

Chapter 71: Gone

Damien's eyes fluttered open, and he was met by Eric staring directly at him. His eyes scanned the room, and he realized that he was still in Adrian's penthouse.

"Hey, hey, hey. Take it easy, man. You got hit badly." Eric said, helping him get off the couch.

Damien looked around and saw a few of the workers in the room along with Eric.

"Where are they? What happened? ... Argh!" A sharp pain shot through his head from the injury. He hoped that Evelyn and Adrian had either been arrested or were somewhere around.

After he pulled the trigger, Evelyn's scream was the last thing he heard before he lost consciousness. He had no idea who the bullet hit and if it was fatal or not.

He couldn't remember.

"Help him up." Eric instructed one of the ladies, who rushed to their side and helped Damien sit. There was a bandage wrapped around his head and the blood stains on the floor were being mopped.

"Harriet informed me that you were meeting Adrian on your own. She explained everything to me and I rushed here as fast as I could." Eric explained with a heavy sigh.

"What were you thinking, man?! Did you have a death wish or something?" Eric scolded, but Damien brushed him off, ignoring him completely.

"Where are they?" He asked once again in a more demanding voice and Eric shook his head, knowing that he wasn't going to rest until he had his answer.

"I don't know. When I got there, they were already gone, and you were lying on the floor, bleeding from your head. We noticed a trace of blood, but it stopped in the parking lot, so we're guessing they escaped." Eric explained, and Damien banged his fist on the couch.

"They had the opportunity to kill me. Why didn't they? I was unconscious and..." He looked around, noticing that there were still strangers in the room, so, he leaned in and whispered to Eric.

"I had a gun on me so, why didn't they just end it?" He asked, completely confused.

"Maybe because there was something more urgent to attend to. Judging from the trail of blood we saw, one of them was seriously injured. Did you pull the trigger?" Eric asked, and Damien nodded slowly before scanning the floor only to realize that the gun was nowhere to be found.

"Did you-?" He turned to Eric, who immediately shook his head, giving an answer to the obvious question.

"I didn't see anything when I got here, you were just covered in blood." Eric said.

"They took it with them. But, why?" Damien cocked his head to the side and his brows creased as he struggled to understand what was going through Adrian's mind.

"No one should find out about what happened here." He said, looking at Eric, who nodded.

"I already handled that. The staff will remain quiet and clean everything up. You don't have to worry about that. What you should worry about is meeting Harriet with that on your head." Eric pointed at the bandage that was wrapped around his head and chuckled.

"Fuck!" Damien cursed.

All through the ride, Damien kept thinking about the incident. It made no sense to him that they would flee from the scene without killing him. Unless they were seriously hurt or had something else to achieve.

He also tried to remember who the bullet had hit, but no matter how hard he tried, he just couldn't. After he was hit on the head, things became unclear and blurry as he could neither see nor hear properly.

"What if I killed someone?" Fear gripped him. He wasn't a murderer and even though he talked about killing them, he didn't mean it.

He wasn't a murderer.

"Did you hear a thing I said?" He saw a hand wave in his face, pulling him from his daze.

"Huh?" He asked Eric, who was staring at him with both his brows raised. Eric shook his head at him and leaned back on his seat.

"Thank God I didn't let you drive. We're at your house. That's what I was trying to tell you." He said, pointing to the door.

Harriet was already running towards them as she had been waiting at the front door for over one hour.

"You've got this, man," Eric said and tapped his shoulder before leaving the car.

Damien took a deep breath before opening his door and stepping out, ready to face Harriet, who was impatiently waiting for him. Because his car glass was completely tinted, she could not see him through the windows.

Harriet's face immediately went pale as soon as she saw him. The bandage was too big to not notice, and his clothes were filled with blood stains.

"Oh My God, Damien! What happened?" She asked with a horrified expression and tears began to well up in her eyes as she stared at the man she loved covered in blood. She took her hands to his head and touched the bandage softly, careful not to touch the part that had been injured.

"I'll explain when we get in, okay?" He said and softly grabbed her arm that was on his head, and she nodded, sniffing as she wiped her tears.

"The twins?" He asked as they walked into the house with Eric following behind.

"Aiden is asleep but Addy wanted to see you before going to bed. She cried about missing you even though she saw you a few hours ago. I think she's getting attached." Harriet chuckled, and a smile appeared on Damien's face. It warmed his head to know that Addy was falling in love with him day after day.

"I should put her to bed then." He said, but Harriet shook her head,

"It's not even evening yet, so, I doubt she'll fall asleep. She's busy with

her assignments, which have to do with her watching a recommended show. She's completely immersed in it, so we shouldn't disturb her." She said as they finally got to the sitting room.

"Tell me. What happened?" She asked, looking at both Eric and Damien, who sat like children who were about to receive a scolding from their mother.

Damien started talking, telling her everything he could remember until he saw Eric. Harriet listened to him with wide eyes, baffled that Adrian had almost killed his own brother.

"I owe you my life, Harriet. I would've bled to death if you hadn't informed Eric about everything." Damien said, holding her hands.

"Hey! I deserve a thank you too, you know? I drove as fast as I could to save you." He crossed his arms, feigning anger, and Damien threw him a harsh glare which he returned with an eye roll.

"There is something I don't understand? You said you pulled the trigger but they both escaped. Why didn't they take you along with them or kill you?" She asked, and Damien sighed.

"We thought about the same thing but, we couldn't find a reason. Also, there is a chance that one of them is either dead or injured. We just don't know which one."

Chapter 72: An Evil Jerk

"Daddy?" Addison walked down the stairs with a stuffed bunny in her hand. There was a pout on her face as she walked slowly to him and made him hold her.

"How's my baby doing?" He asked, touching her cheeks playfully but, her attention was fixed on the bandage that was wrapped around his head.

"Is Daddy hurt?" She asked, touching the thick material on his head.

"Daddy isn't hurt, my love." Harriet replied, not wanting her daughter to worry.

"I should be on my way. Iris must be so worried," Eric said, and Harriet nodded, making a mental note to pay Eric's wife a visit. She hadn't seen her since the wedding, and she also thought it would be nice to make a female friend.

She wasn't a social butterfly and with Tony gone, she had no one except Damien. She definitely needed more friends.

"Extend my greetings to her." She said and Eric replied with a nod before turning to look at his friend.

"Be careful, Buddy." He said and Damien rolled his eyes.

"Get going already." He whined, shooing him away with his hands. Once Eric left, Harriet and Damien played with Addison for a while before she finally fell asleep, joining her brother in the room.

As they walked to the kitchen to prepare dinner, a thought dropped into Damien's head.

"I'll have someone go over to your house and get your things. I think it'll be better for you and the twins to stay here until those two traitors are caught." He said, and Harriet stopped in her tracks, turning to face him.

"I understand your point but, what about my parents? Don't you think they'll harm them if they can't get to me?" She said and Damien sighed.

He was only thinking about Harriet and his children. How could he forget that Harriet's family was also at risk?

"I'll let Jake know. They need twenty-four hours of protection also, Harriet. Until we finally arrest them, nobody should be found outside alone."

"What about the police? Shouldn't we report this to them? I mean, they might be able to find them." Harriet said, but Damien shook his head in disapproval.

"The only evidence we have is gone. No one will believe our claim if we do not have proof and Adrian is also a Daniels, which means that he is as rich and powerful as I am. He can bribe off whoever he wants to. If we want to end this game with him, we have to be thorough... something he can't escape from or bribe his way out." Damien explained.

When he opened his eyes earlier, he also noticed that his phone was gone. It had been taken by Evelyn and Adrian since they suspected that he had been recording the conversation.

He and Eric had even tried collecting the security camera's footage but when they got there, it had already been deleted.

He wasn't surprised. The building belonged to Adrian and he wasn't stupid. What he didn't understand is how he was able to do that in so little time. Even the security officers present claimed to not have seen anything.

Damien understood that his brother was not going to be an easy opponent.

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Back at the Daniels Mansion, Damien's parents had no idea that their sons were in a serious battle with each other.

"I have been trying to get to Adrian for a while now but his phone has been switched off." Stacy entered her room complaining to her husband.

"He's probably out of the country or on a business trip. You know how Adrian is." He said nonchalantly, pulling his wife in for a kiss to calm her nerves.

"Something isn't right, Thomas. I can feel it." She sighed, biting her lips.

"I should give Damien a call." Stacy said and dialed his number, but just like Adrian's, it wasn't available. Panic immediately set in, and she suddenly found it hard to breathe.

"He isn't picking up either, Thomas, Something is wrong." She stated, fighting off the tears that were threatening to fall.

"Hey, Hey. Calm down, okay. Give Harriet a call instead." He said, and she nodded before dialing Harriet's number. She held her breath as she listened to the phone ring, praying earnestly that Harriet would pick up the phone,

On the fourth ring, the call connected and Harriet's voice sounded in her ears, causing her to breathe out in relief.

"Goodness, Harriet." She started but Thomas mouthed to her to not act like she was worried. Nodding at him, she continued.

"I have been calling Damien's line for a while now. Are you perhaps with him?" She asked, remembering that Damien previously mentioned that Harriet and the twins would be spending the weekend with him.

The line went silent for a few seconds before she heard Harriet clear her throat. "Yes, mother. His phone got spoiled a few hours ago which is why you have been unable to get to him." Harriet explained, but Stacy could hear the hesitation in her voice.

"Alright. I'll be there in a few minutes. There's something important I need to discuss with him," Stacy said.

"You're coming here?" Harriet almost screamed but quickly regained her composure.

"I mean...you do not have to stress yourself, mother. Whatever you need to discuss can be done over the phone. There's no need to go through the stress of coming over." Harriet said, trying to sound as calm as possible as she stared at Damien, who was racking his brain for a solution.

"Nonsense, my dear. Don't worry about me. I might as well use the opportunity to see my babies." Stacy said. She sensed that they were hiding something from her. At first, she didn't really want to go over to

Damien's house, but after hearing how suspicious they sounded, she was now determined to show up.

"I'll be there soon, my darling." She said and hung up.

"You're coming with me, Thomas. There's something going on that we aren't aware of."

Harriet paced around the house, thinking of a way to stop Stacy from coming over. They couldn't risk her seeing the bandage on his head. Not only would she worry, she would also investigate until she finds out what happened.

"Should we just tell her about Adrian?" Harriet suggested. She had run out of ideas.

"I don't know. She might not believe me. Harriet. You know how much she loves and trusts Adrian," Damien said, shaking his head in defeat.

"We should at least try. The injury to your head should be enough to convince her." She said, and Damien nodded, agreeing with her.

"With this, Adrian won't be able to escape if he returns to the house. Mother and father would be on our side." Harriet leaned on his chest and crossed her fingers, hoping that they would successfully convince the Daniels that their second is an evil jerk.