

Chapter 0016

The billionaires heirs

Ashley...

The morning came fast and before I knew it, the sunlight was shining through my windows. I didn't sleep well last night, not after seeing him. I thought that he wouldn't be there but the minute I saw him on stage, I knew I had to get out of there. My father wanted to know what happened last night but I told him I would tell him later. Luckily, he understood. I looked at the time and saw that it was already past nine. I got up and did my morning routine before heading downstairs.

Isabella and Ashton are sitting in front of the television, eating what seems like pancakes. I guess Jason came by.

"Hey guys," I say. They both stop eating and look at me.

"Good morning, mommy," they say, shifting up, and I go to sit down next to them.

"Good morning, babe," Jason says as he walks up to me.

"How are you feeling?"

"Okay, I guess," I sigh.

"Call me if you need anything or if that bastard shows up, I

will teach him a lesson," Jason says and I chuckle.

"I will, although I don't think you have to worry about him coming here since he doesn't know where I live."

"You realize it's Adrian that we are talking about," he said, raising an eyebrow.

"I know but if and when he comes, I will let you know I promise."

"Good, I have to go. I have a date with Freddie so I'm going to leave."

"Okay, now go before Papa Bear goes all wild." I laugh. He laughs and gets off the couch. He kisses the kids' heads and then mine.

"I love you, tots; I'm just a phone call away," he says and heads out of the house.

The rest of the afternoon, the kids and I watched movies as I did the planning for the next birthday party that I must do.

In the evening, the kids asked if we could bake some cookies since theirs were almost finished. By the end of the baking session, both of them were covered in icing and flour.

"Oh, look at the two of you!" I laughed, taking a picture of them.

"Come, princess, let's get you cleaned up," I say, taking Isabella off the counter.

"You are not a princess, Isabella," Ashton says. "Clara is a princess."

Isabella glared at her brother. "No, she is not; she can't be a princess if our mother is the queen," she says, sticking out her tongue.

Ashton seems to be thinking about something when he nods his head up and down and says, "Okay, you are right, she can't be a princess then unless she marries me."

"No, you can't marry her," Isabella yells and I can't help but laugh.

The doorbell interrupts their arguing and I place Isabella on the ground, heading to the door.

When I open the door, I see the person I thought would never find me and I feel my heartbeat increase as I stare at him, shocked.

"Didn't you expect to see me here?" he smirked.

My shock was soon replaced with anger. "What the hell are you doing here?" I asked.

"Did you miss me?" He ignores my question, walking closer to me. I take a step back.

"I will ask again, what the hell are you doing here? How did you find me?" I ask him.

He locks his eyes with mine. His eyes were showing so

many emotions as I stared into them. Regret was one of them, as was sadness. He looks vulnerable.

"Ash, I.. " A little voice interrupts him as he starts.

"Mommy?" Isabella walks into the living room, where we were standing. My eyes followed Adrian's as I saw him watching her with wide eyes. "Who is this mommy?" she asked, watching him. ¹

"It's no one, baby; why don't you and your brother clean up? I will be with you shortly," I said and she nodded.

As soon as she was out of sight, I turned to Adrian and watched his shocked face.

"Is she... is she mine?"

I was seething with anger when he asked me, "No, no, they are mine!"

"They? You had twins?"

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