

Chapter 67: Slide

Layla's POV

It was my last day at work today and my colleagues threw me a farewell party. It was heartbreaking saying goodbye to everyone, as they wished me the best of luck on my future endeavors.

Mrs Rogers, my boss made a toast about me, claiming that I was one of the best editors she's ever had, and it was hard letting me go again. Some of my colleague also made some heartfelt speeches and I tried my level best not to cry. I thanked them all for showing me kindness over the years and making the workplace tolerable.

After the party, Mrs Rogers insisted I leave early so that I could finish up preparing for the move. When I stepped outside into the parking lot, Damon was outside, leaning on his car with his hands on his pockets.

"Are you here to make sure that I'm actually leaving this place?" I laughed, walking up to him and placed a kiss on his lips

"No, I'm here to pick you up", he opened the car door for me. "I'm taking you back home"

"I'm not finished clearing the apartment", I said, and he took my car keys in my hands and handed them to the guy that I wasn't even aware was standing behind me

"This is Aden, he'll be delivering your car back home", he said, and I was about to say something, but he interrupted me by dismissing Aden, and he gave a nod before walking towards my car

"There are people at your apartment right now loading your furniture and other belongings into the U-haul. They will be stored in the storage".

"What about my clothes?", I questioned, and he smiled. "Already taken care of. Could you relax? Everything is under control", he held me by my waist and guided me into the car. He carefully closed the door and walked to the other side.

"So, are you ready to go back home Mrs Kingsley?", he asked as he got inside the car and started his ignition on

"I'm looking forward to it Mr Kingsley"

Two months later.....

"Happy Birthday!!!", Damon and Dylan both jumped on the bed, waking me up, and I laughed at their silliness and engulfed Dylan in a hug

"Happy Birthday Momma", he said as he handed a bouquet of flowers and Damon held an ice cream cupcake with a candle on a tray for me

"Happy Birthday my beautiful wife", he said as I took the cupcake in my hands

"Thank you two so much", I said, and I kissed them both on their cheeks

"How are you feeling today?", he asked, and I told him I'm okay. Last night I went to bed early, I had a piercing headache. He was so worried and even insisted of calling the doctor for me, but I told him I'll be okay.

"What do you want to today?", he asked, and I shrugged. "I'm not in the mood for anything right now. I just want a quiet day", I said, and he noticed something was up, and he coughed that Dylan fetch that thing they left in his room. Dylan quickly got the hint and nodded his head.

"Are you okay sweets?", he asked, and I nodded. "I'm just not in the mood for anything hectic today. I've already told Lelo and Stacy well have to celebrate some other day, I just don't feel like doing anything today", I said, and he gave me a long, hard look before nodding his head. Dylan came back into the room and hopped on the bed and crawled to me to hand me a small paper bag. I thanked him before putting my hand inside to get out the long rectangular box. I opened it to see a beautiful, emerald necklace.

"It's beautiful", I grasped as I took it into my hands

"I saw it and thought of you", Damon said and tears streamed down my face

"Why are you crying Momma?", Dylan asked curiously as he helped to wipe the tears off my face

"I love it", I sobbed, and I felt the both of them wrap their arms around me, hugging me

"Thank you so so much", I said sobbing

"It's always a pleasure sweets", Damon caressed my shoulder, comforting me

The day went by quickly, and we went for a family picnic in the botanical gardens

A photographer came across us and asked whether he could take us our picture. We posed for the picture and within minutes, he came back with the picture enlarged and framed. Damon thanked him and gave him money.

"Wow, we're photogenic", Damon exclaimed as we looked at the photo

"We're a beautiful family, aren't we?", I asked, and he turned to look at me and nodded his head

"Of course we are, I mean look at us", he laughed, and I gave a small smile. After we ate, he and Dylan started playing soccer. I laughed at how Dylan was dribbling him.

After their match, they both collapsed from exhaustion on the blanket. They were not aware that I was taking them a video. I replayed the video for them and Damon laughed at how ridiculous he looked.

"You're getting old Dadda", Dylan smirked at him and Damon frowned

"Who are you calling old?", he grabbed him and started tickling him endlessly and Dylan roared in laughter as he laughed so hard it seemed he would lose his breath

"I'm sorry Dadda", he said and Damon stopped and pulled him back up as Dylan took time to catch his breath

A group of people walked towards where we were sitting holding boards, they positioned themselves in a straight line

"What's going on?", I asked Damon, and he shrugged

They started unfolding their boards one by one, forming a message

"Happy Birthday To The Most Beautiful Woman We Know. You're An Incredible Wife and Mother. We Love You, so Much".

Love, Damon & Dylan

The message read, and I grasped as I tried to stop the tears from coming. Then the group started singing a happy birthday song for me, not the ordinary one I was used to. This one had beats and rhythm to it, I found myself moving to it. Then one of them brought a birthday cake to me and I thanked her.

After the song was finished, I stood up and started clapping. I thanked them as they dispatched to different places like they were just random people in the botanical garden.

"Aww you guys, that was really sweet", I said as I sat back down

"You liked it Momma?", Dylan's eyes lit up, and I nodded my head

"I loved it. Thank you so much", I said and they both smiled.

"Let's cut the cake", Damon announced happily as he handed us the additional plates he packed into the picnic basket

Night came, and I was on my phone, replying to all the birthday wishes I received. Damon sat on the bed and snatched the phone from me.

"Hey", I protested as he placed it in his drawer. "I was busy with that", I folded my arms, and he sat in front of me.

"You can reply to the rest of the messages tomorrow", he took my hands in his. "Are you sure you're okay?", he questioned and my lips spread into a smile.

"I'm perfectly fine, why?", I rose my brow at him, and he shrugged

"I thought maybe you're mad at me or something", he said, and I cupped his face with both my hands and rested my forehead on his,

and he sighed

"I'm not mad at you. Matter of fact, I have something for you", I got from the bed to fetch the hidden item in the closet. His eyes followed my movements until I came back to sit next to him again and handed him a gift with a ribbon on top.

He laughed as he took the box from me. "Why are you giving me a gift? It's your birthday".

"This is a gift for the both of us. Go ahead and open it", I motioned, and he shrugged before he undid the tiny ribbon and looked at me again before opening the lid. He laughed as he saw what's inside and pulled the little slippers out.

"I don't think these will fit any of us", he chuckled while holding the tiny slippers in his hands

"Yeah well, that because their rightful owner is only arriving seven to eight months from now", I stated, and he paused for a second as it seemed he connected the pieces together

"Seven to eight months?", he chuckled a little before pausing to think.

"That would mean-", it dawned on him and a smile appeared on his lips. "Noo, this wouldn't mean that you're-"

"Congratulations daddy", I smiled, and he placed his hands in his face and fell back on the bed. I laughed at his inability to say anything. He wanted to talk, but couldn't seem to find the right words to express how he was feeling. He bought himself up again, and he gestured with his hands.

"You're pregnant?", he asked, seeking confirmation and I nodded my head

He then laughed out loud excitedly as he jumped from the bed, picked me up and spun us around. I laughed at his silliness as he continued spinning us in circles. He then placed me down to sit back on the bed and went down on his knees and placed his hands on my abdomen.

"Oh my god", he exclaimed, gently pressing his hands together. "How far along are you?"

I smiled. "Six weeks"

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I only found out yesterday"

"I don't believe this", he said in disbelief. I handed him the box again, and he don't believe it was real. It was my first sonogram, and he sat on the floor as he looked at it. Trilled his fingers on the little figure.

"This is our baby?", he asked as his eyes fixed on the tiny circle on the picture. He looked up at me and I nodded my head. Then he started laughing again as he rose himself up to hug and kiss me.

"Thank you", he said with tears in his eyes. "This is the best news ever", he chuckled as he hugged me again.

"I love you", he kissed my lips then kissed my abdomen. "And our little one", he brought his face up to mine, not knowing what to do with himself as he looked at the sonogram.

"Thank you, Layla"

"You're welcome"