

Chapter 36 : Past

One year later...

Damon's POV

"Layla?", I shook her gently as she fell asleep on the rocking chair in Dylan's nursery

"Huh?," she rose up whilst rubbing the sleep of her eyes and she barely could keep them open to look at me

"What's wrong, is Dylan okay?," she asked before something seemed to suddenly dawned on her. "Oh my God, I was supposed to feed him and I just fell asleep here."

"Layla", my eyes opened when I saw the condition she was in, she was beyond exhausted. I could even see the bags under her eyes for putting pressure on herself to look after Dylan herself.

"Don't worry, I heard him whimpering, and I fed him his bottle, burped and put him to sleep again. He's okay", I pulled her for a tight hug and kissed her forehead. "I think we should go back to bed"

She shook her head. "I can't, I think he's coming down with something and I have to stay up to check up on him."

"I'll look after him tonight, you really have to get some rest. You'll collapse from exhaustion".

"I'm okay"

"This is not up for discussion Layla, go to bed, now-," I paused when I saw how she was looking at me, daring me to continue with my demand and I smiled nervously. "...please?"

"I guess a few hours' rest won't hurt", she shrugged her shoulders. "But if he gives you any problems-"

"I'm definitely not going to wake you up", I pushed her out of the nursery and turned her in the direction of our bedroom. "Go to bed" She sighed heavily in defeat. "Fine"

"I hired a babysitter for Dylan", I coughed out over breakfast and raised my eyes to look at Layla pausing to eat, staring blankly at me

"Why didn't you tell me?," she pushed her plate forward as a sign that she had already lost her appetite and folded her arms

"I am now", I shrugged, and she scooped. "I think you should get out of the house a little. You've been cooped up in here since we bought Dylan home, it's not healthy".

Her eyes started lurking around in realization that I was right, and I stretched out my hands to take her hand in mine

"Come to work with me", I suggested and her eyebrows arched in confusion

"Why?"

"Because I have a proposal for you"

"If this is about being your PA again, I'm really still not interested", she argued, causing me to laugh a little

"It's not work-related", I said and watched as she tilted her head to the side, motioning with her eyes for me to tell her why. "I want you to come to work with me and be a distraction"

"A distraction?," she seemed amused, and I nodded. "How is that working for me?"

"It won't, but I get the chance to look at my beautiful wife across my table and that's all I want"

She laughed before raising a brow. "So I'll be sitting in your office so that you can stare at me?"

"That's the plan", I said confidently. "You'll be keeping me company" "That's it?"

"And I'll be able to take you on a lunch date afterwards", I added, and she smiled, I swear I've never seen anything more beautiful

"I'd love to have lunch with you", she stood up to clear the table. "But I'm not going to work with you"

"Oh come on", I stood up to follow her when she walked into the kitchen. She placed the dishes into the sink, and she turned to realized I had her caged in between my arms.

"It's only for a few hours"

She shook her head a little. "It's going to look weird"

"Who cares what people think?," I twisted my lips to the side. "You're my wife and I want you there with me",

She raised a brow at me suspiciously, knowing there was something I wasn't telling her and I sighed, knowing I have to tell her anyway

"And to maybe keep an eye on you", I revealed the real reason why I wanted her to come with me

"Aha, the real reason revealed", she laughed mockingly while uncaging herself from my grip, but I grabbed her by her arm, turning her to face me.

"I don't need you to be my babysitter Damon"

"I just want you to enjoy yourself and stop stressing about Dylan. Is that too much to ask?," I rose an eyebrow, and she hesitated for a second before shaking her head.

"Okay good, I just need to do a few things at the office then I'm all yours.

"Maybe a nanny isn't such a bad idea either", she said, and I nodded, wrapping my arms around her waist to pull close

"So that means you're coming with me?"

She gave a sly smile, still looking hesitant. "Maybe"

"Yes", I fist punched the air, and she laughed as she wrapped her arms around my neck

"This means I have to go change right? I can't show up in sweatpants and an oversized T-shirt".

"You look good in everything you wear, especially my clothes", I winked at her, and she scooped mockingly

"Yeah right but first I'd like to meet with the nanny"

"Definitely, she'll be here in an hour's time. You're going to like her. She used to look after me and Quinton as kids"

"How old is she?"

"Probably in her early thirties and she's also a dear friend of Mary's"

"Hmm, sounds promising enough", she smiled. "How I'm looking forward to meeting her"

"Dylan is going to grow fond with her"

"I'm already jealous", she pouted her lip and I kissed her cheek

"There's no need to be"

"Julia sounds amazing. Can you believe she has over 20 years of experience when it comes to looking after children?," Layla exclaimed excitedly as I drove us to the office.

"Yes I can", I laughed. "I'm the one that hired her, remember?," I turned to look at her, and she playfully rolled her eyes. "So you don't mind that she's looking after Dylan, right?"

"Of course not. I know he's in great hands".

"Great, now it's time we focused on you", I smiled, and she reciprocated it before looking out the window and my eyes fell on her body, she had put on one of my favorite dresses. "You know, when I said I wanted you to be a distraction, I really didn't mean it literally"

She turned to look at me with her eyebrows ceased. "What do you mean?"

"How am I supposed to focus with you looking so gorgeous?"

She laughed so ly. "Well you did say it's a lunch date, didn't you?"

"Yes I did, but you'll be making it hard for me to get anything done at work in that dress"

She shrugged a little. "Try not to look at me"

"How?"

"By not looking"

"Impossible", I chuckled. "You'll be at right there, your presence is kinda hard to resist"

"I'll stay out of your way then, take me back home", she smirked confidently, and I scooped

"Not happening"

When we got to my office, Layla began going through some magazines Carla brought for her, and she paid careful attention to each content of every page. She would bite her lip as she folded the magazine so that she could hold it with both hands and bring it closer to her face, crossing her legs and tilt her head to the side a little while pushing her reading glasses up with her index finger. The more her concentration increased, you would swear I wasn't in the room. I watched as she gave short snorts, gasps and tiny giggles at some of the things she was reading because it was hard not to look at her, she just made reading so.....sexy

"Damon", I could hear my name being called at a distance to realize it was only Layla, who was now looking at me like I just committed a crime

I couldn't help but smile, swirling my chair side to side a little. "Yes?"

"You're staring"

And indeed I was to the point that I wasn't even doing anything anymore, I was just sitting there, looking at her

"So?"

She ran her hand through her hair. "It's rude to stare and besides, I thought you'll be working"

"But I am"

"For the first 30 minutes maybe", she rose a brow. "I know you wanted me to be a distraction, but you're making it a bit too personal"

She watched as I continued swirling my chair side to side, her statement bringing a smile on my face, feeling my cheeks burning red and I looked down while laughing so ly

"See, the thing is-", I was interrupted by the sound of the door opening abruptly, the sound of a pair of heels walking in, causing Layla and I to look at the direction of the door and I quickly frowned when I realized who just walked in

Amber

Carla quickly appeared behind her, trying to catch her breath as it seems she was running after this particular person

"I'm sorry sir. I tried to stop her, but she wouldn't listen to me", she explained, but the intruder looked over her shoulder to look at the breathless Carla and smirked before walking towards my table before stopping in her tracks when she noticed Layla's presence in the office and froze in her spot.

"It's okay Carla, I'll take care of this", I dismissed her, and she nodded her head before she turned on her feet, carefully closing the door behind her.

My gaze slowly shifted to the woman standing in the middle of my office who she was still looking at Layla disgustingly. I cleared my throat to grab her attention.

"What do you want."

"We need to talk", she quickly interrupted me. "Privately"

Amber shot a gaze at Layla, as she emphasized on the word privately and Layla removed her gaze from her to me, confusion raining heavily on her eyes

"She's not going anywhere, it's either you say your say right in front of her or you leave"

"What I have to say is for your ears only", she stated as a matter-of-factly, taking another step towards my desk

"Then leave", I growled at her and her eyes widened in surprise. The tension in the room grew big each second and Layla kept looking at the both of us as we exchanged looks.

"It's okay, I'll excuse myself", Layla rose to her feet, breaking the silence and Amber seemed pleased with Layla's decision and a smile appeared on her face mischievously

"No Layla, sit down", I turned to look directly at Amber again. "It's either she says whatever she wants to say with you here or nothing at all"

"You heard her, she's willing to excuse us", Amber sounded infuriated with what I was saying, and she pointed at Layla from her head to toe as if she was some worthless piece of clothing, like a worthless human being. My fists rolled into a ball as I closed my eyes to calm myself down to avoid the anger that grew in me every second.

"Don't you ever, ever point at her like that", I grumbled through gritted teeth. "Do you hear me"

"What's so special about her?," she threw Layla a disgusted look again

"Leave my office this instant", I quickly stood to my feet, hitting the desk with my fist and Amber seemed taken aback for a moment but quickly regained her normal expression while folding her arms

"No"

I tilted my head to the side, starting to get even more pissed. "What?"

"I'm not going anywhere", she sat down, crossed her legs and looked at me intimidatingly. "Not until you agree to have a decent conversation with me like a real adult with no distractions"

She looked over at Layla while saying her last statement and I grabbed my car keys and walked towards Layla, holding out my hand to her, and she looked puzzle

"What are you doing?," she asked quietly, and I grabbed her purse for her, and she placed her hand in mine before I held her up

"We're leaving"

"Where the hell do you think you're going?," Amber asked, about to throw a fit

"I'm taking my wife out for lunch", I held Layla by her waist. "And until you grow up and learn to make an appointment like a normal, decent person, that's when you and I can try having a decent conversation. If that's all, please excuse us".

I guided Layla out of the office, and we left her behind stunned

"Carla, please call the security", I asked as we passed by her table as she and Layla bid goodbyes before nodding her head at my request to dial the security downstairs

Amber Reed's POV

I pushed the glass doors open and waltz myself in, immediately getting attention from everyone the second I walked in, which was something I was used to. I'm a very beautiful individual. No man could say no to me and as for the ladies, the envy in their eyes as they admired my infinite beauty was all the satisfaction I needed. I saw as people took second turns to look at me once more as the hushed whispers started around the ladies and I smiled to myself. I was the girl men wish to date and women dream to be.

I walked to the receptionist, and she was looking down on some documents, she didn't seem to notice my presence. I had to clear my throat to get her attention and as her eyes met mine, her jaw dropped in awe before she politely smiled at me.

"Can I help you ma'am?," she stood up to meet my gaze

"I'm here to see Damon Kingsley", I looked at Damon's door

"Do you have an appointment?," she questioned, and I flicked my curly dark hair to the side

"No, I don't need an appointment"

"Then I'm afraid that you'll not be able to see him without an appointment, Mr Kingsley is a very busy man."

"I'm here in relation to business. He'll want to hear what I have to say".

"I'm afraid not", I didn't even wait for her to finish talking as I turned in the direction of Damon's office. "No, no ma'am", she said as she ran after me to stop me, but I quickened my pace to get a hold of the door knob

Oh hell, what's the point of knocking I'm already inside

I pushed the door open and the first sight I saw was memorable. Damon was smiling as he was looking down at something, he was smiling and this time it looks genuine, like he was actually happy.

But that sight of him was short-lived as she looked up and saw me, the smile was replaced by a frown then resentment

The receptionist or whatever she was appeared right behind me, trying to catch her breath as if she was running a 5k or something, I don't get how she can be so breathless, it was the one in heels here, she was wearing flat shoes. FLAT SHOES for goodness sake.

"This is a cooperate business honey, you don't get to wear like you're going to do your laundry", I mentally screamed at her

"I'm sorry sir. I tried to stop her, but she wouldn't listen to me", she explained to Damon, but I just looked over my shoulder to look at her. At least I dress better than you. I couldn't help to smile but chose to ignore everything walked toward Damon's table.

He always looked so good-looking on the other side of the table and so damn attractive. Yum. All I need is to get a little closer to him, he'll want to listen to me-

What the hell?

I stopped walking when I noticed another woman sitting on the couch on Damon's far left. She sat there comfortably as if she owned the place. She's a brunette, has a petite figure and also wears reading glasses. Damon has always had a weakness when it comes to women who wear glasses, but I never thought he would actually go for one. She was beautiful and has that delicate, unique touch of sweetness evident from her face.

"It's okay Carla, I'll take care of this", Damon's voice bugged her back and she broke the silence. Finally, I won't have to beg for some privacy. Good girl! Amber played involuntarily at me.

"No Layla, sit down", Damon told her looking directly at me. "It's either she says whatever she wants to say with you here or nothing at all"

"You heard her, she's willing to excuse us", I said infuriated with what I was hearing. He was trying to stop her even though she volunteered. I looked over at her and pointed her from her head to toe, what was she wearing? I mean yeah the dress looks good on her but it's so last year. Get with the program already.

I noticed Damon's hand rolled into a fist as he controlled her's breathing, this wasn't good

"Don't you ever, ever point at her like that", he said through gritted teeth

Excuse you?

"What's so special about her?," I looked at her once more

"Leave my office this instant", he growled at me, quickly standing on his feet while hitting his fists on the table. His demand intimidated me a little, but I was a grown woman. I don't take orders.

I folded my arms. "No"

"What?," his voice was now colder and scarier as he tilted his head to the side

"I'm not going anywhere", with saying that, I tilted myself a chair to sit on, crossing my legs and looked at him to show him I'm not scared of him. "Not until you agree to have a decent conversation with me, like a real adult, with no distractions", I looked at Layla while saying my last statement and Damon suddenly grabbed her car keys and walked towards Layla, holding out his hand out to her, and she mouthed something to him which he responded by,

"We're leaving", he grabbed her purse for her as she placed her hand in his as he helped her up. When did Damon change to be this sweet to women? More especially her.

"Where the hell do you think you're going?," looking at them made me feel things I didn't like what I was seeing, at all, felt sick to my stomach.

"I'm taking my wife out for lunch", he held Layla by her waist

I swear my heart stopped beating

Wife?

But how?

Why her?

I felt tears sting my eyes as I looked at them. "And until you learn to grow up and make an appointment like a normal, decent person, that's when you and I can try having a decent conversation. If that's all, please excuse us", he continued saying, but my mind had drifted to another dimension as I looked at them as he guided Layla out of the office and I nearly burst into tears as soon as the door closed behind them.

I sat down hopelessly with Damon's voice playing repeatedly in my mind

"I'm taking my wife out for lunch"

I covered my face with my hands, feeling tears threatening to leave my eyes. I never knew he was married and yet after all this time, how could he not?

I sighed heavily, bringing my eyes up to see framed pictures on Damon's table. One of him and Layla, one of his parents, one with him and Quinton and one with.....a baby?

They have a baby already? That should have been in the tabloids by now, I mean celebrity weddings and them starting a family are almost every journalist's daily bread, these kinds of stories are everywhere on the internet, but how come I've never heard of them getting married or Layla's pregnancy?

Talk about keeping a low profile

I took one picture where Damon and Layla were looking down at the baby sleeping peacefully in Layla's arms. The look on Damon's face was almost...it was like somehow he seemed complete, with them. They were all that he needed. He now had a family of his own. A family.

The sound of the door opening grabbed my attention. Maybe he's back to talk to me, privately. I knew he still cared. I stood up excitedly, but my excitement quickly turned sour when I saw were men in black security guards.

"I'm afraid we're here to escort you out ma'am", one said and I nodded. I had no energy left in me to put up and argument with them. Seeing Damon with Layla and learning he has a family somehow drained me.

I guess I made the right choice by accepting Daniel's offer

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