

Knox pov

Life had really been going his way for the last few weeks.

Lola had been doing well and he finally got her into the daycare that he applied to when she was first born. That's right, that damn daycare took eighteen months to accept his application.

The daycare was amazing and he hired the nanny who showed up the day Lola's original nanny was out sick. The old bat had been calling in multiple days in a row, so eventually Knox just had to let her go. He made sure to give her a decent severance package, but he needed a reliable nanny. Knox also never wanted to hire the old lady to begin with, Roxanne did. Roxanne was worried that he was going to cheat on her like he cheated on his first wife. Well look where he is now. Life is ironic isn't it?

The nanny he hired, he can never remember that girl's name, only that she does well with his daughter. The only thing he doesn't like is the constant flirting. Knox definitely would start up a s****| relationship with the girl, if she wasn't Lola's nanny. He learned two things from his affair with Regina Silverton; never to cheat in a relationship and to never mix work with pleasure. It was a shame as the new nanny was beautiful. She had a nice body and a pretty face, but when you made six figures like he did pretty women were a dime a dozen. He was nobody's fool.

Knox was up for a bit promotion at work and he knew he was going to get it. His boss told her m that he was a shoe in for the position. He just had to keep his head down and keep working. Knox had been with the company for ten years now, the position should be his. The announcement should be made next month and Knox couldn't afford to miss any

more work. Which is why the nanny had to go.

His daughter didn't notice her absence anyway.

The only thing that wasn't right was Aspen, his daughter.

Things had finally settled and he was finally ready for her to be back in his life. Knox had been trying to reach Aspen for a few days now and it was like the phone was turned off. He just didn't understand why Aspen didn't want to talk to him. He was in his office trying to call both Aspen and Willow on his lunch break when his intercom went off.

"Yes?" He asked after ending the call feeling frustrated.

"You have a visitor Mr. Hayes," his secretary responded.

“Send them in,” he responded after checking his calendar.

Odd he didn’t have anything at this time.

“Knox Hayes?” The man asked walking into his office.

“Yes, can I help you?” He asked standing up and holding out his hand for a handshake. The man responded with slapping papers into his hand.

“You just did, you’ve been served.” The man walked away and Knox fumed as he opened the stack of papers in his hands. Son of a b***h! He couldn’t believe Willow would do this to him. Also what did she think was going to change?

She already had primary custody. Knox let out a sigh and got his lawyer on the phone. Well it looks like life isn’t going his way after all.

Willow pov

The bug took three days to get over and Willow was lucky she didn't get sick. Aspen didn't get sick either. She spent that whole three days cleaning up vomit and human waste.

The house still smelled like the kids throw up no matter how much Willow tried spraying Lysol on everything. That third day and Willow was beyond burnt out and thankfully the kids were feeling better. Bertha agreed to take the kids for an overnight stay that Saturday and Willow just slept for an entire twelve hours. She was beyond grateful. If this kept up she was going to have to look into a babysitter or part-time nanny for the kids. Willow never wanted to do that, but without Tate she was plumb out of options. She was just burnt out.

The next week was crazy at work as the publishing house was putting out several new books. Her job now was over all of the

editors, this time at work was incredibly hectic.

James, Isiah, Jackson, and Memphis had been helping out with the children at home. Her work had been flexible, but were unable to give anytime off during this crucial period.

She didn't know what she would do without them. It was clear though that she needed to step back into her role at work and that her was over. Her boss had sent her a passive aggressive email last week when the kids were sick. Willow was pushing it. The nanny was looking better and better every day, she just didn't know where to find one and the money situation was tight. Especially with the home remodel.

The following week Isiah revealed her new bedroom: and she hated it. Willow looked around at her newly remodeled bedroom and wanted her old one back. She smiled and thanked Isiah for his hard work and went on with her day.

That night when she was finally alone, she cried. Willow looked at her new room and thought that this is what she wanted, but when the reality hit her in the face, she wished she could take it all back. There was only two parts of her old bedroom that had stayed the same. The balcony swing that was attached to the trellis and the settee in her room.

She removed Tate's dresser but she was unable to get rid of his clothes and they were up in the attic. The same with his military gear. She just couldn't part with his stuff. Willow looked at her new bed and it was a beautiful king bed, but it wasn't their bed. It wasn't the bed where she conceived her children. It wasn't the bed where Aspen ran to Tate's side of the bed after she woke up from a nightmare.

Willow walked outside feeling grief wash over her. She walked out and sat on the swing, the swing where she had spent so

many hours with Tate. Willow thought of some of her favorite memories with her husband. The two of them would sit on the porch swing after the babies had gone to bed and Tate would just rub her belly and discuss baby names. Willow had given Aiden the middle name James and wanted to know if he wanted to their daughter after anyone. Tate's eyes looked off into the distance and after a moment, he came back to her. Tate always came back to her, he fought his demons for their family. Except this time.

"I was never much for prayer, but please God, let my husband's soul find peace."

She was also unable to figure out how single moms did it, Willow always relied heavily on Tate to help with the kids.

She didn't realize how much until he was gone. Willow finally bit the bullet yesterday and sent out several emails asking women in the area if anyone was looking for a nanny job. Bertha told her that her daughter could

help around her college schedule, though she needed something more reliable it would do for now. Cora put the word in at her church and would get back to her soon.

Willow sat on the rocking swing while tears slowly trickled down her cheeks and wondered why life was so hard.

“Willow,” her uncle James came into her office with a grim look on his face. Willow looked up from her work and knew the conversation was going to be bad.

“What happened?” Willow closed her laptop as her uncle sat down in front of her.

“It’s not good,” he responded with a sigh.

“What is it?” She asked confused. “Is it Aspen?” She asked her uncle, she knew the topic had to be about one of the court cases.

“No, I just heard back from my guy at IA.”

“What is is?” Willow thought with dread as she read the look on his face.

“Well it turns out that IA had been looking into Tate's partner for awhile, but they could never build a case.” Dread continues to build into her stomach. Willow was a cop's wife for almost ten years and very little stalls an Internal Affairs investigation.

“The shooting of Tate was being investigated, but stalled and it was clear it was to be buried,” her uncle told her with regret. “I'm honestly not sure why Ryan wants more press about it. That is the confusing part,” her uncle thinks out loud.

“Let's shelf that for a moment. Who is this kid?” That's the main issue, this isn't done for just anyone. This takes serious connections.

“He's the lieutenant governor distant cousin, who wasn't to make a bid for governor.” Dread turned to anger.

“So it’s a cover up.”

“It’s looking that way,” her uncle admitted and Willow sat back in her seat. She thought for a moment and let all of the possibilities run through her head before speaking in a determined tone.

“I want it blown wide open.” Her uncle looks at her warily,

“Willow, they could smirch Tate’s reputation.”

“That won’t happen, I refuse to let that happen.”

“Willow-”

“Uncle James it’s a cover up, that most likely means this jerk killed my husband. This man who Tate took under his wing and showed him the ropes.” Willow felt her fury grow.

“I knew Chris was bad news the second I met him, but no state believed the best in everyone.”

“Willow.”

“No uncle James. I know how these cover up works, Chris is either a dirty cop air Tate found out or it was friendly fire. Updated by Jobnibs.com.

“You are right, but this family is old money. Some of the oldest in the State.”