

The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights by Brick Moving Ant

Chapter 82

- Chapter 8
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- After leaving the Reyes estate, I returned home one last time.
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- The house felt different now every treasured memory tainted by betrayal. The family photos on the walls, Mila’s drawings on the fridge, even Callum’s coffee mug on the counter—they all seemed to belong to another woman’s life now.
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- I packed methodically: two outfits, important documents, my mother’s necklace. Everything else would stay behind. Seven years of memories, seven years of what I thought was love all abandoned
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- like outdated furniture.
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- The ticket to Chicago felt like a lifeline in my wallet. A fresh start in a city where nobody knew me as Callum Reyes’ wife or Mila’s mother.
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- As I wheeled my small suitcase toward the waiting taxi, my phone lit up with Callum’s call They were probably still at the hospital, Sophie’s minor scratches being treated like life-threatening wounds while my daughter played the devoted nurse.
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- I didn’t want to hear his excuses or Mila’s rehearsed defense of her “Aunt Sophie.” I switched off the
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- phone.
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- Moving through airport security felt like crossing a threshold. Each step forward was a step away from the elaborate lie my life had become. On the plane, I took the window seat—something Mila always claimed for herself on our family trips.
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- As we took off, I watched Los Angeles shrink beneath me. The pressure in my chest began to ease, like a physical weight lifting. The bitter taste of betrayal, the ache of my daughter’s rejection, the humiliation of being the last to know – all of it began to feel more distant with each passing mile.
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- I knew then, with absolute certainty, that I could build a good life on my own. Sometimes the bravest thing isn’t fighting for a broken marriage – it’s knowing when to walk away.

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Pride of Velvet Nights