

- Lose You to Love Me - Vanilla Luci

Chapter 1 She's Got Less Than Six Months Left

"Late-stage left heart failure. Unless you get a heart transplant, it's gonna be tough for you to make it through the next six months."

Those words from the doctor are still ringing in Zoe Taylor's ears.

It's the rainy season, and the night rain just keeps pouring, like it's never gonna stop.

In her dim bedroom, the wind played with the curtains by the floor-to-ceiling windows, and the rain dampened the dark leather sofa.

Zoe was just sitting there by the bed, kind of lost in thought, shivering, then suddenly snapped back to reality.

It had gotten dark, and she had been sitting there the whole afternoon.

She got up, closed the window. The rain hit her pale arms, and a sharp pain stabbed at her chest.

Back at the bed, she picked up a pen and signed off on the divorce agreement, tucking it and her heart failure diagnosis into the drawer.

She's already on her deathbed, so why not let go of everything and just fulfill their destiny, allowing them to be together?

Bang!

The door got kicked open, shaking the whole room.

A tall, dark shadow stormed in, and in a flash, it was right there in front of her.

"Barr.." before Zoe could say anything, she was lifted and thrown onto the bed.

Barrett leaned in, tearing off her nightgown, and his voice was just seething: "You nasty bitch!" It's the first thing he's said to her in a week.

Ever since Jacey, gone for three years, came back last week, he dropped the divorce papers and took off.

The light's dim, and she couldn't quite see his face, but she could feel the intense, wolf-like ferocity emanating from his usually calm, dark eyes.

The pain hit her, sharp and sudden, making the ache in her chest even worse.

Zoe gasped, barely getting the words out: "Barrett, I'm tired, can't we just stop?"

But Barrett had her by the neck, not giving her a chance to breathe.

"Isn't this what you wanted? Three years ago, it was you who persuaded my grandma to drive Jacey out of the country and put her under house arrest, wasn't it?"

The taste of blood spread in her throat, but Zoe held it back, not letting it spill out.

She shook her head with effort: "I don't get what you mean. I didn't do it. Jacey left by herself."

"You persuaded my grandma to kick her out, so you can marry me. Zoe Taylor, I'll let you see the consequence of messing with me and hurting Jacey!"

He wore her out completely, and after slowly getting dressed, he suddenly yanked her up and threw her on the floor, then left the room, cold as ice.

If Jacey wasn't still in the hospital, he'd have ended this venomous woman right now!

She hit the floor with a thud, pain shooting through her.

Zoe got up, fighting back tears: "Believe it or not, I never hurt Jacey all these years."

Barrett turned with disgust. It was a hot summer night, but his voice was cold as ice.

"Sign the divorce papers and get out. After today, if I see you again, you'll wish you were dead."

Zoe fell back on the bed, her heart aching, and laughed bitterly.

He wanted a divorce, just over some baseless words from Jacey.

Her fingers clawed at the bedsheet, feeling a chill rise from her feet, "If I were to say I only have six months left to live, would you still want a divorce?"

He frowned, stepped closer, and grabbed her neck.

In the dark night, Zoe's body staggered.

He let go, and she fell hard to the ground again, the blood she had been holding back spurting out, staining the bedsheet. In the dim light, it was eerily heartbreaking.

He sneered with pure hatred: "Six months? Huh? Zoe Taylor, even if you were diagnosed with a terminal illness and dropped dead in front of me right now, I, Barrett Smith, wouldn't give you a second look!"

Zoe wiped the blood from her lips, no longer holding onto hope: "Alright, let's get that divorce."

He slammed the door shut as he left, not looking back even for a second.

Zoe slumped by the bed, numb. She didn't even know when the tears had started, only hearing her own hollow, desperate laughter.

She wanted to tell him, she was really dying - late-stage left heart failure, more deadly than most cancers.

But he didn't care anymore.

The pain in her chest got worse, her breathing rapid and labored. She crawled to the bedside, fumbled for her pills, and took a few.

The water by her bed had gone cold. She struggled to reach the glass and swallowed the pills.

Covered in cold sweat, she shook from the chill. She hadn't eaten all day. That cold water made her stomach churn, and she gagged.

Too weak to get food downstairs, Zoe clung to the bed's edge, forcing herself onto it.

In the large bed, she curled up in a small corner, the room feeling even more empty and cold.

Lightning flashed, briefly lighting up the room. Her pale face, devoid of any color, looked haunting.

As the pain almost became unbearable, her mind blurred, taking her back three years.

After a car crash, Barrett was in a coma at the hospital for almost a year. The doctors said he might never wake up and could be unconscious for life, but she was still there for him, day and night.

That year, she hardly slept, her health deteriorating from stress and worry, accelerating her inherited heart disease to this heart failure.

Jacey's words from three years ago still rang in her ears.

"Marry a vegetable? Dream on! I'd rather marry a beggar than a useless man!"

Time flew, three years passed, and now Barrett blamed Zoe for everything, swayed by his beloved's words and tears.

That night was the longest she'd ever experienced.

She saw Barrett again three days later.

Zoe had been vomiting non-stop for three days and went to the hospital. As she entered the corridor, her wrist was suddenly grabbed.

The grip was so strong, it felt like it would break her arm.

Next thing she knew, she was dragged into a room and thrown on the floor.

Barrett's angry voice: "Kneel to Jacey!"

Zoe gasped in pain, clutching her heart.

When Barrett's bodyguard had dragged her in, her hair had come loose, and her coat was half off.

Now disheveled and disarrayed, she struggled to look up and saw Jacey crying pitifully against Barrett's chest.

Zoe's heart felt numb, indifferent to the scene: "I haven't done anything wrong. I won't kneel."

Barrett gently patted Jacey in his arms and picked up an ultrasound report from the bedside table, slamming it into Zoe's face.

"How dare you do such a dirty thing to my Jacey!"

Zoe's eyes, empty, fell on the ultrasound report.

It was a pregnancy check, showing 13 weeks of pregnancy.

Her heart clenched painfully. Jacey was three months pregnant?

She and Barrett were having a child?