

## Chapter 27: Interrogation

### Layla's POV

I decided to take Troy up on his offer and call him to meet up for coffee. I stayed so long cooped up in that house I felt like the walls were driving me crazy. We were meeting up at a café that makes the most exquisite coffee downtown, Mary introduced me to this place.

I ordered a latte for my morning wake-up cup as nothing jumps starts my day more than coffee. I took a small sip to savor each moment the liquid danced to the back of my throat heavenly, and I closed my eyes to enjoy every second.

"Still a coffee lover I see", he jumped from behind me, and I laughed while standing on my feet to hug him

"It's good to see you Lay", he tightened his arms around me a little before we broke away from the hug and slipped into the booth opposite me

"It's good to see you too", I returned the bright smile on his face because it was honestly hard not to. "You're early, I was only expecting to see you in thirty minutes"

"I didn't think I was going to find you here already, so I was willing to wait up for you, seems like you already beat me to it"

I laughed. "Okay, now that you're here what will you be having?"

"Whatever you're having"

The trip down memory lane with Troy wasn't as bad as I remembered it because he was always painting me in a good light. He was still as funny as the last time I shared a laugh with him in high school, and it felt like the good old days.

"You know, I've always loved your laugh", he confessed, causing me to shrug my shoulders a little, thinking he was pulling my leg yet again just like he used to. He mentioned my laugh was cute a couple of times before, but I always thought he was just sarcastic or something. I hated my laugh, I sound like a drowning chicken when I laugh hysterically.

"I'll take that as one of your funny jokes"

He chuckled a little. "It's not even like that"

"Yeah, yeah whatever"

He took a sip of his coffee before folding his arms at the table, clearing his throat and locked eyes with me. "So you and Damon, how did that happen?"

"Do you guys know each other?", I took a sip of my coffee, trying to change the topic

"Not quite. I just know him through a friend as he happens to be one of his biggest clients legally", he shrugged his shoulders lightly.

"Oh", I mouthed, and he looked at me, tilting his head to the side a little and I knew he was waiting for my response to his previous question

"Damon and just happened to fall in love, like any other normal couples do", I lied through my teeth, and he rose an eyebrow at me

"You know, I always thought you would marry someone with the same interest and passions as you, like an author or a librarian since you love reading, literature had always been your favorite"

"I guess opposites attract"

"I guess", his eyes never left mine. "So are you in love with him?"

"Of course I am", I laughed nervously. "Why would I be?"

"Because he's an arrogant, selfish, spoiled, self-centered jerk"

Well you're right about that

"Need I say more?", he raised a brow

"No but you don't understand. He is not like that when he's with me".

Yeah you're right, he was actually worse

"Lay, you know I've always cared about you", he took my hands in his. "And I hate that I have to be the one to tell you this, but Damon is going to hurt you, so bad that you won't be able to pick up the pieces afterwards"

"You don't know him like I do Troy"

"True", he gave a short nod. "What I do know is that he doesn't deserve you Layla"

He gave my hand a gentle squeeze and I slowly withdrew my hand from his, suddenly feeling uncomfortable with the way this conversation accelerated

"Listen, I'm not in a position to judge you or anything but just bear in mind what I told you"

One thing I was sure about was that his words were going to play in my mind constantly on record repeat

"You know something I don't, don't you?", I asked while studying his face, his eyes were always the first to give off something. I knew that if he would tell a lie, his eyes wouldn't keep eye contact for long. He looked up, and I knew that whatever he was about to say was true.

"He's associated with dangerous people, people that can put both your lives in danger including all the people you love", my heart dropped for a second, all the people I love are in danger because of Damon's connections?

"How do you know all of this?"

"I did some research on him and what I found out is nerve shaking"

I took a deep breath, wanting to know more now. "Tell me what it is"

He shook his head and I watched as his eyes looked up behind me. "The less you know the better, for your sake"

"Troy, you can't plant a seed of doubt in me only to not tell me everything-",

"What's going on here?", I rose my eyes to see Damon behind me with his arms folded across his chest. He wasn't impressed, I could tell he was definitely pissed

"Damon, what are you doing here?", I asked him as his gaze fixed on Troy.

"Wesley told me he dropped you here this morning and I wanted to see for myself what's going on"

"Damon, it's always a pleasure to see you", Troy extended his hand for a handshake and Damon ignored him, turning to look at me

"Layla, let's go"

"We're in the middle of something-", I stopped talking when he tilted his head to the side, daring me to piss him off even more

"You should go Lay, I'll cover the bill", Troy said, and I looked in between them, now that they started all over again in the staring contest

"Thanks for this, Troy", I smiled at him as I stood on my feet, and he reciprocated my smile

"It's all good Lay"

Damon took a step back, allowing me to lead the way and followed after me. The drive home was quiet, and I kept looking out the window all the way.

"What did he say to you?", I heard him ask, and I turned to look at him. "I know he said something"

"Nothing much"

"You are such a terrible liar"

"And you are such a terrible jerk", I retorted, sticking my tongue out at him, and he drew his breath

"Layla, please don't patronize me", he was surprisingly calm about all this, his eyes focused strictly on the road. "What did he say to you?"

"Why do you care?"

"Because I know what he's trying to do, he's trying to poison you against me"

I kept quiet

"Layla", he raised his voice a little, his eyes darkening as he tightened his jaw, looking really intimidating

I heaved a sigh. "He said pretty much the obvious, that you were an arrogant, selfish jerk who cares about anyone but himself."

He growled in annoyance. "Spare me that bullshit and tell me something I don't know already"

"I couldn't get much out of him because you suddenly showed up"

"Just tell me what he said to you"

"Why are we talking about this again?"

"Don't change the subject"

"Fine", I rolled my eyes. "He also said that you were going to hurt me, badly", I saw his eyebrows knit in confusion the second I mentioned him hurting me. "And that you are involved with dangerous people who can put our lives in danger"

I felt the car coming to a complete stop, and he parked at the side of the road, turning to face me

"Hurt you?", he repeated. "Why does Troy think I'm going to hurt you?"

"Didn't you hear the part where I said he said you're involved with dangerous people? I think you should be concerned with explaining that to me right now".

"Did he say anything else besides that?", he ignored my previous statement bluntly, and I knew he was not going to attend to it until he understood what Troy was trying to say

"No, that's all"

"Don't believe everything you hear about me", he grumbled, turning on the ignition again and got back on the road. "Some of them aren't true"

What does he mean some of them? How many rumors are there about him?

"And besides, you are my wife, you have to be on my side"

"Even if being on your side means going against everything I believe in?"

"Yes", he responded sharply, wasting no time and I realized we were done with this conversation. I sunk back into my seat and looked outside the window at the flying birds above as they spread their wings and flew higher in different directions in the wide blue sky. I was at one point envious of them because they were everything I wasn't... they were free.

When we got home, I was about to get out, but then I heard the sound of all the car doors being locked automatically. I looked over at Damon so that he could explain himself only to see him leaning back on the headrest, his eyes fixed at something I couldn't see, deep in thought.

"Can you please open the door-"

"Layla, I would never hurt you", he interrupted, turning his face to look at me

"I never said you will"

"I just need you to trust me", he leaned closer to me. "Do you think you can do that?"

"I don't know", I shrugged. "Where will that get me?"

"I guess we'll see", he unlocked the all the doors and got out of the car, leaving me in suspense and a huge question mark of what the future holds for us. I was about to open my door, but he had already beat me to it when he opened it out of the blue and I let out a squeak, nearly falling face down on the ground since I was partially leaning on it, but his strong arms grabbed a hold of me, and he carried me bridal style while closing the door with his hand that was supporting my back.

"Are you okay?", he asked, and I found myself getting lost in his stormy orbs. Ever since that kiss the other day, something changed between us. The sight of didn't irritate me anymore, instead I looked forward to seeing him more often. There was chaos happening in my mind and heart every time I thought about him and I don't know how I felt about it. This better not mean what I think it does...

"Yeah", I smiled at him as we gazed into each others' eyes. "I'm fine"

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