

## Chapter 30: Weakest

### Damon's POV

My Grandfather was back home but still a little weak due to his condition. He demanded to be brought back home about a week a er he regained consciousness, refusing to be kept at the hospital to die there. There was not much to be done, except to be thankful for his presence with us each day.

Layla and I were there to help in taking care of him because he needed us more than anything, like I still needed him. I know he had his moments of being something else but that didn't change the fact that he my grandfather, and I was fond of him. He taught me everything I needed to know about the corporate industry and everything that is there to being a successful businessman. The truth is, I would be lost without him and the thought of him dying was too much to bear.

Walking towards his room, I stopped by the door when I heard voices in the room and peeked a little to see Layla covering him with a warm blanket, while adjusting his pillows behind him. Layla was a sweet, caring and compassionate person...which happened to be one of many reasons why I'm falling in love with her.

"Layla my dear", my grandfather coughed out and Layla sat next to him, taking his hands in her small one's

"Yes Grandpa?"

"I need you to do something for me"

She nodded her head. "Of course, anything"

"I need you to look a er Damon for me when I'm gone", he breathed out, and she stared blankly at him, showing no expression and he noticed

"I know it seems as I'm asking for too much, but I'm the only person his been close to his whole life, with me gone."

I held my breath.

"Please don't say that. Damon still needs you, we all do", Layla said so ly while patting his forehead with a damp cloth.

"It's time we faced reality my dear. I'm still going to die eventually and by the time that happens, Damon is not going to handle it well. That's why I need you to be there for him, when it happens".

"Grandad."

"Please dear, take it as my last wish", he interrupted, and Layla paused for a second before slowly nod her head

"I'll be there for him as long as he needs me to", hearing her saying that bought a smile on his face, melting my heart. Grandad chuckled a little.

"You know when you married into this family I thought I was securing Damon's lifetime partner, I had no idea that I would be gaining a wonderful granddaughter", he said, causing Layla to smile a little before reaching over to give him some medication. "You're one of a kind my dear"

### Layla's POV

"How is Dylan Kingsley doing?"My father asked over the phone. He made it a point to call in and check on me every day since I le with Damon, that was before he almost fought him. As a father, he was obviously wasn't happy and obviously worried what my future holds, more especially now that another woman is involved, but then he told me he'll support me in any decision I made. Damon knew my father wasn't thrilled with him, he couldn't even hide it.

"He's doing okay these days, but his condition may deteriorate anytime"

"I hope he recovers. That family would be lost without him, he's the glue that's keeping everyone together"

"Yeah, I know"

"How are you though? Are you okay?"

"I'm fine Dad"

"If there's anything, you know you can tell me right?"

"Right", I nodded my head like he could see me, and we carried on talking on the phone about other things and Damon stood behind me just as I bid my Dad a goodbye

"So this is where you've been hiding?"

"It's refreshing", I drew a deep breath while leaning on the rail, enjoying the cold breeze of the wind blowing in my hair before feeling him wrap his arms around me from behind and rested his chin on my shoulder

"Yeah it is kind of refreshing", I could feel his breath on the side of my face as he breathed slowly against my neck. "You smell so nice"

"Thanks", I turned to face him, and he towered above me, caging me in between his arms. "So, what's going to happen now?"

"Regarding?", he tugged some loose strands of my hair behind my ear

"Our stay, are we going to be here a little while longer or?"

"There's been a change of plans, we're leaving early tomorrow morning"

"Tomorrow?", I prompted, and he nodded his head. "Why?"

"I have an urgent meeting I have to attend in the a ernoön"

I twisted my lips to the side a little. "Can't I stay behind?"

"No"

"But I don't need to be at the meeting with you, so I don't see why I should leave"

"We'll be back sooner than you know it"

"Then you'll find me here when you come back", I suggested, and he paused to look at me

"I'm not leaving here without you"

"It's not like I have anywhere else to be through"

"It's not about that. You came here with me, you'll leave here with me".

"Come on Damon", I folded my arms in a protest. "What's the worst that could happen?"

He kept quiet, that was the I'm no longer participating in this conversationpause

"Quinton is coming here in a few days, so I'll be okay", the second I mentioned Quinton's name the expression on his face changed and his jaw tightened a little

So I guess that's real the reason

"Come on Damon, you can't still be mad at him over what happened, we learned our lesson plus you beat him up"

He shook his head

"Damon."

"No", he turned on his feet and walked out on me, leaving me with my mouth hanging open in disbelief and I cursed under my breath

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I heard the front door slowly opening and closing, Damon appearing in sight a while later, slowly dragging himself to the couch while breathing heavily and rubbed his temples the second he sat down, groaning in agony

He hasn't been himself ever since we came back from Grandad's house and I thought maybe he was coming down with a fever or something because he didn't even eat, didn't sleep properly and his temperature was spiraling out of control but then refused to receive any medical attention, insisting that he was okay and that nothing was wrong with him

"Are you sure you don't want to see a doctor? You're not getting any better", I closed the book I was reading, and he shook his head.

"It's just a small headache, I just need to sleep it o something, I'll be fine", he stood up to go upstairs but stopped in his tracks, looking a little weak before losing his balance and collapsed on the floor and I quickly jumped out my seat to knelt next to him, turning him around and realized he passes out.

"Wesley! I need some help in here please", I shouted at the top of my voice, and he ran into the house from the garden, helping me carry Damon to the couch.

"What's wrong with him?"

"I don't know, please call the Doctor and tell him its urgent", I placed my hand over Damon's forehead to feel that he was burning up before undoing the first two buttons on his shirt to reduce the heat on his neck and ran to the kitchen to run a cloth under cold water to dab it on his forehead

"The doctor is on his way", Wesley informed me when he got o the call. "Is there anything else I can do?"

"Let's take him upstairs"

"His stress levels are very high, and it wasn't much use that he was not eating and sleeping well", Dr Jameson wrote me a prescription. "Just make sure he gets and takes these"

"Thank you, Dr Jameson, also for coming at such short notice", I walked him out, and he gave a short nod

"It's only a pleasure, Mrs Kingsley"

I returned to Damon's room, and he was still was sleeping soundly. I placed my hand on his forehead to feel the burning up had gone down a little and there was more colour to his face now than earlier. He only came around a few hours later and opened his eyes to see me sitting next to him.

"Hey", I stood to my feet and his eyes lurked around in confusion rubbing the sleep o his eyes

"Hey", he rubbed the sleep o his eyes. "How long have I been out?"

"Just a couple of hours", I unpacked his medication on his bedside table. "I got you these and the doctor said you should take them a er meals, they will help you with your fever and should be fine in a couple of days.

He smiled lazily, "Thank you, Layla"

"Don't sweat about it", I smiled back. "I'll see you in the morning then"

"Wait", he quickly sat up straight, and I turned to look at him. "Where are you going?"

"To my room, it's way past my bedtime", I joked around a little, and he twisted his lip to the side

"You're more than welcome to sleep in here with me", he o ered, catching me o guard a little that I started laughing nervously

"I don't think that's such a good idea"

"Oh come on, it wouldn't be the first time you and I share a bed together" he stated as a matter-of-factly, but I shrugged my shoulders in response

"It's better if I go to my room"

He rose an eyebrow. "Is there a reason why you don't want to sleep on the same bed as me?"

"Your fever may be contagious", I quickly said the first ridiculous thing that came into my mind and he laughed

"Since when is fever contiguous?"

"I don't know, but it could be", I stood by my statement, and he heaved a defeated sigh

"Okay, tell you what? You can build a pillow wall between us again if that's going to make you comfortable".

"It's not that I'm uncomfortable."

I was

"Then what is it?", he tilted his head to the side a little and I hesitated for a while. "Layla come on, I don't want you to leave", he scooted a little on the bed, patting the space next to him. "Please stay"

I still hesitated on whether I should or shouldn't because my mind was saying one thing and my heart the other. I knew deep down I secretly loved being close to him, but I can't erase in my mind what could have possibly happened on that very same bed with the other women, a er I was already in the picture

"I don't think I'm comfortable sleeping in the same bed you slept with other women a er we were married. I know it wasn't a big deal then but that's just how I feel", I gave a little shrug and he blinked repeatedly in my direction, probably shocked I'm only bringing this up now

"I've never brought any of them in here, I swear", he nearly got out of bed but remembered why he was it in the first place. "I wouldn't even have suggested you sleep here if they did. I know I've disrespected you a lot in the past but really I have never, you have to believe me"

Something told me he was not lying, the sincerity in his eyes and voice when he explained made it okay to believe what he was saying

"I'll be on my best behavior", he crossed an invisible heart across his chest, making me smile a bit. "I promise"

"Okay", I slowly made my way back and climbed onto the bed, slipping inside the covers with him, and he wrapped his arm around my waist, pulling me closer to him, and we faced each other

"That wasn't so hard now, was it?", a wry smile appeared on his face

"You're being cocky? I'll leave...", I threatened playfully, and he chuckled before holding into my tighter that I had no way of escaping. We ended up cuddling a er he took his medication

"I'm sorry Layla", he muttered sleepily, but trying his best to keep his eyes open. "I should have never bought them back here, I was just doing all that out of spite because back then I just wanted to give you enough reason to leave. It won't happen again, I promise"

I didn't know what to say, and by the time I looked up at him he was already sleeping, the medication definately knocked him out. I couldn't sleep because it was strange being in his room.

A No-go areahe warned me the first day I arrived here but today it was him again begging me to sleep next to him. I'll stay for a few more minutes and get out of here as soon as I could because truth be told this was the hardest mattress I've ever laid on

### Damon's POV

It was the early hours of the morning and Layla was still tangled up in my arms, sleeping soundly I didn't want to make even the slightest noise to wake her up and settled for admiring her instead. She was just so beautiful, I could never get tired of looking at her and I loved how her Delicate white roses scent was lingering around me.

I trailed my fingers on her so skin, enjoying the feeling of her skin against mine because there was no denying that I wanted more of her but for now I'll settle for just being this close to her, either way works for me

She stirred in her sleep before opening her eyes, finding mine already on her, and she breathed out a quiet laugh before burying her head under the pillow

"Don't be shy now", I laughed, trying to rip the pillow o her, but her grip tightened a little on it

"I look terrible in the morning", she mumbled before resurfacing again to tie her head in a messy bun

"Who told you that?"

"Me", she sat on the bed. "I told myself that"

"I once told you that you're a terrible liar, and you still are"

She rolled her eyes a little before attempting to get o the bed, but I stopped her by grabbing her by the arm

"I've been thinking lately", I said, and she sat with her legs folded in front of me, tilting her head to the side

"Thinking about what?"

"About you and me"

"Okay", she seemed interested to know what I had in mind. "What about us?"

"I just think that you and I should spend more time together because I'd really like to get to know you better and maybe take our relationship to the next level"

She paused for a second. "Like go on dates and stu ?"

"Yeah, would you like that?"

"It sounds lovely", a warm smile played on her lips and I couldn't help but to return it

"Does this morning work for you for our first breakfast date?"

"If you're up for it then I don't see why not"

"Trust me", I grinned. "I'm definitely up for it"