

# The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights by Brick Moving Ant

Chapter 9

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- As dawn broke, Thaddeus found us at the beach. He collapsed to his knees in front of me.
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- My parents stumbled in behind him. They were unrecognizable—their elegant appearance gone, replaced by swollen eyes and haggard faces ravaged.
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- The videos and photos had vanished from the internet as if they never existed. But I knew it was too
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- late.
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- “Scarlett, I’ve made the worst mistake of my life. I trusted the wrong person and destroyed you without checking the facts. I had no idea Viviennee’d sacrifice her own reputation out of jealousy. I’m so incredibly sorry.”
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- “Please—hit me, scream at me—anything but this silence! Take your revenge however you want. I’m
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- begging you, Scarlett, let me try to make this right. I’ve found every one of those men. Vivienne’s
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- locked up. Just tell me what you want me to do—please don’t shut me out like this.”
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- I ignored him completely. I just leaned against Hayes, watching the sunrise.
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- Hayes shot Thaddeus a look of pure contempt.
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- “Get the hell away from her,” he snarled. “You shouldn’t be here. You could have investigated this months ago—but you let your goons stop me! You could have saved her anytime—but you locked me
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- up! Are you happy now?”
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- Each word hit Thaddeus like a physical blow. By the end, he was shaking with silent sobs.
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- Mom dragged herself toward me and fell to her knees. I hardly recognized her—half her hair had
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- turned completely white.
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- “My baby,” she wept. “I’ve destroyed my own child. I was wrong. I blindly believed Vivienne when you—you were always protecting her. How could I ever think you’d hurt her over a man? I failed you completely.”
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- “Please come home with Mommy,” she begged. “Let me take care of you. I’ll spend every second making it up to you. Punish us however you want—we deserve it all.”
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- She kept reaching for me but wouldn’t touch me, as if she knew she’d lost that right.
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- I knew she’d seen everything—the videos, my scars, the full extent of my suffering. If Vivienne wasn’t so desperate to leak the videos, they might never have discovered the truth.
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- But what good were apologies now? Could “sorry” erase what I’d endured?
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- Dad stood nearby, silent tears streaming down his face—something I’d never seen before.
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- “Scarlett,” his voice broke. “Please come home with Dad. I swear on my life nobody will ever touch
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- you again. I’m throwing your sister out. You’ll never suffer again. Please let me try to be your father
- 
- again.”
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- At the wedding, when my sister made her accusations, Dad had used similar words.
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- Back then, it had crushed me. Now, I wished they’d disowned me from the start.
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- All these promises to kick Vivienne out—just empty words to pacify me. Once things calmed down, they’d return to normal. And I’d only be left with my scars.
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- I gave them a cold smile.

“I don’t have a family anymore. The Scarlett you knew died in that hellhole. You made yourself

perfectly clear, Dad—I’m not your daughter anymore. So now I have no parents. And I never will

again.”

My parents turned ghostly white.

Mom staggered as if physically struck. Her desperate sobbing filled the air.

But I didn’t want her explanations or excuses. The damage was permanent. Nothing could change

that.

“Thank God we never got married,” I said to Thaddeus with a bitter laugh.

Hayes held me tighter and kissed my hair protectively.

“If I’d married you, I’d be dead by now. You were planning to marry me while sleeping with my sister. I hate you.”

“I hate you most of all. You hurt me worse than anyone else could. None of this would have happened without your approval. When I was calling you, begging for help—where were you then?”

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