

Billionaire's Ex-Wife And His Hidden Babies



Sophia's POV (Approx seven years before)

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It had been a week since Levi left all of us, and for the first time, all my family members were here, including my favorite brother, Oliver.

"Though I want to help you, Sophia, but I can't. I'm still studying and still dependent on our parents for my expenses."

"Please, Oli.", I begged with teary eyes.

"Please don't cry, Sophia.", he said, wiping my tears. "But I'm just being practical. Even if I would ask my friends to help me during this period, they won't be able to do so because everyone belongs to a middle-class family just like us and with the same mentality, i. e., about having a child without wedlock." I knew he was saying right, but at the same time, I didn't want to kill the life inside me. And only God knew where the hell was Mason?

"Am I disturbing siblings moment?" I heard Mom's voice along with the knock on the door. "What happened, Sophia? What are you crying, Princess?"

"Nothing, Mom. I was just teasing her." Thankfully Oliver handled the situation because, at that moment, my mind had really stopped working at all.

"Don't irritate your sister so much, Oli. When she will get married and leave this home, then you will be the one who will miss her the most."

"Hah! Who is marrying this ugly witch?", He joked.

"Ugly witch?" I glared at him. "To whom you are ugly? You're ugly, and your future girlfriend will be ugly, and your wife will be the ugliest woman in the world."

"Why are you shouting in the room?" Mom sneered. "Do one this. Go outside and fight on the street. Everyone should know I have given birth to Tom and Jerry instead of humans.", She added with a glare. We finally stopped fighting, but we continued looking at each other with our narrowed eyes.

"Anyways, Sophia, I have to tell something to you.", Mom said, calming herself down, and signaled both of us to sit on the bed, and then she too joined us.

"What is it, Mom?" I asked, sensing whatever she was going to say was a little serious topic, OR she would have lectured both of us for fighting like an animal for an hour.

She cleared her throat before replying, "Your dad has fixed your marriage with one of his friend's son."

"WHAT?" Oliver asked in shock. I knew the reason behind his shock. It was because I had just completed my graduation and was going to be 21 in a couple of months. Well, I, too, wanted to react in the same way but not before hearing everything. "Is dad crazy? Sophia is just 21 or says 20. 75 years old. It's too early, and moreover, dad fixed her marriage with someone she didn't even know?"

"I understand your concern, Oli. But he is a good guy, and most importantly, you know your father can never take a wrong decision for any of you."

"But..." Oliver was ready to argue with Mom, but I held his hand, signaling him to calm down. And I guess he already guessed why I was not throwing a tantrum like him. Well, that's because I could see the only ray of hope in my current situation.

"I will marry him.", I said, trusting dad's choice.

"Really? Won't you throw a tantrum or something?" Mom asked, eying me suspiciously.

"Do you want me to?" I questioned back. "And if I will do that, then will dad cancel my marriage with his friend's son?" I added another question. When she didn't reply anything for a while, I continued. "I knew it. So, why waste my time fighting about something in which no one is going to hear me? And, also, knowing that dad's words will be the full and final decision."

"Please don't be mad at your dad, Sophia. Whatever he is doing, he is doing it for your betterment, and one day you will thank him for choosing such an amazing person as your husband.", She explained, on which I just rolled my eyes. "As for now, all I can say is that thank you for agreeing to this marriage. And tomorrow is your marriage with him."

"WHAT?", Now, this time, I screamed in shock. Okay! Marrying a stranger who was dad's friend's son was something I could understand for a while before; in the early days' couples used to get married in the same way. But marrying him this soon? I meant, at least, we should have given some time to talk to each other and get to know each other.

"Yes! He has already said YES to the wedding, and you two are getting married tomorrow."

"Mom. This is not done. At least you should have given me a chance so that I could meet him or know him, especially his behavior. Hell, I don't even know his name."

"Okay. His name is Brandon Haysbert, and he is 27 already."

It meant he was around six years and a few months older than me.

"He works as a software engineer in some MNC, and his salary package is great.", Mom said in a one-go. As if she had the practice of speaking this line for more than 20 times. (You can read in the third chapter that Logan had asked Sophia's father not to disclose Brandon's real identity.)

"And you can meet your future husband even at the time of marriage itself. I can assure you the part that he is handsome, okay?"

"But I want to meet him before the wedding.", I said so that I could talk to him about my pregnancy and also the reason why I was getting married to him instead of giving any false hope of loving him or fulfilling any duties as a wife, especially about pleasuring him on the bed.

"I'm sorry, sweetheart.", She apologized and caressed my cheek before leaving from there.

"You're seriously not thinking of marrying him just because of your baby.", Oliver hissed in anger.

"Well, I didn't have any other option with me.", I pointed out. "I just hope this Brandon guy is good enough to help me in this situation."

"I'm going to talk with dad about this marriage thing. I want to know the reason why is he planning to get you married all of a sudden?", Saying this, he stormed out of my room. He left my room in just attitude but a few hours later!! He was also standing in the group of my other family members for the marriage.

I could sense that there was a reason behind my sudden announcement of my marriage, which everyone was hiding from me?

No. I was not that smart, but I knew Oliver; he was not someone who could quickly get convinced by anyone without any perfect reason. At that moment, I wanted nothing but hope Brandon to be a little more understanding and helpful.

"Mom!! Tell me your story, please!!" Calvin's voice brought me out of my past memories, and I looked at him and then at Colton, who was also waiting for me to speak.

"Okay! Okay! Our marriage was arranged by our parents, and it was all of a sudden decision by them. So, we didn't get a chance to know each other in a better way before our marriage. In fact, I first saw your dad a day before our marriage. And guess what? I was really happy about that part; he at least thought to meet his soon-to-be wife once before the wedding."

"You both never went on a date?" Calvin asked, widening his eyes.

"Where did you hear that word, Calvin?" I asked, narrowing my eyes.

"Aunt Eden and Aunt Arya keep taking each other on the date. So, I know that DATE means taking your partner to some special place to make them feel special.", he replied.

"Tell me, Mom. Dad never took you on a date?" Colton asked, this time with a serious expression.

"It's nothing like that. He... he took me on a date once.", I replied.

"Just once? In a marriage of seven years?" Calvin asked in disappointment. "Aunt Arya and Aunt Eden go on a date twice a month."

At that moment, I literally wanted to kill Eden and Arya for filling all this rubbish in my boys' heads.

"When we will meet dad. I will ask him to take you on dates all the time.", he chirped.

"Yes! In fact, Calvin, we should make a list of things that dad will have to do with mom and with us.", Colton said and quickly sat on the bed.

"Yes! Let's prepare that list on your tablet.", Calvin said, following his elder brother.

"Both of you, sleep quietly OR you won't get any chocolates for a month.", I threatened and pulled both of them forcefully from the sitting position to the sleeping position and wrapped my arms around them.

"But..."

"Sleep.", I ordered. I stayed awake until both my little devil finally slept in my arms. I kissed their forehead and couldn't stop myself from thinking about him.

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('Still awake?' he asked.

'Yeah! That's because I wanted to sleep in your arms.', I responded and grabbed his arms so that I could place my head over them.

'I hope you're not falling in love with me.'

'Nope. Not at all. It's just the side effect of pregnancy.', I lied, closing my eyes and snuggling closer to him.)

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A tear rolled out of my eyes, and I wiped it with my shoulder.

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#TBC