

The Unwanted Matrimonial - Chapter 8: Blame

Layla's POV

You're probably wondering whether the Demon is still alive or not and unfortunately, he still is, *sigh*

I really don't care much about him. I'm just concerned that Mary nearly lost her job because of me because the Demon was convinced that she was trying to punish him because of the way he treats me. I told him so many times that I was the one who sprinkled the spice over his food, but Noooo,

Mr Know-it-all

《Flashback》

"She tried to kill me, she has to go", he roared at the top of his voice, banging his fists on the table

"How many times do I have to tell you that I was the one who did it for Goodness' sake?. What do you want me to do for you to believe me? Turn myself in?", I rose an eyebrow at him and he scoffed mockingly

"No, just because you two are friends there is no need for you to take the fall for her"

Was he trying to get rid of her because she and I are friends?

"Then if she tried to kill you, why had she rushed to get you to the hospital then?", I asked and he frowned

He knew that I had a point

"Well, I don't know. A guilty conscience I guess?", he stuttered nervously.

"Wow...", I slow clapped. "How clever of you to figure all of that, all by yourself", I said sarcastically and I heard him growl under his breath, seeing a vein on his temple bopping. "Mary is not going anywhere"

"You don't have any involvement in the decision-making in this house", he slammed his fist on the table as he stood to his feet

"Well too bad", I showed him my wedding ring. "As long as I'm wearing this. I do have involvement in the decision-making of this house", with saying that I walked out of his study, he continued saying something, but I ignored him completely as I closed the door behind me.

~•••~•

Damon's POV

Layla and ignoring me, plus walking away while I'm talking was driving me insane. This woman is getting on my nerves, I felt like literary ripping all my hair off my head. What I don't get, is why was she taking the blame for what Mary did?

I don't think she's capable of pulling a stunt like that on purpose and besides Mary knows that I'm allergic to spices.....*why should Layla want to take the blame for something she didn't do though?*

Like I didn't understand....

Just like I don't understand why I'm defending her

Get a grip Damon....

I paused thinking when I was passing by her room, to find her room door wide open with her dancing in the center of the room, singing to a song. I just knew that song was directed to me. She seemed so happy as she was dancing to the beats, singing the lyrics out loud. She was surely enjoying making me miserable.

I found myself standing at the side of the door, listening to her

Now I'm out here looking like revenge

Feeling like a 10, the best I've ever been

And yeah, I know how I bad it must hurt to see me like this, but it gets worse

Now you're out here looking like regret

I peeked a little, only to see her swaying her hips side to side, raising both her hands in the air as she danced around in circles,

Now payback is a bad bitch

And baby, I'm the baddest

You're fuckin' with a savage

Can't have this, can't have this

And it'd be nice of me to take it easy on ya', but nah

Demon, I'm sorry (I'm not sorry)

Demon, I'm sorry (I'm not sorry)

Feeling so bad got me feeling so good

Showing up like I knew that I would

Demon, I'm sorry (I'm not sorry)

Demon, I'm sorry (I'm not sorry)

Feeling inspired 'cause the tables have turned

Yeah, I'm on fire and I know that it burns

This song was personal, I just knew it. I must be the Demon she was singing about. I wasn't getting worked up by this, I swear. But wow, this woman is really, really getting on my nerves!

If she wants war, I'll give it to her....*gladly*

Layla's POV

Walking back into the house when I got back from reading my book in the garden, I realized there was someone in the kitchen which was odd because Mary had gone to one of her weekly society meetings and they usually took two hours or so. Wesly was also out to run some errands for Damon while he was at work. The person was obviously helping himself to the food in the fridge as I slowly walked into the kitchen to stand behind him with his back was facing me as he was drinking milk from the carton*ewww*

"Who are you?", I asked out loud, causing the person to almost cough out the milk from being extremely startled and he turned to look at me

"Who am I?", he raised an eyebrow. "Who are you?"

"No, technically I asked you first, and it wasn't a rhetorical question", I folded my arms in a protest and I saw a smile starting to appear on his face

"Feisty, alright sweets", he laughed softly while he extending his arm for a handshake. "I'm Quinton Kingsley, but you can call me Q", he introduced himself but I rose my brow at him, that wasn't enough information but I still stretched out my hand to accept his handshake. He also rose a brow at me during our handshake and I tilted my head to the side, telling him in not so many words he still had to tell me who he was and he quickly got the hint

"I'm Damon's brother"

"Oh", I laughed a little. "It's nice to meet you, Quinton"

Demon did mention that his little brother was coming to visit for a week or so. Not like told me directly....*as if he would tell me anything*. I overheard him telling Mary to prepare the guest bedroom for his little brother. Quinton looked so much like Damon, just a little younger and had brown eyes instead of Demon's piercing grey one's.

"And you are?", he asked while we were still handshaking

"Oh sorry. I'm Layla. I'm Damon's wife", I nearly rolled my eyes at my last statement and his eyes widened.

"Oh shit, for real?", he asked in awe as we broke our contact and I nodded

"Forgive my language", he cleared his throat. "Damon did mention he got married, I thought he was kidding or probably high on something. I'm sorry I couldn't make it the wedding. I was out of town for a few days and I-", he stopped blabbering as he shut himself up and placed his hand over his heart.

"Welcome to the family, Layla", he bowed and I laughed

"Thank you", I felt honored as I bowed slightly myself

"I'm sorry about this", he referred to him drinking from the bottle. "It's a bad habit that kind of goes a long way

"No, it's cool. Matter of fact keep the milk, it's all yours", I joked, and started laughing.

"I like you already", he walked over to the trash can to throw away the milk carton and turned to look at me again

"So Q how long are you visiting for?", I asked as he gestured we go to the lounge

"I was thinking three weeks but since you're here, I'm extending it to six weeks. I often get bored a lot because Damon is often busy with work and I get on Mary's nerves a lot", he said as we sat down

"Well I can relate", I laughed. "I guess get ready for the best six weeks of your stay then"

His lips spread into a cute smile. "I look forward to that"