

The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights by Brick Moving Ant

Chapter 56

- Chapter 2
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- “I remember when we were finalizing the guest list, Jackson hesitated over the name ‘Sara.’
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- He added it, then deleted it, back and forth several times.
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- Curious, I asked him why.
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- He merely smiled and said, ‘She’s traveling the world right now; she probably won’t come back just
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- for this.’
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- So, she was his first love.
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- The computer screen was still on, and Jackson’s Instagram was open. I clicked into it and found Sara’s profile.
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- Their chat history had been wiped clean, but her latest post made my chest tighten slightly:
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- ‘Damn it! The man I love is getting married, so I’m going to break his wedding car’s axle and crash
-
- the wedding!’
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- Jackson had replied below:
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- ‘Even if you do, it won’t change anything. I won’t marry you.’
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- ‘Ugh, fine! You must’ve finally found your true love, huh?’
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- ‘... What are you talking about?’
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- ‘Hmph! Whatever! With your oppressive family, marrying you would feel like being a servant. I’d
-
- never want that!’
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- ‘I know, which is why I’m marrying the person they want me to marry.’
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- ‘I just couldn’t bear to let you go through all that.’
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- “Couldn’t bear to.”
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- Hearing those words from Jackson was rare, almost strange.
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- 09:22
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- The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights
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- 47.9%
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- Jackson and I met through a blind date.
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- He was young and accomplished, the youngest associate chief physician at a top–tier hospital, with looks that could turn heads.
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- But he had controlling and demanding parents, which was the reason he hadn’t married yet.
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- They wanted a daughter–in–law who was obedient, diligent, perceptive, and willing to serve.
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- The first time I went to his house, his mother handed me a basin of water and asked me to wash her
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- feet.
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- I was startled but held back my discomfort.
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- Because the first time I saw Jackson, I thought—for that face, I’d do anything.
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- We dated for two years. His parents adored me, and he grew used to coming home to a spotless
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- house, hot meals ready on the table, and impeccably pressed clothes.
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- But his attitude toward me always remained lukewarm, polite but distant.
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- Until his birthday this year. I decided to bake him a cake myself.
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- While preheating the oven, it exploded.
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- When I was rushed to the hospital, my arm covered in shards of glass, he came running. For the first time, he looked panicked.

He held my face, his voice trembling:

‘You don’t have to do all this for me... You really don’t have to...’

In that moment, I thought he truly cared for me.

Later, he proposed.

I naively believed it was because of a spark of genuine affection, that he wanted to build a life with

me.

Until last night, when I saw his conversation with Sara.

09:22

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Chapter 2

Sara was the one he cherished so much that he chose to let her go.

The screen’s cold light reflected on my face.

At that moment, I knew—this relationship needed to end.

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