

Billionaire's Ex-Wife And His Hidden Babies

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It was hard for them to recognize who was who in the pictures because their expressions were almost the same when they were toddlers until he observed their pictures of recent.

"He is Colton, and He is Calvin, isn't it?" he couldn't help but ask.

"No!!" Sophia shook her head, recalling how her babies were acting like their other brothers. "They had switched their behavior to fool everyone." She chuckled.

"God! I can't imagine identifying them if they will do something like that in front of me."

"Don't worry, along with time; you will also learn to identify them."

"Along with time, you will also open your heart for me again." Immediately the heartbeat of Sophia increased.

"I...I think you should sleep now." She mumbled.

"Can you help me in changing my clothes?" Brandon asked, not leaving the chance to keep Sophia close. His words were no less than a shock to her because she hadn't expected mute Brandon to speak something like that. She didn't say anything and walked out of the room. Brandon felt his plan failed, so he didn't have any other choice but to ask Jake to do the same. He sat on the bed and picked up his phone to call Jake when Sophia came back with the bag in which Brandon's new clothes of his current size were.

She sat beside Brandon and started unbuttoning his shirt.

"You need to gain weight."

"I know, and I will," Brandon said with a smile.

"Yeah! So that my brother won't be ending in jail in charge of your death if he will kill your ass." Sophia said, sarcastic, and immediately his smile disappeared from his lips. Well, Brandon knew this situation was unavoidable. Any brother would do something like that with the man who dared to bring tears to his sister's eyes.

"Thank you for the motivation." Brandon still responded with a smile on which Sophia chuckled. "I will make sure that I won't end up dying."

"As if I will let you die." Sophia ended up speaking in the flow, and her eyes widened when she realized what she had just said. "I.. I mean... I don't let Oli do anything like that because if he ... he ended up in jail, then what will happen to his mate... his both children."

"I clearly understand what you mean, Mon Amour," Brandon said, finally giving her a nickname that only.

"What... what did you say? This doesn't sound like an English word."

"Mon Amour! And yes, this is not an English word but french."

"What does it mean?" Sophia asked, and his heartbeat quickened. Sophia knew her Ex-husband was fluent in french. A part of her already knew that this could be some kind of endearment, but she still wanted to know from his mouth.

"My love."

Sophia tried... tried hard to hide her smile that threatened to appear on her lips. But Brandon had already observed how her cheeks warmed up hearing this. He mentally thanks his boys for filling this idea in his mind. After changing his clothes, Sophia too grabbed her nightwear from the wardrobe and went into the washroom to change her clothes. When she came back, she observed there was no pillow in the middle of the bed.

So, she placed a pillow in between them and tried to sleep, and after a few minutes, she opened her eyes to check on Brandon and saw the pillow between them had disappeared. She looked at Brandon, who was looking at her.

"There's no meaning of a second chance if I'm going to repeat the same mistake," he said, staring right into his eyes.

"I hope you will let me know about your health issue in the same way," Sophia said so that Brandon wouldn't hide his situation.

"I see; you have turned into a romance spoiler." Brandon pointed out. "But that won't stop me from confessing my feelings for you," he added and observed how the corner of her lips curved a little. Sophia fell asleep soon, but Brandon couldn't sleep a wink; he wanted Alcohol to sleep. He kept tossing from here and there on the bed. He wanted someone to give him sleeping pills or something because of which he could sleep, but he couldn't find anything. He left the bed and started roaming like a ghost in the room in search of Alcohol. He was hallucinating an Alcohol bottle in the room and a bar nearby, but whenever he used to reach near it. It used to disappear. He started getting frustrated and angry, accidentally folded his left hand, and cried in pain.

"Brandon!!" Sophia quickly left the bed and cursed mentally for not waking in time. She ran toward Brandon, who was sitting in the room, pulling his hair in irritation. "Brandon!!" She reached near him and sat beside him.

"Bring my bottle, Jake. I want it. I will die if I won't..."

"Brandon, it's me, Sophia."

"BRING MY..." Brandon yelled at Sophia loud enough to awaken everyone, seeing her as Jake, but before he would have completed his sentence, Sophia slammed her lips against his, shutting his mouth. She didn't kiss him for long; it was just to shut his mouth. She left his lips and looked at him in concern, caressing his cheek softly.

"I'm Sophia, not Jake." She muttered softly. She knew the next thirty-six was going to be tougher for him. Because withdrawal symptoms get worse in the first seventy-two hours. If anyone could handle the pain for seventy-two hours, then there was a high level of chances that he or she could handle all the pain throughout the month that his or her body would feel while breaking the habit of drinking Alcohol.

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#TBC

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A/N: Thank you for reading :)