

# The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights by Brick Moving Ant

Chapter 55

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- Chapter 1
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- He said that he would not marry her.
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- Because as his wife, she must prepare three meals a day, take care of her husband and children, and serve her parents—in-law.
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- He couldn't bear to let her go.
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- I stared at the screen and felt like something was pressing on my chest, making it hard to breathe.
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- But I didn't argue or make a fuss.
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- The next day, I went back to the TV station.
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- Jackson didn't know that I also had a form.
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- It was an application form for transfer to Africa.
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- I was going to be a war correspondent.
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- The moment I signed my name, I took a deep breath.
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- The person I really loved was still on the battlefield.
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- I was going to find him back.
- 
- "You're going back to being a doctor?!"
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- The exclamation rang out abruptly in the hospital corridor that morning.
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- I handed over my reassignment application form, my tone unusually calm.
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- "Yes, I'd like to be stationed permanently in the DRC."
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- The director froze for a moment, taking the form from me, his frown deepening as he read.
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- "Zoey..."
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- He sighed softly, as though struggling to find the right words.
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- "Three years ago, your work in the DRC impressed everyone. But now? You just started your marriage leave! You're about to get married—how can you take such a risk?"
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- He stared at me, clearly waiting for a reasonable explanation.
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- I lowered my eyes, my fingers pressing lightly together. Then, after a brief pause, I spoke softly.
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- "I'm not getting married anymore."
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- "What?"
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- The director's expression turned to shock.
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- I raised my head, meeting his gaze directly, my tone resolute:
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- "Yes, I'm calling off the wedding."
- 
- Last night.
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- Jackson had gone out to shop for wedding tableware and asked me to send him the list of items saved on his computer.
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- When I opened the folder labeled "Wedding Plans," I accidentally clicked into another sheet.
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- It was a record of his past relationships.
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- Six women, each meticulously documented with details like height, appearance, family background,
- 
- and personality traits.
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- My entry was at the very top.
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- Name: Zoey.
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- Family Background: Orphaned, simple social connections.
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- Personality: Dutiful, motherly, unambitious.
- 
- Remarks: Good at housework, capable of bearing children.
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- The most glaring part was a line he had highlighted in yellow:
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- "Suitable for marriage."
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- My fingers froze on the keyboard, a wave of heat rising to my eyes.
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- After a few seconds, I took a deep breath and scrolled down.
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- The evaluations for the other women were equally cold and clinical:
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- "Extravagant lifestyle, not considered."
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- "Lazy habits, not considered."
- 
- "Has a younger brother, not considered."
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- Until the final entry.
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- The woman's name was Sara. Her page contained no ratings or detailed analysis.
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- It was blank—except for a single line in the remarks section:
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- "You are a bird, destined to soar proudly into the distance."
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- Her name is Sara
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- This time, I didn't hesitate.
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- I closed the folder, deleted all the files, and opened another one.
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- It was my unfinished application form—for a position as a doctor in the DRC.
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- Not long ago, I'd heard they were desperately in need of a surgeon.
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- As I signed my name at the bottom of the form, I finally understood:
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- I was never meant to stay in a cage that shackled a bird.
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- But more importantly, the man I truly loved was still there.
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- 09-22
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