Chapter 62: Step

Troy's POV

Things between Layla and I were back to normal again, great actually. The awkwardness was gone and I was relieved. All I ever want for her is for her to be happy, and she is when she's with Damon, I'm okay with that really. I've put the kiss thing behind me, it was just a simple misunderstanding that she mistook me for Damon the night she kissed me. I wasn't even going to bring it up because I think it's for the best she doesn't remember what happened that night.

Adriana was acting strange these past few days and when I decided to confront her about it, she told me it was nothing, but I could see she changed and wasn't the Adriana I knew. I decided not to push matters any further and figured she'll tell me what's wrong with her as time went by.

One night, when I was still getting ready for bed she was sitting on the bed, staring into space as if something possessed her and she hardly even said two words to me from morning. She was acting really strange, and I didn't even why.

Tonight, she excused herself saying that she has a headache, and it will be better off she slept it off. The others believed and felt sorry for her, but I knew there was more to this than she was leading on.

I decided to follow her to check up on her, only to find her sitting in the center of the bed with her eyes closed and ear pods plugged on, singing with tears streaming down her face. I closed the door behind me and leaned on it while I listened to her as she sang her heart out. She hasn't sung for me before, this was the first time I ever heard her sing, and she really had a beautiful voice.

She rocked her body side to side and I assumed she was now listening to another song, with her eyes still closed shut, she begun:

Something told me, it was over♫
When I say you and her, talking♫
Something deep down in my soul said cry girl♫
When I saw you and her walking around♫

I'd rather, I'd rather to blind,boy♫
Than to see you walk away from me♫
So you see, I love you so much♫
That I don't want to watch you leave me baby♫
Most of all I just don't want to be free♫

And I was just, I was just siting sitting here thinking, of your kiss and your warm embrace♫
The reflection in the glass that I held to my lips now baby♫
Revealed these tears that were on my face♫

A sob left her lips as she cradled her knees to her chest and started crying. I walked over to sit on the bed, only to startle her when I reached out to touch her. She quickly wiped off her tears and composed a smile as she took her ear pods out.

“I didn't hear you come in”, she smiled a little and I reached to entwine our hands together

“Talk to me Adriana, what's going on?”, I asked, and she shrugged her shoulders

“I have a headache, that's all”, she got up from the bed and walked to the bathroom, I followed after her and stood at the doorway to watch as she splashed water on her face before patting herself dry with a towel and walked past me

“That's bullshit, and you know it”, I followed her back into the bedroom. “What's going on with you? You're been acting strange these past few days and I want to know why”.

She took a deep breath before turning to look at me. “It's her, isn't it?”

My eyebrows arched in confusion. “Her who?”

“Layla”, she now folded her arms.“
I

t's her you're in love with”, she said, and I stared blankly at her whilst she waited for my answer and I didn't answer her, I just went to sit on the bed and buried my face in my hands.

“Did Layla say something to you?”, I looked at her, and she shook her head

“She didn't have to. You did”, she said as she came to sit next to me. “I saw it all, the way you look at her, the way your eyes light up and soften whenever you're around her, you become another person when she's around. You laugh, you crack jokes. You became a better person”, she sobbed. “All I ever wanted was for you to look at me the way to look at her. Where do I even begin to compete with her?”, she was now crying, and I knelt in front of her, taking her arms in mine.

“You don't have to compete with her”

“How Troy?”, she cried as her eyes searched for mine and I dropped mine to the floor. “She's the one that holds your heart”

“I'm seriously trying to get over her”

“By spending more time with her?”, she questioned, and I kept quiet. “You be good at that”

I stood up to my feet. “What do you want me to do?”, my voice came of a little angrier and her eyes widened.

“If you had to choose, who would it be?”, she immediately stood up to meet my gaze. “Me or her?”, she folded her arms. “You can't have both”

“I'm here with you, aren't I?”

“Are you really?”, she rose her eyebrow. “You always here with me but you'll be thinking about her”

“Nothing is going on between Layla and I, I swear”, I said, and she shook her head with tears in her eyes, I paused as I closed my eyes for a second and took a deep breath. “I'm serious about you Dria”, I said and her glowing eyes looked up at me as she tilted her head to the side and bit her lip to stop herself from crying. “And I don't want to lose you”

“Bullshit”, she laughed as she paced to and fro. “You don't love me. You love her”

“I'm working on it”

“Have you slept with her?”, she blurted out to her own surprise and to my own

“No”, I folded my arms. “Even if I did, I don't see how that has anything to do with this”

“Has nothing to do with this?”, she repeated with a sob threatening to leave her lips. “What is it about her that you love so much?”

“It doesn't matter”

“It does matter”, she raised her voice a little, but she wasn't shouting. “I want to know why her over me”

I ran my hand through my face. “Can we just leave this?”

“Only after to answer this question”, she said sternly, and I nodded, gesturing her to continue. “Did anything happen between you two whilst we were here?”

I kept quiet for a while, just looking at her, the seriousness on her face said it all. I couldn't lie to her, she'll just keep digging and digging until she gets to the truth eventually. I sat back on the bed and sighed heavily, her gaze never looking away from me.

I nodded my head. “We kissed a few days ago”

“Wow”, she didn't say anything after that, she just came to sit beside me and ran her hand through her hair while shaking her head

“It wasn't planned, she thought I was Damon”

“It gets better and better”, she added sarcastically before laughing to herself

“I'm not lying okay?”, I said in defense. “She had a little too much of wine, plus it was dark and things just spiraled out of control”

“So, she kissed you?”, she questioned, and I nodded.

“Yes, but she wasn't aware that it was me, she doesn't even remember the kiss”

“How sure are you?”, she quirked up an eyebrow. “She could be pretending to forget”

“I know Layla, she would have said something”, I said, and she took one more look at me before she stood up again

“Dria-”, I was interrupted by her raising her index finger at me, telling me to stop talking

“Lets be adults about this”, she drew a breath and I stood in front of her. “I just want you to promise me that nothing like this will happen again”

“Yes-”

“And that you'll try you out best to make us work”, she added, and I nodded my head in agreement. Her features started softening a little as she wrapped one arm around my neck whilst the other cupped my cheek. “I don't want to lose you Troy because I love you with everything I am”

I breathed a sigh of relief. “I don't want to lose you either”

“I just want you to be more honest with me next time”

“I hear you and I promise I'll do better”, I said, and she pulled me for a peck on the lips

“I love you”, she engulfed me in a hug and I hugged her back tightly

“I love you too”, we broke away from each other and I took her hands in mine. “Could we keep what I told you bout Layla and I between us?”

“Yeah sure”, she nodded her head before smiling warmly at me. “I won't confront Layla about it and I won't tell anyone”

“Thank you, Dria”

Layla's POV

I changed into extra comfortable clothes, getting ready for bed and by comfortable I meant boxers and a plain oversized T-shirt and white socks. Damon's eyes were fixed on me the entire time and I walked towards the bed.

“Who's boxers are those?”, he asked intrigued, trailed his hand on my thighs and I wrapped my arms around his neck whilst standing up, with him sitting on the edge of the bed

“They're mine”, I grinned, and he chuckled as his eyes dropped to my legs while he continued to caress them softly. They were actually his boxers, but yeah well not anymore because I adopted them to be mine now. They were a bit big on me and I had to fold them twice on the waist so that they could fit me and don't fall out, they were still comfortable anyway.

“They look nice on you, especially on revealing these gorgeous legs”, he pulled me to sit on his lap and I smiled sheepishly

“Thanks”

“We need to talk about something”, he looked up to me as I played with his messy brown locks and I fixed my gaze on him

“What do you want us to talk about?”

“About expanding our family”, he stated, and I stopped moving my hand on his hair, my gaze never leaving his. He was so serious he wasn't even blinking.

“Like having a baby?”, I asked, and he picked me mini bridal style without standing up and placed me on the bed next to him, I folded my legs as he did too and took my hands in his

“Yeah”, he gave them a gentle squeeze. “Like having another baby”, he bought both my hands on his lips and pressed his lips on my connecting index fingers. “What do you say?”

I laughed nervously. “I thought you weren't ready to father another baby”

“That was then”, he heaved a sigh. “I had an introspection and I realized that the reason why I wasn't ready to have kids was because I was scared of not being there for them, being the father they deserved and not being a valuable presence in their lives, and I was also scared of change and taking responsibility. Having a little person depending and looking up to you isn't child's play and I felt like I wasn't ready for that kind of commitment yet. I didn't want to turn out like my father, but I've worked though my insecurities and I know that there is nothing I would love more than to raise a family with you Layla, now that you and I are keen on making things work this time”.

“I hear you, but are you sure you're ready?”

“I am. Are you?”, he rose his eyebrow at me and my lips pulled into a smile as I stood on my knees and kissed him on the lips.

“Yes”, I kissed him again on the lips, and he smiled. I returned to my original position, remembering something, and he noticed as I probably must have zoned out for a few seconds.

“What's wrong?”, he searched for my eyes

“It's just that the timing is not right at the moment”, I said and confusion struck his face as he opened his mouth to say something but closed it again and paused for a second before asking,

“Why?”

“This whole thing with Ella and everything that's been happening, you and your father”, I paused to see him drop his eyes. “You need to fix things with your father”

“That doesn't mean we shouldn't carry on with our lives though”

“I know babe”, I took his hand in mine.” But we can't turn a blind eye to what's happening around us right now, I don't want history to repeat itself. The last time a baby came into the picture whilst we had unresolved issues-”, he interrupted me by giving me a gentle squeeze on the hand, telling me not to continue on that part. “I'm just saying we should sort out our problems first before we can start talking babies and expansion of the Kingsley household, okay?”

His lips spread into a smile. “And you wonder why I love you”, he kissed the back of my hand. “I hear you and I respect that”, he said, and I pulled him for yet another kiss.

Damon's POV

I walked into the study to find my father struggling to type something on the laptop in frustration. I was about to turn back, but he spotted me before I could leave.

“Damon, come in”, he said enthusiastically, motioning I sit opposite him and I did, quietly. He heaved a sigh “I don't like how things are between us son and I would like us to fix things”.

I rose my eyes to look at him as he spoke

“The tension between us is weighing heavily on your mother and I really want to make things work between us”, he added, and I didn't say anything except a simple head nod

“I'm sorry for everything I've put you through, for not being there and not being the father you deserved”, he said, and I gave another nod

“It's okay”, I said, and he looked at me. “I forgive you”

A broad smile grew on his face as he stood up and walked towards me and gestured a hug. I stood up and hugged him, he patted me on the shoulder. “I'm also sorry about how I handled things. I was just angry at everything and let my feelings cloud my judgement. I really didn't mean to raise my hand at you”, I said, and I felt him pat me again on the shoulder.

“I understand”, he breathed out.” You've always been good enough, you're the best son any father could ever ask for, and I'm proud of you”, he said and my heart legit melted. He has never in my lifetime told me he was proud of me, ever.

This was certainly something foreign to my ears from his lips. We broke contact, and he held me at arms length.

“Thank you Dad”, I tried to stop tears from streaming down my face by not blinking, the last thing I wanted was to appear as weak in front of him. He extended his hand for a handshake, and we shook hands and I quickly turned on my feet before I started bowling like a little kid.

“Damon, I've found something”, Troy grabbed me by the arm behind me and turned me to look at him

“What did you find?”, I asked as he pulled me to walk alongside him

“I'll explain everything on the way. The jet is leaving in an hour”, he noticed on our way out of the house.

Amber's POV

My heart nearly stopped beating when I saw Daniel walking around in the lounge, a glass of brandy in hand seeming to get used to the idea that he was back home. I thought he was only coming out later on this week, wasn't at all expecting to see him today. He turned and his eyes caught mine, my eyes dropped to the shopping bags on my hands. He never had a problem with me going shopping, the problem was me maxing out his cards and today, I maxed out two cards. The look on his face said it all, he wasn't impressed.

“I see you were out and about doing what you're most good at”, he took a sip of his drink and made that face he usually does when the drink is just as strong as he likes it

“Daniel, baby”, I shoved the shopping bags in the housekeeper hands, and she stumbled backwards from the weight of those bags. “I didn't think you're back”, I said shockingly surprised, running up to him and planted a kiss on his lips, but he didn't kiss me back, I realized this and withdrew myself from him, and he took another sip of his drink.

“You'll never rest until I'm completely bankrupt, will you?”, he pointed to the shopping bags the housekeeper was taking up to our room

“Aren't you at least happy to see me?”, I smiled nervously, reaching out for him, but his eyes warned me to not continue

“I know what you've been up to Amber”, he said, and I looked at him, confused on what he was on about because I've been up to a lot of things

“Damon and Troy paid me a visit yesterday, just before I was released”, he said sternly, bringing his eyes up and took a step towards me and I took a step back

“As for involving Miss Crane into all of this”, he shook his head. “That's a low blow Amber, even for you”

“I was just trying to pick up where you left off”, I stated nervously and took another step back

Daniel's POV

“Do you know why I went to jail?”, I asked taking another step towards her, and she nodded her head

“For being in possession of an unlicensed firearm and ammunition”

“No, that's what I wanted you and the public to know”, I said, and she blinked a little before falling down the couch, attempting to take another step from me

“What do you mean?”

“I turned myself in for the attempted murder of Layla and Cedric Jones”

Her jaw dropped. “What?”

“The plan of destroying the Jones, I actually went ahead with it and I shot the both of them. With Cedric, I didn't even feel the slightest regret but with Layla, she lost a baby that day”.

She pursed her lips together in response. “Why do you feel bad about shooting them? It's what you wanted”.

“Because they are my family”

Her eyes widened a little.“What?”

“Yeah. Cedric is my father, meaning that Layla-”

“Layla is your sister”, she breathed out in disbelief. “Why didn't you tell me?”

“It doesn't matter anymore”, I shrugged. “So if you want to do anything to Layla and the people she loves, you're just making things worse for yourself because you'll have me to deal with”, I warned, and she blinked in surprise. “And when you threatened the life of Dylan, you also threatened me”

I signaled my boys to come closer, and she immediately stood up to her feet, frowning in response when she noticed there is no where she can run too

“Daniel baby, I was just kidding about that”, she stuttered nervously before Angelo forcefully grabbed her, and she let out a scream, but Prince silenced her by putting a gun on her head

“Ella told me everything, even though I told to stop it, you didn't because of your own selfish desires”, I smirked a little. “Now you'll have to bear the consequences”

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