The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights by Brick Moving Ant

Chapter 60

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- Chapter 6
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- Cruel satisfaction flashed in Sara's eyes.
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- "If I can't have it, neither can you!"
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- A tsunami of despair and fury instantly engulfed me.
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- I lost all sense of reason.
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- Grabbing Sara by the hair, I shoved her toward the wall with every ounce of strength I had.
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- One blow, and blood began to seep from her forehead.
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- Sara screamed, "Help! Murder! Someone's killing me!"
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- The hotel room door slammed
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- open.
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- Jackson stormed in, his gaze falling on Sara's battered state. His face turned ashen.
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- He grabbed me and pressed me against the wall, his voice trembling with rage and disbelief:
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- "Zoey! Are you insane?!"
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- Behind him, Sara stood unsteadily, one hand clutching her bleeding forehead, the other shaking uncontrollably.
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- In a quivering voice, she murmured, "Darling, I'm… I'm so scared."
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- I pushed Jackson away, dropping to my knees.
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- My hands trembled as I tried to pick up the shattered camera.
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- The fragments were cold, sharp, and unyielding as I struggled to piece them back together. But no matter how I tried, they wouldn't fit.
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- Glass shards sliced into my fingertips, and blood dripped onto the floor, but I didn't care.
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- Jackson grabbed my hands roughly, his grip firm and his voice barely containing his fury.
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- "Calm down! It's broken! You can't fix it!"
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- I flinched violently, tears streaming down my face without end.
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- Through gritted teeth, he shouted, "It's just a damn camera! You can buy another one!
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- "Is this really worth losing your mind over?!"
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- His words felt like a blade stabbing into my heart.
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- This isn't just a broken camera.
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- It was the only relic my mother left me, her final gift to me.
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- Yet to him, it was nothing more than a useless object.
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- I raised my head, hatred surging uncontrollably.
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- I slapped him hard across the face, smearing blood from my fingers onto his cheek.
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- "Jackson, get out!
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- "Get out of my life!!!"
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- His face was frozen in shock.
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- Without hesitation, I pulled the engagement ring off my finger and hurled it into the trash can with all my might.
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- I packed everything I owned and returned to my hometown.
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- I went to visit my mother.
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- I sat in front of her gravestone all day.
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- Jackson called countless times, but I didn't answer.
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- In the end, I blocked his number.
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- Sometimes, I felt overwhelmed by shame.
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- If my mother could see what I had become, would she feel disappointed?
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- She had always wanted me to live proudly, courageously, and strongly–to explore the vast and beautiful world.
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- But instead, I had wasted three years on a man who didn't deserve it.
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- On the third day,
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- I made my usual visit to the cemetery.
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- But this time, I saw something unexpected by the gravestone.
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- A pot of bird-of-paradise flowers.
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My heart skipped a beat.

This was my mother's favorite flower.

Who had been here?

I rushed to the cemetery office to ask.

The staff told me that someone brought the flowers every few months.

They also gave me an address.

A vague answer formed in my mind, but I couldn't bring myself to believe it.

Following the address, I found a small flower shop and asked the owner about it.

The shopkeeper shared more details:

About three years ago, someone placed a long–term order. The request was to deliver a pot of bird–of–paradise flowers to Amanda's grave every three months.

"The customer paid for three years upfront, so I remember it clearly," the shopkeeper said.

My heart pounded uncontrollably, my voice trembling.

"Do you know who placed the order?"

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Chapter 6

The shopkeeper flipped through the records.

"It was a man named Joseph."

My breath hitched, and I nearly collapsed.

The shopkeeper continued, "But we haven't been able to reach him recently. There was a supply issue once, and we wanted to ask if we could substitute another flower, but he never responded."

They looked up at me, and their expression turned alarmed.

"Ma'am, are you… are you *alright*?"

09:23