

Chapter 3 Taking Ms. Taylor for Surgery - Lose You to Love Me - Vanilla Luci

"Ah..Ahh.."Zoe was in so much pain that her consciousness slipped into chaos, muttering in agony..

Rain soaked her as she lay there shivering, her body freezing cold.

People walking by looked at her with pity, but they were too scared to get involved, so no one came close.

The sky got darker, like a bigger storm was coming. Zoe felt like she was really dying.

In a daze, someone tapped her shoulder. A woman's worried voice asks, "Miss, are you okay?"

Zoe tried to speak, but no sound came out.

The woman left but comes back quickly with some doctors. They put Zoe on a stretcher and took her into a hospital room.

Inside, the storm's noise stopped, and the warm air made her fall back into a deep sleep.

When Zoe woke up again, it was dark outside, and she was all alone.

She turned her head with effort to see an IV line in her hand.

For a moment, she wondered if Barrett brought her back.

Then the door opened, and a young doctor walked in. She looked relieved to see Zoe awake but quickly became serious, putting some papers next to her.

"You're pregnant, miss. Where's your family?"

She wanted to say more but stopped herself, seeing how pale Zoe looked.

Zoe's heart jumped, then she started to feel worried.

"I'm pregnant?"

She grabbed the blood test results with difficulty to read them.

The doctor nodded: "Yes, over two months. But with your health, keeping the baby isn't a good idea."

"You've got late-stage left heart failure. It's unlikely you'll last six months. Even if you keep the baby, it probably won't make it to birth."

Zoe gripped the medical report hard, her fingers turning white at the knuckles from the pressure.

Finally, she said, "I want to try."

Forgetting Barrett, this was her child, her only legacy before leaving this world.

She knew she shouldn't have a child with her health but couldn't give up that easily.

The doctor sighed, "Your body's barely holding up, and the baby will make it worse. Well, it's up to you anyway. Where's your husband?"

Zoe clutched the report, awkwardly biting her lip, "He's busy. I can decide on my own."

The doctor nodded and left a card: "Okay, then rest for now. If your family doesn't come, call me anytime you need."

Zoe glanced at the name on the business card, "Dr. Violet Rivers," then struggled to place the diagnosis back on the bedside table. She thought of getting up to check on her brother in the other ward.

Worried that Barrett might not have seen her and could potentially trouble her brother.

But she's too weak to muster any strength. Her heart ached, and she tasted blood. She spat it into a bin and almost fainted again.

When the sound of the kicked-open door echoed, she felt a surreal sensation, her entire body heating up – probably running a fever.

She was yanked up and fell to the floor, gasping.

Barrett yelled, "Get up! Just kneeling for a while, what's with this act of feigning weakness? Can't you take care of yourself now?"

Zoe hit the wall, struggling even to open her eyes.

Seeing her in this state, a flicker of unusual emotion crossed Barrett's eyes. However, his expression darkened abruptly upon noticing the medical report on the bedside table.

He spoke, disbelief coloring his voice: "You're pregnant?"

Zoe threw the report away, "No, it's not mine."

Zoe mustered her strength, grabbed the report, and threw it into the trash can: "No, it's not mine. It's another patient's.",

The report bore no identification details of hers.

Regardless of her decision about the child, she didn't want Barrett to know. It would only become another tool for him and Jacey to torment her.

Barrett stared at her intently for a full two minutes before speaking in a deep, serious tone., "Zoe Taylor, you're not good at lying. I told you, I can give anything you want, but you can't have my child."

He shouldn't allow Zoe to have his child, but somehow, knowing this, he doesn't feel as upset as he thought.

Zoe insisted, "It's not mine."

When Barrett was about to speak, Jacey walked in, looking sad, "Barrett, is Miss Taylor pregnant?"

Barrett, feeling guilty, comforted Jacey, "You shouldn't have come alone. You're pregnant."

Jacey cried, "Barrett, if Miss Taylor's pregnant with your child, I shouldn't have come back. I'm dirty, I shouldn't stay with you."

Barrett hugged her tightly, thinking of her suffering alone abroad, and how he believed that other woman, misunderstanding Jacey, marrying someone else. He's filled with remorse.

He reassured her, "Sweetheart, don't talk nonsense. I won't let anyone else bear my child. I want you, and only you. You're the one I want to spend the rest of my life with."

Zoe stepped back involuntarily, a bad feeling growing, wanting to escape.

Zoe tried to leave, but Barrett's guard stopped her. She knew she couldn't escape.

Shaking, she said, "I'll divorce you, let you marry Jacey. Just let me take this child. It will be mine alone, nothing to do with you."

Jacey, looking sad, stepped away, "I'm the one who should have a miscarriage and leave, Barrett. Since Miss Taylor is pregnant, you should spend more time with her. I'll step out."

Barrett reached out and gently grabbed Jacey, his eyes, cold and ruthless, shifted towards the approaching bodyguards.

"Take Miss Taylor for a check-up. If there's a child," Barrett paused, as if thinking or deciding, then continued, "don't keep it."

Two burly men immediately came to drag Zoe out.

Pain racked her body, and Zoe yelled desperately, "Barrett Smith, you have no right to kill my child. I served you for three years, I owe you nothing, what gives you the right!"

Her voice faded as the footsteps receded: "If I lose this child, I'll never be able to have another, and can never live to see the day to have another child."

Her screams grew distant. Jacey's tears fell like beads off a broken string, crying against Barrett's chest.

"It's all my fault. If I hadn't been taken abroad back then, you wouldn't be in this situation today."