

## Chapter 15: Gala

### Layla's POV

Quinton and I got back from our daily routinely jog in the mornings, and I was always faster than him. He always came back panting like a little dog whilst I was breathing normally.

"How do you do that?", he struggled to catch his breath before he gulped down a bottle of water. "Make working out look so effortless?"

"It just comes naturally I guess", I stretched my arms

"Well sweets, you're really good", he chuckled whilst breathing heavily. We continued talking and laughing as we chilled in the lounge.

"Quinton, could you excuse us for a minute?", Damon emerged out of nowhere, and he was holding his phone. He was dressed in his normal office attire which meant he was going to work that day. He had recently started working from home these past few days.... I don't even know why.

"Yeah sure. I'm going to take a shower", Quinton ascended up the stairs.

"So what's up?", I asked Damon as he sat beside me

"I need you to be ready by 7:30pm tonight", he said sternly, and I furrowed my eyebrows

"Why?"

"We're attending a gala dinner this evening, and you're coming with me", he was typing something on his phone

"Do I really have to?", I rose a brow and he nodded

"So I need you to go buy something elegant for tonight"

"There is no need to buy me anything. I have enough clothes for that", I said, and he chuckled falsely.

"I've seen the clothes in your wardrobe and nothing in there strikes me as elegant"

He's been snooping around in my wardrobe? That's uncalled-for and creepy.

"So that's why Ray is coming along with you", he said as he got up from where he was sitting

"Ray?", my eyebrows arched up in confusion. "Who's Ray?"

"Ray is your personal stylist, he'll be here in an hour", with saying that he grabbed his things and headed out

Ray arrived a few hours and for someone I just met, we got along pretty well, and it was much more fun with Q around as now Ray was a stylist for both Quinton and I

We went from boutique to boutique, but we hadn't found Ray's ideal gown for me. I thought the other gown looked elegant though.

"They are not good enough. The boss specifically instructed me to get you something that will make you look stunning. He wants to be the envy of all the men at the gala tonight. Money is not a problem", Ray went through the dresses in one of the boutiques we went to.

"He actually said that?", I asked amused as those words couldn't have been said by the Damon I know

"Not in so many words, but he was literary saying so"

Just as I thought

"This is it", he exclaimed alarmed as he pulled out a royal blue sweetheart neckline off-shoulder mermaid dress that would hug my body perfectly. It was beautiful but not my kind of style.



"Go try it on", Ray ordered as he handed me the dress

"Err... I don't know Ray. This is way out of my comfort zone", I said uneasily.

"Nonsense. You're going to look beautiful. Now go try the dress on", Ray pushed me towards the changing room.

"Yeah Layla, go try it on", Quinton chipped in while grinning, well thanks for the support Q

I finally gave up because it was clear that now it was two against one. I got into the dressing room and changed into the dress. There were no mirrors inside, so I had to ask the guys what they thought about it.

"What'dya think?", I stepped out of the changing room and both Quinton and Ray were looking at me in awe, both their jaws were on the floor

"You see", I tried to look at myself. "I told you I wouldn't look good in this"

"You're kidding me? Scratch looking good. You look beautiful", Quinton twirled me around.

"You are gorgeous my darling, this dress was made specially for you", Ray finished off and my cheeks burned red

"Damon is probably going to die when he sees you in this", Quinton wolf whistled

I hope so.....literally

"And now for the hair, shoes and make-up", Ray clapped his hands together

"I don't really wear make-up Ray", I said, and he looked at me as if I had grown two heads

"Well there is always a first time for everything darling and tonight is the night", he said causing me to giggle as he went around ordering everyone who worked in the boutique whilst clapping his hands

"It's going to be a long day", Q said as we watched Ray at a distance

"You can say that again"

"It's going to be a long day", he repeated, and I looked at him and we laughed

### Quinton's POV

Damon was literary digging a hole on the floor by pacing to-and-fro, and he was driving me nuts.

"What's taking her so long?", he asked frustrated as he looked down on his wrist watch again.

"Layla is a woman, she's bound to be fashionably late", I rolled my eyes, walking past him to go sit on the couches' armrest.

"We're going to be late", he fixed his bow tie which he undid a few minutes ago due to irritation

We both were wearing tuxedo's, and I must admit, we looked handsome like always, but I looked even handsomer because I was cool, calm and collected. Damon on the other hand... not so much.

A few minutes we caught a glimpse of royal blue walking down the stairs as she was wearing silver high heels and her hair was styled in voluminous curls that came to the side. Damon's jaw dropped to the floor and I walked over to him and pushed his jaw back up.

"She looks beautiful, doesn't she?", I asked him as Layla was walking down the stairs and he looked like he had frozen in his spot.

"Y...yeah she does", he stuttered still not taking his eyes off her. "She looks nice"

### Damon's POV

Who I am kidding? She honestly looked breathtaking like really, really stunning. As she walked carefully down the stairs my eyes couldn't remove themselves off her as if they could capture this view before my eyes so that I could replay it in my mind over and over.

The evening gown hugged her body like it was designed on her. Everything about her looked perfect, from her voluminous curls down to her heels. Everything looked like I was watching it on slow motion.

"Damon?", a voice snapped me back to reality and I looked to see Layla's hazel brown eyes on mine

"Huh?"

"I said we can go now", she rose a brow at me

A few your sweet time?

Not that I was complaining, it was all worth it and I'm glad she's my date

"You look beautiful", I breathed out, not being able to keep it to myself and I could see a smile visibly appearing on her face, even though she was trying a little to hide it

"Thank you"