

Chapter 26: Promises

Layla's POV

There were a lot of funny feelings going through my whole body all at once when Damon connected his lips with mine, making me feel things I've never felt before, but I think it had every thing to do with how he was kissing me, gently and yet very sweet. His lips were warm, minty and so , adding just the right amount of pressure. I felt my body starting to relax a little, butterflies exploding at the pit of my stomach and I lost consciousness for a few seconds, getting lost in the moment.

His hand slid across my waist, wrapping tightly around me to pick me up and placed me on top of the counter whilst not leaving my lips, just long enough until I could inhale his breath. He slipped his tongue into my mouth, exploring with urgency and I let out a so moan, wrapping my arms around his neck to pull him closer while digging my fingers in his hair.

He groaned so loud, from the back of his throat and I felt his hands travel down my body to grip lightly on my thighs before caressing them gently, weakening me to my core

Our breathing intensified within seconds, neither of us wanted to withdraw from the moment to catch our breaths, almost like we couldn't get enough of each other. There was this tension building, and it felt electric, sending shivers on all the nerves connected to my body. It almost felt like this was the feeling I've been craving my whole life, and I'll end up wanting more.

He slowly withdrew his lips from mine and I nearly whined in disappointment due to the fact that my lips felt cold all of a sudden because of the warmth his lips brought mine when he covered them.

Opening my eyes, I realized his were halfway open. His pupils a little dilated than usual, blended with lust and desire.

"I'm sorry, was that weird for you?", he breathed out against my lips, his voice a little low from trying to catch his breath and I shook my head no. He rested his forehead against mine, our noses almost touching before I felt his hand tilt my head up to peck me on the lips gently and finally pulled away.

He ran his hands through his face before covering his mouth, like it just hit him that we actually kissed. I watched as he walked out of the kitchen, contemplating on what had happened. He wasn't the only one though, I also couldn't believe it as I ran my fingers through my hair before jumping on the counter. I brushed my fingers on my lips and weirdly enough, I could still remember how his lips felt against mine.

Even so, I couldn't help but wonder, was he regretting it?

Damon's POV

My heart was literally pounding against my chest, so hard that my hands were visibly shaking. I don't think I realized the severity of the matter until I kissed her, and I'm honestly mind blown. I didn't think it would come to this.

Such a weird feeling, but at the same time it felt so liberating, like I just conquered the world or something. I don't know what came over me, I just felt a rush of emotions, and before I knew it, I had leaned in to plant my lips against hers.

I wanted to kiss her so bad that when I did, the earth stopped revolving for a second. I felt like it was just the two of us at the center of it all. All my problems just vanished, her being that close to me was all that I needed. At this point, there was no denying it anymore,

I have feelings for Layla

"Layla", I walked back into the kitchen a few minutes, I had to recollect my thoughts for a second and she turned to look at me.

"Listen I-"

She put her hand up, telling me to stop talking. "It's okay, you don't have to say it"

My eyebrows furrowed in confusion. "You don't even know what I was going to say"

"This is the part where you tell me the kiss is a mistake and I completely understand"

"I wasn't going to say that"

"It was just a kiss, and I'm totally cool with it"

"Layla", I grabbed her face in my hands, so that she looked at me. "It wasn't just a kiss"

"Then what was it then?"

"Whatever it is, it's not supposed to happen like this"

"You're not telling me anything right now", she laughed a little, removing my hands from her face and turned that her back faced me

"Layla, the thing is I....", I started as the next word got caught up my throat. It's not everyday I get to say the L word I couldn't even pronounce it. I last told it to my mother when I was about 13 or so because Quinton was there to fill up the spaces after that. I learned to outgrow it, I guess.

Should I say I like her?

"I...."

"You.....what?", she raised her eyebrow at me, daring me to continue

I can't do this

"Can't do what?"

Fuck! Did I just say that out loud?

Think damn it! Think

"Let's just have dinner, we'll talk about it later", I said, and she gave me a long hard look, before nodding her head.

"Do you need help setting the table?"

"I'd appreciate it, thanks", she smiled warmly at me and I gave a short nod before taking the plates and cutlery to the dining room table

After the mouth watering, scrumptious meal she prepared, we talked like we never had before. She made me laugh and I just kinda forgot about all my worries and focused on her. She was now the most important person in my life... she just doesn't know it yet.

"Hey Layla?", I took her hand in mine just when she was about to stand up and clear the table

"Yeah?"

"I need you to promise me something",

Her eyebrows arched up in confusion. "Promise you what?"

"As weird as it's going to sound, but I need you to promise me that no matter what happened between us, whenever it happens, you'll never give up on me"

"Why?", she rose an eyebrow while sitting back down again. "What's going on?"

"Just promise me"

She tilted her head a little to the side. "Well, I did sign up for better or worse right?"

I smiled and nodded my head. "I'm afraid so"

"Okay", she lightly shrugged her shoulders. "I promise"

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