The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights by Brick Moving Ant

Chapter 58

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- Someone immediately burst into laughter.
- “Does she look like the type?
- “Come on, Africa? She probably rarely even leaves her province!”
- Even Jackson smirked faintly, shaking his head in disdain.
- Sara squinted her eyes, a triumphant smile spreading across her face.
- “Exactly, I asked the wrong person!
- “I should've asked her which local market sells the cheapest vegetables or which brand of toilet cleaner works best!”
- The table erupted in laughter again.
- She, smug as ever, turned away and launched into another topic.
- I slowly clenched my fists.
- Something inside me was burning.
- I thought, I must be drunk.
- Otherwise, why would such a childish provocation anger me?
- “I've been there.”
- My voice was calm but firm, cutting through the noise at the table.
- The laughter stopped abruptly.
- Sara turned her head, momentarily stunned, before sneering, “What?”
- “I've been to Africa.”
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- A flicker of surprise flashed across her face, but she quickly regained her composure, her tone dripping with disdain.
- “Oh, no need to be so pretentious. If you haven’t been, just say so! Lying will only get you into
- trouble.”
- “I’m not lying.”
- “Oh, really?” She crossed her arms, tilting her chin up. “Then tell us, where exactly did you go?
- “Kenya? Morocco? Or perhaps South Africa?”
- I stared at her steadily, my voice unwavering: “The Democratic Republic of Congo.”
- The air froze.
- “…Congo?” someone repeated hesitantly, doubt thick in their tone.
- “Must've had too much to drink,” another laughed, “making up stuff like this!”
- The fire inside me flared even higher.
- I wasn’t the only one there–there were many others.
- Journalists, peacekeepers, aid workers…
- Were they not “normal people” either?
- I swept my gaze across the table, speaking slowly and clearly:
- “Not only have I been there, but I lived there for an entire year.
- “I've witnessed wars fought over mineral resources, visited Ebola treatment centers, distributed relief supplies with UN workers…
- “I was even shot.”
- Silence fell over the table.
- Everyone’s eyes widened, staring at me in disbelief.
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- I swirled the wine in my glass, fixing my gaze on Sara as my tone turned icy:
- “One more thing.
- “There are no yellowfin tuna in the Mediterranean–they prefer tropical waters. The Camino de Santiago doesn’t start in Portugal; it stretches from France to Spain. And as for Uluru, climbing has
- been banned since 2019.”
- I narrowed my eyes, lips curling into a faint smile:
- “Sara, lying isn’t good. It’s so easy to get caught.”
- Her face turned ghostly pale.
- The others exchanged confused and uncertain glances, their gazes darting between us.
- Sara suddenly shot to her feet, her voice rising in a shrill pitch:
- “She’s just a parentless nobody–how could she have been to such places?
- “She’s the one lying!”

Trested my chin on my hand, smiling faintly.

“Then why don’t you show us some photos?

“You've been to so many places; surely you took a few pictures?”

Her face crumbled, panic overtaking her.

“I… I…”

“Don’t tell me you don’t have any?”

Her flustered expression grew more frantic as she turned to Jackson, nearly in tears.

“Jackson! What’s wrong with your wife?!

“Wasn’t this supposed to be my welcome party? How can you let her bully me like this?

“Forget it! If I’m so unwelcome, I’ll just leave!”

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She pretended to wipe her eyes before storming out.

The room descended into chaos.

The others quickly urged Jackson, “Go after her! It’s late–what if she gets lost?”

Jackson’s face darkened. He shot me a furious glare before standing abruptly and striding out the

door.

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Chapter 5

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