

Chapter 20: Arrival

Layla's POV

"Layla darling, please come on downstairs", Mom called whilst I was brushing my hair and immediately when I was done, I walked out of my room

"Coming", I ran down the stairs to come across an earth shattering view, a figure that made me want to throw myself o the balcony or be unconscious for years

Damonwas here

"Look who decided to visit", Mom clapped her hands excitedly

He and I looked at each other as if it's the first time we ever laid eyes on each other. Just when I thought I got away from him, he had to come and ruin my plans.

"Babe", he hugged me, taking me by surprise

Babe? Was he high on something?

I tried pushing him o during the hug, but he tightened his grip around me

"She doesn't know it's an arranged marriage. She actually thinks we're in love, so play along", he whispered against my ear before breaking away from the hug and planted a kiss on my cheek.

"I missed you", he smiled at me and I forced a smile

I can't say the same about you

I just stood there falsely chuckling as we held hands awkwardly. "Oh please. Don't mind me", Mom tip-toed to the kitchen and as soon as she disappeared I broke our hand contact almost immediately.

"What are you doing here?", I whisper shouted at him

"I'm visiting my parents, isn't it obvious?", he answered cockily, using my own words against me

"Why didn't you at least tell me that you were coming? I could have at least prepared myself", I continued to whisper shout.

"You were not answering my calls"

Oh, yeah. I was ignoring him, with good reason.

"Could you at least act happy to see me?", he asked slinging his bag over his shoulder and I laughed bitterly

"I couldn't even if you paid me to", I deadpanned as I turned my back on him and walk to the kitchen

"Aren't you going to show me to our bedroom?", he asked behind me and I felt a ringing in my ear

"I'm sorry?", I turned to face him. "Our what?"

"Bedroom"

"You honestly believe that we're actually going to share a room?", I laughed before sco ing mockingly. "In hell maybe"

"Oh, so you're going to hell too?", he asked amused, and I narrowed my eyes at him

"It's going to be a thrill with you around", he added with a smirk

I rolled my eyes before leaving him right there and going to the kitchen to help to cook dinner

"You must be glad that he's actually here, aren't you?", Mom asked snapping me out of my thoughts of trying to find ways to send him back home

"Erm, yeah. I'm ecstatic ", I chopped the onions, trying not to make the sarcasm from my voice too obvious. The onions stung me in the eyes and I sni ed.

"So what's for dinner?", Demon walked into the kitchen

Wouldn't you like to know?

"For you, it's your favorite, Beef stew with dumplings and for us it's Lamb Chops", Mom briefed the Demon as he approached her

"Well I'm glad my stunning wife is helping to make my favorite. She's a knock out in the kitchen", he wrapped his arm around my shoulder and I nearly gagged in disgust. "Especially when it comes to spices", he turned to look at me to make sure I didn't miss the hint of sarcasm in his voice oh I'm so flattered.

"Oh honey, does she show that you're-", she asked worriedly, and I knew immediately that she was referring to him being allergic to spices

"Of because she does", he turned to look at me again. "Don't you, honey?", he asked putting me on the spotlight. I'm so going to get him for this. I had another mind to sprinkle spices on his food again and put on that oh I had no idea act.

He'll deserve it

"Of course I do, but I found out the hard way because my dear husband forgot to mention that tiny little detail to me when we were still uh, seeing each other", I smiled politely

"Oh Damon", she hit him with the dishcloth on his chest. "Why didn't you tell her? The poor girl could have killed you unintentionally

Oh, that I could have done but without the un in that unintentionally

"It kinda slipped my mind", he defended himself with a laugh

P a t h e t i c

Couldn't just this day end so that I could bury myself in bed?

Damon's POV

Walking out of the kitchen, I ran into Quinton at the bottom of the staircase on my way to the bedroom, and he folded his arms, stopping right in front of me

"You couldn't let it lie low, could you? You just had to show up", he twisted his lip to the side a little. "It's only for a few weeks, Layla was eventually going to come back home to you"

"I get that you and Layla are friends or whatsoever but that doesn't give you the right to tell me what I can and cannot do in my marriage, so butt out of this. Layla is my wife and where she goes, I go".

"Now she's your wife?", the air quoted. "All of a sudden?"

"She always has been, right from the second I married her"

Layla's POV

During dinner, Damon sat dangerously yet annoyingly close that his cologne was literary invading the free oxygen around me

God! Did he shower with that thing?

"So you two....", Mom looked at both me and Damon between bites and both our eyes rose to look at her."How did you meet?"

Quinton choked on his drink while Damon and I looked exchanged looks. Dad chuckled nervously as only the four of us knew the truth about this marriage, while Mom knew nothing about it.

"Where do I start?", Damon started uneasily as he reached for my hand

"From the beginning", she said as she practically dared him to speak up and being the idiot he is, he did

"Well we met....", he trailed o as he was trying to make up events of how we meet supposedly having to have fallen in love from first sight. Now he was on the spotlight and I loved every moment of it.

"We met in.....", he paused, and I felt like dying with laughter, the look on his facepriceless.

"Layla darling, why don't you tell them how we met? You are good at this than I am", he urged, and I turned to look at him deadlly in the eyes before I turned to look at Mom. She was looking at me with pleading eyes, seeming really interested in finding out how we met.

Oh, well ...we met in church...a few minutes before we got married

Those words popped in my mind, but I couldn't really say that. I mean it was true, but it would break her heart learning that this was merely just an arrangement. I had to come with something, something more concrete and believable.

"Well.... Damon and I met-", think. Think. "In a café", I said the first place that came into my mind and even I surprised myself I came up with that

... out o all places, the café?...really Layla?

Damon looked like he was just seconds away from asking We did? Due to his dumbfounded expression.

"Oh, that's lovely", Mom dared me to continue with her eyes. "Then what happened?"

"Well I usually popped in the café every day for morning co ee or a latte on my way to school because I'm addicted to it and one day I happened to bump into someone and I spilled the hot co ee on him and that special someone happened to be Damon", I turned to look at him, and he looked like he would roll his eyes out any second

"How romantic", she cooed, genuinely intrigued by this. "What happened next?"

"Well, he wasn't really happy that I spilled co ee on one of his expensive and favorite shirts so he kind of said mean words to me", I trailed o and all eyes shot up on Damon, and he cleared his throat while ignoring the burning gaze from everyone

Oh.... I just loved panting him to be a bad guy.

"And to stop him from ranting any further. I promised to get him a new shirt and-", I planned to continue, but he chipped in.

"And well as I realized how sorry she was actually, and so I apologized and o ered to buy her another co ee since she spilled her co ee on me", he quickly wrapped my made up story up

"Ever since then we have been seeing each other and as time went on I knew she was the one for me and here we are", he added, painting himself as the good guy before leaning to plant a kiss on my temple and. I felt like stabbing myself with the table knife.

He ruined my version of the story

"That is adorable", Mom cooed in a sweet voice, and we all forced smiles. "Who would have thought my Damon could be so romantic"

"Yeah, who would have thought", I sco ed under my breath and Damon must have heard me because he turned to look at me, I just wanted to stick my tongue out at him.

"It'll wash the dishes", I stood to my feet, already stacking the plates together

"Layla darling sit down, there's a dishwasher for these dishes", Mom motioned I sit down but I continued

"I insist, it's the least I can do a er you did all the hard work by preparing the delicious dinner for us", I smiled at her, and she looked pleased

"Okay then"

"I'll help", Demon also stood to his feet, and I nearly rolled my eyes, but I forced another smile instead

"Aren't they adorable?", Mom asked and Dad nodded while sipping his wine. When we got to the kitchen, I started washing the dishes and Damon dried them. There was complete silence between us and I wasn't complaining.

"You two should be award-winning actors", a voice chuckled behind us, and we turned to see Dad leaning on the doorway

"For a moment there I thought you were doomed", he added, and I laughed a little, Damon remained silent.

"Pecks of reading novels. I kind of get creative with using my imagination", I shrugged my shoulders.

"I can see and that was really creative", he said chuckling, but then his chuckle faded away as he turned to look at Damon

"Quinton and I are going to watch some football later on, are you going to join us?", he asked hopefully

"I'll see. Let me just finish up here", Damon deadpanned coldly and Dad immediately got the hint before he nodded his head before walking out.

When I was done, I dried my hands and walked out of the kitchen only to notice Damon following me until I reached my bedroom. Opening the door, I saw his bag placed on top of my bed, in my bedroom.

"What's this?", I pointed at his bag

"My bag. I'm going to sleep in here tonight and the night a er and the night a er that night until we go home", he took his shirt o , revealing his topless naked glory before my eyes and I found myself blinking repeatedly in astonishment. I had never seen a topless man before, besides from the magazines and stu . What I mean is that I haven't seen a topless guy, this close in our room.

"Never", I folded my arms, there is no way he was sleeping in here

"So where am I supposed to sleep?"

"I don't know. Sleep anywhere in the house, except in here with me. The couch is always available", I smirked as I told him the exact words he said to me on our wedding night but instead he laughed.

"Are you crazy? My mother would be suspicious if she found me sleeping on the couch", he paused. "Or do you want her to find out about this and break her heart?", he rose an eyebrow at me and my face probably turned pale.

Emotional Blackmail

"Hmm, hmm?", he taunted, raising his eyebrows at every hmm and I put my hand up at him, telling him to stop

"Fine, you can sleep in here but on the floor", I ordered, and he shrugged before nodding his head

"Whatever you say"

I took my pajamas to go change in the bathroom and when I came back, I found him laying on his bare back on his little bed on the floor and I settled in bed whilst reading my book

"I'm not going to disturb them. I'm just going to check up on them", we heard Mom's voice at a distance heading towards our room.

Correction :my room

Damon quickly jumped into bed with me, covered himself with the covers and rested his head on my shoulder, and he pretended to be reading with me

Great...

"You two doing okay?", she asked as she peeked at the door and I nodded

"Okay, if ever you-",

"Goodnight Mom", Damon cut her o rudely, and she nodded as she closed the door and I quickly pushed him o

"That was not very nice you rude bastard", I glared at him, and he looked up at me, slipping his head o my shoulder to the pillow underneath him

"Why didn't you lock the door?", he questioned

"You were the last to come in, why didn't you lock it?"

"Since it's your room, I thought you would want to lock it"

I narrowed my eyes at him

"This is exactly what I was talking about. If only you could just let me sleep on the bed.....", he trailed o practically begging before he went on and on about how bad Mom would feel if she walked in on us one day and found him sleeping on the floor.

Yada ...yada...yada

"Fine", I snapped while closing my book. "You can sleep on the bed"

His lips spread into a grin

"But if you lay one finger on me, I swear-"

"Don't worry. I wouldn't touch you even if I was drunk", he quickly interrupted me because I could launch my threat and can I take this moment to say ouch?

I took a bunch of pillows to build a pillow wall between us and I slept while facing the other way. I could swear I heard him mumble:

"Another point for Damon"