

Billionaire's Ex-Wife And His Hidden Babies

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Sophia's POV

"Actually ____," I told everything to him when I sensed that he was in a normal mood, at least he was then. He picked the plate behind me and walked toward the dining table without saying anything about it. "Soooo?"

"You know that I don't like staying near your family members.", he pointed out and started having his food. I gave him an innocent look, expecting him to say YES, by sitting, "Fine! But not for half an hour, and let me know the name of the place where he is asking to meet."

"Thank you. Thank you so much." I jumped on my feet and kissed his cheeks happily.

"A kiss on the cheek? It will look good between dad and you, not between us.", He muttered, frowning, and resumed eating his food.

Did he just invite me to kiss somewhere else?

Well, I wouldn't know until I would try on my own because his action and words never match with each other. I kept my hand on his left arm, on which he stopped eating and looked at me, arching his eyebrow. I boldly sat on his lap, and not once did my eyes leave his face. I saw him observing my every movement, then I wrapped my arms around his neck and pulled him toward me. Not a once did my eyes leave his face to see any kind of reluctance, but I didn't find any. I closed the gap between us by kissing his lips. At first, he didn't respond, but when I was about to pull my lips away from his, he was quick to grab them. His hands were on my neck, which was not letting me move back. He deepened the kiss with each passing second. He was kissing me like his life was dependent on it.

"Ahem, Ahem." I heard dad's fake cough. I tried to push Brandon, but he didn't buy.

God! Help me.

Dad would tease me later!!

Shit!!

"We could shift to our mansion, you know, Brandon.", I heard Dad speaking. When he didn't get any response again, he sighed before leaving.

Mansion?

Of course, he would have Mansion. After all, he was a billionaire, and he shifted here just to show that he was a common man. But I doubt that I wanted to go anywhere from here because I had a lot of beautiful memories in this apartment.

I hit Brandon's chest when I was out of breath. He finally let go of my lips. I was panting heavily, and his situation was no different, but unlike my face, which was red like a tomato, his skin color was the same, and also his expression was normal.

I stood on my feet and ran away from there, letting him finish his food. Also, I couldn't stand anywhere near him after this incident. I facepalmed, thinking how I would face dad later. He would surely think that something was going on between us, but the truth was that Brandon still had nothing to do with the LOVE thing. Maybe... maybe he was attracted to me ...physically.

I thought and looked at myself in the mirror. My lips were swollen now, and all thanks to him.

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In the evening, both Brandon and I left for my previous place, where I used to live before marriage. I asked John why he was keeping the dinner plan at our home, to which he answered that Dad was hidden somewhere, so he didn't mind planning dinner at home; plus, nowhere was safer than our house because our house was protected with a flower because of which wolfsbane was made. So, any werewolves couldn't come there.

"Hey, John," I hugged my elder brother and then the girl who was him. "Hi, I'm Sophia, John's sister, and he is my husband, Brandon."

"Iris, John's girlfriend.", She smiled, grabbing John's arms. Looking at that couple, I, too, pulled Brandon closer to me, who was giving me a look that he would run from here any moment he would get the chance. I entangled my hand around his arm so that he would behave normally, at least for half an hour for me, without passing any rude and mean comments.

"I didn't remember when we had dinner like this. Because last time I remember, it was a year ago or more", John said with a sad smile.

"I couldn't agree more.", I muttered sadly. I lost almost 70% of my family members in the last year because of that werewolf or, say, dog.

"So, Brandon, dad told me you used to be a hunter before; what is your specialty as a hunter?" John asked Brandon, on which I placed my hand on his thigh of that he wouldn't end up passing rude comments.

"I believe Ethan would have told about that too.", Brandon still said in a sarcastic tone but with a smile on his face. As if he was hitting somewhere with a slipper but covering it with beautiful clothes.

"Even after a year, you're still rude to us.", John said, chuckling. "It seems like a few things never change.", he added. "By the way, yes, dad told me that your specialty is in magic which is the hardest training of all because it is too hard to remember all the spells."

"That was the past. I have forgotten a lot of spells because of lack of practice.", Brandon responded. "By the way, I thought that we were here to enjoy a family dinner and for the introduction of your girlfriend.", he said, frowning.

Because John would have said anything on that, we heard a loud howl of a lot of wolves.

Not again.

Instantly everyone stood up from their seat while Brandon grabbed my hand. I was thankful that Caroline was at home with dad.

"They won't come inside, right?" I asked John because he told me that werewolves couldn't come near our house.

"Don't worry, Sophia. I know how to form a shield so nothing will...."

"Dare you use any kind of shield or magic.", John said, cutting Brandon in between, and I looked at John, who had pointed his gun at my head.

I looked at him in confusion. "Iris, try his mouth and hand because he is dangerous for everyone even without any weapon.", He said to his girlfriend, who walked toward Brandon with a handcuff and a lot of tissue, maybe to fill into Brandon's mouth.

What the hell was happening?

And why?

I quickly stood in front of Brandon, blocking her way. "What is this, John?" I demanded, not able to understand the reason why he was treating Brandon in this way when he could help us.

"I can explain." I heard a familiar voice and a familiar face walking inside with a lot of people behind him, but before that, "How was your honeymoon, Sophia, enjoyed, hmm?" he asked with an evil smirk on his lips.

Henry.

#TBC