

## Chapter 0034

### The billionaires heirs

Ashley...

"You look beautiful," Grandma Betty says, kissing my cheek. "I missed you so much," she says, wiping her tears.

"Grandma!" Adrian greets her. Her eyes fill with tears once again and she wraps her arms around him. But what I found strange was the fact that he didn't hug her back. What the hell is wrong with him? Grandma pulled away from him with a disappointed look on her face and I saw Grandpa Kenny approach me.

"Hello, honey," he says and tears form in my eyes. He used to always call me that.

"Grandpa," I sob and wrap my arms around him. He was always like a grandfather to me. He was always there for me when I felt bad and when Adrian and I had fights. I missed him. "How are you, Grandpa?" I ask as I pull away.

"Still alive and kicking, and you?" He smiles and wraps his arm around my shoulder.

"I am good." I smile back. "Let's go inside."

We all make our way inside and Sam brings the luggage inside. I lead him to the guest room as Grandma and Grandpa make themselves comfortable on the couch. Sam set the bags in the closet and left, giving me a slight nod. I make my way to the kid's room. Isabella is writing something in a book while Ashton is playing video games.

"Guys, they are here," I say and they both look up. Their faces light up with excitement and both of them leave whatever they are doing and rush downstairs. I follow them. Adrian is talking on the phone and Grandma and Grandpa are talking to each other with smiles on their faces. They turn towards us and their eyebrows furrow in confusion.

"Hello," Ashton and Isabella say together.

"Hi, sweeties," Grandma smiles and gets off the couch. "Who are these sweetie pies?" she asks. Wait? Didn't Adrian tell them? I look at Adrian and he ends the call and stands up. Grandpa also stands up and joins us.

"They are your great-grandchildren," Adrian says. Grandma and Grandpa's eyes widen as the words leave Adrian's mouth.

"Yo-you were pregnant?" She asks me and I nod, looking down at Ashton and Isabella.

"Yes, with twins," I say and I caress the kid's head with my fingers. 1

"Oh, my!" She sobs and kneels down. She places her hands on Ashton's cheek and then the other hand on Bella's and she looks at both of them in awe. She wraps her arms around them and hugs them to her chest. "I can't believe this. Oh, my God!" she says and pulls away. "I-I" words fail her and she continues to cry.

"Don't cry, Granny," Ashton says and Grandma cries more.

"You left her when she was pregnant? Is that the other reason why you divorced her?" Grandpa asks Adrian. Adrian shakes his head and sighs.

"It's a long story," Adrian said again. His phone buzzes and he looks at the screen and shakes his head. "I need to go. I have some work but I will

talk to you as soon as I get back," he says, giving me a glance before he leaves the house.

"I'm sorry he did that to you," Grandpa says.

"It wasn't your fault, Grandpa," I assure him.

"Hello, grandpa," Isabella says, and Grandpa's attention shifts to the kids as he goes to sit on the couch, opening his arms for them.

"My great-grandchildren," he says and he hugs them both, lifting them onto his legs. The kids squeal with delight.

After I served them dinner, I led them to the guest room. We talked for a bit but they seemed tired after the long flight, so I asked them to take some rest. They refused, saying they wanted to spend time with me and the kids but eventually gave up.

I put the kids in bed and read them a story. I kissed their heads, saying I loved them and headed to my room. I saw a notification on my phone and saw it was from Adrian.

I won't be home tonight; something came up. Xoxo

Did he think I was going to stay up and wait for him to return home? He's an idiot if he thinks some hugs and kisses will make me fall for him again. I decided to ignore the text and take a shower before getting in bed. Once I was done, I lay in bed and slowly and peacefully fell asleep.

My alarm woke me up in the morning and I rushed out of bed and into the shower. I take a quick shower and get dressed in my daily clothes. I go to the kids to wake them up.

"Mommy, I don't want to go to school today," Ashton whines.

"No, I'm sorry, baby but no skipping school today," I say and he groans. "Don't be lazy, honey. Get up and get ready while I make some breakfast," I say and he pouts but gets off the bed. I made my way to the kitchen and saw Grandma already cooking.

"Good morning, Grandma. What are you doing?" I asked her. She turns around and gives me a big smile.

"Good morning, dear. I am making some breakfast. It is almost ready," she says, carrying a cup of coffee to Grandpa, who is sitting on the couch, busy reading the newspaper. I collected my cup from the cabinet and filled it with coffee.

"You didn't have to make breakfast, Grandma," I say when she gets back.

"I wanted to; you know how much I love the kitchen," she smiles and I give her a smile back.

"Is Adrian up yet?" she asks.

"He didn't come home last night," I say.

"Oh, I thought, never mind."

"What is it, Grandma?" I ask and she sighs heavily.

"I thought he would spend some time with us, as we hadn't seen each other for so long. I guess I was wrong," she said, shaking her head.

"What do you mean?" I was confused. She looks upset and I don't like seeing her sad.

"After your divorce, that new girl of his made sure he didn't visit us regularly. He was always too busy to visit us. I know it was somewhat our

fault since we were mad when we heard that he divorced you but he knows we love him. He never called us anymore and whenever I called, he would reject my call. Grandpa and I were upset with him until he called us yesterday to tell us you guys were back together. We were so happy," she says, wiping her tears and smiling. I could only nod as I took in the news she had just told me.

"Mommy, I am hungry," I hear Isabella say.

"Come on, sweetheart. I made breakfast for you. Do you like pancakes?" Grandma asks Isabella as she and Ashton walk inside the kitchen.

"We love pancakes, Gigi," they both exclaim and start to eat as soon as Grandma serves their plates while I sip my coffee. 1

Grandma's words play in my mind. Why did he push them away? Why did he hurt them like this? He was always closer to his grandparents than his own parents. Was it Tonya's doing? What happened to him? 1



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