Chapter 46 : Rekindle

Layla's POV

When we finished eating dinner, the girls helped with clearing the table and washing the dishes, leaving the kitchen spotless. I made it a habit to always wash the dishes before going to bed, no matter how tired or drained I was because nothing is more depressing than having to make up in the morning, late, with the sink filled with dirty dishes.

Damon and James seemed to get along now, the episode at the door seemed to be all forgotten as they were even laughing and talking about sports. Dylan had fallen asleep in Damon's arms and Damon held him close to his chest as they spoke softly to avoid waking him up. Halfway through eating his dinner Dylan was already yawning and rubbing his eyes lazily.

It was time for the crew to go back home, and I was practically begging Lelo with my eyes to not leave me alone with Damon, and she was dropping hints that she might have left her bathroom basin tap running and some other lame excuses on why she had to go home and cannot sleep over

“Where is his bedroom?”, Damon whispered near my ear as he carried a sleeping Dylan in his arms

“Second door on your left”, I pointed to the direction of the other room, and he nodded before turning to walk there

“Lelo, please”, I held her by her arm the second Damon disappeared in one of the rooms, and she shook her head

“You guys need to talk, and you need some space”, she untangled herself from my grip and kissed my cheek. “I'll pop by on Sunday to check up on you and my minion okay?”, she said, and I nodded my head. Damon came back and stood next to me as he bid goodbye to them. He and James even exchanged numbers, I was really surprised.

We bid our goodbyes and Damon closed the door behind them. I sat on the couch and he later on sat next to me, and we sat there in comfortable silence before any decided to speak,

“So”, we both said in union, and we paused for a second awkwardly before he laughed and motioned I go first

“So-”, I forgot what I was going to say, and I nervously smiled. “How have you been?”

“I've been good”, he did that nodding with the face thing. “How have you been?”

“Good, just great”, I rambled nervously and tried to do the nodding with the face thing too but failed miserably, then we sat in some awkward silence for about two minutes before he spoke up again

"So, I see you took off your wedding ring"

Shit

I actually took off this morning just when I was about to cook, but I had it on most of the time, had me wondering why Michael still asked me out on dates when I had a huge diamond on my finger. Damon still had his wedding ring on.

"It was only for today", I said genuinely, but somehow my voice betrayed me and made me sound like I was lying to him. That's just because I was so nervous, it almost felt like I was starting all over again with him.

"Why are you here?", I asked the one question I dreaded to ask him the moment he set foot in my apartment

"I brought Dylan over", he pointed out the obvious while shrugging and I rolled my eyes a little

"Yeah, I know that-", idiot "I mean why you? Why didn't Harry bring him?"

"He had a family emergency, his daughter is in hospital due to kidney failure"

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that. Is she going to be okay?"

"I don't know, Harry hasn't called me yet", he shrugged before his eyes knitted in confusion

"Why are you so surprised about me being here though?", his eyes pierced through mine. "Am I making you uncomfortable?"

-Well in a way, yes

"No, it's just that we haven't talked in over a year now because you didn't answer any of my calls or messages and when you actually did, it was through Carla"

"About that,", he scratched the back of his neck nervously. "I'm really sorry, I know you meant well, and it won't happen again"

"Okay", I nodded my head in agreement. "So, what did you want to talk about?", I crossed my legs and focused on him, and he looked dumbfounded, giving me that huh expression

"You send me a text before dinner that We need to talk?"

"Oh yeah", he gave a little nod. "I just wanted to let you know your car will be delivered next week"

My eyebrows arched in confusion. "My car?"

"Yeah, the one I bought for you"

"Oh no Damon I-", I stated to decline his offer but interrupted me by shaking his head while tapping his lips with his index finger, telling me to be quiet

"It's yours Layla and I want you to have it back", he said, and I was about to say something again, but he interrupted me yet again. "I know you were planning to buy another car next month Layla, which is really unnecessary because you have a car back home gathering dust in the garage"

How on earth did he know I wanted to purchase a car? He couldn't even lie that Dylan mentioned it because I never told him about it.

"What, how did you-", I paused for a second and tilted my head to the side a little. "Are you keeping tabs on me?"

Damon's POV

"Are you keeping tabs on me?"

Shit

“No”

She rose an eyebrow. “Then how did you know that I wanted to buy a car?”

“The car dealership called me”. I lied, and she still wasn't buying it. To be honest, Quinton told me. Apparently he and Layla were talking almost every day, and she mentioned that she's planning on buying a car next month.

“Why would the dealership call you?”

“You're a Kingsley, Layla. Surely you purchasing a car at a small town car dealership is going to arch a few eyebrows”, I said, and she still didn't buy it, her look said it all as she slowly, doubtfully nodded her head.

“Well, I don't need that car”

“Well, I wasn't opening up a discussion or debate session. The car is being delivered whether you like it or not. Whether you sell it or burn it, I really don't care”, I stood to my feet, and she was surprised as I did so.

“No wait, you're leaving?”, she asked as her eyes followed me while I grabbed my suit jacket from the couch she was sitting on, like she took offense that I was going

“Yes, the plan was to only bring Dylan over and now that I did, I have to”, I shrugged a little while grabbing my car keys on the coffee table and her face dropped in disappointment. “Thanks for dinner”

“Sure”, she smiled a little as she folded her arms across her chest

“It was nice seeing you again Layla”, I finally admitted, and it felt like the baggage that was weighing on my heart has being lifted, especially when I saw the little smile on her face broadened to reach her eyes

“It was nice seeing you too Damon”

I gave a short nod, my hand already turning on the door knob. “Harry will come to fetch Dylan on Tuesday morning”

“Damon, wait”, she quickly called out and I stopped in my tracks, not turning back to even look at her

“Is this how things are going to be between us?”, she paused for a while, clearly waiting for my response

“What did you expect?”

“I don't know, but we can do better than this. We can at least try to be civil with each other for Dylan's sake”, she walked towards me and I could tell she was getting really close because her delicate scent lingered around me. God! I missed this.

“Why do we suggest we do then, Layla?”, I turned to face her, not realizing just how close she was to me that I nearly bumped into her tiny little figure, and she just stared at me in response to my previous question.

“Do you maybe suggest family picnics, regular calls and checking on each other daily?”, I questioned, and she just shook her head

“No, but-”

“But what?”, I chipped in, not waiting for her to finish. “You really want me to stand here and act like you didn't just walk out on me like I never mattered?”

“It's not like that”, her voice broke as tears stung her eyes

“Then how is it then?”

“I never wanted to leave”

“And yet you did, for two whole years”, I watched as her eyes dropped to the floor, twiddling her fingers nervously. “But this is what you wanted right?”

Her eyes slowly rose to look at me

“You wanted to be free of everything, most especially me”

She shook her head no. “I was just confused”

“Where did that confusion take us, Layla? “, I rose a brow at her. “Because now you and I are broken beyond repair”

She kept quiet

“I think you also know that this didn't happen because you were confused”, I air quoted. “This happened because you're selfish, you only think about you and your feelings and to hell with whatever the rest of us are feeling”

Her eyes were widened the entire time when I said everything I said and tears started streaming down her face

“I also lost a baby that day Layla, but did you care about how I felt?”

“No”, her chin started quivering, her eyes lurking around a little as she bit her bottom lip to stop herself from crying. I never wanted us to reach this confrontation part because I knew I would end up saying things I didn't want to, but I had bottled up my feelings for so long it was hard not to put them all out there for her to hear them.

“You still left me”, I could feel my voice threatening to break but refused to show it. “Okay yes, I wasn't exactly thrilled about having another baby so soon, but there wasn't much I could do about it since you showed me where your priorities lie, I accepted and made peace with it and was willing to be there for you, yet you still left me”, I paused to take a deep breath. “You know, these past months, I've been blaming myself for what happened to you and the baby's death, because it was all me. If maybe I made some wise decisions in the past, we wouldn't be in this mess. Daniel wouldn't have come after me and shot you. I blame me”, I pointed to my chest, and she was still crying, wiping her tears as I said all of this.

“Are you happy now that there's someone to blame for everything that's been happening?”, I asked, and she looked away instead of answering me

“I have one question though-”, I paused so that she could turn back to look at me again and when she did, I had to ask. “Did you give your father the same treatment you gave me?”

She hesitated before shaking her head no

“Oh, because he can never do wrong in front of your eyes, right?”, I asked again, and she didn't answer me again

“It's fine”, I moved towards the door backwards. “Just so you remember that, Daniel was out to get him more that he was out to get me because I wasn't the one who abandoned him and his mother for several years”, I opened the door and turned to look at her one more time, “Let that sink in”

I closed the door behind me and walked toward my car. Opening the car door, something told me to look back, I did and saw her looking at me through the window and I took a long hard at her before finally getting into my car and drove off.

Layla's POV

“Another late night?”, Michael asked while he sipped his coffee behind me, sitting on his desk. Our colleagues have left for the day, and it was only the two of us left.

“Yep”, I drew a deep breath and rubbed my eyes before reaching for my phone to read the time. Lelo told me to text her whenever I'm done and safely at home since she didn't have to give me lifts back home anymore because my blue machine was back.

Honestly, I was kind of relieved Damon insisted on bringing my car back because it saved me the costs of starting all over again and I could use some of that money I had saved for petrol instead. Not only that but I loved every moment of being inside the blue coloured beast, like I was the boss. The smell of the leather seats, it looked brand new again. I watched as Michael walked over to sit on my desk, raising a brow at me.

“Why?”

“I didn't do much over the weekend because my son was around so,”, I did that nodding with the face thing for him to get the hint and get away from me but instead, he leaned closer, further invading my personal space

“Michael, I don't know what you think this is but-”, I lifted my hand so that he could see my wedding band. “I'm married”

“I'm a strong believer in showing people how I feel instead of telling them”, he cracked a side smile as he knelt before me to meet my height. Did I mention he was tall?

“You might have to take those feelings somewhere else because they are not needed here”

He chuckled softly, and that managed to annoy me more that I already was

“I find it funny that, your husband hasn't even popped by not even once just to check up on you, bring your flowers or even come here to sweep you off to lunch”, a wry smile appeared on his face. “Unless you're making him up”

“He's a very busy man”

“Or that he simply doesn't care”, he shrugged and well, that stung a little

“I don't need to explain myself to you”

“You don't, because I know that you could be faking this whole thing; the stories about your son and everything. Who knows? You could have bought that ring for yourself”.

The moment those words left his lips, I fumed up

“Listen here buddy, I don't know who you think you are, but you have no fucking right to talk to me like that”, I stood up, and he stood to his feet seconds later, clearly not intimidated by the tantrum I was throwing

“You don't know anything about me and if for one second you think what you just said is true, then you're more pathetic than I thought”, I stabbed him with my index finger on his chest, but he wasn't moving at all. What a wall.

“Why are we so defensive?”, he laughed and the next thing I know, he was holding his left cheek and my right hand was burning so bad it felt like it was on fire because I slapped him

“I'm married to the most successful man on this earth. He's sweet, charming, funny and ten times the man you certainly could ever be. He's also an amazing father to our son and there is absolutely no way I could make them up because they're real, and they're a big part of my life”, I paused for a second to catch my breath, this was one argument I wasn't going to stand down for. “Yes, I'm not going to lie my husband has his flaws but so do I, and that has never stopped me from loving him. There I said it, are you happy?”

I watched as Michael's features soften a little, now especially that there were tears in my eyes

“I'm still in love with him, okay?”, my voice broke a little as I shrugged my shoulders a little. “I know he did some things, but I'm not a saint either. I just wish I could take back some of the things I did and said to him so that my life could go back the way it was. I want my old life back because I miss it. I miss him”.

“Oh Layla”, I felt him pull me into a hug as I had covered my face with my hands to cry a little, and he rubbed my back gently. “It's okay”

I pulled away from him and quickly wiped my tears off

“I wasn't aware, I'm sorry”, he knelt in front of me when I sat back down again and his eyes searched for mine.
“If you really love him like you claim you do, then why aren't you fighting for him?”

I shrugged a little, “I'm afraid there's nothing left to fight for”

“Okay wait”, he reached for the landline line and handed to me. “Dial his number so that you can talk to him.

I groaned a little as I turned to look away. “You still don't believe be exists, do you?”

“Now I do”, he smiled warmly before he put the landline back on the receiver. “So, what's his name?”

“ Damon Kingsley” a voice said behind us before I could say anything, causing Michael to look over his shoulder and my jaw dropped in surprise

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