Chapter 54: Dri

Layla's POV

“Home sweet home”, I announced happily when I opened my apartment door and Damon walked in with my bag, then closed the door behind him Within a split second, he grabbed me by the waist and hauled me to him, picking me up effortlessly while wrapping my legs around his waist

“It surely feels good to be alone with you again”, he walked us to the couch before dropping us in the process and I straddled him

“What are you doing?”, I asked as he wrapped my arms around his neck, bringing our faces closer as he looked at me, and he buried his head between my head and shoulder, and felt his tounge moving in circles on my sensitive neck, causing the hairs on my arms to stand up, and I closed my eyes, slowly slipping into his desires, with him continuing to suck softly on my skin

“Ow”, I jumped a little when he bit a little to hard and I felt his chest moving up and down, this idiot was laughing

“Did I hurt you?”, he bought his face up and examined my neck with caution while trying to hold back a laugh

“I don't know, it burns”, I trace my fingers where he bit me

“It's coming along nicely, damn you're such a good bruiser”, he chuckled, and I pushed him off me

“I could suffer from a stroke if you happen to bite one of my veins, and it ruptures open”, I scoffed, but he kept on caressing what I was sure now was a hickey like he was somehow complementing himself on a job well done

“That won't happen”, he kissed my bruise gently.” You know how your body responds well to me, to my touch”, a smirk played on his face as he muttered that last statement, he quickly switched positions, and I was laying on my back on the couch.

“Aren't you so full of yourself”, I giggled as he climbed on top of me and used his right leg to separate my thighs, and he positioned himself on top of me, balancing his upper body with his arms, caging me in

“I am, aren't I?”, he smiled before connecting his lips with mine, slowly at first but the kiss grew hungrily and needy as he kissed me like his life depended on it

“Wait, Damon stop”, I pushed him away a little, and it seemed like I had just awakened him from some deep sleep

“Yeah?”, he rested his head on my shoulder, like he was regaining back energy to face me

"Aren't we supposed to talk about this first?", I asked, and he groaned as he pushed himself up from me

"Why?", he looked at me, caged in between his arms. "Are we moving too fast?"

"Yeah, kinda", I shrugged my shoulders a little, and he nodded before pecking me softly on the lips, pulling me up to sit beside him

"We have all the time in the world", he kissed the back of my hand tenderly. "No pressure"

"Thank you"

"You have anything to eat?", he asked, standing up on his feet and walked to the kitchen. "I'm starving"

"Are you planning on sleeping over tonight?", I tip toed behind him to wrapped myself around him

"Yes", he paused on making some sandwiches for us and turned to face me. "Any objections?"

"Not at all", I smiled warmly. "I love having you around"

"Is that so?", he seemed amused, and I nodded. He picked me up and placed me on the counter, then carried on with the sandwiches. "I wasn't aware, I could have moved in a long time ago"

I laughed. "Funny"

Damon left early in the morning because he had a conference call that he couldn't miss. I was sad and wished we could take me along with him, but he figured it's better this way, that we carry on with our living arrangements until we both feel ready to pick up where we left of. He saw this as an opportunity to start over without the necessary pressure of what society would think about us staying at different locations and a child traveling up and down as if it was some sort of custody battle. There were a few tabloids already speculating about what was going on between Damon and I, but luckily he's PR team had it all under control.

This was his definition of starting over, as a couple and getting to know each other all over again, more like falling in love with each other again

Damon's POV

I walked towards the receptionist who was already smiling at me as I walked towards her desk and I politely smiled back

"Good Morning", I greeted, signing the check-in register while at it

"Good Morning, what can I do for you?", she looked up at me with the smile never leaving her face

"I'm here for the 8am appointment with Dr George", I notified, and she nodded her head before quickly typing something on her laptop

"Okay Mr Kingsley, you can go through", she said, and I thanked her before walking towards the doctors' office. I placed a knock on the door and the buzzer went off, it meant I could come in.

"Ah Damon", Dr George chuckled. "Please do come in", he pointed to the patient couch before he sat comfortably on his chair, along with his notebook in hand.

"As far as I'm concerned, this is our last session, am I right?", he looked at me before opening his notebook, with my file on the desk beside him

I nodded my head. “Yes, that's right”

“Okay, shall we begin?”, he looked at me and I nodded in agreement “How have you been since our last session?”, he asked, with his pen in his right hand, ready to dot down his usual notes

“I've been good, great actually”, he looked at me above his glasses, daring me to elaborate more with his eyes. That's the problem with therapists. They have their own ways of making you say and do things against your will without even trying too hard.

That's the story of Nick George. For a doctor in his late forties, he sure had a hypnotist look that made me talk about things I preferred to bottle up instead.

“I spent the last two days with Layla”, I smiled and so did he

“Great news indeed. Are the two of you back together?”, he rose his brow, but I nodded my head.

“Yes, we're taking things slowly this time, but we are going to make things work”, I said, and he nodded as he wrote something in his notepad

“How do you feel about this?”, he asked, and I rolled my eyes a little

“I know you don't like to talk about your feelings Damon, but that's the whole point of therapy”

“I feel happy”, I drew a breath. “Relived”

“And why is that?”

“Because I was with the woman I love, and I got to see her laugh, smile and happy again”

“Did the two of you talk?”, he rose his thick eyebrow. “Like really talk about all that's happened?”

I shook my head.” I didn't really want to ruin the experience for her about the past”.

“Damon, the both of you suffered a great loss and instead of finding real time to heal properly as a couple, this whole thing drove the both of you apart, hence we're here”

“I didn't want to open up old wounds like I did the last time I saw her”

“You still think the baby's death is your fault, don't you?”

“How can I not? I should have tried harder. I could have been there more for her than putting myself first”.

“Damon, you're more the man now than the man who stepped into my office a year and a half ago, broken and suicidal”

I shrugged a little. “I don't recognize myself when I look in the mirror anymore”

“That's because you're looking at the new Damon, the one that knows pain”

“I just want to make things right, and do well by her and Dylan because they're my whole life”

He nodded, continuing to write more notes. “What about your drinking problem?”

“No, I haven't abused alcohol excessively in over a year now, maybe just a glass here and there and I'm still doing okay”

“What were you using as your coping mechanism?”

“My family, work and golf “, I said, and he nodded before continuing to write some more, then he stopped, crossed his legs and looked at me dead in the eye, and I just knew that he was now going to ask the real question

“Would you and Layla consider couples counselling?”, he asked and my brows furrowed

My brows furrowed a little. “I haven't't thought about it, but I'll have to ask Layla her thoughts”

“It's important the two of you find peace, your marriage has been through a lot and the both of you need closure”

I nodded. “I couldn't agree more”

“I'll recommend someone for you if you'd like”

“I'll highly appreciate that Doc, thank you”

A few weeks passed and Layla and I kept contact by calling each other and texting every day. The conversations were more about Dylan than the both of us and I figured it was time we talked to each other, like really talk about all that's happened so the both of us could find the closure we need,
I knocked at her door and in what seemed like minutes, she opened and smiled when she saw me and engulfed me in a tight hug.

“You're carrying a rather huge bag, does that mean you're moving in?”, she joked when I walked inside her apartment

“It's Dylan's, he's going to spend his holidays here with you”

“Really?”, her eyes lit up before the light faded a little when she looked outside and saw no sign of him. “Then where is he?”

“I dropped him off at Lelo's. She's taking him to a zoo and I didn't hear the end of it, but she'll bring him here bright and early tomorrow morning”.

“Oh”, she poured her lip a little. “I would have loved to see him though”

“He's spending the rest of the holidays with you, meaning there will be more time to spend with him”

“Yeah, I guess”, she smiled a little. “Are you going to spend Christmas together as a family this year?”

“Yes, we're going to my parents house for Christmas, and trust me when I say its non-negotiable. Your mother-in-law would literally won't be pleased if we don't show up”.

“It smells lovely in here”, I passed by the kitchen on my way back from taking Dylan's bag in his room. “What are you cooking?”

“Roast chicken”, she took it out of the oven. “I hope you're hungry”

“Starving”, I breathed out, and she laughed as she handed me the plates and cutlery to set the table

“I've been thinking a lot about what you said the other day, about couples counselling”, she said, helping me to set the table

“Yeah and what do you think?”

“It's not such a bad idea, so let's do it”, she said, and I chuckled a little.” Just that we'll have to do it when I come back from this workshop I have to attend at work”.

My eyebrows knitted in confusion. “When?”

“This weekend”, she shrugged nervously as she waited for my response and I heaved a sigh

"You should have told me"

"I know, it's just that I wasn't sure we were still going. It just got confirmed a few minutes before you got here", she gave me a half hug as she pouted her lips.

"How long will you be gone?"

"Three days"

"I suppose Lelo will be looking after Dylan in the meantime?"

"Yes, she's on leave, so it wouldn't be a problem"

"I don't know", I scratched the back of my head. "Don't you think we're asking too much of her? She's already doing so much in helping with Dylan, I don't want to burden her".

"What are you talking about? Lelo loves looking after Dylan, and besides she volunteers", she hugged me from behind.

"Okay well in that case, I'm dropping you off at the airport this weekend then", I turned to face her with my hands circled on her waist and she pecked me fully on the lips

"I'd like that"

Layla's POV

It's Friday today and Damon couldn't drop me off at the airport as promised because he had to leave urgently last night to attend the final shareholders meeting before they closed for the festive season holidays, so I opted for a cab. Stacy and James offered to drop me off before driving to his patents house, but I declined. James thought it was time his parents met the love of his life, and they would be back just in time for New Year's, I didn't want to intrude.

"You sure you got everything? Cape Town is usually really unpredictable this time of the year", Lelo asked as we double-checked everything for the fifth time.

"Yes Lelo, I got everything", I rolled my eyes secretly because he acted like an overprotective mother sometimes, and it got to me a little at times. A car hooter went off outside, and I peeked through the window to see my cab had arrived and Lelo pulled my suitcase outside, with Dylan following closely behind her.

"Take care of yourself okay?", she threw her hands around me and embraced me in a warm hug

"I will", I said as withdrew from each other and turned to Dylan, kneeling to his height. "Promise me you'll be good and won't give aunty Lelo any problems"

"I promise Momma", he smiled a little and I kissed him and pulled him for a long hug before kissing his forehead. "I love you"

"I love you too Momma, take care"

"You'll be away for three days for goodnes's sake, not the entire year", Lelo groaned, and I released Dylan, giving her a look before getting in the back seat, and she closed the door for me, picking Dylan up, so I could see them both through the window

"Bye Momma", they both waved, and I waved goodbye as the driver drove off. My phone vibrated in my pocket and as I took it out, it was a message from Damon.

D: Travel safely beautiful, please call me and let me know you arrived safely okay? I love you♡.

Me: Okay, I'll do so. I love you too.

Damon's POV

I managed to misplace some important company files and I could find them, making me feel frustrated to the verge of literally punching a wall. My office phone started ringing, and I immediately picked up thinking my PA had other news for me, that maybe he found them or some sort, but it was Carla.

“ Quinton is on line one sir”

“Can you please tell Quinton that now is not a good time? I'm really busy”.

“He says it's really urgent sir. He even tried calling you on your phone and couldn't reach you,” she explained, and I sighed.

“Fine. Put him through”, I said, and she hung up right before I heard Quinton voice.

“Damon”

“Quinton, this is really not a good time, can I get back to you?”

“ Turn on the news now,” his voice demanded, a little possessive that I felt a bit threatened

“Why?”, I searched the live eNCA news online on my laptop only to hear Quinton starting to breathe heavily to a point that I was starting to get really worried

“What's going on Quinton?”

His voice was shaking. “Are you watching?”

“Yes I am watching right now-”, I paused when the headlines were Angel falls from the sky and there was a reporter clarifying what was happening behind her as a plane was going up in smoke in the background

“It seems the pilots lost control of the plane due to the heavy storm that we have today in Cape Town”

“The plane seems to have crashed in an open field just outside-”

“It's really bad out here as-”

It was crowded there. Police vans, paramedics, firefighters, reporters.

“ Unfortunately, there are no survivors in this incident”, the reporter said and my heart sank

It has to be another plane, right?

Then Quinton confirmed my worst fear, “Layla was on that plane, Damon”

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