

# Billionaire's Ex-Wife And His Hidden Babies

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Sophia's POV

"Dad, Martha, Sophia," Brandon yelled; all of a sudden, everyone ran to the hall, wondering what had happened because of which Brandon was yelling. Caroline was with him. Did something happen to her?

"What? What happened? What?"; Everyone reached near Brandon, and he smiled.

"Let me show you something to, you guys," he said happily.

"Caro, say dada!!", He said to Caroline, who looked at him cluelessly. "She just said 'da da' twice.", he explained when Caroline just kept looking here and there.

"Wow, you are teaching him to call 'dada' first.", Dad chirped. "She will call me 'dada.'", He added in excitement.

"Excuse me? Mister. She will call me 'dada' you will be her grandpa.", Brandon snapped, and then an argument started between both father and son. Martha and I looked at each other and shook our heads.

These Men.

Caroline was now entering her sixth month after two weeks. So, repeating the same sound was going to be common, and they started fighting on the very first day when she did something like that.

Poor Caro!!

Even she would be wondering whether she said something wrong because of which they both were fighting?

I smiled at Brandon, seeing him with Caroline. Dad was right about her filling the gaps between us. When a few months before, he was planning to stay away and run away from me, and Caroline fireback at him when I almost stopped letting him touch Caroline at all. Not just that, after taking Dad's permission, I shifted with Oliver. I didn't want to leave dad in that situation, but I guess he understood the situation and the reason why I was doing this, and I left for Oliver's place. So, Dad sent Caroline and me to guard my brother's place.

I was not sure if my plan would work OR not?

And how much time would it take to finally work out my plan?

But it was sooner than I had expected. He came running to Oliver's place to take us with him. Though he didn't admit it, but I could see in his eyes that a single way without Caroline was tough for him. Instead of that, he gave the excuse of my and Caroline's protection and blah, blah, blah!!

I returned with him at one condition at that time, 'You won't treat us like we're invisible, or I swear, Brandon, next time we both will disappear from your life, and you won't be able to find us.'

In that way, I got my previous Brandon back, or a better version of Brandon back.

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I prepared breakfast with the help of Martha for everyone, trying the new recipe that Oliver had sent.

After half an hour!!

"Dad, Brandon!! Breakfast is ready.", I called them, arranging the plates, while Marth was preparing breakfast for Caroline now. "Give Caro to me.", Saying this, I tried to take her from Brandon's lap, but she grabbed her t-shirt tightly with her small hands.

"Seems like she wants to stay with her dada." Brandon smiled. "Let her be near me; I can eat with my other hand.", he added and sat on the dining chair, holding her in his arms. She just kept looking at the plate of dad and Brandon.

Only she knew what was going on in her mind. They both started eating, and there was no sign of her food, though she had already drank milk in the morning.

"Aaaahh," She cried to gain her attention and looked at the plate and then Brandon.

"I think she too wants to eat the breakfast that I'm eating.", Brandon said, grinning widely and then mashing a small quantity of his breakfast properly with his finger and then forward a small quantity of it toward Caroline. She quickly took it into her mouth and kept it for a while in her mouth before swallowing it. "Do you like it?" Brandon asked, on which Caroline again looked into his plate.

Brandon made her eat again, and she quickly grabbed it.

I smiled at their interaction, and unknowingly my eyes landed on dad; he signaled toward Brandon and Caroline with his eyes as if he wanted to say, 'I told you the baby will change him.'

"Caro!! Sweetheart, let daddy have his breakfast.", Saying this, I took her from Brandon's arms, who was enjoying his moment with her instead of having his own breakfast.

"Aaa Aaah aaa," Caroline cried at first.

"See, even your breakfast is here.", I said, trying to divert her mind, but still, she was looking at the plates of Brandon and dad and then comparing them with her. As if she wanted to say that 'this is not the same thing' that they were eating. "Don't give me this look, okay? You are too young to eat spices and oil.", I said strictly, knowing her habit.

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I had hardly finished my breakfast when dad's mobile rang. He saw who was calling and then forwarded his phone to Brandon. He never does that until only one person calls him, my dad. Brandon received the call and heard what my dad was saying. It was hard to read his expression at this moment because he wasn't showing anything now.

After the call ended, Brandon gave dad's phone back to him and looked at me.

"Please don't tell me that Brother John is dead. Because dad had kept him hidden, right? And whoever the killer is, he is killing everyone in descending order, right?" I asked in tension, and his silence was eating me more.

"Something worst than that.", He replied, making me sit on the chair and taking Caroline from me and giving her to dad. He held my hand softly.

"What's it? Did he change the pattern? Does something happen to Oliver?" I asked, but then it was something that was hard to believe because Oliver was too good at preparing food as well as poison. It was not that easy to get a hand on him. Moreover, he wasn't even in this country."

"Tell me, Brandon.", I said, getting impatient.

"Mom."

"What happened to Mom?"

He took a deep breath before replying, "This time, they targetted Mom, and she couldn't make it."

I tried to process what he had just said.

"WHAT?" I snatched my hand from his grip, looking at him in shock, waiting for him to say that 'this was a prank' or anything similar to that. He tried to hold my hand again, but I pushed him away and stood on my feet, ready to leave to see mom. "I have to go near mom. I don't trust you. I don't trust the fact that mom is now no more."

#TBC