

Chapter 41: Pointing

Troy's POV

I lied to Layla about having to go away for a couple of weeks for work. The truth is, I just needed to get away from her because my feelings were getting the better of me, and they were going to end up clouding my judgement, so I couldn't let that happen. She's happy with Damon, that's all that matters.

Walking into my apartment, I closed the door behind me and locked it before leaning on it, heaving a sigh while stretching my hand to flick the lights on. My apartment was just okay for a young bachelor like me, I didn't have plans of buying a house soon because it looks like I won't be settling down for some time and besides I travel a lot because of my job, so I won't get to be at home much for me to consider investing in some property.

She's happy with Damon

I kept reminding myself continuously in my mind as I switched on the lights and as the brightness started spreading across the room, so did Daniel sitting across the dining room table. I stopped on my tracks when I witnessed two men standing beside me and the weird thing is that, I didn't even feel their presence when I entered.

"You know, I underestimated you", Daniel stood up to his feet and his men grabbed me by both arms, caging me in between them

"I knew the chances of Quinton betraying me were slightly high, and I honestly came to terms with that it's going to happen, sooner or later", he walked towards me. "But as for you Troy...", he trailed, standing firmly opposite me. "I just want to know why. Why did you turn your back on me?"

I blinked a little, still recovering from the shock that he wasn't on the inside anymore. "How did you get out?"

"I have my ways", he shrugged before folding his arms. "Now, I'm going to ask you again, why did you turn your back on me?"

"Because-", I tried freeing myself from these guys but their hold on me tightened. "What you are doing is wrong Daniel"

"Wrong?", he prompted, adding a little chuckle at the end. "How is seeking justice for my mother, wrong?"

"You're also involving innocent people in this"

"I was never going to hurt Layla", he paused for a second, before a little smile played on his face. "Well, not intentionally"

This dude is a psycho

"What did you want me to do, sit back and watch you destroy the lives of other people?", I asked, and he remained quiet for a few seconds, studying me

"As my cousin, you should be working with me and not side with the enemy", he tilted his head to the side and I scooped

"Well, I'm sorry for doing what's right"

"What's right?", he laughed, his laughter dying slowly as he regained the serious front on his face again. "How much is Damon paying you?"

I didn't answer him, keeping quiet, and he stared from deep in my soul, holding a piercing hold before he punched me hard on the stomach. I grunted aloud, the pain starting to evade my senses and there was nothing I could do about it besides to kneel on the floor to ease the pain a little because I was still held tightly by the two men.

"That's for going against me", he shook his hand from the punch, trying to hide the fact that it also hurt from hitting me before roughly grabbed my chin so that I looked up at him. "So, are you going to tell me everything you know?"

"Never", I spat on his face and he gave a little nod before punching me in the guts again, causing me to groan in pain and the men let go of me, allowing me to crumble to the floor, clutching my stomach

Daniel knelt on one leg next to me. "I'm not playing with you Troy, tell me everything you know"

"And if I don't?", I challenged him while struggling to catch my breath, and he smiled mischievously

"Then you'll leave me no choice but to kill you"

"Then go ahead then because I'm not telling you anything", I dared, and he stood to his feet, swung his leg to send a powerful kick to my stomach and I rolled on my stomach, coughing out

"Why are you protecting them?", he yelled. "They are not your family, I am"

"Madison is my family, not you", I spat. "Even if we were related, family doesn't threaten to kill each other", I whispered quietly, cracking one eye open to look at him

"You know I don't want to do this"

"Then why are you?", I pushed myself up. "Why are you still holding up on revenge? This is not you".

"You don't know me. Nobody does".

"You need help, Daniel"

"I don't need help. All I want is for the Jones to pay for what they did to me and my mother", a sob threatened to leave his lips. "They have to pay"

"Layla has nothing to do with it"

"She had everything, she was living my life. My life!"

"So what? You're going to kill her?"

"No. I don't hurt women and children. That's not how my mother raised me", he straightened his posture. "I just want Cedric to pay"

"He's your father"

"Bullshit", he roared. "He was everything but a father. You know, one time I tracked him down to let him know my mother was sick and that she needed medical attention. We didn't have any money and there was nothing I could do for her, but the second Cedric saw me, he called the security to throw me out and told me to never set my foot there again. Do you have any idea what that did to me? To be treated like that by your own father?"

I shook my head

"I had to sell drugs in order to put food on the table and get my mother the medication she needed, not that it lasted long because a few months later she died in my arms. Madison was still little at the time, so I don't think she remembers anything and if your parents didn't help out where they could...", he paused and shook his head. "I don't want to hurt you Troy, you're like a brother to me"

"Then why are you doing this now? Why do you want to hurt Layla and her family?"

"Layla links everyone together, she's their weakness"

"She's your sister"

"Half-sister", he corrected

"Madison is also your half-sister"

"It's different with Madison, she's my mother's daughter"

"Layla doesn't deserve any of this Daniel, she's innocent"

"Don't you think I know that?", he yelled. "I've worked hard to get Madison and I where we are today and I won't let anyone jeopardize that", he drew a sharp breath. "Not even you"

His eyes darkened as he fixed his eyes on me and I held my breath

"Are you going to tell me what you know?"

"No"

"Okay, is this how you want to play huh? Good thing we are not blood related, I don't have to feel bad for what I am about to do now", he kicked me again on the side and this time his sidekicks joined in. I was kicked on all parts of my body before slowly lost consciousness.

Layla's POV

Damon was giving me a foot massage and kept stealing glances at me, wanting to say something, but he didn't

"What?", I finally asked when his staring was starting to annoy me, and he drew a sharp breath, moving closer to sit next to me

"Layla, you know I love you, right?", he asked, and I nodded my head. "And you know I would do anything to protect you, right?"

I nodded my head again, and he heaved a sigh, dropping his eyes for a second before looking at me again

"I don't blame you for what you said the other day"

My eyes lurked around in confusion. "What I said?"

"That you would always choose the baby over me?", he raised a brow. "I don't even know what came over me when I said what I said, but I don't blame you"

"Look, I know that you were not expecting this to happen but neither did I. Everything happened so fast and then just when there was something to look forward to, you wanted me to get rid of the baby and that just shattered me, leading to me say some things I wish I didn't", I paused for a second. "I was angry, mostly disappointed because I was really looking forward to sharing a moment with you and got a reaction I was never even expecting", he tilted his head to the side a little, shaking it for a while before looking at me again. I could tell he was sorry and probably regretted uttering those words to me, sometimes I do wish he didn't even say anything at all because even though he didn't really think his words through, they did leave a mark.

"But if push comes to shove, I'll choose this baby over anything, even you"

He just looked at me for a few seconds before nodding his head slowly. "I understand, like I said, I don't blame you"

"Are you hungry?", he asked, and I was about to shake my head no but just on cue, my stomach growled, I wasn't that hungry but someone else was. Damon's eyes dropped to my stomach, and he smiled, placing his hand on my now-showing-baby-bump and gently rubbed it.

"I'll take that as a yes then", he stood on his feet and I watched him prepare the food for me, thinking:

Everything was back to normal now. What else could go wrong?

After Damon forced me to eat something, I laid on the bed and my eyes felt heavy all of a sudden, but I tried to stay up, rubbing the sleep of my eyes, but it didn't help as seconds later I could feel myself slowly drifting to sleep

I'm safe here

A distant thought kept replaying over and over in my head, certain it was just a dream before a cold hand slid across my face, covering my mouth just when I was about to scream and felt my weight pulled up roughly from the bed, an arm wrapped tightly around my neck

"Shh, it's alright", Daniel's voice cooed in my ears so softly and tears pricked my eyes, knowing this could be the end of me when I felt a gun being pressed against my temple

It's all over....

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