

# The Unwanted Matrimonial –

## Chapter 3: Matrimony

### Layla's POV

There I was, just standing in front of a mirror, looking at myself. Today my life was changing for the worst. I was going to be someone's wife.

What was I thinking honestly? Who in their right mind just agrees to be married off to a complete stranger because of money? Does that make me an awful person?

“Are you ready?”, my best friend, Lelo asked as she walked through the door. I sighed heavily.

“In a minute”, I took one last look at myself again. What are you getting yourself into Layla?

Stacy, my other best friend pushed passed Lelo to stand in front of me and looked at me. They both looked beautiful in their navy blue strapless dresses.

“You're actually doing this, baby?”, Stacy asked in awe and I sighed heavily again

“I have no any other choice Stacy. I have to. To save my families empire”, I shrugged lightly, and she shook her head.

“Isn't there another way to go around this, pay them off or something?”, she asked as she sat down opposite me as Lelo helped me put my veil on

“Do you think if there was another way, I would be doing this?”, I deadpanned, and she opened her mouth to say something, but she closed it again

“It's just that we care about you babe, we don't want to see you getting hurt”, Lelo said as they approached me for a group hug

“I'm a big girl. I can handle this”, I said enthusiastically, and they smiled weakly at me. They knew me better than that.

“You look beautiful “, they chorused as Stacy helped me put on the necklace she borrowed me. “I'll be needing this back on my wedding day”, she teased, and we laughed.

I was wearing a lace-topped sweetheart neckline ball gown that fully covered my petite figure. It was just okay, considering that I didn't have enough time to find my ideal wedding dress.

"This is it huh?", I asked as the three of us held hands, and they helped me take steady breaths

"Well, since it's a wedding and there is going to be a *wedding night*", Stacy air quoted before handing me a paper bag, "I bought you this, a little something something"

I took it and pulled out a red and black laced lingerie. The outfit looked so small, there was no way I could fit into this.

"Uh", I laughed uncomfortably. "This thing looks so...tight", I said uneasily.

"Well that's the point. Duh", she rolled her eyes.

"I don't think I'll be needing this", I returned the little outfit into the bag

"You naughty girl", she grinned mischievously as she hit me on the arm playfully. "So you mean you plan on not wearing anything at all to bed huh?", she winked and Lelo burst out into laughter

"No, eww", I shivered at that thought. Me, naked with a man I hardly know. Not going to happen. *What do I mean hardly?* I don't know him, period!

"What I mean is that, I don't think there is going to be a wedding night, it's an arranged marriage remember?", I air quoted, and she frowned as she mouthed,

"Oh"

"So....", Lelo pursed her lips in a straight line while raising a brow. "What does he look like?"

"Who? Damon?", I questioned, and she nodded her head and I shrugged my shoulders

"I don't know. I haven't seen him face to face, only on the net and socials", both their jaws dropped at my words

"But how? Aren't you supposed to meet and get to know each other before today?", Stacy's eyebrows knitted in confusion.

"We were supposed to, but that whimp bailed out on me each time I set up a meet up with him", I rolled my eyes

"What a jerk", they chorused in union

"I've been saying", I gave another shrug, and they exchanged looks. If they were uncertain of what I was getting myself into a few seconds ago, they now were.

“Okay, so we’re ready when you are”. Lelo handed me my bouquet and I sighed heavily as I gestured for another group hug, I was about to break into tears straight up. I needed some comfort.

“I love you guys “, tears pricked my eyes. They both squeezed me at the same time and I grasped for air.

“We love you too babe”

### **Damon's POV**

Why on earth are my palms sweating? I couldn't be nervous, I just couldn't. All these guest coming to congratulate me and wish me all the best just made me want to ditch this whole wedding ceremony.

“You're late”, my grandfather deadpanned as I approached where he was standing

“Better late than never”, I faked a smile as I walked past him to walk to the altar. I can't believe I agreed to this madness. My mother was thrilled about me finally tying the knot, she was beyond overjoyed. I don't think she knows it's an arranged marriage though, but the less she knows the better. My father and I were not exactly seeing eye to eye, but he seemed quite pleased when he saw me show up at the church. I was certain both him and my grandfather were behind his absurd idea of getting me married.

I couldn't wrap my head around the fact that after today I will no longer be a bachelor by choice, but a married man. My stomach flipped as I thought of that. I wasn't even ready to be held down like this. Marriage is a huge step and it means commitment. It doesn't make matters any easier since Layla and I hardly know each other.

*What a joke!*

Everyone in church settled down as the violins started playing, the two bridesmaids made their way down the aisle and the both of them were giving me the deadly stares

*The fuck?*

The here-comes-the-bride tune started playing and Layla made it down the aisle arm in arm with her father and she looked really beautiful in her wedding gown.

*What was I saying?*

I mean she looked nice....decent

My best friend Matt wolf whistled as his eyes landed on Layla

“Jesus, Damon”, he exclaimed, smiling sheepishly. “She's gorgeous man”

“What were you raving about when you said she's not even attractive?”, he whispered near my ear and I glanced at him. I felt like punching him lights out, right there on the spot. This wasn't the time to be reminding me of what I said last night, I was drunk and still really pissed

“Shut up”, I hissed lowly, and he held out his hands up and took a step back from me

“She's hot though”, he mouthed while grinning. I cursed under my breath, realizing that I befriended an idiot.

As they reached the altar, her father and I shook hands for a second, his eyes never leaving mine. I was about to withdraw my hand from his, but then he started squeezing the blood out of it as he stood near me to whisper,

“You better treat her well or else, *I'll kill you*”, he enunciated with venom dripping from every word in his voice. I looked at him, his eyes darkened. I just knew he meant it. I quickly nodded and smiled nervously he backed away plastering a fake smile on his face as he kissed Layla on her cheek.

I helped her up the altar and I could see through her veil she had her eyes fixed on the ground. *Why won't she look at me?*

“We are gathered here today to join this man and woman in holy matrimony”, the priest started and Layla still had her eyes fixed on the ground

“Anyone who doesn't think these two shouldn't be joined in holy matrimony, speak now or forever hold your peace”, he announced before raising his eyes to look at the people. I closed my eyes and really hoped someone will say something

If maybe one of my ex's would budge in here and stop the wedding by confessing her undying love for me. I would be ecstatic and probably marry her on the spot.

*I'm just kidding*

I looked at the quiet guests, thinking that now would be a great time for someone to speak up.

Or even a better idea, raise my hand for having an objection against my own marriage. My eyes found my grandfather's, already looking at me, warning me with my eyes not to do anything stupid. He would skin me alive.

I turned to look at Layla, she was biting her bottom lip nervously. Why isn't she doing anything?

**Layla's POV**

Oh god, please, let someone say something and stop this madness. I thought I could do this, but I can't. It's not easy now that he keeps stealing glances at me. I wondered what was going through his mind right now.

Does he have to be so good-looking?. He isn't making things easy for me here.

I just have the thought of gathering my dress and walking out of there that instant. That would show I have an objection against my own marriage, right?

*Why isn't this Damon not doing anything?*

Everyone kept quite in the church, considering I didn't know half of the people there at the wedding, I was disappointed no one caused a scene that demanded the wedding to be stopped

"Alright then, we may continue ", the priest announced and Damon and I groaned in disappointment

"Do you Damon Kingsley; Take Layla Jones to be your wedded wife? To have and to hold, from that day forward, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death do you apart?

*Please say No. Please say No...*

"I Do", he said, and I raised my eyes to look at him, we locked eyes for a moment before he looked away

"Do you Layla Jones; Take Damon Kingsley, to be your wedded husband? To have and to hold, from that day forward, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death do you apart?"

"I...", I started but paused to look at my family. My dad had that, *you can still change your mind* look.

"I Do", I said quietly, almost in a whisper. It was almost like I suddenly couldn't find my voice anymore.

"What was that?", the priest asked aloud. *Oh, God, I had to repeat that again?*

I sighed heavily before clearing my throat awkwardly.

"I Do", I breathed out, a little louder than the last time and the guests cheered in excitement. After the blessing and exchanging of rings, there came a moment that made me want to strangle myself with the necklace around my neck.

“You may kiss your bride”, the priest announced happily and both Damon and I cringed at that. He took a step toward me, taking his time opening my veil. We locked eyes for a second before I looked away and turned to the priest to motion him to come closer.

“Can't we skip this part?”, I whispered, and he blinked blankly at me, looking at me like I just cursed in church, like I've lost my mind or something whilst Damon's eyebrow raised at my question

“No. You can't”, the priest voice was quiet but firm. “This is a beautiful way to seal the promises you just made to each other, with a kiss”, he whispered back, and I felt like dying, my insides were turning in despair.

Damon cupped my face, I could see the discomfort on his face before he leaned and pressed his lips on the side of my lips. The kiss was quick and short. Not at all how I imagined my first marital kiss but, *who the hell is complaining?*

***Okay I was.....but that's not the point here***

Everyone cheered and started clapping. “Mr and Mrs Damon Kingsley”, the priest announced as we exited the church, hand in hand. Thank God that's over, but I fear the worst is yet to come.

*Little did I know*