

The Unwanted Matrimonial - Chapter 5: Mutual

Damon's POV

I stood over Layla as she slept soundly on the couch. She was sleeping in an unusual position that surely put a lot of pressure on her neck and spine. This was definitely going to hurt when she wakes up but yet again, this has nothing to do with me.

I actually got a chance to look at her, she actually looked beautiful than she looked in the pictures. They must be an old images of her. The more I looked at her, the more I felt sorry for her. Why did she allow herself to be dragged into all of this? It was a point of no return.

Tsk, tsk, tsk

I shook her gently and her eyes peeled open as she groaned in pain as she sat up straight

"Aw", she groaned in agony as she massaged her neck

"Here, I got you some clothes", I placed a small bag in front of her, and she gave me the deadly eye before standing slowly to her feet, took the bag and walked in the direction of the bathroom, slamming the door hard behind her

Well, she's grumpy this morning

I walked in on her in the kitchen, making breakfast for herself, and she rolled her eyes at the sight of me and I heard her mutter a few words under her breath. I was intrigued to know what names she was probably calling me by, but I also didn't care much.

"Come, we're leaving", I ordered, and she widened her eyes as she stopped mid-action of pouring juice for herself

"I haven't had breakfast yet", she complained, and I rolled my eyes

"Too bad then, we're leaving and if you insist on having breakfast. I'm leaving without you. I have more important things to attend to", I could see her taking a deep breath, trying to compose herself.

"I really do hate you", she spat as she left as she was doing. She was in the process of making herself some breakfast.

"I know and fortunately, the feeling is mutual", I smirked in her direction and she rolled her eyes before picking up some fruits and put them in her bag, closely following behind me

We made it to the airport in time and my private jet was already awaiting us. We boarded, and I prepared to fly in total peace without any interruptions, and by interruptions I meant her.

I checked my work e-mails and I noticed that Layla had fallen asleep, again when I was done. She was shivering with her arms tightly wrapped around her and though that maybe I should cover her with something.

Nahh, she's a big girl, she surely can sense when she's cold. I thought otherwise as I plugged my earphones on and listened to music.

Layla's POV

I woke up to notice that we were not in the jet anymore but in moving car

How did I get here? Did Damon carry me?

-I think not

I'm certain the driver or someone else other than him carried me to the car. Damon is too much of a meanie and a jerk to do such a thing. I honestly can't believe the bastard made me sleep on the couch last night. My neck and back are killing me, plus I didn't even have anything solid for breakfast, all thanks to him.

I turned to see him listening to his music as his ear sets were plugged in and his head was plopping back and forth

"Selfish jerk", I spat quietly at him before turning my head to rest my head on the window and looked outside. It's good that he couldn't hear all the other insults was hurling at him in my head.

Damon's POV

I paused for a second when I heard her say something looking directly at me via my peripheral vision. Did she just call me a selfish jerk?

My phone battery died a while ago, and I was just pretending to be listening to music so that I could ignore her if she tried making some small talk with me. We had nothing in common and absolutely nothing to talk about.

She must be pretty mad that I made her sleep on the couch last night and denied her breakfast this morning. The look on her face, she was fuming red as her cheeks turned to an even darker shade of red.

But it had to be done sunshine ...

Layla's POV

The main gates opened revealing a stunning mansion before my eyes. It was beautiful, my eyes were glued to the window as I looked at my new home in awe.

This jerk lives here? I turned to look at him for a second, he was also looking out the window. At least he has taste. The car came to a slow halt and I heard the car doors being unlocked.

"Get out", his voice ringed in my ears while I was still taken aback by this beautiful sight in front of me, not him. I got out and the driver helped with taking our luggage in the house. I let myself in the house to find two housekeepers smiling at me.

"Welcome home Mrs Kingsley", they chorused in union and I couldn't help but to smile back at them

"Thank you", I said politely. "And please, call me Layla", I smiled, and they nodded before one of them went to attend her duties and the remaining one walked towards me, she looked like she was on her late forties or early fifties

"I'm Mary. The main housekeeper. It's a pleasure to meet you Ma'am", she bowed in front of me. "If you need anything, just let me know".

"The pleasure is all mine and please, call me Layla", I said, and she nodded, smiling politely. Damon walked through the doors with our luggage.

"Mary, would you please excuse us?", he said, and she nodded as she walked away

"Let's just get one thing clear; I don't like you and you hate me. It's a cycle of not being fond of each other and that's totally cool with me. As long as you stay out of my way, you and I will have no problems. Got that?", he hissed lowly at me.

You can go to hell for all I care

If you think I'll be like *Oh yes husband. Whatever you say husband*, then you got another thing coming mister.

"I said You. Got. That?", he enunciated, snapping me out of my thoughts while raising his eyebrow at me

"Yeah sure. Whatever", I pushed past him while attempting to drag my suitcases upstairs and being the gentleman he is; he just watched me while pocketing his hands.

"Ma'am, let me help you with that", Mary appeared in sight and tried to help me carry them up the stairs

"No Mary", he warned. "If she wants to carry her own bags, let her", while he said that she looked at me with sympathetic eyes before I nodded for her to let go, the last thing I would want would be to cost her job on my first day here.

I threw a glare at him to notice him smirking at me. He probably found it hilarious that I was struggling with my bags. I should have never agreed to this now I have to spend the rest of my miserable life with him?

When I got to the top of the staircase. I sighed a sigh of victory and I noticed him ascending up the stairs, his eyes looking at in disgust, like he found me repulsive or something.

"That's your room over there-", he said pointing to the door on the left side down the long hall. "-and that is my room, a No-go area ", he pointed to the door on the right side and I turned to raise my eyes up and down his body, which was my intimidating bitch face. Why would he think I would want to go into his bedroom?

-I'd rather swallow needles to be honest

"Very well then", he clapped his hands once to interlock his fingers together

"Welcome to your new home, Mrs Kingsley", he said sarcastically and was about to leave but turned to look at me again, like he forgot to say something

"Don't get too comfortable though because you might not be staying here for too long", he did that fake mini smile thing before finally walking to his bedroom and slammed the door behind him

"A No-Go area. Welcome home. Don't get too comfortable", I mimicked him childishly as I pulled my suitcases behind me to my bedroom.

Pathetic.

I threw myself on the bed face down as I groaned lowly, and I felt my eyes get really heavy all of a sudden, slowly drifting to sleep again. It's been a rough couple of days.

I think I'll unpack as soon as I wake up, right now I had to go to a world without the likes of Damon Kingsley. *My sweet dreams.*