

## Chapter 18: Departure

### Layla's POV

I got a call from my Dad, and he was worried that something had happened to me because I didn't call him yesterday .... I forgot.

"You don't sound okay, what's going on?" He asked for the second time, concern raining from his voice

"I think I'm coming down with flue or something, but I should be fine", I tried my best to keep my voice as cheerful as it could sound because if he sensed that I was crying, he would probably be on the first flight here to murder Damon. After persuading him that I was okay and there was nothing to worry about he finally hung up.

"So...", Quinton sat next to me, stretching his neck nervously. "I'm going back home later on tomorrow"

"Already?", I whined, and he laughed. "I thought you would stay a few more days"

"Yeah I thought so too, but something came up back at home and I should attend to it"

"What came up?"

"Some property opened up, and I might have a spot to finally open my own studio"

"Quinton!", I screamed excitedly as I threw my arms around him in a tight hug. "That's great news"

"It is indeed. It's refreshing having to do my own thing without depending on my family name to get me places".

"I'm really proud of you", I cupped his face in my hands, and he smiled widely. "I'm going to miss you though"

"Don't worry, I'll come every chance I get meaning really soon"

"You one of the few people that kept me sane this past few weeks"

"Same here", he paused to think for a second. "Unless of course...", he trailed off, hinting at me and I rose my eyebrows at him, motioning he tells me what he had in mind. "You come along with me"

"To your parents house?", I asked, and he nodded his head in excitement. I laughed nervously, being a bit skeptical of the idea.

"Err... I don't know Q".

"Come on, it will be fun and besides my mother would love to have you around"

"Don't be a stranger okay?" I remembered Rose's words on my wedding day.

"I guess it's not such a bad idea", I was considering it a little, mostly because I will get away from Damon for a while, nothing beats that

"You know what?", I smiled at him, and he raised his eyebrow anticipating, waiting for my response

"Why the hell not?", I grinned, and he jumped fist in the air

"What are we waiting for?. Let's go pack your bags", he dragged me upstairs.

### Damon's POV

I can't wait for Quinton to be on that plane tomorrow, the way I'm so excited I'm even thinking about accompanying him to the airport .... for once I got home still excited about Quinton's departure. I could finally have everything to myself.

Layla

I was about to pass her bedroom and my heart nearly stopped beating when I saw her packing through the narrow opening of her door

"What are you doing?", I found myself walking into her room and she rolled her eyes at the sight of me

"Packing", she stated the obvious with venom dripping from her voice

"I can see that", I huffed out "Why are you packing? Where are you going?"

She blantly ignored me and continued packing her clothes. I knew that I had been an ass to her the past few months but to go away? It's really sudden and really uncalled-for.

To think about it, this is so funny though. A few months ago if I walked in on her packing her clothes, I would have thrown a party or a huge event to celebrate her leaving me, nothing would have made me happier than seeing her leave...but now,

"Layla?", I stood in front of her, waiting for her to tell me where the fuck she was going

"I'm leaving with Quinton"

"What?", I blurted out to my own surprise, before clearing my throat. "Why?"

"I'm visiting your parents, isn't it obvious?", she sighed heavily as she stopped packing for a second

"Without telling me?"

"I don't need your permission"

"But the least you can do is tell me", I carried on launching my complaints

"Oh please, don't act like you care", she rolled her eyes, zipping her suitcase closed. "We both know you dying for me to leave"

Well if it was 6 months ago, no doubt

She carried her suitcase and placed it with the other. How long is she going for?

"So you're leaving, just like that?"

She threw her head back, sighing as loudly as she could to show me I was clearly annoying her before pinching the bridge of her nose, adding another sigh

"Yes Damon", she glared at me. "Just like that"

I realized that nothing I could say could change her mind, "If it's like that then fine"

"Quinton", I walked in on him while he was also packing his clothes into his bag and he looked up

"What's up bro?", he smiled, folding his denim jeans and stuffed them with the rest of the pile

"What game are you playing?"

"What game are you talking about?", he took his headphones out, staring at me in confusion

"Why is Layla leaving with you?", I closed his bedroom door behind me. "Did you put her up to this?"

He stared at me in even more confusion as he stopped what he was doing to sit on the edge of the bed

"I didn't put Layla up to anything, I suggested she comes with me, and she agreed"

"Why though?"

"Why not?", he shrugged his shoulders. "Don't you think a change in scenery will do her good?"

"What for? She's perfectly fine right here where she is".

He scooped mockingly.

"Perfectly fine?", he prompted. "How when you're bringing different women to the house whenever it suits you?"

"That has nothing to do with this"

"It has everything to do with this. You clearly don't respect her and I don't know what's going on in your head if you think treating her this way is okay, but Layla is not happy Damon, and we all can see it".

I kept quiet, mostly because I was ashamed and that I really had no idea what to say next

"Just let her come with me and allow her breath for a while, that's the least you can do", Quinton stood up to continue where he left off. "Do you think you can do that?"

I didn't answer him, just turned back on my feet and closed his door behind me. If Layla wants to leave, she can leave but that doesn't mean I won't do anything about it ....that's a promise

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