

Chapter 0006

The Billionaires Heirs

Ashley...

5 years later...

It's been five years since I got my heart broken. I moved from New York to Los Angeles to start a new life. The day Aunt Lucy fired me, I went back to my apartment and told Jason about what had happened. He was angry and wanted to kill Adrian for doing that to me but I managed to stop him. I took his offer and did the maternity shoot. Although I didn't like being a model, it at least helped me pay the bills from being pregnant. I finished my degree and now I have my very own coffee shop. I love what I do. I have worked my ass off trying to create a better life for me and my children. I was going to show him that I don't need him or his money.

My life has changed a lot over the past five years. Three years ago, I found out that I had parents. I was skeptical at first but when I met them, I felt like I had known them my entire life. I looked a lot like my father. I have dark brown chocolate hair and green eyes, just like him. I have two older brothers who are running the family business and they look more like my mother with black hair and grey eyes. I found out that I was kidnapped when I was only a baby by one of the maids who was in love with my father and claimed to have lost the baby they had created but when they wanted doctor's reports, the maid disappeared with me. I guess

Tonya isn't my real sister, which made me wonder if she was the maid's daughter. I asked them why they didn't come to me when I was married to Adrian, seeing that I was always in the news. They said they weren't sure if I was their little girl since so many people claimed to be their lost daughter and every time the DNA test came back, my mother was an emotional wreck. Well, the DNA proved that I was their daughter.

I told them what had happened between Adrian and me, and man, were my brothers mad. I made them promise not to do anything to him or to tell him that they knew me. I don't want them to get hurt because of me.

My parents live in Italy but they often come to L.A. to visit us. I have learned Italian over the past three years with the help of my brothers and now the twins also want to start learning Italian. 1

"Mommy!" I hear my little boy, Ashton's, voice waking me up as he sits on my stomach.

"Come on, mommy, it's your birthday," my little girl Isabella says. They are both so excited because I get to open their presents. I chuckle lowly as I open my eyes and look at my two angels' faces, glowing with happiness.

"Good morning, babies," I say and I sit up with Ashton on my lap when he and Isabella tackle me in a hug. We stay like that for a few moments, with me enjoying the love I get from the two of them.

Ashton pulls away slightly and smiles. "Happy birthday, momma."

"Thank you, baby." I smiled as soon as they kissed me.

"Come on, momma, you have to open your presents now," they squeal.

"Not yet; we have to wait for your grandparents, uncles, and aunts to arrive," I say, making them pout.

"I know what? Why don't we get ready before they come and then I will open yours first?" I say and they nod in agreement.

It's been a few hours since all of them arrived. I opened my gifts a few minutes ago and now we are all sitting on the couch talking.

"Daddy, I'm tired," Amy says, standing in front of her father.

Brian and Sandra got married four years ago after dating for only three months. They have a little girl named Amy, who looks a lot like Brian with long blonde hair and grey eyes but she has her mother's temper.

Casady and Channing got married two years ago and have a one-year-old son named Nathan. He looks like Casady, with black curls and blue eyes.

Jason also met someone. Well, they have known each other for a few years but it wasn't until Cassady's wedding that Jason and Freddie announced their relationship. Last year, Freddie proposed to Jason, and they are planning the wedding of the year, according to Jason.

Brian picks her up and she lays down on his chest, closing her eyes. I watch the father and daughter wishing my sons

could also have that. Sandra is lucky to have a husband who takes good care of her and their daughter. Tears form in my eyes as I think about him but I quickly blink them away. I don't want them to see that he still haunts me.

My brothers Domenic and Michael are still single, saying they will settle down when they find the right one.


"Why don't you call him? It's been five years," Casady says, placing her hand on my leg. I knew she saw the tears. 1

"No, I won't call him; he was the one that chased me away. He was the one who betrayed our love," I say, letting the hurt through in my voice. 1

"I know but don't you think once he sees them, he will know that they are his?"

"And then what? Take him back with open arms. I told him that day that I was pregnant and he said the most hurtful things in front of his new girlfriend. The day he accused me of cheating and slapped me was the day he lost all his rights back into my life." I suppressed a sob. "They are my kids, not our kids," I cry out.

It has been five years since he lost his right to be their father! Five years since we have been divorced, four years since I gave birth to my children alone without him being there to help me, I was alone, scared, and broken, but the moment I held them in my arms, I knew my heart was healed—I don't need him, they don't need him! I knew at that moment that I had to be strong and be both a mother and a father to them. I am the one who feeds them, I'm the one who doctors them when they are sick, and I am the one who

 +20 BONUS

has raised them for the past four years! I would do anything to make them happy.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to push you; it's just that every time you see us happy, you seem sad, and I can't do anything about it," she sigh.

"It's alright." I gave her a tight smile. I know seeing all of them happy makes me sad but I also know it's not their fault.

I walked out and went to my room, locking it behind me. I know they will understand it and keep the twins company.


"I gave you my everything and you broke the one thing I gave to you! You promised me." I sobbed as I recalled his face. 1

Why does this hurt so much every time I think of you?

Why can't I just move on and forget about you? 3

I lay on my bed, crying myself to sleep, thinking about him.

 Comments

 Vote (1.5k) ?