Chapter 28: Unveiling

Layla's POV

“Layla, do you know where Mary is?”, Damon asked as he was going around the house looking for something

“No, have you tried checking under the table?”, I pushed my reading glasses while looking up at him, and he heaved an exaggerated sigh, causing me to laughed to myself

“Does everything have to be a joke to you?”

“It doesn't have to, with you around”, I took a spoonful of my delicious fruit and cream salad. “I have my hands full already”

“Layla I'm serious”, he heaved yet sigh, before seeming to give up his search after turning the lounge upside down. “I'm looking for my car keys, have you by chance seen them?”

“Yes I have”, I nodded my head, and he glared at me, shrugging his shoulders that I tell him where I saw them

“Well?”, he put up his hands in a helpless gesture. “Aren't you going to tell me where you saw them?”

“You just asked me if I've seen them by chance, not where”, I shrugged back, and he protested quietly before drawing a deep breath, exhaling sharply afterwards

“Layla, can you tell me where you last saw my car keys?”, he asked, and I raised an eyebrow because that's not how it works he was forgetting something, the magic word

“Please”, he immediately picked up and added, forcing a smile on his face

“Sure Damon, there are on the counter, under the dishcloth next to the microwave”, I directed, and he found them

“Thanks”, he walked over to me. “Enjoy your day”

I smiled. “You too”

Damon's POV

Arriving home that evening, I heard the sound of people laughing when I closed the front door behind me and this wasn't something I was used to getting back home to. I walked into the lounge to find Layla, Matt, Taylor along with their wives sitting comfortably on the couches.

“Hey guys”, I greeted them, and they all chorused a greeting together

“What took you so long?”, Taylor asked while chewing on a chocolate chip cookie

“Yeah Damon, we have been here for hours”, his wife, Ashley added as she sat beside him

“I've been busy”, I walked over to Layla and sat next to her. “So what are you guys doing here?”

“Well, we figured it would be a great time for the six of us to get together and get to know Layla since we didn't get to know her better before you guys got married”, Michelle elbowed Layla, and she smiled politely

“If I knew we had a chill session, I would have gotten home a while ago”, I said, and they laughed. “So tell me, how have you guys been?”

We talked for hours, it weirdly felt good to be around friends in the form of family. Especially Layla, she had the time of her life as I noticed she and the girls got along very quickly. She was laughing and smiling most of the time. I tried keeping my eyes off her, but they genuinely disobeyed me, she's all I could look at.

“How about a game?”, Taylor asked, and we all looked at him

“Monopoly or Snakes and Ladders?”, Layla asked sweetly and Taylor shook his head

“No, that's too ordinary. How about-”, he posed to think and within seconds he snapped his fingers in excitement, clearly having an idea.

“Role play”

“Role play?”, we all chorused simultaneously, clearly confused at what kind of game was that. I've never heard of it before.

“Yeah role-play, like we each act out roles of each other. For example, I act like Ashley, and Ashley acts like me. We play out our roles in how each of one of us reacts, like copying each other's movements mockingly”.

“Ohh”, we chorused again but this was probably the worst game I ever heard of. If I were to act as Layla, the most famous line was to ' go to hell'.

“Okay, we'll go first”, Matt volunteered, and we had to tell them the even they had to act for

“The day the two of you met”, Layla chipped in and Matt and Michelle looked at each other as they sat up straight, preparing their acting positions, and they played out how they met, and it was kind of funny, I laughed throughout their act, Matt has always been afraid if interacting with the opposite sex and Michelle played it out perfectly. Taylor and Ashley had to play out the role when they got engaged and it was so romantically touching.

Who am I kidding? I wouldn't know romance even if it slapped me across the face.

“Your turn”, they turned all to Layla and I and we both fidgeted in our seats nervously. Matt and Taylor smirked in my direction. I knew these idiots will surely make us play out something that's never happened between Layla and I.

“What event do we have to play out?”, I asked already giving them a warning look not to make me anything stupid and the guys both grinned before exchanging mischievous looks

“Your first kiss”

“What?”, I nearly choked on my saliva, but somehow it's like I already knew this was coming

“No”, I protested and Matt laughed before telling me the first rule of the game is to ever say no, and we had to play the role specifically, or I would have to pay a fine

These idiots are doing this on purpose

“We'll do it”, Layla took my hand in hers, forcing me to face her and I did, even thought I didn't think we should go through with it. At this point, paying the fine wasn't a problem.

“So, Layla… “, she mimicked my voice, trying her best to deepen hers so that she almost sounded like me and the creepy thing was that, she kind of did. If I didn't know better, I would think she must have had tons of practice to turn out that brilliant.

“Yes Damon darling?”, I fluttered my invisible eyelashes, pretending to be flirtatious, and she frowned in response

“I never to that”, she folded her arms in protest and our audience couldn't barely keep their laughs suppressed

“Yeah you're right”, I looked around for a prop to use to imitate her, quickly spotted it

Her reading glasses, perfect I reached over and put them on, she gave me an approving nod.

“Damn, I must be sexy wearing those”, she took a long hard look at me whilst biting her lip temptingly while stroking her invisible beard a little, seeming amused

You have no idea how good you look in them....

“This is probably our fourth date, and yet I still came out with nothing”, she continued with our act and I frowned at her words. Making me wonder if I had a video of me going out on date, because wow she does sound like me right now....considering that we've never been on a date before.

“Are you perhaps looking for a night cap?”, I raised my eyebrow at her, this I knew cause that was the response I got every time

“Something like that…”, she shrugged her shoulders lightly while leaning dangerously to my height. My breath stuck in my throat when she tilted her head to the side a little, bringing her face closer to mine.

“ What are you doing?”I,whispered quietly so that she was the only one that heard me

“Kissing my date”,she whispered back, pressing her lips against mine and I couldn't help but to kiss her back. Her lips between mine felt foreign and forbidden but undeniably sweet, and I couldn't seem to get enough, I've been longing for this for quite some time now.

Our lips moved in sync for a few seconds before I wrapped my arms around her waist, pulling her on top of me so that she straddled me, wrapping her arms around me while I caressed her back softly, making this a timeless and passionate moment

“ Okay that's enough”,she murmured softly against my lips, breaking the kiss short before it could intensify because if it went there, I don't think I wouldn't have been able to stop myself, my breathing was even starting to get a little heavier

She returned to her normal sitting position and my mind was still on the moment where our lips connected. I raised my eyes to meet a speechless crowd and I kind of forgot that they were around.

“Wow, if your first kiss was anywhere near that, it was truly amazing”, Ashley clapped her hands and Layla and I laughed nervously, as if things couldn't get any weirder because I was the one that initiated a kiss first and as she's acting like me. I must say though, she was pretty good at it, very good.

“I don't if this will count as being crazy or being a pervert, but I can't ignore that I was kind of turned on by your kiss”, Taylor confessed, and I threw him a glare, whilst Ashley hit him playfully on the arm

“What babe?”, he chuckled. “You have to admit that it was hot”

“Your role-playing skills you two take the cup”, Matt said, and they all nodded in agreement. If only they knew that was our real official kiss, if I'm not including the ones we shared a while back, it was our first public kiss.

After the couples left, tension was building up between Layla and I as we kept stealing glances at each other

“I'm confused”, I finally spoke up and her eyes rose to meet mine

“About what?”

“One moment we can't stand one other, the next we are kissing each other”

A little smile played on her lips. “I guess it is what it is, whatever it is”

I refused to acknowledge that. “You could have chosen not to kiss me, why did you?”

“We were playing a game, and it would have been awkward if we refused to play along when they clearly did the roles that we acted them to”

“So, you wanted to kiss me?”

“I felt like I had to”, she shrugged a little. “We both know we didn't get married under normal circumstances like other couples to. I only married you so that my family's company doesn't get sold to yours, it doesn't go any deeper than that”.

Hearing that managed to split my heart into quarters. I know she was telling the truth, I just expected to her say anything besides that.

“And I know I married you to keep on being an heir to this family's empire, it didn't go anywhere else beyond that too, but I think we can agree that our feelings matter too, right?”

“I guess-”, she started but the sound of my phone ringing interrupted her. My Dad was calling me.

“Dad?”

“Damon, it's your grandfather, it's not looking good”

We flew down to my hometown as soon as possible as we heard the news that my Grandfather suffered a heart attack. That including his other chronic illnesses like hypertension and diabetes, it wasn't really looking good at all....we could lose him.

Kim handed me a letter that was written for me by him, and it clearly stated that if he happened to die, he leaves everything in the capable hands of my father, and he will pass it down to me and Quinton if he changes his mind about joining the family business

Also in the letter, he mentioned how his heart bled that he may die without seeing a great-grandchild from me, to ensure the family legacy bloodline moves on, and it pained me that after all he had done for me, I hesitated in giving him the one thing that he wanted even though I wasn't ready to be a father because I didn't even want kids. It didn't help that Scarlet was possibly pregnant with my child.

Layla must have seen me trying my level best to hide my tears, and she rubbed my back neitherless. I handed her the letter and she read it for herself. After finishing, her shoulders slumped down in disappointment.

“I'm sorry”, she whispered

“It's not your fault. This was bound to happen sooner or later”, I buried my face in my hands.

“So what are we going to do now?”, her eyes rained with concern and I entwined our fingers together

“We just have to pray he gets better, then we'll take it from there”

“Layla?”, I whispered against her ear when I got into bed besides her, and she cuddled up next to me. Everyone else went home early that night to get some rest as w had spent the entire day at the hospital, hoping for a miracle.

I eventually decided to send Layla home, as much as she wanted to be there for me, she had to rest. My family was slowly losing their faith in my grandfather but Layla and I still held on that tiny little hope that he will wake up. Soon

“Hey”, she rubbed the sleep off her eyes and I kissed her forehead. “Still no change after I left?”

“No”

She sighed heavily. “Grandad is going to be okay, I know he will”

There was this guilt washing over me every time I looked at her ever since this happened because I was keeping crucial information from her, and it didn't sit well with me. I wanted to tell her the day I found out, but I was afraid of what her reaction would be..... but I can't carry on like this.

“There is something I have to tell you”, I announced, and she slowly nodded, unsure of what awaited her

“What is it?”, she looked deeply into my eyes and I struggled to say out the next words to her, I was hesitant

“Damon?”, she watched me unable to look at her. I opened my mouth to speak, but I couldn't. Silence fell upon us awkwardly.

“Something happened”, I finally breathed out after a few minutes and I could still feel her eyes on me

“What are you talking about?”, she questioned, searching for my eyes

“I'm really sorry”, my voice broke as I felt a lump grew in my throat and my chest tightened. “I wanted to tell you as soon as I found out, but I couldn't”

“Damon you are scarring me. What's happening?”, she was panicking now as I struggled to find the next words to break it down to her. The way she was looking at me... I don't think I can.

I took a deep breath before speaking.

“She's pregnant Layla”, our eyes finally met and her gaze was still fixed on me. I had a feeling she knew who I was talking about, but she asked anyway.

“Scarlet is pregnant?”, she coaked out in disbelief and I slowly nodded my head. She hummed in response and got off the bed running her hands through her hair. “Good for you”

“Layla, I'm sorry”, I walked towards her, and she took a step back

“Why are you apologizing Damon? Isn't this what you wanted?”

“Not like this. I didn't plan for this to happen”.

“It doesn't really matter now because you have a baby on the way, an entire human being”, she clapped her hands. “At least you know now that you don't shoot blanks. Congratulations daddy”.

I tried to take her in my hands. “Layla don't be like that”

“Don't be like what?”, she shrugged. “Am I not supposed to be happy for you?”

“We both know you're not”, I watched as she sat on the bed and I knelt in front of her, taking her hands into mine again, but she quickly pulled them away from me

“Don't touch me”, she warned, but I couldn't stop reaching for her, she kept slapping my hands away each time.

“Please don't”, she stood on her feet and turned towards the door, but I grabbed her from behind, and she put up a struggle, screaming that I let her go. I picked her up and pushed her down on the bed, pinning her hands on the side of her face.

“Let me go”, she continued fighting me to get off her

“Just calm down”, my grip tightened around her wrists

“Aw, you're hurting me”, she cried in pain and I released her wrists from my grip but still had pinned her down with my body

“Just let me explain, please”, I pleaded, and she stopped fighting me and folded her arms whilst breathing heavily. Tears started streaming down her face.

There was a knock on the door

“Damon?”, my father's concerned voice questioned behind the door. “What's going on in there?”

“Everything is just fine Dad”, I said, hoping that would make him back off and give me some time to talk to Layla

“Layla, are you okay?”, he asked and Layla's glowing eyes looked into mine

“I'm okay Dad. I was just having a nightmare”, she tried to keep her voice monotone as much as possible, and we heard my father moving away from the door.

“Can we please just talk?”

“Can you please just get off me? I want to go back to sleep”, she kept strict eye contact with me saying those words and I got off her. She crawled back into the covers and switched her bed side lamp off.

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