

## Chapter 70: Time

### Damon's POV

"Have you thought of a name yet?", my mother walked besides me as we stood by my little angels nursery window, admiring her from afar and I wiped the tears that were streaming down my cheek before shaking my head

I felt her hands brushing me on my shoulder. "You'll have to name her soon. She needs a birth certificate".

"I know", I folded my arms and shrugged." I feel like it's something Layla and I have to do together. I don't know if I can."

I couldn't continue as I felt a lump growing in my throat, and I was close to crying, but I quickly composed myself.

"Layla and I were thinking of naming the baby Ava if it was a girl", I said as I turned to look at my mother, and she smiled warmly

"It's a beautiful name"

It's been three weeks since Layla fell into a coma. The doctors are not sure if she'll ever be able to wake up again. There's been speculations about possible swelling in the brain, but they haven't confirmed it yet. I've never felt so empty and useless in my life before. There was nothing I could do for her. I felt so weak, I couldn't eat, I couldn't sleep. I was a mess.

I needed to stay in hope that she'll soon recover and regain consciousness again. My little girl was doing very well these past few weeks. She was on the ventilator and was able to breath on her own.

Her development was progressing positively and Dr Khan was certain that she'll be out of the intensive care unit nursery before the end of the week.

When I wasn't besides Layla, I sat by her nursery and just watched her, appreciated each breath she took. Both her and Layla's well-being were a priority right now.

I remember when she opened her little eyes and saw me looking at her. She yawned and lazily smiled before drifting to sleep again. My world stopped revolving when my little girl smiled at me.

When I was allowed to hold her in my arms for the first time. No amount of words to describe how I was feeling at that moment, having her tiny body rested on my chest and felt her heartbeat across my own. I knew right there and then that I had to live the rest of my life protecting her.

"Layla is going to be okay", I felt her hands rub my back as I wiped of the tears on my face again

"I know she will"

Later on that day, we were sitting in the waiting area a Dr Khan asked me to excuse her so that they could perform more tests on Layla. James and Stacy just left to go home to refreshed up as soon as Lelo got back.

Quinton stood up, "Is anyone hungry?", he asked, and we all shook our heads.

"Damon?", he questioned me specifically because I don't remember the last time I had a solid meal, I was just drinking the terrible hospital coffee and ate a couple of sandwiches now and then

"I'm not hungry", I answered and his gaze fixed to my mother so that she could try to convince me otherwise

"You should eat something", she encouraged, but I shook my head and looked back at Quinton

"I'm fine"

"Please get him a sandwich or something from the cafeteria, he'll eat when he's hungry", mother said on my behalf and Quinton nodded his head as he walked away. I bought my face up to notice Quinton stopping in his tracks and immediately froze as he walked towards the elevator. He took a step back as Daniel appeared in sight, and they stood opposite each other before Daniel extended his hand for a handshake, Quinton pocketed his hands instead. Daniel gave a simple shrug and walked towards us.

"What the hell?", I stood up from where I was sitting and my mother immediately stood up in front of me. "What is he doing here?"

"Damon, please, this is not the place or time", she placed both her hands on my chest, to stop me from walking towards him

"I told him to come", Cedric stood up to shield Daniel behind him

"Leave", I demanded and there was no change in his expression.

"Didn't you hear what I said?", I screamed at the top of my lungs, and he didn't move. "I said LEAVE!!"

"I'm not going anywhere. Layla is my sister", he said, keeping his voice monotone as he spoke, and he pocketed his hands.

"The same sister you shot and almost killed?", I questioned with my voice raised and my mother was pleading with her eyes for me to calm down

"It was an accident", he said, and I don't know how I moved so fast, but I was close to grabbing him with his neck. I felt Quinton pulling me back and my mother and Lelo were in between, begging us to stop.

"An accident?", I scoffed. "It's your fault she's laying in there. If you hadn't shot her she wouldn't have these complications".

"Damon, you acting like this won't help us solve anything", Cedric intervened on his behalf and I felt my blood boil. After all Daniel has done to us, he was standing up for him. I tried to untangle myself from Quinton's grip, but he tightened his grip on me, I couldn't move, and I clearly couldn't teach this bastard a lesson.

"Damon please-", my mother said in an attempt to calm me down

"Fine", I said as I pulled myself from Quinton's grip. "I'll let it go but be warned", I turned to Daniel. "If I ever see you near Layla or my daughter, I'll kill you", I said enunciating each word and his eyes widened as I turned to walk in the opposite direction, Quinton followed after me.

"Daniel, I think it's best you leave", I heard my mother suggest as I walked away. Quinton suggested we take a walk outside, a bit of air would help calm my nerves down. I reluctantly agreed.

"What kind of father is he?", I rhetorically asked as we found an empty bench outside, and he sat beside me. "Daniel will carry on doing whatever he fucking wants if Cedric keeps defending him like he's some sort of saint", I said frustrated as I ran my hand through my hair frantically. I could feel the veins on my temples throbbing. I was still really pissed

"Layla is his sister bro, he has the right to be here like anyone else", Quinton shrugged, and I threw him a glare. He just managed to piss me even further.

"Quinton, do you want me to beat you up on his behalf or something?", I said dangerously calm and his eyes widened before he moved away from me

"No"

"Carry on and talk nonsense", I pointed to the hospital building.

"There is no better place to break your ribs and a few bones"

"No need for all these threats", he mumbled as he looked away, and I stood to my feet.

"I'm going to take a walk. I don't have time for this".

I spent most of my time in Layla's ward because Daniel was here every day and there was nothing I could do about it because he had backup

So to avoid any conflicts and upsetting my mother further, I chose to stay clear of him and went opposite to where he went. He didn't come near Layla or my little girl, and I was okay, thrilled actually. I didn't want to expose my sensitive baby girl to the likes of him. If it was up to me, I'd make sure he never came close to her or develop any sort of relationship with her whatsoever.

I heard the police sirens outside, and I stood to stand by the window. Police cars and vans surrounded the entrance, they marched into the building, asking people to clear the way. I grew curious and stepped outside.

"What's going on?", Lelo stood up as I walked past her on her way to Layla's ward

"I don't know", I replied as my pace quickened as I took an elevator to the nursery. As they opened, it was chaos as there was a huge crowd of panicking parents and police trying to calm them down.

"Excuse me", I pushed them out of the way and eventually got inside the nursery. My heart nearly stopped as I saw my little girl's bassinet empty, with police tapes stripped all over it. The forensics team was powdering the surface, checking for fingerprints while others took pictures. I felt my heart pound against my chest, I started panicking.

"You're not supposed to be in here sir", I felt a hand grab me by the arm as the police officer tried to push me out

"Where is my daughter?", I asked panicking as I kept pointing at the empty bassinet, refusing to be pushed out, and he tried grabbing me by the arm again

"Sir, please--"

"Where is my daughter?", I got aggressive and now two officers tried to hold me down, I wouldn't let them

"Calm down--"

"Don't tell me to calm down. Where is she?", I screamed at them.

"Where is my daughter?", I fought them, but they managed to push me outside.

"Let him go", Detective Stevens commanded the officers, and they did they were told. "Mr Kingsley, I apologize for them manhandling you like that."

"Where is my daughter? Why is her bassinet empty?", I cut him off as I wanted to know what the fuck was going on and I saw him take a deep breath.

"I'm afraid she's been kidnapped"