

## Chapter 53: Vain

### Layla's POV

"We're freshly out of popcorn", Damon crushed the now empty, third paper bag of pop corn in his hands and stood up to throw it in the bin not so far from where we were sitting

When he returned to his seat I was battling to keep my eyes open, kept rubbing then lazily while yawning

"Ready to go back home?", he asked, and I shook my head, placing my head back on his shoulder

"Not yet", I let out another quiet yawn before rubbing the sleep o my eyes again. "So, do you think Ella got the message?"

He shrugged a little. "I don't know, but I think so"

"Is it me, or she didn't seem to be shaken by seeing us together?"

"Maybe, but she wouldn't freak out right there and then. Of course, she would put a brave front", he chuckled for a bit as he shook his head.

"What's so funny?", I asked dumbfounded, looking at him, and he chuckled again

"You should have seen her face when you kissed me, she was pissed"

I laughed a little. "I don't know why out of all the available men in the world, she would go a er you"

He sco ed mockingly "What's that supposed to mean?", he rose a brow. "Are you trying to say I'm that that appealing be lusted by other woman?"

"This thing of yours of taking words out of my mouth had to end", I joked, grinning widely at him, and he clicked his tongue and laughed.

"I'm just saying that, you're a married man", I took his wedding hand in mine. "Maybe it's your ring", I brought his hand closer to my face to examine his ring.

"What about my ring?"

"It's losing its shine maybe", I said, and he yanked his hand playfully from me

"Nonsense. I polish my ring twice a month", he said as he twisted in on his finger. "It symbolizes our union together, I would never let it lose its shine", it seems he was talking to himself before looking at me in remembrance of my presence.

"What are we doing here Damon?", I asked, and he stared at me in confusion

"We're admiring the moonlight?", he chuckled nervously, and I laughed a little, shaking my head

"What I mean is, is this how thing are going to be between us? Are we going to be just there for each other and act like a loving, happily married couple whenever there seems to be a third party threatening our matrimony?", I asked, and he opened his mouth to say something, but closed it again and remained quiet for a minute. I wasn't going to get the answer I was looking for, so I pulled away from him, creating a noticeable distance between us as we sat in silence, looking at the flowing waters.

"I also don't like what's going between us", he said, but I didn't turn to look at him. "And I'm sorry for dragging you into this mess", he said and a long, awkward silence followed a erwards.

"Can I ask you something?", he asked, breaking the silence and I nodded my head, motioning he continues

"Do you still want a divorce?", he asked and wow, I instantly went blank. My feelings were still colliding when I thought about that. A er our separation, I was determined on getting a divorce, but I was just angry at everything that's just happened, I wasn't thinking straight.

I let my feelings cloud my judgement and said some things I shouldn't have. I was hurt and felt that the divorce was the only way I could escape from everything, all at once. But time has a way of making one forget about all about the sadness life has brought upon them and the people they love. I learned to heal and make myself a priority again. Time really helps one to grow and reform and most importantly, forgive and move on.

"No I don't"

I felt his shoulder brushing against mine before taking my hand in his and bringing it to lips, placing a so kiss

"I'm so happy to hear you say that", he smiled before he slid down the bench and landed on his knees and knelt in front of me, with my hand still in his

"I know this feels awfully familiar", he said humorously, and we laughed but his laughter died down before mine as he kept quiet for a minute, looking at me while so ly caressing my hand with his thumb

"But I'm just a boy, kneeling in front of a girl, asking her to take me back", I couldn't help but smile at him using that old-fashioned classic. "Layla, can we not try and save this?"

"I believe there is, but", I watch his face drop in disappointment, confusion started to spread on his face

"But what?"

"You shouldn't be the one asking me to take you back, I am. I mean we've had challenges in our marriage and I shouldn't have le you the way I did. I'm also to blame for some of the things that happened. Not only that, but I chose my father over you, and it wasn't even your fault Daniel came a er us. You didn't deserve how I treated you, I was wrong and I'm really sorry".

Tears started streaming down my face and his features started so ening as he stood to his feet, pulling me up with him to wrap his arms around me to hold me safely into his arms

"So to even things out, I'm also just a girl in the arms of a boy, asking him to take me back", I felt him pull away a little so that he could tilt my head up to that I can look at him

"We're even because I gladly take you back", he smiled, wiping the tears o my cheeks. "Do you?"

"I also gladly take you back", I smiled, and he leaned to join his lips with mine, taking my breath slowly as I held onto him like my dear life depended on it. The kiss was slow and passionate as he so ly caressed my back as I surrendered to him.

"That was for the stolen kiss at the event", he whispered against my lips and I smiled against his, taking in the freshness of his minty breath

"You must admit I did one hell of a job there", I joked, patting myself on the shoulder, and he laughed

"I don't think you've kissed me like that before", he paused to think. "At least not in public"

"Yeah, yeah whatever", I rolled my eyes playfully, and he grabbed my face in his hands, stroking both my cheeks so ly

"You know what you and I have didn't start o as perfect, but it is special, and I would love nothing more than to keep this time"

"Me too, and I believe we can make it work this time, we just need to practice a little more patience then we'll take it from there"

"You have no idea how happy you just made me Layla", he breathed a sigh of relief before packing me twice on the lips. "I love you"

"I love you too Damon"

The next morning, I was busy preparing breakfast with Damon in the kitchen as we talked and laughed so hard, we forgot what we were there to do in the first place. Then Mr Genius decided to burn the bacon until it was pitch black burned.

"How are we going to eat this?", I asked holding a stand against his face and he shrugged

"It has that smokey smell to it don't you think?", he said, trying to convince himself more than he was trying to convince me. "It looks edible though"

"I'm not eating that"

"Oh come on", he taunted a little, and we laughed

"Hey, can we not give Dylan the impression that we're back together?"

"Why not?", his eyebrows knitted in confusion. "He'll be ecstatic"

"I just don't want to confuse him, you know?", I said, and it took him a while to shake his head, clearly not getting where I was going with this. "We'll tell him when the time is right, and we're stable"

"Fine by me", he said in agreement and I kissed his cheek. "So wait, does that mean I can't get to kiss you when he's around?"

I nodded

"Bummer", he angled his face towards mine. "Just when I was about to do this"

He was about to kiss me but then-

"Morning Momma and Dadda", Dylan came down the stairs and Damon and I turned to look at him to see he was walking to the kitchen and struggled to seat on the counter seat. Damon picked him up and placed him on the chair.

"Morning Bud"

"Morning big boy", I placed plates in front of them and kissed Dylan's forehead before pouring juice for the both of them, and they ate while I continued preparing Dylan's lunch box

"Do you really have to go today Momma?", Dylan pouted his lip and I hugged him from behind

"Momma had to go to work my darling, I just had the weekend o", I played with his hair, messing it up a little

"Finish up your break fast so that Wesley can drop you o at school", Damon stood to his feet when he was done eating to rinse his plate

"Why aren't you dropping me o today Dadda?", he asked as tilted his head a little to the side

"I'm taking Momma back home", he said and Dylan nodded his head

"I'm going to miss you", he stood on top of the chair and spread his arms out for a hug and I hugged him

"I'm going to miss you too. I love you, okay?", I whispered to his ear.

"I love you too", he whispered back, and I kissed his cheek

"Now go, we don't want you to be late". I helped him down the chair and handed him a lunch bag. "Be good okay?", I said to him as he ran to Wesley as he was standing by the door.

"I will", he stopped to wave at me once last time

"Travel safely Mrs Kingsley", Wesley smiled as he opened the door for Dylan

"Thank you, Wesley", I said, and they headed out

"I've never seen him this happy in months", Damon said as he stood next to me as we leaned on the counter top

"I like it when he's like this, happy and free", I grabbed my co ee cup in my hands. "You don't need to drop me o you know? I can catch a cab".

"Over my dead body", he grabbed his car keys

"I just need to say bye to Mary, I'll be back", I said, but he grabbed me by the arm and crashed his lips into mine

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