

Chapter 9: Jealousy

Layla's POV

Quinton and I spent a lot of time together, and I enjoyed his company. He was so easy to talk to, funny, sweet and caring, **did I mention he was cute?** When we talked, it was mostly about him because well, there wasn't much to say about me.

He had so many dreams and ambitious that I couldn't imagine someone his age would have. Hell I didn't even have those kinds of dreams when I was his age. It was all about finishing high school, then college and getting my degree. But I had to get married a few weeks after my graduation **talk about a burst!**

He wasn't interested in joining the family business he wanted to do his own thing, which fascinated me. He was really into music and was very techno savvy.

The first week of his stay we went almost everywhere, from historical sights to malls, eating out and taking long drives

He was such a great guy, and he also had a bubbly personality. He often told me about this girl he liked from school but how he can't man up and tell her how he feels about her. He had so many pictures of her on his phone, it was kinda creepy but sweet at the same time, **mostly creepy**

"It's not about telling her how you feel, sometimes you just have to show her", I once told him when he treated me out for some ice-cream at the public park

"Wise words", he smiled." I wonder how Damon ended up with someone as amazing as you"

"He just got lucky I guess", I said quietly after keeping quiet for a good minute, hoping he didn't hear me but he did

"Hell yeah. Reaallly lucky", he nodded in agreement and I laughed.

Why couldn't Damon be more like him?

"Where the fuck have you two been?!", Damon barked as soon as we walked through the door. He was sitting on the staircase.

"We went to eat out. Chill ", Quinton shrugged as he walked past him to pour himself a glass of water.

"Chill?", he prompted, standing on his feet. "I was worried sick about you. You were not even answering your phones"

All bark but no bite.

"As you can see, we are fine. Stop being such a control freak", Quinton spat as he ascended up the stairs and Damon groaned as his gaze fixed on me. That's my cue now.

I looked away from him by actually shielding my eyes with my hand as I walked past him. I reached the top of the staircase without falling cause his burning stare was on me the entire time, but I was forcefully grabbed and my back was pushed against the wall. He was so close to me, it kinda scared me.

"I see you are getting real close with my brother Layla, **too close**", he warned as his eyes darkened

"Yeah so? What is it to you?", I stood confidently, and he let out a bitter laugh before being serious again. **O-kay, now I'm shaking**

"I don't like sharing ", he growled, and I was unquestionably surprised by this

Sharing who? Quinton? Because hell would freeze over if he was talking about me.

"I'm sure you don't", I retorted, loud enough for him to hear

"Listen to me Layla. I want you to stay away from him, or else-"

"Or else what Damon?", I challenged and a huge smirk appeared on his face

"You don't want to take me on woman. I'm warning you", his voice was laced with venom with his eyes still dark.

"Let me go", I tried to wiggle myself out of his tight grip, but it didn't work. I resorted to hitting him on the chest with my free hand, and he let go of me. I shoved him backwards before strolling to my room.

Quinton's POV

I was listening to music through my headphones before someone took them off, literally ripping them off my head. "What the fu-", I quickly stood up, but a hand forced me to sit down again.

Damon

"What the fuck man?", I scowled as I stood again up to meet his gaze

"We need to talk", he said throwing my headphones on the bed then folded his arms

"Well couldn't you just said so?", I asked, and I was about to continue, but he cut me off

"I want you stay away from Layla", he snapped, and I raised my eyebrow at him

"Why?", I questioned, and he scoffed bitterly

"Don't act dumb. You know Layla is my wife, and you're all of a sudden all **buddy-buddy**with her. We both know what you're doing, which is invading my territory".

Oh, how

"Your territory huh?", I rose my eyebrow. "You acting like a jerk toward her, and now she's your territory?"

"She is wearing my wedding ring which makes her **Minē**", he enunciated in a cold tone

"Listen, I know about your little agreement okay?", I saw how his face frowned in realization of how much I knew about their relationship. "So there's absolutely no reason to start acting like you care about her"

"Quinton", he growled as he pulled me towards him, and he towered above me. "You have no freaking clue about what's happening between Layla and I, so I suggest you keep your mouth shut"

I could annoy him further, but I chose not to. It was clear what was going on here.

"Wait, you're jealous", I smirked. "Aren't you?"

"Don't be fucking ridiculous", he scoffed before he let out a nervous laugh. "Fuck no"

"Could have fooled me", I laughed. "I'm sorry your majesty, but I can't stay away from Layla. I like spending time with her and there's nothing you can do to stop me".

"Quinton, I'm warning you-"

"Layla is just like a sister to me Damon, I wouldn't even dare try anything with her"

"A sister?", he blinked multiple times. The word, **sister**seemed to be the only word that he picked up from my words.

"Yeah. She's my sister-in-law, isn't she?", I rose an eyebrow and his face soften.

"Yes she is", he ran his hands through his hair and took a deep breath. "I'm sorry. I don't normally overreact like that. I don't know what came over me", he scratched the back of his neck.

"It's called jealousy big brother. J...e...a...l...o-", I spelled it out, and he threatened me with a slap.

"Shut up you idiot", he hissed before he walked out of my room and slammed the door behind him.

"Tsk tsk tsk", I shook my head before laughing as I put back on my headphones. "The things people do when they're in love"