

Chapter 4 I Won't Love You Anymore - Lose You to Love Me - Vanilla Luci

Barrett patted Jacey gently, his voice distant: "Don't worry, she's not worthy to have my child."

Moved, Jacey looked up at him, her voice soft: "Thank you, Barrett, for not despising me. When I was abroad, I thought I'd die of shame."

She tried to kiss him, but he turned away, leading her out: "You're tired, let's go back to your room."

Jacey leaned on him as they walked. In the corridor, she glanced at the operation room, a sly smile on her lips.

Inside, Zoe struggled on the operating table, but could barely move.

Heart pain and fever from the rain had sapped her strength.

Right before the anesthesia, she heard two doctors talking.

One doctor said softly: "Mr. Smith ordered the baby to be aborted."

The main surgeon replied unhappily: "Dr. Henry, you've seen the report. Her womb is thin; it's a miracle she's pregnant. Abortion will leave her infertile, and she wants the baby. I'm a doctor, not an executioner."

The other doctor sounded helpless: "I know, but it's Mr. Smith's order. He said no matter what, don't keep the baby."

The surgeon spoke in a heavy tone, "But we can't just- "

Hearing their conversation, Zoe felt despair, abandoning any thoughts of resistance. She interrupted him: "Go ahead with the surgery. It's my choice not to keep the baby."

The surgeon sighed, and signaled the anesthetist to administer the anesthesia.

On the operating table, under the glaringly bright lights, Zoe's consciousness faded.

She drifted into a dream, once again reliving that night.

In her dream, she was weak from a cold, having not eaten all day. At midnight, she playfully told Barrett she was hungry.

Barrett did get up and personally made her a bowl of her favorite seafood noodles. But after she ate them, she ended up vomiting and retching for a while.

They were happy, thinking she was pregnant, but it was just a cold.

He comforted her, though disappointed, saying childbirth is painful and she was too young. "Our baby wants to spare you the pain, so it's waiting."

Back then, he probably saw her as Jacey, yet she foolishly hoped he loved her too.

"Barrett, our baby was finally here, but you killed it."

She slowly regained consciousness, her body moved onto a stretcher, and Barrett's bodyguards wheeled her out of the operating room.

The stretcher passed by the ward she had just been in and continued forward.

A sense of ominous foreboding rose within Zoe, and she weakly uttered, "Can I rest for a moment in the room I was in earlier?"

The man's indifferent voice echoed, "Miss Woods pities you and wants to see you."

A self-mocking smile played on Zoe's lips as tears, pale and silent, slid down from the corners of her eyes.

Even without the child, did she have to be delivered in this most wretched state to be mocked by his lover?

The stretcher was pushed into the room. Barrett, sitting with his back to the door, didn't turn around despite hearing her. He was peeling an apple, his hand trembling slightly.

But it was seen by Jacey.

Jacey looked at Zoe lying ghostly pale on the stretcher, her desire to get up evident yet hindered by her frailty. She spoke softly, "Barrett, I can't get up. Can you help me over to see Miss Taylor?"

Barrett initially didn't respond, lost in his own thoughts. It was only after Jacey called his name a second time that he snapped back to reality. He then carefully stood up and gently helped Jacey off the bed.

Zoe, with her eyes tightly shut, was pale from her fingertips to her ears.

Covered with a white blanket, she resembled someone about to be wheeled into the morgue.

Jacey, trembling, took Zoe's hand, her voice full of guilt and remorse: "Miss Taylor, I'm sorry, this is all my fault. You must be in pain, I'm sorry."

Tears streamed down her face as she sobbed, her crying even more intense than if she were at a funeral.

Barrett pulled Jacey into his arms, his voice gentle: "Enough, don't look anymore. She brought this on herself."

Jacey choked up, crying: "Barrett, I'm scared. The baby in my stomach might be lost too. It looks so painful."

Barrett's heart felt like it was breaking. Without hesitation, he reassured her, "Jacey, don't worry, I won't let you suffer like this. Have this child, and it will be my own, a true part of the Smith family."

Zoe's fingertips trembled weakly, and a bitter smile formed inside.

The pain was unbearable, knowing he had killed their child to raise another's.

Her years of devoted love were in vain. She finally realized she was just a substitute.

A substitute that could never replace his beloved. Barrett never loved Zoe, not even a little bit.

All Barrett ever loved was her face, resembling Jacey's.

Her heart ached as she lost all strength, falling into a weary sleep.

When she woke up, it was the next day. She was in the bedroom of Willowbrook Villa, the marital home she had chosen with Barrett two years ago.

Zoe touched the bed, still warm. Did he sleep here last night?

Trying to get up, a sharp pain in her chest struck her.

She coughed violently, struggling to the bedside to swallow some pills.

Who says living only half a year is too short? Enduring such a torturous life, worse than death, she still had to bear it for nearly two hundred more days and nights.

The pills stuck in her throat, she swallowed hard.

Gently touching her flat stomach, she reached out, tenderly touching her flat stomach, where a small life had silently and invisibly vanished.

Her heart chilled to an icy numbness, and in a faint, yet resolute whisper, she said, "Barrett Smith, I won't love you anymore."