

Damon by Alphabetical B Chapter 9

Lyla's POV

Damon grabbed my hand suddenly, turning me to face him right in front of the kitchen. His eyes pierced into mine, taking my breath away and it was as if he was reading through my mind.

To avoid getting too affected by him, I closed my eyes. His grip on my hand was beginning to hurt. No matter how much I tried to remove my hand, he didn't lessen his tight grip.

"You're hurting me, please stop" I pleaded and when I did, I felt him tighten the grip causing blood to stop flowing through the spot he was holding.

"Please, Stop" I screamed out in pain as I couldn't take it anymore. Tears flowed down my closed eyes.

"Open your eyes" he instructed and I shook my head.

"Please"

"Open your eyes, Bunny" He commanded again.

Are you disgusted by my scar? Do you hate how I look that much, mate? It was that voice again.

I struggled to get him to release my hand but he only backed me against the wall and held both hands.

"Open your eyes and don't make me f***ing repeat myself, Lyla" He growled into my face.

Trying not to push any further, I gently opened my eyes to look at him. Once our eyes met, an emotion flickered across his eyes.

"I hate tears, I f***ing hate tears. You're scared to look at me, right? Because you think I'm ugly and des***able, but you can go all mushy on my handsome chef. You are no different from other girls. I can't believe I thought you were better" he spat those harsh words to my face.

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"You don't even know me, so why think I'm better than any other person out there. I just want to go back home. I don't even know where this place is. I don't know why I'm here or where I am. I don't even know where Pearl is. Please, I'm begging you, let me go back home" I cried out, pleading through tears.

If anyone had told me three days ago that I'll find myself in a strange land, kidnapped and separated from family, I would've slapped such a person seriously in the face and tell whoever it was to swallow their words and shove it up their a**.

But here I am, begging a strange man to take me back home to my family even though my heart hurts at the feeling of separating from him.

"You want to go home, right?" He suddenly asked, almost disappointed and I nodded.

He moved his face closer to mine and took in my scent. He moved his mouth closer to my ear and whispered, "In your wildest dreams"

My eyes went wide at his statement. Words dried out from my throat and all that came out was tears of frustration.

"Where's Pearl? Can I at least see her?"

He angrily dropped my hands and moved back.

"You don't understand, do you?" He asked and I was confused.

"That place that I took you away from is a place of no return. Just because you successfully left that place does not mean any other person would leave there alive. Your friend, Pearl is dead. If crawling, she'll be dancing in the stars right now" He screamed at me.

I don't know where the strength came from but I knew I lifted my hands to slap him.

He held my hand before it could get in contact with his face. His face etched with surprise.

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I roughly removed my hand and I started kicking, pushing and biting him.

"You killed her! You killed my best friend. I swear to God, I'll kill you" I continue kicking while crying.

"Stop being crazy. Okay? Stop" He screamed at me, getting me to stop my actions and left the scene.

I slumped into the floor and hugged my legs tightly to my chest. Memories of how Pearl, Aurora and I had been so close as sisters ran through my head. I just can't fathom how she could get killed just like that. How can she just die like that?

"It's okay, child. It's okay" I suddenly felt someone hugging me from behind and I knew it was Ruth from her voice and how she called me a child.

"She can't just die like that" I cried out.

"He killed my friend. He killed her and I hate him for that. I can't even stand the sight of him" I declared.

"Talk quietly child, he's still somewhere close. Your words might piss him off and make him do worse. Damon is a nice man, but you shouldn't try and see his other side" She instructed.

"I don't care if he hears me or not, I don't even care. All I care about is the fact that he's a murderer. He killed my friend and may he burn in hell for that" I cursed out.

"Stop talking and don't put yourself in any more trouble, Lyla" She used my name for the first time since I got here.

"You shouldn't stop her from talking, Ruth. Let her say her mind. It is actually good to let it all out" Damon interrupted and almost at the same time, Ruth stood up and left me on the floor.

I turned to stand up and face him but Damon was already on my side.

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"You know why your curse wouldn't work? That's because I own hell myself. It's time I let you get that same death that you wished for" he said and smirked at me.

It was an evil smirk and I knew he had a devilish plan set aside.

I watched as two hefty men walked into the house towards my direction.

"That's her. Take her back to base 9 and according to the rule, you know what to do before you eliminate her" What!

I turned to face Damon but he just placed a finger on my jaw and told me that I got what I asked for.

Thinking if I begged for my life, Damon might spare me but on the other side, I knew that was what he wanted. He wanted me to beg for my life so he would spare me and take total control of my life but I didn't.

Closing my mouth tightly, I smirked back and followed the guys out of the house. When I turned back, he was watching me intensely, waiting for me to say something which I did.

“Dying is better than living with you because life would’ve been more miserable. Thank you for giving me the chance to live for at least a day more”

A lone tear dropped from my face as I said that.

Before I could say anything further, one of the men pushed me into the car, covered my face with a black bag and I noticed that the car started moving.

It was moving towards death!