

Chapter 11: Negotiating

Layla's POV

At that moment I felt that I swallowed too quickly, not giving the ice cream enough time to melt in my mouth. I felt ice cream bolus slip into the wrong pipe and I started coughing while hitting myself on the chest. Damon came closer and started rubbing my back.

Did I hear him right?

"What did you say?", I asked between coughs and a smile played on his lips once more

"You want me to repeat that now or a er this little drama queen stunt of yours?", he said motonously, and I threw him a glare

He thinks I'm faking it?

"Damn you", I said a er my last drama queen choke, and he handed me a glass o juice to get rid of that tingly feeling I had in my throat

"As I was saying", he continued as I put down the empty glass on the table

"I want you", he trailed o again as he smirked "-to be my personal assistant", he finished o as my eyes widened

"Want me?"

"I need you to be my P.A", he rephrased.

Is he kidding me?

"What?"

"You heard me"

"No"

"What do you mean No?"

"I don't want to be your P.A".

"Why?"

"Because I don't want to", I stood up, and he grabbed me by the arm while forcing me to sit down again

"Layla, you need this. You had been raving about how you're sitting here all day and doing nothing", he said, and I raised my eyebrow at him.

"I don't remember telling you that", I folded my arms, and he pinched the bridge of his nose, heaving a deep sigh

"That's not the point!", he rolled his eyes at me. "Are you going to change your mind?", he asked, and I shook my head.

"Are you freaking kidding me right now?"

"I don't see why would I freaking kid about anything. I need a personal assistant, and you're more than qualified for the job".

"I'll rather jump o a cli than to work for you, ultimately choosing death than to work with you", I stood up again to walk away from him and I heard him groan. "Count me out"

"The problem here is that your ego is too big or should I say....your pride?", he raised an eyebrow and I felt like plugging each one of them out

"Thanks, but no, thanks", I took my cup of ice cream and my awesome book and attempted to go upstairs to continue having my undisturbed peace all to myself

"Come on Layla", he groaned. "You really need to stop acting like a bitch", the moment those word escaped from his lips, he quickly regretted it as I saw red

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Damon's POV

Laughter filled the air as Taylor and Matt laughed their behinds o . They laughed so hard they were even crying as tears streamed down their faces as I groaned in annoyance.

"So let me get this right; she actually punched you?", Matt asked as he wiped o his laughter tears

"Not only punched me, she also hit me with that hard ass cover book of hers and dared me to call her a bitch again", I winced as I pressed the ice pack on my le cheek

"Did you take her up on her dare?", Matt asked, snickering a laugh

"What are you? Insane?", I deadpanned and he shrugged. "That would be like digging up my own grave to be buried alive"

"That's what you get for calling your wife a bitch", Taylor said as he got o the floor to sit on the chair

"I didn't call her a bitch. I just said she should stop acting like one", I reasoned and Matt shook his head.

"What's the di erence?. No wonder she punched you. Someone needed to punch some sense into you", he teased as a laugh threatened to erupt again.

"This is not funny", I deadpanned

"Well to me, it is", he chuckled as I sco ed

"I didn't really mean to call her a bitch. It was just a slip of a tongue", I removed the pack, but my le cheek still burned in pain, like salt was added to a wound.

"A dirty tongue-", Matt started

"- that she definitely cleansed, with her fist", Taylor finished o , and they began laughing again

"Okay guys I get it. The last thing I want is to say things that will o end her again", I placed the ice pack on my cheek again. They both exchanged looks before looking at me again.

"What?", I questioned with a shrug

"Can you smell that?", Matt asked as he turned to Taylor while pretending to sni something in the air

"Smell what?", Taylor asked confused. I sni ed, and I couldn't pick up anything either.

"That's the smell of someone catching feelings right there", he pointed at me while elbowing Taylor

"I'm not!", I retorted but that didn't stop them from ganging up on me

"Why don't you just admit it?. You're falling for her, aren't you?", they both wiggled their eyebrows at me childishly.

"No"

"He finally admits", they cheered sarcastically, and I rolled my eyes

"You know what this calls for my good friend?", Matt grinned sheepishly

"A kick in the nuts?", I deadpanned, and they laughed at me

"No", he rolled his eyes. "A celebration", he and Taylor handed me a bottle of cold beer.

"To Damon finally giving in to his feelings", they clicked their bottles together, and I ignored them as I sipped on my beer

Layla's POV

"What's your ideal guy?", Lelo asked me as she was reading a magazine article about how women have types or certain guys they would consider going out with

"A guy who will sweep me o my feet....who's loving, caring and a ectionate and handsome too. Overall I want someone romantic", I spun around hugging myself as I plopped down on the bed as I imagined my very own superman holding me tightly.

"You're crazy", Stacy threw her head back roaring with laughter

"What? A girl has to dream", I said defensively.

"You're right, because that's all you are ever going to do my dear....DREAM", she said as she and Lelo paged through the magazine

She was right...the person I described doesn't even seem to exist ...or ever will

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Damon turned to be the opposite of my ideal guy. I guess be careful of what you don't wish for...because it might all come true.

Can you believe the nerve of this guy? He called me a bitch. Or rather told me to stop acting like one.

How is turning his ' job o er' am I acting like a bitch? Just because many women would have jumped at that opportunity and I refused to know I'm acting like a bitch?

Oh, he messed with the wrong woman. I should have le a scar on his face, that would have taught him. But now that I think about it, I did a pretty good job in punching him, he had to walk around with that bruise on his face and I loved every moment of it.

"What are you smiling about?", his voice ringed in my ears which caused my skin to crawl in annoyance

"It's business", I closed my book slowly

"Business?", he prompted, frowning his eyebrows in confusion. "What business?"

"It's none of your business Damon", I clarified, and he narrowed his eyes at me

"Are you busy tonight?", he asked, and I threw him a glare. He was mocking me because he knew I was never busy recently since Quinton is not around.

"No"

"Good, because we're attending a business dinner with one of my business acquaintances and his wife, you're coming along with me", he walked up to me with his hands in his pockets

"What if I said No?", I rose an eyebrow

"What if I say I won't bring Violetta back?", he smirked mischievously and narrowed my eyes at him

This jerk!

"So you're blackmailing me now?", I asked and he chuckled

"No. Blackmail is a strong, unfortunate word. How about we're negotiating?", he smirked, and I rolled my eyes.

"So what is it going to be Layla?", he said waiting for my answer anticipated

Punching you again

"I'll go with you to your stupid business dinner", I said with a hint of venom in my voice, and he plastered a smile on his stupidly handsome face

"Good Girl", he cooed in a baby voice causing me to mimic him childishly

"You better get ready, we're leaving in an hour", he ordered, and I raised an eyebrow

"So, you're leaving like that?", I said pointing to the bruise I gave him

"What do you suggest I do, Iron Fist?Put some make-up?", he said sarcastically, and I couldn't help but to laugh.

"Well that's a plan. Want to try that out?", I asked, and he faked a bitter laugh.

"I probably deserve it", he drew a breath as it seemed like he was practicing what he was going to say next. "About what I said earlier, I was out of line, and I'm sorry", he said, and I was blinked blankly at him.

"What was that?", I asked in order for him to repeat what he said

"We're leaving in an hour", he brushed me o , and he was back to being him again. Round of applauds for him everyone.