

## Chapter 1 Left To Die

Ximena Griffin didn't know how many times she had dialed Ramon Mitchell's number in the past hour, but all her attempts had been unsuccessful.

She had just given birth to their baby. How could he be this heartless?

The white hospital blanket crumpled in her hands, her vision blurry. She bit her lower lip so hard in exasperation that her teeth pricked blood out. Outside, she could faintly hear someone demanding for the doctor to keep the baby alive. At that moment, she remembered that today was Ramon's wedding to another woman.

She knew he only wanted to keep the baby, not her.

He even already had a name for the baby and a new mother to replace her.

How preposterous!

Fighting back the tears and taking in the excruciating pain all over her body, Ximena held her baby tightly in her arms.

All of a sudden, the door of the delivery room opened from the outside. A bunch of people barged in, including Melanie Griffin.

The colors drained from Ximena's face. She held the baby closer and looked daggers at the people in front of her.

Melanie regarded her with disdain and said pointedly, "Give me the baby, Ximena. This is what you owe my sister. If anything happens to the baby, Ramon will kill you."

"I didn't do anything to Lyla!" Ximena retorted strongly.

Unfazed, Melanie sneered, "That doesn't matter anymore. If Ramon believes it's your fault, then it's your fault! Give me the baby. He will help Lyla get into the Mitchell family and become Ramon's wife. My family

Unfazed, Melanie sneered, "That doesn't matter anymore. If Ramon believes it's your fault, then it's your fault! Give me the baby. He will help Lyla get into the Mitchell family and become Ramon's wife. My family will rejoice at this. As for you, you'll rot in prison because of what you did to her!"

"No! I have nothing to do with what happened to her! You can't take my baby!" Ximena refused vehemently.

She was innocent! Why would Ramon believe that nonsense and punish her like this?

This was unfair! She carried the baby in her womb for nine months and loved him with all her heart. She would never let anyone take him away.

With her trembling hands, Ximena picked up her phone and dialed Ramon's number again and again but to no avail. Eventually, Ramon's phone was switched off.

Melanie jeered, "Do you really think Ramon will answer? Stop dreaming. You're nothing but a tool for him. Now that you've delivered the baby, you've become useless. Ramon divorced you because he was so disgusted by you and would rather marry Lyla while she's still in a vegetative state than be with you. Wake up, Ximena. Ramon never loved you."

Ximena felt like her heart shattered to pieces hearing Melanie's words. She couldn't believe Ramon could be this cruel. Their two-year marriage was nothing to him, and she was none other than a stepping stone for Lyla to marry into the Mitchell family!

Suddenly, a sharp pain spread in her lower abdomen. Ximena groaned in horror and shock. It felt like her whole body was being ripped apart. Then, she felt the blood in her thighs, flowing down her legs and into the white floor. Her breathing became labored as if she was going to pass out.

The nurse gasped and shouted in panic, "She's hemorrhaging!"

Melanie only watched as Ximena slowly collapsed to the floor and demanded, "What are you standing there for? Get the baby! Make it quick, or you will all regret it!"

The baby in Ximena's arms was hurriedly snatched away.

Ximena passed out and dropped to the floor, blood pooling around her, but no one from the group of people who barged in seemed to care.

Learning about Ximena's condition, the hospital's surgical team hurriedly issued a consent form to operate on her, but no one was willing to sign it.

Everyone knew Ramon didn't love Ximena. She and her baby were just a pawn to help Ramon's beloved woman, Lyla Griffin, marry into the Mitchell family.

No one cared about Ximena's safety because Ramon was done with her. To these people, her death would be a much better outcome.

Shortly after Ximena was taken to the emergency room, the doctor came out and dejectedly reported that she had flatlined. Melanie didn't look surprised and immediately left with the baby after that.

The bright lights of the corridor accentuated the redness of Ximena's blood on the floor.

On the side was the neglected consent form, blemished with bloodstains.

However, as soon as Melanie and the others left, the medical attendant rushed outside of the emergency room and reported to the doctor, "We've got a problem, Doc! The patient... There are two more babies in her womb..."

Four years after that fateful day, an adorable little boy sat silently in his room in the Griffin family's villa.

The boy had deep eyes and a cold expression, making him look mature beyond his age. Everything about his face looked perfect except the faint slap mark on his cheek.

The door suddenly opened from the outside, revealing Melanie in her red haute couture gown and stilettos.

Her fancy makeup didn't hide her irritation at seeing the boy still undressed for the event. "The guests are here, Neil. Change into your clothes now and come out with me."

"I'm not going out," Neil Mitchell replied coldly.

Melanie scowled, walking up to the boy in angry steps. "I said change into your formal clothes now!"

"I don't want to!" Neil faced her, his swollen cheek in view.

Melanie fumed. Her blazing eyes caught the Lego castle Neil had built, and she toppled it down with her hand in a loud crash.

Neil watched in disbelief as the Lego set shattered to the floor, tears instantly welling up in his eyes. Wiping them away, he shouted, "Aunt Melanie! I spent the whole night building that. Why did you knock it down?"

Hearing the word "Aunt" angered Melanie more. It was a constant reminder that she had gained everything she had now because of Neil.



Her eyes were cold as she said, "That's what you get for being stubborn. Now, go downstairs."

"I hate you!" Neil hissed, picking up the formal clothes on the floor and hurling them in Melanie's direction.

Melanie immediately grabbed his wrist and looked him dead in the eye. "Listen, Neil. You would have been abandoned at the orphanage if it weren't for me. So, I don't care if you hate me, but you have to hold it in until the end of the party and all the guests have left. Otherwise, I will send you to the orphanage!"

It was the first time in four years that Ramon had organized a grand birthday party for Neil.

But for Melanie, it was a precious opportunity to get close to Ramon after so many years. She would never let this stubborn boy ruin her future.

"If you don't want to go downstairs, then stay here forever and don't ever come out!" Melanie stormed out of the bedroom and locked the door from the outside.

Fear immediately covered Neil's face. The last time he was locked up, he was so scared because everything was dark and creepy, and he only had mice to keep him company. It traumatized him so much that he developed a phobia of being alone and in the dark.

The poor boy ran toward the closed door and banged it with his little hands, crying and pleading, "Aunt Melanie, I'm sorry! Please open the door! I don't want to be alone! I'm scared! I promise to behave! Auntie, please!"