

The Unwanted Matrimonial - Chapter 6: Third party

Layla's POV

It's been a couple of weeks after the wedding and I had to do nothing most of the time. Except helping around in the house. Besides from that, my life was complete torture as it seems I had married the devil himself.

"Mary. I'm home", I called out, and she hurried towards me to help with the bags. I had gone to the shops for a few groceries to her disapproval of course, but I insisted.

"You could have just let me go to the shops Ma'am", she said as we carried the bags to the kitchen

"No Mary. I told you that I want to help around the house and that's exactly what I'm going to do and for the nth time, please call me Layla", I said as we packed the groceries, and she smiled.

"So, where's the Demon?", I asked, and she furrowed her eyebrows, clearly confused at what I was talking about and I quickly realized.

"Oh", I laughed at her facial expression, she looked so puzzled, it was hilarious.

"I mean where's Damon. I kind played around with the vowels and took out the a and replaced it with an e. *Demon*", I explained, and she immediately got it and laughed loudly at my name working. I joined in her laughter. I can be such a genius sometimes. My intelligence will kill me one day.

I noticed her face changing when her laughter died down, into a frown.

"Something wrong?", I quizzed, and she hesitated for a second

"He's kind of...", she paused as she seemed to think long and hard of what to say next. "He's busy at the moment", she breathed out as guilt washed over her face. She avoided my gaze at all cost.

"O-kay. Busy with what?", I questioned, my voice stern. She was hiding something, and she was going to tell me. She smiled nervously before turning away from me as she wiped an invisible spot on the counter.

"Marryy?", I rose my eyebrow at her, and she sighed heavily before speaking again

"He's with Scarlet", she took a deep breath, her eyes full of pity. "His call-girl".

"Wait", I needed to understand what she was saying to me. "Are you telling me he has a regular booty call?", I asked intrigued as I leaned to her, so that she can fill me with all

this juicy gossip. My stay here was just getting better and better. Her eyes widened at me, clearly surprised I was taking this matter so lightly before she gave a short nod.

"I'm sorry", sadness evident was in her voice, but I shrugged and brushed it off

"No need to be", I reassured her. "This is just a living agreement. I couldn't care less about this sham of a marriage anyway", I smiled, and she gave me a long hard look.

After packing the groceries I went to sit on the couch and read one of my favorite books, a romance novel. I had no romance in my life, so the least I could do would be to fantasize about it.

Minutes later a woman descended the stairs, she was combing her messed up, dark long hair with her hand. Her clothes were creased and lipstick was smeared badly on her lips.

Well they had it rough

I tried to look away from her. I just couldn't. My eyes couldn't peel themselves from her, this was what I call classifying a bitch at first sight.

She was wearing one of those skimpy, short dresses that hugged her body like a second skin. Her make-up was well done though, a little over the top for making out with a guy who considers you as his booty call. But hey... *I'm in no position to judge the poor soul.*

She stopped in her tracks when she saw me ogling at her as she adjusted her dress. She looked surprised at first, but then her lips curved in a smirk as she made her way towards me. I quickly tore my gaze on her and focused on my book.

Just ignore her Layla...just ignore her

"You must be Layla. *The wife*", she air quoted as she smirked. I laughed to myself.

Oh, this is how you want to do it?

I stood up that we stood opposite to one another. "You must be Scarlet. *The slut*", I air quoted slut as I reciprocated the smirk that was slowly fading on her face.

"What did you say?", she took a step towards me, probably thinking I'll take a step back, shield my face with my hands and be like, *oh please don't hit me miss, I take it back*

I'm not that easily intimidated. I stood confidently and folded my arms across my chest. She frowned a little, clearly disappointed by my braveness before composing herself once more.

"Who do you think you are?", she narrowed her eyes at me and I scoffed mockingly. *The one with the ring, honey.*

"What's going on here?", Damon*oh. My sincere apologies.* I mean Damon asked as he walked down the stairs. His hair was also messed up, not in a cute, sexy way may I add. He was wearing grey sweatpants with a white vest and still had *her* lipstick on his lips.

"Well miss thing here, just called me a slut", Scarlet protested and Damon snickered for a second, thinking she was joking then noticed that Miss Slut was actually serious. He pursed his lips on a straight line, then walked to stand beside her and circled his hand around her waist. She was seemingly pleased by this.

"No she didn't", he said amused and Miss Slut went on and on about how I insulted her. I rolled my eyes as I pretently yawned before sitting down again and returned to reading my book.

"Well Miss thing, aren't you going to apologize?", Damon asked raising his eyebrow at me after his booty call finished ranting

"She at least owes me that much", she demanded folding her arms

"What for?", I asked not bothering to look up and continued reading my interesting book

"You hurt the poor girl's feelings, the least you could do is apologize", he said, and I could see he was just pretending to be on her side to spite me

Alrighty then

"Okay, fine", I said standing up, and walked towards the both of them and turned to look at Scarlet

"Scarlet, if I hurt you please know that from the bottom of my heart...", I sounded sincere and her lips curved up into a smile. "I really don't give a fuck"

She grasped aloud, looking like she was ready to throw some hands and I confidently walked past her

"Damon! Say something", she demanded and I turned my head to see Damon's eyes darkening at the sight of me.

"I'll talk to her", he told her before he grabbed me by the arm and turned me around that I faced him, his piercing eyes looked into mine. "You call that apologizing?"

"Go. To. Hell", I said enunciating each word as I wiggled my way out of his grip and jogged upstairs to my room.

