

The Unwanted Matrimonial - Chapter 7: Revenge

Layla's POV

I had been spending a lot of time with Mary recently, because she's the only person who seems to get me around here. *Unlike some people I know.*

Mary and I spent time talking, about everything really, even about the Demon. I don't know why I'm even intrigued to know about him, but I was. If only I could just know something I could use against him.

“He eats anything really, except food that contains spices”, Mary said as I took a spoonful of the delicious apple pie she prepared, each bite felt like I died and went to haven

“Why?”, for some reason, I was actually curious

“He doesn't eat spicy food”, she said casually while she continued dishing up for Damon

“Hmm”, I hummed in response. “Interesting”

Wait...

He doesn't eat, Spicy food!

That's It!..... Light bulb moment.

My plot for my next revenge, coming right up. “Mary, I'll go give him his food, you carry on here”, I volunteered

“Are you sure?”, she rose her eyebrow at me

“Yeah of course, it's the least I could do for him. He is my husband after all”, I forced a smile on my face

“Okay”, she shrugged, wiping her hands with the dishcloth. “I need to finish tidying up in the bedrooms. Excuse me”.

I nodded at her as I watched as she disappeared from sight and I started to rub my hands together enthusiastically, evil laughing while walking to the drawers and pulled out the Peri-peri spice packet. *Or was it the Jalapeño pepper spice?. Whatever it is all long as it was hot enough to reward Demon for being so nice to me.*

I decided to read the contents of the packet:

One of the most common chili peppers, jalapeños are medium- sized chili peppers with a mild to moderate amount of heat

This might do it

“We'll see who wins this round Dammy”, I laughed as I sprinkled the spice on his food. It wasn't enough, he won't even feel anything.

“There's no such things as spice overdose anyway”, I convinced myself, continuing to pour almost half of the sachet into his stew. I smirked as I looked at my masterpiece, blended together as one. *Perfect*

I poured him a glass of juice and placed it on the tray. I don't know why I'm even giving him the juice. I should just let his tongue burn to ashes, that should teach him not to mess with me anymore.

Anywhoo, I took the tray and headed to his study. The door was slightly opened, so I let myself in. His head was bent, with his eyes glued on the paperwork in front of him. He didn't even bother to look up at me until I pushed the documents in front of him with the tray and I heard him growl lowly before his eyes finally snapped my direction, my lips turned up in a mock smile, and he growled lowly before his eyes dropped to the food in front of him then at me.

“What's this?”

“Food”

“I'm not hungry”, he pushed the tray aside before paging through the documents again

“Whether you choose to starve or not, that doesn't concern me”, I turned to leave. “and I simply don't care”, I said, uttering the last part to myself. I was lying, I did care, to see his face when he realizes he just got played, to see him grasping for air while his tongue and mouth burn up in flames.

I walked out and pretended that I was closing the door, but I kept it open a little so that I can see him indulge in the food. I peeked inside, and I could see that he wanted to eat the food, but he chose to ignore and focused on his paperwork before him instead. A moment passed, and I watched him heave a sigh before pulling the tray toward him and started digging in. My lips spread uncontrollably in a wide grin.

Mission Accomplished

I whistled happily, on my way to the kitchen downstairs to go back to eating my apple pie and savored each bite. Victory does taste delicious.

A few minutes later, I heard someone making their way down the stairs grunting, and I looked up to see Damon losing his balance on the top of the staircase, struggling pathetically while clutching his neck with both hands. The more I looked at him, I noticed his eyes looked like they would pop out any minute, they were glossy and blood shot red

"Layla...", he whispered quietly before he knelt on the ground.

Wow, he knows my name? He often refers me to *her* or *she*. I'm even surprised he hasn't said *it*. I looked at him as he collapsed on the floor and rolled my eyes.

Drama King slash Cry Baby

I got up from where I was sitting and walked slowly towards him, only to tap him with my foot on his shoulder.

"Are you okay?", I asked and he started shaking so bad, trying to say something and I knelt besides him so that I could hear what he was saying. I was taken aback a little when he grabbed me onto my arm as tightly as he could and I witnessed his eyes starting to slowly roll to the back of his head.

He's actually not faking it. *O-kay. Well this is not good.*

"Mary!", I yelled out to her, and she hurriedly walked back, her eyes starting to visibly widen when she saw Damon on the floor

"What happened?", she started panicking as she also knelt next to him and started helping him

"I don't know", I placed Damon's head on my lap and realized my own voice was shaking a bit. *Okay I was kinda panicking, a little.*

"He usually does this when he has an allergic reaction", she stood up to grab the phone to call someone

Allergic reaction?

"To what?", I asked curiously as Damon tightened his grip even more on my arm, shaking tremendously. I almost felt sorry for him, shame man.

"Sp...spicy ...food", he breathed out as he continued shaking up. *Oh, now you tell me.*

He's allergic? I thought he just didn't like to eat spicy food.

"Wesley, please bring the car around. We need to take Mr Kingsley to the hospital, hurry!", Mary said over the phone.

“Please help me carry him to the car”, she pleaded desperately, and I did as I was asked

We lifted him up, wrapping his arms around our necks and our other hands supported him from falling and walked out of the house to take him to the hospital

This is not how I imagined this going. *But hey, I had my revenge good. Mwhahaha.*