

The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights by Brick Moving Ant

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- Ethan lifted the bride’s veil, only to see the face of a paid stand-in, looking innocent.
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- The crowd was in an uproar.
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- The emcee tried to calm everyone, saying it was just a wedding prank.
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- Olivia, witnessing the scene, rushed to the stage and said to Ethan.
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- “Ethan, since Emily ran away, why don’t I take her place…”
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- “No!!!” Ethan roared.
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- He pushed Olivia away, and she stumbled to the ground.
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- Ethan rushed out of the wedding venue and immediately called his assistant.
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- “I told you to keep an eye on Emily. Where is she? Why wasn’t I informed of her movements?”
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- “Mrs. Ford has been following her usual routine—going to the hospital, home, and your bachelor party. Nothing unusual.”
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- Ethan’s heart sank.
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- “Emily, are you having another depressive episode?”
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- “I can understand being sick, but this is too much!!”
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- He loosened his collar, frustrated, and returned to the mansion to confront me.
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- But all he found was a black velvet box on the living room table, next to a divorce agreement—we were already legally married.
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- Ethan’s unease grew.
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- He picked up the divorce agreement and threw it in the trash without reading it.
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- He searched the house but found no trace of me.
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- “Emily, stop this! The guests are waiting.”
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- “If you’re feeling better, come out and let’s finish the wedding!!”
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- Silence. No response.
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- Ethan sat in the living room,
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- Remembering I had once said I had a gift for him on our wedding day.
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- He hesitated, feeling a sense of dread, as if he was about to face something he didn’t want to.
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- Finally, he opened the black velvet box.
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- A tiny embryo was preserved in a glass jar, curled up…
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- Blood rushed to Ethan’s head, and his mind went blank.
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- His ears rang.
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- This was… Emily’s baby…
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- He suddenly remembered that one day, I had sounded somewhat happy, saying I had good news to
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- tell him.
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- When he returned from Ford Manor, I never brought it up again, and he didn’t ask
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- That day, he had met Olivia at Ford Manor. Could it be…?
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- Ethan didn’t dare to think further.
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- Did I overhear his conversation with Olivia?
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- Ethan’s hands trembled as he held the embryo: “No, Emily must have misunderstood. I’m not what
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- she thinks.”
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- Just then, his assistant texted: “Mr. Ford, Emily is on the next flight to the UK.”
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- Without thinking, Ethan jumped into his Rolls–Royce and sped to the airport.
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- He frantically yelled at his assistant: “Send me all the surveillance footage of Emily’s movements
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- these past few days!!”
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- The assistant, terrified, complied.
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- As Ethan entered the terminal, the latest flight to the UK roared overhead, taking off
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- Ethan slumped, his heart aching sharply:
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- That fragile woman must have been deeply hurt to run away fire this.
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- Just when she was starting to smile again under his care.
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- He quickly pulled himself together: “No, I need to go to the UK. Get me on the next flight.”
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- On the plane, he anxiously reviewed the surveillance footage.
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- He saw me frequently visiting the OB–GYN. The timeline ended with my last visit.
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- Recalling that day, I had refused his advances.
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- My pale face—I must have just had the abortion!
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- Ethan’s eyes reddened.
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- He knew that during those seventy–two hours of captivity, I had been brutally violated.
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- The fact that I was willing to carry his child proved my love for him.
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- Being able to conceive was like winning the lottery.
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- How much must I hate him to abort the child without hesitation?
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- The footage continued, showing me returning to the bachelor party…
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- Damn it, I must have seen him with Olivia on the bar counter.
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- He hadn’t been careful enough!!
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- The plane landed in the UK, but finding someone who was deliberately hiding was like searching for
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- a needle in a haystack.
- Ethan used all his overseas connections but found nothing. He had no choice but to return to New York.
- His first order of business was to confront Olivia:
- “Did you say something to Emily?”
- Olivia vehemently denied it: “I didn’t say anything!”
- But Ethan grabbed a stack of papers and threw them in her face.
- The papers were printed transcripts of her conversations with me.
- “Be smart and get out of the way. Stop circling my man.”
- The text–to–speech transcripts and photos of their two–year affair were damning.
- Ethan’s anger flared, and he grabbed Olivia by the throat, pinning her against the wall:
- “I told you to watch your mouth. I can give you anything, so why did you provoke Emily?”
- The memory of me, broken and desperate, reaching out to him for help that day flashed in his mind, and a sharp pain shot through his chest.
- Olivia, gasping for air, her face turning red, managed to let out a bitter laugh.
- “What, are you actually falling for that… that used–up woman?”
- “Didn’t you say you only felt guilt and pity for her? That I was the one you truly loved?”
- “How pathetic, Ethan! The great Ethan Ford, falling for a woman who’s been… ruined!”
- Her words enraged him. He slapped her hard, and a trickle of blood ran down the corner of her mouth.
- “Ethan! I’m pregnant! Are you really going to hurt me like this?”
- “Go ahead, kill me then!”

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- Olivia screamed, her voice shrill and hysterical, like a common street brawler.
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