

Winter's revenge

Chapter 4

Isabella pov

When we told our families they rushed a wedding. It was a small simple wedding, without any reception after. Just the ceremony, we didn't have time to fix a large wedding with flowers or bridesmaids. My family where there and Silas, I was happy just to get married to the love of my life. I didn't care about everything else, just happy he would finally be mine. I got a simpel white dress that hide my belly, even if I didn't show anything yet none of his family agreed to me wearing something thight. I had to put my feelings of sadness over the dress aside and just focus on our happiness after.

Silas was so handsome in his dress Suite, his dark brown hair and golden brown eyes. His cute dimple's when he smiles. I was the luckiest woman in the world.

At least I thought.

None of us had the time or desire to read a long prenuptial agreement, I never thought anyone would want to hurt us so badly that they would write in such a clause.

But someone did, and that day in Isac's office the divorce papers were signed. Silas avoided me for two weeks until that night when he didn't come home. The next day I got a call from my mother saying they were coming for me and that I shouldn't watch the news.

Well, who can ever resist watching when told not to watch.?

Not me anyway.

The last piece of my heart broke that day. When I saw Silas naked body next to a beautiful woman, sleeping in a hotel room on all news feeds.

” the young heir to Andersson .co. Recently divorced and already replaced her with a new one”

I knew that old me was dead. I was completely alone in my grief, divorced and that f**king jerk slept with someone else. I thought he loved me and would fight for me. Was I so easy to replace?

I really meant nothing to him!

When my parents picked me up and we had packed my belongings in the car, mom got a call from grandpa Arthur, he told us to hurry to the hospital. Grandma Elise had got a heart attack.

She died a week later. Her heart couldn't recover, the attack was too severe. On her deathbed she made me promise to not give up on life and to find my happiness.

”rise from the ashes and get revenge on those who hurt you” I will never forget those words. She promised to take care of my daughter until the day when I reunite with them.

At that point, I had lost my daughter, my husband, and my beloved grandmother. All I had left was darkness. It would have been an easy way to give up! But life had a surprise for me.

Two weeks after the funeral I found out that I was pregnant again. In my sorrow and darkness, I found a lifeline. Something to hold on to. A ray of sunshine in my complete darkness. A meaning to live! For my baby I would fight to survive and get my revenge.

But I couldn't tell anyone. What would happened if Silas or his family found out?

If Isaac found out would he kill me and my unborn child? After everything that happened and the fact that he wanted me gone and out of Silas' life there was no way I could tell him.

So I decided to run. And change identity to keep us safe. The day at the cemetery was my last day in the country. My brother Theo had contacts over sea and I got help with a plane ticket and a new identity.

My brother gave me some money and he sold the car for me and he erased all traces of me. I wouldn't have been able to disappear without his help. No one can ever know where I am. I have an emergency email which he can get hold of me if needed. But only in an absolute emergency.

He promised to tell our parents that I had to run, and when that day comes when I am no longer in danger I would come back. They can't tell anyone, and no one except my brother knows of my pregnancy.

That was five years ago.

These days when I wake up, I have two reasons to live and keep fighting. Turning my head to the left, my two little angels are sleeping.

Yes, I got two of them, twin boys. My sunshine, my world. They are four years old now, Kian is the oldest by ten minutes. He has dark brown hair and green eyes, well the eyes are all he has gotten from me. He is an exact copy of his father, even with the dimples.

Alex is the youngest, he has my blond hair but his father's golden brown eyes, and those dimples. Well if I hadn't carried them in my womb and given birth to them I had not thought they were mine. Two copies of their father.

These two boys are my life. My every reason for what I am fighting for.

I was scared during the whole pregnancy, every examination gave me severe anxiety. I was all alone, away from my family and in a foreign country. Just me and my determination to never give up.

But when I heard Kian's first scream in the delivery room my heart was filled with so much love and happiness. I knew my new reason to live. No one will ever come between my son's and me. No one will ever hurt us.

I am strong, I have survived.

I will fight with my claws and teeth like the lioness I have become, for my boys. For our happiness.

And I will get my revenge for every wrong they have done to me!