

Paris

~Brie~

Nia rubbed my back as I continued to cry my heart out. Emmett paced up and down the room.

"She's not answering," he said for the umpteenth time.

"Neither is my brother" Paisley added dropping beside me on the couch.

This wasn't surprising. They were obviously together.

"I'm so sorry Breanna" Paisley whispered, placing her head on my shoulder as she took my hand.

I just kept crying. How could he betray me like this? With my own blood. A er being married for almost seventeen years. I clutched my chest.

"Oh honey calm down" my mom cooed coming in.

"Breanna" my dad added.

I hugged them both.

"She's taken everything away from me mama" I cried.

"No baby. We'll fix it hmm? It'll be fine."

I shook my head.

"No, it'll not" I whispered and freed myself from the hug. "How do you fix my twin sister sleeping with my husband?"

"C'mere" my brother Emmett gestured me into his arms.

"Can't I just die, Em?" I choked on a tear as he wrapped me in a hug.

"Sweetheart, don't talk like that" Mom pleaded. "Roman shouldn't see you like this."

"But how on earth do you expect her to calm down?" Nia asked rubbing my back. "What they did is simply unforgivable."

The door opened and startled me a little. I sni ed and looked over my shoulder. It was Aubree and Beck. Beck's parents Angela and Nicholas followed them in. Another wave of nausea hit me and I looked away.

"You better have a good explanation for this Aubree Isadora Nolan!" my dad yelled at her.

"I swear Dad, I will explain everything," she said.

She sounded happy.

"Just not now" she added and turned to me.

She began to approach me and I flinched in my brother's arms. Emmett tightened his grip around me.

"Aubree, I think you should go."

She ignored him and came closer.

"Look Breanna, I know you're sad. I just wanted to say—"

I got out of Emmett's hold and smacked her face with all the anger and mixed emotions inside of me. She fell to the ground and held the side of her face.

"That one's for my son!" I yelled.

"Breanna!" my mom scolded.

"I'm not done with you, you homewrecker!" I hissed as Emmett held me back.

She looked up at me from the floor, her mouth filled with blood. Then she smirked, ever so slightly, so only I could see.

"Hey, are you okay?" Beck whispered, kneeling beside her.

She nodded and he tilted her chin upwards to look at her injury. My heart sank.

Did he just do that?

"This can not be happening" I whispered to myself in disbelief.

Emmett cursed under his breath and just let me go.

"I'm the one you should be with right now Beckett!" I screamed and he pulled himself up. "I'm the mother of your son. I am the victim here! I'm the one you should be concerned about!"

"Breanna, calm down. You're going to wake up my grandson!" Angela scolded.

"Calm down, Angela?!" I cried. "I'm supposed to be calm a er what your son did?!"

"Brea—"

I turned my attention back to Beck.

"You should worry about me because I am your wife! Not her! She wrecked our home!" I screamed between the tears.

"No, she didn't, our home was already wrecked anyways."

I looked at him in confusion and just dropped back onto the couch, my face in my hands.

"Hey, I didn't mean it like that" he whispered, crouching in front of me.

"Don't touch me" I said and pushed his hand away.

He sighed.

"You know I've always hated seeing you cry. It breaks my heart".

"It's your fault I'm hurting right now. Why did you do it? Wasn't I good enough? Is it something I did?" I whispered and took his face in my hands.

I studied his face, but he avoided my gaze.

"I'm sorry," he said. "But you can't blame any of us for breaking what was already destined to break".

I took my hand away.

"How can you two live with yourselves?" Nia asked in disbelief.

I got up and Beck followed.

"Look Breanna, I admit that what I did was wrong, and that's why I'm willing to put all this behind us and pretend none of this ever happened."

I turned to him.

"What are you talking about?"

"We're getting a divorce," he said coldly.

All my senses and emotions stopped working and came crashing down; my entire world with it.

"Son, you can't do that," Angela says.

"I'm sorry Mom."

"You can't do that to my daughter!" my father screamed.

"I'm sorry but there's nothing you can do to change my mind. I've spoken to my lawyer and the papers will be ready soon. You get full custody of Roman and don't worry, I'm going to pay for child support."

This was not happening to me.

"Your daughter deserves someone better Mr. Nolan. Someone who can truly love her. I've always loved Aubree and I'm sorry it took me so long to do the right thing."

My knees gave up on me and I collapsed onto the cold marble floor.

"Breanna!" Nia cried and rushed up to my side.

I was paralyzed. Everything refused to work and at the moment I was as good as dead.

"Breanna look at me" Nia shook me gently.

"Daddy?" I heard Roman call and my eyes located him.

He was wearing his pajamas and holding his plush astronaut teddy bear.

"Why are you up sweetie?" Angela quickly asked walking up to him.

"Go back to bed."

"Mommy didn't kiss me goodnight and I heard yelling. What's going on?" he asked.

"Sweetheart it's just adult st—"

"Mommy?" he called and ran to my side. "What's wrong mommy? Why are you crying?" he asked sadly. "Was it because I didn't eat all my veggies at dinner today? I really hate the broccolis but I promise to eat everything next time. Please stop crying."

My heart sank even more.

"C'mere champ," Beck said crouching down in front of him. "Mommy and I are not in a good place right now."

"What do you mean?" Roman asked. "Don't you like it here in Paris?"

Beck sighed.

"I do champ but, your mom and I aren't doing so well together as a married couple."

"But mommy loves you. Don't you love her anymore Daddy?"

I could see Beck watching me from the corner of my eye.

"I do my son but I don't think Mommy wants to see me anymore because I did something very wrong and she can't ever forgive me."

"But I do naughty things all the time and she forgives me and tells us how much she loves me. Isn't that right mommy?"

I shut my eyes and the tears rolled down my cheeks.

"I know that champ but this is adult stu . You'll understand when you're older."

"Honey do you have to drag my grandson into this?"

"Mom please don't stop me," he said and turned back to Roman.

"Daddy's going away and I need you to be very good to Mommy okay? Don't give her a hard time."

"But I don't want you to leave Daddy!" he cried out and began to sob.

"Don't cry now" he whispered. "You have to be strong Roman. Real men don't cry. Now promise me you'll protect your Mommy."

He looked at Beck and shook his head.

"Don't go Daddy!" he whimpered.

"C'mere" Beck whispered and squeezed him into a hug.

He got up and headed for the door.

"Daddy please!" Roman cried. "I promise to eat all my veggies and study harder! Daddy!"

He didn't turn back.

"Beck you just can't leave your son and your wife. What is wrong with you?!" Paisley screamed at him

"I'm sorry sis. I hope someday you'll all be able to forgive me."

I let out a so cry and covered my face with my hands.

"C'mon Aubree," he said and took her hand.

"Daddy please don't go! Daddy! Daddy!"

My sense suddenly reeled back with Roman's cries and I stood up from the cold floor and ran up the stairs to my room. I locked the door and collapsed against it as I cried my eyes out.

Manhattan, New York City

Three months later

~Brie~

The news was all over; on every social media network, television station, and magazine. We were the talk of every household.

Paparazzi followed my every move and Roman's classmates were giving him a hard time. Everywhere we went, people wanted to take pictures.

I groaned as I got in the car and slammed the door shut.

"Here you go my love."

He was asleep. I smiled.

At least I'd gotten something good from that marriage. He was the reason I looked forward to a new day.

A couple of teenagers rushed up to my car and I immediately locked the doors and rolled up the glass. I groaned and rested my head on the stirring wheel. My phone beeped and it was a text. I frowned as I read it.

"Why does Marla want to see me?" I asked myself.

I put my phone away and started the car.

I could really use some good news!

Brooklyn, New York City

"They fired you?" my brother asked in disbelief.

I just sat on their couch, face in my hands as I sobbed uncontrollably.

"What did I ever do wrong Emmett? What?" I asked as he pulled me in for a hug.

I sobbed on his shoulder.

"Oh, sweetie just calm down hm?" Nia cooed.

I got up and walked to the window, wiping my tears.

"So what are you going to do now?" she asked.

I shrugged and my eyes searched their faces for a while.

"I'm pregnant."

They exchanged glances and I turned to look out the window.

"You're pregnant?" my brother's wife asked.

I nodded.

"Nine weeks. I know. The timing couldn't be worse" I say. "I just lost my job. I just went through a divorce and I have a nine-year-old son who needs me to be the strong mother I'm not because my rock crumbled underneath me."

"Does Beck know?" she asked.

I chuckled nastily.

"He doesn't answer my calls. I le him a bunch of messages and emails since I found out and he hasn't replied to any of them."

"Oh, Breanna."

I broke down again and they both hugged me.

"It'll be okay."

Thanks for reading! 📖