# **Chapter 56: Closing**

#### Scarlett's POV

The main gates to the Kingsley mansion opened when I managed to tame the guard into letting me in despite what seems to be Damon's instructions to call the main house first in order to be let in or not, and I pressed twice on the buzzer and knocked in the door then waited. When the door opened, Mary's wrinkled eyes were full of questions the second she saw me.

"Hi Mary", I smiled a little, and she gave a nod of acknowledgement before she stepped aside, inviting me in

"Ms Crane", she closed the door behind me. "What can I do for you?"

"I'm here to see Damon, is he around?"

"I'll go get him for you", she turned on her heels, but I grabbed her arm to stop her

"Um, Mary", I started, and she turned to look at me. "I would like to apologize for my behavior and everything bad I did to you during that time Damon and I were still together. If I could, I would take back everything, I'm sorry".

"Thank you for your apology, I accept it", she smiled a little. "Please take a seat as I get Mr Kingsley for you"

I watched as she climbed up the staircase and minutes later, Damon made his way down the stairs and stopped as he saw me

"Ms Crane", he walked closer to where I was sitting, and I smiled at him. He was still as good-looking as usual and this time he had more life and light to his eyes. He didn't look as ruthless and cold as I was used to him being these past few years and I won't lie, that side to him was one of the reasons that attracted him in the first place. I found it sexy and irresistible. He had that dominance that one couldn't help but fall in love with him.

"Hi Damon", I greeted, and he asked me whether I wanted something to drink, but I declined, and he proceeded to pour himself some whiskey

"What can I do for you?", he sat on the couch opposite to where I was sitting

"I want my son back", I demanded sternly, keeping strict eye contact with him while focusing on my voice so that it wouldn't reveal my nervousness. He stared at me for about a minute, and took a huge gulp of the whiskey, finishing it in one go then placed the empty glass on the co ee table.

"Is this some kind of a sick joke?", his jaw tightened a little while he fixed his stormy grey orbs intimidatedly on me

"No, it's not. I realized I made a huge mistake by giving him to you and Layla, and so I want him back ", I continued sternly, and he stood up to stand in front of me, my eyes widening in the process.

"You know you can't do this right? You signed a contract. I could sue you", he said with his voice a bit louder and agitated.

"Yeah well, I don't care"

"Why now?", he folded his arms. "A er all these years?"

"I want my son to grow up with his real mother, I'm ready to take responsibility for my actions"

"You know what? I don't have time for this madness. I had a really long week and I just came here to close a few deals. I don't need this", he walked away, but I quickly stood on my feet.

"I want my son Damon or else I'm going to the media and tell them all about us, our a air, everything", I threatened, but he just let out a small laugh

"I'm not letting you take my son from me"

"He's not your son", I added, and he stopped on his tracks to turn and look in my direction again before starting to slowly yet dangerously approach me

"What did you say?", he titled his head to the side and I walked backwards from him, almost tripping on the mat

"Say it again", he kept walking closer to me until I hit the wall with my back

"He's...not...your son", I stuttered nervously when realizing his eyes turning cold all of a sudden and I found myself shivering from fear

"You think I'm stupid, don't you?", he spat dangerously and shook his head no. "You really think I would raise Dylan if I wasn't definitely know that he's my son?"

"Well there you have it", I said, and he let out a small laugh before shaking his head, pitying me in disgust

"Come with me", he demanded before turning on his feet and started walking from me to climb up the stairs. I took a few breaths before I followed him to his study, where he searched inside his drawers and pulled an envelope and threw it at me.

"If you must know, I ran another paternity test on Dylan a few weeks a er he was born, all the samples; his hair, saliva, blood, the works. Those are the results", he sat on the edge of the table, waiting to see my reaction as I read the results.

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I rose my eyes to look at him, and he rose his eyebrow.

"Satisfied?", he asked, and I gulped down hard and quickly stood up to my feet, attempting to storm out and never set my foot there ever again. I felt his strong hand grab my arm, stopping me as he whispered.

"If you ever try to pull this stunt again, I'll destroy you Scarlett. I'll take everything from you and leave you penniless. You'll be le with nothing but this worthless name of yours", he pushed me out of his study. "I don't want to ever see you again and stay away from me and my family"

He spat before slamming the door in my face and I didn't even know how I felt at this moment. I've been humiliated in my life, but it was nothing compared to this. I was also hurt by his words, they broke me in half to be honest. I'll just have to disappear from this place and go far, where Ella would never find me.

I'm done with this place

### Damon's POV

"She what?", Layla's jaw dropped as I told her about my encounter with Scarlett

"Is there something wrong?", my mom asked as all eyes turned to us. I was just giving Layla a sneak preview of what we needed to talk about a er dinner since she insisted on knowing why I was in a foul mood.

"We'll talk later", I whispered to her before I turned to my mother. "I was just telling Layla that I came across an article about her favorite tweeleb. She allegedly stabbed her boyfriend ", I lied and my mother wasn't pleased.

"You had to talk about that now? Layla looks petrified", she clicked her tounge and gave me the side eye. I rose my hands in surrender.

"My apologies", I shoved a piece of chicken in my mouth and turned my head to see my father having this everlasting smile on his face, the both of them were quite relived that Layla and I are working things

"So Layla darling, Quinton tells me you're in the publishing business", he said between bites and Layla smiled before nodding her head

"I'm one of the editors", she added proudly and my parents nodded in approval

"And you Damon?", he asked, dropping his eyes to the plate in front of him "How's work?"

"Business is good, but I'll prefer if we didn't talk bout work right now ", I said sternly, and we locked eyes for a second before I looked away. My mother looked at the both of us, sensing the tension growing between my father and I before clearing her throat and cooked up another conversation.

"We've been invited to Amy's wedding this weekend", she announced happily and Quinton tensed up a little, dropping his cutlery on his plate in frustration, causing all eyes to turn in his direction before Layla and I exchanged looks

"Are you okay darling?", mother asked, reaching for Quinton's hand, but he quickly stood up

"Can I please be excused?", he didn't even wait for an answer he was already halfway through the stairway and slammed his bedroom door behind him

"Am I missing something?", mother asked as she looked at all of us, and we all cleared our throats, focusing on our food

"Amy is the girl Quinton was hopelessly in love with all these years", my dad said on passing and my mother almost chocked on her food

"What?", she turned to look at me and Layla for confirmation

"Yeah, it's true", I said, and she grasped shockingly

"How did I miss this?", she placed her hand on her cheek, deep in thought. "I surely could have noticed something between them"

"Amy didn't know", I chipped in, and she threw me a glare

"So all of you knew and none of you thought you should tell me?", she said, especially directed to my dad as her gaze focused on him. "I wonder what else you're hiding from me"

The three of us exchanged looks

If only she knew

# Ella's POV

Damon has proof that Dylan is his son, so I'm sorry, but I can't be a part of this scheme anymore

Scarlett's text read and my heart started beating fast even my palms were already sweating. There was another message notification from her, but I didn't want to open it because just signed my death warrant. Amber was definitely going to kill me now, I'm no use to her.

"Is there something wrong?", she asked when she probably sensed my panic mode. Should I tell her the truth? And get my death over and done with? Or should I keep quiet and continue digging an even deeper grave for myself?

"Scarlett couldn't do it, she backed out", I said avoiding any kind of eye contact with her, and she remained silent, for too long I was starting to get worried. What is she thinking at the moment? Ways to get away with my murder?

#### Say something, please

"Did she say why?", her gaze focused on the pen she's holding as she was temporarily in charge of Daniels company and had to complete a few records

"Damon has proof that Dylan is his", I said quietly almost in a whisper, and she didn't say anything again, like she was digesting what I was saying thoroughly and was already brewing up another plan to spilt Damon and Layla up

"Dammit", she unexpectedly hit her fists on the table, breaking the pen in half before burying her face in her hands and I stared at her in horror as she took a few deep steady breaths. What seemed like a minute, she composed herself and took another deep breath.

"I guess it's time for Plan C", she said, placing an enthusiastic smile on her face and my mouth hanged open in realization that this woman is probably bipolar

"P-plan C?", I stuttered nervously and watched her nod in agreement."I didn't know there was a plan C"

"There wasn't, but since you failed to seduce Damon and get Scarlett to demand Dylan from him, we have no other choice but to move to plan C"

I cringed a little before gulping. "What's plan C?"

"We'll have to kidnap Dylan and kill him ourselves", she laughed deviously and my jaw dropped

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# She threw me a glare "He's also a threat and I don't do kindly to threats, Ella"

"Kill him?", I prompted in shock. "Amber he's just a kid"

"Isn't there another way to do around this?"

She rose a brow. "Can you think of anything else?"

"I'll try"

"Fine, but if you don't have any valuable solution to this problem, I'm putting plan C in motion"

"I promise I'll come up with something"

"You only have twenty-four hours to pull this o ", she insisted, and I nodded in agreement

#### Unbeknownst to others.....

#### Damon's POV

"What can I do for you?", I asked her as I sat on the couch opposite to where she was sitting

"I want my son back", I noticed her reach inside her bag and pull out a note and handed it to me

I'm recording this conversation, just please play along, get mad, swear, anything. It's for all our sake. I'll explain everything later.

A er I finished reading the note, I rose my eyes to look at her, and she nodded her head eagerly, letting me know it was my turn to put on a show. I gulped down the whiskey in my hand all in one go and placed the empty glass on the co ee table.

#### Let the games begin

A er slamming the door on her face, I walked over to sit on the edge of the table, the door opened, and she walked back in

"Sorry for taking so long. I had to send the recording to the recipient", she sat down next to where I was sitting.

"Scarlett, would you please explain what the heck is going on? What was the recording for? And who you were sending it to?", I asked, and she heaved a sigh as she looked up at me.

"You might need to sit down for this", she suggested, and I walked over to the other side of my desk to take a seat

"Well?", I rose an eyebrow at her when I was seated, and she wasn't saying anything

"I'm sorry for just pitching up without letting you know, but I came

here to warn you", she put a handbag on top of my desk and my eyebrows furrowed in confusion

"Warn me about what?"

"A couple of days ago, I received a call from a woman called Ella Brown", she said, and I stared at her for about a minute before cursing under my breath

"Did she tell you what she wants?"

"Not at first. She insisted we meet and when we did yesterday....", she trailed a little while shaking her head and my gaze on her encouraged her to continue.

"She wants me to demand Dylan back from you and Layla"

"Ella told you to do this?"

She heaved another sigh." Yeah, it's either that or she's going to report me for the murder of Rick"

"Who's Rick?"

"Rick was a guy who was a threat to my life and Dylan's while I was still pregnant with him. I owed him a lot of money, and I was struggling to make ends meet".

"Why didn't you tell me? I could have helped you".

"It doesn't matter now because he's dead", she said and my eyes widened. She noticed this and gave a little shrug.

"Yes, I had him killed", she sternly stated with no remorse and I just stared at her

"Why?"

"He was threatening me by killing Dylan when I was still pregnant with him, so it was either Dylan or him and I made a choice", she said, and I suddenly felt nervous, I was staring at the mother of my son who just bluntly admitted to murdering someone

"I know what you're probably thinking Damon, but I did what I had to do to save your son. Don't look at me like that", she said, and I didn't even want to know the details because I'll be remained of them each time I look at Dylan.

"I can't a ord to go to prison Damon", tears stung her eyes. This would tarnish her reputation as an international model and brand ambassador of several well known brands.

"Okay tell you what?", I leaned on my desk. "I'll help you get out of the country, new identity, new life, new everything"

Her eyes lit up. "Really?"

"If only you promise me you'll never set your foot back here. I don't know what Ella is capable of", I said she nodded her head and wiped of her tears.

"I don't think she's working alone"

"What do you mean?", I stopped mid-action when dialing a number

"When I asked her why she's doing this, there was fear in her eyes, and it clearly meant she is not doing this voluntarily, her life might basically be at stake"

"Interesting", I placed the phone on my ear

"You know, I think I might need to start charging you for these random jobs you have me doing he chuckled. "What is it this time?"

"Roberts, we need your help"

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