

Billionaire's Ex-Wife And His Hidden Babies

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Sophia's POV

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"Dad, please don't keep your hope high.", I had already warned him. I couldn't share about the deal between us, but the least I could be to warn him. "He told me the reason because of which he married me. And any relationship that is based on force or without the person's consent doesn't work.", I added.

"I know I shouldn't have done that. But I really hope this relationship to work, and I'm positive this baby will surely bring changes in Brandon's behavior because he loves babies a lot even though he won't show it, but he does. My son can be rude and jerk sometimes, Sophia, but trust me, he is a good person. It is just that he is not the person who opens himself in front of anyone. He has a problem expressing his feelings to anyone. Generally, people wear the mask of an angel to hide their devil's face, but Brandon is exactly the opposite to it. His life is full of darkness, and I'm positive that your baby will not just pull him out of the darkness but also bring you two close, and this is my personal belief."

"We will see, dad.", I responded, not knowing what else to say.

After finishing our breakfast, he spent our day together instead of getting bored in our respective rooms. Though I was not a big fan of video games but I still played with him. We played other indoor games and watched series together on Netflix.

To be honest, we kind of created a great bond within a short period of time. In the evening we went for the evening walk. Though there was not a lady in the home but dad was great at playing the role of mother as well by planning a schedule for me that I should follow and what I should eat, and many more.

Dad informed me that Brandon would come late at night. Though I wanted to wait for him, but dad was strict about my routine; that was why I didn't have any other option than to eat dinner timely.

The moment I disconnected the call after talking with mom, dad, and then Oli. The door of the room wide opened, and my husband walked in with a tired look on his face. He dropped his laptop bag on the couch and opened the closet to get his fresh clothes and towel.

After a while, he came out after taking a bath and lay on the bed after switching off the bed. He didn't miss building a wall of pillows.

"What took you so long?"

"Bruce, My best friend. He wanted a party for the wedding."

"Oh! If he's your best friend, then why didn't he attend the wedding?"

"Because I didn't tell him. It wasn't that this wedding meant anything to me. That's why when he came to know about it today, he was pissed at me, and it took me hours to calm him down and then party."

"Oh, okay. Do you know what I did today?" I asked. "How can you know that?" I answered on my own and started narrating the evening that I did today and how much I had fun with dad. But he didn't reply to anything in between. "Are you even listening?"

"Yes, I'm listening and getting irritated by your non-stop speaking habit.", he snapped. "I hate those people who speak a lot. I like to live in silence."

"Then who is asking you to love me?" I snapped.

"I need to sleep, Sophia. I'm already tired; just don't irritate me. Sleep and let me sleep.", he muttered, turning his back to me. I kept glaring at his back for god knows how long until I finally decided to sleep. Would he snap at my baby too if he or she spoke too much?

I swear, I would turn him bald if he dared to talk to my baby in this way.

I didn't realize it when I drifted into the darkness after closing my eyes.

For the next few days, nothing special happened to the same routine; our conversation used to be limited in the morning, and at night, I used to tell him everything that I used to do, not caring whether he used to feel irritated or frustrated. It would be better if he would habitual to my non-stop nonsense so that after six months, when my baby will be in this world, he would be ready to hear her or his cry half of the time. I couldn't stick tape on my baby's mouth just because he likes to live in silence.

It was Friday night when I woke up because of feeling nauseous. I quickly left the bed for the washroom and buried my face in the toilet, and puked in it. A tear rolled down my cheeks as I puked a little more.

Soon, I felt him rubbing my back. I had heard and read about morning sickness, but this was the first time I was feeling this way.

"It's fine. I'm here.", he whispered in my ear, caressing my face.

I wanted to thank him, but all my thanks went to the toilet again when I puked again. All of a sudden, I felt so weak that I didn't even want to stand and wanted to sit on the washroom's floor. But thanks to Brandon, he carefully cleaned me up, making me sit on the toilet seat after closing it, and he was new to this part; he ended up drenching my t-shirt of the nightdress.

He left the washroom and returned back, holding another t-shirt of mine.

"Sophia, please change your t-shirt.", he muttered, handing over a new t-shirt.

"Thank you."

He turned his head in the other direction and changed my t-shirt. "Done?"

"Hmm," Hearing my romance, he looked at my state, and without warning, he picked me in his arms and took me to the bed while I kept looking at his face. He placed me on the bed carefully and covered me with the duvet.

"Just let me know if you need anything. I'm right beside you, okay?" he said softly.

"Okay."

He kissed my forehead before walking toward his side. Though he was already reached his side but I was frozen with the thought that had just happened.

I quickly brushed off that idea of a romantic feeling because he just kissed my forehead out of concern, no romantic feeling. The word LOVE would never come between them. I checked the time; it was five in the morning. I could sleep for an hour more.

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