

The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights by Brick Moving Ant

Chapter 92

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- "I'm so sorry for your loss. Try to stay strong," said Dr. Mike, the attending physician.
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- He was also my husband's best friend since college.
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- I touched my face—smooth and unblemished.
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- In my previous life, the HIV had left it covered in lesions.
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- There was no doubt now—I'd been given a second chance.
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- My husband, Dave, lay motionless on the hospital bed, covered by a white sheet.
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- I burst into tears and rushed over to yank it off.
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- "You idiot! How many times did I tell you to lay off the bourbon?"
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- "But you never listened! Now you're gone, and I'm left picking up the pieces."
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- "How am I supposed to go on?"
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- I slapped his face repeatedly, watching the color rise in his cheeks.
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- He must have been sedated—paralyzed but conscious.
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- Seeing Dave's face flush red, Dr. Mike quickly stepped between us.
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- After all, corpses don't blush.
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- "Hey, hey, take it easy," Dr. Mike said, blocking my access to the "body."
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- "I know you're grieving, but this isn't helping anyone."
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- Dr. Mike was in on it. He was the lynchpin of this whole scam—the attending who'd pronounced Dave dead and signed the death certificate.
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- "Some doctor you are," I spat, pounding on his chest.
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- "You couldn't even save your best friend. How do you sleep at night?"
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- Dr. Mike winced in pain. "I did everything I could."
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- "Liar!" I cut him off, shoving him backward.
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- The bastard had been in on it the whole time.
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- In my past life, Dave's "death" had left me drowning in medical bills and funeral costs, while he vanished without a trace.
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- Dr. Mike had played his part well—helping Dave fake his death and making sure I was the one left to
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- suffer.
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- "You swore at your frat initiation," I snarled.
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- "Brothers for life, no matter what. Was that just bullshit?"
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- "That was years ago," he muttered, looking away.
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- I slapped him again—hard.
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- "Was it all a joke to you? My husband trusted you! And you let him down!"
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- Dr. Mike hesitated, his face dark with guilt. "I swear, I tried to save him. I gave it everything I had."
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- I collapsed onto the floor, sobbing.
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- "Dave, please... wake up... How could you leave me like this?"
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- Dr. Mike sighed and handed me a bottle of water.
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- "Here, drink this. It'll help you calm down."
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- I froze.
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- That bottle.
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- In my past life, I drank from it—and blacked out.
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- When I woke up, Dave was gone.
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- 1 Pride of Velvet Nights
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- 78.8%
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- My mother-in-law was holding his urn.
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- Something was in that water.
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- I grabbed the bottle and hurled it at his head.
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- "Ow! What the hell?" he yelped.
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- "You bastard." I whispered.
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- He hadn't shed a single tear for his so-called best friend.
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- And that told me everything I needed to know.
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- "Mike, I'm sorry for losing it," I said, wiping my tears and softening my tone.
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- "I shouldn't have taken it out on you."
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- "Don't worry about it. I get it — you're going through hell right now."
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- "Even though Dave's gone, I want him to help others," I said quietly, looking at his "corpse."
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- Mike's brow furrowed.
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- "What do you mean?"
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- I pulled out my iPhone and called the Nevada Organ Donor Registry.
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- "Hi, my husband just passed away. I'd like to donate his organs to people who need them."
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- Mike's face went white as a sheet.
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- They hadn't planned for this curveball.
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- "Whoa, hold up," Mike stammered, sweat beading on his forehead.
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- "You can't make that call without consulting the family."
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- "I'm his wife. It's my legal right."
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- "He's already gone. Why put his body through more trauma? Have some respect."

79.0%

Chapter 1

I raised an eyebrow.

"Seriously? You're a doctor at one of the top hospitals in the state."

"Since when are you against organ donation? Don't you take an oath to save lives?"

He stood there speechless, looking like he might pass out.

The transplant team arrived within minutes. The coordinator shook my hand warmly.

"Mrs. Walker, thank you for considering donation."

"Your husband's gift could save multiple lives. I just need you to sign these consent forms."

I signed without hesitation.

Mike was practically hyperventilating.

"His mom hasn't signed off on this."

"The hospital requires consent from all immediate family members."

"Carol's a reasonable woman. Besides, Dave and I talked about this."

"He always said he wanted to be an organ donor if anything happened."

'He had a big heart — when it wasn't failing him after too many martinis."

"When did he ever say that?" Mike challenged.

"Do I need to give you a transcript of every private conversation I had with my husband?"

That shut him up.

"Doctor, except for his heart, you can take everything—corneas, kidneys, liver, whatever you need. Donate anything left to the medical school."

"Let med students learn from him — God knows he'd love being the center of attention one last time."

"Your generosity will help so many people," the coordinator said.

Chapter 1

"We have a teenage girl who needs a kidney transplant and a little boy waiting for corneas..

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Chapter 2