Chapter 38: Matter

Layla's POV

"Thank God you are okay for breathed out relieved. If I wasn't sure enough a few minutes ago, now I was panicking.

"What's going on here Damon?"

"Dawn kidnapped you for rights? Hmmhy, and I remembered that Daniel was the last person I saw before I lost consciousness.

"How are you able to get to me?"

"And I kidnapped you back."

I plopped down the bed. "Huh?"

There's no time to explain everything. Keep that phone close to you, Dawn is not that you are safe. Bandhelper I could ask another question, he banged up, and I was to with my mouth hanging open.

My heart rate danger into my rib cage when I heard the sound of the door being unlocked.

You are safe there

Now I'm in a safe room to crack. Dawn is having a heart attack and I'm time drun unlocks. My heart pounded heart against my chest, suddenly having a heavy feeling in my stomach. Was it the gas wearing a balaclava again?

The door was pushed open, and I jumped back in a defensive stance, I was afraid but on the other side the suspense was killing me. I needed answers. I wanted to know what the hell was going on.

Tony walked in and closed the door behind him and I had to crib my voice repeatedly to make sure I wasn't wearing things, rolls to see his lips spread into a smile as he walked towards me to angel me in a hug and I.

"I'm so glad you are okay. I was so worried about you", he released me and stood me at arms length and a shock, I could calm appeared on my face.

"Are you okay?", he now an eyebrow and I gave a short, uncertain nod

"I guess"

"Good, we better get you something to eat." he started, but I interrupted him

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry about what you said my life was in danger because of Damon", my voice was shaky, and he didn't there any emotion in his eyeballs.

Damon wasn't the sole reason behind your abduction. Your life was already in grave danger way before you and Damon crossed paths."

As if I didn't feel bad enough already.

"What do you mean?"

I hesitated and gulped, because he wanted to get back at your father. He wanted him to feel the pain of losing the one person he truly, deeply cares about and you being married to Damon just added gasoline to the. By keeping you in captivity, he could kill two birds with one stone.

"Tony, you're not making any sense right now", I ran my hand through my hair in frustration. I couldn't understand any word he was saying to me. "Why would Daniel want to get revenge on my father?"

I waited for him to answer. "Daniel is your brother."

I was thunder struck and at a loss of words as I sank back on the bed.

"At what?"

"At your ball brother", I didn't want to believe what he's saying to me as I shook my head. "Tony, I know this is hard to believe but."

"Tony is right", a protested quietly. "My father would have never done that to my mother"

"Why would he have to even met your mother"

I drew a breath. "I don't understand"

"Your father and Dawn's mother met in school where they probably fell in love amongst other things, and she fell pregnant. They were still young at the time and your grandfather could have disowned your father if the news broke out that he would have a child out of wedlock and the rumours of the child was the daughter of a Major"

"So my half abandoned them"

"He denied the baby and ever having a relationship with Daniel's mother"

"That doesn't sound like my dad, he's not like that", Jane flooded my eyes at the thought of the kind of man my father was. It amazed me like I didn't even know who he was anymore. He was slowly turning into a stranger. Instead of Tony, who was looking eventually at me when I was slowly coming to terms everything he was telling me.

"We all knew troubled years ago, your father was a good man and he was a nice secret. Now the chickens have come home to roost."

"How do you know all of this?"

"Your father told me everything before we took him to a place of safety". A tears ran down Jonathan's cheeks as he continued to cry, seeing how distraught I looked. "And I'm also a private investigator"

I gave a short out of tears, tears dawed in eyes acknowledging his profession. "So you're telling me, I have a brother who completely hates me and wants to end me?"

"Layla..."

"I mean how can he not? I had everything he didn't, including being raised by a man that abandoned him"

"I think it's pointless to want to avenge himself over a set of these years. He's a successful businessman, and he has more thing for himself than to worry about."

"Maybe knowing that he's hurting my father will make him feel good about himself"

"What good does it do when he ends up dragging innocent people into this?"

"We all have our own ways of dealing with sis, I guess this is his way."

"What he is doing is wrong Layla. Do you have any idea what he could have done to you?", he asked, and it dawned on me. Would he hurt his own sister? Could he that cold-hearted?

My heart started racing, probably from being a nervous and I gulped heavily. "He couldn't have killed me, could he?"

"He probably would have tortured you but yet again with you dead, he has nothing to lose."

"Tony, what the hell did you get mixed up?", I groaned while running a hand through my hair. "My life seems from perfect to a complete nightmare"

"It's going to be okay", he wrapped his arm around me and ran his hand up and down my arm.

I pressed my cheek into his chest.

"Jane are you in cahoots with Damon?", I turned to look at him. "I thought he was my number one."

"I don't hate him, I just disliked his ways of doing things and we both share a musical thing."

"What is it?"

"Protecting you"

"Oh", I smiled a little at him. "Okay"

"Let's not the prison I thought he was", he shrugged. "When he heard what Dawn was planning to do, he was the brains behind us working together to protect you and keep you safe"

"Um"

"Ms. Quinton and the police"

"Yes and Quinton knew each other?"

"Not really, I think knew him when you introduced us at the music store", he explained, and I gave a short nod again.

"Do you think it's possible that I see my father?", I asked hopeful, only to watch him slowly shake his head

"Daniel probably has a search party everywhere looking for the both of you, he will probably have everyone close to you followed, so it's not safe"

"What if", I thought of the thought of Daniel threatening to kill everyone I care about to lure me out of hiding

"Don't worry, everyone is safe. They all have people looking out for them"

"As in bodyguards?"

"You can put it like that"

"So can't Dawn get to me Damon or Dylan?"

"No. Daniel is probably keeping a very close eye on Damon, and he has to be convincing that you were kidnapped. Obviously the news breaking out that the billionaire's only gone missing will definitely make front page news. Dylan's side right where he is with his Kingdom", he reassured and my heart eased a little, knowing they're safe.

"The only contact you and Damon will have is via that burner phone"

"Okay", he shoulders slumped down in disappointment

"You are probably hungry"

"My stomach is growling", I expressed, and he laughed before he stood up and pulled me to my feet. When we got to the kitchen, he made me a sandwich and I peered content, but my mind was spiring with questions.

"Are you sure Daniel won't find me here"

"We're under police protection, meaning it won't be easy for him to find our location" A youthful his sandwich towards me.

"I still don't get how Quinton is involved with Daniel"

"It's a really long story"

"I have time"

He laughed at my. "I'll tell you later. Right now we have to focus on keeping you safe. You don't have to worry about anything. We're working with the police, and they are keeping a very close eye on Daniel, if everything does well, you'll be home soon", he said and I nodded. I took a bite of my sandwich and I looked to my side to see a familiar figure, the guy that was wearing a balaclava.

"And what about him?", I motioned at him with my head

"That's Bruce, your bodyguard"

"Bruce?", I whispered in surprise of his name

"Don't ask", he laughed, and I smiled instead not to be too obvious we are talking about them.

Later on that day, the burner phone in my hands vibrated, and it was Damon and I stood to my feet

"Hey"

"Are you okay?"he asked, and I nodded like I could see me. "Layla?"

"Yes, I'm okay. Tony is taking very good care of me"

"That's good. Don't worry I'm going to fix all of this, okay?"

"Okay", I smiled a little. "Is everyone safe at home?"

"Yes, they're fine. Don't worry about anything. I've got everything covered"he reassured. "I love you, okay?"

"I love you too. Be careful, please"

"I will"with saying that he hanged up. We were only allowed to talk less than 3 minutes on the burner phone.

Days passed, and I didn't hear anything from Damon. Tony was also keeping his distance as he always locked himself in his office for the most. I was bored to death and spent most of my time talking with Bruce. I'm not sure if he was a man of few words or if he was ordered to stay quiet so he never dared to lay his hyper-sized physique and I understood why. He was well-built, had that bouncer aura with him, and I'd bet you one kick he

Tony only joined us for dinner and then back himself in the study again. I rolls eyes him since if not once a day, I had gotten used to it. Bruce had organized a pile of books and magazines for me to read when he had to be on duty and I lying on the bedsheet for any designs that may lurk in the dark.

"Is there anything we can do for you Mr Kingsley?", he asked, and I threw a glare at him, and he laughed nervously before clearing his throat. "Mrs., I mean Mrs Layla?"

"Just call me Layla, Robin"

"And Layla right", he repeated with a nervous smile on his face. For a tough guy he had the sensitive side to him

"I don't mind anything, thank you", I smiled at him, he nodded before dismissed himself and closed the door behind him. I sighed when I realized how patient I was, literally doing nothing with my life whatsoever again. At that moment I was just breathing, not living. But I guess I should be grateful, it could have turned for the worse if it was under Daniel's custody.

I felt an unexplainable lump in my throat and had this sour taste in my mouth. almost like I was going to throw up or something. I went to the bathroom and I lay in the sink and splashed water on my face. I could still feel the lump and when I was halway with filling the glass with water, I felt the urge to throw up. I ran back to the sink, breathing up my throat, a quickly gulped down the water, swallowing back whatever that wanted to way up my throat.

"Tiffany, aren't we?", Tony asked behind me as he placed an empty mug in the sink.

"I just feels like lying on my throw", I placed the glass I was sorting in the sink and rolled before walking past him.

"Are you okay. Tiffany", he turned to look at me, and I was halfway through climbing up the stairs to turn to answer him.

"Yeah, I'm fine", I was interrupted by the urge to throw up again and this time I had to control myself. I ran to the nearest bathroom and literally crawled to the toilet while struggling to hold in my pulse any longer. I felt like I was literally puking my guts out, and I felt a hand on my back and a soothing voice.

He stopped when he saw me emptying my guts out, knelt next to me and he helped me back over the hurdle and down my bedsheet.

"I'm fine", groaned disgusted at looking at my vomit and not appetizing. "Tony to see me like this."

"Is it something you ate?", he asked when I flushed the toilet and leaned against the wall.

"Probably", I accepted a tissue paper from him to wipe my face, assuming I looked terrible and almost covered in pale

"We shouldn't give a doctor", he suggested, but I shook my head "I'll be fine. Don't worry", I stood up and wash my hands, I thought he'd drag me the crack but honey enough, he didn't and I pouted too head.

"I'm thinking of sending Bucks to the stores to get some few essentials, do you need anything?"

"Some toiletries", he followed me as I walked back to my room to write not a list

"Okay, what else?"

"Some snacks and ice cream", I grinned

"Isn't it a bit too cold for ice cream?", he asked, and I looked at him like he's just gone two heads. That was literally the best thing I could do to me as as a coupon lover

"It's I know too cold for ice cream", I let him playfully on his arm, he laughed before he shrugged and resulted a very not convinced shrug

"What are you going to do?", he asked as I pulled out a pen and paper to write everything down.

"Let me see.", I pouted to think. "I'm going to need a body cream, soap, lace cream and deodorant", I wrote everything down. I don't know about cashmir breeds though, but I don't want to make things awkward by Bucks by making him buy them for me, I'll just use the lace cream and deodorant. Bucks probably would have made a fool out of himself in the lingerie section. I wrote down a few more things, sounded them, they might be little, and I ought he running low soon.

Wait...

I was supposed to have had my period about two weeks ago

"Layla?", Tony shook me gently as I turned to look at him

"Hmm"

"Are you done?"

"Mm-what?"

"Writing your list"

"Erm, yeah", I walked towards the calendar plugged on the wall.

I should have had my period by now.

"What's wrong?", Tony asked as he picked something was wrong

"I think I'm late"

"Late for pregnant?", he chuckled but quickly frowned as he saw the sanitary towel package in my hand and his eyes widened. "Wait, you mean on your period?"

"I think so, I were supposed to have had my period by now", I groaned, as the bowel bearers do we, causing my body tight nervously. "You doesn't mean what I think it does right?"

Tony looked at Layla in the mirror himself and pulse than two hours ago, he was in the office when he received a call from Bruce that Layla needed, and being pregnant was a hell the last part of her had to do was wait for the results. While we waited, he was still reading the books her, and it was his largest free minutes of my life.

"How accurate is it?", I had to know what were the chances of it deceiving me

"Ninety nine point something accurate", he shrugged a little before checking on the screen to see if it's his phone. The second it went in, he stretched out his hand to read the results.

"Jane, wait", I stopped him

"Layla, I know, I know and I'm. It's just reading the results", he took it to his hand and focused intensely on it for a couple of seconds before leaning his eyes to look at me.

"What does it say?", I felt nervously as my nails and whitewash him slowly shake his head in disbelief

Damon's POV

"Let me when you can. It's urgent".

A text from Troy read and my heart accelerated, scared that they were in some sort of trouble. I immediately searched for the burner phone buried deep into some files I no longer use in the bottom drawer of my table in my study a lot and dialed Troy's number.

"Damon"

"What's going on, is Layla okay?", I asked nervously, and I could hear him sigh heavily, dragging the issue and building up the suspense, I couldn't take it.

"Damn it Troy, what's the matter?"

"Don't worry about Layla, she's fine.She drew a breath. "In fact, they are both fine"

"Huh?"

" She and the baby"

"What baby?", my eyebrows arched in confusion. "Dylan is at my parents place"

I could hear him making that sob-like laboured as if he's shaking his head.

"For a motherfucking, you're actually dumb"

"What the fuck are you talking about?"

"She's pregnant".

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