

## Chapter 52: Spark

### Damon's POV

Layla looked so stunning, I literally couldn't keep my eyes from her. I'm glad Wesley was driving us to the ball since Harry is still with his family because I wouldn't even be able to concentrate on the road and I could see she was trying to hide the fact that she was blushing, and she honestly didn't like to be complemented, but I couldn't help it. She was beautiful.

I will not even get started on how perfect she looked in that dress, it wasn't either reveling, not to plain, it was just perfect

Wesley found a secure parking, and I stepped out to open the door for Layla and within just seconds, reporters were already in our faces

You're back together?

What happened to you two?

What about your son?

Are the divorce allegations true?

I shielded her away from those hyenas without any of us saying anything, and we finally breathed when we were inside the venue

"I'm sorry about that", I apologized when we walked down the red carpet and there was a waiter standing by with glasses of champagne. I was about to take two glasses for the both of us, but she insisted that she'll just have water for the time being.

When we entered through the main event doors, eyes landed on us. Mostly admiration for the two of us looking so adorable together.

"The two of them are well suited for each other", we heard one person say

"You're not going to leave me stranded here, are you?", Layla looked at me and I shook my head

"I wouldn't dare", I kissed her temple, and she smiled. I met up with a few business associates, and they couldn't believe I was actually married to such a beautiful person. Layla kept them entertained and laughed at their lame jokes politely. She blended in so well, you wouldn't guess she wasn't into the business world. I was just standing next to her, watching her as she talked, laughed and did what she did best, which was to lighten up conversations and keep them flowing. She's really amazing, and I got multiple pats on the back, congratulating me on finding such a good woman.

As the night went by, she was tired of standing on her feet for long, heels were not really her normal shoes and I suggested we should go find our seats before the speeches began

"I just need to powder my nose quickly, I'll be right back", she said, and I nodded

"I'll get us something to drink",

"Okay", she kissed my cheek before turning to the ladies room

At the bar, I asked for a glass of white wine and a scotch on the rocks and waited patiently before the sound of heels clicked towards me and I turned with a smile on my face

"Well that was fast"

"What was?", Ella smirked, standing beside me

"Oh, it's you", I really sounded disappointed, taking a sip of my drink. "I thought it was someone else"

"You thought it was Layla?", she laughed a little. "We both know she's not here", she added proudly, also taking a sip from the wine I ordered for Layla.

"My father wishes to see you", she entwined our arms together. "Come I'll take you to him"

I pulled my arm from hers, politely. "I'll talk to him some other time"

"Okay, suit yourself. But just so you know."

"I'm sorry I took so long", Layla's voice interrupted her and Ella frowned when her eyes landed on Layla, then Layla walked towards me and planted her lips against mine for a few seconds, it wasn't that long, but it surely made my legs go numb a little

"Hi", she whispered against my lips, smiling a little when we both pulled away

"What took you so long?", I whispered back. "I missed you"

"Well, I'm here now", we locked eyes while she removed some lipstick she smeared on my lips with her thumb before Ella cleared her throat

"Oh babe, I was meaning to introduce to you, this is Ella Brown", I turned to Ella. "Ella, this is my wife, Layla. Layla Kingsley".

I enunciated and Ella threw me a glare before plastering a fake smile as she and Layla shook hands

"Pleasure to meet you", she forced herself to say and Layla smiled back genuinely at her before they broke their contact

"The pleasure is all mine"

"Shall we?", Layla turned to look at me. "My feet are killing me"

I nodded and guided her to our table, turning my head a little to see Ella was fuming, and we heard her snap at one of the waiters for almost bumping into her

"Mrs Kingsley, damn you're good", I laughed when I pulled out a chair for her

"I try", she said smugly before laughing

"And as for that kiss-", I was interrupted by a waiter tapping me on the shoulder and pointing me in the direction of Bruce, one of the shareholders in the company signaling me to come closer to him, but I chose to ignore him

"You can go you know, I'm not going to disappear", she joked, but I shook my head

"The last time I le you alone at an event, the second I turned my head Daniel Woods was sitting next to you, making small talk. So I'm not letting you out of my sight tonight, Bruce can wait".

She smiled a little, and we locked eyes for a few more seconds before she looked away

"The speeches are about to start", she said, and I turned my head to focus on the next speaker on stage, smiling to myself

### Ella's POV

"They seem to be more in love than ever", I said to the person on the other line, pacing up and down in the storeroom

"I'm sure it's just an act, you are just not trying hard enough"

"I'm trying, okay?", I heaved a sigh. "I didn't even know she's back"

"Ella listen to me, Damon is a man, he has needs which Layla is surely not catering for. All you need to do is play your cards right and stop acting like a-"

"If you dare hurl one insult at me again, I'll make sure you regret it, it seems you're forgetting what's at stake here, I can easily walk away, and you'll be stranded. Don't make me walk out on you".

"Okay fine, I'm sorry. Just stick to everything I told you".

"Fine", I hung up. Layla isn't much of a challenge either way.

### Layla's POV

Damon dragged me to the dance floor as soon as the speeches were over, and it was now time for the real party to begin even through I couldn't feel my feet anymore due to the pain I had to endure in these heels

Damon was such a terrible dancer. He was so sti , I wasn't sure I should laugh or seriously help him with some moves. It was funny though, watching him have the time of his life, hardly moving at all, but it was something.

James Bay's song, Us was played, and it meant it was time for the slow dance. Damon pulled me to him and placed both his hands on my waist as I placed my mine on his shoulders.

"You know, I've always wanted to be like this with you", he whispered against my ear

"Why haven't you?", I asked, and he so ly pushed me backwards in order to turn me around in a circle, then pulled me back to him again. Being this close to him was intoxicating, and the fact that he smelt so good didn't make it easier for me not to be.

"I don't know", he said, and I exhaled, placing my head on his shoulder, that wasn't the ideal answer I was looking for

"Plus I'm a terrible dancer", he added, chuckling a little I couldn't help but to laugh

"I'm glad we agree on something", I bought my face up to look at him, and he looked at me straight in the eyes, never breaking contact

"I really lost you now, haven't I?", he tilted his head to the side in question and I kept quiet. "This is the longest time we've been apart"

"Shh shh", I said so y. "Let's not talk about that now", I placed my head on his shoulder again, and I could feel his lips placing a tender kiss on my shoulder.

"I meant what I said back there, I really do miss you", he leaned his head on mine, and before I could answer, the song stopped and the crowd started clapping

"Seems the night is over, want to go back home?", he asked, and I shook my head

"Let's go somewhere else"

"Don't worry, I'm fine", I reassured him while continuing to walk barefoot on the cold cement ground. We were talking a late night stroll at the botanical gardens and I decided to take my heels o . Damon kept asking whether I was still okay and even o ered to carry me because he didn't want me stepping on a sharp pieces of glass, but I declined his o er.

"You must be cold", he asked, and before I could say I wasn't, I felt him place his suit jacket over my shoulders and I wasn't even that cold but it was so warm, I decided to keep it on me

"This reminds me of the night I asked you to move in the master bedroom with me", he said as we continued walking

"You asked? I remember you telling me you had my things moved to the master bedroom, I had no choice".

He laughed. "You're lying"

"I'm just saying it as I remember it"

"That's not true, and you know it", he laughed so ly as we continued walking. I started looking around to see we were not the only one's there that late. There were other couples having a picnic on the grass, some sitting on benches eating ice cream and talking. Other individuals were just simply walking their dogs. There was an elderly couple, paging through what looked like a picture book, probably reminiscing about the life they had together, it was a beautiful thing to see.

We came across a popcorn stand and Damon bought me one huge packet for us to share and suggested I flavor them to my satisfaction before we found an empty bench beside the lake, and we decided to sit there while admiring the night sky reflecting on the water. The fresh air was very reliving and refreshing, we just sat there in total silence for a while, and just eating our popcorn.

He then reached out for my hand to entwine our fingers together, and I rested my head on his shoulder.

"I was really hurt when you le me on the morning of our anniversary", I finally admitted out loud, and I could feel him tense up a little before heaving a deep sigh

"I lied about having to go to an early meeting that day", he started, and I looked at him, but he didn't turn to look at me this time, instead he lowered his eyes. "I went to see Daniel in prison"

"Why didn't you just tell me?", I asked, and he shook his head

"It was something I needed to do on my own and I didn't want to be the one that bought back all the pain I've brought you all over again because I saw that you've healed from all that pain in your heart and the tears in your eyes. Even if you haven't, you're very good at hiding the pain from you. It was hard enough enduring that I hurt you again those past few days, bringing up Daniel didn't seem optional at the time", he finally looked at me, but it was for a little while because he looked away again.

"He asked to see me too, and I actually went"

I felt him nod his head. "I know"

"How?"

"He called to thank me because he probably thought I had something to with you agreeing to see him despite all that's happened"

"Is that why he wanted to see you?", I pulled away from him. "To ask you to try and convince me?"

"No, he wanted to apologize", he shook his head. "But I don't think I'll find it in my heart to forgive him Layla, I just can't".

A tear escaped his eye and I reached for his face to wipe it o

"You need to move on Damon, and learn to heal"

"I wish I was as strong as you are, but I'm not, I blame myself each and every day for the baby's death. I regret ever telling you to abort the baby, because maybe if I didn't, things would have turned out differently and maybe everything wouldn't have turned out the way it did and the baby would be here with us".

It broke my heart hearing him sound like this, and so I just wrapped my arms around him

"I'm sorry things ended up like this", he said quietly, and I kissed his cheek

"I'm sorry things ended up like this too", I whispered back, and we remained in that position for a couple of minutes....total silence, with just the sounds of our heart beating across each other