

Billionaire's Ex-Wife And His Hidden Babies

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Sophia's POV

I had planned to wake up at six, but when I opened my eyes, it was eight-thirty.

Holy shit!

I hated this morning sleep, where I planned to sleep for a minute and ended up sleeping for hours. I looked around on my bed; the wall made of pillows was not there, and neither was the person sleeping on the other side of the bed. He might have left for the office.

I had to do morning yoga with dad, but I missed that. I hope he wouldn't be mad at me. All of a sudden, something clicked in my head, it was Saturday today, and I had an appointment with the doctor at ten. I quickly left the bed and then arranged it because he likes to keep his bed clean before walking toward the washroom.

After half an hour, she joined dad and Brandon in the hall, who were discussing the share market. Since I had no idea about it, I didn't disturb them.

"Good Morning, dear. How are you feeling now?" Dad asked when he saw me.

"Good Morning, dad. I'm feeling good, and I'm sorry for not joining you at the time of yoga."

"It's fine. Nothing is more important than your health. If you wouldn't sleep for this long, then you might have felt tired all day. Brandon had already told me about your morning sickness." I smiled at his understanding behavior. "Old lady, bring some healthy breakfast for my daughter."

"Oh, you don't have to tell me about that old man; I know how to take care of my daughter.", Martha fired back.

"The only reason I don't fire you is that you're good at your work."

"And the only reason I don't leave this job is that I know you two men will die without good food."

I chuckled at their friendly argument.

After having breakfast, Brandon and I left the apartment so that we could reach a doctor's clinic in time. I was getting bored because of the silent ride, so I played the music. I had barely started humming when he closed it.

"I like silence."

"But I don't like the silence that much.", Saying this, I again started the music. He closed it again. I glared at him and then played songs on my phone. He glared at me, on which I gave him an innocent smile. "You can use the AirPods."

"I like to listen to songs in this way only."

He gritted his teeth but didn't say anything.

"Hello, Mr. Haysbert, both your wife and your baby are doing good.", Doctor Grey said after both she and I settled on the chair after ultrasound while Brandon was already sitting over there.

"And what about morning sickness? Can she avoid it?" he asked, on which a smile broke on my lips at his innocent question. "I meant, she was feeling too weak after that."

"I'm sorry, but that's normal at the time of pregnancy. Only a rare woman doesn't show any symptoms of morning sickness. I guess you two are becoming parents for the first time. That's why these things will be new for you both. I can't assure you that the morning sickness will get better, but yes, I can prescribe some prenatal vitamins, which she can supplement with some crackers."

"Yes, please.", Brandon said.

"Well, Mrs. Haysbert, have you felt any changes in your body or any other symptoms?"

"No, I haven't."

"I don't want to scare you but be prepared that soon your body will start showing changes while you won't like much, and it will be hard for you in the beginning. And Mr. Haysbert, your role will be the most important one here; you will have to act like her strength because not just your wife is going to mother, but you too are going to be a father. And The role of a father during pregnancy is to be present, to support, to understand, to be patient, and to have sympathy for the wife carrying his child."

'It's not his child.', My conscious mind wanted to correct the doctor.

"Sure, doctor. I will."

"Great, your next appointment will be after three weeks, and by that time, if you want, you can also know the gender of the baby.", Doctor Grey said, handing over the prescribe to Brandon.

"We will be here without fail. Thank you, Doctor Grey." he stood up on his feet and shook his hand with her again before wrapping his hand around me and talking me out with him.

After he made me sit in the car, he left to grab medicine for me, and I had already prepared my mind not to irritate him by playing the song while returning back to home.

On the way back home!!

"Won't you play a song this time?" he asked when I didn't play the song even after fifteen minutes of the drive.

"No."

"Why?"

"Because I don't want to. Mood swings, you know. It is common in pregnancy.", I lied. I saw him shaking his head, and a small curve appeared on his lips.

'But if you readers are thinking that he played songs for me, then you are so wrong. He didn't do anything like that.'

I returned home in a pin-drop silent ride. I didn't miss observing how tight the security of the whole area of our apartment was. I had never seen so many trained guards around any society.

"Why are there so many around this society?"

"Because one of the billionaires of the city stays here with his family. And they are for the protection of his family."

"Oh, okay." I nodded my head, not having any idea that the person sitting beside me was that billionaire.

As the days passed, the morning sickness was getting worst, not just that but even tenderness and swollen breasts. I had never imagined a mother would have to go through all these things to deliver a baby. It was easy for me to say that I wanted to keep this baby, but the hormonal changes in my body were bringing the worst out of me. I stopped wearing a bra because of that. Instead, I started using a scarf around my chest in case I would have to go out of the room, especially in front of dad. And talking about Brandon, as usual, he was damn too supportive by his change though his mouth says otherwise.

I wanted to share this news with mom, dad, and my other brothers, except Oli as well, but they would literally get a shock learning how the hell I got pregnant this early because my bump was now very obvious. So, Brandon and I had planned to share this news with them after the baby's birth and then would tell them that he or she was born because of pre-mature delivery.

#TBC