

The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights by Brick Moving Ant

Chapter 61

Chapter 7

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I rubbed my sore eyes and waved my hand.

"I'm fine, really."

The shopkeeper, perceptive as always, handed me a pack of tissues and brewed a cup of floral tea before turning away to tend to the flowers.

I sat quietly in the shop for a long time, letting my emotions settle. Eventually, I chose a bouquet of daisies and prepared to leave.

Just as I was about to pay, the shopkeeper stopped me.

"This bouquet is on the house."

I was taken aback and looked at her in confusion.

She smiled faintly, as though lost in memory.

"Miss, I just remembered something Joseph told me back then. He said someone might come to inquire about this order one day.

'If she comes alone, give her a bouquet of flowers.

Tell her: Keep moving forward; the starlight will illuminate your path."

That day, I broke down completely in front of my mother's grave.

I never thought he would appear beside me in such a way.

And I never expected that even now, I would still rely on him for comfort.

What kind of mental preparation did he go through to leave those words with the shopkeeper?

I was the only one who understood the meaning of "if she comes alone."

It meant he was no longer by my side.

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The Du

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In the evening, my colleague called me.

"Zoey, the flight's booked for next week."

"Who do you want to list as the beneficiary for the insurance this time? Your husband?"

I shook my head.

"Please put down Doctors Without Borders."

"Doctors Without Borders?"

"Yes."

"Why them?"

I sniffled and answered softly.

"Because he was a doctor with Doctors Without Borders."

As I staggered out of the cemetery gate, I saw an unexpected figure—Jackson.

He looked unkempt, with stubble on his face and a weary expression.

Without saying a word, he handed me a box.

Inside was a camera, the same model as my mother's.

"The old one couldn't be repaired."

We stood there in silence, staring at each other.

I didn't take the box.

I had no idea how he found me, nor where he managed to get this camera from—one that was released in 1994.

But what I cherished had already been broken.

Even if he found an identical replacement, what difference would it make?

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The Ruined Pride

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Seeing that I wouldn't take it, he rubbed his temples, looking exhausted.

"Come back with me.

"The wedding is next week. The invitations have been sent out. If you keep causing trouble, there will be no way to fix this."

I let out a mocking laugh.

"To you, I'm the one causing trouble?"

He sighed and grabbed my hand.

"Zoey, I know you're doing this because you love me.

"You think I favor her, giving her your belongings. But that's because she demanded an apology from you.

"I saw that old camera lying around and gave it to her so she'd stop bothering you.

"You embarrassed her in front of so many people—I couldn't just stand by and do nothing."

Looking at him, I suddenly felt a hint of pity.

"Jackson, I don't love you."

He froze, then his expression turned cold.

"Don't lie.

"If you didn't love me, why would you look at me like that?"

I chuckled softly, pulled my hand back, and gently touched his face.

"What a pity... I'll never see this face again."

His expression shifted as if he realized something.

"You..."

But before he could finish, his phone rang.

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It was Sara.

He hesitated for a few seconds before answering.

On the other end, her voice was fraught with despair.

"Jackson, I'm leaving..."

"I'm sorry for causing trouble again.

"It's just... I couldn't help but feel jealous of her."

"Sara, where are you?"

"Don't come. Go find her. She's the one you'll spend the rest of your life with."

The call ended.

Jackson hurriedly shoved the box into my arms and took off running, disappearing at the end of the

street.

I watched his figure vanish and sneered.

Lifting the box, I tossed the camera into a nearby trash can.

-I was about to leave too.

The following week, I was incredibly busy—training my body, brushing up on the language, finalizing story ideas, and coordinating with local guides.

Meanwhile, Jackson kept texting me from different numbers.

[Zoey, what did you mean that day?]

[Don't we have more to talk about?]

[I apologize on Sara's behalf for what happened that day.]

[Where are you now?]

I didn't reply to a single one.

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The day before I left, he messaged again:

"The wedding's tomorrow. Will you come?"

I snapped my SIM card in half, dragged my suitcase, and resolutely headed to the airport.

As sunlight poured through the airplane window, the plane lifted off.

From A to Kinshasa, the capital of the Democratic Republic of Congo, there were no direct flights.

I had to transfer in Cairo. The entire journey would take almost twenty hours.

Enough time to revisit old memories.

Pulling on the sleep mask handed out by the flight attendant, I murmured softly:

"Joseph, I'm coming back.

"I miss you so much."

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