

Billionaire's Ex-Wife And His Hidden Babies

26

Sophia's POV

After two hours!!

I was sitting in the car silently, expecting him to say something to me. He took me to a five-star hotel for dinner, but I ruined it by eating nothing over there. First, it was damn too expensive; second, the food on the menu had a strange name that I had never heard in my life; third, the quantity of the food was so little that a person like me would end up staying hungry even having that thing and the fourth and foremost for a foodie like me that it taste YUCK!!

Because of this, I ended up throwing up before I could have run to the washroom.

In short, he took me out for dinner for the first time, and I embarrassed him. That was a completely different story that he took a stand for me when other customers started complaining about giving a table to someone like me.

*

Flashback!

*

'When the staff of the hotel doesn't have any problem with the fact that my wife puked near the table, then what is wrong with others?' Brandon couldn't help asking, hearing a lot of murmurs and whispers after that incident.

'My wife'

'Why do you even bring your wife out for dinner when she is pregnant?', One of the customers asked.

'So, what should I do? Cage her like an animal just because she is pregnant? Or you haven't seen any pregnant woman who had never thrown up before?', He asked angrily. I held his arms, hoping he to calm down, but he didn't. "I am ashamed of those women present here who are speaking ill about my wife while they have already been in this situation. Did you never go through this phase? Huh?", he asked again.

"And those who have never been in this stage, do you think pregnancy is easy? All we know is that females have to handle a lot of pain during delivery, but that's not the only thing they suffer from. They suffer from hair fall, acne, rashes, injections, and a lot more. Even in fever, cold, and cough, they can take medicine because it will affect the baby's health. They can't wear their favorite dress or footwear because of weight gain; they can't eat all their favorite because it is not allowed, depression, mood swings a lot of things they have to handle till the time they actually deliver the baby.'

I was overwhelmed by hearing him.

'All the pregnant women face all these things during those nine months, and today just because my pregnant wife threw up because of any reason, then you are asking me, 'why do I bring her here?'. I brought her here because she needed to feel special and change her mood, but all thanks to you guys. You made her cry and feel horrible.', he said before grabbing my wrist and started taking me from there.

By that time, the area had already been cleaned, and staff also used room freshener to remove the odor smell, if any.

'Sir, Sir!!', A person in a black suit, whom I believed to be the manager of the hotel, came running toward Brandon. 'Please don't leave like this, sir. If you want, we can provide a private...'

'No need.', Brandon said, cutting me in between. 'But you can do me a favor by waiving the bill of that, that, that, that, this, tables because these customers were concerned for my wife and didn't say anything to her.', he added, pointing to a couple of tables. 'As a token of thank you.'

'Okay, sir.'

'You can send the total invoice to my office.', Saying this, Brandon started leaving again, taking me with him.

*

Flashback ends

*

From that moment, we settled in the car. Neither was he driving the car nor speaking anything, but he looked extremely pissed. I thought to apologize because he had to face everything because of me.

"I'm sorry, Brandon.", I apologized, and stupid tears already filled my eyes already.

He turned his head toward me before speaking, "Why are you saying sorry?"

"Because of me, you have to face embar...", Instead of completing the whole sentence, I started crying first.

"You're such a cry baby.", he muttered, shaking his head and leaning toward me and wiping my tears. "Now, stop crying OR I will stop talking to you.", he threatened, wiping my eyes.

"Yo.. u're there.. atening m.. e." I complained.

"Yes! I'm. Now stop crying OR I will really stop talking to you.", he warned. Even though I didn't want to stop crying, I did. Well, I didn't have any other option. Because it took him months to open up a little bit with me, and he would even stop that, then I would literally get bored. "Better."

"Now! What do you want to eat and where? Because I get it that you didn't enjoy the food of a five-star hotel."

"Well, I know a place. I used to love the food of that place before pregnancy."

"Great.", he muttered, starting the car's engine. I told him the name of that place. At first, he made a face hearing the name as if he had never heard the name of that place, but then he didn't comment on it and focused his mind on driving while I kept thinking about the incident that happened half an hour before and kept smiling with that thought.

"What is the reason because of which you are smiling so much?" he asked on his own.

Before I could have filtered my words, I answered, "That you kept saying 'MY WIFE' throughout the lecture.", Saying this, I looked at him to see his expression, on which he just shook his head.

"That's because you're my wife until the contract ends.

Done?

Enjoyed your insult?

Keep in your mind that for him, it was nothing but a contract marriage.

And embarrassment hit me hard.

He stopped the car when we finally reached our destination. "Neither I am eating at this small and tiny place nor will I allow you to eat at this unhygienic place."

"Come on, Brandon. The food here is damn too tasty. You will love it.", I insisted so that he could change his mind.

"No."

"Please, Brandon. Don't act like some Billionaire who has never stepped inside such a small place."

"I'm not acting. That's the truth of my life."

"What? That you're a billionaire or never stepped inside such a small place?"

"Both."

"Good one.", I laughed, looking at him, but he didn't; instead, he kept staring at me, narrowing his eyes. His expression was telling me that he was not kidding at all. "You really are a billionaire?" I asked, but he didn't answer me. I recalled how the manager of that hotel was begging and pleading in front of him not to leave without having the food. Not just that, he even asked to send the bill of seven more customers to his office.

I pulled my phone from the purse and checked 'Brandon Haysbert', but no familiar face came in front of my eyes.

'Is Brandson Haysbert a billionaire?' I searched by typing this, and that was when the internet suggested to me, 'Do you mean Brandson Dennis Haysbert?' I agreed to it, and the person with a familiar face, just like my husband, appeared in front of me.

.

#TBC