The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights by Brick Moving Ant

Chapter 89

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- My head felt like it was about to explode.
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- Reason and emotion were locked in a fierce battle, while the children silently watched our heated
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- argument.
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- Despair filled their eyes. The youngest huddled together, their small hands tightly clasped, as if awaiting the final verdict of fate.
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- My heart softened in an instant.
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- They had already fought with all their might to escape hell—we couldn't send them back,
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- I took a deep breath, forcing myself to calm down, and said quietly:
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- "It's help you.
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- But I won't just find someone to take them. I'll stay here and see them all safely out myself."
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- Joseph froze, then immediately shook his head.
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- "No, it's too dangerous!"
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- I stared back at him, my tone resolute.
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- "And what, leave you to face the danger alone?
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- Sick rig
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- If you don't agree, I'll go out there right now and tell them you're hiding Hutu children here."
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- He gritted his teeth and glared at me.
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- "... You! I should never have
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- Gone to you!"
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- "Too late." I shrugged. "You've already dragged me into this."
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- Joseph turned away angrily, refusing to speak to me. I sighed, stepped closer, and wrapped my arms around his neck, forcing him to look at me.
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- "At the very least, in the worst-case scenario, we can die together."
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- He immediately burst out, furious.
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- "Don't jinx it! That's not going to happen!"
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- Through the clear visor of his protective suit, I gently touched his face.
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- "Of course not.
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- After all, you promised me—we still have to go see my mom."
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- I had to admit, Joseph's plan was almost flawless.
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- Nobody would want to touch the garbage bins containing Ebola medical waste, much less suspect they held people inside.
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- Each trip, we could smuggle out two children. The truck would stop midway, where humanitarian workers would take over and transfer them to safety.
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- After half a month, only the last two children remained—a brother and sister.
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- The boy was named Ray, and his sister, Mary.
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- On the day the truck was to take them away, Joseph was in high spirits. He looked at me and said
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- sincerely,
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- "Thank you, Zoey."
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- I didn't respond. I just held his hand tightly.
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- Victory seemed so close we could almost taste it. We even celebrated early.
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- The children performed Igambila, a traditional Hutu dance, for us. Joseph prepared a meal that
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- could almost be called a feast, and I took many pictures of them.
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- As night fell, the siblings began putting on their protective suits.
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- Mary handed me a marker and asked softly,
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- "Can you write your names on them?"
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- 09:24
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- Joseph and I exchanged a glance, surprised, but we obliged.
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- I thought for a moment and added beneath my name:
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- "I hope you grow up well."
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- Joseph wrote:
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- "I hope you reunite with your family."
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- I followed with:
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- "I hope the war ends soon."
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- He added:
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- "I hope we meet again in the future."
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- We covered their protective suits with blessings, and by the time we finished, everyone was in tears.
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- The siblings threw their arms around us, their muffled voices coming from inside their suits:
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- "We'll remember you forever and ever!
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- Thank you! You're our heroes!"
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- Late that night, the transport truck arrived at the center as scheduled.
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- As usual, we placed the children into the garbage bins and loaded them onto the truck.

But just as everything was finally done, the sound of gunfire suddenly erupted from the center's

main hall.

Joseph and I froze, our faces tense, and immediately dashed toward the commotion.

Armed militants had stormed into the center, claiming they'd received intel that Hutu children were being hidden here.

Joseph stepped forward calmly, maintaining his composure as he cooperated with their search.

I followed closely behind, watching as they kicked open doors and rummaged through every corner

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56.8%

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of the rooms, my nerves wound so tight I could barely breathe.

They tore through the place but found nothing. Frustrated, they hurled a few threats at us and prepared to leave.

Just as the last of them was about to step outside, a shout came from the door. Someone yelled, "I saw the truck that just left!"

The militants erupted into curses and stormed out in a frenzy.

The last man to leave suddenly stopped in his tracks. Letting out an angry roar, he yanked a grenade

from his belt and hurled it into the center of the hall.

In that moment, time seemed to slow to a crawl.

I could see the grenade arcing downward in a languid trajectory.

I could see the terror etched on the faces of the other doctors.

I could see Joseph's expression harden with resolve as he launched himself toward me.

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In the split second before the explosion, he dove onto me, pressing me to the ground and shielding

me with his body.

His hands clamped over my ears, as if determined to block out all sounds of fear and chaos.

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