

## Chapter 35: Newborn

### Layla's POV

In the early hours of the morning, we got a call from Scarlet, telling us her water just broke, and she was on her way to a private hospital to deliver the baby. Damon and I made our way to the hospital as soon as possible.

Arriving at the hospital, we had to wait in the waiting room because Scarlet didn't want any company whilst giving birth and I suddenly became a bundle of nerves as more time passed by, and we didn't hear anything from any of the nurses or doctors. I didn't even know why I'm nervous, or was it because I worried about Scarlet and how she's doing in there whilst giving birth to a baby that I'll have the privilege of calling my son? Or that she'll change her mind and decide to keep the baby? Or that from today onwards our lives are going to change forever?

"Layla", I stopped tapping my leg nervously on the floor to look at him, and he squeezed my hand entwined with his a little. "Everything is going to be okay, relax"

"I can't", I stood to my feet and paced a little in front of him. "I have a bad feeling about this, anything could go wrong"

"The doctor could have said something by now, so no news is good news", he put out his hand, so that I sat back next to him again. "You love stressing yourself about little things, just be positive"

"How are you so calm about this?", I asked as I sat back next to him. "Are you not nervous, not even a little bit?"

"I'm not going to lie, I'm kind of freaking out a little", he breathed out a nervous chuckle. "I'm going to be responsible for a whole entire human being and I don't think anything could have prepared myself for this"

"I guess you can't say you're fully ready to be a parent huh?"

"I guess so", he smiled a little. "But we're going to be okay, that I'm sure of"

I smiled a little. "I really hope so"

We waited for about another hour or so before spotting a nurse walking towards us

"Mr and Mrs Kingsley?", she questioned standing in front of us, causing Damon and I to stand on our feet

"Yes?"

My heart eased when I saw her smile warmly at us. "Congratulations, it's a healthy baby boy"

"Oh, thank you so much", I heaved a sigh of relief and Damon wrapped his arm around me. "Is Ms Crane okay? Can we see her?"

"She asked not to be disturbed after the birth", the nurse explained and Damon and I exchanged looks. "Do you wish to see the baby?"

"Yes please", I felt so excited to finally meet the little one and the nurse nodded her head, motioning we follow her to the nursery. When we got there, we found the baby wrapped in a navy blue blanket, wearing a dotted white and yellow onesie with a cute matching beanie, my heart already skipping a beat at the sight of his tiny body. The nurse cautiously took him out of the bassinet and placed him into my arms carefully before leaving us alone with him and truth be told, holding the baby in my arms for the first time was one of the most incredible feeling ever and seeing his small face brought warmth in my heart, tears flooded in my eyes because he was a handsome little fella.

"Well, I guess this is it then. We're officially parents", Damon laughed a little as the baby's little hand wrapped around his finger. He seemed pleased but yet a little overwhelmed by emotion as he trailed his other finger on the baby's cheek.

"Yeah", a tear escaped my eye as I kept my eyes glued on the little person in my arms. "I can't believe he's here"

"Well you better believe it", he smiled as he reached to touch my face, wiping the tears on my face with his thumb. "What do you think we should name him?"

"How does Dylan Kingsley Jr sound?", I looked at him and our eyes locked before his lips spread into a smile

He chuckled. "Naming him after his great-grandfather?"

"Yep and it's perfect don't you think?", I looked back at Dylan again, finding happiness at every glimpse of his tiny face

"It's more than perfect"

"I think so too", I leaned to kiss Dylan on his forehead before looking at Damon again. "So, are you ready?"

"For anything for as long it's with you", he kissed me on the cheek, then Dylan's forehead. "Welcome to the world, Dylan Kingsley Jr"

### Damon's POV

When Dylan was a few weeks old, we decided to take him to my grandfathers house for them to finally meet after he nagged me to bring him over only to find my parents already there when we got to his house. They all weren't very thrilled when they found out about Scarlet's pregnancy but because the baby was already on the way and everything, they slowly warmed themselves to the idea, more especially when Layla agreed to raise him as her own.

"I must say, what you did was very irresponsible Damon", my father growled the second he pulled me aside to talk about this again. "This is not how I raised you-"

He was interrupted when Layla appeared in sight holding Dylan safely in her arms and she cleared her throat when she realized she walked in the middle of something, and I was quite relieved she did because another lecture was not what I needed right now. My grandfather had already given me an earful of them for the past few months and I had enough. Layla apologized for interrupting as she accidentally left Dylan's bottle in the room before going to put him to sleep, which was only for a few minutes because he was up again.

"Layla darling?", my father called her to get her attention and she looked at him attentively. "I'm only accepting this situation because you are okay with it", he threw me a glare. "And I want you to know that we'll be there for you every step of the way with the upbringing of the new member of the family"

"We really appreciate it", she walked toward him. "Would you like to hold him while I go check whether Grandad is up to see him?"

"Of course", my father put out both his hands and Layla placed Dylan carefully in his arms. I followed her to Grandad's room and to our surprise, he was up already, and he smiled when he saw us walk in.

"My beautiful granddaughter", he exclaimed when Layla kissed his cheek before frowning a little. "Why are you coming in here empty-handed?. I thought you were bringing my great-granson with you".

"Well I was, but I figured its best if we came here first to clear the air first. This negative energy in here is not good for Dylan".

His eyes widened a little, a smile reappearing on his face again. "You named him after me?"

"I want him to live up to his name", Layla smiled and my grandfather seemed delighted before looking over at me and narrowed his eyes

"I can't say I'm ecstatic about Damon impregnating another woman", he mentioned, continuing to give me a deadly look. "But you're in his life, I couldn't be happier"

"Layla", my father walked in with Dylan crying blue murder on his shoulder. "He's become restless all of a sudden, I don't know what to do"

As soon as my father placed Dylan into Layla's arms, she rocked him gently side to side, and he settled down, like it wasn't him that was crying a few seconds ago, that's just how good she was with him and motherhood suited her well

"Bring him to me", Grandad whispered, motioning she comes closer and Layla placed him in his arms

"Meet Dylan Kingsley The Second"

My grandfather chuckled. "He's Damon's splitting image", he kissed Dylan's forehead and Dylan crinkled his nose. "Oh he's giving me attitude? Yep, he's definitely Damon's son"

We laughed

"He's very lucky to have you Layla", my father sat on the bed next to him, tapping Dylan's tiny nose with his finger

"We both are", I added, and she looked over at me with a smile on her face. My mother stormed into the room and ran to Grandpa's side to take Dylan from him, and they fought over him.

"That's the magic of babies, they always bring everyone together ", I whispered in Layla's ear, and she nodded her head in agreement.

"Can I talk to you, privately?"

She looked behind her shoulder to meet my gaze and nodded her head. "Sure"

I grabbed her by the hand, and we walked out of the room, leaving the folks to play with Dylan and led her to the study. The second she walked in, I closed the door behind her and pushed her against, and she grasped a little in surprise before I pressed my lips against hers.

She smiled against my lips. "What was that for?"

"You're amazing Layla", our eyes locked for a while. "Thank you"

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