

My Husband Cheated with My Bully Chapter 51

James pov

The second James found out that Willow could possibly be moving he had sent several of his men down to Georgia. They spent months looking into the safest neighborhoods, best school districts, the trend of the market, James wanted information on absolutely everything. Davis put everything into a detailed report and sent it back to him.

Then after he read the report twice James handpicked three different homes he knew were the best options for Willow and the baby. The houses would need some work, but they were in a neighborhood he handpicked. The prices were on par for the area and Willow wasn't wrong about the prices. The houses he looked at were all around 500K and they were all four

bedrooms. Willow's house she owned now was just shy of one million. He had to lie and tell her it was 800K and put a larger amount down for the down payment otherwise she would have moved to some slum. James wasn't allowing that, it was also why he got that imbecile a job making 100K annually.

James let out a sigh as he looked over the three properties he already started the process of buying. James already knew the one Willow would choose, it was a beautiful plantation style home. She was a history fanatic and loved these style homes. He was giddy about showing her the home, despite having to secretly update a lot of the house so that she could afford to live there on her salary.

He also looked at the house he planned to buy for himself that was a few miles down the road from any one of the houses Davis handpicked for his girls. The house was priced just over one and a half million

dollars and sat on a half an acre plot. James wanted the home simply for the backyard. He could see this coming summer as Willow and Aspen splashing around in the modest pool while he grilled steaks. He couldn't stop the smile creeping up on his face at that thought.

James thought about moving to Georgia and honestly despite living on the East Coast his whole life there wasn't much tying him here any longer other than Rowan. While he was the top of the social ladder here, the spot had lost its appeal long ago. Diane was the one who wanted to be a socialite, James just wanted to work and enjoy his family.

James thought of his son Rowan and wondered if he would feel abandoned when he moved. Suddenly he realized that he hadn't heard from Rowan since before Aspen was born almost two weeks ago.

While James was incredibly angry at his son's involvement in Willow's bullying,

Rowan was still his son. He never realized the bullying was so bad until he saw Willow have the panic attack. When Willow was in the hospital James called her old doctor who had no issues talking to her power of attorney. The doctors best guess was that when Rowan mentioned the pictures it brought up a traumatic memory that triggered a panic attack in a way that seeing Regina hadn't. Which was also something that had confused James as he saw Willow handle that godawful woman with grace and maturity beyond her years. Willow never showed any anxiety until that instant and when he brought that up to the doctor James was schooled on something called masking.

James let out a sigh as he thought about the conundrum he was in and decided he needed to catch up with Rowan. James picked up his phone and dialed his sons number.

“Hey Dad look I’m busy I can’t talk right now, I’m working on my first case for

Cohen,” Rowan opened with and James sighed.

“All right son, why don’t you come over for dinner Sunday night, Willow’s taking the baby over to the Hayes’” a decision he completely disagrees with, it’s too early for them to be out like that. The baby could get sick, Willow was still healing from the birth but apparently that woman was harassing her. Willow would never admit that, but he knew just from the look of resignation on her face when she told him about the barbecue.

“Wait she had the baby?” Rowan asked clearly shocked and pulling him from his thoughts.

“Yeah I called you and sent you a text message.” James knew he called his son when the baby was born after Willow announced the name.

“Oh,” Rowan pauses and then before he can ask comes out with, “Yeah I will be there Sunday. Same time?”

“Yup seven sharp.” James was about to end the call when his sons voice stopped him,

“Hey dad?”

“Yeah son?”

“What did she name the baby?”

“Aspen,” James said with a smile knowing the two of them named all of their dolls that name. “Willow named her daughter Aspen Grace.” Rowan didn’t say anything else he just hung up the phone and James punched the bridge of his nose where a headache was forming.

James was truly worried about his sons future, he may be a Harvard graduate but he had a lot of his mother in him. Rowan also had his life views shift in such a short time. James would have to put off moving down in

Georgia full time at least for now. He also had plans to deal with Silverton, Steele, and his ex wife before he could move.

James had the power to destroy them all with a flick of his wrist and honestly Willow showed him that the power was pointless. When looking back on the past ten years or so he realized Willow was right, he had no true friends, other than Davis, just people that were afraid of him. Davis served with him in the military and while life was kind to James it wasn't to Davis.

The truth behind James' success was he got lucky and invested into some prime stocks early and had always been a good judge of character. Nothing more, nothing less. Davis however, he became addicted to hard substances, and James found him in the VA rehab program one day by chance. James visited him everyday since and then when he got out James offered him a job. James gave him several job offers through the years,

Davis turned them all down. Davis didn't want to leave his family unprotected. James had Davis and a brother that he didn't see that often due to the disparity in their socioeconomic status. His younger brother Cole wasn't jealous of him, but was more like Willow. He had no interest in the life he lived, Cole and his family lived in the South side. They only came for family events, like Willow gender reveal.

James looked at the houses in front of him and had to figure out how to pitch the ideas on how to broach them to Willow.

Knox pov

Slamming the door after getting home from a long day Knox wanted to order some pizza. He didn't have the money for it though, his rent came out of this check, as well as his alimony and child support now that Aspen was born, and his car payment on top of all of that.

Knox thought back on Willow telling him to get the more affordable Camry instead of the BMW and he blew her off. Knox looked around at his tiny apartment and realized how dumb he was as he ate a peanut butter and jelly sandwich. How different his life would be if he didn't take his wife for granted, ex-wife.

Knox pulled out his phone as he ate and looked up some of the pictures he managed to take of his daughter. She was so beautiful and she looked just like him. He was only able to get one picture of Willow holding his daughter. They both looked so heartbreakingly beautiful that he looked at this picture every night. He also may cry a few tears when looking at the pictures.

The only bit of solace Knox could have was finding out that Regina and her rich boyfriend ended up splitting up. He also heard through grapevine that the Silverton's weren't doing to well. It was the office

gossip for weeks after one of the Silverton businesses closed. Knox's coworkers considered themselves lucky that Cunningham snatched up the firm as everything he touches turns to gold. Knox knew differently, he knew that it was James Cunningham destroying that family for messing with Willow.

Honestly Knox didn't know if he was next on the chopping block or not. The only thing he could do was keep his head down and do what was expected of him. Once again he quit drinking and Gina kept true to her word and stopped messing around with him. The joke was on the both of them as Memphis didn't really seem to care. The only thing that changed was that Memphis stopped talking to him altogether and honestly he was fine with that. It bothered his mother though and while Knox hated that his mother was upset he didn't see this rift closing anytime soon. Knox also had bigger concerns than his brother.

When Knox received his divorce papers and saw that custody was solely in Willow's hands he wanted to immediately throw a fit, but he knew his hands were tied. His past actions plus the powerful lawyers in Willow's family and Knox knew he wouldn't win.

Knox still showed up that night to spend time with Aspen and Willow once again didn't say a word to him other than when her last bottle was. It was clear as day that Willow resented him and honestly Knox couldn't blame her. Hell Knox resented himself, but they had to get used to this new normal.

Knox was hoping that at the Sunday barbecue he could convince Willow to let Aspen spend the night with him at his parents house. He knew it may be a long shot, but he thought it was worth asking. Willow was looking pretty run down these days. Knox went to bed that night and

prayed that Sunday would bring him good news.

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Memphis pov

Willow had barely slammed the door when their father rounded on Knox and he could see the terror in his brothers eyes.

“You pissed away twenty thousand dollars! Then had the nerve to ask me for money for a security deposit in a nice part in Boston after claiming to get screwed over in the divorce? You make eight thousand dollars a month!” His father screamed out. Knox didn’t even have a defense against his fathers words.

“Jim,” his mother tried to calm him down but for the first time in Memphis’ life he saw his father shy away. His mother looked incredibly hurt.

“Marge not now, I’m not happy with you either! I can’t believe you badgered Willow to come here in the first place, I treated you like a queen after you had both of our boys, you had your mother and sisters looking after you when our boys were born. Then I took the night shift after working in the plant all day, I did it happily cause I know being a new mother is hard work, but Willow is all alone. She’s a single parent with a newborn. Why would you do this? You didn’t leave the house for four weeks?” His mother squirmed under his fathers glare.

“Well Knox came to me hoping we could convince Willow to let Aspen stay the night, I thought it was a good idea,” Marge said weakly and looked away in shame.

“You all wonder why she’s moving away from this us,” his father said as he walked off. His father had always loved Willow like a daughter, but even more so this past year since Memphis put him through all of his BS.

Knox and mom started to talk but Memphis didn't say anything. He just stood there remembering holding Aspen for the first time. She was precious and looked just like a Hayes through and through. Aspen looked just like Jackson when he was a baby, minus the eyes that were starting to change from the blue to hazel. Like Willow, she was such a sweet little baby.

"You must be loving this," Knox said pulling him out of his thoughts. His mother was gone and it was just the two of them.

"Not really," Memphis shrugged. "I stopped seeing you as my brother around Christmas time when I found out you never loved me like a brother should." Knox regarded him with shrewd eyes and Memphis looked back at Knox with equal intensity. He was tired of being the good older brother as his father has always engrained upon him.

"Then why are you here?"

“To see Willow and Aspen.” Memphis told him and Knox’s eyes flashed with anger.

“So it is true, you love my wife.”

“Ex-wife and yeah I do, I fell in love with her,” Memphis admitted out loud for the first time to his brother with no guilt or shame. He should have done it a long time ago. Rage lit his brothers eyes but he stood there still. Why Knox didn’t throw a punch he didn’t know.

“It doesn’t mean she loves you back, or would ever be with you,” Knox hurled at him and Memphis couldn’t help but smirk.

“Keep telling yourself that brother,” Memphis walked out of the room and out to his SUV. Memphis had thought about telling his brother that he had slept with Willow, but he never did cause it would make things harder on Willow. He decided that she should be the one to tell Knox, if she never did then it would never be common

knowledge and what he deserved. Memphis treated their night together like a mistake and now Willow was doing the same thing.

Memphis drove back to his house and tried to get his feelings in order. Willow and Aspen were moving. What should he do? Should he admit that he loved her? Regretted how he treated her? Beg her to stay?

Memphis finally pulled up to his house and sat in the car. There was no rush to go inside as his house was empty, no one was waiting for him. His whole day off was filled with nothing but staring at his tv. Jackson was with Gina this weekend. Memphis thought about Willow moving away and realized that he probably wouldn't say anything.

His father was right, Willow suffered so much and she just deserved to be happy. Willow wasn't going to get that happiness here. He had to let her go. Sadly he realized Willow was never his except that one night.

Tate pov

Tate had been having a rough time these last few days especially as he watched Smitty who several of the unit knew was the guilty party walk around completely unbothered. The four of the men who knew were getting pretty agitated as they were in lock down because of him. Garcia especially as he had a family, he hadn't seen for two weeks. While most men in the unit lived on the base, a few didn't and Garcia was one of them. His wife badgered him for several years that she wanted a house of their own. Garcia and the other men were forced to sleep in the barracks. Everyone knew to give Garcia a wife birth now, he was pissy as fuck.

Willow had been calling him and sending him a few texts, but they had been getting less frequent as he was unable to respond. She still sent him pictures of Aspen and honestly these were helping him get through this shit confinement. Thought he like the

rest of the unit was tired of being on lockdown from the DOD.

When the investigators walked in today he knew something was different. The past two weeks there were two sergeants who spent hours asking the same questions on repeat. Today there was a captain who looked like he has a stick up his ass. This was not good. The men were immediately separated like normal and he was forced to wait in a small interrogation room for hours on end. Tate was familiar with this tactic as it was what he has used many times before. Tate normally spent this time wondering what Willow was doing, how she was coping with a newborn. If Aspen was a good baby, her texts didn't tell him much other than she got her job. Tate was happy for her and honestly after all of this business he wasn't planning on re-upping his contract. That is if he made it out of this investigation unscathed.

There was no warning as the door suddenly opened. Military standards still demanded he raise to attention and salute his superiors.

“At ease,” the captain informed him and the three men sat themselves down at the long table. Tate still stood at attention as he couldn’t sit until he was ordered to do so. The men took their sweet time getting comfortable, pulling out files from briefcases, going through and reading files. Tate stood for at least thirty minutes before he heard,

“Sit Walker.” Tate finally pulled back out his chair and sat down.

Tate sat down and stared down the three interviewers without flinching just as he had done everyday for the past two weeks. Then finally after minutes of silence the silence.

“Where were you when you left the base on February 26th?” The sergeant on the left

asked. These were the same questions every day.

“I immediately went to my girlfriends house in the suburbs outside of town.”

“That was 426 Maple street?” The sergeant checked his notes.

“I believe that is her address yes, I’m sure you checked my vehicles GPS history,” Tate told them with a sardonic glare.

“Then where did you go?” The same sergeant continued to question him.

“She wasn’t there so I went to the hospital and stayed by her side as she delivered her baby.”

“What is your girlfriend’s name?”

“Willow Steele.”

“Is there anyone else to cooperate your story?”

“Other than Willow? The nurses and doctors?” The Captain in the middle lifted his brow and said,

“Yeah, other than them.” Tate finally decided to pull out the ace in his sleeve,

“Yeah, her godfather stayed with us the whole time.”

“You never mentioned this before,” the sergeant pointed out sharply as if he was committing treason.

“You didn’t ask,” he said not breaking his gaze from the captain. The captain was an arrogant son of a bitch.

“Name?”

“James Cunningham.” The captain laughed and Tate quirked a small smile,

“Something funny?”

“Yeah, you thinking you spent the day with a billionaire.”

“Yeah a billionaire who gives millions to the local VA, and all the vets look up to him cause of what he did in the Gulf. Ya I know who he is.” The men in the room looked doubtful and Tate smiled.

“Take a look at the pictures of my phone,” Tate stated. The protocol stated that phones be given to the investigators once they entered the room.

“What’s your passcode?” The captain asked as he pulled out his iPhone.

“0227,” Tate changed it once Aspen was born. He also changed his background to his girls. The picture really kept him going during these past two weeks.

The captain opened it and after a few minutes his eyebrows shot up. He clearly found the picture of Aspen and James that Willow had sent him, along with the picture of him and Aspen as well.

“I’m assuming you saw the headlines of Cunningham celebrating the birth of his first grandchild, that would be her,” Tate said with a smug smile. While Willow hated the idea of using James’s name to get ahead, Tate didn’t. He was a bit of a legend in local circles but Tate wasn’t able to figure out why. He honestly didn’t care if it could save his neck and jacket. The captain whose name he still didn’t know put his phone away and the attitudes changed. The three men eyed each other before the question started, though this question was different.

“We only want to know what happened on the mission and the day the AK’s went missing.”

“All you have to do is check our body cam footage, we all wear them.” Tate looked at the room. “You haven’t done that yet?” Tate looked around angrily.

“It was all mysteriously malfunctioned,” the sergeant on the right stated.

“That’s a lie, we check our own body cam footage before we leave the base after a mission.”

“Was yours working?” The man on the left asked. Tate nodded,

“All of ours was, I keep mine backed up on a drive at my house. Would you like me to get it for you?” Tate asked not revealing a copy was currently in his pocket.

“Yes one of the MP’s will escort you to your home on base to get the drive.”

Tate was quickly escorted home and went looking for the drive. Sadly the one he knew was at his home was gone. It didn’t come to a surprise, which is why he made multiple copies. He exited his house,

“Did you find the intel?” The MP stationed outside of his house asked and he nodded.

“Hand it over.”

“No I’ll hand it to the captain directly, sir,” the MP was a sergeant and he had to be respectful.

“That’s not how the chain of evidence works Walker.”

“It’s okay Barns, I got it from here,” the sergeant from the interrogation walked up and deescalated the situation. Tate wasn’t handing that information over unless it was on camera. The three of them walked back into the interrogation room and stare handed over the intel. He just had to hope this was the right decision.

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Willow pov

She had spent the last week and half packing up her home with James, Davis, and Bertha. Bertha had been a lifesaver in helping her pack up her house. Her uncle James offered

her the extra hours and Willow was able to promise her to pay her double once her work paid her for her moving expenses.

Willow was unable to deny her uncle any longer when he came to her with an affordable mortgage. She knew that it meant he had put an insane amount down for the down payment. Willow looked to her daughter, at the picture of the beautiful house, and then at the paperwork her uncle put in front of her. Then she signed it as she knew it was in her daughters best interest. She told her uncle that he would get the money back from her in the sale. Her uncle James nodded, but Willow knew that look. It wasn't going to happen.

Willow spent the rest of the week packing up her house and trying to get her daughter on a regular sleep schedule. She knew it was impossible, but from all the articles Willow read online what she was doing seemed to be helping. Aspen only woke up twice in the

night now, which Willow truly appreciated and she was able to sleep more. Though it was a lot of work and prodding to keep Aspen awake during the day. Bertha helped her so much this past week with Aspen and as she was starting to pack up her house.

“You know Bertha I really wish you were coming down with us,” Willow sighed as she finished pumping.

“Me too Willow, I honestly can’t tell you how much of a relief it’s been knowing that Mr. Cunningham gave me extra hours as we have really struggling as of late.”

“I didn’t know things for you were this bad,” Willow commented worried for her and her children.

“Yeah, you and Mr. Cunningham are my only clients. The last two let me go as they couldn’t afford to keep me on any longer,” Bertha told her. Willow believed her inflation was getting the best of everyone. It

was a shame that Bertha and her kids were the ones to suffer.

Willow got to thinking as they packed and decided to broach a topic with her uncle the next day when he came to visit.

“Uncle James, have you hired anyone for your house down in Georgia yet?” Willow asked him.

“Who says I’m moving to Georgia?” Uncle James asked trying to pull off an innocent look and Willow didn’t fall for it. He laughed,

“Okay, the day you signed is the day I signed on papers on a house a couple miles away.” Willow raised an eyebrow.

“It’s far enough away to give you space, but I’m still close enough if you need me...why are you asking about the staff?”

“Well it’s about Bertha,” Willow said and didn’t know how to start.

“Did she do something wrong?” Her uncle James asked.

“No shes amazing! That’s why I’m worried about her, especially when we leave.” Her uncle showed a look of understanding pass across her face.

“Willow tree you can expect some one to move down several states for you,” uncle James said calmly.

“It’s not that! I’m worried for her, not me. Can you please just offer her a job,” Willow begged of her uncle.

“I will, but you can’t expect her to accept.” Her uncle relented and Willow fist pumped in victory.

“She will if you offer her room and board,” Willow says sweetly. Uncle James looked down to Aspen and groans,

“How can I possibly say no to these girls? Especially when I know Bertha helps take care of you?”

Willow didn't say anything else on the matter they just went back to packing up the living room with a smile on her face. Her uncle had bought her tons of boxes and there was a giant U-haul in her driveway.

The process was slow not only due to Aspen, but she had to go through every item to make sure she didn't pack up Knox's things. He still didn't come back for all of his stuff. She was currently sorting out the DVD's in her living room.

“I didn't think young people kept DVD's any longer,” Bertha commented as she boxed up the “Willow pile.”

“Well with streaming services they don't have a lot of the classic movies like this.” Willow held up her copy of ‘The Big Lebowski’ before putting it down, “and some

I just felt better owning as they could remove them at anytime.” Willow held up the tv show series ‘Firefly.’

“Makes sense,” Bertha told her as she continued to put them in their boxes. The DVD’s were mainly hers, but Knox had a handful.

Willow didn’t have a lot of stuff despite living in the house for three years. Willow was mainly finding Knox’s junk. The garage was becoming overflowing with his stuff as that was where she put it. Willow decided the best option was to get in contact with her father-in-law who had been trying to contact her for several days.

Willow gave him a call and their conversation was brief. Jim apologized for Marge forcing her to come over the other day and Willow accepted. Jim asked if he could come over and see the baby when Knox did in the evenings and she agreed. Willow

had to have a conversation with Knox about all of his junk in the garage.

That Thursday evening the two of them came over and as Knox did every day, he eyed the ever growing boxed up house with sadness.

“Here let me get a look at this baby,” Jim said with happiness.

“Dad can I hold my daughter?” Knox asked and Willow passed Aspen to her father-in-law.

“Knox I need to talk to you.” Willow said breaking the tension.

“What is it?” He asked with a wariness.

“The garage is filled with all of your stuff that you had left here, honestly it’s starting to overflow. I really need you to come and get it.”

“I have no where to put it,” Knox told her defensively.

“Me and Memphis will come pick up this weekend,” Jim told her to appease her and Willow was thankful. “We will also move any furniture that is ready to go out.” Willow smiled,

“Thank you Jim, she will need a bottle in a half an hour.” Willow left the room to return to her room and cleaning out her closet.

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That weekend Jim, Memphis, and Knox showed up with two trucks. Knox moved his stuff out of the garage while the other two started in on the house. They moved most of Aspen’s nursery furniture out and just left the rocking chair. Willow spent a fortune on the nursery furniture and she changed her diapers on the couch and Aspen slept next to her in a cheap bassinet. Willow did spend a lot of time with Aspen in the rocking chair soothing her. Memphis and Jim also moved her dining room table, her kitchen hutch, and other small furniture that she didn’t

need. While Knox moved stuff out of the garage and to his parents house to unload it and then came back. Willow offered Knox the smaller pieces of their couch set as it was something they had bought together, but she kept the large sectional. Knox accepted and also accepted the plasma tv that Willow offered. Willow didn't want it as there was three in their house anyway.

The day was long and when it neared five in the evening Willow had sent away for pizza. She didn't stay for the pizza as Aspen was crying and she had to pump. Willow also needed to feed Aspen then put her down for a nap. Willow told the guys that pizza was on its way and she would be gone for the next forty five minutes or so while grabbing a bottle. Aspen was temperamental as the bottle heated up, but finally settled down once Willow put it in her mouth.

Aspen drank ferociously enough that Willow had to take the bottle away a few times so

she didn't puke it back up. Willow gave Aspen a break and tried burning Aspen half way through the bottle. Aspen wasn't having it and started crying again. Willow placed her in the cradle of her arms and started feeding her again. When Aspen finally finished her bottle she seemed satisfied so Willow threw her over her shoulder and burped her. A loud belch followed by spit up covered the rag. Willow placed Aspen in the bassinet next to the bed and got out the pump.

When Willow was done pumping she put the bottles away in the fridge and was glad that no one was in the kitchen to see her. She back to see Aspen crying in her bassinet and Willow scooped her up and laid down with her daughter on the bed. Willow was surprised to feel something under her pillow. She reached for it and saw it was a letter with her name on it. That was Memphis's handwriting she was shocked to

find. Willow quickly opened it and read the letter in shocked confusion.

Dear Willow

I know this letter will not be fair to you, but when you announced you were moving I simply had to get this out. I have fallen in love with you. If I am being honest with myself I have been in love with you for longer than I care to admit. You are a truly amazing person Willow Hayes. You are loving, caring, selfless, beautiful inside and out. Honestly I could go on and on.

When it comes to our night together and my actions after that night I owe you an explanation. While I cherished our night together I felt like I should have chosen family. I now know I chose wrong, I wish I could go back and stay in bed with you forever. I wish to wake up beside you every day, but I know that isn't in the cards for us. You deserve nothing but happiness Willow and I hope you get it at your new job.

Love Memphis

Aspen started to cry again and Willow laid back down with her daughter her mind a whirl. As time ticked by slowly anger started to rise within her. Willow understood why he pulled away from her, hell she always understood. Though for him to declare his love for him like this in a letter before she moved was a low blow. Willow didn't like it at all. Why couldn't he tell her this months ago? Why now?

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Willow pov

“You ready to go?” Her uncle James asked her as she stared at the empty house that was once her home for several years. Willow had mixed feelings now that the move was actually happening. Honestly she was a little scared of the unknown without some one by her side and a baby to raise.

“Are you sure the house is ready for us to move into?” Willow asked her uncle still looking at the house.

“Yes I’m sure,” he responded as he picked up Aspen who was already in her car seat. Willow knew she was just stalling as she was hoping that Tate would pull off a miracle and show up before she left. She waited as long as she could, checked her phone repeatedly, and he was nowhere in sight. Willow gave him one last call and was heartbroken to find that the call didn’t go through.

“This call can not be completed as dialed.” She sighed as she wiped the tear that fell from her eye. Willow had held out hope for a month that Tate was on a mission and wouldn’t leave her, but she couldn’t get in contact with him. Willow tried to hold out hope as she looked over their text logs.

Me: hey guess what I got the job I’m so excited!! It’s been awhile since I heard from

you, I hope you are okay. I miss you like crazy. Please stay safe.

Me: me and Aspen came home from the hospital today, I'm not doing to good. It's been a lot. I wish you were here, I miss you. Please stay safe.

Me: well my uncle helped to buy a house for me in Savannah. The address is 866 Peach Grove Lane. It's in a nice neighborhood. It's a beautiful house. I will be moving in two weeks. I miss you, please stay safe.

Me: I am getting used to being a mom, it's really hard, but I love Aspen and being her mom. I hope this message reaches you wherever you are. Here's a picture of Aspen, she's growing like crazy! Miss you, stay safe.

These texts spanned four weeks and she hadn't heard back from Tate the entire time he had been gone. Willow looked at the last message that came back as undelivered.

Me: I'm not sure why my calls aren't going through, but I am moving today. I hope you are okay. I love you.

She didn't know what happened to Tate Walker, she was just hoping that she was getting ghosted. That he didn't get hurt and she had no idea as she wasn't his emergency contact. Willow let out a sigh and walked out to the driveway and took one last look around praying she was making the right decision.

She caught sight of both of the Hayes brothers in different vehicles on opposite sides of the culda sac. She stood their a moment to see if either of them would get out to come and say goodbye.

"Willow let's go, we are burning daylight!" James yelled from her car. Davis had already left with the UHaul. Willow looked to each of the men and walked to the backseat of the car. Damn Hayes brothers she mumbled under her breath.

“What’s wrong?” Her uncle asked as he pulled out of her driveway. Willow made eye contact with Memphis as they passed him and saw his sad expression.

“Nothing.” Willow shook her head, “when is Bertha and her family joining us?” Willow asked.

“She still has two weeks left on her lease and has to pack up,” her uncle James told her. Bertha, as Willow guessed, jumped at the offer to move down with them. Uncle James told her he would cut her pay slightly as her new job included room and board at his house. Bertha was beyond excited as her income would still be more than what she is getting now after paying rent every month, plus she has a room of her own. Uncle James house has a nice little en-suite for the servants and which included two decent sized rooms. Her girls will share one room and she will take the other. Bertha gushed to her that she will finally be able to send her

kids to a nice school district for once. Bertha was also happy that she would be getting regular hours instead of her chaotic unstable hours. Willow was just happy Bertha accepted as she was able to help out her friend.

Uncle James pulled out on the interstate and Willow prepared herself for the long drive and she was not looking forward to it. The normal fifteen hour drive would most likely take about twice as long as they had to stop every three hour to feed Aspen and she had to pump. Her uncle James was going to have to drive the entirety of the trip as Willow wasn't able to drive on the interstate. She didn't know why, she just couldn't handle being at such fast speeds and anything could happen. Her last panic attack prior to right before her labor was right after she had first met Knox. They took a weekend trip to Providence and they were in gridlock traffic going seventy miles per hour when she thought she was going to die. Knox was

amazing through it and managed to talk her down. She managed to drive well to work on her own and around Boston. Though anytime she went somewhere knew new her anxiety would flare up.

Willow knew she was going to have trouble with this when she moved to a new place, but her uncle James was staying a few months for her to get herself adjusted.

Rowan pov

Willow and his father left for Georgia today and Rowan wished he had the nerve to say goodbye. It was Saturday and here he sat at his desk doing the legwork for Cohen's case. Rowan liked it as it kept his mind busy.

Rowan didn't think about the only woman he loved was moving several states away. He didn't think about the fact that his mother who he loved more than anyone lied and manipulated him his entire life. He didn't think about how whenever his mother called

him now he couldn't pick up the phone cause he couldn't even talk to her. Rowan didn't think about how his ex-girlfriend still managed to call him at least once a day begging him to get back together. Rowan just wanted to work and let all of his problems fade away.

When he had lunch with his dad a few weeks ago Rowan told him that he could move down to Georgia with no guilt. His father shocked the hell out of him when he told him that he would only be in Georgia for two maybe three months before coming back. That he would get Willow settled and then he would be back in Boston. Then his dad would be bouncing back from both houses throughout the year. The conversation was finished when his dad told him that he was looking at private jets. While Rowan was surprise he couldn't help but feel happy inside because he did need his father right now. He was sinking into a pit of despair and he didn't know how to get out. Growing up

Rowan had always been a mama's boy, but to find out that his mom is an awful person is messing with his head. His dad has really been there for him and Willow as well. Rowan is having a difficult time reconciling what he had always been told with the reality.

Rowan left work late that night it was seven when he walked into the entrance of his apartment complex. He groaned when he caught sight of his mother pacing back and forth. Rowan tried to turn around and sneak away unfortunately a voice called out,

"Rowan please just talk to me, can I come up?" His mother begged him. He turned around and faced the woman that was his mother.

"I'm sorry mom but no," Rowan decided to deny his mother entry to his apartment. Rowan with the help of his father got him a nice apartment downtown. It was very expensive and to get past the doorman you

either had to be on the list or have a key. His mother had neither. Rowan only had this apartment a few months and according to his dad it was his graduation gift. The only person who had been in his place was his father, Rowan was too busy with work. His friends from college had invited him out several times, but he always declined. While he claimed to be busy with work, in truth Rowan didn't want to deal with the questions.

"Your father did this didn't he?" His mother hissed out bringing Rowan back to the conversation.

"Did what?" He asked confused and looked warily to the door man who stood nearby.

"Yup it was your father and that slut Willow," she went on not listening to him.

"Mom don't talk about her that way!" He raised his voice slightly and his mother looked shocked.

“Really Rowan? Did your father poison you against me already?” His mothers eyes were filled with anger and malice.

“No mom you did a good enough job of that on your own, now please leave you are embarrassing me.” Rowan gestured toward the door, but his comment seemed to bring her up short.

“What are you talking about Rowan?” He let out a sigh,

“Why do you think I haven’t talked to you in months mom? I heard you and dad arguing that day of the gender reveal.” His mothers eyes widen,

“No.” Rowan nodded,

“Yes, I heard how my whole life was a lie. How you were the one who poisoned me against my father.”

“But Rowan-“

“No mom, I love you, but I don’t think I can forgive you for what you did.” Rowan told his mother and then went to the elevator that thankfully was already at the ground floor. Rowan entered the elevator and left his mother standing the lobby.

Rowan went to his apartment and sat down on the couch as he felt himself deflate from the argument. While he felt like crying Rowan held it in and decided he needed to go on with his nightly routine. That’s what he did, he showered, made dinner, had a quick work out, and then went to bed. Only to repeat it all again the next day.

My Husband Cheated with My Bully Chapter 55

Willow pov

“Well what do you think?” Her uncle James asked as she looked at the picture of a beautiful Antebellum style house. Willow briefly looked at the split level house and

then the ranch style house and then went back to the first one. Her uncle came over that morning to help, but also apparently to show her some for sale houses down in Savannah.

“I love it, but what’s the catch?” She asked looking shrewdly at her uncle who was rocking Aspen. Willow could tell her uncle had been waiting patiently for her to get out of the shower to spring this on her.

“No catch,” her uncle said with a shrug and she continued to glare. “What? You were right, it is cheaper down in Georgia. That neighborhood is the safest, it has the best school district, best student to teacher ratio.” Uncle James continue to rattle on, but Willow wondered how she would be able to afford it. The house was five hundred thousand and it would take months for her current house to sell. There was also that pesky detail that she owed about four hundred thousand probably more.

“I want to buy the house but I can’t afford it,” Willow admitted depressed. She had no money for a down payment. She had to give most of the money her uncle James gave to her to Knox in the divorce. Willow sighed, no one wins in a divorce.

“Willow...”

“No I’m going to have to rent, millions of people rent, I’m going to have to adjust to my new lifestyle,” Willow said adamantly.

“What is that idiot not paying his support?” Her uncle said getting a little angry as he rocked Aspen who was starting to feel the anger.

“I never said that, but I know enough that I shouldn’t rely on that, I have to live like there is one income.”

“Willow...” her uncle tried again but Willow checked the time and realized she was going to be late.

“Uncle I have to go or I’m going to be late. Will you put Aspen in the carrier?” Willow stood up and started gathering the hundreds of things that she now needed as a mom in order to leave the house.

“I don’t like you leaving the house,” her uncle muttered but complied.

“Well I plan on telling Knox I’m moving and I think with his family there it will be helpful, so I just want to get it over and done with. I also have to start packing up my house and list it,” Willow explained as she started loading up her baby bag. Aspen started crying as her uncle put her in the car seat.

“I’ll hire some movers to help and your company should reimburse you,” her uncle told her as she tried to soothe the baby.

“Look uncle I really don’t want to go, I’m exhausted, still in pain, and Aspen has just started to get on a sleep schedule. But the quicker I get it done, the better.” Willow

finally managed to calm down Aspen and went back to packing her bag. Willow knew she was forgetting something, but decided to go anyway as Uncle James told her Davis had pulled up.

“All right, I’ll just go ahead with the purchase of the house then,” her uncle said as he got Aspen settled into the car. Willow groaned and tried to argue but Davis pulled away.

“Willow you know your uncle just wants you safe,” Davis said as he pulled out of the drive. Willow sighed and looked down at her daughter who was not happy about being constrained in a a car seat. Aspen was spoiled for being held by some one and despite what the experts claimed Willow continued to hold her baby. She smiled and didn’t argue any further, or would be another problem for another day.

Willow did her best to soothe her daughter and it was finally starting to work as the car

got onto the highway. Her mind drifted toward Tate as she finally had peace and quite for the first time in a long time. Willow pulled out her phone and tried sending him a message again. She hadn't heard from him in two weeks, which was unusual. Willow knew he was unable to take his personal phone with him on a mission as it could get hacked and the enemy could pinpoint his location. Though Willow had never gone this long before without hearing from him. She was starting to get worried about him.

Davis pulled up to the Hayes house and Willow looked at the house with resignation. She didn't want to do this.

“When should I pick you up Willow?”

“Three hours.” Willow was barely able to get out of the car when she was besieged by her former in-law's.

“Oh let me see the baby!!” Marge said as took the carrier away from her. Once they

had the baby they went back into the house completely forgetting about her. Willow let out a sigh and turned around at the sound of Davis's voice,

“You sure about the three hours?”

“No, I'll call you.” Willow walked into the house and saw four adults surrounding the baby, well at least they didn't invite the full block. It was a full twenty minutes of everyone playing pass the newborn before Willow went ahead and escaped to Knox's old room to pump. She pulled out the pump after locking the door and managed to pump unbothered for once which was nice.

When she finished pumping and walked out of Knox's room Marge approached her with a crying Aspen. Willow quickly took her daughter and checked the time while trying to settle her down.

“I don't know why, but she wasn't able to settle down, I changed her diaper but it

didn't help." Her next bottle wasn't due for another twenty minutes, but Willow thought it was best to feed her. Willow went to find her diaper bag while putting away her pump, and trying to keep Aspen quiet.

"Here let me help," Knox offered, but Willow shrugged him off. Willow pulled out one of the bottles from her lunch box and went to the microwave in the kitchen.

"Willow just let me help we are really bonding," Knox offered and Willow put the bottle in for thirty seconds.

"Knox she just wants me okay, you can't help right now." She tried to gently but firmly tell him. Willow pulled out the bottle at twenty second and checked it after swirling it around. She tested it on her wrist and it was still too cold. Willow put it back in the microwave until it was just right and gave it to Aspen who started full on wailing.

“Willow dinner is almost ready, but I can’t find your dessert. Where is it?” Marge asked as Willow finally managed to get Aspen to settle. Willow just stood there completely floored.

“Are you serious?” Willow asked as Memphis and Jim walked into the kitchen.

“What’s going on?” Jim asked and Willow struggled but managed to pull out her phone and call Davis.

“Need saving?” Davis asked.

“Yes can you please come get me?” Willow asked and the Hayes looked at her surprised.

“I’m here, I never left the neighborhood.”

“I’ll be out once Aspen is done with her bottle.”

“What’s going on Willow, if it’s Knox-“ Jim started but Willow interrupted him.

“No, your wife wanted to know why I didn’t make dessert for everyone after having just pushed out a baby two weeks ago.”

“Mom! Really?” Memphis asked shocked and Willow rolled her eyes.

“What? She always makes our desserts,” Marge defended herself.

“Really Marge? If I recall you didn’t cook at all for six weeks after the babies were born.”

“That’s different.”

“How?” Knox asked and Willow let out a heavy sigh as she watched Aspen drink from her bottle.

“There was only one reason I came here today, and that was to tell you all that I got the job.” Willow told the room and looked at everyone. She saw the disappointment in most everyone’s faces except Knox.

“What job?” Knox asked her.

“I was promoted to full editor,” Willow told him.

“That’s great Willow,” Knox said with a smile.

“The job is in Georgia, and I accepted.” Willow’s tone was stated with finality and the look on the Hayes’ face was filled with horror and sadness.

“You can’t!” Knox burst out and Willow put her daughter over her shoulder and tried to burp her.

“Yes I can, and I will. There is nothing here for us.”

“When can I see my daughter?!” Knox burst out with. Willow nods,

“You have three weeks of vacation every year. You can take one weekend some times two weekends a month, fly or drive down and spend the weekend with us and go back

to work.” Willow had thought about this rationally.

“My vacation time is gone! I don’t have the money to do any of that!” Knox screamed out.

“Do NOT yell at me in front of our daughter,” Willow said in a lethal tone and she watched as Knox checked himself. He finally nodded, “I’m sorry.” Willow accepted the apology with a nod.

“Fine, now what do you mean you don’t have any vacation days left? When have you used them?” Willow asked and he looked away.

“So instead of using them to go to my doctors appointments you were with a woman. Now to the better question, how do you not have any money? I gave you twenty thousand dollars in the divorce settlement, not even six months ago.”

“What?!” His father and Memphis screamed out.

“He didn’t tell you? The judge ordered I pay him out of what he put into the house, which is twenty thousand dollars, that would buy him a lot of plane tickets.”

“I umm... well I needed money for my apartment,” Knox mumbled out and Willow finally heard Aspen burp. Willow sighed,

“I don’t know why you have to constantly lie to me. Im willing to fly back a few times a year, but Knox you make one hundred thousand dollars a year. If you didn’t blow through your money on trivial things then we could make this work. Im sorry. I have to go, Davis is waiting for me.” Willow put her daughter back in her car seat and left the Hayes family without even eating dinner.

Tate pov

He knew how these investigations worked so when everyone was bitching and moaning

Tate managed to get into the computer system. He made multiple copies of his body cam footage and Smitty's finicials and put them on diffeeent storage devices. Tate went to the few locations in the base without cameras like the bathroom and the closet and hid them.

Tate made it back to the conference room just in time as the DOD members came storming in commanding full authority and autonomy. The unit was split up and questioned endlessly for hours before sent to their barracks. Their homes on base were being searched that night. The men came back and everyone was given strict orders not to contact anyone at all outside the base. Tate was pissed he couldn't talk to Willow but he was expecting it. Now here it was two weeks later and it was the same day on repeat.

Tate woke up, showered, at breakfast, reported in, sat in the conference room with

the men for several hours, did some exercises, the DOD men interrogated him and the others separated for a few hours, and then he went home for dinner.

Everyone was going stir crazy and Tate knew that that was the intention of the DOD, he just had to remain level headed.

My Husband Cheated with My Bully Chapter 56

Tate pov

The investigation only got odder as time went on. The day after he gave that prick or a captain his body cam footage everyone's phone was confiscated. That was over two weeks ago. His phone along with everyone else's must be out of service. The DOD moved everyone in the unit to the barracks.

Tate was asked about every mission he had went on since he enrolled in the army. He tried approaching his CO, but every time

Tate approached the old lieutenant a subtle shake of his head. Tate was getting pissed off and he wasn't the only one. Tensions were high among the men, and the unit started fighting with each other. Despite knowing it was a tactic the brass was intentionally inflecting on them. It was effective for a reason. Isolation messed with a persons mind. People literally went crazy from it. What drove Tate mad was that Smitty became the unit's cheerleader. He told everyone to hang in there and that we are stronger than this.

Then one night something strange happened.

Willow pov

She was so exhausted by the time she got out of the shower and sat down to pump. Her uncle had taken Aspen giving her some free time as Willow had been dealing with a cranky newborn the majority of the day. Poor Aspen she was stuck in her car seat all day and all she wanted was to be held. The

drive was as bad as she expected it to be, Aspen was tired, cranky, and fought against the car seat the last few hours of the drive. They had hoped to make it to South Carolina before stopping for the night, but they were in Rocky Mount North Carolina. Which means they had about five hours left to drive tomorrow. Hopefully they would be able to get into Savannah by tomorrow evening given Aspen's reaction to the long car ride.

Willow sat down with her top off and attached the pumped to her and decided to finally check her phone as it had been away from her for the past several hours.

Willow thought something was wrong as she had fifteen missed calls and several voicemails from Diane, she thought something was definitely wrong because she never gave Diane her new number. Then she started to cry when she listened to the voicemails. They were all filled with hate about how she had ruined her whole life,

that Rowan hated her, and it was all Willow's fault. Diane even called her a bastard child. The hate just spewed from the messages and Willow didn't understand why. She set her phone down and just stared at it in sadness and confusion.

Willow continued to pump until she was dry. Then got up and put away the milk in the hotel's fridge. Willow double checked that the fridge was on so the milk didn't spoil. Willow wished she was stronger and that she didn't let the words of the woman she had always viewed as family get to her. Willow couldn't stop herself from feeling the pain of those words her aunt had hurled at her.

There was a knock at the adjoining door and Willow got up to answer it after putting her clothes on. When she opened the door her uncle knew something was wrong. Her uncle's smiling face with an equally happy

Aspen finally changed to a somber one once he got a good look at her.

Willow saw that Aspen had fresh clothes on and she smiled thinking that her uncle took great care of her daughter. He took great care of her, was there a reason?

“What is it?” Willow quickly took Aspen from her uncle taking comfort from her daughter. She went to the bed and laid Aspen down who stretched out happily as she was finally free from the restraints of her car seat. Willow just stared at her daughter and played with Aspen’s tiny foot. So tiny, she couldn’t help but think.

“Willow?” Her uncle asked again curious. Her uncle sat in the chair next to the tv and refrigerator, but was trying to gain her attention.

Willow simply pulled out her phone and played one of the messages on speaker for her uncle to hear. The longer the message

went on the more fury she saw in her uncles eyes. When the message was finally over Willow finally asked the tough question.

“Uncle James why does Diane hate me so much?” Willow saw her uncle’s face contort to one of pain.

“Willow I-“

“Is it because you are my father?” She asked the words that had been brewing within her for a long time. Honestly she would love for James Cunningham to be her father. Though honestly it wouldn’t make any sense as he was throwing her and Rowan together. James shook his head firmly.

“No you aren’t my daughter, but you aren’t Steele’s daughter either,” he dropped a huge bomb on her.

“What?” Willow choked out, that couldn’t be possible. Could it? Her uncle James took his wallet and then took out a picture he had folded up and showed it to her. She saw the

Cunningham side of the family. Her uncle was in his military uniform so he could have only been eighteen or twenty at the most, Willow looked at the rest of the family, but there was an adolescent there she didn't recognize.

"Who is that? He looks just like you," Willow marveled and pointed him out.

"That Willow is your father and one of my brothers," her uncle James said rocking her existence.

"What?" Willow asked shocked as she had never heard about him. Though James was never close with the Cunningham's from what she saw.

"Well technically he wasn't my brother, he was about six years younger than me, and the kid had a hard life." Her uncle sighed as he looked at the picture. "His name was Jake Anderson and he lived next door. His mother was an addict and when DCFS took him away

our parents took him in. Jake had no other family. I viewed him as a brother, the Cunningham's adopted him. We loved him like our own." Her uncle told her and Willow was just left with more questions.

"Where is he? Did he not want me? What happened?" Willow asked frantic to know more.

"What would you like to know first?" Her uncle asked.

"Did my mom cheat on my dad? I mean even though he kind of deserved it, but..." Willow felt an array of emotions swirling through her.

"To my knowledge they were 'taking a break'" her uncle said using air quotes even though it's clear he didn't believe it. "We were all out one night when Jake was on leave and we all went home with different people," her uncle said and was cringing.

"Really?" Willow raised a brow.

“It was the nineties, and honestly I think that was the only time your mother was unfaithful to your father,” he said with a shrug. “Anyway Jake left for Korea and guarding the 32nd parallel was bad enough that he was killed. It was nine months later you came and I immediately knew you were Jake’s. The bad thing was that Diane thought you were mine. He looked so much like me, despite not being actual blood relations. I tried to offer a paternity test she wouldn’t hear of it. I thought she would get more rational and it was just her hormones as Rowan came a few months later. Though it just got worse and Diane became more jealous.” Uncle James looked at her with love in his eyes, “but I knew you were a blessing as you were the last thing we had from Jake.”

“So when you always insisted I call you uncle James?” Willow questioned and he smiled.

“It’s because I truly am your uncle sweetheart, at least I feel that way. This is why I always looked out for you, you and Aspen are my family.”

“My dad-I mean-“ Willow was having a lot of trouble with this new reality. Aspen started to cry so Willow picked her up.

“I’m pretty sure he thought the same as Diane, that I was the father but I wasn’t. Then overtime you started to look more like your mother, but your father truly never wanted kids at all. He only wanted a wife to perfect his image.” Her uncle said with disgust.

“Do you know why my parents were on break in the first place?”

“All I know is your father called it off and then went back to your mother after a few months. Your mother truly loved your father.”

“Okay, but I don’t get why Diane is being nasty now, after all of this time,” Willow tried to figure out.

“Rowan finally figured out that his mother had been lying to him for awhile. She blames you as she had always blamed you instead of accepting responsibility for her own actions.” Willow sat there for awhile trying to absorb all of this information. Aspen’s tiny foot jerked and brought her back to the present.

“Maybe you should distance yourself from me, and do the right thing for your family,” Willow suggested out of the blue. She loved her uncle, but she wanted what was best for him and Rowan.

“Willow when I say you are my daughter and Aspen is my granddaughter I mean it. You both had a trust in your name. Also I’m not going anywhere, Rowan knows you need me right now. Rowan needs me as well and I am there for him too.”

“What? A trust?” Willow asked shocked hearing only that part.

“Yes, you have had a trust in your name for a very long time, I’ve always managed it for you.”

“How much is in Aspen’s?” She asked not caring about her own.

“I initially put in five million dollars,” her uncle told her and her jaw dropped.

“Five million dollars?” She asked shocked.

“What about Rowan?” Willow asked curious and uncle James laughed,

“Rowan has a trust which he has dipped into a few times with my permission. He now has full access to it since he graduated law school. I am just thankful I managed to rid him of that awful Silverton woman before he came into it.”

“Yeah, me too,” Willow said gruffly and Aspen started crying. Willow picked up her daughter and started to shush her.

“Willow I didn’t mean-“

“It’s okay-“ she interrupted her uncle’s words of comfort. “Why don’t you go take a shower, it looks like you need it,” she suggested. Uncle James gave her a weary eye but nodded before leaving her to her thoughts. Willow walked over to the windows of the hotel room and looked out at the North Carolina sky with her heart full of pain. Willow rubbed her daughters bottom and patted it soothingly.

How was she going to come to terms with this new reality or did it even affect her? She hadn’t spoken to her father civilly in six month and the last time she spoke to her mother it was for a favor. Willow had to assume despite the on going affair her parents never got divorced. Willow sighed, I guess the two of them were her mother and

her stepfather. James Cunningham raised her more than her 'parents' ever did. Despite the fallout her uncle James made sure that Willow was taken care of like any good parent should. She felt Aspen turn her head against and Willow knew the only thing she needed to focus on right now was her daughter and the next phase of her life. This is why she moved away to begin with.

My Husband Cheated with My Bully Chapter 57

Willow pov

Stepping out the car with her crying baby in her arms the first thing Willow noticed was the weather. It had to be around seventy degrees and sunny which was nice for March compared to Boston. When the car left Boston the high for the day was fifty and Willow was wearing long sleeves with a bundled up Aspen. Willow took the thick blanket off of Aspen as she thought she

might be getting hot. Aspen still had a swaddled on plus a thick onesie. It didn't matter as Aspen continued to cry. Willow tried to soothe her and look around her new home. Willow smiled as she saw two low hanging trees in her yard, one was a Willow tree and the other was a dogwood tree. Willow thought it would be funny if she planted Aspen next to her tree.

“Nice isn't it?” Her uncle commented over the screaming baby. Willow looked around the neighborhood and it was everything the pictures shown. She was admiring her beautiful two story yellow antebellum house when someone interrupted her trying to calm Aspen.

“Are you the new neighbors?” A voice to the right asked us. Willow turned and saw a woman in her fifties near the bushes looking at us oddly. Willow also noticed she was trying to see inside the UHaul. The woman seemed to be the definition of a rubberneck.

“Why yes ma’am my niece here is,” her uncle explained as he walked over taking charge of the situation.

“Does that baby cry all the time?” The woman asked and Willow took offense to that. Aspen had a hard two day drive and she had to adjust to different weather conditions.

“Oh don’t mind Mrs. Baker, she’s just that way,” Willow turned and saw an African American male probably in his early thirties or late twenties approach her from the opposite side of her new home.

“Doesn’t mean that it is right,” Willow responded as she eyed the man carefully, he seemed friendly enough. He was also incredibly handsome Willow couldn’t help but notice with a nice smile tall lithe body style. The man stood straight which reminded her of Tate and his friends who were in the military.

“I see your husband took care of her soon enough,” he stated wryly. Aspen had finally calmed down and Willow was able to have an adult conversation.

“What?” She responded utterly confused. The male pointed to her uncle who had ran off the older woman.

“You mean my uncle? Gross,” Willow said with a face filled with disgust.

“Oh,” the man’s face changed. “I’m your neighbor on the other side Isiah, my daughter is napping now otherwise I’m sure she’d love to meet your daughter.” Willow smiled at her neighbor, but was wondering when she could bow out of the conversation.

“I’m Willow, this is my daughter Aspen.”

“It’s nice to meet you.” Isiah may be handsome but all she wanted to do now was look at her new house. Her uncle walked over and introduced himself to the man.

“You know there’s usually a cook out between all the neighbors once a month, this month it’s at my place. You should come,” Isiah offered.

“I don’t know...” Willow trailed off.

“We’d be happy to come, when is it?” her uncle accepted for her.

“It’s this Saturday,” Isiah explained. Willow was saved from more neighborly chatting when Aspen started to cry loudly again.

“Take her inside Willow, I will be inside in a bit,” her uncle told her as she was already heading for the door.

Willow walked inside the home and despite the sparse furnishings she was blown away by the beauty of the historic house. The first room was open and lead to other rooms. One could see the sprawling staircase from here. The floors from what she could see were hardwood. The ceiling was tall, around nine foot. Aspen broke her out of her musing by

crying and showing her unhappiness. Willow turned to the right hoping the kitchen was that way. She went through the swinging door and found the kitchen. Willow only had a second to admire the beautiful kitchen before Aspen's cries raised to a fever pitch. Willow tried to put in her pacifier as Willow juggled the bottle bag. Aspen sucked on the pacifier for two seconds before spitting it out realizing it wasn't attached to milk. Willow thanked Davis a million times as he already had her microwave installed. She had managed to get the bottle out and the microwave while Aspen was working up a full scale meltdown. Finally the microwave beeped and Willow swirled the milk, checked the temp, and put it in Aspen's mouth.

Aspen was finally content with her bottle so Willow finally walked through the house. Willow heard the door open and assumed it was her uncle coming in the house.

“Here,” he told her as they both walked into the entry room. “I’ll feed her and you look at your new house.” Willow gladly gave Aspen to her uncle. Willow went back to the kitchen and then the other swinging door to the dinning room. Willow knew immediately she would have to find a different table and chairs as hers looked shabby in that gorgeous room. Her kitchen but sat in the corner and there were two large bay windows letting in the evening sunlight. Willow was on the fence about the color of the room as a it was reddish hue. She may have to change that.

Willow walked back to through the kitchen, and found herself in the carpeted living room where she found her uncle sitting on her sectional watching tv.

“How is this all set up already?” She asked curious.

“I have been here for two days Willow,” Davis stated from the other end of the room holding Willow trying to burb her.

“Oh Davis! Thank you for everything!” Willow said as she sat down on her reliable couch. Willow was exhausted from the two day drive and dealing with an agitated four week old baby throughout the drive.

“Do you want to see the upstairs? I put your things in the master but I haven’t done anything else as I wasn’t sure which room you’d want for Aspen.”

“Yeah I will, are we ordering in tonight?” Willow asked.

“I already ordered Chinese Willow,” Davis responded.

“Thank you Davis.”

Willow walked up the stairs and there was a short hallway. She opened the first door on the left and knew this was her home office.

The room was smaller, had a tiny window, and no closet. She closed the door and went to the second door. Upon opening the door she knew this would be Aspen's room. The room was large, had a walk-in closet, and a large window, and a small balcony for Aspen to sit outside. While Willow had to close off that balcony now, she could see Aspen in ten years reading out there.

Willow then opened the door to what was the master bedroom and fell in love. She saw her furniture there, but she was drawn to her own balcony. Willow went outside as she couldn't stop herself. The balcony gave her a view of her backyard and she just happened to see her neighbor Isiah playing with his daughter in his own backyard. Isiah seemed to notice he was being watched and looked up at her with a smile. Willow smiled back at him and gave him a wave. Willow wasn't sure what to make of her neighbors, they seemed too friendly. However, she heard that's just how people were in the South.

Willow came back in from the balcony looking around at her room, she noticed the bathroom attached to her room with a smile. She would definitely have to invest in more furniture as she could see a place for a vanity and small couch in the room. There was a knock on her door and in walked her uncle.

“Dinner is here.”

“Hey uncle James I have a question.” Willow had never asked this of her uncle, but she thought it wouldn’t hurt.

“What is is Willow tree?” James asked looking at her.

“Do I have any money in my trust to get some money for some furniture?” Willow asked as she took Aspen from him.

“You don’t have to use your trust, I still owe you a birthday gift,” her uncle responded. Birthday? Honestly she completely forgot her birthday and couldn’t even remember the

last time some one gave her a truly thoughtful birthday gift. Honestly it was probably her uncle. Knox never bothered to find out what type of gift she would have liked or wanted.

Knox pov

His family left him and there was nothing he could do about it. He saw his brother at the opposite end of his old street watching his wife leave. Knox tried to get out of the car and say goodbye, but it was like he was frozen. He couldn't say goodbye, Knox had seen Aspen the night before they had left. Willow had left him take Aspen to the park down the street while she finished packing up the house.

Knox had a blast with his daughter, simply walking around the park. Aspen was bundled up as he held her close to his chest in the swing, sat in the bench, pointed out at the dogs, and did other little things. It was the first time he felt like an actual father to his

daughter. He knew he was being followed the whole time, by a man he had seen with James before. He couldn't even blame Willow's uncle as Knox had been erratic for the past several months. Knox looked into his daughters eyes that were becoming a mirror of his wife's and vowed it wouldn't be the last time. The day the two of them left Knox honestly couldn't face Willow. He just couldn't after their last argument as she was right.

Knox knew that he wanted to be in his daughters life so he did some major changes the next week. He went to the car dealership and traded his BMW for a nice reliable vehicle with good gas mileage. That damned Camry Willow wanted him to get, Knox no longer had a car payment, and some money left over.

Knox did lie to Willow as he had a few days of vacation left and so he decided to take the twenty-ninth of March off work. Knox

emailed Willow to let him know his desire to see their daughter. She okayed and told him that he could stay in a spare room, but she didn't have a bed for him. Knox borrowed his father's air mattress. Knox was going to fly down, but with tickets at almost four hundred dollars he decided to leave Thursday night after work so he could spend all Friday with Aspen and leave Sunday evening.

Knox also decided to stay the weekend before Willow started at her new job as Knox knew she would be nervous. He remembered Willow's anxiety the night before her first day at the publishing house. It was her first 'adult job,' as she called it. Willow was up until two that night and the only way to get her to sleep was to wear her out with love making. Knox remembered that night fondly, while he knows there won't be a recurrence Knox just wants to help Willow. Her anxiety always shows up during

‘big life moments.’ Knox has his plan in place now all he has to do it execute it.

My Husband Cheated with My Bully Chapter 58

Tate pov

A hand covered his mouth and he did was he was trained to do, he fought back. Tate stepped on the instep of the person behind him before elbowing him in the solar plexus.

“Tate wait,” he heard a groan from Garcia. Tate turned around with his dick hanging out as he was going to the John.

“What’s going on?” He asked as he quickly tucked himself away.

“We finally got word that they are being moved,” Garcia said.

“Have you been in on this the whole time?” He asked furious and Garcia shook his head no.

“No, I haven’t. I’ve been as pissed as everyone else.” Tate was confused but followed Garcia out of the bathroom and into a private conference room. When he entered the only people in the room was his CO as well as the captain from the DOD.

“What’s going on?” Tate asked, “sir.”

“The cache of AK’s are finally on the move, we need to act quickly,” his CO stated. Tate didn’t comment about why there was a dog and pony show. He just did as he was told and geared up with Garcia.

Tate checked his own weapon and then they went back to the surveillance room where it was littered with MP’s.

“Here are the men in the unit you will be working with Sergeant Garcia and Specialist Walker,” his CO announced.

“How can we trust them sir?” One MP asked and pissed Tate off.

“Walker was the first to suspect Sergeant Rogers and had a look into his finical. These go back several years and the highlighted transactions are suspicious. Furthermore Walker’s bodycam shows Rogers to be interested in the cache of weapons recovered.”

“Why not arrest him? Why put the unit through this month long investigation?” One MP asked and that was the million dollar question.

“We fear Rogers wasn’t acting alone. We especially believe he had help from a higher up.”

“What’s the status of the planted AK’s?” Tate asked he didn’t care about Smitty’s motives. He just wanted the fucker behind bars.

“The cache of weapons that had been planted with GPS tracking had gone dark, we assumed they found the tag. However, it seemed they were in a location that could

block our reception. They started moving a few hours ago.”

“Probably moving them to the location of the sale,” Tate stated.

“Our thoughts as well,” the captain commented. “Our goal tonight gentlemen is not to kill anyone involved. We want them taken alive and to be put through a trial. This is not a kill mission understood?” The captain shouted and the men in the room responded with a resounding.

“Yes sir!”

“Wheels up in ten.” God was he glad this nightmare was going to be over soon.

Willow pov

Saturday evening came and uncle James convinced her to join the neighborhood barbecue. He even watched Aspen as Willow wasn't comfortable with her being around a large group of people without her shots.

Willow sat at her new vanity and finished getting ready. The day was nice and sunny at around seventy degrees but her allergies were going haywire from the drastic change. Willow had been taking allergy meds for the past several days and unpacking. She got an email from Knox that he planned to drive down in two weeks. It would be the weekend before she started her job. She sent him a quick email back telling him that it would be okay. Willow truly wanted Knox in her daughters life so she was glad to see him making an effort, she only hoped it would last.

Willow wore a black sundress with a blue shrug in case she got cold. She couldn't wear any makeup as she had no idea where her makeup was. She headed downstairs and saw her uncle, Davis, and Aspen sleeping on the couch.

“You sure you don’t want to come uncle James?” Willow asked as she was feeling a bit nervous.

“Nah, I’d rather watch golf,” her uncle responded and Willow knew not to ask Davis as he’d stay with her uncle. Willow had wait until she heard people in her neighbors yard. She didn’t want to get there too early as first interactions were awkward enough. The past few days she hadn’t seen her neighbors as Willow hadn’t left her house much other than a few trips to the closest Walmart for supplies.

Willow walked over and enjoyed the cooling spring breeze. She also spent the time hyping herself up.

The party seemed to be pretty diverse as there was a mix of every ethnic background, though caucasians and African Americans seemed to be more prevalent than Asians and Hispanic. It didn’t bother her as her old neighborhood was pretty mixed as well,

though up in Boston there wasn't a feeling of community. At least in her neighborhood, there was in the Hayes's.

"Hey who are you?" A large African American man towered over her as she had barely walked into the backyard.

"I'm Willow, I just moved in next door," she responded to the man who wasn't menacing, but wasn't welcoming either.

"Hey cousin you invite a white girl to dinner tonight?" The man hollered and soon Isiah showed up with his daughter in tow and smile on his face.

"Yeah this is Willow, you remember the work we did on her house," he commented and the man busted out in a laugh.

"I know, I'm just messing with you girl, the name is Darius," Darius put his hand out and a Willow put her hand out for a firm handshake.

“Nice to meet you Darius,” Willow said with a smile.

“Daddy said you have a baby,” the little girl piped up. Willow thought the girl was three years old, but she spoke pretty well for being three.

“Willow this is my daughter Mona,” Isiah introduced his daughter.

“It’s nice to meet you,” Willow scooped down on Mona’s level to talk to her.

“Where’s your baby?” Mona asked her.

“Well Aspen still hasn’t had her shots yet so I didn’t want to expose her to anything. She’s at home for tonight, but I’m sure me and you dad can talk about you coming over to visit when I am a little more moved in. How does that sound?” Willow asked smiling at the girl who seemed excited to meet Aspen.

“Please daddy! Please can I see the baby?”
Mona begged her dad who smiled down at her,

“Sure thing baby cakes.” Mona let out a squeal and took off running.

“Thank you, she’s been talking about that baby of yours since you showed up this morning,” Isiah told her and Willow responded with a smile.

“No problem.”

“Isiah your meat is burning!” Some one shouted and the man took off running and she was left with a group of people staring at her intently.

“Husband?” Darius asked her.

“Divorced,” she responded succinctly and only caused Darius to smile wider.

“Why did you move?” A female a little older than her asked.

“A job opportunity.”

“What’s your job?” Darius asked staying in the conversation.

“I just accepted the position as an editor.”

“What publishing house?” An Asian woman asked walking up.

“Seward Books,” she responded and the woman’s face turned sour.

“My cousin applied for that job and got turned down. I see they decided to bring in some one from out of state.” The woman sneered at her. Willow was miffed at the woman,

“Actually the owners went with an internal candidate. Seward books has several locations, I was a junior editor at the one in Boston since I graduated college.”

“Burn,” Darius snickered and several other people laughed and the woman stalked off.

“Don’t worry about the Lee’s they aren’t that bad once you get to know them, I’m Cora,” the woman who was clearly Darius’s partner introduced herself.

“Nice to meet you.”

“All right! Food’s on!” A voice hollered and the people that were surrounding her like sharks looking for blood in the water dispersed clearly finding something more appealing. Willow stood back waiting for others to get their own food before she got in line. The food table was piled high with things like ribs, coleslaw, Mac n cheese, biscuits, and it all looked delicious. Willow filled her plate.

She turned around and looked for a place to sit as the table was filled with people.

“Willow sit with us!” Moana cried out and ran up to her.

“I’d love to,” Willow said and followed the cute little girl. Willow sat next to Moana and

another female she hadn't been introduced to yet. She sat across from Darius who paid more attention to his food than anything else. Willow dug into her food and immediately her mouth caught on fire. She tried to hide it by discreetly drinking the sweet tea, but there was chuckles around her.

"A warning would have been nice," she rasped out to Isiah who shrugged his shoulders.

"Blame him." Willow looked to Darius who smiled and continued to eat his ribs.

"Damn cousin, you definitely went all out for this barbecue."

"Daddy got his contract," Moana announced.

"That's great!" Cora congratulated Isiah.

"What contract?" Willow asked.

“Some rich old guy bought a run down mansion a couple miles from here. Every contractor has been on tender hooks to who would get the contract,” Darius explained and Willow immediately knew it was her uncles house.

“It’s a big deal for you?” She asked Isiah.

“Yeah the house needs a lot of work, so it will be at least six months.”

“Do you know why he hired you over O’Shay’s?” Darius asked him.

“Yeah something about helping out a fellow veteran,” Isiah said with a shrug. Willow smiled internally that sounded like her uncle.

“Guy sounds crazy,” Darius responded.

“Cause he wants to help out a small business?” Willow asked tartly and everyone looked at her. “Maybe that’s why people go to the big company’s.”

“She’s right,” Isiah said before Darius could say anything. “We have to start work tomorrow morning, so don’t get too drunk tonight. The owner is willing to pay overtime to get it done faster.” Isiah told her and just then some one called him over to another area of the backyard. Willow continued to eat while Darius gave her disgruntled looks. She just smiled back at him as she ate.

Willow finally ended up striking up a conversation with the woman next to her and it took a turn for the worst.

“Hey what’s your last name?”

“Steele, why?” Willow asked curious.

“I knew I recognized you!” The woman started to get animated but Willow was still clueless.

“Not you, but your name. This is you isn’t it?” The woman pulled out Tate’s book and Willow smiled,

“Yeah I was the editor of the book.”

“Yeah my cousin was married to him and when she saw this book our she swore to win him back.”

“Cousin?” Willow asked with her heart in her throat.

“Yeah, I don’t know the details other than she was a barracks bunny. I didn’t know he was from North Carolina until this book. I thought he was from Georgia like us.”

“Barracks bunny?” Willow asked confused and the woman blushed.

“Yeah we all have the phase around here where we chase the guys in uniform as it’s a base town. My cousin though she never got over it. She always went for a man in uniform whether it was a cops, firefighters, or a military man.”

“So you said she saw this book and went after Tate? When was this?” Willow asked curious.

“Oh about a month or so ago, she had just broken up with the man she had left him for. He was some special ops like Tate was...” the woman droned on and on but all Willow heard was that Tate’s ex-wife went to get him back right after he stopped responding to her calls. Tate told her that he left for a mission, but he never responded. Was it a lie? Knox lied to her and cheated on her. Willow found a way to politely excuse herself and went home. She needed her daughter, the only thing that truly matter. The one person who she loved more than anything else in the world.

My Husband Cheated with My Bully Chapter 59

Tate pov

Of course he was in Texas down in San Antonio only a couple of hours from the Mexican border. God he hated Texas, it was always godawful hot. While Texas had strict rules on crime it didn't mean people didn't break them every day. Which is why they were San Antonio was a hub of trafficking whether it was people or guns.

Tate wasn't sure what channels the DOD had to go through to get the clearance for this little op to get through, but him and Garcia were the only men from their unit that went on the op with MP's. Tate wasn't sure why.

The plane landed on the edge of San Antonio and the team met up with some guys in suits.

"Feds," Garcia told him as they both checked their weapons.

"What are we waiting for?" Tate asked Garcia as the men stood at the ready for the last twenty minutes. Garcia had the

information on the GPS and the guns hadn't moved for the past hour. The two of them consistently checked while waiting,

"Probably waiting on recon, or a warrant," Garcia told him as an afterthought.

Then suddenly everything started happening all at once. The captain from the DOD got off the phone and gave the order to load up.

Tate sat in the passenger side while Garcia drove following the SUV in front of him. It was a stereotypical law enforcement SUV. They soon drove to a run down part of town and pulled over to a parking lot.

"Where is the location?" Tate asked Garcia.

"About nine hundred feet away, looks to be an old lumber building," Garcia said after a few minutes of looking on the GPS. Tate sighed heavily,

"Of course it is." Tate got out of the vehicle and the men quickly got into formation. The

good thing about different groups of men working together is that all basic training is the same. The same standard defensive and offensive tactical positions are used and so Garcia fell to his right while the man who was in the back of the SUV fell to the left as they quickly moved to the building in question.

There was only a few buildings in between the men and their ultimate destination. His CO gave the universal command to halt and they stopped in unison. His CO gave another signal and Garcia went to scope out the building. He held his M16 against his shoulder and was ready to fire. Tate's adrenaline was pumping more than normal as he was facing possible multiple men of military training.

Garcia returned five minutes later and flashed his hand twice. That was the signal that there were at least ten assailants in the building. Shit that wasn't good. His CO gave

the order to move forward as Garcia got into position next to him. He stayed in his defensive position as he moved in uniform with Garcia and the MP's. The group split up and went to different points of the building once close to the building.

Tate was placed in the front entrance with Garcia and another MP. He had a bad feeling about it and gave Garcia a weary look. Garcia returned the look but soon the order came down.

“Kick in the door!” His CO commanded and Garcia did as he was commanded and kicked in the door.

Chaos. It was total chaos in a rain of gunfire that erupted in that tiny abandoned lumber mill. Tate had to immediately lay down suppressive fire against a barrage of enemy fire. He was exposed too long and he didn't like it. Tate saw the cache of weapons, Smitty, three other men he recognized from the base but couldn't identify at the moment,

and a slew of Hispanic men all with automatic weapons pointed at

Tate saw a beam that could be used for cover but the cry of Garcia distracted him. Garcia was on the ground wounded

and Tate laid down cover fire to the best of his ability.

“Where are you hit?” Tate asked as he got down on one knee while continuing to fire.

“Man down!” He shouted out, hoping for some help so he could get Garcia out. Tate heard the distinct click of being out of ammo.

“Shit,” he cursed and quickly pulled out his sidearm.

“It’s in my leg, I don’t think I can walk,” Garcia said as he gave Tate his M16 while taking Tate’s weapon to change out the mag. Tate quickly threw down his side arm, picked up Garcia’s weapon, and continued to fire. The enemy fire lessened slightly so Tate

thought it would be a good time to get Garcia out of there. Tate went to pull Garcia in a fireman carry but Tate wasn't even able to stand at full height when he felt it. Tate was shot! He was shot twice, once in the shoulder and once in the chest. Thank Christ he was wearing his Kevlar, but fuck did it hurt like a bitch. It definitely broke one of his ribs, maybe two. Kevlar will only stop the penetration of the bullet, he was still hit in chest by a bullet going about a thousand miles per hour.

“Walker? Walker! You okay man?” Garcia yelled as he continued to fire.

“No! I've been fucking shot!” Tate yelled back at him. Tate picked up his gun, thankful he was shot in his left shoulder. From his vantage point on the ground he could see Garcia was bleeding heavily. Tate tested the grip of the gun in his hand and was still able to use his left hand, thank god. He lifted his

hand and slowly squeezed the trigger. There was plenty of pain, but it was manageable.

“Join the fucking club dick!” Garcia shouted back still shooting. He didn’t understand why they weren’t able to make any headway against Smitty. The firefight was lasting way too long. Tate went to stand up and had trouble keeping his equilibrium.

“I was shot twice,” Tate shouted and went to toss Garcia up over his shoulder. “Your going to have to lay down cover. I can’t move as fast.” Tate told Garcia as they both let out a groan from the effort of Tate putting him on his shoulder. Tate was incredibly light headed, he was going to pass out soon. He put all of his focus on getting back to the SUV. Tate ignored all of the gunfire, yelling, and sirens. All that mattered was getting both of them out of there alive. He put one foot in front of the other as he slowly made it out of that hellhole, Garcia shooting the whole way.

Tate could feel the blood pouring down his arm from his wound and hear bullets whizzing past him and ricocheting off the metal equipment that was decades old.

Tate made it out of the lumber mill and a good three hundred yards away when he finally collapsed. He was able to get Garcia down without hurting him.

“Sorry man, I can’t walk any further, I’m losing too much blood,” Tate said completely delirious.

“It’s okay man,” Garcia said and started probing his wound. Tate was drifting in and out of consciousness. “I can hear the ambulance Walker. We are okay.” Everything went black.

Willow pov

Her birthday passed with little ceremony from anyone. She got an email from her mother wishing her a happy birthday. Jim and Knox both wished her via text but that

was all. Her uncle James wanted to go out and have a nice birthday dinner, but Willow postponed it until Aspen settled in a bit better.

Aspen was having a hard time adjusting to their new home. She didn't know if Aspen was still recovering from the drive, if she missed her father, Bertha, or what but Aspen became a nightmare. Aspen refused to go back onto any type of sleep routine and woke up every three hours at night. Willow not only was wanting to tear her hair out, but was regretting her decision to move at this point.

Her uncle could see how haggard she was getting the next week and invited her to see the progress on his on property. He and Davis had been staying in a hotel for the past week. Willow thought of her neighbor Isiah and Darius and thought it would be ironic to show up so she agreed to go over.

Her uncle drove separate as Willow had to get Aspen ready. She was having a good morning. She drove up to her uncle's new house and it was beautiful on the outside.

"Why are you here?" Darius asked surprising her from behind. His tone of voice wasn't mean, just curious.

"This is my uncle's place," Willow responded as she opened the front door.

"Then maybe you can help, the owner has been in a fury since he's been here," Darius said as they walked into the house. Willow couldn't even appreciate the beauty of the house as she heard raised voices. She lugged Aspen's car seat on her hip and followed them.

"I need this en-suite renovated by next week, I got a family moving down here on Monday," James demanded as Willow found her uncle and Isiah.

“Sir I’m sorry but that’s impossible,” Isiah responded polite but firm.

“Well maybe then I should have went with some one else,” her uncle said in a fury. Willow knew she had to step in as she knew this job was make or break for her neighbor.

“Uncle James, Bertha and the girls can stay with me for a week, is two weeks enough time for you to get this done?” Willow asked throwing Isiah a lifeline.

“Yes ma’am it is,” Isiah responded looking grateful.

“Willow that’s impossible you don’t have the room,” uncle James responded being stubborn.

“Uncle James the only rooms that have been moved into are my room, the kitchen, and the living room. There is plenty of spare space in that big house, I have the extra room.” Willow pleaded with her uncle who finally relented and turned to Isiah.

“Two weeks from today and not a day more.” Her uncle moved on, “then the kitchen.” Her uncle left the room and moved onto to a different part of the house leaving the two of them alone.

“Thank you.” Isiah approached her with a smile. Willow smiled but decided to be Frank with her neighbor.

“Have you done any research on my uncle?” She asked Isiah who shook his head negative. “I suggest you do, he’s a fair man but he’s ruthless in business. That’s how he was able to stay wealthy for so long.” Willow was unable to talk to him anymore as Aspen woke up screaming her little lungs out. She quickly took her out and tried to sooth her, after a quick check Willow didn’t understand what was wrong with her daughter. Aspen was clean, fed, had her pacifier, Willow just didn’t get what was wrong.

“Ma’am?” Willow looked at Isiah. “Since you are giving me a tip may I give you one?” He

asked her and indicated for her to hand over Aspen. Willow reluctantly handed over her daughter and he did some magic move that made Aspen settle down and stop crying. “It sounds like your daughter is colicky. Mona had it something awful when she was a baby, we had to use gripe water. Though I would talk to your doctor before giving her anything.” Willow never would have thought about that,

“Umm thank you. She has an appointment next week with her new doctor, we both do. Um...” Willow trailed off unsure how to ask if he heard Aspen crying at all times of the night. Isiah smiled,

“No ma’am I didn’t hear her that often, I can from my garage though. It sounds like you are having a rough time with her.” Isiah gave her a kind smile that didn’t stop her from feeling like a failure.

“Yeah, I really wish Bertha was here, she would know about that colic thing, I just feel

like I'm failing all the time," Willow finally admitted to this stranger out loud.

"That's the newborn stage, everyone says it's the best, but it's hard. Really hard. Where's your mom? Or family? Is it just your uncle?" Isiah asked crossing that boundary and instantly making Willow feel uncomfortable, she reached for Aspen and he instantly handed her over.

"Umm ya it's just my uncle. I should probably go check on him. Thanks for the tip." Willow quickly took off despite Isiah's attempts to stop. She just couldn't open up that can of worms to a man she just met.

My Husband Cheated with My Bully Chapter 60

Chaos. It was pure chaos this past two weeks and Willow honestly loved it. Bertha had moved in with the girls. Jenna was twelve and Lucy was eight. Bertha took the issue with her new living quarters in stride and

had no problems staying in Willow's home as she would be working ninety percent for Willow anyway. T

he girls did have a bit of trouble with the baby, though they seemed to be more concerned with school when Bertha was able to get them enrolled a few days after moving. Willow suggested the girls wait to adjust, but Bertha wouldn't risk the girls getting behind. Having a houseful of people was something that Willow wasn't accustomed to, but she loved it. There was always some drama or something going on that was the end of the world. Willow didn't have that dynamic as she was an only child.

Aspen went to the doctor for her two month check up and the doctor told her that it seemed most likely Aspen was colicky. The baby wouldn't have been this affected by a move. Aspen received her shots and was given instructions on how to help her daughter. Aspen was still gaining weight and

hitting her milestones so it wasn't affecting her like Willow was concerned when Isiah mentioned colic.

Isiah, well as far as Isiah goes things were weird. Willow decided that after a week of Cora and Darius trying to set them up on dates in tandem with Isiah's extremely personal questions that the two of them should have a conversation. Willow sat down with him and told him that while she found him attractive Willow wasn't ready to date now if ever. It was definitely enlightening to say the least.

Flash back

"Isiah I think you are very attractive, but I'm honestly just not ready to date yet." She bit the bullet and Isiah started laughing.

"What?" Willow was starting to get embarrassed at the continued laughter.

"Sweetie," he became somber. "My wife passed away in a car accident about a year

back.” He finally revealed after asking super personal questions.

“I’m so sorry.”

“I loved her deeply, and I have been dating again. Though it’s been mainly males.” The hits just keep coming Willow thought.

“But- Darius?...” Willow was equal parts shocked and confused.

“Yes my cousin doesn’t know, he just knows I’m dating again, so I would appreciate if you didn’t tell him.”

“I won’t tel him your gay.” Willow promised and Isiah shook his head again.

“I’m not gay, I’m bisexual. I’ve just never really been able to explore that side of me. Well except-“ Isiah started to divulge but Willow stopped him.

“I really don’t need to know, I don’t think my virgin ears can take it.” Isiah started to laugh until he settled down.

“I do like you, but neither of us are ready. Plus being neighbors would just be a recipe for disaster.”

“I agree, also with Aspen being a baby I need to focus on her. so friends?” Willow asked.

“Sure.”

“Wait? What about when Darius tries to set us up on double dates?” Willow asked. Isiah shrugged.

“That’s up to you.”

Flashback over

Willow, Isiah, Cora, and Darius went out together one time on a double date to appease Darius who kept saying they would be a cute couple. Willow had a nice evening out with friends, one she hadn’t had since

college. It was a nice break for a new mom. However, that's all this group of people were, friends. Willow never truly had friends like she found in this group of people. She was also becoming friends with other people in the neighborhood, slowly but surely. She was beyond thankful. This place was starting to become her home.

Willow was still reeling from Tate's sudden ghosting after falling in love with him and she had to focus on Aspen who was growing more every day. She didn't need to deal with another man in her life, despite the fact that Isiah said he was more than willing to try when they were both emotionally available. Willow went on like he never said that tiny comment, in her mind he said he wasn't interested. It made sense to her sleep deprived mom brain.

The week before she started her job was hard, Cora took her shopping for an outfit according to Cora as a boss she would need

to find an outfit befitting a boss. Willow was the first to admit she was lacking in that department and had a blast going to different stores around Savannah. Willow also noticed that the shops were also a lot more big girl friendly. Which was definitely a plus for her. She was still struggling to lose weight after having Aspen.

Willow was able to find three outfits that she could rework to make it seem like she has five. Cora also told her of a few social media groups that sold business like apparel for cheap. Willow came home that day and couldn't be more excited for her job on Monday. However, the anxiety was there in the back of her mind.

...

Willow was surprised to see a text from Knox on Friday during her and Aspen's lay down time.

Knox: hey I just reached Savannah I should be there in twenty minutes.

That had to be wrong as Willow didn't expect Knox here until tonight. She ended up falling asleep while laying next to her daughter who had already fallen asleep.

Willow woke up to a commotion outside of her house. She looked down to see Aspen still safely tucked away in her arms sleeping. Mrs. baker was screaming in what felt like her porch. Willow got up and put a pillow next to her to keep her from rolling off the couch if Aspen woke up. Willow walked outside and sure enough there was about five people on her porch.

"What's going on?" Willow asked looking at Knox, Darius, Isiah, and Mrs. Baker all on her front yard/porch. Willow briefly wondered why the two men were home during the day as they were usually working on Uncle James' house. The deadline for

Bertha and the girls to move in was rapidly approaching.

“This man is trying to rob you,” Mrs. Baker pointed furiously at her ex-husband who was being watched by the two men.

“Willow please tell them who I am,” Knox was frustrated.

“Who are you?” Willow smirked.

“Willow!” Knox shouted furious and Willow smiled.

“Fine! This is Knox Hayes, Aspen’s father.”

“See!” Knox told everyone surrounding him.

“What were you doing though?” Willow asked him shrewdly.

“He was looking through your window like a pervert!” Mrs. Baker screeched out like an old battle ax. Willow couldn’t help but laugh at that and Darius followed suit. She saw Isiah smother a smile.

“I was not being a pervert, I was simply looking for the hide a key that Willow normally keeps on the front porch since she wasn’t returning my phone calls.” Willow felt bad as she did fall asleep,

“I’m sorry Knox, I fell asleep with Aspen after your text thinking it was a mistake.”

“It’s okay I understand,” Knox said and Willow was surprised. She looked at her new neighbors,

“Well thanks for the help, but I think we have it under control.” Willow said and everyone dispersed. “Come on in Knox.” Willow finally looked and saw that it wasn’t his BMW sitting in her driveway but a car similar to hers.

“Where’s your BMW?” Willow asked Knox as they walked through the door. Knox didn’t respond as he looked at her new house in wonder,

“You always wanted this style of house.” Willow smiled and then walked to where Aspen had been placed on the couch with pillows beside her. She was still asleep,

“She’s getting so big!” Knox exclaimed excitedly and dove next to her. Willow watched as Knox doted over their growing daughter for a few minutes before she decided to give them some time alone. Willow went upstairs to her room to pump as she normally did about this time.

Willow was just about wrapping up when there was a knock on the door. Willow heard Aspen cry and called out,

“I’m pumping, but you can come in.” The door opened slowly and Knox had his eyes closed with a squirming Aspen in his arms.

“Knox you can open your eyes, it’s not like you haven’t seen them before,” Willow told her ex. It also wasn’t like this was in anyway sexy. Knox opened his eyes and was at first

clearly distracted by how the breast pumped worked.

“Knox? You wanted something?” Willow prompted and finally startled,

“Yes, when’s her next bottle?” Willow guessed that was the question.

“In about twenty minutes, change her and then go ahead and feed her. It should be fine,” Willow told Knox who nodded and he quickly left the room. Willow finished pumping and left her bedroom a few minutes later. She went down to her kitchen and saw Knox preparing the bottle.

“She’s eating so much more now,” Knox stated as Willow got out the milk storage containers.

“Yeah she’s definitely growing,” she responded thinking how awkward the whole situation was. Willow was saved from more conversation as Bertha and the girls busted in through the door.

“Willow!” Lucy screamed happily and Jenna seemed moody today.

“How was school?” Willow asked but before she could answer Knox butted in,

“Hey, who are these people Will?”

“This is my nanny Bertha and her daughters. Bertha has been a Godsend and I don’t know what I would have done without her,” Willow told her ex-husband. Bertha beamed with pride.

“Thank you.” Willow checked the time and saw that it was three thirty, while it was early for most she went ahead and got started on dinner.

“What are we making tonight?” Bertha asked Willow.

“How about lasagna? That sound okay? I’m pretty sure uncle James and Davis are coming over again,” Willow mentioned.

“Sounds good to me,” Bertha stated and the two of them started getting dinner ready.

“Mom, can you help me with my homework,” Lucy asked.

“I can’t right now sweetie,” Bertha replied putting a large pan on the stove.

“It’s okay, I got this,” Willow responded as she got out two pounds of hamburger.

“You sure?” Berths asked as she put out ingredients.

“No problem,” Willow waved her away as she got started on making dinner.

Dinner that night was once again chaotic and Willow loved every second of it.

That night as Willow was getting ready for bed she went and got Aspen from Knox who was in a spare room.

“Is the queen ready for bed?” Willow asked after knocking. Knox brought her a freshly

bathed and cooing Aspen. Willow cuddled her daughter before turning around.

“Hey Willow?” Knox asked stopping her.

“Yes?” Willow asked.

“Well...uhh...” Knox was clearly nervous, but Willow waited. “I was hoping I could watch Willow tonight.” Knox asked and Willow thought about it for a few minutes before agreeing.

“Okay that’s fine, go get the bassinet and swaddlers from my room.” Knox smiled big and Willow tried to stay unaffected. She thought that with her down that hall it wouldn’t be that big of a deal, right?

That night for the first time in a long time Willow laid down and went to bed without Aspen by her side. It was so weird for her and she felt like a piece of her was missing. She was woken up by noise in the middle of the night and immediately got up to get the baby. However, Aspen wasn’t there and

Willow panicked. It took a minute for her brain to register that Knox was in the room across the hall and that he had the baby. Though what was it that woke her up? Her phone was ringing.

Willow saw the unknown number and hit ignore, she never answered unknown numbers. The number went silent and called again. Willow hit ignore and the phone immediately started to ring again.

“Hello?” Willow asked as she finally decided to pick up the phone. “Hello?” She asked again as there was no answer from the person on the other line. Willow was just about to hang up when she heard it.

“Willow?” The person she had been longing to hear from so long finally spoke to her.

“Tate??”