# The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights by Brick Moving Ant

Chapter 55

- Chapter 5
- Others also stood up left.
- "Zoey, we're heading out now."
- Someone muttered under their breath, but their words reached my ears clearly.
- "Does she even have the nerve to go against Sara? Doesn't she know she's the one who stole someone
- else's man?"
- "Jealous, obviously! Sara's beautiful and accomplished. What does she have?"
- "She makes trouble for Sara, and in the end, it's her husband who goes to comfort Sara. How stupid!"
- Their mocking laughter faded into the distance, leaving the large private room eerily quiet.
- Alone, I let out a faint, bitter chuckle and poured myself another glass of liquor. I drained it in one gulp.
- To be honest, Sara wasn't entirely wrong—I hadn't been to those places.
- But I knew she was lying.
- Because of my mother.
- I wasn't born without parents.
- My mother was a doctor with Médecins Sans Frontières, stationed in war zones.
- In those days, for a woman to work abroad while her husband stayed behind to raise their child was
- unthinkable.
- Neighbors would sneer and taunt, saying:
- "Your mother doesn't want you anymore!"
- I clenched my fists and fought to defend myself, protecting what little pride I had, only to face even harsher ridicule.
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- Mother frequently sent letters stamped with exotic postmarks, recounting her work and life in detail, often accompanied by photographs.
- Breaden your horizons, and only then will you know what you truly want.'
- But when I was five, she died in the line of duty during the Kosovo War.
- Her colleagues at the hospital managed to recover only her ID badge.
- Inside, besides the patient records she had risked her life to protect, there was a photograph of
- me—taken who knows when.
- At the time, I didn't fully grasp what "killed in action" meant, but I did remember the gloating of those neighbors
- "See? Women who love the limelight never meet a good end."
- From then on, I lost my mother, but her words stayed with me:
- Go see for yourself. Document and experience the world firsthand.
- Only then will you know what you truly want.
- Yesterday, when I found that old camera, its weathered body and substantial weight seemed to hold some lingering warmth of hers.
- It was her relic, and my childhood beacon.
- Burying my face in my hands, I let my tears slip through my fingers and whispered:
- "Mom, I miss you so much…"
- The next morning.
- A pounding headache jolted me awake.
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- I struggled to open my eyes, recognizing the familiar ceiling above—it was home.
- But I had no recollection of how I got back.
- After pouring a glass of water to soothe my throat, I noticed Jackson sitting in the living room, his face clouded with anger.
- "This is how you behave as the lady of the house?"
- Ignoring him, I turned and walked toward the study.
- But the desk was empty.
- I froze, my voice hoarse as I asked, "Where's my camera?"
- Jackson smirked coldly.
- "I gave it to Sara."
- My breath caught.
- "What did you say?"
- He crossed his arms, a disdainful smile tugging at his lips.
- "Didn't you tell her to take more pictures?"
- A deafening roar filled my mind.
- He had given my mother's relic to Sara?
- The glass slipped from my hand and shattered. I lunged at him, grabbing his collar, shouting hysterically:
- "How dare you touch my camera?! How dare you?!"
- Jackson flinched, startled by my outburst. He stammered, "Sara… she's at Yun'an Hotel."

"Room number!"

"1103."

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I shoved him aside and stormed out the door.

I sped all the way to the hotel, rushing to the 11th floor and kicking open room 1103.

Sara appeared at the door, furious.

"What the hell are you doing, barging in like this?"

Ignoring her, I stormed into the room.

There it was–the camera set quietly on the TV cabinet.

I grabbed it and turned to leave.

"Stop!" Sara yanked me back, her shrill voice piercing.

"This was a gift from Jackson! What gives you the right to take it?"

I turned around and slapped her across the face.

"This is mine. My mother's relic. What gives you the right to take it?"

She stood there, stunned by the slap, before letting out a scream:

"How dare you hit me?! You bitch!"

She lunged at me, clawing and screaming as we grappled.

In the chaos, I heard the fragile camera strap snap.

Then, in a fit of rage, Sara grabbed the camera body and smashed it onto the ground.

A loud crack echoed in the room.

I stood frozen, watching the camera–the last piece of my mother–shatter into pieces before my eyes.

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