

The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights by Brick Moving Ant

Chapter 83

- Chapter 9
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- A month later, they found me.
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- I'd sold all my shares, using the money to buy a small house in a city I loved. My days were peaceful – tending to my garden, brewing tea, living at my own pace.
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- Until Callum burst through my gate, a weary-looking Mila at his side. They rushed toward me as if nothing had changed, arms outstretched for an embrace I easily avoided.
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- “Aria, I finally found you,” Callum breathed, his practiced sincerity making my stomach turn.
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- “When you disappeared, the company was in chaos. I know you must have been forced to sell the
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- shares. I don't blame you. We can still be a family if you come back.”
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- Callum wasn't stupid – he knew I'd sold the shares deliberately. But his need to paint me as a victim rather than acknowledge my agency was telling.
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- “There is no ‘we,’” I cut in sharply. “We never married. At best, we were dating, and now we're done. Those shares were your compensation. You betrayed me, so I struck back. We're even now.”
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- I looked down at Mila – the daughter I'd carried for nine months, the child I'd poured all my love into. But her lies had poisoned even that. I'd learned the hard way that sharing blood didn't guarantee loyalty.
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- It hurt, of course. But what was left except our biological connection?
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- Callum kept shaking his head, eyes wet, insisting we weren't finished. I simply showed them out.
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- Mila, stubborn as ever, shouted from beyond the gate: “You're so heartless, Mom! You're nothing like Aunt Sophie. I shouldn't have come!”
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- “If you love Sophie so much, let her be your mother then.”
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- Mila fell silent for a moment before spitting back: “Fine! I will make Sophie my mom!”

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