

The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights by Brick Moving Ant

Chapter 63

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- Since then, we quickly became familiar with each other.
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- Joseph was extremely popular. His medical skills were exceptional, and he was incredibly reliable during critical moments. At the same time, he was humorous and always managed to make everyone around him laugh. With him around, even my interview subjects would become more talkative, willingly sharing more than they normally would.
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- I enjoyed being around him.
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- One day, I was following him as he sprayed cholera prevention chemicals around the camp. Suddenly, a sharp cry for help came from an empty tent. We rushed over and pulled back the flap, revealing a man pinning a young girl to the ground, tearing at her clothes.
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- My face turned cold instantly, and I rushed forward to push the man away. He stumbled back but quickly regained his balance, cursing as he raised his fist to strike me.
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- Before he could land a blow, Joseph pulled me behind him, shielding me from harm, and held up work ID.
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- his
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- “If you don’t want to lose access to medical care, you’d better leave now!”
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- The man hesitated, his gaze landing on the red cross on Joseph’s badge. Muttering curses under his breath, he hastily pulled up his pants and fled.
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- We took the girl to the UNHCR office and requested that they relocate her to another tent. After everything was settled, Joseph patted my shoulder gently and said, “Don’t be upset. You did well.”
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- I froze for a moment. “I’m not upset.”
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- Violence and crime often accompany refugee camps, something I’d long been aware of.
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- But Joseph tilted his head and studied me. “You look upset.”
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- His words caught me off guard. I raised a hand to touch my face, as if to confirm his observation.
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- Then, out of nowhere, he grinned and playfully pinched my cheeks. “Your emotions aren’t just written on your face, you know!”
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- It seemed he’d found a new source of amusement. From then on, every time we met, he’d observe
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- me for a few seconds before commenting, “You’re in a good mood today,” or “Who made you angry
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- this time?”
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- I couldn’t help but laugh, both exasperated and amused. “How do you even figure these things out?”
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- Leaning back with his hands behind his head, he replied with a smirk, “I have a younger brother, and in some ways, you’re alike. You both like to hide your feelings.”
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- The mention of family made my smile falter, and I fell silent.
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- “What about you?” I asked hesitantly. “Don’t your family worry about you being here?”
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- His expression turned calm, almost indifferent, as he shook his head. “We’ve cut ties.”
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- “What? Why?” I was stunned.
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- “Because I wouldn’t do as they said.” His voice carried a note of resignation. “They were incredibly controlling. Growing up, they forced me to do this and that, and if I ever resisted, I’d get beaten.
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- “I followed their wishes, studied medicine, and got a job at a hospital. But it was never enough—they kept pushing me to climb higher, to make a name for myself, to bring them glory. But I didn’t want that kind of life anymore.
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- “With Doctors Without Borders, I can focus purely on what being a doctor is about—saving lives. I enjoy that.”
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- He sighed heavily. “Honestly, I feel bad for my younger brother.”
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- I looked at him in confusion. He gave a bitter smile and explained, “When I wouldn’t cooperate, they had my brother, as a backup plan in case I turned out to be a failure.
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- “After I left, they forced him down the same path I escaped. He’s obedient on the surface, but I know he’s just as suffocated as I was.
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- “I heard he later fell in love with a carefree girl, but my parents got in the way and broke them apart...”
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- It was the first time he’d spoken about his family, and I hadn’t expected such a heartbreaking story.
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- We sat in silence for a while before he broke it with a question. “What about you? Why did you
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- come here to work as a doctor?
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- Doesn’t your family worry about you?”
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