

^^^Lewis Residence^^^

Manhattan, New York City

It had been three months since the divorce was finalized and Beck hadn't heard from Breanna and their son. He sighed.

He missed them in a way.

But he had done the right thing; at least that's what he thought. There was no way he could sit in the same room with her without having to feel ashamed of what he did much less live under the same roof.

He groaned and downed the glass of whiskey. The door opened and Aubree walked in with her son, a smile on her face as she waved a white envelope.

"Hey baby" she purred and gave him a wet kiss.

Mavis stood in the corner of the room, highly disgusted.

"You, take him to his room," Aubree said firmly to Mavis.

"But momma" the four-year-old whined.

"Not now Olly. Now go with the nanny!" she scolded.

The little boy frowned.

"I wanna go live with Daddy! I don't want my uncle to be my new daddy! And I wanna see Roman! And my Auntie Bree! I miss her!"

"Well I'm sorry Oliver but you're staying with mommy and your new daddy because this is our new home! Now be a good boy and go with the nanny!".

"I hate you! Both of you!" he cried and ran o .

"You didn't have to shout at him you know? He's just a child and as his mother, you have to be patient with him and make him understand. Even though what you're both doing is pure evil" Mavis said, whispering the last part.

Aubree arched her eyebrow.

"You're being paid to do your job not lecture me on how to raise my child! So do me a favor and keep your mouth shut and spend that energy you've got radiating from you to keep an eye on him!"

"I'm only here out of respect for Mr. Lewis. You don't deserve to be the one to take Miss Breanna's place, and someday, you're going to be sorry for doing something like this to your own twin sister."

"That's enough Mavis" Beck said firmly

She looked at him.

"I'm sorry Mr. Lewis, but that's the truth. Even you can't deny it. Excuse me."

They watched her walk away. Aubree shook her head.

"Forget her boo bear, 'cause I have fantastic news!" she shrieked and handed him the envelope.

He chuckled at her excitement and ripped it open.

"What is it?"

"You'll see" she purred and wrapped her arms around his neck.

Beck opened the paper and stared hard at the content.

"You're going to be a daddy!" Aubree shrieked and hugged him. a

Beck hugged her back, still in shock.

"So it's true" a voice came through the front door.

"What are you doing here Riccardo?" Aubree recovered from her shock and asked.

"I should be the one asking you that? How could you? Have you forgotten you're my wife? And how could you both be so cruel to Breanna?"

"Oh shut up Ricc! And get out of my house!"

"Daddy!" Oliver shrieked and ran up to him.

"Oliver get back here!"

But the boy was long gone.

"What do you want Riccardo?" Beck asked calmly, stepping down from the sidebar.

"I came to get my family back you jerk!" Riccardo screamed and threw an unexpected punch at Beck making him fall.

"Are you crazy? What the fuck man?!" he groaned.

"Oh, baby!" Aubree rushed to his side.

"Now you're coming with me!" Rick ordered and grabbed Aubree's wrist, pulling her from the ground.

"Lemme go! I don't want to go anywhere with you because I don't want you anymore! I never loved you and never will. Beck's the one my heart beats for and no one is going to take me away from him!"

Riccardo stopped and let go of her. His heart shattered into a million pieces as his wife ran back to the side of the man who was still his brother-in-law a few months ago.

"It's clear that you're being delusional. But when you recover, you're not going to be a part of my son's life anymore."

"Give me back my son Riccardo!"

"If you want him back, then I'll see you in court!"

"He's taking Oliver" Beck coughed out.

"Ssshhh now! Don't worry about it. Rick is not going to hurt him. Now let's get you cleaned up and don't worry, everything will be fine. I promise."

oooooooooooooooooooo

-Richmond, Virginia

~Brie~

"Where are we going, mommy?"

"Are we there yet?"

"I'm starving."

"Mommy, why is the sky so blue?"

These were questions Roman kept asking. Driving six hours forty-five minutes from New York City to my hometown with a hyperactive nine-year-old and a baby using your bladder as a chew toy wasn't a joke.

I looked in the rearview mirror when his questions stopped and he had his arms crossed with his face pressed tightly against the window.

Oh, my poor little baby still missed his jerk of father.

I rolled my eyes at the thought and kept my eyes on the road as I took a turn on the le and right through the electronic metal gate before finally pulling over in front of the house.

I smiled in satisfaction.

"Look honey, we're here," I said trying to sound excited.

My mother came rushing out to the house.

"Why don't you go give granny a—" I paused when I noticed the look on his face.

I got down.

"What's wrong Roman?"

He opened the door and looked at me, tossing his astronaut away.

"Are you upset about something?"

Then he began to cry.

"Oh sweetheart" I whispered and hugged him, li ing him.

He buried his face in the crook of my neck.

"Breanna, what's going on?" Mom whispered coming up to the car.

"Nothing Mom," I said.

She arched her eyebrow.

"Uh-huh."

I sighed.

"Mom, not now please."

"Now you're just trying to get rid of your mother?"

"Mom," I said with a little laugh and picked up my luggage with my free hand and gave it to my mom.

She smiled.

"Get my little astronaut to feel okay, huh?"

I nodded and she kissed me before waking away.

"Roman?" I whispered and he only whimpered and shook his head.

"My sweetheart, why are you crying?"

"Because you're not happy and I don't like it when you're pretending to be okay because of me," he said between sobs.

My heart broke.

"Oh Ro" I cooed and hugged him tighter. "You crying will only make me feel sadder so please don't cry hm?"

"If I stop crying, will you promise me you'll not pretend to be happy because of me?"

I laughed.

"Honey I don't need to pretend I'm happy because I truly am as long as I have my little astronaut with me okay?"

That got him to smile.

"I love you so much Mommy," he said and hugged me.

"I love you too my little angel!" I said and gave him tiny kisses on his face.

He giggled and picked up his toy.

"Can I go do my surprise attack on Gramps now?"

"Of course, just don't go too extreme and end up giving him a heart attack" I joked and set him down.

He runs into the house. I smiled and gave myself a pat on the shoulder before grabbing our luggage and moving slowly into the house.

It felt good to be back.

Thanks for reading! ♥