

^^^Aiden^^^

~Aiden

I hit the brakes as her face flashed in my head. I heard loud honks and angry voices.

"Hey man, watch where you're going! Do you want to kill people?!" a driver shouted.

To find out what her lips tasted like, I would.

I was lost in my thoughts to be bothered by the rude comments. I turned to where she was seated an hour ago and saw her scarf. I picked it up and brought it close to my face.

Fuck she smells so heavenly.

"Breanna... Breanna..."

Dang it!

I groaned in frustration.

"What are you doing Aiden?"

~Brie~

"Oh, it's so good to see you again Brucey!" I heard my aunt Eliza; mom's elder sister and mother of Maud and Gregor, say to Dad as I came down the stairs.

"You have guests?" Megan asked over the phone.

"Mhm. Apparently, Aubree thought it wise to plan a homecoming dinner for the entire family."

She chuckled.

"This place looks like a madhouse right now."

"Hey c'mon. It can't be that bad."

"Meg, Roman, and I need peace and quiet. Not some nasty old family feud rekindled."

"Okay just calm down alright? I'm sure it's not going to end in a crisis" she assured.

"Or with somebody in a hospital," I murmured. "I'm done with that place."

"Oh, Lucille!" Aunt Eliza cried upon seeing me.

Take note; that aunt who preferred your stupid middle name to the name everyone else normally called you.

I smiled at her.

"Sorry Megan but I have to go. We'll talk later" I said between the forced smile.

"Good luck. And give Roman a big hug for me."

"I will. Thanks for checking up."

"You're welcome."

She hung up and I clicked my tongue, simultaneously tapping on the cover of my phone.

"Look at you; such a beauty. Come hug me!" Aunt Eliza's voice cut through the silence.

I looked at her and she was talking to me. I smiled. She hadn't lost her Asian look at all. Mom's mom; my grandmother, was Asian and her dad was American. Aunt Eliza has much of the Asian genes while Mom has the all-around American gene. Their youngest sister Thea got part of both genes.

"You look amazing Aunt El," I said to her and hugged her.

"Just wait for Cora to get here. She'll die when she sees you" Maude added walking in hand in hand with Roman.

I smiled at him and held out my hand for him. He took it and I pulled him towards me as he wrapped his arms around my waist, his head on my stomach. I rubbed his back.

"You wanna go watch Paw Patrol buddy?" Dad whispered to him.

"Yeah, let's do that. It'll be fun" I said, trying to sound excited.

He had a fever in the middle of the night. It was better now but his mood was sour.

He finally agreed a er a while of convincing and we moved to the den. About forty-five minutes later, we heard excited screams.

"Your mom and aunt must be back," Dad said.

"Teel! Becca!" we heard Aunt Eliza cry out.

"Yep."

Dad got up.

"Be right back" he said patting my shoulder.

I sighed and leaned back.

"Mommy?" Roman called, suddenly gripping the edge of my shirt.

I turned to him and he was all sweaty.

"Mommy" he cried again but with much di iculty now.

Then he started wheezing. Adrenaline shot through me like electricity and my head started to pound.

"Roman sweetie?" I called out to him.

He began coughing and his eyes slowly started to close.

"No, no, no my love, look at me. Look at me sweetheart" I said calmly when I was beyond freaking out.

"What's going on Breanna?" Dad asked peeping through the other door leading to the den.

"Nothing Daddy" I replied quickly, my eyes never leaving Roman.

"Baby look at me, please. We're going to go upstairs okay? And you're going to be fine."

"Breanna?" Dad called again.

"His asthma" I replied in haste.

Roman gripped my shirt harder. Dad was beside us in a flash and he picked him up. I followed him out the other door and we went up to my room. I dived straight into the bathroom and opened the medicine cabinet.

"Inhaler... inhaler... inhaler! Got it!"

I rushed back and gave him a few short pumps. In a few minutes, his breathing normalized, but his eyes were closed. I caught my breath and shi ed to the edge of the bed.

"Mommy?"

I turned and he was crying.

"I'm sorry."

My heart went out to him. I climbed beside him and wiped his face.

"Oh no, no baby. Don't cry. You have nothing to be sorry about okay?" I kissed his temple.

"But I scared you and Gramps."

I looked over at Dad and he looked helplessly back.

"You don't have to worry about that baby, okay?" I whispered kissing him again and caressing his hair.

"What's important is that you're alright now buddy. And there's no need for doctors or needles. We hate those, right honey?"

"Of course, of course," I replied. "And why should we be scared? My baby's a brave lion, which makes me a brave mama lion."

"And I, an even braver grandpa lion" Dad joked.

He laughed weakly and it warmed my heart.

"There you go!" Dad cheered. "That's what we wanna see on your beautiful face."

He smiled.

"And it's not called mama lion Mommy, it's a lioness" Roman corrected playing with my fingers.

"Don't sass me young man" I joked and he laughed.

Even Dad laughed.

"But thank you for correcting me my very brave and smart boy."

"You're welcome" he smiled, snuggling in deeper into my chest.

"Even though I knew that already," I said patting his butt.

"Mommy!" he whined quietly.

"What?" I whined back.

"It's vibrating in my ears when you talk" he giggled.

I kept patting his buttocks so ly as I rested my chin on top of his curly head.

"Well, I'm not going to go tell anyone about this. I don't want the entire family crowding in here" Dad said.

"Thanks, Dad," I said in a whisper as he kissed me before throwing the covers over us properly.

"Of course princess. I'll fix you both something to eat" he whispered back and rubbed Roman's back before heading out.

I sighed and looked down at Roman who was now asleep. His so snores just made me smile and kissed him again. Throwing my arms around him properly, I got comfortable and watched him sleep.

Loud voices erupted from down the stairs and woke me up. I stirred and opened my eyes. Roman was still asleep. I felt his forehead for his temperature and he was a little warm.

I kissed him and slowly tried to get out of bed. He snuggled deeper into my sweater which eventually slipped o 'cause he was pulling too hard. I smiled and pulled on another sweater before slipping out the door.

"I can't believe you watch this happen, Bruce! And you Rebecca, how on earth do you support such an act? And you two are committing such a great sin, God!"

"Adelia, please calm down!"

"Don't ask me to calm down Thea, please! I am so disappointed in you both as parents. And even you more Bruce. Not only am I disappointed in you as your sister, but you were raised better than this!"

I paused on the stairs.

Did they have to?

I rolled my eyes and shook my head.

"Ignore them and just sneak into the kitchen to go prepare dinner for you and Roman" I whispered to myself calmly and resumed descending the stairs.

I stepped into the kitchen and that was where the argument was going on.

How do I avoid this now?

"Way to go Aubree" I muttered as all eyes fell on me.

Aunt Adelia stood up.

"Breanna..."

"No, Aunt Adelia! Enough!" Aubree yelled from beside me.

I turned my head and looked at her.

"No more sympathizing with my sister. Aren't you tired of this? The yelling and blaming. My parents have nothing to do with this. And as a family, they support each other no matter what. In every family, there's a black sheep and I guess I'm the black sheep. You kicking Beck out from the family dinner I planned to celebrate with you all, is not going to stop me from marrying him and giving this baby its father's love."

"Honey, there's a baby?" mom asked slowly.

"Yes, mom. Surprise!" she said sarcastically. "I'm not sure if I want to be here right now, so I'm leaving".

Thank God.

She stormed o .

"Aubree wait" Dad called a er her.

"Isadora c'mon" Aunt Eliza chipped in.

I just kept quiet and stood there. They all turned to look at me.

"Breanna."

"It's okay Mom," I said. "And I already knew about the pregnancy. I just came down to make dinner for Roman but I'll just order takeout instead."

"But sweetheart..."

"Just stop it, Aunt Adelia, please. I'm fine. It's Aubree you all should be worrying about. She's upset and if I know my sister well, it'll likely end up in disaster. So I think you should all go talk to her before she does something to harm the baby" I said. "I don't think any of us really want to go through that again."

They just stared at me.

"I'll get going now. Goodnight."

I moved up the stairs and straight into my room, closing the door behind me. I leaned against it.

I was truly okay. I didn't feel any regret or hate towards anyone. I didn't even feel like taking revenge. I was okay.

I smiled and grabbed my phone.

Thanks for reading!