urgent meeting, Harry will drop you off here then we'll go immediately after I'm done. I love you.

-DAMON

I waved Harry goodbye as he drove off and took a deep breath before walking inside the huge building. Quite a couple of stars started landing on me and the silent whisper gossips began running around as I walked to Carla's desk and I couldn't wait to reach it.

Some of the women were giving me weird stares and that made me look at myself to see if there was anything wrong with the way I looked, whether I had worn my shoes the wrong way or my skirt was torn from behind but nothing, everything was just fine.

What was their problem?

When I reached Carla's desk, a wide smile spread on her face at the sight of me, and she stood on her feet... finally, a happy face

"Mrs Kingsley, it's so lovely to see you again"

"Hi Carla", I reciprocated her smile. "Please call me Layla"

"What can I do for you Mrs King- I mean Layla?", she gave a nervous laugh. "I'm sorry it's just so weird calling the boss's wife with her first name"

"I really doesn't mind", I reassured, and she smiled, nodding her head a little. "Is Damon done?"

"Unfortunately he's still in a shareholders' meeting, but he will be joining you shortly. Do you mind waiting?"

"Not at all", suddenly my stomach growled, reminding me that I hadn't had anything for breakfast because I was still full from last night's big dinner

"Carla, don't you know where I can find something to snack on while I wait for Damon?"

"Sure, we have a deli near the main hall"

Main hall?

She must have seen me blink in confusion when she mentioned the main hall. "You don't know where is it, do you?"

"No clue"

"Come, I'll take you", she led the way, motioning that I follow her

"You're a lifesaver"

"Thank you, Carla", I found a spot to munch on the chicken mayo sandwich she insisted buying for me

"It's only a pleasure, Layla. I'm at the reception if you need anything", she smiled politely at me and I nodded as I had begun to savor each chew.

Minutes after she left, a guy sat next to me. He was tall, bright blue eyes, blond curly hair and a smile that would make any girl's heart skip a beat.

"Hi, I'm Jack", he extended his arm for a handshake and I placed my tiny hand in his

"Layla", I smiled, and he planted so kiss on the back of my hand

"It's a pleasure to meet you", he flashed that killer smile at me to reveal his pearly white teeth, the sandwich nearly fell out of my hands

"Are you new here?", he asked, and I was about to say before I don't work there, but he interrupted me. "I've never seen you here", when I opened my mouth to say something, he interrupted me again.

"How about drinks, tonight?", that's the only time he paused to actually wait for my response, and I was still looking at him wondering how could he have said so much in less than 10 seconds

"I can't, I already have plans"

"Well, I'm sure you can squeeze me in", he sat closer to me and I felt his hand traveling up my bare thigh

"Sorry bud, but I'm actually not interested", I removed his hand and he kind of took it as if I was leading him on or something as a smirk grew on his face

"So, you're playing hard to get?"

"I don't have to"

"And why is that?", his curious hand attempted to touch me again, but before I could answer him, he was grabbed by his collar and forced to stand on his wife feet

"Touch my wife again, and I swear to God I'll kill you", Damon's venomous voice echoed around the room as he towered above him. Jack's eyes widened.

"Mr Kingsley", he trembled in fear. "I had no idea she was your wife"

"Get out of my sight before I do something we'll both regret", he shoved him backward that Jack fell on the couch were sitting on and quickly ran out. Damon composed himself and fixed his tie.

"Sorry about that", he smiled as if he didn't just turn into a monster a few minutes ago. I was looking at him alarmed, my mouth hanging open, and he raised an eyebrow.

"Come, lets go", he took me by the hand and guided me through the group that had gathered to witness the act he and Jack had put on, but they quickly disappeared the second Damon threw them a glare

"Aren't we going to talk about it?", I asked as he swallowed, and he looked at me

"About what?"

"Talk about how you attacked the guy from earlier?"

"Oh that, don't worry, I'll deal with him when I go back", he continued eating.

"What do you mean?", my face went pale as I looked at him in horror

"I'm going to fire him", he shrugged, and I breathed a sigh of relief. At least he wasn't going to kill him.

"That's great", I said and he chuckled

"I never thought I'll live to see the day where you agree to let me fire someone"

"No, I'm wasn't referring to that. You don't have to fire the guy, he didn't know I was your wife".

"I spoke too soon", he mumbled to himself. "What did you think I was going to do, kill him?", he asked and my throat went dry.

"Well that's what you said..."

"Come on", he laughed. "It's not like I was going to kill him. I was just saying that to scare him off. I obviously didn't mean it".

"You didn't sound like it"

"Layla, I got bigger things to worry about than that" boy

"Jack"

"What?"

"The boy's name is Jack", I mentioned, and I felt his gaze on me as he rose a brow

"You know his name?"

"He introduced himself before he started getting all perverted on me"

"Interesting"

"What is?"

"At least I know his name, this makes the firing process much more easier"

Sigh

Continue reading next part >