The Billionaire's Twins Play Matchmaker Book One: Chapter 37: Bonus Story Two

The Twins Cometh

Macey woke with a sudden urge to pee. With a grunt she pushed herself out of bed struggling with her rather large stomach. She gently stroked it. It had been months since the doctor told her she was not having just one baby but two. Twins. It still didn’t seem real despite her expanding middle. Twins, actual twins.

She eased out of bed and retreated to the bathroom to relieve herself. Once she was comfortable again she moved to the living room and sat on the sofa. She was grateful for the large cushions. Her back and feet constantly ached and now it seemed the twins had settled permanently on her bladder. That was something no one warned her about.

She inhaled deeply as her body tensed. For the past couple weeks she had been having minor contractions. Her doctor explained it was her body’s way of preparing for labor and to not be alarmed by them. The moment passed and she winced as a wave of heartburn came next. It seemed she was always fending off one or the other. Macey grimaced pushing herself up to retrieve a glass of water from the kitchen.

As she moved she felt something shift as her water broke and her fluid started leaking. Biting her lip she froze unsure if she was correct but another contraction brought her back to reality just as someone knocked on her door.

“Ah…yes?”

“Macey, it’s me,” Victoria’s voice answered.

A wave of relief washed over her, “Vicki come in. The door is open.”

“Hey girl, you’ll never believe what I found…”

“Umm, Vicki…”

“I was walking and happen to spy this shop…”

“Victoria!”

“What?” Victoria looked up. “What’s up?”

“…I think I’ve just gone into labor.”

“…What?”

“Vicki, I’m in labor.” Macey tried to hold back a laugh at the ridiculousness of the situation. “I need to go to the hospital.”

“C’est pas vrai! Don’t panic!” Victoria suddenly shouted. “Everything is under control! First thing is…First…”

Macey couldn’t help but laugh. Wasn’t it her job to panic? For someone who was always so put together it was surprisingly easy to throw Victoria for a loop.

“Victoria! First call the hospital let them know we are on our way. Then call a cab to get us there. Then call my father-in-law, or ex-father-in-law, to let him know.” Macey sighed. “He wanted to be there and I did promise him.”

“Right.” Victoria paused to take a deep breath before taking out her phone. “I’ll call the hospital and the cab. You can take the father-in-law. I honestly don’t know what to say to him.”

Macey chuckled as Victoria handed her the cell phone sitting just out of her reach. Breathing deeply through another contraction Macey stared at the phone. Though she had tossed her old phone away Augustus hadn’t hesitated to purchase her a replacement. This one she was certain was on his private phone plan and the number only known by him aside from the friends she made since starting her studies. However the first number in her contacts was still Augustus.

Hitting the call button she leaned back listening to Victoria curse in French and shook her head. Macey wasn’t sure she even wanted to know the reason why. She doubted Victoria would be unloading her frustration out on hospital staff she guessed it had something to do with the cab.

"You have reached Mister DaLair's office. He is unavailable right now," Stephen's voice answered.

"Stephen, it's me," Macey said knowing he never set the phone on speaker so there was little chance of being overheard regardless of where he was.

There was a pause and she was certain she heard a door close before he finally answered, "Miss Macey?"

"Did I call at a bad time?"

"Not at all. They are merely in the middle of a board meeting."

"Oh." Macey opened her mouth but snapped it closed.

She almost asked how Julius was doing and had to suppress the urge before she could speak again. That wasn't her world anymore and he wasn't her concern. It had almost been a year already. Her marriage was over and he had moved on. No doubt he had new woman on his arm the moment the divorce papers were filed. Maybe he already proposed. They could be planning their wedding even as she sat there with her labor pains. Tears blurred her vision as she thought about it.

"Miss Macey?" Stephen prompted when she didn't reply. "Is everything all right?"

"…Yes. Sorry. I'm calling because dad wanted to know when I went into labor…well…I am."

"Are you all right? Are you alone? Do you need me to make calls for you? Arrange transportation?"

"No. It's fine. Vicki is here. She's calling the hospital and she already has a cab on the way. We'll be heading to the hospital shortly."

"Understood. I'll arrange transportation for Mister DaLair and he'll be there as soon as he is able."

"Oh, you don't have to do that. I mean…"

"I must. Mister DaLair insists. I will let you know his ETA as soon as I confirm it."

"…Okay."

"Come on Macey. We got to go." Victoria said hauling the prepared duffle bag out of the entry closet where it had been stashed for the last two months. Though Victoria might have momentarily panicked she was once again in control.

"Right. Um. Help?"

"Coming ma moitié." Victoria hurried to the couch to help Macey stand and supported her as she waddled to the door.

She helped Macey into a coat before slinging the duffle over her own shoulder and escorted Macey out. Locking up the apartment Victoria hurried Macey to the elevator. It was slow going but there was no rushing a pregnant woman carrying twins.

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Stephen immediately called the airport to get clearance for the DaLair's private jet. It took some negotiation but he managed to secure takeoff within the next hour provided his employer could make it to the airport but he didn't imagine it would be difficult. If there was one thing Augustus DaLair refused to miss it was the birth of his grandchildren. Labor was bound to take awhile but it was a six hour flight so there wasn't a moment to lose.

After confirming the flight details he returned to the board meeting. It was progressing as slowly as when he left. Augustus presided over it though it was the board members who did most of the talking. On one side March sat feigning interest though he was sharp enough to discern the important points buried in the mundane details.

On the other side Julius slumped in his seat his forehead resting on the table in front of him. One didn't need to be near him to smell liquor. His clothing was disheveled and there was no telling exactly when he last shaved or showered. In fact March had to practically break down his door and drag him to work to even make it to the board meeting which was mandatory for DaLair family members. Anything short of a terminal illness was not a valid excuse for missing so a hangover meant nothing.

March had done his best dragging Julius out of bed and forcing him into a relatively clean set of clothes but there wasn't much he could do about his brother's recovery from his latest drinking binge. A glass with water and a quickly dissolving tablet of Alka-Seltzer™ sat untouched beside Julius and it wasn't clear he was even awake.

Stephen walked past the inert Julius to return to Augustus's side. He leaned close to his employer and whispered low in his ear, "Sir…it's time. I made travel arrangements as agreed."

Augustus suddenly straightened at the whispered words. He glanced at his youngest son fighting the urge to tell him the truth. Over the past several months Julius's search for Macey had only become more desperate. In fact he heard Julius was looking into hospitals which could only mean Julius learned Macey was pregnant. It wasn't a wonder then Julius's drinking had gotten more drastic as the birth time approached yet even his son didn't know the whole truth. Not only was Macey pregnant but she was having twins.

Augustus clenched his fists wanting nothing more than to drag his son out of the room by his hair and shove him on that plane but he couldn't do that to Macey. He promised to keep her secret and help her leave her old life behind. She didn't want Julius there and any added stress at this time would be detrimental to mother and the babies.

As much as he wanted to drag Julius there by the ears he wouldn't risk the lives of his grandchildren or their mother to do so. Julius's comeuppance would come but it would come later: when Macey was ready to face him on her own terms. That was a day Augustus couldn't wait to see. But for now…

"Very interesting, gentlemen," Augustus said interrupting the progress report on their latest acquisition. "So all of this talk I am to understand that everything is going as planned and there are no issues needing attention. Yes? Good. Then meeting adjourned."

"Ah…dad?" March stared as his father stood. Not that he wasn't ready to end the meeting as well but it was out of character for his father to do so. Augustus never ended meetings early.

"Something important just came up. I'll be leaving now. Good work everyone," Augustus said as Stephen moved ahead of him and opened the door. "March, take your brother home. Next time I want him awake and sober."

"Yeah, dad." March rubbed his temples looking at the shell that was once his brother. He stood and circled the table. "Come one, Jules. Let's get you home. Work day is over."

Julius muttered groggily as his brother pulled him to his feet. Though he looked asleep his was surprisingly aware. How could he sleep when Macey was out there? Their baby would soon be making its entrance into the world and he still hadn't found them. There had to be a way. Macey was too responsible to neglect her own care let alone her baby. She wouldn't shun hospitals to simply avoid him. No. She would be certain to make every appointment to ensure the baby's health.

Yet she hadn't appeared at any hospital since she confirmed her pregnancy. That could only mean she either left town or was seeing a private doctor. A private doctor was out. There were no expenses on their joint charge cards and she had left them all behind anyway. But it also didn't make sense she had left town. If she left all her charge cards behind than her only funds would be the cash in her wallet. He wasn't sure how much she had on hand but he couldn't imagine it was more than a hundred dollars or so. That much wouldn't take her very far. Where would she go?

"Damn it, Macey…where are you?"

"I know," March sighed as he half-walked, half-carried his brother to the elevator. "I wish I knew where she went too."

Somehow they made it to the parking garage where March pushed him into his Subaru. Julius groaned as he collapsed across the back seat. He raised his hand to stare at the wedding band he still wore. It glinted as if laughing at him. Macey…where?

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"Here we go," Victoria escorted Macey down the steps to the sidewalk where their cab waited.

The cab driver tapped the steering wheel impatiently as Victoria carefully helped Macey inside before climbing in herself. Once she was certain Macey was comfortable she said, "Hôpital de Paris and step on it."

"We'd already be there if you women didn't take so long." The driver complained but put the car in drive and pulled onto the street in a jerky motion that made both of them rock violently in the back.

"Imbécile," Victoria muttered. "We'd like to get there in once piece."

"You said step on it, mademoiselle."

"Well unless you want these babies shooting out of her I suggest you make it a smooth ride!" Victoria snapped.

"Hein?" he glanced over his shoulder the color suddenly draining from his face. "She's having a baby? Right now?"

"Yes!"

"La vache!" he stepped on the accelerator honking as he weaved through the traffic.

Macey clutched the door handle to keep herself from being tossed around in the cab as she tried to keep her breathing even and calm. She eyed her phone in an attempt to time her contractions but the jerky motion of the cab ride made it more difficult to tell contraction from inertia.

The cab came to a screeching stop in front of the hospital. The driver tumbled out in his rush to get to her door. Victoria was almost as quick. She came around the vehicle armed with her handbag beating him in the head as Macey slowly pulled herself out of the cab.

“Roi des cons! Tu as le QI d’une huitre! Tête de noeud!” Victoria exclaimed with each successful hit.

“Vicki,” Macey sighed as she leaned against the cab for support. “Vicki! I need you!”

Leaving off further insults Victoria paused long enough to toss money at their driver before returning to Macey’s side and helping her to the entrance. Macey winced as she walked. She wasn’t certain if she could say she was in any great amount of pain but she felt bloated and uncoordinated. Luckily as soon as they entered the forewarned maternity ward was ready to receive her offering a wheelchair. Macey sank into it gratefully as Victoria wheeled her to the front desk for check in.

“Papiers d’identité?” the nurse at the desk asked.

Macey nodded signaling Victoria to open the end pocket of the duffle there her passport and ID had been stashed in the event their departure to the hospital was less than organized. Somehow she wasn’t terribly surprised it had come to this though the wild ride was certainly not part of her plan.

“Oh good I didn’t miss you two!”

Macey turned in surprise to see Paul hurrying to join them saying, “Paul? What are you doing here?”

“I told Victoria to call me as soon as you went in. I wanted to be here for you.”

“Well thank you. But it’s going to be boring for you.”

“Nonsense. How can it be boring when new life is coming into the world?”

“All right Madame DaLair…Is this the father?” the nurse looked up at Paul.

“Oh, no. He’s friend from school,” Macey quickly corrected smiling at the nurse’s honest mistake.

She missed the pained expression that clouded his gaze. In truth she was rather embarrassed that officially she was still known by her married name. Before she left New York she had been ill and then in the hurry to depart she had forgotten all about changing it back to her maiden name. Luckily she already had a Passport Stephen merely had to retrieve from the safe in the condo. Macey wondered if Julius even noticed it was gone.

What was she thinking? Of course he didn’t. Not that it mattered to him with his new woman on his arm. Though she told everyone her surname was Grayson when it came to official documents she had to use her married name.

“I see. And is the father coming?”

“…Um. No. My father-in-law will probably show up in a few hours though. He’s flying in.”

“Of course. Well sign here and I’ll show you to your room. The doctor will be up to check on you and see how you are progressing.”

“Thank you.”

Macey signed and accepted back her passport and ID as Victoria pushed her past the counter. Paul hurried ahead a few paces and suddenly raised his phone to snap a picture.

“What?” Macey blushed. “What are you doing?”

“The photographer is really asking that question?” Victoria asked. “You’re the one who insisted on capturing everything on film. What about that photo album you’re making at home? What good is it without a complete record?”

“Okay. Fine. Just no close ups. I’m not even wearing concealer.”

“And you don’t need it. You are beautiful just the way you are,” Victoria laughed.

The nurse led them to the maternity floor and the private room set aside for her. Though Macey initially insisted on impartial treatment Augustus was not so hesitant to demand the best care and the hospital was more than happy to meet his demands. She relaxed on the bed in the hospital gown the nurse helped her into. Her legs were covering in a comfortable blanket. Despite the large window she didn’t feel the least bit of a chill.

Macey’s gaze took in the rather plain though soothing colored walls and the comforting beep of the machine monitoring her. The doctor had come and gone. She was only dilated three centimeters so she had quite some time to kill before the show really began. Apparently there really hadn’t been any need for panic. In any case she was admitted without incident so she only had to wait.

Macey winced as she felt another contraction. For right now she wasn’t in much pain. Still she was glad to have gone in too soon rather than too late. Births involving multiples tended to be more unpredictable with a greater chance for complications. She let her eyes wander around the room as she relaxed.

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Macey jerked awake blinking as her gaze landed on her attending nurse, “Excusez moi mademoiselle.”

Macey smiled watching as the nurse continued her rounds wondering when she had fallen asleep.

“You’ve been out an hour or so,” Victoria answered her unasked question. “Don’t worry I’ve been keeping an eye on them.”

“Thanks,” Macey chuckled.

A smile briefly crossed her face before her expression suddenly fell.

“Paul said he was going to grab a bite to eat and come back since this is likely to take awhile.”

“…Right.”

“Macey? Something wrong? Macey, why are you crying?”

Macey bit her lip feeling the tear trickled down her cheek. Victoria immediately left her chair and came to sit on the edge of the bed. Using a tissue she quietly dried her tears looking as tender as a mother.

“Macey, you can tell me. Didn’t we say we will tell each other everything?”

“…I just…it’s just…This isn’t how I imagined this would be. It wasn’t supposed to be like this…”

“I know, sweetie. You weren’t supposed to be doing this alone,” Victoria gave her a knowing smile. “Julius was supposed to be here with you.”

“Right.” Macey forced a breath as she fought more tears from falling. “He was supposed to be here but…It was all a mistake. I’m here and he’s somewhere with someone else and…”

“Shh. Shh.” Victoria hugged her and let her cry. “It will be okay. I promise you it wasn’t a mistake. Love is never a mistake even if it doesn’t work out. Once you are holding your babies it will all make sense. I promise.”

Macey’s shoulders shook as she struggled against the sudden melancholy assailing her. She always dreamed of being a mother but that dream always starred Julius holding her hand. But it was Victoria who accompanied her to her Lamaze classes, helped her prep the babies’ room, buy all the necessities, even debated possible names. Victoria, not Julius, was the rock that supported her and kept her moving.

Suddenly she began shaking with laughter.

“What is it now?” Victoria chuckled. “If you’re not careful people are going to think you are hysterical.”

“I was just remembering the first day of Lamaze class. Do you remember? I was nervous about going alone so you agreed to go with me. We met that really nice couple…”

“And they thought we were lovers?” Victoria joined her laughter. “They wanted to know if we suffered any difficulties preparing for the babies because we were unconventional. The look on your face was priceless. I thought you were going to burst.”

“Not as priceless as the look on their faces when we explained we were just friends. You know, I don’t think they ever really bought it though.”

“Well that is hardly our fault. We tried to explain.”

The pair laughed awhile longer before Macey felt her calm returned. Victoria gave her a gentle squeeze.

“Feel better.”

“A little. I’m glad you’re here, Vicki.”

“Of course. I am here for you always. Now lie down and rest. Sleep some more. The doctors said we are in for a wait so no need to stay up for it. I’m sure you’ll know before any of us when it is time.”

“I suppose you are right.” Macey said and though she didn’t mean to slipped back into a restless sleep.

Victoria moved back to the chair and watched Macey nap. Without a word she took out her phone and perused the news. Though she had little interest in America the headlines she scrolled through were all from there. It was not the country that interested her rather it was a person. Even typing in his name did not bring much up in the search. If Julius DaLair was in a new relationship he was being rather quiet about it.

The only thing she found was a short blurb about a drinking binge but the pictures showed him on his own. In fact, if she looked closely at the picture it seemed as if he was still wearing his wedding ring. Unless he married immediately after Macey left than the band he wore had to be the one from their wedding. If he was so happy to let her go why would he still wear his wedding ring?

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“Macey? Oh she’s asleep.”

The male voice roused Victoria from her own nap. Looking up she saw a rather elderly gentlemen shadowed by another at the door. It took her a moment but she eventually recognized Stephen, which meant the other was Macey's infamous father-in-law. Without a word of explanation the gentleman entered and immediately walked to the bed. Victoria shifted ready to protest but held herself in check as the man gently patted Macey's head and smoothed her hair as he fondly gazed at her.

"How long has it been since the doctor was here?" the man asked without looking up. When Victoria didn't answer he glanced at her. "How long?"

"Fifteen minutes. She's still only at about six centimeters," Victoria said.

The man glanced at his watch and sighed. At least he hadn't missed it. Patting Macey's hand he moved to another chair and sat down waving off his assistant who quietly went to a corner until needed.

"So you're the father-in-law," Victoria said easing back into her seat observing him.

Augustus DaLair. Macey told her enough about him for Victoria to understand he was a ruthless businessman used to getting his own way. Age had been kind to him. He was a dignified looking individual. That combined with his vast riches would ensure him several women if he had any interest. Yet according to Macey he hadn't even tried dating since the passing of his wife.

"And you are Victoria Laurent," he looked at her.

"You know me?"

"I hired you so I should know you." Augustus nodded.

"And what do you know?"

"You are twenty-three and on your second year of college. You have been employed as an au pair, nude model, secretary and a waitress. You are currently attending college with the goal of being a designer. You have had some minor success in a local completion for amateur designs. Of your last five serious relationships lasting more than three months: two have been with men, three have been with woman…"

"Stop. Okay just stop," Victoria glared at him. "So…you know who I am."

"Naturally, I would not let just anyone close to my daughter."

"Daughter-in-law. And technically she isn't even that."

"Macey has been and always will be my dearest daughter."

"Then why did you son break her heart?"

Augustus sighed. His brow furrowed as he said, "Because my son is an idiot."

That was not the answer she was expecting. Was it not customary for fathers to defend their sons no matter what?

"And now he's paying the price…as well his liver."

"Yeah I saw a few headlines about his drinking binges."

"Have you?" Augustus gave her a measured look. "He's been looking for her ever since she left him."

"He has?"

"He's even marshaled our IT department to try and track her movements on cameras."

"Isn't that illegal?"

"It's a gray area," Augustus shrugged. "They are public cameras after all."

Victoria raised an eyebrow at that.

"He's been canvassing hospitals…particularly ones with maternity wards."

"…Macey said she didn't tell him."

Augustus shook his head, "He hasn't mentioned it to me or his brother so I'm not sure how he figured it out but it's making him even more desperate to find her."

"Why wouldn't he tell you? It would make more sense to try to get you to help him."

"I'll be the first to admit my boy isn't the brightest but he has an amazing sense of self-preservation. He knows exactly how I would react if I learned about this after the fact.” Augustus shook his head. “It remains to be seen if he can learn his lesson and win her back.”

“Excuse me…win her back?” Victoria repeated. “You don’t mean Macey.”

“I do.”

“You want her to crawl back to the man who broke her heart?” Victoria suddenly leapt to her feet.

“No.” Augustus snapped. “I want her to strut down the street with her head held high in front of a gallery bulging with her artwork proving him the idiot that he is. The only one who should be crawling is him.”

Victoria stood mouth agape. Again, that wasn’t the answer she expected. Was that how a father was supposed to talk about his son?

“I only hope Macey’s heart is magnanimous enough to give him another chance.”

“And if it isn’t?”

“Then my son has truly lost the greatest of treasures. Not only a wonderful woman but two children who may never know him.”

“…Well, I guess I can’t disagree with you there. So what exactly are you planning?”

“I wouldn’t call it a plan exactly.” Augustus sighed. “Macey needs room to grow and spread her wings. And my son needs to learn to crawl for a while though it certainly isn’t pretty to watch.”

“And what do you want me to do?”

“Just continue as you are. Help Macey fly. The rest will have to be up to them.”

Victoria leaned back in her chair. She could hardly argue. Yet somehow it just didn’t seem right to her. The man in front of her was definitely living up to his ruthless reputation. He didn’t even spare his own children and yet…he was acting quite tender to Macey only moments ago. Victoria wasn’t quite sure what to make of this man and she was definitely going to keep a close eye on him.