

Billionaire's Ex-Wife And His Hidden Babies

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Sophia's POV

I knew the answer. That I didn't, even though I was drunk, but I didn't regret a thing. I sat on the bed, covering myself with the sheet, and after a while, Brandon walked out of the room, wearing nothing but a towel. It seemed like she had freshened up already, but he was avoiding looking in my direction, and it was breaking my heart.

He wore fresh clothes and then left the room. I didn't count the time that long; I sat there doing nothing, just thinking about everything.

"Here!" I lifted my head and found Brandon. When did you return? Maybe when I was busy with my thoughts at that time. I looked in his hand. There was a tablet in one of his hands and the water in another. "For your headache.", he added when I kept staring at the tablet.

And what about my heartache?

I didn't ask about it and took medicine to control this headache.

"There is no such plan for today except dinner at Eiffel tower. So, you can rest till evening. I'm sure by then you will feel better.", he said, but a part of him also knew that I didn't want to hear all these things because I already knew the schedule. "I'm going to check on Caroline.", he muttered before running away from me again.

Even I left the bed because there was no use in sitting naked inside the sheet.

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After half an hour, I went to check on Caroline and found Brandon feeding her morning breakfast. I, too, joined them at the breakfast table. The cook brought breakfast for me, and I silently started eating it, hearing Caro's blabbering.

All of a sudden, she said something, freezing me, and I was sure that Brandon's situation would have been no more different than mine.

"What did you say, Caro?" I asked her, on which she turned her head toward and then turned toward Brandon.

"Daada," She said happily, looking at Brandon. For the first time, she was saying this, looking at Brandon as if she knew that she was her father, or she used to blabber 'dada,' looking at everyone when I was teaching her to speak 'dada.' "Dada," She repeated, pointing her finger toward Brandon.

Tears started brimming in my eyes witnessing this.

No matter how our relationship would be in the future but if Brandon would want to keep any type of relationship with Caroline, then I wouldn't stop them because 'love is thicker than blood.'

Brandon picked her up from the highchair that he had bought for her recently and kissed her forehead. "Dadaa," She said, again touching his face.

"Yes, baby!! Dada.", Brandon responded, grinning ear to ear. But in the next moment, Caroline attacked him, grabbing his hair in her fist. "Oouch!!" Brandon yelped, and Caroline started grinning happily, showing her one tooth.

"Caroline!!" I gasped and ran toward them to pull Caroline away from Brandon. The more Brandon tried to free his hair from her grip, the more she was pulling it.

"Caro, baby!! Leave your dada's hair.", I said, trying to open her small fist.

"Hi Hi," Caroline giggled, enjoying everything.

After a few minutes, she finally left Brandon's hair, and we looked at her narrowing her eyes, but she didn't care about it and tried to reach near my hair.

"Oh, no, no, no! I'm not planning to go blad.", I said, moving my head backward. Out of the blue, Brandon started laughing, I didn't know what made him laugh, but he laughed loudly, looking at us. For the first time after a year of our marriage, I saw him laughing this freely.

I smiled, looking at him. I wished he could laugh like this always.

Did he use to laugh with Abby? And I felt jealous with that thought because she got a chance to see that side of Brandon that I hadn't seen yet, and there was a rare chance that I could see that side.

But soon, the realization hit him like lightning, and he stopped laughing and looked away.

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After breakfast, I played with Caroline for a couple of hours until she got tired and slept again. I, too, laid down near her because I wasn't sure that Brandon wanted me to see him near him because he had been busy avoiding me since the moment he opened his eyes this morning.

But it seemed like he wanted something else; he, too, walked into the room where I was lying near Caroline and laid down on the other side of the bed.

Great! He could ignore and avoid me whenever he wanted to, but I would do the same when he came to me, following me like a lost puppy. I quickly left the bed and arranged a pillow at my side so that Caroline wouldn't end up falling from the bed in her sleep.

I had barely taken a few steps out of the room; he grabbed my arms and yanked me near him.

"Where are you going?" he demanded in a low tone, making sure that Caroline wouldn't end up waking up.

"What's your problem?" I asked, trying to snatch my arms from his grip, but he kept holding me tightly, hurting me unknowingly. Yes, unknowingly, because I knew he couldn't think of hurting me intensionally. "You've been avoiding my gaze since morning, so I'm just giving you the space that you want."

"I'm not able to maintain eye contact with you because whatever happened last night should not have happened."

"And you're regretting that, aren't you?"

"Yes. I'm sorry.."

"Don't speak a word right now because apologizing for the sex is an act of asshole after confessing that you didn't want to stay away from me or you didn't want to resist by giving the excuse of alcohol," I said, cutting him in between. "What happened between us was something that we wanted deep down in our hearts, so it was not a mistake. At least not for me, and unlike you, I'm not regretting.", I snapped.

"Fine! I won't make apologies, but that changes the fact that whatever happened yesterday was wrong."

"Wrong?", I scoffed. "How's that?"

"I was not... I wasn't planning or intended to have sex with you. That was not my behavior. That.. that happened because of the alcohol.", he said, shaking his head. His gesture was heartbreakingly endearing.

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#TBC