

The scorched pieces falling around me

"I'm pregnant," Willow said and instantly regretted it. She wasn't supposed to tell Knox yet. Denitely not after he just went to go see Regina. It was just like a word vomit, it just came out.

Knox's beautiful smile showed on his face upon hearing that she was pregnant. She always loved her husbands smile, it really lit up his whole face. Willow watched as the smile started to fade as reality started to hit him. The reality being she just asked for a divorce as he had been having an affair with a women she couldn't stand. A woman that had bullied her for years. A woman that caused her so much pain, including going after her husband with the intention of ruining her marriage.

Willow wasn't sure if a stranger would make this whole train wreck better. If it would make him forgive him. She had read several blogs and posts on Reddit about cheating and how the marriage never survived despite trying. The old adage of 'once a cheater, always a cheater,' seemed true here. Willow even posted herself, though she left out the high school bully part. The advice varied ; some suggested marriage therapy, try and forgive him. However, a lot of women who had been cheated and forgave their partner simply stated that they continued to cheat later on in the marriage. The women were just unable to forgive their husbands.

"Willow, please..." Knox begged as he reached out to touch her belly. Willow immediately inched and pulled away.

"Please what?" She whispered, her voice broken as she was broken. "What could you possibly say that could make this any better? Or different?" Willow started to cry.

"I want our marriage to work," Knox told her and she laugh through her tears.

"You mean now that Regina has broken up with you?" Knox opened his mouth, but clearly didn't know what to say so he shut it again.

"You truly think I would settle for being a second choice?" She asked her husband. Knox was silent and she steeled her resolve. "I thought I asked you to leave."

"What about the baby?" Knox asked clearly upset and in pain.

"What about the baby?" Willow asked confused.

"Well we always said I would go to all of the doctors appointments." Willow rubbed her head in agitation.

"You truly think that still applies here?" Willow asks. "Please leave, I will start packing up your things."

"Umm, I would rather you didn't ." Knox said nervously.

"Why is that?" Willow said shrewdly. Knox looked away. Another blow to her heart as realization hit her.

"Fine I don't want to nd any of her underwear either. You still need to leave."

"Will it's not-"

"Leave! You did this to me! Just leave before I call my father! Or uncle! You can have your brother box up your stuff!" Willow started to scream and cry. She was done being nice and rational. She was done being accommodating and talking it out like a rational adult. She left the living room and went into the living room to the bed room to cry. She heard the door quietly close and she fell into a heap of despair.

It was an hour later when she emerged from her misery. She decided to send two texts. One to her father letting her know that it was done, and asking if he could come call some one to change the locks. The second to her soon to be ex-husband. She told him no that he couldn't go to every appointment as they were no longer husband and wife. However, she would let him go to the ultrasound appointments that let him see the baby as it was his baby to. She got immediate responses from both.

Dad: good. I will be over in an hour.

Me: have you told mom yet?

Dad: no she's still sleeping off her hang over

Hubby: Tyty! So much will! It means so much to me. I also talked to my brother he will be over after work and pick up some of my stuff. The rest of my family dk we split up

Me: ne

Lovely she was going to have to tell her father she was pregnant and tell his brother Memphis that his brother cheated on her. Willow really liked Knox's brother. He was a good man who had a little boy and was divorced because his wife was a serial cheater. He worked hard in a factory to pay child support and live in the city.

The door bell brought her out of her thoughts and she saw her father standing there when she went to open the door.

"Sorry I'm early, but your uncle was able to get a locksmith over here right away." Willow looked behind her and saw a van parked in her driveway.

"You told uncle James?" Her father shrugged.

"He already guessed." Willow scoffed,

"Cheaters recognize each other I guess."

"That's not fair Willow," her father stuck up for uncle James. Willow had enough and just exploded.

"Not fair! I was twelve when me and aunt Diane caught him screwing his secretary on his desk!" She screamed at her father. Her father was clearly shocked and didn't know that.

"Why didn't I know that?"

"I don't know you will have to ask mom, she spent all night with aunt Diane, who for the record didn't take it that well when I asked why uncle James was wrestling with that lady." Willow paused as she started to cry remembering the awful aftermath that she was currently experiencing that had happened. "It wasn't until s*x ed that I realized that what they were doing was s*x. I was sickened and disgusted that uncle James was doing it with some one other than Aunt Diane. When I asked mom why they were still together she told me I would understand when I was an adult." Willow held out her hands. "Guess what I'm an adult and still don't understand." Looking at her fathers face it was clear he had nothing to say to combat her argument. He also looked at little ashamed? That was odd.

"I'll just go help the locksmith then." Her father walked away and Willow couldn't help but feel guilty. She just hated how her father stood up for her uncle all these years after seeing aunt Diane cry over uncle James. Especially now that she is feeling the pain rst hand it just feels worse.

Willow went back into her bedroom to lay back down. It wasn't even lunch time and she was completely over today.

Noon came and went without Willow eating and her father stayed outside in the heat. Their relationship was always strained and honestly the two of them didn't have much to talk about. So it wasn't odd that her father didn't come in to talk to her. It wasn't until one that he came back inside.

"Wills?" Her father came out.

"Here dad," she said as she came walking into the kitchen. Her dad handed her the new keys.

"Look Willow I'm sorry. I shouldn't stick up for him."

"No you shouldn't. I'm sorry," Willow debated telling her father about her pregnancy but decided to let her mother do so. She gave her father a hug and he left.

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Willow managed to fall asleep in the afternoon and woke up to the doorbell. She woke up with a start,

"Coming!" she looked at her phone and saw it was six in the evening. It was probably Memphis. She walked to the door, opened it, and sure enough there he was.

"Hey!"

"Hey," he replied with an awkward smile. He had the same amazing smile as Knox. She shook her head.

"Come on in." Memphis came into the kitchen. "How have you been? How's Jackson?" Another smile,

"He's good. Happy to be out of school." Willow laughed,

"I hated kindergarten too. Can't blame the poor kid." Then it got awkward and Memphis dived in.

"Okay where's my brothers stuff?" Memphis asked. Willow walked to their bedroom.

"There's his dresser, the bulk of his stuff is out in the garage, but I'm assuming he just needs stuff for work, he didn't keep an oce here at the house." Willow explained. Memphis looked around and rubbed his neck, she could tell he was exhausted.

"I'm not trying to sound insensitive, but-" Willow interrupted him.

"Look Memphis I've always been blunt. None of his stuff is packed up because he didn't want me to." He looked surprised. "We are splitting up because he's been having an affair for the last several months and when I told him to leave and I would pack up his stuff he was panicked. So he kept something from her in our home. So I'd rather not go through his stuff and nd it. I'm sorry you have to go through a long day and pack up his stuff. But I really don't want to." Willow couldn't help but cry a little and Memphis immediately wrapped her in a hug.

"I'm sorry my brother is an ass."

"No I'm sorry for unloading all of that on you, you didn't deserve that."

"I was insensitive." Willow laughed at hearing a rough guy like Memphis say insensitive. He never cared, took care of his son, but he looked like he was a biker from those romance novel covers. Memphis always had ve o'clock shadow, a wonderful set of abs Willow got a peak of when he was walking around in board shorts for family bbq's, and so many gorgeous tattoos to adorn his body. In short he was drop dead gorgeous.

The difference between her and Knox, Willow was loyal to a fault. Her husband was all she saw. Period. Yes his brother was attractive, but that was it. Memphis was also married when they met, then going through a nasty divorce.

"What?"

"Just hearing a guy like you say insensitive, Willow saw him blush a little.

"Umm- couples therapy." Willow pointed to the boxes.

"There's boxes. I'm going to get dinner started." Willow went ahead and started to cook some simple spaghetti and meat sauce. The water was boiling and Willow started to cook the meat. The meat smell started to make her sick. She was able to cook it through and turn the stove off before she had to dash out to the bathroom.

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Willow wasn't sure how long she was sitting over the toilet bowl when she heard Memphis's voice.

"Hey, where is his hygiene stuff?" He walked in to her ushing the toilet and breathing heavy.

"Hey are you okay?" He asked while pulling the hair out her face while rubbing her back. Willow grabbed some toilet paper and wiped her mouth off.

"Hey what happened? You were ne a minute ago." Memphis asks her and Willow glared at him.

"Your not?"

"Pregnant? Yeah I just found out." Willow sat there for a little while longer in case she would get sick again.

"Does Knox know?" He asked and Willow nodded.

"I told him this morning." Memphis wasn't sure how to continue forward with this information so she pointed out to the middle cabinet.

"All of his stuff should be in there. I'm making spaghetti if you want to stay." Willow went back to the kitchen before he could answer her. God this just kept getting messier and messier.