

My Husband Cheated with My Bully Chapter 61

Tate pov

Everything was a haze. Tate knew he was in a hospital bed but he couldn't move. He didn't feel much pain, which he was very thankful for. He focused on going through his last memories instead. Tate remembered the firefight, he remembered Garcia getting shot, then he got shot twice. Then he passed out after getting Garcia out of the line of fire as Garcia couldn't walk.

Tate remembered fuzzily some one applying pressure to his shoulder and then being loaded into an ambulance. His memory is hazy and blank until he was being jostled again this time he knew it was chopper from the sounds of blades.

Tate's brain was fuzzy and he felt himself going back to sleep.

Tate managed to open his eyes to the sound of groaning and saw Garcia on his left. He belatedly saw his left side was completely covered in bandages, with some red seeping through. Some nurse was messing with Garcia's injured leg. Tate wanted to shout out for him to stop, but he was unable to do anything but lift his head before promptly passing out again.

Tate felt blinding pain from his shoulder and reared up to stop it.

“Sergeant Walker, please calm down I have to change your dressing.” Tate quickly looked around realizing he was in a hospital room sitting next to Garcia who was just waking up from his commotion and settled down.

“Walker you okay?” Garcia asked rubbing his eyes. Tate's shoulder was on fire, but he nodded.

“I apologize ma’am,” Tate responded and the nurse gave him a flirty smile.

“No problems sergeant, let me see what damages you have done to yourself,” the woman responded before fully unwrapping the gauze. The work was slow as dried blood was caked to the dressing. It hurt like h.ell.

“Are you in pain?” The nurse asked and Tate only managed a short nod of his head.

“Let me see when I can get you some more medication,” the nurse asked and bent low exposing herself. Tate didn’t understand why the woman was flirting with him as he clearly had a catheter, how this was at all sexy?

It also didn’t matter, he had one woman on his mind. Willow.

“I think you can have a little more,” the nurse said before doing something with his IV. Tate was happy the nurse waited before

she started cleaning the wound again. The morphine kicked in almost instantly.

“Better?” The nurse asked just a minute later and Tate nodded his head feeling the affects. Tate closed his eyes feeling every prod of the woman’s hands and instruments. He was getting drowsy from the drug as well.

“All right sergeant, all clean just hit the call button if you need anything,” the nurse walked away.

“So you think she is one of those that only screw sergeants?” Garcia asked with a smile.

“Then should I tell her that you outrank me as a first sergeant and I’m just a run of the mill sergeant?” Tate said wryly and Garcia just shook his head.

“You know my wife will skin me alive.” Tate just laughed a little. He couldn’t too much as he was in too much pain.

“Where are we?” Tate asked finally able to get his bearings.

“Walter Reed,” Garcia commented.

“They fucking flighted us all the way to Maryland?” Tate asked bewildered.

“It’s the army,” Garcia said with a shrug of his shoulders. The drug did its work and Tate felt the blessed feeling of sleep overtake him.

He was jostled awake by a nurse checking his bandages again. The pain wasn’t bad so he must have been given meds recently.

The doctor walked in and it was an older white male.

“I heard you were awake,” the doctor gave him a smile. “Nurse?”

“The wound looks good doctor.” The nurse left him and went to go check Garcia.

“When can I go home doc?” Tate asked anxious to get out of this place.

“Not for awhile, you have a ways to go to heal,” the doctor told him and walked up to check his wound as well.

“I feel fine doc.”

“That’s the morphine,” the doctor said pointing to his IV. “You had one gunshot wound in your shoulder that tore your brachial artery. You almost died from blood loss, if your friend over here didn’t apply pressure to the wound you would have.” The doctor thought about it, “however, if you hadn’t have lifted you friend up the blood loss may not have been as severe.” The doctor looked back at his chart before continuing on.

“On top of your bullet wound you have also broke two ribs as well as a broken collar bone.” Tate sighed,

“Yeah I knew they were broken.”

“Sergeant you will be in the hospital for several weeks,” the doctor concluded and gave him a look Tate couldn’t distinguish.

“What about me doc?” Garcia asked causing the doctor to switch charts and walk over to him.

“While yours doesn’t seem as life threatening your injury nicked the femoral artery. If you didn’t make a tourniquet you would have bled out and died.” Garcia seemed concerned he just plowed through,

“When can I get out?”

“Sergeant you will need a lot of rehab to be able to walk again.”

“I know doc and I’ll do it. When is our CO coming in?” Garcia asked and Tate understood the question. In the military if you were wounded your family couldn’t visit you until you were debriefed. Garcia wanted to see his family.

“Your CO should be by around this afternoon. He’s aware of your conditions.” The doctor left after checking a few things off of the chart.

“Hey Walker, thanks for getting me out of there man.” Garcia told him and Tate just shrugged.

“No problem man, I know you would have done the same for me.”

“No man I really appreciate it.” Garcia told him seriously and Tate nodded his head.

“You think I want your wife mad at me?” Tate asked and Garcia laughed. The men were brought lunch and sadly Tate wasn’t able to eat much given the severity of his injuries. It was mainly jello and mashed potatoes. Tate hated it, he wanted some real food.

It was shortly after lunch that their CO walked in their room alone.

“It’s good to see you boys are okay,” his CO told them both. “Walker you look like shit,” his CO said looking him over.

“No surprising as I feel like it too,” he said fighting off a laugh.

“Well sir did we get him?” Garcia asked not being able to wait any longer.

“Yeah we did, he’s in a room a couple down from you boys under constant guard.”

“Who was helping him?” Tate asked and the CO sighed.

“It was another sergeant and a major. It was major Reynolds.” His CO revealed and he was shocked. Reynolds was old-school hard ass. Tate never would have guessed the major would have been involved in this.

“Do the men know?” Tate asked the hard question.

“Yes, the rest know and few of them are shocked. However, some are not given his reaction to how Sergeant Smith behaved during the interrogations.” His CO told him.

“When is the court martial?” Garcia asked.

“The court martial and trial date has not been set yet, you both will need to testify. Needless to say this mission is classified.”

“From the men in the unit?” Tate asked and his CO nodded.

“They know you were chosen to stop the sale of the cache of weapons and that Smitty was the perpetrator. Everything else is classified.”

“Is major Reynolds under arrest?” Garcia asked. His CO for the first time looked ashamed,

“That decision is above my pay grade. He got three wounds. One in his chest, one in his arm, and one in his leg.” His CO put his hat

that he had taken off his head and turned to go. “That is all, you may see your family now.”

“Fucker is going to retire with full benefits,” Garcia stated furious.

“At least we got to riddle him with holes.”

They were unable to discuss it further as Garcia’s family walked in and Tate watched his kids jump all over his buddy with a smile on his face. Tate wondered how big Aspen was now, she had to be close to two months old. He couldn’t believe it had been that long since this whole disaster had began. Tate was about to ask for a phone when a living nightmare walked into the room.

“Oh Tate!” The woman that was his ex-wife walked in to the hospital room. She was wearing a skin tight outfit that left little to the imagination. His ex-wife threw herself ontop of him uncaring about his wounds.

“Tate! Oh Tate! I love you and miss you Soo much!”

“Oww! Fuck! Get off me woman!” Tate with what strength he had threw his ex-wife off of him. She stumbled back but managed to catch herself though she looked hurt by his actions.

“What in the actual fuck are you doing here Lana?!” He growled out looking at this woman he despised.

“She must still be your emergency contact,” Garcia told him.

“No she is not! I made sure of it!” Tate tried to keep his voice low to not bother Garcia’s kids.

“Well...umm,” his ex-wife stammered out.

“What did you do?” He growled out.

“She’s still friends with Black’s wife,” Garcia’s wife, Dee, told him.

“So you lied and told everyone we were getting back together? Why?” Tate asked frustrated. Lana was silent but Dee spoke up.

“She’s been hanging around the barracks for the past week saying how you must be rich now with your book. She can’t wait to bang you and get her hands on you money:” Dee said with a laugh, Dee hated Lana ever since he brought her around. Dee knew the woman was trouble, but Tate thought he knew better.

“You bitch!” Lana hollered.

“Quite!” The nurse interjected and Dee looked furious at Lana for cursing in front of her kids.

“Look Lana I’ve moved on a long time ago, I already got a daughter.” Tate was proud to admit it.

“What? That’s not true, you love me!” Lana wailed out like a child. God why did he ever marry her?

“Nope definitely true, baby was born eight weeks ago. Tate won’t shut up about her!” Garcia threw in with a smile.

“If it makes you feel any better, my last royalties check was only like a thousand bucks. I’m definitely not rich,” Tate said with a smile and Lana left in a huff. She muttered the whole time about wasting her time and money. Tate was glad to be rid of the leech. Garcia laughed and prodded his wife Dee.

“Let him borrow you phone so he can call his woman.” Dee brought over her phone and he quickly dialed Willow’s number. One thing you learn in the military is to memorize important numbers as you will not always have the same phone number. The first time he called the number it went to voice mail. The second time Willow hit ignore, the third time it finally connected.

“Hello?” He heard her sexy voice.

“Willow,” he managed to rasp out.

“Tate?!” She questioned in shock and awe.

“Yeah babe, it’s me.”

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Willow pov

“Yeah baby it’s me,” she heard his voice and immediately knew something was wrong. His voice wasn’t the normal deep soothing voice with a hint of southern drawl she had come to love over their relationship. Tate’s voice was strained like he was in pain.

“What’s wrong? Are you okay?” Willow asked nervous.

“Why do you think something is wrong?” Tate asked.

“Your voice is different, you sound like you are in pain.” Tate let out a wheeze, kind of like a laugh.

“I love how well you know me, I’m indeed in pain.” Tate told her.

“Tate, where are you? What’s going on?” Willow asked feeling afraid of the answer.

“I’m at Walter Reed,” Tate’s answer confirmed her fears. Willow didn’t know how to respond to the fact that Tate was injured. “Willow, it’s okay baby girl. I’m going to be okay,” his voice sounded a little stronger and Willow felt herself starting to cry.

“Yeah?” She croaked out through the tears.

“Yeah, now tell me. How’s my other girl?” Tate asked about Aspen, calling Aspen his and she fell a little more in love with this man.

“Good, she’s good. She just turned two months old.” Willow tried to stem the flow of tears as she heard Tate groan in pain. “We got her shots this past week, she ran a fever for most of the day. Other than that she was

good. She's lifting her head up, rolling from side to side."

"Is that good?" Tate asked and Willow laughed,

"Yes, the doctor was very impressed."

"Sounds like mine. You moved didn't you? You got the job?" Tate asked lowering his voice.

"You got my messages?" Willow was a bit confused.

"Yeah I got them all that first month and then my phone wasn't given back."

"Oh, well yes I moved down to Savannah it's beautiful down here."

"You getting a feel for the roads?" Tate asked as he knew about her anxiety on the roads.

"Yeah I mainly drive to places like my job, the store-"

“You started?”

“I start on Monday, I just wanted to get a feel for the area.” Willow explained.

The two of them talked like no time had passed and Willow had never felt so light hearted. God she had missed him.

“Willow the nurse is coming in and she’s going to give me some medicine. It’s going to knock me out. I have to go.” Tate told her and Willow was disappointed but she didn’t let it show.

“Okay Tate, please call me again whenever you get the time,” she begged of him.

“I will,” Tate promised and Willow only hoped that he could keep this promise.

“Hey Tate there’s something I’ve been wanting to tell you for awhile now.” Willow was full of anxiety, but she waited to tell him this otherwise she would regret it. She

regretted not telling him when he left when Aspen was born.

“Yeah?”

“It’s time for your medicine sergeant,” Willow heard a voice call out.

“I love you Tate.” Willow admitted and waited for his response. The line was silent and Willow was afraid that she had scared him off. Then suddenly she heard a females voice,

“Sorry honey but he fell asleep.”

“Thank you,” Willow replied and hung up the phone. God she hope she didn’t scare him off. She went to go lay down when she heard the sudden cries of Aspen fill the air. Willow checked the time on her phone and it showed midnight. That was pretty normal actually. Willow automatically went out of her room and toward her daughters cries. She stopped short when she heard Knox’s voice.

“It’s okay Aspen. Daddy’s here.” Willow decided to back off and let Knox take care of their daughter, which is why he is here. If need be she would step in.

Willow went back to bed that night thinking about Tate and if he was okay. It was definitely hard for her to fall asleep despite being sleep deprived for so many weeks.

Willow sat down at the breakfast island eating her cereal the next morning when her uncle came in.

“I have good news!! The rooms are finally ready, Bertha you can move in today!” Her uncle announced in the kitchen with Lucy sitting next to her. Bertha was at the counter cleaning up.

“No I don’t want to leave Aspen,” Lucy stomped her foot and marched off. Willow was surprised that she wanted to stay, but Bertha seemed embarrassed by her daughters behavior.

“I’m sorry sir, she’s young and having trouble adjusting.” Bertha apologized unnecessarily.

“Oh it’s all right Bertha, I understand.” Her Uncle responded waving it off.

“It’s okay if you want to stay a couple of extra days, it’s been nice having you three at the house.” Willow suggested.

“Oh, don’t you want a room for the baby?” Bertha asked taken aback.

“She sleeps next to me, and probably will do so for the next few months. The next few days won’t hurt. Also your daughters are always welcome here, though once they move to uncles place I doubt they will want to hang out with me any more,” Willow laughed slightly and Bertha smiled.

“All right I will go talk to Lucy, thank you Willow.” Willow gave the older woman a hug,

“I don’t know what I’d do without you Bertha.” Bertha nodded and walked out of the kitchen. Willow gave a small smile.

“What’s wrong Willow?” Her uncle asked her and she looked up at her uncle who was watching her intently,

“Well I got a call from Tate last night,” Willow said as she looked at Knox in the dining room. Knox was eating his breakfast and holding their daughter.

“Where has he been?” Her uncle said getting angry.

“He was at Walter Reed.”

“Oh,” the anger went out of her uncle. “How bad?” Willow shrugged her shoulders.

“I don’t know, but it was bad enough that the morphine knocked him out immediately.”

“You want to go see him? You know I can make that happen,” her uncle offered and Willow thought about it.

“I want to, but...” Willow trailed off still looking at Knox. It was his first weekend with their daughter and she couldn’t cut that short. She also had work on Monday.

“You have work on Monday.” Her uncle supplied the safest cop-out for her and Willow nodded.

“He may be in the hospital for awhile Willow, I’m sure you can go see him this weekend,” her uncle suggested.

“It’s an eight hour drive! I can’t make that with Aspen,” Willow protested.

“I’ll watch her,” he offered and Willow rose a brow.

“By that I mean me and Bertha Will watch Aspen.” Willow let out a heavy sigh,

“I’ll think about it.”

Tate pov

He was woken by loud arguing happening by his door. It was by several men that he couldn’t recognize the voices.

“Dee, open the door,” Garcia asked his wife. See had been camped here since they were allowed to see family. It was good to see her other than the two of them humping like bunnies any time they thought he was asleep. Dee opened the door just slightly for them to hear what was being say.

“What do you mean he isn’t under arrest?” A voice he recognized said in a furious voice,

“Who is that?” Garcia asked before he heard,

“James he’s a major,” that voice Tate didn’t recognize.

“That’s James Cunningham,” Tate responded.

“I don’t care if he’s a fucking general, either he gets arrested or you will regret it.”

“What can this guy do?” Dee asked.

“He’s insanely wealthy,” Garcia replied. Tate couldn’t say anything else before James Cunningham walked through the door. He looked for Willow,

“Sorry son she wasn’t able to come with me.” Tate was disappointed but understood.

“Her first day at her new work is tomorrow, she’s a ball of nerves,” James told him as he sat down.

“What are you doing here?” Tate asked the man surprised.

“Willow couldn’t make it so of course I had to come,” James responded and for the first time Tate saw a duffle bag full of things. James saw his eyes go to the bag.

“Here I brought you plenty of things that you will need during your stay in the hospital, I also got you a new phone as I’m sure yours is lost.”

“Were you wounded?” Garcia asked and James nodded.

“I was shot in my leg same as you and treated here same as you both. It’s why I give millions of dollars a year to this hospital.” James said as he pulled out a phone for him to take.

“Do you need my nieces number?” James asked as Tate turned on the phone.

“No sir, I memorized that a long time ago,” he responded as he quickly typed in a new message to Willow. It was a simple ‘Hey it’s Tate.’

“Good man, now what are they feeding you in here?” James asked the both of them.

“I have no restrictions, but he’s still on a liquid diet,” Garcia responded.

“No, no, that won’t do, we better get some real food for you,” James said and quickly flagged down an orderly with a canteen order.

That’s how state found himself eating his first decent meal in over a week, even longer considering the slop served in the barracks is not good food. Though it was hot and edible compared to what he was eating in the hospital. James had also got food for Garcia and his wife Dee.

Garcia had to leave in the afternoon for an X-ray to make sure his leg was clear of any shrapnel. When the room was empty except just him and James the attitude changed significantly.

“I like you Walker, I actually do. You seem like a straight shooter, but you are interested in my niece. So time for the hard

questions do you love my niece? Do you see a future with her?” James asked him looking him down, searching for any signs of deception, or hesitation.

“I do, I love her and her daughter very much so.” Tate responded with no hesitation and met James head on. “I never planned any of this, but Willow has this personality that is so genuine, so loving, and happy that one can’t not be around her and love her.”

“So you see a future with her? Do you want to marry her?” James asked him. If James had asked him even two weeks ago he would have told him ‘I don’t know.’ When he saw his ex-wife Lana there was just something about seeing her that made him realize Lana was a mistake in every way. Willow was endgame.

“I’m willing to be whatever Willow wants me to be, if she tells me that her dream is to become married. Then I Will do everything my power to make that a reality.” James

stared at him for a moment before finally nodding,

“You know I always wanted my son and Willow to end up together. It was just a childhood dream I had after watching the two of them get married in my backyard when they were five. It’s hard to admit when your son may not be the best person to look after another person who means so much to you.” Tate nodded his head in understanding.

“I’m sorry.”

“Nothing to feel sorry for.” James took a breather. Tate ate a little of his food. “She loves you, you know that?” James asked him and he nodded his head.

“Yeah she told me last night on the phone, I tried to say it back, but the meds did their work and I was asleep.”

“That girl was in love with you for a very long time Tate Walker, treasure her

otherwise you will regret it.” James put in that very obvious threat in at the end and it didn’t bother him. Willow would be worth it.

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Memphis pov

Life hasn’t changed much in the past two months other than his high school sweetheart walking back into his life. Storming into his life is more of an apt description.

Melissa showed up to his families first spring barbecue back in March. Melissa came back around six months ago when her wealthy husband left her for his barely legal secretary. Melissa had two kids that the father only paid child support for.

The two of them dated senior year of high school and ended on an amicable note. He went to Boston Mass on a sports scholarship

and Melissa went clear across the country to Stanford.

The two of them started chatting, her kids played with Jackson and Melissa suggested to grab coffee one day to catch up. That had been a few weeks ago and Memphis could say they were dating. The two of them had gone out on a few dates, had sex. Though Memphis had to admit it just wasn't the same, it didn't feel right. He couldn't help but feel like he was being used. The two of them just went out to dinner a week ago and he couldn't believe this was the same woman he went to school with.

Flashback

Memphis pulled into a little hole in the wall diner that the two of them used to go on dates all the time back in high school.

Memphis still ate here at least once a month as the food was still amazing.

“Really? Joe’s? That’s what you have planned for tonight?” Melissa asked and Memphis was taken aback, she used to beg him to take her here. She loved the burgers.

“Yeah I thought it would be a nice trip down memory lane, a lot of the same waitresses work here,” Memphis said getting out of the SUV and going to her side and opening the door.

“Well that’s not really a surprise, if you know what I mean,” Melissa said talking bad about the servers. Memphis gave her a side glance and wondered why she was acting like a snob, her parents were the same as his, working class.

They both ordered and Melissa ordered a salad. Which surprised him as she normally ate a burger like him. In fact she had probably lost sixty pounds since high school, she was actually looking kind of gaunt.

“No burger?” Memphis asked her with a smile.

“Oh no I’ve gone vegetarian,” she responded and Memphis nodded. That didn’t bother him, it was just surprising from the woman he knew.

“When did you do that?” Memphis asked trying to make conversation.

“My husband wanted to switch to vegetarian a few years ago so we did it,” Melissa responded and he nodded noting that she didn’t call the man an ex. Huge red flag.

“Do you like it? Being vegetarian?”

“Yeah it helps to keep my weight down,” Melissa responded.

“I loved your curves,” Memphis told her honestly. Melissa didn’t comment as the waitress came with their food.

“Thank you Vera,” Memphis said with a smile.

“There is cheese on this salad, I specifically said no cheese!” Melissa said raising her voice. Rude to servers, red flag number two.

“All right ma’am I’ll take it back and fix it.” Vera said clearly not remembering Melissa, which wasn’t a surprise as Melissa had a face full of makeup. The salad was remade quickly and after Melissa’s quick inspection she nodded her head and Vera left to tend to other customers. Memphis just ate his burger, wanting this to be over as quickly as possible. He was already regretting sleeping with her as this woman was quickly becoming insufferable. When did she change?

“So Memphis, when do you think our relationship should take the next step forward?” Melissa asked after a few bites of her salad.

“Oh I think after a few dates then we can talk about becoming exclusive,” Memphis said elusively and tried to come up with a way to never speak to this woman again. She knew where he lived.

“Excuse me? We have been exclusive since we slept together last night. I’m talking about moving in together,” Melissa dropped the bomb on him and as he was eating his food he literally choked. His bite of burger went down into his esophagus and he started to try to cough it back up. Memphis had a huge coughing fit that drew the attention of everyone in the restaurant.

“You’re embarrassing me!” Melissa shrieked looking at everyone.

‘I’m fucking dying woman!’ He thought and it wasn’t until he felt a thump on his back that the food finally broke through and landed onto Melissa’s salad.

“You ruined my salad!” She shrieked out. Memphis had about a million things he wanted to say to that woman, but he held it back. He looked and saw it was Vera who helped him.

“Check please.”

Flashback over

Memphis hadn't seen or talked to Melissa since and that was a week ago. That didn't mean she didn't try, the woman showed up everyday according to his doorbell camera. Melissa stayed at his door for a minimum of fifteen minutes knocking and banging at his door. God this was a nightmare. Don't stick your dick in crazy. It was a Wednesday night and his doorbell started ringing.

“I know you are there Memphis!”

Shit! He couldn't believe this woman wouldn't take a hint. “I will stay here all night if I have to!” Finally he just had enough, he went out and opened the door.

“Look Melissa, you need to leave me alone. I’m not interested in you moving in with me.” Melissa seemed taken aback by his outburst, but recovered quickly enough.

“I’m pregnant.”

Willow pov

Today was her first day at her new job and she barely slept a wink last night. It didn’t help that Aspen was up half of the night either. Willow hated to admit it, it was nice having Knox here for the past few days. Especially with Bertha and her girls moving their things into a their new apartment. The three of them were still staying at Willow’s for now as Lucy wanted to stay in her home. Bertha still spent most of the weekend getting her new home set up for when Lucy was ready for the move.

Willow sat in her car for several minutes staring at the building while her hands were gripping the steering wheel. It was seven

twenty and she needed to get up and out of the car. Then she felt her phone vibrate.

Tate: you're going to do great today! Go out there and do what you did for me. Good luck!

Willow quickly read the text and couldn't help but smile. She responded with a quick text and with his encouragement Willow was able to get out of her car and headed to the Publishing house.

Willow opened the door and saw the bustle of the early morning commuters. Willow walked up to the reception area and went to introduce herself.

"Can I help you?" The pretty young woman asked her.

"Hello my name is Wil-"

"Willow Steele!" A voice hollered from across the foyer. Willow turned to see the owner Nancy walking over to her.

“Nancy, it’s good to see you!” Willow said walking up and offering Nancy a handshake. Nancy waved her away and went in for a hug.

“It’s so good to see you ,’and look your belly is gone,” Nancy pulled away from her, looking her up and down. Willow laughed awkwardly,

“Yeah Aspen is two months old now.”

“You will have to show me pictures later,” Nancy looked to the receptionist, “Sienna, this is Willow she’s the last editor transfer. So she will need to be given the ‘transfer’ paperwork down in HR.”

“Yes ma’am,” Sienna responded.

“Willow let’s meet for lunch with the other editors around noon, okay?” Nancy asked though Willow felt like it wasn’t a question.

“Yes ma’am,” Willow responded.

“Come with me,” Sienna said as she got up and started walking down the hallway. “You got here later than the other editors,” the receptionist commented after turning left.

“Well as Nancy mentioned I just had a baby, so I was on maternity leave.”

“Where did you transfer in from?” Sienna asked her.

“Boston.”

“Oh I would have never guessed as you don’t really have an accent.” Willow just shrugged her shoulders unsure how to respond.

“Hey Sally,” Sienna said as they walked into a large room full of office desks. It was obviously HR.

“Hey Sienna, what’s going on?” An older hispanic woman asked as she walked up to them both. There was a partition separating them,

“This is Willow the transfer editor. Nancy wanted me to get her paperwork.”

“No problem, nice to meet you Willow.” Sally stuck her hand out and Willow accepted it with a firm grip.

“Nice to meet you as well Sally.” Sally went to get a giant stack of paperwork and explained a few important ones to her. Her picture for her photo ID was taken as well.

“Do I have to stay here and complete it?” Willow asked after signing several forms. She wasn’t used to standing this long after being on maternity leave for the past eight weeks.

“No, I got the most important ones. The rest can be completed and filled out by the end of the day.”

“All right let’s take you to your office,” Sierra announced.

“Sounds good, thank you for your help Sally,” Willow told the woman sincerely.

“No problem, see you around,” Sally waved her goodbye. The two of them walked back out of HR and back down the hallway. They passed her desk and went to another large room of desks. The desks were occupied by several people, some looking busy, and other talking.

“This is all the junior editors I’m sure Nancy will introduce you to,” Sienna told her and Willow nodded.

“This is your office,” Sienna led her to a medium sized office and Willow looked it over.

“Everything to your satisfaction?” Sierra asked. The office had a standard desk, a medium sized window, a computer, and a filing cabinet. It was pretty standard.

“Is there cameras in the office?” Willow asked.

“No there is no monitoring in the offices, but there is out on the main floors. Why?”

“Is there a fridge? Or can I get a mini-fridge for my office?” Willow asked ignoring Sienna’s question for now.

“You can put in a requisition to Purchasing if you have a good enough reason.”

“It’s for my milk.”

“Yeah that’s not a good enough reason, we have a fridge in the common room,” Sierra stated misunderstanding Willow’s requests

“I mean my milk for my daughter, if not I can bring one in,” Willow stated and then it seemed to click with Sienna.

“Ohh! I’m not sure if that would be approved or not. It couldn’t hurt to try,” Sienna suggested.

“Who do I email?” Willow asked.

“I think it’s Bob,” Sienna responded and Willow sighed heavily. “Good luck.” Sierra went to walk out the door and Willow called out to her.

“Thanks for showing me around.” Willow sat down looking at her surroundings and still felt a bit anxious. Willow decided to pull out the directory and put in a request for the fridge from Bob first before completing the mountain of paperwork in front of her. It was going to be a long first day as her new job as an editor.

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Willow pov

She couldn’t believe she was doing this, and that Knox agreed. Willow after much debate throughout the week and texting back and forth with Tate she decided to make the trip. Her uncle also encouraged her to go as well. Tate never once asked her to come. He didn’t

expect her to go through the trouble of traveling with a newborn.

Willow let Knox what was going on and he jumped at the chance to get some extra time with Aspen. The plan was originally to drive but once her uncle found out he insisted they take the jet. Willow was shocked as she didn't know he bought a private jet. The plan now was Willow and Davis was being dropped off at Baltimore and Uncle James was going to escort Aspen to Boston.

Willow didn't want to leave her for two days, but she also didn't want to expose her to anything in the hospital. Knox had agreed to stay at his parents house in case he got overwhelmed which helped Willow feel better about the situation. Knox was also Aspen's father and he had every right to spend time with their daughter alone. He did great with her the past weekend.

Willow was too nervous about the weekend to be impressed with her uncles new jet. It

was nice and spacious, she couldn't imagine how much it cost him. The flight itself only lasted around an hour and a half which was nice. She spent that time going over her daughters routine with her uncle. Her uncle James listened patiently, despite Willow having multiple print offs.

Willow held her daughter one last time as her uncle held out his arms. Davis had already left the plane and was just waiting on her. Saying goodbye to her daughter was fine in theory, the reality was very different.

"It's okay Willow, I got this, I can give her to her father," her uncle tried to reason with her. Willow nodded knowing that her uncle would keep her daughter safe, but she still had never been separated from her since her birth.

"Do you want to go over the checklist one more time?" Willow asked looking at the papers in her hand. Her uncle let out a small sigh,

“Willow we went over it an hour ago before we landed. You need to get going if you are going to make it during visiting hours,” her uncle urged. Willow nodded and finally gave her daughter to her uncle. She gave Aspen a kiss and looking in her daughters blue eyes before finally prying herself from Aspen’s side. Willow grabbed her small carryon as well as her pump and exited the private jet. She couldn’t stop the tears from falling. Willow quickly texted Davis and found that he was getting the rental car.

Willow got herself lost looking for the car rental place. She had never been in an airport alone, let alone one as large as Baltimore’s. Davis finally told her to just sit down and wait for him to find her. Willow was embarrassed when Davis found her ten minutes later next to the airports coffee shop. Davis quickly guided her throughout the busy airport and outside to their waiting rental car. Willow couldn’t believe Davis had managed to get the paperwork for the car in

the time Willow said goodbye to Aspen. The two of them quickly put their luggage in the trunk and exited the parking lot.

It was only about an hour drive to the hospital, but with the airport traffic it would be close to two hours.

Willow was wringing her hands the whole time wondering what she would be walking into. Would Tate want to see her? Is she overstepping making the trip? She had to keep her eyes close the entire trip and focus on her breathing techniques to keep from having another panic attack. Willow found her anxiety had been on the rise since Aspen's birth.

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Willow walked into the hospital and Davis walked to the front desk security. Standing behind the desk was a man in uniform.

“Name? Name of the person you are going to see?” The man asked looking them both over stoically and sat down at a desk.

“I’m Davis Reid and this is Willow Steele. We are here to see sergeant Tate Walker. Room 507,” Davis said with a pleasant smile.

“Who are you to the patient?” The man asked after a few moments of looking at his computer.

“She’s Walker’s fiancé,” Davis told him and Willow stifled her gasp. She didn’t know that was the plan.

“And you?” The man asked Davis.

“I work for her godfather who asked me to look out for her. James Cunningham.” The man nodded and then stood up,

“Let me escort you to his room.” Willow quickly followed the men who walked to an elevator. The three of them got on and it was a very awkward ride to the fifth floor. The

man took a right turn and then walked several rooms down until the number seven appeared. The man knocked and a voice called back,

“Come in.” Willow stood there immobile and vaguely realized the other man left.

“Go on Willow,” Davis urged her.

“What if he doesn’t want to see me,” Willow whispered out loud.

“He will,” Davis assured her and turned the knob of the hospital room. The door swung open and nothing could have prepared her for the sight that greeted her. Tate sat in a hospital bed completely covered in white gauze from the chest up. He had tubes completely surrounding him and his normally tanned face was white, pinched with pain. He looked awful.

Willow’s eye darted to the other man in the room briefly, but she was drawn to Tate who looked ginormous in the hospital bed. Tate

looked to Davis and then her; his face first showed surprise and soon transformed to pure happiness and Willow was smiling in return.

“Willow? You’re here,” Tate tried to sit up but he let out a groan and Willow

immediately went to his bedside. She supported his shoulders and put a pillow behind him to support his weight. Willow looked down to see that their faces were only inches apart. Finally after all of these months of worrying about him, hoping that he was okay. Here he is and Willow couldn’t help but freeze up as Tate searched her eyes, for what she wasn’t sure.

“Yeah I’m here,” Willow whispered leaning in just a fraction.

“I’m here too,” a voice from next to Tate yelled out startling her into pulling back.

“No one cares Garcia!” Tate yelled out and Willow laughed.

“My wife cares!”

“Don’t you have psychical therapy right now?” Tate asked the man next to him.

“No, it’s not until tomorrow,” the man named Garcia replied.

“Really the doctor came by telling me it had been changed.”

“No one told- hey!” A pillow came sailing out of no where and hit Garcia.

“Fuck!” Tate groaned and Willow leaned back in looking at the area of his chest he was clutching.

“Where does it hurt?” She asked.

“You know what? I just remembered I do have my therapy today.”

“I’ll help you get there,” Davis said and he pulled a wheelchair out from next to the door.

“Are you sure?” Willow asked.

“Yup! I’m sure,” Garcia said as he quickly maneuvered himself into the wheelchair.

“I’ll be back Willow,” Davis responded as he wheeled the other man out of the room.

“What was that abo-“ Willow asked but was pulled up against Tate’s body and he groaned. “Am I hurting you?”

“No baby, I just have something to tell you.”

“What is that?” Willow asked as she felt every bit of Tate’s nearness. Tate leaned his face into hers while looking into her eyes.

“I love you too, God I didn’t even realize-“ Willow silenced him with a kiss, and God was it magic. Everything about Tate was magic. Willow opened her mouth to allow his tongue to swoop in and massage with her own. Willow felt his hands wrap around her body, trying to pull her closer to him. Willow didn’t want to hurt him, but she didn’t want

to let him go. She'd never let him go. She felt him move his hand to her ass and then give it a squeeze causing her to squeak. Tate let out a raspy chuckle.

Tate pulled away when she was so worked up she gave considerable thought to climbing on-top of him.

“I know, I want to as well, but you have to tell me. How's my other girl?” Willow's heart melted again, perfect. Willow smiled and pulled out her phone.

“Awww look at that little princess.” Tate marveled over the pictures she showed him and despite Willow trying to move he refused to let her be anywhere other than his embrace. When Tate was happy seeing pictures of Aspen he started to kiss on her neck and shoulders again.

“Tate!”

“Say it again,” he rasped in her ear. Just then the door banged open and Willow tried to

get out of his lap. Tate wouldn't let her move.

“Walker! You have to heal up for another two weeks at least, you have to tell your fiancé you can't be doing that,” the doctor hollered and Willow was embarrassed beyond belief.

“Fiancé?” Tate asked confused.

“She is your fiancé right? That's how she got in?”

“Yeah, she's my fiancé,” Tate told Willow whose face was very red. Tate was trying not to laugh.

Julia pov

He promised he wouldn't do it any longer, that he would stop sleeping with her. Julia believed him, chose him over her daughter. Again. For awhile and it was good again. Until lately, late nights at the office, suspicious phone calls. Julia couldn't believe

she was doing this but she was following her husband. She put a tracker on his car.

Julia followed him to the old bar the four of them used to hang out together in college. Sure enough there the Tim was with Diane sitting close together in a booth.

‘They are just being friendly,’ she told of her self as she sat down at the bar and watched her husband and best friend talk and laugh. Then as if Julia was watching in slow motion the two of the people that Julia had loved more than anyone else in the world kissed in a slow passionate kiss.

“Whiskey on the rocks,” Julia asked the bartender. The middle age man quickly got her drink and she paid as she quickly downed it and asked for another. Julia looked at the couple making out without a care in the world. She felt some one sit down next to her and ignored them until she heard their drink order.

“Johnny Walker, Blue Label.” Julia turned to see the damn bastard James Cunningham sitting next to her. She hated that man.

“What the hell are you doing here?” Julia snarled out.

“I’m celebrating, what are you doing here?” The bastards asked with a smirk.

“Dare I ask what you have to celebrate?” She asked hatefully and James continued to smile.

“Well I have my son back, I have my daughter, oh my niece, and my first grandchild.” Julia’s heart pinch knowing that she hadn’t even met her first and maybe only grandchild. James indicated the two still lost in each others arms across the bar. “They are celebrating thinking they have won something against me.” James scoffed, “those imbeciles are playing checkers while I’ve always been playing chess. I’ll ruin them.” James said in a bored tone and Julia

believed him. James tossed back his drink that had been brought, “you should have divorced him when Willow told you too, but you never were very bright were you? My brother fell in love with you that night, he was infinitely a better choice.”

“He died.” Julia felt both resentment and anger at the thought of Jake Anderson.

“We both know why.” James got up as Julia couldn’t fight a tear that came to her eye.

“Always a pleasure,” James told her and started to walk out the bar.

My Husband Cheated with My Bully Chapter 65

Memphis pov

He was just in shock, Memphis couldn’t believe Melissa would try and pull this shit with him. She hadn’t done enough?

“Well did you hear me Memphis? I’m pregnant?” She said again snarkily and he was getting fed up.

“What does that have to do with me?” He asked letting his frustration roll off of him.

“We slept together!” Melissa shouted at him and Memphis scoffed,

“It wasn’t even two weeks ago! If you were to get pregnant from our time together which is highly doubtful as I used protection. You wouldn’t be able to tell for another week at least.” Melissa seemed shocked that he knew so much about pregnancy and a woman’s cycle. His mother didn’t raise an idiot.

‘Well that was debatable,’ he thought to himself. While he was having his inner monologue Melissa’s shock gave way to anger. She threw herself at him and started to throw punches while shrieking like a banshee. Memphis was able to subdue her

easily as he was about a foot taller than her. He was still angry, it wasn't his fault her plan to trick him fell through.

“What the hell are you doing woman?” He hollered. He was done with this crazy nonsense.

“Why? Just claim the baby as yours!” Melissa screamed repeatedly.

“Melissa I'm telling you I'm fed up so knock it off or I'm calling the police.” The woman's anger faded and she fell into his chest wailing.

“My life wasn't supposed to go this way!” Memphis rolled his eyes.

“You think I wanted to be consoling a crazy woman on my Thursday night?”

“I'm not crazy!” Melissa screamed.

“Woman you just tried to pawn some other man's child off on me.” Memphis was getting

sick of taking the higher road in life. It hadn't gotten him anywhere or brought him anything but misery.

"I'm not pregnant... I just need a place to live with my kids," Melissa said and Memphis didn't care to decipher through her lies. He just needed her to leave.

"Melissa it's time for you to leave." Melissa started to cry again and Memphis ushered her out of the door uncaring of her state. He just prayed he never saw the woman again.

Memphis went to his parents house that Saturday and was beyond shocked to see his brother sitting there with his daughter in his arms.

"Ohh!!! Baby Aspen!!" Jackson squealed out and everyone laughed. He smiled at his son, he was having a hard time explaining why they couldn't see the baby.

Memphis watched his son and his brother coo and fuss over the newborn. While

Memphis hadn't seen his brother for the past few months his mother had told him that Knox was improving. Memphis was happy to see that Aspen had given his brother some direction. Knox looked happy. Memphis looked at his son holding the baby and his parents gushing over their grandchildren being together for the first time. Honestly he couldn't take it any longer. He needed to go outside, Memphis looked at all of this with his gut searing in jealousy. He quickly left through the back door to the back deck. His dad followed him which Memphis had a feeling he would.

"What's wrong son?" His father asked as the two of them sat on the deck chairs.

"I can't help but feel jealous," Memphis admitted.

"Why is that? Did you see Willow anywhere? Your brother was staying here cause Willow didn't trust him with their newborn as he hasn't watched their daughter more than a

couple of hours at a time. He's just now developing a bond with his child, one you had with Jackson instantly." His father sighed, "there isn't much for you to be jealous of son." Memphis knew his father was right, but it didn't make the feeling of jealousy go away.

"I always wanted more kids dad. I wanted at least three, I doubt I'll have anymore," Memphis admitted with a heavy heart.

"Son you aren't even thirty yet, there is plenty of time for you to have kids."

"I just seemed to be cursed when it comes to women." Memphis admitted and his father sighed.

"What's going on? Aren't you dating that woman? What's her name?" His dad searched for the name.

"Melissa," he supplied and his dad nodded his head,

“Yeah Melissa. What about her.”

“Turns out she was crazy. She was either pregnant with some other man’s baby and wanted to pin it on me or she is just wanting a man to take care of her.” His father let out a sigh and stood up next to him.

“Look son I told you before and I’ll tell you again you need to focus on yourself right now.” His father left him to his own thoughts after that departing comment.

Tate pov

Happiness engulfed him whenever Tate saw Willow walk through that door and it stayed with him until she left for the night.

“That was her huh?” Garcia asked as they were finally alone for the night.

“Don’t start,” Tate pleaded as he didn’t want to hear anything negative about Willow.

“I think she’s good for you,” Garcia said surprising him so much that Tate thought it was a trick.

“It’s not funny Garcia, I have genuine feelings for her.”

“I know you do, she’s a lot different than the girls you normally go with. I hope this one will last.” Garcia said as he settled in for the night. They were both exhausted, each of them for different reasons.

“I don’t plan on re-uping,” Tate revealed to his first sergeant. Garcia was his friend but also his superior. It affected the unit heavily.

“Is it because of this incident? Smitty?” Garcia asked.

“Yes and no. I mean I was on the fence when I decided to go back to school.” Tate smiled, “I loved college where I was more than just a fixer. Then I met Willow, she challenged me and knew I was more than just a dumbass foster kid.” Tate smiled thinking of their

time together editing that book. “You know I waited for her to treat me different after finding out I was a foster kid, just like everyone else. She never did.” Tate smiled thinking of the time he started to fall in love with Willow.

“She’s special, if you are smart you will wife her up.” Tate smiled and couldn’t deny that the thought had crossed his mind the last couple of days. Though he wasn’t going to repeat the mistakes he made last time. Tate wanted to make sure the two of them were right for each other before making that big leap.

Willow came in the next morning around eight thirty with two containers of food. She surprised the hell out of Garcia when she placed a box in front of him. The two of them started eating food like they were starving.

“Are they not feeding you here?” Willow asked.

“He’s still on a liquid diet,” Garcia tattled on him.

“Dumbass!” He shouted and Willow dived in and tried to take his food. Tate quickly shoved the bacon in his mouth and started a tug of war with his to go container.

“Come on Tate, the doctors have you on a diet for a reason,” Willow tried to reason with him as she tugged at the container. He just growled in return.

“Are you growling at me? For real??” Willow asked with a laugh. That managed to distract her while he shoved in the last bit of pancakes into his mouth and he let go of the container. Willow looked from him to empty container in astonishment and he just shrugged his right shoulder.

“They didn’t feed me! And he was in on it!” Tate shouted to Garcia who simply flipped him off and continued to eat his food.

“It was absolutely full with food and you demolished it within a minute. You are going to be sick Tate!” It was cute seeing Willow being so concerned for him. Tate patted the bed,

“Come sit.” Willow tried to be angry, but quickly caved and cuddled into his side. It was heaven.

“Garcia, when is Dee coming back?” Tate asked and there was a short rap in the door.

“Come in!” Garcia hollered. In walked Dee Garcia’s wife and to Tate’s shock the rest of the unit, minus Smitty obviously. Willow tried to get up, but he wouldn’t let her.

Tate hadn’t seen any of the men since Garcia pulled him out of the barracks. He had no idea how any of the men reacted to the news. The men looked serious and that concerned him.

“How are you Walker? Garcia?” Benson asked. The men hovered at the door all

crammed together while Dee went to her husband who had just finished eating.

“Who brought you food?” Dee asked looking at the container in the trash.

“I’m able to eat!” Garcia refuted as Willow buried herself further into his side clearly worried she had done something wrong.

“Doesn’t change the fact that you are getting fat!” Dee said and everyone busted out laughing. Garcia was no where near fat, the man had an eight pack just like the rest of the men. Dee fussed over her husband while the rest of the men just stood there pensive.

“So is it true?” Black asked.

“Was it Smitty that betrayed the unit?” Benson asked again.

“Yeah it was him,” Garcia asked after it was clear Tate wasn’t going to answer.

“Why didn’t they let us visit before this?” Johnson asked as he had already known it was Smitty.

“He was shot and in the room next to us. They were worried you were going to go do something crazy,” Tate responded.

“The thought has crossed my mind,” Garcia muttered. Tate wished he could say the same, but he had been on so many meds from the pain. Tate still wasn’t able to get out of this bed without assistance. That fact alone grated on his pride. Willow had to help him get up to go to the bathroom earlier as they had removed his catheter two days ago. He didn’t want to have to rely on her, he was the man. It was his job to protect her.

“When is the trial?” Black asked the room.

“I heard some one talking Smith’s trial is next month’s. Major Reynolds is after that.” Garcia and him shared a look. When was it decided Reynolds would stand trial? Did

Cunningham have something to do with it? There were a million thoughts running through Tate's brain at the moment.

...

That afternoon Garcia had left to spend some time alone with his wife and to let the two of them spend some time alone together. The men in his unit left after an hour promising to come back the next day. Willow had left to go pump in a private room and came back with a smile on her face. Tate was sad as Willow would be leaving tonight. She had to get back to her life in Savannah. Tate still mustered up a smile for her. While she would be leaving he had another week in the hospital. Then he had to return to Boston.

"Where's Garcia and Dee?" She asked walking into the room.

"He went and got some air, come lay down next to me." He urged her and she put her bag down and laid down beside him.

“Perfect, I need to feel your heartbeat against mine.”

“I’m so glad you came,” Tate murmured against her hair as he breathed in her scent.

“I’m glad I came too, I was worried you wouldn’t want me here.”

“Why’s that?” Tate asked her as he ran his hand over her butt. There was pain in his shoulder so he couldn’t move much.

“I don’t know, just my dumb insecurities,” Willow said with a small smile. Tate leaned in for a small feather light kiss.

“Trust me when I say I find you very desirable.” Tate leaned in and gave her a deeper and fuller kiss.

My Husband Cheated with My Bully Chapter 66

Willow pov

Tate kissing her set her whole body ablaze and it had been so long since anyone had touched her this way. Tate had always touched her lovingly, never with want or desire. He ran his hurt arm over her breast and the other over her bottom.

“Tate,” she breathed out when he pulled away from her mouth to pepper kisses on her throat. He let out a groan and Willow worried she hurt him.

“Are you okay? Did I hurt your shoulder?” Tate shook his head negative,

“No but I need your help with something.” Tate said with a smirk and lifted his hips showcasing the tent in the sheets. Willow’s mouth opened and closed as it was definitely bigger than she remembered. Tate let out a chuckle and gave her a quick kiss,

“Go lock the door and grab a condom from my wallet.” Willow blushed but did as he

asked of her. She went to go lock the door and went to find his wallet in the cabinet.

“Did you plan for this?” Willow asked him as she found his wallet and brought it back to him. Tate pulled Willow into him and gave her a kiss that she felt all the way to her toes as they curled.

“No.” He told her when he pulled away.

“No what?” Willow asked dazed by his kiss. Tate let out a small chuckle as he kissed and nibbled on her neck.

“No I didn’t plan this, but I did hope.” His voice rumbling in her ear caused her to get so wet Willow couldn’t help but rub her legs together in anticipation.

“Don’t tell me your ready for me already?” Tate’s voice sounded in her ear as his hand went to her jean covered v.agina. Willow could only nod as his huge hand ran over her back and forth.

“You need to take these off,” Tate ordered her and Willow felt herself get up. She slowly removed her pants and for a moment she felt self-conscious about her body. She still hasn’t lost the baby weight. Then Willow looked up in Tate’s eyes as she chucked her pants and her breath caught at the pure desire she saw there.

“Come here,” he commanded. Willow sat on the bed next to Tate, but he pulled her up against his good side.

“You are going to have to ride me babe.” Willow quickly straddled Tate and marveled about the feel of him from this vantage point. She ground down on him, moving her hips in a rocking motion back and forth.

“Damn babe, ur going to make me bust too quick.” Tate shifted her back slightly before putting his fingers into her folds. She couldn’t hold back a gasp as she felt him for the first time. The most the two of them had ever done was light touches over clothing.

This was out of this world. His hands were large and calloused just like the rest of him. His finger slowly started to build her toward an orgasm while Tate fumbled around with the protection.

“Damn it,” she heard him mutter as he finally stopped kissing her breasts.

“Something wrong?” Willow asked with a smirk. Tate it seemed finally managed to get the thing on and he smiled up at her and her heart caught seeing his boyish smile.

“Not anymore, come here.”

Tate moved her hips over him and Willow sank down on him ever so slowly as it was a bit painful being the first time after the baby.

“You okay?” Tate asked with a groan.

“Are you?” She asked and he nodded.

“I’m just trying to think of something other than how amazing you feel.” Willow sat for a moment and adjusted to his size as it had been so long since she had been with anyone. Tate pulled her in for a long searing and sloppy kiss in which she returned full fervor. Then Willow started to rock back and forth tentatively and a groan came from him. Willow pulled away from him as she couldn’t stand it any longer. She arched her back and felt his hands move to her hips and he gripped her tightly.

“Yes!” He hissed out. “Ride my dick, just like that baby.” Willow continued to move her hip back and forth as Tate guided her with his hands. She felt him thrust up from the bed below her and it hit her gspot just right.

“Tate!” She cried out and he groaned. Tate’s finger moved to her center rubbing her in time to her movements. It was bliss. She felt herself building to a release and wanted Tate there with her.

“I’m close,” Willow whispered.

“Fuck babe, I’ve been holding off the second you sank down on my dick. You are everything.” She started to grind on him harder,

“Yes just like that baby, ride that dick.” Tate leaned up to whisper in her ear before giving her a nip. Then she was flying,

“Oh I’m there! Tate I love you!” Willow cried out and then she heard him follow her.

“God yes Willow.” Then she collapsed against him. “I love you too Willow.”

Willow sat there in the aftermath hating the fact that she had to leave in a few hours.

Uncle James had texted her a few hours ago to tell her that he would be arriving at five, it was three right now. Tate sensed the shift in her,

“What’s wrong? Do you regret it?” Tate asked.

“I have to leave in three hours Tate,” Willow said in a whisper against his chest. Tate sighed,

“I know, I wished I could have seen Aspen.” Willow’s heart warmed from his comment.

“Me too.” Tate forced her to look at him and he stared at her intently.

“I know we can get through this Willow. We got through this investigation it’s only six more months.” Willow nodded and gave him a kiss,

“You are right Tate, I love you and that’s all that matters.” Tate gave her one of his big smiles.

“You are right beautiful. It’s all that matters.”

Tim pov

He sat in his office and got the last of the paper work ready for his big case. It would

be a slam dunk as he had the weapon and three witnesses. Tim didn't have court today, but it was still a very important day for him and Diane. Today was the day Tim found out when the DA's office would file charges on Anderson Industries.

The company was a subsidiary of Cunningham's main company and he managed to trick a piece of stocks to look like the owner of the company had insider knowledge of the trade to make a fortune. Tim wrote up charges for insider trading, and fraud. Tim put the case in a few days ago and he was due to hear back from his bosses today. Him and Diane went out when he put the charges in to celebrate, that bastard was going down. Finally. He would no longer have to kiss Cunningham's ass any longer. Tim had to watch Cunningham be with the woman he had always wanted while he married the frumpy best friend. Everything Cunningham touched turned to gold and here he was still living in the same

crappy house raising the man's bastard. The finish line was in sight. Then he would have everything; the money, Diane, and his wife.

Tim went to his meeting with the other DA's and was surprised to find that it was only one senior ADA in the conference room. Simmons.

"Hey Simmons it's good to see you," Tim greeted the man with a handshake.

"Steele have a seat," Simmons showed him to a seat on his right.

"I was hoping I could discuss a few pending cases with you, more specifically the one about insider trading." Tim started of the meeting as he sat down.

"Yes I wanted to discuss that as well," Simmons nodded and took a deep breath. "I'm sorry Tim but we are going to have to let you go." Tim looked at Simmons in shock.

"What?"

“I can’t have a lawyer that fabricates evidence.” Deny, deny, deny. Those were the three words to live by as a lawyer.

“That’s a lie, I have never done such a thing.” Simmons just shook his head, he was a decent guy, a father figure to the younger guys.

“We both know what you did Tim, I’m extremely disappointed and won’t have a man like you here in the office,” Simmons looked at him like he was some sort of a criminal.

“Simmons you are the one that hired me, how could you do this to me?” He asked becoming really angry.

“I know, I’m very disappointed in you,” Simmons said in disappointment. He was getting angry at having to deal with this bull crap.

“I want to talk to Robertson! Now!” Steele yelled wanting to speak with the District Attorney. Simmons let out a sigh,

“As you wish Steele, but he’s angry about what you have done. I’d tread carefully.” Simmons dismissed him and Tim quickly got up and left the room.

Tim approached the District Attorney’s office and quickly rapped on the door.

“Enter” a deep voice called out after a moment. Tim opened the door and walked into the office.

“Steele, what are you doing here? Simmons was supposed to fire you.” Robertson didn’t beat around the bush and his voice was full of anger. Robertson was a large man in his early fifties. Steele had never been intimidated by him, even when he faced him in the courtroom. He was now, but Tim couldn’t let him know that.

“I won’t stand for it! I worked for the city of Boston for twenty years!” He tried to keep his voice controlled but he was furious. Robertson smirked leaning back in his chair.

“It’s that arrogance that allowed you think you could fabricate evidence for your mistress.” Tim was shocked but managed to keep his poker face, “the ex-husband who in fact is the most power man on the east coast.” Robertson shook his head, “you really thought I was going to let you press charges against him with fabricated evidence that would mean the death of my career. You are fool Steele and all for that woman.”

Robertson sighed, “it’s a shame you never realized what a gem you had in your wife before you ruined your career. Now leave before I have security called.”

“But-“

“I said leave this office with the only chance I’m giving you to have your dignity intact!” Robertson thundered and Tim had no choice

but to leave like a dog with his tail tucked between his legs. Tim was outside heading to his car when he saw two men approach him.

“Tim Steele?” The men asked and shit he knew they were process servers.

“Yes?”

“Here you’ve been served.” The men born handed him papers. One was divorce proceedings, apparently since he already signed the papers all those months ago Julia finally signed the papers. Tim sighed and looked at the other ones.

“Shit!” This was not good, it was a defamation lawsuit for ten million dollars against James Cunningham. Diane as well as himself were listed as the defendants. He was so fucked.

My Husband Cheated with My Bully Chapter 67

Tate pov

Five months.

It's been five months since that day in the hospital, since he made love to his woman. Tate still talked and FaceTimed both Willow and Aspen every night. While he couldn't be there in person Willow sent pics and videos everyday. Those made his day in the hospital so much easier. Time went by fast and so slow at the same time.

Tate was discharged from Walter Reed a week after Willow had returned home, it still took another six weeks for his body to fully heal. Tate was fortunate enough that he didn't lose a lot of muscle mass. He still was only able to do limited work outs at the gym and he had to admit the rehab along with psychical therapy was rough.

He still had pain in his shoulder where the bullet passed through. The doctor informed him at his last appointment that it was normal and he most likely would for some time. His ribs were also still sore despite the

doctor xraying them and giving Tate the okay.

Tate looked around at his house for the past five years as he picked up his duffel bag. It was crazy to realize his whole life could fit into his military issue duffel he got at eighteen. His whole life he lived either at the barracks or on site housing once he became a sergeant. So he had very little possessions that were actually his and not the property of the US government. He mainly owned clothes and books for his school. Three pairs of shoes, two of them combat boots. He had his hygiene products and that was just about it. It was sad when one looked at the house and came to the conclusion that he had never made it a home.

Tate still had a lot of his accrued his vacation and block leave so he was packing up early. His CO wouldn't let him take more than four weeks so he got to cash out the last two weeks he accrued. While normally he would

just cash it out and put it into his saving Tate wasn't going to do that. Tate honestly never took his vacation or holidays as he never had anywhere to go. He did now. Tate had Willow and Aspen waiting for him.

Tate still had to return to Boston at the end of the month to sign some paper work and the men wanted to throw him a party. Tate found out that several of the men in the unit failed to reup their contracts or asked for transfers to different bases. Smitty's greed ruined the unit that had been together for over ten years. Tate knew that his refusal to sign another three year contract made the others follow suit, but Smitty broke the unit. The trust was gone and the men would never be able to go on a mission together again.

Smitty's trial took place in the heat of July and it was Godawful as there was no air conditioning in the small court house just outside of DC. Court Martials like this one were rare and so it was packed full with

military personnel. Willow offered to come to lend support, but he didn't know how long the trial would take so he told her to stay home. Tate was shocked the first day of his testimony to see James Cunningham sitting in the back. He was the only non-military man present.

The men in the unit showed up every day, not to offer Smitty support, but they sat with the prosecutor to show their contempt. Johnson, Tate, Garcia, and their CO all had to testify. His buddy who pulled the finical on Smitty was called to testify as well. Tate's testimony lasted two days. It was brutal even worse than his interrogation against the DOD. Smitty's lawyer had tried to catch Tate in a lie, but he kept his testimony consistent. The entirety of the trial lasted two weeks.

The day sentencing came down was a hard day for the entire unit. Smitty was found guilty and sentenced to fifteen years in

Leavenworth. Smitty was sentenced for two counts of manslaughter along with trafficking charges. It turns out that Smitty was the one who shot both him and Garcia. Tate had a feeling it was Smitty, but it still bothered him to find out after at the trial.

The men in the jail left that god awful courthouse and went down in the dumps despite getting the sentencing they desired. The wife's and families of the men stood outside the courthouse waiting for the verdict. Tate stalked off to his truck as he didn't want to deal with people. Tate was half way to the parking lot when he heard it. Her voice calling to him, and he turned to see his girls. Time stood still for just a moment and then he ran to embrace them both. When he kissed Willow for the first time since the hospital Aspen let her presence known with a slight cry. Tate pulled back and picked up the adorable almost five month old baby that he hadn't

held since she was born. It was just what he didn't know he needed.

Reynolds trial was shorter for the unit, but similar. Tate, Garcia, and Smitty testified at Reynolds trial. Smitty spun a tale about how the major was using him. Reynolds got five years as it was clear the major was just the middle man. The men in the unit went to support him though this time Willow didn't show up and Tate was fine with that. The trial lasted one week and the men were happy the entire affair was over with.

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Tate finally exited his house and saw the men in his unit on his small front lawn.

"Looks like this is it boys," Tate said trying to ease tension. He looked at the men who they literally went through hell together with.

"I can't believe you are giving it up for a woman," Johnson said with a head shake.

“That’s not why I’m leaving the military,” Tate responded with a sigh. His priorities had shifted, not to mention the doctors wouldn’t declare him fit for combat for at least a year. Tate had too many injuries over the years and his last injury was eerily similar to the one he just sustained. Tate has made the decision to get out before the doctors told him and that solidified the decision.

“What are you going to do now?” Garcia asked. Garcia was the only one who knew about his health restrictions.

“I don’t know. Finish school. I’m not in a real hurry, the only thing I’ve ever spent my money on was my truck.” Tate pointed to his nice truck that he paid in full at the car lot. Living on base he had no expenses except food and he ate at the canteen a lot. Needless to say he had a lot of money saved up, despite his ex-wife trying to take his money during the divorce.

Thankfully they had been married only a few years and most of his money had been saved prior to their marriage. Tate was lucky on multiple fronts, his ex was entitled to nothing when they divorced.

He still had the bulk of his money here in Boston so he's going to have to deal with that when he comes back. Tate went to his truck and threw his duffel bag in the back seat and turned back to the men who were part of his life for so long. The men were stoic, but Tate knew this was hard on everyone.

“Remember to call me if you ever need me. I'll always have your six boys.” Tate got in his truck and watched the men fade away as he drove off in the rear view mirror.

Willow pov

She hated to be cliché but the past five months had been really long, but had flown by. It was September and Aspen was seven months old now. Willow was loving every

moment of her daughters growth and development. It was finally at six months that Aspen's colic settled down. Once Willow introduced baby food with the permission of her doctor Aspen seemed to be a lot happier and in less pain. Aspen's was a beautiful baby girl who everyone told her was her little mini-me. It was hard for Willow to see as Aspen was totally bald. Aspen was born with a head full of hair but at around four months it just started falling out, Willow had no idea why. Willow also didn't bother putting Aspen in bows to make look like a girl as she just tore them off her head. Aspen was often confused for a boy despite often wearing pink and yellow dresses. It didn't bother Willow. Aspen was a beautiful and healthy which is all that mattered to her.

Bertha watched Aspen everyday and the girls had finally managed to move into her uncles place after a month of staying at Willow's house. The girls were still often at Willow's place. She was finally able to get herself fully

moved into her home after several months and she was happy with the way her house was situated. Willow still hadn't moved Aspen into her room yet, she just couldn't do it. Knox had taken over the spare bedroom whenever he was here on visits.

Her and Knox were able to work out a decent schedule in regards to visitation. Knox would visit every two or three weeks depending on his vacation time. Then on the third visit Willow would make the trip up to Boston. Willow only had accrued a few vacation days and as editor she need to be at the office on the Friday/Monday meetings. Willow would generally just take a half day and leave after the meeting. While the situation was far from normal, it worked for them. Willow knew down the road that she would have say goodbye to her daughter for long periods of time when Aspen got older, but that was a different worry for a different day.

Willow's work was doing well and she was able to find her place into the new work atmosphere. She didn't have any trouble managing her new junior editors. Willow had three junior editors one male and two females all close to her own age. She also had her own secretary. The job was definitely an improvement, but a lot of responsibilities over her previous one as junior editor. While she was thriving, the job was a lot of additional hours.

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Willow was pulling into her driveway when she saw his truck. She couldn't believe it, she had to blink several times as she put the car in park. Nope that was Tate's truck. She double checked the license plate to be sure. Willow couldn't believe it as he had one month left on his contract. Willow got out of her car and rushed into the house. She got into the living room and there he was.

Time stood still, as she took in Tate Walker. Damn did he look good with five o'clock shadow. She had never seen him unshaven before. He was holding Aspen in his arms, that made him look even more sexy. Bertha must of let him in as she had seen him several times from their FaceTime. Honestly she didn't care at the moment. He was here. Tate was standing in her living room holding Aspen.

His head looked up and saw her standing there staring at her. Tate gave her that signature smirk she loved so much.

“How are you here?” Willow asked slightly confused.

“Does it matter?” Tate asked and Willow shook her head no before throwing herself into his arms. Tate caught like always.

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Willow pov

When the butterflies disappeared and night came the reality settled in and so did Willow's anxiety. While the two of them discussed their future and what their relationship would be like when Tate got out of the military it's totally different now that he is here. Where is he going to live? Will he live with them as a family? How will that work whenever Knox comes over to stay the night for his weekend visits? No one wants your ex staying down the hall when you are trying to sleep with your current partner. Willow also didn't know what Tate's plans for himself were either. He was changing his career path altogether.

That night after Aspen went to bed, in her crib for the first time ever! She finally had started kicking in the bassinet and it would rock back and forth badly. Tate being here finally made Willow put her daughter in her

room for the first time. She just didn't know how well that would go over tonight.

Willow and Tate went down to talk in the living room. It became familiar as the two of them sat on her old sectional. Willow's heart settled a little seeing the large man beckon her to him.

"Do you have any plans?" Willow asked Tate as he pulled her in for a hug. Willow settled in on his chest and felt the steady beat of his heart.

"It's weird not to be rubbing your belly," he said instead of responding to her question. Willow laughed at the comment and he was instead rubbing her butt. Tate let out a sigh, "I don't know, I got to find a place to stay for now."

"Are you sure you don't want to move here?" Willow asked unsure if she was ready for either answer.

“Not yet, I want Aspen to get used to me first before I move in, and I think we should be a couple for awhile before I move in.” Willow agreed wholeheartedly so she nodded her head. So Tate was going to move in, just not yet. It was definitely a good answer.

“Smooth line ace,” she responded and Tate let out a chuckle,

“It’s not a line, while I want to move in with you. I want to do it right.”

“Honestly I very much agree, do you have anything in mind? I don’t think we are hiring right now.”

“Well I know I want to finish up school, Georgia State is across town. I’m set for awhile finically and I may have to wait until next semester to go back.” The months got away from her and she didn’t realize that the semester had already started. The two of them cuddled for a while enjoying each others presence.

“Well it’s good that you got here on the weekend we can look around for some apartments for you and you can stay here until you find something,” Willow told him.

“Sounds perfect,” he whispered into her ear causing Willow to shiver and she felt him smile against her skin. Tate pulled back and looked into her eyes,

“God I missed you.” Willow smiled at him and saw the love in his eyes.

“I missed you too Tate.” Tate leaned in and seared his mouth to hers in a sweet kiss. Willow pulled back after a heated make out session. Tate pulled her close to him, seemingly content to just hold her. Willow was fine with whatever he wanted to do.

“By the way congratulations!” She told him remembering the big news.

“What?” He asked confused.

“You didn’t see it?” Willow asked him and Tate shook his head negative.

“Your book broke onto the top ten New York Bestsellers list!” Willow was super excited about it. While she did receive a bonus at work Willow knew that meant Tate would receive more money in royalties per his contract.

“Oh really?” Tate said completely unfazed almost apathetic.

“Yeah, it’s great news, you should get a bonus for it!” Willow was confused,

“Yeah, that’s great.”

“Am I missing something here?” Willow asked still confused.

“The surge in the books are only because of the trials,” Tate explained and Willow felt like a jerk.

“I’m sorry Tate, I didn’t know.”

“I know baby,” he seemed to soften a little.

“You want to head to bed?” Willow suggested. Tate nodded and the couple went upstairs after checking on Aspen. Willow laid down in bed after changing into her nightgown. Tate was asleep by the time she got there and Willow couldn’t help but smile as she saw the giant of a man sleeping in her bed. He looked funny as he was still in his army fatigues in her pink bed. She pulled the blanket up and over him and got into bed beside him. Willow smiled as Tate immediately pulled her close to his side and snuggled with her. Willow drifted off to sleep feeling safe and warm in a way she hadn’t in a really long time.

Willow woke up the next day and reached across for Tate only to find the bed empty. Then she realized that she didn’t once wake up to the sound of her daughter crying. Willow jumped up and got her bearings. It was light out so Aspen should be awake by

now. Willow scrambled out of the bed and went out of her room and across the hall to find her daughter. Empty. Aspen wasn't in her crib.

“Tate!” Willow started screaming as she hollered for Tate. “Aspen's gone! I don't know what happened to her!” She started screaming as she started searching every room for her seven month old baby. Aspen was starting to crawl so maybe she got out of the crib and crawled out of her room. Willow was frantically searching the other rooms for her daughter when she heard Tate coming up the stairs.

“Willow! Calm down! I have her.” Tate came up and around the stairs holding Aspen. The big smiling girl looked thrilled to be in Tate's arms and Willow finally relaxed.

“Don't you two scare me like that!”

“Sorry, I just wanted to give you the morning off.” Willow tried taking Aspen but

she refused to leave Tate's arms. Willow pouted a little but she let her daughter stay with Tate as she saw his smile grow wider.

"It's all right, it's just I haven't had a break in a long time." Willow started to smell something, "is something burning?"

"Shit the eggs!" Tate took off down the stairs at a run.

"Be careful!" Willow yelled. Willow smiled and got herself dressed before heading downstairs to have breakfast. This was definitely going to be a good Saturday.

Rowan pov

Life for Rowan was the same as it had been for the past year. It had been hard cutting his mother out of his life, but reflecting back on the past eight months. It has been peaceful and drama free. It honestly had been the best year of his life without his mother and Regina in it. He hated to say that about his mother, but now that he no longer

talked to his mom Rowan could see just how toxic she was.

Rowan didn't go to any society events any longer and rediscovered a hobby that he used to enjoy with Willow. Historical Re-enactments were where him and Willow would go on the weekends with his father when they were younger. Though once he got into high school he became too cool for them.

The events were usually every other month, the conflicts would change, and it was a great way for Rowan to destress. He usually had a blast as there was a huge array of people there. The people that would show up would be doctors, teachers, store clerks, firefighters, police, veterans, and other lawyers. Rowan really wished that he could do this with Willow again as she loved it when they were kids. His father sometimes joined in when he was visiting.

The only problem for him was that there was a girl there. Her name was Charlotte of Lottie and she was very much interested in him. She had asked him if he was interested in seeing different museums or exhibits and Rowan always turned her down. While Lottie was a great woman, she was a history teacher at a local community college, Rowan just wasn't interested in a relationship. He was focusing on his career at the moment. Rowan decided a long time ago that Regina had left too many scars on him to even think about dating a woman any time soon. Then there was Willow.

While Rowan did think of Willow, it was more in passing as he saw something she liked. He often thought of her as he was falling asleep. Rowan wondered what Willow was doing with her life, if she was happy. That is all he cared about, if she was happy as Rowan knew he couldn't be with her. He finally came to that realization a few weeks after Aspen was born. Willow would always

be the one who got away. Hell she was the one who he chased away. Rowan could have been her knight in shining armor, but he just had ruin it for himself.

Regina still tried to get into contact with him from time to time. He told his father every time she did and Rowan was told that it would be taken care of. Rowan had lunch with his father about every two weeks. His dad kept his promise that he would be here for him.

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Knox pov

“Yes sir, thank you very much for this opportunity and I can’t wait to start at your company at the beginning of October,” Knox said with a huge smile on his face.

“We are looking forward to your work Mr. Hayes, see you October first.”

“Yes sir, thank you sir.” Knox replied and the man who would be his new boss hung up on him. Yes! Yes! He got the job in Charleston! Knox had been applying for engineering jobs in a five hour radius of Savannah since Aspen was born. He finally got a job offer. Knox was sitting in his office and immediately went into his template resignation letter and filled it out. Then sent it off to his boss Mike.

While Knox couldn't prove anything he knew he had been blacklisted. He applied for jobs he was overqualified for. These jobs would also be a significant pay cut for him. Knox talked to his current boss about his desire to live closer to his family and knew that he was being given good recommendations. He never got a call back on a single one. It was a test. He knew it was James Cunningham who was pulling the strings. Knox continued to apply, do good work for his company, and visit his daughter as much as he possibly could. He just had to keep plugging away.

Then put off the blue it happened, he got a callback from a place in Charleston from a company he really wanted. Well he really wanted to work in this large company in Savannah, but he would take what he could get. Knox was thrilled it was two hours away from Savannah and his family. The pay was only a ten thousand dollar pay cut, but he could live with that as he had taken a lot of cuts in his life. Knox had stopped eating out and only allowed it once a week. Knox noticed a considerable difference and he hated to admit that Willow was right. He spent too much money on junk.

That night he went to his parents house that night and shared the big news. His parents were thrilled for him. His mom asked him if he needed any money for a deposit on an apartment, but he turned his parents down. Knox wanted to do this on his own. Knox for once in his life had been living under his means and had been saving up money in

anticipation for this. He was ready for this move.

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It was that Sunday night at family dinner when all hell broke loose. Knox was eating and enjoying his family celebrating his good news. Memphis neither congratulated him, but didn't say anything negative about the situation. Honestly Knox knew he couldn't ask for anything more. Knox honestly didn't regret sleeping with Gina, but he regretted interfering in his brothers marriage. The dinner was half way over when his father told the table he had an announcement.

"I talked to your mother and we have come to the decision to help you," his father told him and Knox tried to argue.

"This is for us as well Knox, I haven't seen my granddaughter more than but a handful of times, so I'm going to buy a house in

between.” His father announced and shocked the hell out of him.

“Dad can you afford that?” Memphis asked butting in.

“We haven’t had a mortgage in fifteen years Memphis and have a significant savings. There will be some cutbacks,” his father looked to their mother. The entire family knows his mom spends about a thousand dollars a month at bingo, if not more.

“We decided its worth it if we want to spend more time with our granddaughter,” his mother responded with a large smile.

“I’m not trying to be selfish here, but how does that help me?” Knox asked confused.

“We will buy the house and you can stay in it, you will pay half the mortgage and all the costs you accrue at the home. We will come visit from time to time though,” his father added in and Knox was shocked.

“We thought it would be cheaper than renting and it would help you to save for a home of your own,” his mother responded with a smile. Knox smiled at his parents as he couldn’t believe how much they were doing for him.

“This is amazing! I can’t believe it! It would definitely help.” Knox was beyond happy that his life was finally turning around. He never thought he would get his life together after his divorce.

Memphis pov

He was livid and he couldn’t hold it in any longer.

“Are you fucking kidding me?” Everyone’s eyes drew to him.

“Now Memphis-“ his mother started and for the first time in his life he cut his mother off.

“No mom I’m sick of the blatant favoritism.” His anger was brewing inside of him.

“What?”

“You favor Knox and I’ve had enough.” He took a few deep breaths to calm himself.”

“Where was my help when I blew my ACL and my shot at the bigs was gone?” Memphis asked his parents who looked away. “I was told I just had to deal with it.”

“No one helped me with my surgeries as I was told we didn’t have the money. I was only twenty years old. I had a mountain of debt. The only help I got was dad got me on at the plant. Do you think I wanted to start working second shift at that factory just to pay for my medical bills?” His father had the decency to look ashamed. “I had to work a full time job and still go to school. While dealing with the fact that my dream was crushed. No one came to check on me except Gina. No one cared how I was doing. I had to ‘pull myself up by the bootstraps.’” Memphis

quoted his father and his temper was bubbling over the top.

“Now Memphis-“ his mother started but he cut her off.

“No mother I’m not done. Where was my hand out when Gina took my house from me and I had to start from scratch? I was told that you didn’t have any money to spare.” Memphis’s anger continued to rise as all of the unknown resentment came pouring out.

“It was the only time I have ever asked for monetary support and you told me no. But him he gets whatever he wants.” Memphis pointed to his brother who just sat there uncaring. “For him? The piece of shit who had been trying to convince my ex-wife to sleep with him for years.”

“What?!” His father shouted.

“Memphis that’s a lie!” His mother shouted and defended his brother like always.

“It’s the truth! Tell them!” He raged at his brother who just shrugged clearly unbothered by his past actions.

“We stopped sleeping together months ago, it’s not a big deal, you have been divorced.”

“What? How could you do that Knox?”

“That’s enough Memphis we will discuss this later.” His father said starting to get angry.

“Father-“

“No! We will discuss this later. It’s not like you haven’t done the same thing to your brother.”

“What?” Knox asked and the whole room was silent. “Did you sleep with my wife?” Knox looked crushed and Memphis smiled.

“Your ex-wife and besides you were separated,” Memphis decided to dig the knife in just like Knox rubbed it in his face. The difference between the two of them is that

Knox very much cared that he slept with Willow. He started to tear up.

“Memphis!” His mother and father yelled at him. Of course his parents cared that his brothers feeling were hurt. Which confused him as his father had cheered him on.

Memphis stood up from the table as he was done with this shit.

“We have nothing to talk about Jim, I’m not apart of this family. You have made that abundantly clear throughout the years. I hope your choice pays off.” Memphis stalked out of the house and his father followed him out the door.

“You will not walk away from me Memphis Hayes I am your father!” Memphis turned around and for the first time squared up against his father. His father was shocked as hell.

“No your not, you are his, I was just the work horse for this family and I’m done.”

“What do you expect me to do Memphis?”
His father asked at a loss.

“Pick me for once, help me,” he demanded and pleaded with his father. Memphis hated how he sounded like a little boy.

“I don’t want to pick sides,” his father copped out.

“That’s cause you already have, you just don’t want to admit it,” Memphis was crushed and he hated to admit it. He loved his

family more than anything. He chose them over his own happiness. He looked in the window where one could see his mother comforting his brother. He nodded his head and his father followed his gaze looking in the window. “We both know why you won’t, just admit it to yourself father. My mother doesn’t give a shit about me and you let her favor her precious baby boy. I’m done.”

Memphis turned around and left his parents

house. While his father yelled at him to come back. Memphis got into his SUV and drove away. Finally as the anger faded he did something he had done in a long time. He cried.

Jim pov

He had never felt more defeated in his life. Memphis was his first boy, his pride and joy. Memphis made him so proud, he went to every single game since he was five years old. However, Marge told him that he was showing favoritism and she wouldn't allow it to happen to her kids. He was proud of his son Knox as well, his sons just had different talents. Jim made sure he went to every science fair, academic decathlon, and other schools events for Knox the same as Memphis. He loved his sons equally.

Jim looked through the window and saw his wife comfort his son. When did Marge start to favor Knox? Was it due to the hard delivery? Knox was a small baby and

required a lot of attention during the first several months of his life. Is that when it started? Or was it when Memphis started to excel in sports when he was young? Honestly he didn't know. Jim knew Knox was jealous of his brother. He did everything he could to nip the jealousy in the bud. They went on camping trips, bowling, go-karts. Jim tried everything he could think of for the brothers to bond, but Knox wasn't interested as he was jealous of his brother. Memphis was such a good son and brother.

He thought of all the hard times Memphis went throughout his life and Jim wanted to help, but his wife told him no, that they couldn't afford it. If they gave their son money then it wouldn't teach their son perseverance. In the end he agreed with Marge as he agreed with with her. Memphis was an amazing man, but he lost his son tonight. Jim had no idea how to get him back. When Marge approached him about helping both Knox and themselves out by

buying a house the idea seemed great at the time. He had no idea the situation would blow up like this.

He walked back into the house where he saw Marge tell his son that Memphis was a bastard and he didn't deserve an amazing brother like him. Is this what Marge had always told Knox? Jim was done, he had enough.

"Marge." He announced his presence to the room.

"Not now Jim, I'm talking to Knoxxy." God he always hated how she did that crap. Honestly how did he miss the blatant favoritism. How did his wife manage to convince him to buy a house in the south. They had never even taken a vacation. He always wanted to see Alaska, but his wife refused to stop playing bingo so they could save the money so he could go. That woman now spent two thousand dollars a month on her vice.

“Marge,” he said more firmly and his wife looked at him angrily.

“I said not now! I’m not happy with you keeping this from me!” His wife dared to get angry with him.

“I want a divorce.” He said in a tone that brooked no argument. Jim was not going to lose his son. Memphis mattered more than anything. He messed up enough, it was time to fix it.

My Husband Cheated with My Bully Chapter 70

Willow pov

The new couple spent their weekend together barely parting. It was nice for both of them. They bonded as a couple in a way they hadn’t before. The Saturday was spent looking for apartments for Tate and there had been a few potentials. Willow had sent out messages and called the number but as it

was Saturday there was a smattering of responses.

It was around lunchtime that Willow did what she always did after lunch and she laid down with her daughter. Willow was rarely able to nap, but Aspen usually took a two hour nap starting at noon. Willow cuddled in with her daughter and surprisingly enough Tate fell in behind her. It was like a dream. The three of them fell asleep cuddled together on the bed for several hours.

Aspen finally woke Willow up in the afternoon sun with a poke in the face and her adorable giggle. Willow couldn't help but smile on return as her daughters laughter brought her so much joy. Tate's laughter accompanied Aspen and Willow felt like she was in a dream. She never imagined she could be so happy after her divorce.

The three of them braved a restaurant early Saturday. Willow was nervous as she had never taken Aspen out to a restaurant other

than McDonalds before though it was a great time. Aspen had a great time eating applesauce and mashed potatoes while the two of them had cheeseburgers and fries. Tate took over feeding Aspen after he had inhaled all of his food which allowed her to finally eat her cheeseburger. Willow couldn't believe how easy the three of them fell into this easy pattern that Willow had never felt before even with Knox.

The three of them were just getting home and Tate was taking Aspen upstairs to her crib as she had fallen asleep. Willow's phone started vibrating in her pocket and she checked it to see Knox was calling.

"Please tell me it's not true," Knox said as soon as Willow picked up the phone.

"What are you talking about?" Willow asked confused.

"You and Memphis!" Knox shouted into her ear making Willow pull the phone away. "Do

not tell me you slept with him!” Knox shouted and Willow remained silent. Jesus! Why did Memphis tell him now? It’s been almost two years now. She let out a sigh.

“Willow!” Knox shouted bringing her attention back to him.

“What?” She shouted sick of his crap.

“Tell me!” Knox shouted at her.

“I thought I wasn’t supposed to tell you?!” He continued to scream like a lunatic.

“You slept with him?’ You whore!” Knox screamed and Willow was shocked he spoke to her like that. The phone was ripped away from her before she could respond.

“You talk to my woman like that again and I will tear your head off,” Tate threatened menacingly. He then hung up and turned to her. “Who was he talking about?” Willow was nervous as she had never seen Tate this

angry. In fact she had never seen Tate angry at all. “Who Willow?”

“Memphis! He was talking about Memphis!” She squeaked out. Willow was never a liar,

“His brother? You slept with the man’s brother?” He asked surprised. “Just how many many have you slept with?” Tate asked her and Willow’s nervousness turned to anger.

“You are an asshole Tate walker! And a hypocrite get out of my house!” Willow screamed and pointed to the front door.

“I want a number,” he asked and Willow turned it around on him.

“What’s your number?” Willow asked and he finally had the decency to look ashamed.

“What? In the triple digits?” Willow taunted him and she heard Aspen cry whom had probably woke up from the screaming.

Willow went to her daughters but Tate grabbed her.

“Wait Willow-“

“Three okay!” Willow burst out with before shrugging his arm off of her. Willow knew he was shocked but she didn’t care, all that mattered was her daughter was upset.

Willow went upstairs to get her daughter and calm her down. It took a few minutes to calm down Aspen as she woke up scared which bothered Willow. When Aspen was finally calm Willow heard the door open,

“Willow...” Tate said helplessly by the door but Willow wasn’t moved.

“No Tate, I don’t want want to hear it, I asked you to leave and I meant it. You really hurt me.” Willow turned away and Tate left silently.

Willow hadn’t heard from him again. Tate left and while she was mad he didn’t text her or call her back to check in for the next two

days. Willow was used to not hearing from him as he was on deployments, but Willow thought that would change now that he was out of the military. She would have to talk to her uncle James as he was the only one she knew who had been in the military.

It was Tuesday and Willow was getting pissed off. Tate hadn't reached out and Willow hadn't either. She finally caved and sent state a message saying that if she hadn't heard from him by tomorrow then she would assume the two of them were no longer together.

Willow had spent hours trying to think why his personality did that one eighty flip in a minute. Honestly Willow felt like it was a bit of both PTSD and self-sabotage. She knew Tate struggled with feeling abandoned, but so did she as the parents she knew had abandoned her as well. Not to mention her ex-husband had cheated on her with her bully. Willow was trying to be

understanding, but she was struggling to keep her temper in check. She was mad at him and they needed to talk it out, but honestly she didn't know if he was even interested any longer. God this was all so frustrating. Were men really this hard?

Willow got home that night and Bertha gave her a look of sympathy and Willow hated that look.

“How's the girls?” Willow asked before she could ask about Tate.

“They are good, loving school which has never happened before,” Bertha laughed causing Willow to smile.

“How was this big girl?” Willow asked cuddling her daughter and smothering her with kisses. Bertha frowned,

“She was whining a lot today, I think she might be teething.” Willow pulled back Aspen's bottom lip to inspect her gums but didn't see anything.

“The ridges mean they are coming up and should be popping through soon.” Bertha informed her.

“Oh,” Willow felt dumb.

“You are a good mom Willow, I just have two kiddos under my belt,” Bertha told her and gave her a hug. Willow felt so comforted by the hug she wanted to cry.

It wasn't long after Bertha had left that there was a knock at the door. Willow had just changed out of her work clothes so she picked up Aspen and carried her down the stairs.

“It's Tate Aspen, I know it,” Willow whispered to her daughter. He was coming back to apologize. Willow was beyond shocked to find her mother at the other side of her door. Her mother had lost at least twenty pounds and looked haggard.

“Hey Willow, you look good.” Her mother's voice called accompanied with a smile. The shock finally wore off and she fired out,

“What the hell are you doing here? How did you get my address?” Willow was angry as hell.

Diane pov

“Impossible! Impossible! Run it again!” She shouted to the imbecile cashier at this new popular boutique on Newberry street. She heard about the boutique from her new lover Brixton. Honestly what kind of name is Brixton? The only thing the boy is good for is gossip. He was right and the top of Boston so idk shop at this boutique. The cheapest thing in the store was a pair of socks that cost over a hundred dollars. Money was of no continued Diane or so she thought as she bundled several different items to the cashier worth close to a million dollars. The rub was that her form of payment didn't go through.

“Run it again!” She screeched like a banshee and the woman at the counter had a very serene expression on her face.

“Ma’am I ran it three times already.”

“I don’t care! Run it again until it goes through!”

“Ma’am I’m sorry it doesn’t work like that. Do you have another form of payment,” the woman asked in a still calm tone setting her off.

“I don’t need another form of payment! I’m James Cunningham’s wife!”

“Didn’t he divorce you like a year ago?” The woman next to her asked causing someone to snicker. Diane finally looked around and saw that she was drawing a crowd. God how embarrassing. Something like this had never happened to her? Is this a dream? She had to be dreaming right?

“Sorry ma’am you need to leave so we can help other customers,” the bitch behind the counter told her with a smug grin.

“You will let me take things home other my husband will find out about it.”

“Your ex-husband,” one woman snickered.

“Look I’m still a Cunningham and James will-”
“ Diane stopped talking as the atmosphere in the store changed. In walked her ex-husband James with a smirk on his face.

“What will I do?”

“Well James-“

“This crazy lady was telling us she could walk out of the store without buying anything,” another random woman said.

“I am not crazy!” She shouted to the woman before looking at James beseechingly. “Isn’t that right James?” The smirk on James face told her that she was in trouble.

“Why would I let a thief take anything from my store?” He announced and everyone gasped in shock.

“Ma’am?” Diane saw the store clerk asked what could only be the manager.

“The buy out was complete this morning.” Shit. Diane had no idea how to salvage this situation.

“Well then I will just-“

“You are not going anywhere Diane,” James cut off her trying to escape. In walked two men in suits and James smirked. “At least not without being handcuffs.”

“Diane Smurtz, you are under arrest for fraud and embezzlement.” The men came at her and she started to panic and flung herself at her James.

“No!! You can’t do this to me!” James stood their apathetically as always.

“You should have known better than to come after my niece and my brothers company.” James indifferently and watched as the men handcuffed her as they read her, her rights.

“You have the right to remain silent, you have the right to a lawyer.” Diane was humiliated as she was drug out of Newbury street as she passed so many women she had looked down upon for years. They laughed at her and took pictures. You will pay for this James Cunningham.

“Do you understand your rights as I have said them to you?” Diane was placed into the car and she couldn't help but a scream bubble out of her.