

The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights by Brick Moving Ant

- Chapter 2
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- That night Mila was born kept replaying in my mind.
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- We were still a week from the due date. Callum had cleared his schedule, insisting on staying home with me until the baby arrived. He'd been attentive and caring.
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- That evening, he'd just promised to cook dinner when his phone rang. "Important business," he'd said, promising to return quickly.
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- I didn't think much of it – I was feeling fine, and our housekeeper was there. I didn't need constant
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- supervision.
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- After he left, I took my usual evening walk in the backyard. But a loose board in the gazebo gave way. I fell hard, and then there was blood.
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- The housekeeper rushed me to the hospital. The doctors warned of severe hemorrhaging and complications – my life was at risk.
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- I had no family except Callum. But his phone kept going to voicemail. He never made it to the hospital that night.
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- I truly thought I might die on that delivery table.
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- By some miracle, I survived and gave birth to our beautiful daughter.
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- When I regained consciousness, Callum was kneeling beside my bed, eyes wet with tears, voice shaking with what I thought was remorse.
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- "I'll spend my life making this up to you, Aria, and to our Mila," he'd sworn.
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- Mila – he chose the name himself. It meant "miracle" in some languages, but to him, it meant redemption.
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- For seven years, he was the perfect husband and father, doting on us both. I believed I'd made the right choice in trusting him.
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- Until now.
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- Overhearing their conversation, I realized our perfect love story was nothing but a farce. Even my Mila had betrayed me.
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- The group continued their discussion, unaware of my presence.
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- Someone asked Mila, "Aren't you worried about hurting your mom's feelings by being so close to
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- Sophie?"

After a thoughtful pause, my seven-year-old replied: "Why should grown-up problems affect me? I just want everyone to love me. Is that wrong?"

Mila had grown up pampered and slightly spoiled. Whenever I tried to discipline her, Callum would intervene, insisting his "princess" deserved to be cherished and indulged.

No wonder she preferred him – the "perfect father" who never denied her anything. To her, I was probably just the mean mother.

My chest tightened painfully. I stumbled back to our room, still wearing the wine-stained dress, trying to process this reality.

If Mila had been secretly celebrating her birthdays with Sophie all these years, what other moments had they stolen behind my back?

What excuse would they use tonight?

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