Damon's POV

"Sir, you have a very special visitor today", Carla notified as she stood on the doorway of my o ice, excitement evident in her voice a little

"Who?"

Her lips curved up in a smile. "Your brother, Quinton". "Does Quinton have an appointment?", I asked mischievously, and

she frowned for a second. "Just because he's my brother it doesn't

mean he has to get any special favors Carla" She heaved a sigh, placing a hand on her hip. "I didn't think he has to have an appointment to see his older brother"

"I'm just kidding", I laughed. "You can send him through", she nodded her head in agreement and closed the door behind her. Minutes later Quinton walked in my o ice with a smile on his face, I couldn't tell

whether he was mocking me or he was actually happy to see me resulting from our ahem, recent encounter where I beat his ass for putting Layla's life in danger

"Has your receptionist always been this weird?", he twisted his lip to

the side as he sat down. "She's been grinning at me the second I go here" I laughed. "She sometimes acts weird but I have gotten used to her

behavior now, and it's obvious that she has a crush on you" He chuckled, shaking his head a little. "She seems like a nice girl, I'm just not interested"

"Don't tell me you still stuck up on...... what's her name again?'l, asked about the girl in our neighborhood he had a crush on her ever since we were kids. He hasn't been in a serious relationship in his life because of that girl.

"Her name is Amy, and I'm not struck up over her. I really, really like her", his eyes so ened by the mention of her name and I made a

puppy dog face. "Aww, that's adorable. You're in love", I clapped my hands together

making kissing sounds.

"Eww, that's disgusting", he crinkled his nose, making a disgusted face and I laughed

"Have you finally changed your mind about joining the company?", I wiggled my eyebrows at him

He chuckled. "Never"

"What did he want?"

"So why are you here then?", I noticed the smile fade on his face as he cleared his throat and leaned back on his chair. I just knew right there and then that shit was about to get real.

"Daniel contacted me again", he breathed out and hearing his name made my veins burn up in anger, I felt my blood boil at

"He made it clear that he's out for blood Damon,your blood

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"He's finally ready to take revenge on me, isn't he?", I watched him nod his head in agreement

"He's planning something huge", he heaved a sigh. "He's going to hit you where it hurts the most, and I'm sure you're aware who is the first person he'll target, right?"

"Layla", I said quietly as I stood to my feet and walked to the window. She can't get tangled up in my mess. "Did he say why he's involving you in this?"

"He thinks I want to avenge myself because Grandad chose you to run the company instead of me"

My eyebrows ceased in confusion. "I'm the firstborn though, meaning I'm entitled to run this company first"

"I'm not even fighting that, but surely Daniel doesn't think the same way everybody does, I just had to play along so that I could be in the inside. He's clearly using me because I'm a close member of the family, meaning that if anything happens to Layla....", he trailed while raising his brow for me to get a hint.

"That means you'll be least suspected"

"Ding Ding Ding! Two points for you", he said playfully, and I threw him a glare.

"This is not the time for your stupid jokes Quinton. We're dealing with a sociopath here"

"Every thing is under control, Damon. You just need to trust me", his voice was so and reasurring.

"How can you be so sure of that? Anything can happen"

"Despite our di erences, you are still my brother, and I'll always have your back", he tilted his head to the side. "You know that right?" "Yeah, I know", I nodded in agreement, and he grinned in response and I so ened up a little, his smile surely did wonders. I wonder how Amy hasn't fallen for him yet when Carla certainly did.

I leaned back on my seat. "So what now?" "I need you to take Layla somewhere far away, buy me enough time

to come up with something concrete" af "Okay I get that but where do I take her?", I looked at him hoping he

could give me a few suggestions, and he rose his hands in surrender, backing away from mentioning any suggestions

"I think it's best if I don't know where you plan on taking her. If Daniel clicks that I tipped you o , he's going to torture the truth out of me".

"It's also not safe for you here Quinton. He is capable of killing you if he doesn't get what he wants".

He shook his head. "I'm one of the few people he trusts. I have to stick around to buy us some more time, feed him the wrong information or something".

"Quinton-"

"It's going to be too obvious if we all disappear at the same time" I hesitated. "I'm not going to let you sacrifice yourself on my behalf" "I'm going to be okay Damon", he reassured as his lips curved into a smile. "I promise"

Daniel wasn't a di icult individual to figure out. He was unpredictable sometimes, but it wasn't that hard to read his mind. I've known him a long time to know how he operates.

"You know if we play our cards right it won't be necessary to feed him the wrong information", a smile played on my lips when an idea came

to mind. "What if I told you we could beat Daniel at his own game?" Quinton's eyebrows knitted up in confusion. "What do you mean?"

I took out my phone to dial a number, "I think I have a plan"

I arrived home to find it was a lot quieter than normal. Layla was usually on the couch reading her books at this time of day, but today there was no sign of her. When I closed the door behind me, a pair of feet thumped down the stairs.

"What's going on?", she stood in front of me with her arms folded. "Why do I have to pack my bags?"

"Don't I even get a hello?", I rose a brow at her, and she rolled her eyes

"Hello", she grumbled. "Why do I have to pack my bags? Where are we going?"

"My day was okay too, thank you for asking", I said sarcastically as took her face in my hands to peck her so ly on the lips

"Damon", she whined a little, growing irritated with me not telling her what was going on. "Tell me what's going on"

"We're going away", I smiled, my hands traveling down her arms to pull her in close

"Patience Mrs Kingsley, you'll soon find out"

"Going away where?"

"Okay?", she didn't sound convinced. "Why now though all of a

sudden?" "I wasn't aware we needed to have a reason to go on a trip as a

married couple"

She heaved a sigh. "I don't mean it like that, I'm just saying the timing is a bit wrong considering there's a baby on the way, and I'm still busy decorating the nursery"

"This is why we need to go on this little vacation, to blow o some steam a little just before the baby is born because once the baby gets here, things will never go back to being the same again"

"It's still a little short notice though"

"We'll still have time to prepare ourselves for the baby's arrival. Let's just focus on us for now and take things one step at a time, hmm?", I leaned to peck her on the lips. "Come with me, please?"

She locked eyes with me before her lips spread into an adorable smile. "If you put it like that then I guess I can't say no-", she squirmed a

little when I suddenly li ed her up, hugging her close to me, and I could felt her arms wrap around my neck

"You're the best", I smiled at her, and she wrapped her legs around me, waving her fingers in my hair

"Yeah, you're not so bad yourself", she reciprocated my smile. "So, when are we leaving?"

"Tonight"

Layla's POV

Arriving at our destination just before noon, Damon was still checking the maintenance of the beach house we were residing in for the duration of our stay, making sure that everything was working and that the doors were secure enough so that we didn't experience any break in's

To keep busy, I started unpacking my clothes into my side of closet and came across a piece of clothing that I was sure I didn't put in there just when I was about to finish. I took the garment out, strangely staring blankly at with while studying it. The attire was a see through, lace decorated breast area dark mixture of black and red baby doll nightie that had a flowy bottom, and it would probably hit above my mid-thigh if I wore it, and it really looked sexy and tempting.

I had absolutely no idea how it ended up in my bag

Hearing Damon walking towards our bedroom, I quickly stu ed the nightie into the bag, and he appeared in sight just when I was about to stand up, nervous as hell and I saw his eyebrow arch up in confusion

"Are you okay?"

"I've never been better", I forced a smile, taking the bag to put in the closer and his eyes dropped from my me the bag suspiciously, clearly not believing me but nodded a little in my direction

"So do you like it?", he asked and my eyes widened a little in surprise, was he talking about the lingerie? Did he put it in my bag? What does he expect me to say?____

"Layla?", worry was evident from his face as he was now standing next to me and I realized I didn't answer his question because my mind was all over the place

"Yes?"

"Where is your mind today?", he laughed so ly. "Are you sure you're okay?"

"I'm fine", I laughed nervously, and he hummed in response, so to distract him from his question I pulled him for a hug and heard him breathe a sigh of relief, tightening his grip around me a little and planted his lips on my forehead just when he was about to release me

"So I'll take that as a yes?", he quirked up an eyebrow and my eyes lurked around in confusion, I was so confused it wasn't even funny "A yes to what?"

"That you like the island"

"Oh", I breathed out a breath I didn't even notice I was holding it before pulling away from him to stand by one of the large windows in our bedroom to look at the view outside. The ocean water reflecting the rays of the merciless southern sun, waves crawling gently to the shore, I could wait to let my feet sink in the golden sand. The green surrounding the island seemed to have a healing power to soothe and relax the mind. It was so quiet and calm. The view was just so breathtaking, I could just look at it the whole day.

"It's really beautiful and so far I love it", I felt Damon wrap his arms around me, hugging me from behind

"It was Grandad wedding gi to us. We were supposed to come here for our honeymoon, but I cancelled the trip a few days before our wedding", I felt him heave a sigh and turned to face him. "I've made many mistakes in my life Layla and being a jerk toward you is not something I'm not proud of, if only I could take back all the pain I've caused you, I would in a heartbeat-"

I interrupted him by placing my index finger on his lips. "We're way past that now"

"I'm really sorry though", he seemed sincere, and I wrapped my arms around him, embracing him in a warm hug and I could feel him relax under my embrace

"It's okay", I whispered against his ear, staying in that position for a few minutes before pulling away from each other, and he took both my hands in his, li ing them to his lips to plant so kisses and I smiled

"Come let's go", he pulled me behind him. "I want to show you around the island"

On our first morning on the island, I had got up a little earlier than I was used to getting out of bed to make some breakfast, leaving Damon still very fast asleep on the bed, tired from yesterday's tour. I didn't want to make any noise with the TV or radio to wake him up, so I plugged my earphones in, jamming to some music while I found my way around the kitchen, also because music helped me to get things done a lot faster, even though I would dance to it half of the time. While whisking the eggs together, I felt Damon circle around my waist, hugging me from behind and planted a so kiss on my temple.

"Good Morning", I took one earphone out, finding satisfaction from being covered from the warmth of his body, the feeling was honestly out of this world and comforting. I would be lying if I said it didn't feel good.

"Good Morning", his breath fanned the side of my face before feeling his press his lips on the nape of my neck.

"Did you get enough rest?" "Mh-hmm", I hummed in response, already shivering a little under my skin as he continued planting so kisses in circles around my neck. "Did you?"

"I did, but it was a little disappointing to wake up and not see you laying besides me", he whispered against my ear and goosebumps started spreading rapidly on my skin as I felt one of his hands travelling down a little to rub against my hip slowly, and I bit hard on my lip when he started biting gently on my neck and a so moan escaped my lips

"Shhh", he cooed so ly. "Not too loud"

He turned me around swi ly and pulled me close, tilting his head to the side a little to capture his lips with mine for a slow, knee weakling passionate kiss that had me trembling

"What are you making?", he whispered against my lips before pulling away just a little so that we grazed into each other's eyes, and I was lost for words a little as I stated into his stormy orbs, luring enough to get lost in. The look in his eyes, my god! I belonged to him and it showed.

"Um, pancakes", I muttered

"Are you okay?"

"Oh great", his lips turned up into a side smile. "I absolutely love your pancakes, am I too late to help you make them?"

"I was just beginning", I was still very much under his hold and his eyebrows knitted a little in confusion

"I'm fine", I pulled away from his grip, pulling my shirt a little to fan my skin a little. "It's just a little hot in here" "Really?", he seemed amused. "Do you want me to turn the air

conditioner on?"

"No need", I laughed nervously. "I'll be fine"

"Okay so, how can I help you?" "I'm managing just fine, thanks"

"You don't want my help?"

"No"

"Not even a little bit?", he promoted, and I shook my head. Next thing I knew, I had flour on my cheek because he claimed I had something on my face.

"Oh", his voice was apologetic. "It's spreading", he snickered to himself as he continued caressing my cheek and I saw the flour really spreading across my face. He must have dipped his hand in the flour

before caressing my cheek. Clever bastard. "So this is how you really want to play huh?", I threw a fist full of flour

on his face and he grasped in shock before a wry smile started to appear on his face

"Okay, you asked for it", he took two fists full of flour and rubbed it on my face, laughing so hard as I stood there, clearly looking like a ghost. He immediately stopped laughing when he saw me grab the flour container and emptied it on his head and he screamed in horror, jumping all over the kitchen while running his hands frantically

through his hair. It didn't make this any better for him when I started laughing at him, and he stared at me for a good minute, watching as I struggled catching my breath from all that laughing.

"You are so going to pay for that", he started chasing me all over the kitchen, but I managed to dodge him for a while until he eventually caught up with me and I started apologizing when he threatened to tickle me, so that I had something to laugh about. When he was satisfied with ticking me into I was out of breath, unleashing my ugly

laugh and everything, he picked me and threw me over his shoulder. "Where are we going?", I asked when we ascended up the stairs, and he kept his grip tight around me

"You're going to wash my hair, I look like a cake with all this flour in it"

"You started it", I laughed again, and he put me down when we reached the top of the staircase and held me firmly in his arms so that I didn't escape. My eyes widened when I saw all the mess we made in the kitchen downstairs, from all the way up here, it really looked bad. "Look at that, it's a mess"

"We'll clean it a er you wash and condition my hair"

"Never", I stuck my tounge at him, and he suddenly towered above me

"What did you say?", he dared me to repeat myself to him and I wasn't fazed at all

"I'm never going to wash-", he crashed his lips into mine in a long, lingering kiss and I ran my hands in his messy, flour coated hair, pulling myself to his height. The kiss lasted for a while longer before I

pulled away abruptly, feeling the urge to sneeze. "Bless you", he cooed in a baby voice. "See why you need to wash my hair?"

I sneezed again. "I can live without kissing you"

"You can, but I won't", he dragged me into the bathroom, with me holding onto the doorway for dear life before he peeled my fingers o and locked us into the bathroom

Later on that night, a er washing his hair, sightseeing for a few hours and him making us dinner, I laid on top of him on the couch, with my head rested on his chest and I felt every heartbeat pounding against my ear while he stroked my head so ly, enjoying the warmth of the fireplace. He had his eyes closed the entire time, humming to the sound of the so jazz music that was playing in the background.

"This is perfect", he said quietly, opening his eyes to find me already looking at him. "I've always wondered how it will be like to do this with you"

"Why haven't you?"

"So that you can tell me to go to hell?", he chuckled. "I don't think so" "I wouldn't have said no"

"Of course you wouldn't have said no because you're into the

romance tactics. This is kinda your thing, right?"

"Not really but this is nice though"

"So would you say I romantic?", he wiggled his eyebrows at me "No"

"Rate me out of 5"

"Zero comma five"

"I can't be that bad", he chuckled so ly, pulling me up with him as he sat up straight. "Okay tell me, what do you regard as romantic? "

"A lot of things"

He rose an eyebrow. "Like?"

"Are you sure you want me to go through the list?", I raised a brow, and he twitched his lip to the side, shrugging a little

"How long is it?"

"Very long"

"Okay, I have time", he adjusted in his seat. "Amuse me"

"Okay, I have time", he adjusted in his seat. "Amuse me" at "Being romantic is pretty simple", I started, and he sco ed mockingly "Simple?"

"Yes simple", I glared at him for interrupting before clearing my throat. "For instance you could write me a poem, cooking dinner for me and wash the dishes a erwards-"

"The fuck?", he interrupted me by laughing out loud. "That's just plain ridiculous. Why do I have to wash the dished if I cooked?" at I quirked up an eyebrow "Don't you want to earn free brownie

points?" "Oh, so there are browny points involved?", he asked amused, and I

nodded my head. "I like where this is going, please continue" He invisibly zipped his mouth shut, motioning I carry on

"As I was saying before being rudely interrupted", I threw him another glare, and he started snickering. "You could buy me a bouquet of flowers every once in a while, accompanied by lots and lots of chocolate"

"Okay I hear that but let's talk about you, what do you want?" "What I want?", I prompted, and he nodded his head. "I want forehead kisses, cuddles and being showered with random gi s. I want to eat ice cream with someone late at night when I can't sleep. I want to dance in the rain or in the hallway. I want pillow fights and out of the blue kisses on the lips. I want to be held safely at night, long enough until I fall asleep. I just want to love, and be loved in return without questioning the other persons intentions. Overall, I just want to be appreciated"

I got carried away with my rambling, I forgot he was still in the room with me and when I turned to look at him, he was staring into my eyes for the longest time, deeply that I could see my face reflecting in his eyes when his pupils started dilating

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"What the lady wants, the lady shall get", his lips turned up into a little smile, still not looking away from me, but I could help but to shy away from his adoring eyes. The chemistry between us was just overwhelming.

"No, look at me", he turned my face so that I could look at him again, finding his holding the same intensity as they did second prior before getting a little so er.

"You're so beautiful", he complimented, causing me to gush red while telling him stop hyping me up. "No seriously, you are"

"Well thank you", I smiled he uses his thumb to light brush it against my lip, before leaning to claim his lips with mine Damon's POV

Deepening the kiss, I li ed her up by the waist to my lap so that she straddled me, and she wrapped her arms tightly around my neck, pulling me closer while tangling her fingers in my hair. The kiss was slow at first, but it intensified within seconds, growing more needy and demanding.

Hearing her moaning so ly into my mouth, I slipped my hands underneath her shirt, reaching up to unhook her bra but stopped mid-action, thinking I might be moving to fast and just played it o by caressing her lower back gently. She withdrew from my lips, moving down to kiss di erent areas of my neck before finding my spot just below the jawline and I started breathing heavily with my eyes

I felt my heart starting to pound harder against my chest as I started squeezing lightly on the side of her thighs, the intense feeling of

closed, throwing my head back from being weakened to my core.

pleasure flowing through my entire body was a little too much to bear, I'm certain she could feel me growing hard between her legs. If I

didn't get her to stop right then in then, I was going to lose total control and be unable to stop myself if things accelerated beyond my

control. I tilted my head to the side a little so that she couldn't

continue with the kisses any more and I could see the confusion in her eyes when she bought her face towards mine.

"Did I do something wrong?"

"No no", I grabbed her face to peck her twice on the lips to reassure that it wasn't because of her I was pulling away, "It's for your own good that I don't let you continue"

Her eyes dropped to the bulge in my pants and I saw her cheek

redding in appearance "Oh I see what you mean", she giggled a little before leaning to peck

me gently on the lips again before getting o me and a smirk appeared on her face. "I might say, you get turned on quite quickly Mr Kingsley"

The next day, we planned to stay in and do absolutely nothing but that soon changed when we played a lot of games and chased each other around with pillows, there were lots and lots of cuddles and breathtaking kisses, those intense looking at each other in the eyes moments and forehead kisses, before we even knew it...it was already late. A er watching the sun dissolve, we went inside the

house as the night had fallen and during dinner, it got a bit awkward as we kept at stealing glances at each other. "If you want to say something, just say it", I laughed a little when I

realized he wasn't even eating anymore, he just sat across me

holding his face in his hands, just looking at me

"Are you happy here with me?", he asked, causing me to slowly stop chowing to stare back at him before swallowing

"Yes I am", I tilted my head to the side. "Have you been under the impression that I'm not?"

"No", he took my hand in his. "I want you to be comfortable with me" "I am", I gave him a light squeeze, and he brought my hand to his lips and kissed it gently

"I'm glad to hear that"

Later that night, while Damon still responding to some of his work emails, I slipped into the bathroom to put on the little number I found in my bag. Although I was a little excited for what was yet to happen, I was also a little nervous, but I had no doubt in my mind that I was finally ready for him to make him his.

When I was finished, I peeked into the bedroom to him packing his laptop away before standing onto his to stretch out his arms, letting out a quiet yawn while pulling his shirt over his head to reveal his well-toned muscular physique and I drooled at the sight of him

I cleared my throat to get his attention when I was standing behind him, and he turned his face around, his lips parting in surprise the second he saw me and his eyes fell down my body before traveling up to my eyes again

"Do you like it?"

"Wow", he croaked out, his eyes still roaming my body in wonder. "You look amazing"

"I'm glad you like it", I smiled shyly. "It's not everyday I get to dress up like this"

"You don't have to dress up for me", he took me into his arms. "I love you just the way you are"

I pulled myself to his height. "So are you saying I should take it o ?" "Do you want to take it o ?", his lips twisted to the side as he rose a

brow at me "You can take it o for me if you like", I dared confidently and he

smirked mischievously "Please don't tempt me because I may take you up on your o er"

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I pushed him down so that he sat on the bed, standing in between his legs and he li ed me up so that I straddled him, having this look of passion blended with desire in his eyes as they roamed all over my body, before settling on my eyes again. I trailed my fingers on the side of his face before leaning to kiss him fully on the lips. He quickly switched positions and I could feel the so ness of the bed underneath while he devoured me with his lips, making those so moaning sounds from the back of his throat.

"You arouse me Layla", he whispered against my lips, pulling back on the kiss while breathing heavily against my face and I could feel his erection pressing hard in between my thighs. "I don't think I'll be able to stop myself if we don't stop"

I could feel his body weight li ing o me, aiming to pull himself o me, but I stopped him by locking my legs around his waist, wrapping my arms around his neck to pull him closer

"Layla..." "Make love to me", I whisper against his ear, finding his lips again and bit gently on his bottom lip and tugged on it. "I'm ready"

"Layla, you don't have to do this to please me, I'm willing to wait for you for as long you need me to", I placed my hand over his mouth, shutting him up

"I'm not doing this because I feel pressured into anything", I took a deep breath. "I want this"

"Are you sure?", he seeked confirmation and I nodded my head eagerly. "I want to hear you say it"

I pulled him in for another kiss. "I'm sure"

He stared at me for a few seconds, looking for some kind of doubt or hesitation I might have in my eyes and when he spotted neither, he got up from the bed and I sat up in worry, tracking his movements only to see him walking towards the door to close it properly and locked it, before stretching out his hand to switch of the main bright lights in the room

Walking back to me again, he gently planted his lips on my, leaning us backwards so that we fell back on the bed and his hands started roaming all over my body, seeming to have a mind of their own,

making me shiver underneath him and crave more of him, tingling in excitement from the waves of pleasure pulsating through me all at once

Spreading my legs apart to position himself between them, his breath hot as he leaned in to give me a so kiss on my lips

"I love you", he whispers so ly against my lips

"I love you too", I whispered back, and he closed the gap between us, having me melting to his desires the whole night for the first time. It was like nothing I've ever experienced before, and he made it all worth it.

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