

Winter's revenge

Chapter 3

Isabella pov

I wish I hadn't woken up again. I want to avoid this pain that fills my whole heart. Every day I have to keep fighting to just keep breathing in and out. I'm still stuck in that examination room when the doctor said they couldn't find any heartbeats. The earth stopped spinning that day, I stopped living. Everything that happens after is like an outside-body experience. As if I were not there, it happened to someone else and I stood beside and just watched.

But at the same time, I had to go through it all!

Tears stream down my cheeks at the memory. At this point, I can't stop the memories that follow. Every time I have to go through them. Silas golden brown eyes when he is looking at me. The pain he feels is written all over his face. I see his lips moving but I can't hear what he is saying. I can't hear anyone, everything is silent.

My brain is in a silent tornado, everything is spinning and I can't hear a word.

What is happening, it can't be true. My baby can't be dead. I'm not here! I'm dreaming... wake up Belle, just wake up!

But it's not a dream. In the next memory, I hear Silas say he is there and he will always be there.

What a lie that was!

They move us to a different room and give me pills to start the labor. I dread what she will look like when she comes out. How does a dead baby look?

There were just three more weeks left. How could this happen?

push, push. The nurses keep yelling at me... But I don't want to push. She can stay with me, as long as she is with me I can keep her, and my body can keep her warm. But the minute she is delivered she will start to get cold!

At some point, there is not possible anymore to fight the contractions. Just a few pushes and she is out. No baby screams, no happy faces. Just silence and death.

They put her on my chest. My baby girl looks just like me but she has Silas' dark brown hair. I hold her and cry. My heart breaks!

” god take me to! It hurts so much, just takes me too”

I feel two strong arms around me. Silas is holding us tight and I hear him cry too. I hear something about placenta abruption and they take our daughter to examine her. I stop registering anything that happens after that.

she is gone.. just silence and emptiness.

The smell is still there, I won't look at my belly where she was supposed to be.

I just want to die.

The following days are in a complete fog. I can't eat, can't sleep. won't look at me in the mirror. I just keep wrapping my breast tight so the breast milk stops coming. And days become weeks. Weeks becomes one month.

On the day of the funeral, I am still completely numb. I wish to god I could switch places with her.

Silas and I mourn differently. He works all the time! he tries to talk to me. Help me, but I can't talk. It hurts so much, too much.

I just walk and walk and walk. Days floating by. Nights that I sit in the darkness and just stare straight ahead.

Numb.

Until one day, I walk past the nursery. I open the door and step inside. There it is! Everything is ready for the baby. My hopes! my dreams... my happiness! I found myself standing beside the crib. The last thing I struggled with that day. Silas didn't have time to help and I wanted to finish so he would get a surprise when he got home.

The crib was heavy and when I lifted the crib a strike of pain hit in my belly. I tried to call Silas, but he didn't answer. So I had to call an ambulance, but it was too late.

I shouldn't have lifted that crib! It was all my fault. Fucking crib. F**k f**ck. I start to smash everything in the room and this is how Silas found me that day.

Breaking everything, crying and screaming. I remember two strong arms wrapping me from behind.

That day in my pure desperation I needed him, I craved him. That night we ended up having sex for hours. It was like the world would end tomorrow.

And to be honest our world together did.

The next morning we were woken up by Silas' phone ringing. It was his grandfather Isac's assistant with a request from Isac, that booth should attend a meeting.

At the meeting, the company lawyers informed us that we would no longer be married due to a clause in the prenuptial agreement. If anything would happen with the baby before birth that would cause serious injury or death we would divorce.

We were high school sweethearts and had been dating for the last four years. I was twenty-one years old and Silas was twenty-three. We were crazy about each other and naive. None of us properly read the prenuptial agreement.

That day when grandpa Isac brought the agreement to be signed was our wedding day, and just twenty minutes before our ceremony would start.

I was two months pregnant and our families wanted to rush the wedding before I started to show.

It was not good for us that we got pregnant before we were married. Silas comes from a highly regarded family and they own the largest company in the country. I come from a rich family but our company is nothing to compare to the Andersson co.

We knew they wanted Silas to get a better match in marriage, well at least Isac wanted that. But Silas only wanted to be with me and all I ever wanted was to be with him. We tried to hold on and wait for our wedding night but eventually, we couldn't resist each other.

And because of our negligence, we became pregnant.