

## Chapter 25: Pleasure

### Damon's POV

We got back home a few days ago, and I felt like throwing myself on the bed and sleep for the whole week, but I couldn't because my job awaited. I had been occupied with a lot of work ever since I came back, to pay for the days I had gone on the little 'vacation'.

The sound of my door opening cause me to focus on it rather than the ton of paperwork I still had to go through.

"Sir, Ms Crane is here to see you", Carla stood firmly at my o ice door

What was she doing here?

"Let her in", I told her and Carla nodded her head at my request and minutes later the sound of high heels echoed towards my o ice. I was not very thrilled to see Ms Crane anytime soon. We ended things a few months ago, and she seemed to understand why we couldn't continue with our arrangement. I don't know why she's here.

"Damon", she said curtly as walked she closed the door behind her and walked towards me

"Ms Crane", I watched as she took a seat in front of me, titling my head to the side a little when I noticed a few changes in her appearance. This wasn't the Scarlet I loved fucking with, she really looked unrecognizable and plain. Had no make-up, no eyelashes and I noticed she had even put on some weight, pardon me saying it like that, but it was what it is.

"We need to talk"

"We are already talking, aren't we?", I leaned back on my chair. "What can I do for you?"

"Just so you know, I can't explain what happened", she stuttered nervously. "Please don't freak out."

"Get to the point Scarlet and stop wasting my time. I don't have time for guessing games".

Hearing me say that caused her to fiddle inside her bag and I watched as she pulled out an envelope and slid it towards me across the table. I took it from her and opened it to read the document. Unfolding it, a picture fell out and my eyes widened when I realized what it was. A sonogram.

"What the hell?", I rose my eyes to look at her, and she started sobbing

"I'm pregnant Damon", she said between sobs and I swear my heart stopped beating for a second

"What?", I stood up to my feet. "How is that even possible?"

"We both old enough to know how babies are made."

"Don't give me that bullshit Scarlet", I spat before I paced up and down. "I thought you were on the pill!"

"I was, but I stopped taking them a few months ago. I thought we were never going to get together again and we"

"But we haven't slept together in months Scarlet, how could you be possibly sure it's min-", I paused for a second, pinching the bridge of my nose and took a deep breath. "How far along are you exactly?"

"Twenty seven weeks"

"Twenty seven weeks, and I'm only hearing about this now?", I half shout at her and her eyes widened. "You could have fucking told me earlier"

"Why?"

"It doesn't matter now", I took another deep breath, finding my seat again. "Are you sure that it's mine?"

"The fuck is that supposed to mean?", she seemed o ended at my word. "You think I'm lying?"

"Well I wouldn't put that past you, we both know you're capable of pulling such a stunt"

She gasped in shock. "I can't believe you would think that of me, that I would trick you into raising a baby that is not yours"

"Listen Scarlet, what you and I had, it's over. I'm moving on with my life".

"But--"

"If indeed the baby is mine, I'll help wherever I can however possible"

She blinked in surprise. "Damon--"

"I won't jeopardize what I have now with Layla because I impregnated you"

Her face dropped in disappointment. "I thought you said you don't love her"

"Layla is my wife and that's never going to change"

She kept quiet for a little while and I watched as she drew a deep breath, almost like she was gathering enough courage to say something

"If that's the case then I'm going to give the baby up for adoption"

"Why did you come all the way here to let me know you're pregnant if you're going to give it up anyway?"

"You had to know because you're the father", she spoke confidently. "Now that you're happily married, there is no need to keep a constant reminder of you"

It all made sense now

"So you're telling me that you fell pregnant deliberately?"

She wiped the tears that had dried up on her face. "I thought maybe you would leave Layla for me because of the baby I'm carrying. A baby can really change things between us Damon".

"Hadn't it occurred to you that the main reason I was so insistent on you being on the pill is because I don't want kids?", I suddenly snapped, standing onto my feet again, and she flinched at my tone

"I know you're not exactly thrilled about this pregnancy but there's really no need to bite my head o ", she folded her arms in a protest, looking away from me

"You know what?", I laughed a little. "I'm not doing this with you so you'll let me know whether you're keeping the baby or not, it's really is your decision".

Her jaw dropped a little

"So if you don't mind, I have some work to do", I pulled a pile of paperwork towards me and I noticed she hadn't moved from her seat, she was still sitting there staring at me wide-eyed

"Good day, Ms Crane". I dismissed her without looking at her again and heard her make her way out of my o ice.

### Daniel's POV

I waited patiently for the person I had an a ernoon meeting with that day, but I was slowly growing impatient a little, waiting was not a word found in my vocabulary. I'm a very punctual person and I expect everyone to be punctual as well. I stirred my co ee non-stop to keep busy because I was getting really aggravated. As soon as my eyes land on the person I was waiting for, I would wring his neck.

The doors opened, and I looked up, catching his eye and he started smirking as he walked in my direction.

"You're late", I deadpanned as he slipped into the booth opposite to me

"I had other important stu to attend to", he waved at the waitress to come take his order. "So why am I here?"

"Have you thought about what we talked about?", I took a sip of my now cold co ee, and he placed his arms on the table, leaning closer to me

"About getting revenge on Damon?", he whispered before looking around to see if someone was following him

"Yes", I put my cup down, and he twisted his lip mischievously before he grinned

"Yes I have, and you'll be pleased to know that I'm up for it"

Perfect

"What will it be for you?", the young attractive waitress asked as she was already prepared to jolt his order into her tiny notebook

"Are you on the menu?", his eyes travelled up and down her body seductively and her face flashed red as she tried not to giggle

pathetic

"No", she cleared her throat. "Can I get you something?", she tried hiding the smile that was growing on her face with her notepad. His smile was clearly doing the talking for him because it managed to get through to her that easily. They continued with their childish flirting before he finally placed an order, and she walked away, his eyes never leaving her body as she did.

"I thought you said you are not going to be a womanizer anymore", I rose an eyebrow

"That was just an act. I could never stay away from women", he bit his lip as the waitress came with his co ee order, but he grabbed her by the arm before she walked away.

"Since you don't want to give me your numbers, the least you could do is give me your name", he flashed a seductive, charming smile. I could swear she almost melted to a floor because she smiled uncontrollably.

"Jenny", she smiled warmly at him, and he reciprocated her smile

"Beautiful name for a beautiful woman", he flirted, and she giggled a little causing me to roll my eyes.

"Want to know the handsome name for the handsome guy who you just gave your beautiful name to?", he wiggled his eyebrows at her, and she giggled before nodding her head

"Quinton"

### Layla's POV

I told Mary to take the evening o today, o ering to make dinner myself. Honestly I have been dying to do something that my hands were literally itching. When I was almost done, I heard the front door open close and footsteps echoing around the house.

"Layla?", Damon's voice called out for me, causing me to quickly tie up the loose ends because he might flip out when he sees me cooking dinner.

"Where are you?", his voice so er as I heard him approach the kitchen. I cleared my throat before answering.

"In here", I called out and within seconds, I turned to see him leaning on the doorway

"Hey" I took o my apron. "What's up?"

He didn't say anything, which was a surprise, instead he quietly made his way to me and wrapped his arms around my waist and pulled me in a hug, holding onto me tightly

I was a bit surprised at this and awkwardly hugged him back

"Are you okay?" I asked, and he nodded as we broke away from the hug, but he kept his hands around me.

"I am now", he breathed out a sigh of relief, his piecing grey eyes bored into mine

O-kay

"Um", I pulled away from him. "I wasn't sure what to do for dinner tonight, so I just went for cheesy minced pasta, you like it?", I asked to break the silence barrier between us, and he kept his eyes on me the entire time, starting to make me feel uncomfortable a little.

He nodded his head. "It sounds delicious"

I could see he wasn't himself and I wondered what was bothering him

"It will be ready in a few minutes", I turned away from him, but I felt his so hand grabbing my arm, pulling me towards him and my tiny body almost colliding into his, causing me to almost lost my balance a bit, but he held me firmly by my waist

"Are you sure you're okay?", I asked again, and I felt his hands travelling up my arms to grab my face in his hands, his eyes staring deep into my soul that I was slowly getting lost in them

"I'm perfectly fine", his thumb started caressing the side of my face gently, and I was a little confused on what had gotten over him

"Damon, what's wron-", I was cut short when he leaned to my height and claimed my lips with his