

Billionaire's Ex-Wife And His Hidden Babies

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Sophia's POV

"Everything is packed?" Brandon asked Thursday night after returning from the office.

"Yes! Everything.", I replied, closing the chain of the bag. "But what about your packing?" I asked. "If you are feeling tired, then I can pack your clothes. All you have to do is tell me the clothes that you want to take."

"That won't be required because I have a lot of clothes in Paris.", he responded, unbuttoning his shirt. "I used to stay in Paris before moving here."

"Really?" I asked in surprise.

"Hmm."

"Then when did you move here?" I asked to know more about him.

"Just a couple of months before our marriage."

"Oh.", It made me realize how little I knew about him. "It is going to be one year of our marriage, and I know nothing about you. So, is there any chance that I will get to know more about you?" I asked hopefully.

"I don't think so. My past is something about which I don't want to talk about with anyone.", He said rudely, making my mouth shut.

Enjoyed your insult?

'Perfect. Now, keep this in your mind, not to interfere in his life.' My mind scolded me. 'Not to forget, you're the guest of a couple of months more, and then you will have a different path than his.', My Mind added.

I didn't know why but felt remorse thinking that, but then I was the only one who was thinking or feeling that way.

He started changing his clothes in front of me, and I minded my own business, i. e., not looking at his well-sculptured body, which was trying to gain my attention toward it.

"I will be sleeping in Caroline's room tonight.", I informed. A part of me was excited about the honeymoon, but another part of me didn't want to leave her for three days.

God! This was the first time I would be leaving her for this long. I hope she will manage. She was a friendly baby, who could survive near anyone whom she knew, so dad, Martha, and Oliver easily tackled her, but at the end of the day, she would, she indeed would look for me and her dada.

"You can bring her to our room.", Brandon suggested. "Because I'm thinking the same thing which you're.", he added before I would have said NO. I nodded and walked into Caroline's beautiful baby room, which she received from Brandon when she turned six months old. She was sleeping peacefully in her tiny bed. I carefully picked her up without disturbing her sleep.

"Today, my princess is going to sleep with her mommy and daddy," I spoke to her and brought her into our room, and placed her in between us. I kissed her cheek, and accidentally my eyes landed on Brandon, who was watching me keenly.

'Don't overthink, Sophia. He is not staring at you. He can't be.', My mind reminded me before I would have brought any second thought.

Caressing her hair, I closed my eyes, and when I woke up the following day because of someone's touch, I saw Caroline touching my face with her tiny hand with a big toothless smile on her face. I grabbed her hand and kissed it, but immediately my expression changed when I smelt a foul smell.

I looked at her; who knew what she did. I looked at Brandon's side, which was packed with all the pillows in the room.

'Where did he go?' I thought, and at that moment, I realized a big hand wrapped around my waist, and someone's hot breath near my neck.

'Please don't tell me that he is sleeping beside me.' I turned my head a little and saw him indeed sleeping beside me. 'God, is he planning to give a heart attack, huh?' I wondered and carefully removed his hand from my waist, and, taking Caroline in my arms, I went into the washroom to remove her diapers and wash her properly before making her sit on the baby toilet seat.

And there was a time when I used to hate these things.

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Before we would have left for the Airport, Oliver was already home, and I explained to him everything about Caroline's schedule, though. I knew dad and Martha would help him too, but still, he should be aware of everything.

"Do one thing that stays here itself, and in that way, you don't have to worry about Caroline anymore.", Oliver said in a sarcastic tone. I glared at him.

"Don't worry about Caroline. I promise she won't lose a single pound in three days. Just focus on your honeymoon.", he added.

"Fine! Let me at least see her."

"No.", Oliver stopped me. "I mean NO, you can't meet her, or she would start crying if she will see you leaving. So, let her play with her for now." I looked at him like I was going to cry anytime after hearing this. He looked at Brandon, who was standing behind me. I, too, looked at him with my teary eyes.

He walked into Caroline's room and came back with her in his arms.

"Stop teasing your sister, Oliver.", he said before adding, "Even Caro is going to Paris with us."

"She is?" I asked in surprise.

"Yes!", Brandon replied. "Martha," he called, who came out of Caroline's room with a bag in her hand.

"Here!! I have packed all Caro's belongings just like you said."

Tears rolled out of my eyes, and I kept looking at Brandon without blinking my eyes. Why was he so nice? And I was having a hard time not falling in love with him. I questioned.

Brandon approached me and wiped my tears with his thumb. "I know, you couldn't have even enjoyed a second without our princess. So, I canceled this honeymoon trip instead; it's a family trip.", he said, on which I hugged him and started crying happily.

"Hey! Hey! Stop crying, or Caro will think that I did something awful because of which her mama is crying." he joked, which I hit on his chest, laughing and crying at the same time.

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#TBC