

Chapter 45 : The Visit

Layla's POV

Dylan was only arriving later on today and I had unlimited time to cook dinner for us. Lelo and Stacy were coming along with James, Stacy's new boyfriend.

They have been dating for over a year now, and he involuntarily became a part of our little family. I was happy that Stacy finally found herself a decent, well-mannered guy who treats her like a queen.

They are really adorable together, and Lelo and I secretly envied their love, it was genuine, almost too good to be true, but it was.

There was a knock on the door, and before I could go and open, Lelo barged in and threw herself on one of the couches. She never knocked more than once. One knock was enough to let herself in and make herself at home. My Dad always wondered how she did it but soon got used to it, our home was her own.

Stacy and James walked in right a er her, not empty-handed of course. They came bearing gl s for Dylan and a bottle of wine. I hugged all of them and thanked them for the toys they bought Dylan.

"Is he here yet?", James rubbed his hands excitedly as he looked around for Dylan. The two of them were so inseparable that the only time they listened to us was when we told them the food was ready. They were thee best friends of the century, despite the age di erence.

"Not yet, which is strange because Harry is always punctual whenever he brings Dylan around", I looked out the window for any sign of the car. "Maybe I should call him", I reached for my phone, but Stacy got to it first.

"Relax Lay, they probably stuck in tra ic or something", she said throwing my phone on the couch and James handed me a glass of wine and forced me to sit down

"So, what's for dinner? I'm starving", Lelo stood up to walk to the kitchen to peek inside the pots. "Lamb chops! Awesome!", she screamed excitedly and we laughed

"No nse Lay, I was a little tired with the leaves you were feeding us for dinner", James laughed, and I threw him a glare

"They were salads, and they are healthy for you, F.Y.I", I rolled my eyes and took a sip of my wine. We got down to the catching up session and the couple announced that they were moving in together, Lelo and I looked at each other and laughed.

"James, you do know your girlfriend is a bit messy, right?", Lelo looked over at Stacy, and she poured her lip in protest

"I'm aware, I noticed during the sleepovers that she was kind of-", he looked at Stacy, and she rose a brow at him. "Uh, a bit untidy", he coughed out and Lelo and I laughed

"I'm not that bad", Stacy protested as she folded her arms across her chest, continuing with her pout

"I still love you though", James kissed her fully on the lips and Stacy kissed him back

"Hey, hey", Lelo scowled as she rolled her eyes, nudging me with her elbow. "There are single people present"

"Yeah, get a room", I scowled playfully, and they broke away from the kiss

"The two of you are so cute together it's sickening", Lelo crinkled her nose in disgust, and we laughed. Before we even knew it, there was a knock on the door, followed by small continuous knocks on the door. Dylan was here.

"I'll get it", James rose up to his feet and walked towards the door and as soon as he opened, an excited scream echoed around the room

"Uncle James", Dylan giggled as he threw himself on James, and we laughed when we saw them already doing their thing, with James starting on the tickling and Dylan laughed out loud. James stopped and Dylan's laughter died out as he rested his head on James shoulder as they both looked at the person on the other side of the door.

They exchanged a few words and there seemed to be some sort of tension between them. That was strange, Harry and James got along, and he always joined us for dinner before travelling back. We didn't even have to invite him in.

"What's going on?", Lelo asked as we witnessed what was going on the door, we couldn't see who the other person who's outside

"I don't know", I walked towards the door. "James?", I called him, and he turned to look at me, having this unreadable look on his face, whoever who was on the other side was definitely getting to him. Dylan still had his head rested on James's shoulder, with his back facing me.

"What's going on?", I got to the door and James opened the door wider for me to get to stand beside him and as soon as his stormy eyes met mine, my breath got caught on my throat, nearly choking on my saliva from the realization that, He was here

Damon's POV

"Are we there yet Dada?", Dylan asked for like the millionth time as he complained in the back seat, I was so tired of saying no that I just shook my head. We were stuck in tra ic and I honestly didn't get how these people seem so calm about being stuck in tra ic for this long while I was so frustrated.

"It never takes this long when Grandpa Harry takes me", Dylan pouted, folding his arms across his chest in a tantrum and I rolled my eyes

Harry had a family emergency back home, his daughter was admitted into hospital due to kidney failure. He insisted on taking Dylan to Layla before going back home. I even had to threaten to fire him if he didn't go back home to be with his family. He wanted to keep an eye on me and honesty, I don't know why.

So I promised to take Dylan to Layla myself and a smile grew on his face as he nodded and finally agreed to go back home. And now I'm regretting every second of this journey, stuck in tra ic, with Dylan whining in the back seat to drop him to his mother.

Dylan loved going to Layla so much that it somehow bothered me. Harry once told me that he cried when it was time to come back home and wanted Layla to come along with them. He just didn't understand that things were never going to go back to normal again.

It's been two years since last saw her. I won't lie, I was kind of nervous of seeing her again a er what happened. I remember her leaving me a message one time telling me that Dylan fell sick whilst he was still with her, and she wanted to take him to the clinic if it was okay if he came back Wednesday instead of Monday. I didn't know why what came over me and I told Carla to tell her it was fine and that I don't mind.

I had just lost one of the company's biggest accounts due to my negligence and the last thing I wanted was coming back home to Dylan to go on and on about how much fun he had while he was with Layla. I just couldn't.

And there was this Uncle James he kept on talking about, I rolled my eyes whenever he talked about him. I didn't want to ask him further who this uncle James was because I wasn't ready to be depressed if I found out he was Layla's boyfriend or something along those lines.

"Are we ther-", Dylan asked again, and sorta I lost it

"If you ask me are we there yet one more time, I swear to God Dylan, I'm going to take the nearest U-turn, and we are driving back straight home", I deadpanned, and I saw his little jaw drop via the rearview mirror. I knew my son, he was probably mumbling that I was mean or something. I was used to all that now.

I was the grumpy Dada whenever he got back from Layla. I was trying my best to be a real Dad to him, and I was. But he preferred to be with Layla than with me because apparently Layla was more fun to be around than me, I was always at work and only got to spend time with him on the weekends he wasn't at Layla's.

But I know when I was defeated, he loved Layla more than he loved me. He even learned to mutter Layla's name before mine. Was I jealous?

Who wouldn't?

My skin was filled with goosebumps whenever I heard Layla's name, but I keep myself busy enough not to think about her or all that's happened between us this last few years.

I was expecting to get divorce papers from her the first few months of our split up, but they never came, and I was never going to have them drawn up for me because I wasn't ready to let her go yet

She's still the mother of my son and I wasn't going to come in between them either, so I sent my lawyer over to her with the custody papers. I was open to whatever decisions she took regarding Dylan but as long as he stayed with me, not the other way around.

The GPS navigator notified me to take the next turn to the le before I could reach my destination. I looked over at Dylan, hoping he has fallen asleep so that I could just drop him o and leave immediately, but he was still wide awake, he was even glued to the window as he was quite familiar with the place.

I pulled up at the driveway to Layla's apartment complex, and it wasn't bad, it really looked homely

Dylan unbuckled himself from his car seat and waited for me to open the door for him. I unloaded his bag from the boot and walked towards the building. He was walking closely behind me before stopping in front of the door.

"You sure this is the right place?", I looked down at him, and he nodded while smiling

Okay, here we go

I li ed my hand to knock, but I hesitated at first, feeling really nervous now than at the beginning. What am I going to do when she opens the door? What am I going to say to her? Do I just push Dylan inside and hand her his bag then turn to the car?

We heard people laughing inside and Dylan grabbed a fistful of my pants and yanked them to get my attention

"They are here, they are here", he jumped excitedly besides me. Who are they?

Anyway, I knocked on the door once and waited. Then I heard continuous small knocks below me.

"Dylan, you don't knock like that", I scowled at him, and he frowned a little

"But I always knock like that", he shrugged as we waited for the door to open

"Well, it's rude", I looked at him, and he dropped his eyes and said a very quiet,

"I'm sorry Dada"

I smiled to myself, he just looked so cute when he apologized, it was hard to stay mad at him. The door was pulled open and a tall figure stood across us, Dylan suddenly screamed to my surprise.

"Uncle James", he ran to this person, and he picked him up and started tickling him and Dylan roared with laughter

What. In. The. Actual. Fuck?

James, took note of my presence and frowned as he stopped tickling Dylan and his laughter died as he placed his head on James shoulder

"I'm sorry, I thought Harry would be dropping him o", he extended his arm for a handshake, "I'm James", he introduced himself. I took his hand in mine for a quick firm handshake and quickly let go.

"I'm Damon", I said and his eyebrow rose, like he was expecting me to say something further. Like, doesn't he know who I am?

"I'm Dylan's father", I clarified and a smile spread on his face

"You must be Dada", he grinned. "I heard so much about you"

"Funny because I heard absolutely nothing about you", I lied, and he frowned a little

"O-kay", he cleared his throat awkwardly. "Would you like to come in?"

"Where is Layla?", I ignored his previous question and fixed my eyes on him

"She's over there, if you could just come in-"

"How long has thisbeen going on?", I asked again, and he looked at me strangely

"How long has whatbeen going on?", he asked dumbfounded, pissing me o completely

"James?", her voice called for him, and he turned to her direction. "What's going on, what's wrong?", she was walking closer to him, and he opened the door wider so that she could stand beside him. The moment she saw me, her eyes widened a little and she just stared blankly at me, whilst I stared between her and James.

"James, why don't you take Dylan inside, I'll be right there with you in a moment", she asked as she gently rubbed Dylan's back, and he nodded and took steps backwards and turned to his feet

Layla stood opposite me and folded her arms. "I didn't expect to see you here"

Well I did, and she was still as beautiful as the day she le me.

Layla's POV

Damon looked so di erentfrom the last time I saw him and I honestly didn't expect to see him like this. He looked drained, physically and was even starting to grow a beard. The longer I looked at him, I realized that his eyes looked empty and no longer had that handsome glow I fell in love with whenever he looked at me.

"Would you like to come in?", I asked him as I stepped aside to let him in, but he just stood there, looking at me like I had something on my face. Snapping back to reality, he finally nodded his head and walking inside and I closed the door behind him.

He was still looking around my apartment before saying. "Nice place"

"Thank you"

"Oh my God, Damon?", Lelo peeked from the kitchen door, and when he turned to look at her, he opened his arms wide for a hug, she hurried towards him to embrace him in a welcoming hug. "It's so good to see you"

"Likewise", Damon smiled a little as they broke away from each other, and Lelo stood beside me

"Would you like to join us for dinner?", she asked, and I threw her a glare. "Well that's if you're not in a hurry or something", she o ered while stealing glances at me.

"Oh no", he shook his head. "I have to be on my way back"

Thank Goodness.

"I also wouldn't want to intrude what you guys have going on", he shrugged nervously, and then they got in that oh-no-you-wouldn't oh-no-I-don't-mind-leavingbate and I just stood there mentally rolling my eyes

"Please, we would love to have you over, right Layla?", Lelo turned to look at me with that you-have-say-yes-or-else-I'll-kill-you-and-feed-you-to-my-doglook

"Sure, we'll love to have you stay for dinner", I forced myself to say and his face relaxed a little

Well ain't that a bitch

"Okay", he took his suit jacket of and placed it on the couch and rolled his shirt sleeves to his elbows

"Right this way", Lelo lead the way to the kitchen, and he followed close by with me a er them, cursing at everything my eyes landed on. Stacy was overjoyed when she saw Damon walk in that she immediately made him feel right at home.

The friends I have....

"I take that you've met my boyfriend, James", Stacy looked at James dreamily and Damon's brows rose

"He's yourboyfriend?", he asked, surprised, and Stacy nodded in agreement, then Damon looked over at James before he did that nodding with the face thing to acknowledge him and James reciprocated it. We all exchanged looks before Dylan whined that he was hungry.

Damon looked over at me and I didn't quite get what was going through his mind right now as he pulled out his phone and typed something and then put it back into his pocket. My phone vibrated in my sweater pocket and I quickly unlock it to read a text from, him?

Damon: We need to talk