Chapter 50: Haunted

Layla's POV

" Layla, are you still there?" he sounded worried that I may have hang up on him, or was planning to while I was just frozen right where I was with the phone still on my ear. Why was he calling me? After all he's done to me and my father?

"What do you want?", I asked, sitting up from the bed

"I need to talk to you, please" he begged and a tear went down my cheek

"After all you've done to me and my family? You have the nerve to want to see me and to even call me".

"I know I'm asking for much but", he said, and I interrupted him

"Asking for much?", I scoffed mockingly, and I could hear him heave a sigh on the other line. "You destroyed my life"

Tears streamed down my face as flashbacks began running through my mind about that fateful day my life changed forever

" That's why I need to see you. I want to apologize for everything I've put you through Layla. Please, if you just could make time to come and see me, I promise I won't be long-" I hung up on him before he could even finish and cradled my knees to my chest

My heart was beating so fast from just hearing his voice, how will I be once I'm in the same room as him, looking directly in the eyes of the man who's responsible for my baby's death?

Hearing from Daniel the other day really messed with my head a little because honestly, his call really had me thinking about everything that's happened, leading up to this point where I'm up to now and how I directed my anger to the wrong person because if anything, the situation between my father and Daniel was the reason we all ended here and if I was going to find any closure about all that's happened, I had to swallow my pride and face him, once and for all

"Ma'am, who are you here to see?", the security asked while I signed the entry register list

"Daniel", I croaked out, my voice shaking a little. "Daniel Woods"

She nodded her head before making a call and I waited patiently for further instructions on what's going to happen because I've never visited anyone in jail before

I tried fighting off the urge to come to this place, but I just couldn't resist it, before I even knew it, I found myself driving here, staring at the facility's door with my fists clenched and took a deep breath before stepping inside. I couldn't get the desperation in his voice out of my head.

"This way please", the security guard escorted me to the visiting room, and it was a private cell, meaning that only Daniel and I will be in here. The guard turned to leave, but I grabbed her by the arm.

"Wait, you're not going to leaving me here alone with him right?"

"I need to be at the front desk ma'am, but a warder will be in here with the both of you so don't worry", she said politely, and I smiled before I let go of her arm

"Are you okay?", she seemed worried. "You look a little petrified"

I forced a smile. "I'm okay, just a little nervous that's all"

"Your brother will be delighted to see you, he has been expecting you to come see him for weeks now", she smiled, and I blinked repeatedly at her

"Brother?"

"Yes, you're on his family list", she said and then walked out, I sat down on the cold hard steel bench and waited for him before something like the sound of a buzzer went off and the door opposite me opened and Daniel stepped in accompanied by a really mean looking warder. He walked in with his eyes shut as he was adjusting to the light in the room before setting his eyes on mine and his lips spread into a wide smile.

"Layla...", he breathed out, and I didn't say anything because I was still studying him. He looked so different, his face was a bit roughed up and had bruises on his eye and cheek, his bottom lip was chipped open, and he looked like he just recently experienced a bleeding nose.

The chains that were connecting the handcuffs to his feet were the only sound that was audible in the room as the warder forcibly sat him down, and he turned to look at me that our eyes met

"I'm so happy you're here", he chuckled a little and my eyebrows knitted in confusion

Is he losing his mind? Why was he so happy to see me?

"When did you get arrested?", I cleared my throat. "I don't recall ever hearing anything about you being arrested"

He shrugged a little. "I turned myself in and so people just think I disappeared"

"How wasn't I subpoenaed to testify against you?"

"It's a private case. I asked them not to involve any of you in this because I didn't want to bring back any bad memories", he twitched his lip to the side, dropping his gaze from my piercing stare.

"What happened to your face?", I asked, noticing just how bruised his face and knuckles were

"I got into a little altercation with some inmates yesterday, but it's nothing serious"

"Is it always like this?"

"Not always but I've gotten used to being attacked regularly, so I guess it's just a portion of the price I have to pay"

"I thought a man like you wouldn't have to suffer like this on the inside, this was supposed to be like your second home or something"

"I'm not that man anymore, and I'm paying for every bad thing I've done"

I studied him for a while before heaving a sigh. "Why did you want to see me?"

"I wanted to tell you how sorry I am for everything I've put you through. I'm sorry you lost your baby that day and putting your life in danger. I'm sorry for harming your father and ruining your life. I'm sorry for everything and I hope you find it in your heart to forgive me", he said this while wiping the tears off with his wrist and silence fell quietly between us, with only the sound of the chains echoing around the room.

"It's fine, Daniel", I took a deep breath. "I forgive you"

His eyes widened in shock. "Really?"

"Actually I forgave you a long time ago because it was the only way I could move on with my life. I just wanted closure, the final step was to look you in the eyes before I can move on from all of this and now that I did, I can finally put this thing behind me".

"I don't know what to say really but thank you", he breathed a sigh of relief, a little smile appearing on his lips. "You have no idea what this means to me"

"This doesn't mean that you and I can play happy family all of a sudden", I stated, and he frowned before nodding his head slowly

"I understand, but I would like to do right by you, just to show you how serious I am. I'm a changed man now. I've been attending anger management and psychology classes, and I'm making progress", he said, and I shook my head.

"Its better of our paths never cross again, Daniel", I stood up and walked towards the door

"Thank you for coming to see me Layla, it really meant a lot", he said, and I turned to look at him, nodded with a polite smile on my face and walked out

"You know if you need anything, I'm only a call away right?", Quinton told me when I walked him to his car. He was leaving today, and every time he did, I really felt sad.

"I'm going to miss you", I wrapped my arms around him, and he hugged me back and kissed the top of my head

"I'm going to miss you", he said before releasing me and held me at arms length. "You're a big girl, aren't you?", he joked, and I nodded.

"Try not to miss me too much", he smiled as I held the door for him and closed it as soon as he got inside. "And answer me when I call", he warned in a fatherly tone and I laughed.

"Yes sir", I saluted at that statement. "Text me when you get home, okay? Drive safely".

"Yes ma'am", he saluted back, turning on the ignition and I waved goodbye as he drove off, and I went back inside to pour myself a glass of wine before starting on this new mystery/paranoia book I purchase a few days ago. I don't know what went through my mind when I bought this, but I can't stick to one category all the time, I have to explore others.

I was about to charge my phone so that it wouldn't be a distraction as soon as I started reading and my screen light went on, indicating the charging icon before I noticed I had two missed calls from Damon, and they were only a minute apart

Was he going to ask whether Quinton was still leaving today or not?

I know he wasn't a fan of me and Quinton spending time together, but screw him!

I re-dialed his number and awaited his response on the other line

"I'm at the door" there was a knock before he hung up, and I walked over to go open with the phone over my ear. The second I pulled the door open, there he was, standing tall and proud across me with his eyes ready to look into mine.

"Hi", I smiled a little from the sight of him while slipping my phone into my back pocket

"Can I come in?", he asked, and I opened the door wider, inviting him in. "I was waiting for Quinton to leave"

I closed the door behind him, and he walked past me to stand in the center of the lounge

I walked towards him slowly. "I didn't even realize you were outside"

"Yeah, it was better that way. I can't say I'm his favorite person at the moment, so I had to stay clear of him", he shrugged his shoulders again.

"So why are you here?"

"Well I figured since you had a lot to say over the phone the other day, I should stop by and give you the platform to say whatever you want to say to my face", he titled his head to the side a little, and I facepalmed in embarrassment, I don't even remember half of the things I said to him that night

"About that, I was drunk, and I really don't know what happened", I shrugged my shoulders a little, and he didn't say anything for the next few seconds, he was just looking at me with amusement on his face

"Can I offer you something to drink?", I quickly asked to change the topic, and he chuckled softly

"Coffee sounds nice, thank you", he said, and I turned to my feet to walk to the kitchen and I could hear him follow after me

"I was just kidding back there by the way", he said, and I looked back to see him leaning on his back in the counter. "I came here because I needed to talk to you"

"Talk about what?", I gave him his coffee and he accepted the cup from me, heaving a slight sigh before placing it on the counter and put out both his hands out to me

"Come here", he motioned I come closer with his fingers and I hesitantly placed my hand in his, and he pulled me to him, pressing me against his body and I blinked in surprise a little. "I don't think I can keep doing this, Layla"

"What are you talking about?", I laughed nervously, and he said nothing, instead he took my right hand and placed my open palm on his heart and covered my hand with his. I could feel his heart racing, pounding hard against his chest and I looked up to see his we locked eyes for a while and I could feel his heartbeat starting to beat even faster than before.

"You feel that?", a side smile placed on his lips. "You still trigger something in me"

I laughed a little, gently pulling my hand from his grip and he didn't let me, instead he entwined our fingers together and that's when I could feel my own heart starting to accelerate in my rib cage, the feeling of having his hands covering mine always made me feel safe

"I miss you Layla", he breathed out before shaking his head a little "I can't do this anymore"

"You can't do what anymore?"

"Living without you, it's really driving me crazy, and I feel like I can't even breath when I'm not around you"

"Damon-"

"I need you Layla, Dylan also needs you and I want us to go back where we were in the beginning before all of this chaos happened. I want us to go back to being a family again because things are just not the same without you".

There was no denying it, I wanted the same thing

I smiled as I wrapped my arms around his shoulders, and we grazed into each other's eyes

"Don't you want the same thing?", he questioned, his eyes dropping from my eyes to my lips for a few seconds before he stared into my eyes again

"I do-", I didn't even get to finish what I wanted to say, he had leaned in to claim his lips with me, igniting sparks to fly all over the place, especially when he tightened his grip around my waist to pull me in closer and deepened the kiss sensually, I couldn't help but to surrender myself completely to him. This right here is the moment I've been waiting for.

"You're honestly the best thing that's ever happened to me", he whispered softly, his lips spreading into a loving smiled when we both pulled away a little, but still tangled into each other's arm and I laughed a little, angling my face closer to his and planted my lips against his again

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"Layla?", Damon's hands held both sides of my waist and I blinked repeatedly, subsequently zoning back into the real world to meet his stormy orbs questioning worriedly against my eyes. My eyes lurked around a little, to realize we were still standing on the doorway, with him looking at me like I was growing fangs in front of him, and he looked confused, but not as confused as I was at that moment.

I was hallucinating right in front of him, having the whole thing playing in my head

I need help

First, I dreamt about us spending our anniversary together and now this shit

What's going with me?

"Are you okay?", his hands moved to hold both my hands into his and my eyes followed his movements as he took my phone from my hands

"Yeah", I lied. I wasn't even sure what the heck is going on. Was I having another hallucination, right this very second?

"You just froze there for like 2 minutes. I know you're probably shocked to see me after the little stunt you pulled the other day, but no need to act so...", he paused, seeming to think about the perfect word to use for my stupidity as he was even snapping his fingers.

"Weird", he finished his sentence and I can tell you this, I was definitely not hallucinating this time, this was Damon for real

"I'm sorry, I just had a lot in my mind and you pitching here uninvited, is just so," I snapped my fingers to find the perfect word for it

Dumb

"Uncalled for", I forced a polite smile on my face before inviting him in, pinching myself on the arm to be certain this wasn't another hallucination. My imagination was running wild with me when it came to him, and it was honestly driving me crazy. ...literally

"I'm sorry for showing up unannounced, but I thought we should discuss Dylan's birthday in person", he took his suit jacket off and sat on the couch

"Oh yeah, of course", I sat on the couch opposite to him, and he rose a brow a little at me

"Why do you sound surprised?"

"I thought you were here because of other reasons", I shrugged a little, knowing very well that he wasn't impressed with me drunk calling him the other night and was surely going to bring it up sometime in this conversation

"You're a grown woman, you can do what you want, whenever you want, with whomever you want", he took his phone out of his pocket, stared at it for a second before sliding to the right on the screen and put it back in his pocket again. He just rejected a call. He never rejects calls, like ever.

"Shouldn't you take that?", I asked when he took his phone out again and rejected the call yet again

"It's not important", he pressed on the power button, switching his phone completely off and tossed it on the couch beside him. "They'll leave message"

"Okay so, what did you have in mind for Dylan's party?", I said in hopes to avoid continuing where we left off, and he shrugged his shoulders a little

"I'm not a big fan of big parties, so I was thinking something small and brief. We could invite a couple of his friends over along with their parents and take it from there".

"That's actually not a bad idea, I like it, but it's not going to be a party without a theme"

Saying that, it's like I reminded him of something

"Superheroes, the boy likes these fantasies of heroes saving the world", he nearly rolled his eyes. "Do you know he no longer likes Spider-Man? He's into Batman now, as if he's the coolest person to ever exist in his life".

I laughed. "Yes, I'm aware he's recently a Batman fan"

"The other day, he begged me to take him to the Zoo so that he could see an actual live bat so that it can bite him so that he becomes Batman"

"Did you?"

"I told him bats are extinct"

"Damon!"

"Sue me", he cracked a side smile and I laughed

After sharing ideas and planning the party to the last detail, I jotted everything down on my notebook, and I was already going to place things in motion tomorrow morning. The party was only in the next two weeks, meaning I still have a lot of time to plan everything, place orders and make sure that everything runs along smoothly. I'll have to ask Mary to help with some things.

"So, we're done?", he asked as he sipped on the glass of water

"I think so", I closed my notebook and smiled at him, and he nodded

"Layla, there's something I need to ask from you", he asked and my eyebrows arched up. It must be in relation to the party.

"Sure, what is it?"

"I know it's going to sound a little random but-", he cleared his throat a little. " I need you to come home with me"

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