

## Billionaire's Ex-Wife And His Hidden Babies

36

Sophia's POV

"Sophia." he smiled widely and came near me, looking at Caroline. "Is she your daughter?"

"Yes!!" I nodded with a smile.

"Pre-mature delivery?" he asked, to which I nodded my head. "She is beautiful but...", He complimented and then looked at me. ".... definitely doesn't look like your daughter. Because neither did she take on you or your boyfriend, aka husband."

I narrowed my eyes at his choice of words, and then he started grinning, "I was just joking."

"I hate this type of ridiculous joke. Moreover, she is my daughter whether she looks like me or not. And he is my husband, not my boyfriend."

"You mean your boyfriend disappeared and never returned back until now?"

"Yeah!" I nodded my head. "But my daughter is lucky to have him, and I can guarantee that she won't have got this much love from her real father that she is receiving from Brandon. All I know is that blood may be thicker than water, but love is thicker than anything."

"I second that." he smiled. "I'm sorry if I hurt you anyways."

"It's fine." I ignored that topic. "By the way, you're here?"

"Yes! I'm staying here for the last six months approx."

"Really? Even I'm staying here for the last six months." I looked at him, surprised.

"Strange! I haven't seen you before.", he said in confusion. "Don't you come out of your apartment or flat on a regular basis? Because you would have, then I'm sure we would have met before."

Well, that was true that I rarely come out of the home, but why should I tell him about it?

"Well, that's not true. I used to come out for a morning walk and yoga in the morning and sometimes at night after dinner."

"That's great. At what time? So, that I can to join you both and we can have some chit chat?" he asked.

I furrowed my eyebrow. "I don't want to sound rude, but why?"

"Just to know each other better, or who knows, we can become good friends as well.", he suggested.

Friends!!

I haven't made one single friend since I came here. What could go wrong after becoming his friend? Moreover, he had helped in one way or another in our first meeting. Also, Brandon said that my life is in danger outside the society, not inside, right?

"Sure. But my time is not fixed so why don't you give me your number? I can text you whenever I will come downstairs.", I told myself.

"Asking for my number, huh?" he smirked.

"To the earth, Mister. I'm married." I laughed.

"But you don't love your husband.", he pointed out.

I didn't ask why he felt so, or anything like that but a part of him was right too. I wasn't in love with Brandon.

"But that doesn't mean I will break the trust that he has in me.", I said with a small smile. "Though he hasn't agreed and won't agree, but I know he does, and breaking someone's trust is not my thing."

"But you trust everyone too easily," he pointed out. "I just hope that you won't regret this habit of yours."

"Don't worry. The people around me won't do anything like that to me because they love and care for me.", I said confidently.

"Why don't we sit and talk instead of standing here?," He suggested.

"Some other day, Henry.", I said, thinking about my princess because it was her massage time. "You can share your number with me, though."

"Sure. Its \_\_\_\_."

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Brandon's POV

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When I checked my phone after finishing my meeting, I saw a couple of messages and voice notes from dad. I opened it and saw a couple of pictures that he had sent and read the message attached to it.

'Keep ignoring your beautiful wife. I won't be surprised when one day she will leave you someone else.'

What the hell!!!

I downloaded the photo and video that he had sent and saw Sophia with a man.

God! Since when dad joined his hand with those neighbor's aunties gang who had no work other than keeping an eye on the people around them, like who & who do come that person's place, she comes late at night, etc. and etc., in short, acting like a CCTV camera.

And then I watched the video. I couldn't help but form a fist under the table because of frustration and anger.

Calm down, Brandon.

Calm down.

What were they talking about? That too for this long?

She had never talked with me for this long.

'Well, actually, she does, but I don't talk, so your one-sided conversation ends soon.', My mind reminded me.

Using the AirPods, I heard the voice note that dad had sent, 'That night, he saved her like a superhero, and today he is making her smile. I don't want to lose my daughter because of you. So, do something, or I will have to adopt him as my other son so that when she will leave you and choose him, my daughter and my granddaughter will leave you; they will stay in front of my eyes.'

Thanks to the mobile company that, they had made the phone strong enough that I didn't break even after my grips around it that hard. I left my chair in the meeting room and started walking toward my personal cabin.

My employees greeted me, but neither did I acknowledge it nor look at their faces.

"Cancel all my meetings and ask Bruce to handle my schedule.", I ordered my PA. "And make sure no one should come inside.", I added. After reaching my cabin, I started breaking all the things in my office, throwing them left and right.

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After half an hour or an hour!!

I didn't know after how long because I didn't count the time; Bruce walked inside my cabin, looking for me, wondering why I had transferred all my work to him.

Please note that whenever I mentioned to my PA that 'no one should come inside,' it never included Bruce and dad.

"You look troubled, my friend.", he said the moment his eyes landed on me. "Don't tell me that it is because of the video and message that dad sent to you." he grinned, looking at my demeanor. Now he would tell about it to dad, and then dad would enjoy it.

I gave him a look that said, 'don't mess with me,' and he quirked a brow at my behavior.

"Okay. I got it.", he said without another word, but his expression was still telling me that he was laughing at me in his mind, seeing me in this situation. I started chanting a spell, and the things around me started floating in the air.

"Fine! Fine! I apologize. I get why I have to handle everything now. Just don't hit me with all those things. I might die, and please don't forget that I'm still unmarried and a virgin.", Saying this, he walked out of the room, and all the things that were floating in the air dropped to the floor.

I groaned in frustration; I was letting her get to me. God, it was damn too hard to control my anger. I was pissed at her moaning incident.

Why?

I couldn't figure that out yet. All I wanted was to enter her dream and beat that bloody Mason till he turned either black or blue. And then replace him with me. I wanted to be the reason for her moans; I wanted to be the one whom she would praise. I wanted to taste her sweet and baby scent, but I had no supernatural power because of which I could do something like that.

Was this what I'd become now?

Letting Sophia control me and totally consume my thoughts?

My actions were confusing me. I couldn't remember ever reacting this way to anyone before.

'Does she know using magic? But magic doesn't work on feelings until and unless any witches use it. Or who knows she is a witch?'

Fuck!!

'What the hell I'm thinking.'

I needed to control myself and prove to myself that Sophia wasn't affecting me. I needed to show both Bruce and dad that nothing affected me, NOTHING.

And for that, I would have to stay away from her as much as possible.

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#TBC