

Billionaire's Ex-Wife And His Hidden Babies



Sophia's POV

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When I opened my eyes the next morning, I found Brandon sleeping peacefully, wrapping his hand around Caroline. I checked the time and realized that he was getting late for the office, but then he couldn't sleep properly last night because of Caroline. At the interval of every two or three hours, she used to wake up and start crying. And Brandon being an amazing dad, asked me to sleep and handled her, from checking her diapers to feeding her milk.

I had already filled the breast pump, so she didn't throw a tantrum, realizing that it was my milk.

I carefully leaned toward her and kissed her head, and then looked at Brandon closely. A small smile appeared on my face automatically, seeing him so closely.

Stop Sophia!! Don't forget that this is a contract marriage.

Just 11. 5 months, and then our path would separate. So, just stop it!!

All of a sudden, he opened his eyes, catching me red-handed.

'Holy shit! Now, he would give me a lecture again.' I thought, but he didn't; instead, he arched one eyebrow on which I shook my head and looked at Caroline.

Great, Sophia!

'Now, you're hiding your crime behind your little daughter.', My mind scolded me. He leaned down and kissed Caroline's head before he left the bed, but he didn't miss forming a wall made of the pillow at his side. I wanted to say that Caroline won't be able to roll on her own until she is third months old.

I heard the knock at the door. I left the bed to open it, and the moment I did, both Oliver and dad walked in to check on Caroline.

"She is still sleeping."

"Who said that I'm here for her?" Dad asked in a low tone.

"Brandon and Oliver are here to take care of their daughter. I'm here to check on my daughter.", he said and showed the soup that he had hidden behind him. "I have learned this from your Chef brother for you. Taste it and tell me, how is it?"

"Seriously, dad?" I smiled, looking at the soup.

"What? Oliver is going to stay here for a few days here. So, I thought to learn something tasty and healthy from the future chef.", he said with a wink. "By the way, this is your last year of studies, isn't it, Oliver?"

"Yes, Uncle. The third semester has just begun, and in the fourth semester, we have to do one-month training at some restaurant and then job.", Oliver replied.

"Great. Anyway, Sophia, try this."

"But Dad, I haven't brushed my teeth."

"Oh, come on, people give smooch without brushing their teeth, and you can't taste soup without brushing your teeth."

"But Dad.."

"Here, Brandon is out of the washroom.", he said, on which I turned my face toward Brandon and immediately regretted by did I look at him because he was just in his towel. Now, his naked body would haunt me. I averted my eyes and frowned at his behavior; what kind of behavior was this? I meant when I was not interested in him in anyways, he used to run away from me, and now, a tiny part of me wished sometimes that 'if this would have been a contract marriage' then he had started all these messing with my mind.

"Sophia, go and brush your teeth and come quick."

"Yes, dad."

I was staring at my girl, who was sleeping peacefully again. Immediately Brandon walked out of the washroom, again in the towel. God, why was he doing this?

I think I should ask him clearly instead of getting irritated like this. First in the morning and now at night. This was complete torture for me.

"I don't like you walking out of the washroom like this?"

"Like what?" he asked, arching his eyebrow.

"Like... like this!! Half naked", I said and saw him walking toward me, narrowing his eyes. His body was distracting me. Focus, Sophia. Focus. "You... you can come out of the just in a towel. Even... even I live in this room and ... and ..." he sat beside me, not removing his eyes from me.

"And?" his big hand reached toward me and caressed my cheek.

"And.. ", I muttered, and his eyes shifted from my face to my lips. He stayed there for a second, both of us breathing hard. And then he crashed his lips against mine. I whimpered as he took my bottom lip into his mouth and sucked hard. At the same time, his other hand shoved my dress up, revealing my bare legs to him. I gasped against his mouth as his hands sensually touched my thighs and gently squeezed them.

He broke the kiss to move to my neck, nibbling and sucking on my skin. My hands reached up to grab his soft wet hair as multiple moans of pleasure escaped my mouth.

"Oh god.", I managed to say, unable to control myself. "You're too good. Aahh.." I cried out and immediately I heard the sound loud wailing sound of Caroline and everything went black.

I opened my eyes and found Brandon picking Caroline in his arms in his office wear.

That was a dream?

Of course, it was.

My breathing was uneven as I took in my surroundings again. And then I looked at Brandon, who was glaring at me.

"Don't dream about your boyfriend so much that you can't even hear Caroline's crying sound.", He hissed, checking her clothes. Her cotton nappy was wet. He grabbed a new nappy for her and changed it. And the moment her nappy was changed, she calmed down on her own.

He was thinking that I was dreaming about Mason?

But how?

Picking her in his arms again and then the breast pump, he started taking her out of the room, not before clearing my confusion. "Now you can carry on you 'Oh god. You're too good' thing."

I acted to ignore him and wait for a magic wormhole to come and suck me away from this embarrassing situation I got myself into.

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I didn't know what irked Brandon so much that he stopped talking to me or speaking only when it was an emergency. It had been a week since that incident, and his behavior was still the same. I meant couldn't you believe that?

I ignored that thought and waved my hand to Oliver when the cab started moving and made Caroline do the same, but I doubt she would even understand what I was making her do. I placed her back into Stroller and thought of taking her inside again, but I didn't know what came to my mind; I changed my mind at last mind and started to give her a half-round of the society. While I was doing this, my eyes landed on a familiar face who was jogging. At first, I ignored him, thinking I might be thinking too much, but when I observed him again taking the second round, I realized that he was none other than Henry.

"Henry?" I called him, on which he stopped and turned toward me.

What was he doing here?

Did he shift in this society?

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#TBC