Damon by Alphabetical B Chapter 4

Lyla's POV

"Mate?" I whispered out not loud enough to hear. I slowly turned my head to look at Pearl for the second time and tried to see if she'd understand what he meant by the word "mate" but I realized she was still crumbling onto the floor, oblivious of what he had said.

"Follow my instructions Damon and kill this disgusting human" The old man yelled one more time.

Pearl suddenly lifted her head, looked at Damon with surprise evident on her face as if she knew him and then back at me, as if trying to send a word to me.

"You know them?" The old man asked Damon

"No" Damon dropped his gun and walked towards me.

He lifted my chin up and made me look into his eyes and through the dark, his bright blue eyes still shone out his color. His cold and empty eyes scares me to death and makes my heart flutter uncontrollably. His eyes were as good as dead, there's nothing living in it.

"What's your name?" I looked at him surprisingly.

"You're Damon, right? Lucas told me about you. Please don't hurt her, please" Pearl screamed at him from the other side of the room.

Almost immediately, Damon pulled the trigger of the gun and shot at Pearl, I screamed out until I realized he had shot at the wall and not directly at her.

"You speak when spoken to" He threatened. His voice sounded different, he talked as if he rarely opened his mouth to make a speech.

"What is your name, Bunny?" He asked gently.

"Lyla" I silently replied, not being able to stop the tears from falling.

"Cute" He simply replied and stood up to face the ruthless old man.

"Why are you hesitating, Damon? You never bring out a gun without pulling the trigger. You know the rules, Son. Once the gun is out, a person must die"

Bang! Bang!!

Damon shot one of the other guys twice in the head and I screamed out as I watched the guy fall flat on his face, with blood pooling around his head. Pearl was already shaking on a spot with beads of sweat dripping down her face.

"What the f*** do you think you're doing, Damon? You just kill your own people" The man asked.

"Hice lo que me habías dicho" Damon replied in a language that I didn't understand. (I did as you had instructed)

"Eso no se suponía que iba a pasar. deberías haberla matado a ella y no a él" The old man banged the wall hard before turning to glare at Damon who didn't even flinch from any of the man's action. (That wasn't supposed to happen, you should have killed her and not him)

"I didn't want to because I didn't feel like" Damon turned to look at me once more and began to walk out of the room.

"What am I supposed to do with her then? She is a mistake and you know we can't take her back"

I was still shaking from the fear and I couldn't take my eyes away from the guy that was on the floor.

"Send her to my house- Unhurt"

After saying that, Damon walked towards the door and once, he turned to look back at me with a smirk before walking out of the room, leaving me with the others.

"You're not deaf, you heard what he said, llevarla a su casa" The man said, screaming at the two guys left in the room. "And tell some of the boys to come clean up this mess"

The two guys walked towards me and I began to move further away from then. I couldn't possibly move any further than the room, they grabbed me and I tried wringling out of their hands.

Seeing that I wasn't cooperating, one of them yanked my hair and forced me to face him.

"Stop fighting it, idiot"

For the first time that day, Pearl was in tears.

"Lyla" She screamed out as I was being dragged out of the room.

I couldn't scream because the pain from my hair being pulled was becoming unbearable and painful. All I could do was wave my hand at her for help.

I was roughly pushed into a car as one of the guys blindfolded me. Scared, I began to shake furiously. I couldn't stay put, I couldn't think straight as the car began to move towards an unknown destination.

Few minutes later, the car abruptly stopped and once again, I was pushed out of the car. The blindfold was removed and I looked around, trying to adjust my eyes with the light that was shining brightly towards it.

"Move, Perra" One of the guys pushed me towards a door. I looked around to see there was a mansion standing in front of me, the fence surrounding it was so tall that I couldn't see the surrounding environment.

"I said move, don't play games with me, Puta" He opened the door and dragged me in.

As we entered, an old woman in an apron walked towards us.

"Tell Damon his visitor is around" The guy dropped my hand, untied my legs and threw the ropes towards the other guy at the door and almost instantly, they both walked out of the door, leaving me with the old woman.

"Come have a sit, my child" The old woman who happened to be the nicest person I've seen all day, gestured for me to sit down at one of the expensive cushions placed in the center of the house.

"Will you drink some water?" She asked and I nodded trying to check out where I was.

Once the water was served, I took a sip. As it touched my dry throat, I felt sad all of a sudden. It was as if the calmness that came with the cold water brought with it reality.

I bursted into tears. As I was still crying, I lifted up my hands to see it was badly bruised and so were my legs. I cried harder as I remembered that Pearl was still stuck in God knows where. I don't even know where I am not to talk of what my fate would be.

The old woman returned with a plate of food minutes later, took me to sit at the dining table and almost begged me to eat. I was in terrible fear of the unknown and food wasn't just as appealing as it used to be to me.

What if the food was poisoned?

"Where am I, please?" I pleaded, asking for some clarity.

"You're safe, my child" She replied, probably not wanting to disclose the location to me.

"Eat your good before it gets cold" The older woman instructed and left. I didn't do as instructed, rather, I kept on looking at the food, while the tears still didn't stop.

"Stop the tears! Now!!" I turned to see it was Damon. He was walking towards me with his killer looks and immediately, I swallowed the tears and cleaned my face.

I quickly stood up, scared of him and what he could actually do. After witnessing him killing a guy tonight, I was sure he wasn't the person I know.

Damon walked towards me and suddenly held my face in his hands and made me sit back.

"Eat" He simply said. That was enough for me to sit back, grab the fork and started shoving the food down my throat.

"Good bunny" he complimented while patting my hair down. I wanted to cry but the tears wouldn't come out of fear.

"Do you know me?" He whispered in my ear. His cold lips making contact with my ear made me shiver.

"No" I shakingly replied, dropping the fork. I couldn't look him in the eyes out of fear.

Liar He turned my face to him and I knew his lips didn't move when he called me a liar. I shake the weird thoughts coming into my head.

He looked into my eyes intently as if reading me.

On closer look, I noticed the thin scar that ran across his face, starting from the base of his right eye, pa**ing his nose and stopping right at the top of his upper lip.

"Where do you stay, Bunny?" He asked

"California" I replied

"You stay with your family, right? Father, mother and siblings"

He picked up the fork and placed a bit of the food in my mouth. I quickly collected the food and swallowed it.

"Yes" I quietly replied.

"Strange, right?" He suddenly asked and I nodded confusingly.

"The bath is ready, Master" The old woman announced upon her arrival. Damon stood up and dragged me by the hand after him.

We got into a room, it was painted blue and almost everything in the room, including the bedspread, the curtains, the wardrobe and even the tables were blue. He suddenly stepped back a little from me while I continued watching him, placing his hands into his pocket, he said,

"Strip"

What!

"I want to see if you're worth this foolish games that the goddess is about to start playing with me"