

## Chapter 12: Friday

### Damon's POV

The guys and I decided to go out tonight. It was a Friday night, so it's a boys night out. Besides, I needed to get the hell out of that house, since I was practically invisible in my own space.

Quinton was back from visiting his high school friend and things went back to normal again. I just felt like puking my guts out when I saw him and Layla getting closer every day.

"Finally", Matt and Taylor chorused as I walked through the bar doors

"Sorry guys, had some things to do before coming here", I sat down, and they had already ordered some beer for me. I could do with something cold right now.

"Do any of that stu involve your gorgeous wife?", Matt winked

"No, but I think some of that stu will have to do with me punching your teeth out", I hissed, and he roared with laughter

"So, how are you holding up?. Any more fist fights?", Taylor asked whilst sipping his beer.

"I don't wanna talk about it", I sighed, he and Matt looked at each other

"What's with the questions? I came here to chill with my boys and get wasted. It's a Friday night", I said aloud while raising my glass for a toast.

"Well cheers to that", they said as we clicked our beer bottles together

### Layla's POV

I got up from bed thirsty for water, and it was past midnight already. When I poured myself a glass of water I heard sounds at the door, as if someone was fiddling with the keys, struggling to get inside.

Damon

He's the only one who went out tonight. Maybe I should just let him fiddle with his keys and struggle some more as he freezes outside.

Yep, that's exactly what I'm going to do.

I ignored ever hearing him and I planned to walk upstairs

We were as one babe

For a moment in time

And it seemed everlasting

That you would always be mine...

He started singing while slurring before he began laughing

My goodness

Did he really have to sing one of my favorite songs this bad?

He continued singing, and it was pretty obvious that he was drunk. ...great

Now you want to be free

So I'm letting you fly

'Cause I know in my heart babe

Our love will never die

He sang screaming his lungs out, and I closed my ears to save myself from hearing this scratched CD go ahead

Go to your room Layla....

My gut feeling said, but my inner conscience was like was saying otherwise,

Let the poor guy in...then go to your room

I sighed while stomping childishly down the stairs. I can't believe I'm about to do this.

You'll always be a part of me

I'm part of you indefinitely

Girl don't you know you can't escape me

Ohh d... darling 'cause you'll always be my baby.

"You'll always be-", he stopped singing when I opened the door and our eyes met

"Layla", he burped. "Hi. Are you good?", he slurred while chuckling, and I folded my arms as I stood by the doorway.

"Did I wake you?", he asked goofy-ly amused, chuckling again, but he stopped as I had put my you're-pissing-me-o face

"Okay then..."", he noticed my seriousness. "Well, aren't you going to invite me in? In my own house?"

I rolled my eyes before turning around to leave, grabbing my glass of water and aimed upstairs.

"You know..."", he closed the door behind him, stumbling over his feet as I reached the staircase and I looked back to see him parading in the lounge like on the catwalk, swaying his hips side to side. Was he this annoying when he was drunk?. "This is all your fault", he pointed his finger at me then he laughed.

What?

"Yeah, you gave me a reason to get wasted tonight and thank you very much", he threw himself on the couch

He's drunk. Ignore him Layla.

"If you weren't busy hanging around with my brother, none of this would be happening. You're treating me like I don't exist".

The fuck?

"You-", he started but was cut short as he started hiccuping

God bless those hiccups

I looked down on my glass of water. You know for once let me be a good Samaritan and give him the water.

I walked over to him and stretched my hand to hand him the glass. He looked puzzled at first but then reached out his hand to grab the glass and in one swi motion,

I splashed the water on his face. He grasped in shock as the cold water made contact with his skin and went down his chin.

Pretty awesome huh?

"What the fuck Layla-", he started but paused as he noticed that his hiccups had stopped due to the shock

Shit, that wasn't part of the plan

"Hey Layla?", he called behind me as I turned slowly

I swear to god if his going to say something stupid I'm going to-

"Thank you", he breathed out and in that moment I thought my ears were not functioning well, thanks to his bad singing. He destroyed my hearing abilities.

He must have seen me blinking blankly at him and he smiled before throwing himself on the couch again and then breathed so ly, slowly dri ed o to sleep.

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