

Billionaire's Ex-Wife And His Hidden Babies

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Sophia's POV

"I can't believe that someone like you have this wish.", Brandon exclaimed, hearing my wish on which I giggled. Just a moment before, he had asked what the things that I wanted to do if I would come to know that I was going to die tomorrow were. I told him that I wanted to share my whole time with my family, by loving and by taking care of them, and would like to drink Alcohol before hugging her death.

"Why Alcohol?", He asked.

"Because I have never tasted it, and I wanted to know what it feels like because of which so many people drink it on a daily basis. I mean, is it tasty or something?" I asked him, hoping he could answer my answer.

"If you're expecting any sort of answer from me, then sorry to break your heart. I, too, have no idea about it because I have also never tasted it until now.", he replied.

"Really?" I asked in surprise. "Not a single drop of Alcohol?"

"Not a single drop of Alcohol.", he repeated. "I'm not into alcohol and smoking, so I seriously have no idea what these two taste alike.", he added, but all of a sudden, his eyes twinkled. "How about we taste Alcohol together?"

"Nope. Not a good idea. Someone should remain sober among us because we have Caroline with us as well, remember?" I reminded him.

"No. I haven't. She is someone who can't be forgotten.", Brandon responded. "I will hire a babysitter for a night.", he suggested.

"But what if..."

"Don't worry. I won't hire someone who is trustworthy.", He said, cutting me in between because I was scared of the thought of someone harming my baby. "If you trust me, then please stop worrying about her because as long as I'm here, nothing will happen to her.", he added, to which I nodded my head.

"Then that's final. We will keep this plan for tomorrow night."

"Yes. I can't wait to drink with you. After all, we both are going to drink for the first time.", I said to which he nodded. "Also, let's keep a friendly bet that whoever can drink more than the others, he or she can ask one thing from the loser."

"Then get ready to lose, Sophia.", Brandon said with determination.

"You never know, even I can win and ask all your property.", I teased.

"Well? We will see that tomorrow." he winked.

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As planned, we sat on the chair holding our glasses filled with Alcohol.

"Ready, steady, one, two, and three..", The moment Brandon said three, I grabbed and drank the Alcohol in one go.

"Yuck!!" I whined and placed the glass on the table, making faces.

"Ewww!", He expressed, and then we both laughed at each other, looking at each other's expressions. There was a peace in seeing that he, too, didn't like that taste, or I would have lost the game at the beginning of the bet.

"You can leave and accept that you lose.", I suggested so that I could win after finishing one more glass.

"Never.", He said adamantly.

We finished two more glasses, and to be honest, my head started aching. I could have two Brandons at the same time. I shook my head, and then I could again see only one Brandon.

This was fine.

"I can't. I can't take it anymore." Brandon raised his hand in defeat. "Alcohol is not my thing.", he muttered. "It seems like I have a low alcohol resistance.", he added. I smiled and poured Alcohol into my glass and drank it all, and then happily celebrated my victory.

"Yayyy!! I won." I grinned like an idiot and looked at three or four Brandon sitting in front of me. And all Brandons clapped; they clapped for me. I stood on my feet, holding the bottle as an award. "Yes. I won.", Immediately, I started falling because of a headache. All the things around were started rotating. But all Brandons saved my ass from kissing the floor.

"And you're hot."

"I am hot?" he asked and laughed a little. "Let's get in our room because even I'm losing my sense.", he said and gave me support so that I would walk without falling again. Somehow, we reached into our room and sat on the bed.

"Thank you.", I mumbled

"It's hard to stay away from you, Sophia."

"Is it?" I asked, on which he nodded his head. "Then don't stay away from me. Even I don't like when you stay away from me.", I confessed.

"It's hard to resist you too."

"Same here." I smiled and admitted my feelings. I looked at him, cupping his cheek so that I could focus on one Brandon. "How about you stop being so hard on yourself, huh?" I suggested and leaned toward him to kiss him and ended up kissing on his nos instead of lips.

"You have a low alcohol resistance.", he chuckled before kissing me on my lips. I wrapped my arms around his neck. The moment we broke the kiss, those words escaped from my throat before I could control myself.

"I love you, Brandon." All of a sudden, the expression on his face changed, and his body stiffened. "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have said that. And it's okay if you don't love me because I know you still love..."

Before I could have completed that sentence, he slammed his lips over mine. I wasn't really not expecting this reaction from him to my confession. The kiss was way more intense than the kiss we shared a moment before or the kiss we shared on the arrival of the first day in Paris.

After a moment, we were on the bed, kissing and sucking each other; he was hovering over my body while I was beneath him, naked.

"Beautiful.", he muttered, staring at my naked body.

"Even with the stretch marks and marks of stitches?" I asked.

"Yes!", he admitted. "It is the symbol that you went through so much to bring a new life into this world.", he added before kissing at my stretch marks, and then he shifted a little more and spread my legs, touching my clit with his finger.

I jumped a little upward because of his touch; the next thing I knew that he adjusted his face between my thighs before sucking my clitoris hungrily.

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#TBC