

The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights by Brick Moving Ant

Chapter 7

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- I finally stopped at the riverside. Would dying end all this? Would that fake crime no longer hang over my head?
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- As I put one foot in the river, Hayes found me. He pulled me into his arms, calming me down over
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- and over.
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- When darkness fell, I finally came to my senses. My voice was hoarse when I spoke.
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- “Hayes, could you lend me some money? Just a little. I want to leave New York. I'll work hard to pay you back, I promise.”
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- The day I left, I took the Visa Hayes gave me and forced a smile as I said goodbye.
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- He was a good man. He begged several times to come with me, but I refused. Someone like me couldn't ruin his whole life.
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- Only after I boarded the plane and made sure no one from the Blackwood or Lancaster families was around did I finally relax a little. I held the new phone Hayes had bought me and managed a small
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- smile.
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- It was dark when I reached Miami. I took a taxi to the hotel. In the way people were all staring at me
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- strangely.
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- I didn't understand what was happening. I just tensed up, only letting my guard down slightly when
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- I reached the hotel entrance.
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- This weird feeling continued until they refused to check me in. I finally confirmed—they were
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- staring at me, mocking me.
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- The receptionist looked at me with pure disgust. She even fanned her nose and gagged.
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- “Why the whore was here? Began to work already? Get out! Uh, such disgusting! If you check into our hotel, no decent person will set foot in there again.”
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- Once she started, everyone around began pointing and talking about me.
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- Some even came up, comparing videos on their phones to my face.
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- “Hey, isn't this the viral hooker? Twenty men in one night! Wonder if she's all busted up down there.
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- What a slut! And filming it voluntarily? That's just disgusting!”
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- “Bet she's still good to go. Can't believe she's walking around in public!”
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- “Go back to your brothell You're giving it away for free, so why bother coming to a hotel?”
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- “TikTok and Twitter are blowing up with her nudes and videos—different guy in every clip!”
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- I froze in place. Someone shoved me hard with a broom before I snapped back to reality.
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- I bit my lip and fought back tears as I pulled out my phone. My fingers trembled so much I entered the wrong password several times.

When I finally opened the Twitter and saw all those photos and videos, I finally understood the strange looks I'd been getting.

The internet was flooded with hateful comments. Blake's livestream had been dug up and was being replayed over and over.

My humiliation was on full display for everyone

Just then, my phone received a text from an unknown number, filled with familiar malice.

“Scarlett, like my gift? Congratulations—you're America's most famous whore now! Every john

wants a piece of you!”.

“You're completely ruined trash, I don't understand why Thaddeus still care you? You're nothing but used goods. You don't even know? At the wedding, I MADE IT ALL UP! Those marks on my body

were FAKE!”

“Can't believe Thaddeus and our parents actually fell for it! Too bad they didn't kill you. Those men who fucked you daily told me you were quite the ride!”

“I HATE seeing everyone spoil you! I'm only two years older—why were YOU always the favorite? Why did Thaddeus only have eyes for YOU? Why were you even born, stealing everything that should have been mine?”