

The Ghost of Lost Love

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Chapter 1

When Grayson Blackwood arrived at the earthquake site, both Alice Blackwood and I were trapped beneath a massive boulder.

I couldn't move an inch; the weight pinned me down, sending a sharp, dragging pain through my abdomen. A cold dread settled in my chest—I knew the baby inside me wasn't doing well.

I hadn't heard a single sound from Alice, and worry gnawed at me. Despite my own dire condition, I forced myself to comfort her.

"Don't be scared, Alice," I whispered hoarsely. "Your brother will come to save us soon."

This morning, Grayson and I had quarreled over Alice. We were in the midst of a cold war, but even so, I believed he'd come for us. After all, I was carrying his child.

Even if he didn't care for me, surely he cared about the baby.

But I overestimated the weight of my existence in his heart—and our child's too.

When it came down to saving one of us first, he looked at me, his voice as icy as the ground beneath us. "I have to save Alice first."

"What?" I thought I'd misheard him. My gaze locked onto his face, searching for some trace of hesitation or warmth, but his tone remained frigid, devoid of the slightest flicker of emotion.

"Belle," he said, as if explaining to a dim child, "I hope you can be sensible. Alice's health has always been fragile. If I save you first, she might die. I can't let that happen. You just have to hold on. Once she's safe, they'll come back for you immediately."

I bit down hard to stop myself from crying, but my voice betrayed me, trembling as it cracked. "Honey, you can't do this. I can wait, but the baby can't. The baby won't make it."

"No," he said firmly.

"Grayson, please, don't do this. Our baby—our baby will die!" I pleaded, desperation and agony clawing at my throat.

He looked at me, cold and resolute. "Belle, if the baby dies, it's only what you owe Alice. You killed her child once; now you can repay her."

The words landed like a knife to my chest, but he wasn't done.

"And let's be honest—you and I both know whether that child is even mine. I'll just pretend that baby never existed."

His voice was glacial, the words cutting me so deeply I trembled.

I tried to explain, my voice breaking as I struggled against the weight and my despair. "How could the child not be yours? I would never—"

But I never finished.

The rescue workers began their operation, and the boulder shifted. Before I could protest, the massive stone came crashing down, plunging me into utter darkness.

My heart froze solid, ice spreading through my soul. Seven years of love, the child in my womb, and yet they still couldn't compare to Alice in his heart.

He even went so far as to deny his own child, just to save her.

And that was how I died.

I floated above, a silent, invisible witness to the scene below. I watched as Alice was pulled free, her fragile form cradled in his arms. Relief and joy radiated from him as though he'd just regained his entire world.

One of his colleagues, perhaps unable to stomach the scene, muttered softly, "Grayson, we still haven't found your wife."

"If you can't find her, keep looking," he replied curtly, without even a glance in my direction.

His words sent a chill deep into my core. I was his wife, the mother of his child—and yet my life meant less than nothing to him.

To him, I wasn't trapped beneath the rubble, fighting for life. I was merely... out for a meal.

"Grayson, I was so scared," Alice whimpered, pale and trembling in his arms. "When the earthquake struck, I thought I'd never see you again. My stomach hurts. Can you take me to the hospital? I'm worried about my baby."

Her pitiful, tear-streaked face was enough to make him turn away completely. Without so much as a glance back, he carried her off, resolute, his steps unwavering.

He never once looked back at me—at the woman he had left for dead.

In that moment, I felt a strange sense of relief.

Relief that I was already dead.

Because if I were still alive, I wouldn't know how to face this betrayal.