

## Chapter 21: Twist

### Damon's POV

I slowly opened my eyes, and they landed on a sleeping Layla, she was facing me, and she looked so peaceful in her sleep. A few strands of her curly hair were in her face and I slowly reached for them and tucked them behind her ear, they were blocking my view.

So much for the pillow wall because she was cuddling with the pillows, her leg crossing boundaries. I chuckled to myself as I thought of how she was against the idea of us sleeping on the same bed but look at her now.

These pillows were taking too much of my space, so I took them one by one and threw them on the floor. Layla stirred in her sleep but returned to breathing normally.

Thank Goodness

I reached out for my phone to check the time, and it read 02:39.

Damn

If I usually got up at this time I usually took my laptop and worked but because I forgot my laptop at home, it wasn't much use.

I was in too much of a hurry to get here that I forgot to take my work equipment. Besides my mother wouldn't let me work while I was here, so it's kinda a blessing in disguise.

My gaze returned to Layla, she looked even more beautiful in her sleep. Her lips were parted slightly and that wanted me to place feather kisses on her flawless skin until I reached her full lips rosy pink lips.

What am I saying?

There is no way that's going to happen, not while Layla is.....well still Layla. I may just forget about all that.

### Layla's POV

I woke up and felt something heavy weighing me down. I looked under the covers and that's when I saw that Damon's arm had snaked its way around my waist.

How the hell did it cross the pillow wall? Speaking of the pillow wall, where is it?

I tried to get up, but Damon just tightened his grip around me

Great

I turned to face him so that I could give him the shove of his life as I planned to push him off the bed but when I turned to see his sleeping and peaceful self... I just couldn't.

He looked even more handsome in his sleep with his eyes shut. His curved sharp cheek bones were just perfect and has beautiful thick eyebrows, plus he was shirtless, which gave me a chance to drool over his remarkable muscular appearance...damn.

Is this the same Damon I grew to hate so much?

He stirred in his sleep and pulled me onto him before he slowly opened his eyes, catching my eyes already on him

Damn it

I was beneath him a little as we stared into each other's eyes with his grip still tightened around my waist

"Good Morning", he said quietly, more like a whisper as he closed his eyes and opened them again a er a short while. His voice was sleepy and a little rough around the edges at the same...kill me now.

"Morning", I tried to move away from him, but I couldn't because his grip was still tightened around my poor waist, now I was convinced he's doing this on purpose

"Damon, can you let go of me please?", my voice betrayed me, and it sounded like I was begging him

"Why?", he rose an eyebrow and my throat went dry

"Because I have to help prepare breakfast?", my statement came out like a question and his lips twitched to the side

"Okay", his grip loosened around me, but as I attempted to get up he quickly grabbed me and pulled me back into the bed, causing me to roll on my back, and he climbed on top of me and caged my head between his muscular arms.

Wtf?

"What are you doing?", I tried to push him off me, but he got a hold of both my arms and pinned them on top of my head

"What does it look like I'm doing?", he smirked before he buried his head on my neck and placed feather kisses on my jaw line. A thousand butterflies erupted from the pit of my stomach as his lips made contact with my skin for the first time in that way, chills went down my spine and I immediately felt weak like I no longer had control over my own body. No man had ever had an effect on me before.

I unexpectedly moaned, and he chuckled so ly as he brought his face up that our lips were centimeters apart

Why is he doing this?

"Tell me something", he looked deeply into my eyes, hypnotizing me with his grey piecing eyes as I involuntarily nodded

"Have you ever been intimate with a man before?", he asked and my eyes widened at his question

Quite frankly...no

"Wouldn't you like to know?", I put on a brave face as I tried to smirk at him, but failed dismally, he smiled down at me

"I would actually, but it seems eventually I'm going to find out", he placed a kiss on my cheek as he got off me and headed to the ensuite, leaving me speechless

"

"

"So Lay, want to hit the club with me tonight?", Quinton asked as he helped me dry the dishes

"The club?", I asked as the word was already foreign to my lips. I wasn't much of a partier but when I could, I definitely made it worth my while.

"Yeah, the club. We could do with a bit of hanging out", he said enthusiastically.

"She's not going to that place with you", a voice boomed out of nowhere and guess who it was

You guessed right, The Demon

"You are not going there", he said more like an order, waking to stand near me

"And who are you to tell me that?" I folded my arms. "Are you my Dad?"

"

I'm your husband and I say you are not going there", he barked, and I rolled my eyes

"You are in no position to tell me what to and not do. I'm not one of your floozies that you can order around as you wish", I spat and could see a vein popping on his temple.

"Quinton. Leave", his head snapped in Quinton's direction.

"No", Quinton confidently folded his arms and Damon's eyes darkened still looking at him

"I'm not going to repeat myself Quinton", he barked again but Q ignored him

"

"

"Now!", he shouted, causing Q and I to jump at his sudden change in tone before Quinton made his way out of the kitchen and a fuming Damon gaze turned to me

"Why do you have to be against every decision I make?", he spat. "I'm your husband for fucks sake"

"

"

You know what Damon? Fuck you", I spat back at him as I returned my gaze on him, he was looking at me intensely.

"You would like that, wouldn't you?", he responded so quickly, twisting my words, I felt like I needed a strong drink to boost my confidence at that moment

"Don't flatter yourself", I rolled my eyes at him

"

"

"Did you just roll your eyes at me?", he asked walking towards, and I took a step back. I roll my eyes every time he's around me, I don't know why it's such an issue today.

"Did you?", his voice echoed in the room, he just got scarier and scarier. Words got stuck up my throat.

"N...no"

"Then why the fuck are you stuttering?", he asked, walking close to me and I kept walking backward till my back met the sink that I nearly climbed on top of it.

"Fuck!", he groaned frustratedly while running his hands frantically through his hair before haunching over the counter, breathing heavily. I sighed silently as it seems he was calming himself down

Phew...

The peaceful silence didn't last long as in one swift motion he started breaking everything his eyes landed on. He took out the glasses and send them flying to the floor, and they smashed loudly at my feet

"Damon, stop it!", I launched at him and pulled him away from destroying the entire house. He pushed me away from before storming out the door and slammed the door behind him. It's official ladies and gents, my husband's bipolar.

"What's going on?", Q came running downstairs, and he took a look at me for any bruises. "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine Quinton", I reassured him, and he stopped fussing over me

"I shouldn't have le you", he said sadly, and I cupped his face in my hands while smiling at him

"I'm okay, don't worry about me. It's him I'm worried about", I pointed out at Damon who le the door wide open. "Are you sure there isn't something wrong with him? Psychologically?"

"He was dropped on his head once as a baby, so I guess his problems started there", he joked, and I couldn't help but laugh. "As much as he is mad. I know for a fact that he wouldn't hurt you. It's just that he cares too much",

"So what time are we hitting the club?", I asked to change the topic a er a heavy sigh eyes widened

"We?", his eyes widened. "You want Damon to literary kill me?"

"He can't tell me what to do. We're going, right a er I clean this mess", I said as I headed to the kitchen, and he tried talking me out of it, but I ignored him.

"We're going Quinton, end of discussion", I got the broom, he finally gave up and ended up helping me clean up the mess Damon made

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