

Chapter 68: Bells

Six months later....

Layla's POV

"I feel fat", I mopped, looking at myself in the mirror and Damon walked behind me to kissed me on the cheek

"Nonsense, you look beautiful", he spun me around in a circle then hugged me from behind, and we looked at our reflections on the mirror. He placed both his hands on my baby bump.

"You're breathtaking", he smiled, and I couldn't help but to smile back at him. "How are you feeling? Are you in any pain?", he asked, and I shook my head no. The level of attention I've been getting from him these past few months was just wow. Even hiccups were a big deal. I was even guided down the stairs like I'm a child. Mary monitored me 24/7 whilst he was at work and when he got back, I couldn't even breath in peace. He sometimes decided to work from home when Mary had other errands to attend to. But he was better. My father visited last month and he was worse. The constant breathing down my neck about my well-being, making sure I was eating well, exercising and sleeping enough.

"Now but-", I said, and he came to stand in front of me

"What?"

"I haven't felt the baby move in a couple of days now", I said worriedly as I rubbed my belly, and he placed one hand on top of mine

"I'm sure it's probably nothing", he said trying to lighten the mood, but I dropped my eyes. "It's not the first time you felt like this and the scan showed the baby's heart beating soundly on the monitor, right?"

I nodded

"Are you ready to go? We don't want to be late for the wedding", he said as he handed me my clutch bag. Did I mention the fact that I was denied the opportunity to be one of Stacy's bridesmaids because it's too much pressure, and it's going to cause too much stress for me and the baby and I wasn't supposed to be on my feet for too long?

Those were his exact same words. And because I didn't want to cause a scene or anything, I just agreed with everything he said. He was right though, I had the tendency of making small issues into a big deal.

Stacy's parents accommodated Damon and I for the night before the wedding. They didn't want us to book into the hotel because we were technically family.

"I'll just go check up on Stacy for a couple of minutes", I said, and he nodded his head before telling me he'll find us seats in the church

Stacy was just finishing up getting ready and as I walked in, she engulfed me in a hug

"What's wrong honey?", I asked as we wiped of tears on her eyes, careful not to ruin her make-up

"I'm nervous. Is that normal?" she asked, and I nodded my head.

"It's perfectly normal", I took her hands in mine." The moment you walk down that aisle, to the man you're absolutely in love with, you'll see it was all worth it", I said, and she nodded her head. "You look beautiful", I cupped her face in my hands and kissed her cheek. She was dressed in a mermaid wedding dress, with a sweetheart neckline that hugged around her figure perfectly. Her sister, Lisa helped her put her long veil on and Lelo helped to fix her make-up.

There was a knock on the door and when I opened, it was Mr Reaves, ready to walk his baby girl down the aisle

"I love you, okay?", I embraced her in a hug again, and she nodded as she mouthed that she loves me too. I quickly excused myself and walked into the church to find Damon waiting to meet me halfway the aisle and guided me to where we'll be sitting.

The church was elegant decorated, the colour scheme, royal blue and cream. Everything worked out perfectly. James walked the aisle accompanied by his parents as he smiled as he gave short waves to the crowd. He then stood at the altar alongside his brother and best friend.

Lisa and Lelo also made their way down the aisle, looking absolutely stunning in their dresses

The here-comes-the-bride violins started playing and all of us stood up as Stacy walked down the aisle accompanied by her father. James smiled as he quickly wiped a tear of his cheek as Stacy was handed over to him, and they joined hands.

The ceremony was beautiful. The way they made their vows, making everlasting promises to each other and sealing the promise to each other with a delicate kiss.

"I'm worried about your high blood pressure Layla", Dr Kumar said as she got my physical examination results back and went through my file. She earlier examined my high blood pressure with a pressure cli as her lips twitched to the side as she recorded the readings. "If your high blood pressure carries on like this, you might go into premature labor", she said as she closed my file and looked at me.

"Is there something I'm doing wrong? I never had problems with my blood pressure", I fiddled with my fingers nervously.

"I think this is a case of Gestational hypertension", she said, and I blinked

"Gasto what?"

"Gestational hypertension, is high blood pressure that you develop while you are more than 20 weeks pregnant. It doesn't mean you and the baby are in any sort of danger, but like I said, it could lead to premature labor. I'll need to monitor you and the baby's development regularly from now on".

"More tests and urinalysis?", I asked and nodded her head

"I'll prescribe some medicine for you. I'm scheduling another scan for you early next week", she said as she scribbled something on a page for me and handed it for me. It was the names and dosages of the.

"Thanks Doc", I folded it and put it inside my bag. "I'll see you next week", I stood up to leave.

"Layla?", she called up to me and I turned to look at her. "Take care of yourself, okay?", she said genuinely, and I nodded my head

Mother dragged me into the kitchen when I told her I wasn't hungry yet. She was here for the duration of my third trimester and for the birth. I honestly loved having her around, except forcing me to eat part.

"I won't allow you to starve my grandchild", she pushed a bowl of fruit salad towards me

"But I'm still full from the huge breakfast you prepared for me.", I said as I was interrupted by her shoving a spoon full of fruits in my mouth and I had no choice but to chew and swallow. I indulged in the midday snack as I kept her entertained as she prepared for lunch.

"So, is it a boy or a girl?", she questioned curiously as she grated the carrots into a bowl and I shrugged my shoulders

"We want it to be a surprise", I said dramatically, and she laughed

"What are you secretly wishing for?", she rose her brow

"You know, come to think about it, I haven't actually thought about it that much", I rested my chin on my hand. "I wouldn't mind having another boy around the house", I said, and she sco ed.

"We're already outnumbered as it is, and you want another boy around us, shame on you", she hit me with a dishcloth playfully

"I forgot to show you our latest sonogram. The doctor gave it to me yesterday".

"Then what are you waiting for? I want to see how big my gran baby has grown over the week", she said, and I smiled and slid o the chair I was sitting on. I felt a great deal of discomfort in my lower abdomen as I tried to stand up, a mother noticed this and asked if I was okay.

"Yeah I'm fine. Let me get that sonogram for you".

"Layla...", she grasped, dropping the knife she was chopping with as she looked at me in horror. "You're bleeding"

She exclaimed, and I dropped my eyes to see blood where I was sitting and some sneered on my sweatpants. Mother held me while she guided me out of the kitchen but then within a split second, I stopped in my tracks as I felt a gush of hot liquid passing between my thighs and I grasped, holding onto her tighter. She looked at me, then on the floor and at me again.

"Your water just broke"

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