

## Chapter 17: Rock

### Layla's POV

When Damon dropped me o home last night I locked myself in my room, and it seemed he returned to the gala alone. When he returned he brought back some company because there were sounds of a woman giggling and mu led kisses in the hallway all the way into Damon's room ....another Scarlet.

I made my way to the kitchen to make myself some cereal and Mary was giving me the pity-full eyes, but I covered my hurt o with a smile to reassure her that I was okay

"Are you okay?", she asked worriedly as I nodded a little

"Yeah, I got everything I need right here", I referred to the cereal I was eating, and her features so ened as she rubbed my shoulders from behind.

"It's all going to be okay, this too shall pass", I nodded again at her words before dropping my eyes to the bowl in front of me

Minutes later, Damon walked into the kitchen and I looked up, thinking it was Quinton but then my face dropped in disappointment when I saw it was him instead. We locked eyes for a few seconds, but then I looked away from him and continued to separate the cereal from the milk in the bowl, that was way too interesting than him right now.

I could hear his movements around the kitchen. He turned to leave but stopped mid-action before walking back to stand next to me.

"Layla...", he trailed o , but I ignored him, not bothering to look up

"I'm sorry about last night. I shouldn't have lashed at you like that-", I interrupted him when I stood up, taking my bowl with and walked out of the kitchen, but he followed a er me.

"Layla, please listen to me", he grabbed me by the arm and turned me so that I can look at him, his piercing grey eyes looking so ly into mine.

"Listen to me, please", he begged.

"I don't want to, let go of me", I said whilst loosening his grip around my arm and turned to leave

"His name is Daniel Woods", he said just when I was about to ascend up the stairs, making me stop in my tracks and turn to look at him

"We were roommates in collage, but then we had this huge fallout in our last year and that made us not to see eye to eye since then. Daniel is a ruthless drug lord, and he uses his logistics company as a front to launder his money".

"What was your fall out about?", I found myself asking cause this conversation sparked some interest in me

"I'd rather not get into that now", he lightly shrugged his shoulders. "I would really appreciate it if you stayed as far away as possible from him. He's bad news".

"And I would really appreciate it if you no longer bought the women you sleep with here at the house. I know I mean nothing to you but the least you could do is respect me", I saw him lowering his eyes from my gaze before slowly nodded his head.

"Yeah sure"

"Cool", I was about to walk to my room, but then I heard him clear his throat uncomfortably. "Is there anything else?"

"No", he scratched the back of his neck. "I just wanted to say I'm sorry about last night"

I didn't say anything, just le him there

### Damon's POV

Last night I went back to keep up appearances at the gala. I couldn't let the people know that there was already trouble in paradise; the media would have a field day. A erwards, I went to a bar and ended up drinking, telling myself that I'll have only one glass, which turned into two, into three until I actually lost count.

This girl approached me. I just can't remember her name. I was too drunk to keep that kind of information in mind. All I knew is that I had to get her in my bed. I somehow found sex as a distraction and whatever her name was seemed eager to be on my hit list.

She wasn't really my type, but it was just ordinary, normal sex to me, so she had to do. Layla was on my mind the whole night and I realized Quinton was right, I am a jerk.

It's had been just six months since our wedding, but I was already catching feelings for her and weirdly enough I thought it would maybe take me years before I could eventually fall for her.

Whatever rock that was displaced in my rib cage in the form of a heart was slowly betraying me.

I walked back into the bedroom and threw myself on the bed. Last night was one of the longest nights of my life, and it was the first time in ages I actually rejected a woman. I couldn't bring myself to sleep with her a er everything that has happened. Things were di erent now, they always have been really...I just wouldn't bring myself to admit it

"Are you okay?"the girl asked worriedly as she noticed me withdrawing from the kiss we were sharing when I pushed her against one of the guest bedrooms door as soon as we were inside. Layla's face just flashed in front of my eyes and I instantly sobered up.

"What's wrong?"

I pulled away from her and ran my hands through my hair and face. "I'm sorry, but I can't do this"

A er Wesley drove whatever-her-name-wa home, I was pacing to-and-fro at Layla's bedroom door, debating with myself whether to knock or not. I wanted to apologize to her, but I didn't know where to start. I was probably the last person she wanted to see....but I was willing to try.

### 《Flashback》

**"So what do you want to do today?"I heard Quinton ask Layla when I attempted to head downstairs and decided to eavesdrop on their conversation. I didn't want to draw unnecessary attention upon myself.**

**"I don't know"she shrugged her shoulders. "Surprise me"she smiled and Quinton grinned.**

**"I was hoping you would say that"he pulled her by the hand, and they walked out the door. They two of them have become inseparable these past few days, regardless of my so-called threats, and it pissed me o having to see Layla enjoy Quinton's company. I mean Quinton is still so childish, and he is not anywhere near the road of maturity. For a 19-year-old he has the mind of a 12-year-old and I thought Layla had brains to turn every o er he turns up but No.**

**I could do so much more than having two childish people in the house since I had my hands already full of Quinton's odd, immature behaviors, I was hoping Layla wouldn't join in**

**Not me thinking that she would be meek and obedient in the duration of our marriage because it turns out I was wrong, so wrong. I thought her seeing me with Scarlet would send her running for the hills, but I think she just took this as one of the challenges of marriage:A cheating husband. She didn't even confront me about it, throw a tantrum or cry her eyes out. She just told me to go to hell.**

**Had me also thinking, what's wrong with this woman?**

**"Morning Sir, can I get you anything?"Mary asked when I walked into the kitchen just when Quinton and Layla le , and I shook my head, Mary just gave a short nod**

**"Hey Mary?"**

**"Yes Sir?"**

**"Do you think I'm a bad person?"I,sat down, and she hesitated for a while before shaking her head**

**"Please be honest with me Mary, I promise I won't be mad", said, and she sighed before sitting down next to me**

**"You're not a bad person sir. It's just that you're short-tempered most of the time, and you end up taking out your frustrations out on the wrong people"**

**"What do you think about Layla?"I,asked and her eyebrows arched up in confusion, meaning I had to elaborate what I meant.**

**"Do you think she could actually change me?"**

**"Yes, actually I do think so. If only you could just open up your heart up for her. Love will do the rest. If the two of you are destined to be together, nothing will ever get in the way".**

**"That's the problem right there"**

**She seemed confused. "What do you mean?"**

**"I just didn't think I have a heart to open up for her"**

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