

^^Breanna (le) Aubree (right)^^

One month later

~Brie~

I yawned and rubbed my eyes as I descended the stairs and dragged my feet into the kitchen.

“Good morning Mom. Where’s Roman?” I asked, pulling the fridge open while I waited for a response. “Where is it? I swear there was some le over lasagna in here” I muttered.

“His father took them to school” someone else responded.

What the?!

I slowly closed the fridge and turned to the person seated behind the kitchen counter with a newspaper in hand. She put it away and smiled at me.

“What are you doing here?” I asked coldly.

“Now, now Bee. That’s no way to **beehave** with your big sister now is it? You’re supposed to welcome me... give me a warm hug or a gi basket.”

I chuckled.

“You are not my sister” I stated.

“Oh, don’t **bee**like that” she teased. “You’re such a **buzz**kill.”

She took a bite of something and moaned, closing her eyes.

You’ve got to be kidding me!

“Are you eating my lasagna?”

“Oh you made this? It’s so good... could use a little more spice” she smiled. “I forgot what a great cook you are. But I’m better.”

I stared at her and stuck my tongue in my cheek, trying to prevent myself from clawing at her face.

“Oh, you weren’t going to eat it were you?”

“No.”

“Becky, your daughters are at it again!” I heard Dad call for Mom.

“What is she doing here Daddy?” I sighed.

“Breanna, despite everything, this is my house too. I have equal rights to **bee** here as you do” Aubree smiled at me.

I frowned.

“Aubree stop with the puns” Mom scolded walking in.

“Oh but she loves them, right honeybee?” she grinned mischievously.

I was seething inside.

“Please leave,” I asked.

“Breanna, this is her house too. You can’t just ask her to leave.”

I looked at my mother in disbelief.

“Oh Mom, I’ve found the perfect theme. Come see!” Aubree cried excitedly.

“Breanna dear, I’ll have to borrow your car for a bit today too if you don’t mind. Mine is still in maintenance” Dad said to me.

“Yeah sure” I answered and walked away from them.

“Where are you going?” Mom asked.

“Work.”

I walked up the stairs to my room and shut the door.

Why is she here?!

oooooooooooooooooooo

I stared out my window, waiting for my ride to get here. I saw him pull up in front of the house and I headed down.

“Good morning my lovely Nolans... Aubree?” he asked surprised.

“Hello Zachary” she greeted with a smile.

I faked a gag.

“Breanna, stop it” Mom scolded in a whisper.

“It’s nice to see you. When did you arrive? You look amazing. I mean it’s been...”

“Zach can we go now please?”

He stopped and looked at me.

“We’ll continue our conversation later Aub. Right now I’ve got to take your sister to work before she sacrifices me” Zachary joked.

Aubree laughed. I eyed her, then Zachary.

“Let’s go then.”

I looked away from both of them and headed for the door, holding it out for him.

“Okay,” he bid my parents goodbye before walking out.

I got in his car and slammed the door loudly. I didn’t say anything to him and he just looked focused on the road. I switched on the radio and turned up the volume.

“You mad at me for something?” he questioned, turning o the radio when he drove into the underground parking lot of the company.

I ignored him and just grabbed my stu .

“I’m sorry.”

“Zachary, honestly I don’t really care if you compliment her or not, okay?”

I stepped out.

“Bee...”

“Don’t worry about it” I said, still holding the door open.

“Want me to come pick you up a er work?”

I shook my head.

“I feel like taking the bus” I said and slammed the car door.

I didn’t bother to look back as I walked through the doors.

“Morning” I greeted Carol with a little smile.

“Hey, you’re early today.”

But I’m long gone.

Not in the mood to talk.

I stepped into the elevator and pulled out my phone. I made a quick call.

“Hey Athena,” I said.

“Hey! How are you?”.

“I’m good. I just wanted to check up on Roman. I didn’t get to see him this morning. Something came up.”

“Oh yeah, he’s here. And you didn’t tell me your hunk of a hubby was in town.”

“We’re divorced, Athena.”

There’s a long pause before she speaks again.

“I know. I didn’t want to bring it up and make it awkward.”

“I don’t remember mentioning it to you.”

“Well, Roman told Trevor about it at the party. He said his father didn’t make you happy and I kinda figured it out.”

“Oh.”

“I’m sorry you’re going through such a tough time, along with the pregnancy. It’s hard and he’s too young for this.”

“Athena, can we not talk about this right now? I’m at work.”

“Oh of course and if you need anything, just call okay?”

I nodded.

“Thanks. Gotta go. Bye.”

I hung up just in time as the elevator door opened on the 8th floor and I stepped out. I smiled at Avery, the much nicer eighth floor receptionist who’d replaced Icky Lacy.

“Morning” I mouthed as she was on the phone.

She smiled at me. I walked through the hallway and took a right turn.

Note:

(Le turn on the eighth floor leads to Aiden’s o ice, the General Director’s o ice, and the conference room)

(Right turn on the same eighth floor leads to the Marketing Department where Breanna works as a photographer)

I located my station and sat down quietly, glancing at the time.

7:30 am.

I decided to get some work done. Aside from the frequent bathroom trips I had to take, I felt much more relaxed and I got a lot of work done. Someone tapped me.

“You’re quiet today. Everything okay?”

I smiled.

“Yes. I’m just starting to feel fat with the pregnancy.”

“When are you due?”

“I’m currently seventeen weeks along so we’re not even close” I laughed and sipped some water.

“You wanna go out for Tacos later?”

I smiled.

“Oh yes please.”

“Breanna!” Cynthia hollered.

We both turned our heads.

“Mr. Corleone wants to see you.”

I looked at Meg.

“I’ll wait here,” she said.

I smiled and grabbed the files from my desk. I walked with Cynthia and knocked on the door.

“C’m on in.”

I let myself in and closed the door. He was seated behind his desk. Mr. Martin was there too.

“You wanted to see me, sir?”

He looked up from the papers he was going through.

“Yes. Are you done with what I asked?”

“Yes, I have it right here,” I said and handed them to him. “Oh, and I’m done editing the pictures for the Meyers’ shoot” I handed him another file.

He smiled in surprise.

“What are you, supergirl?” Mr. Martin joked.

I let out a little laugh.

“I just enjoy doing my job.”

“Well good job” Mr. Martin smiled.

I felt Aiden’s eyes on me, constantly. I looked at him and his eyes were filled with some sort of admiration.

Thanks for reading! 🍷