

The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights by Brick Moving Ant

Chapter 94

- Chapter 3
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- Then inspiration struck. I threw myself across Dave’s body, wailing. “Baby, what are we going to do? If we don’t get you cremated before 11 AM, your soul won’t find peace!
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- The other families in the waiting room turned to stare.
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- 1 dropped to my knees, clasping my hands. “In my grandmother’s culture, there’s a belief that cremation has to happen before 11 AM, or the soul can’t cross over. Please. I’m begging you could we possibly go ahead of you?”
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- Some looked sympathetic, others skeptical, most just uncomfortable.
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- I pulled out my phone. “I’ll send each family \$3,000 through Venmo right now.”
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- Money talks. They agreed immediately.
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- After transferring the cash, I wheeled Dave toward the cremation chamber.
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- I noticed his middle finger twitching. Still trying to flip me off, even at the end.
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- I leaned down and whispered, “Scared now, aren’t you? Should’ve thought about this before you
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- decided to screw me over.”
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- The crematorium technician asked me to wait in the lobby.
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- I pressed a thousand-dollar bill into his hand. “Please, let me stay with my husband until the very
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- end.”
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- “Rest in peace, darling,” I said sweetly as I helped slide him into the chamber and hit the ignition
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- button.
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- The flames roared to life.
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- Moments later, the doors burst open.
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- Carol and Mike had made it.
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- When Carol saw the flames through the chamber window, she collapsed in a dead faint.
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- Nightc
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- 80.3%
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- “Shut it down! He’s not dead? Mike showed, rushing toward the control.
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- “Lacuse me?” I said sharply.
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- Yosve the one who pronounced him dead and signed the death coificate..
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- Now you’re saying he’s alive? Want to explain that to me?”
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- Mike froze, trembling
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- He never saw dds coming
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- “1.... 1 just meant.... he’ll always be alive in our hearts,” Mike backpedaled desperately
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- He knew he was looking at serious jail time if he admitted what he’d done.
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- His medical license would be toast.
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- “Lady, you had me worried there for a second,” the technician said.
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- “Though even if he was alive going in, he sure ain’t now.”
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- Suddenly, Dave’s arm shot up inside the chamber.
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- I jumped.
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- “Don’t worry about that,” the technician said casually.
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- “Just muscle contractions from the heat. Happens all the time.”
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- “Oh, thank goodness!”
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- Mike and I both knew better.
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- That was Dave’s final struggle.
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- Mike doubled over and threw up.
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- The guilt of being an accessory to murder was hitting him hard.
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- “You okay there, doc?” I asked innocently.
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- 80.5%
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- “L. I can’t,” he gasped, collapsing to his knees.
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- Mike took Carel back to the hospital.
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- I collected Dave’s ashes and his belongings, then headed straight to my mom’s place in Henderson.
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- When I saw her. I broke down in tears and hangged her tight
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- In my previous life. Mom had sold her house to help me pay off Dave’s debts.
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- She worked herself to death, doing double shifts at the diner and cleaning houses.
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- I had failed her then. Never again.
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- “Mom, once everything’s settled, we’re going to live together.”
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- Dad had passed when I was young, and Mom had raised me solo, working three jobs to put me through college.
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- She made my favorite meatloaf with mac and cheese—comfort food she rarely splurged on anymore.
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- Over dinner, she mentioned something interesting.
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- She’d bought a Mega Millions jackpot ticket last week—just a quick pick with a 4x multiplier.
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- But the clerk had misheard and printed it as 40x.
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- She’d left it on the coffee table, but it had vanished.
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- Yesterday, she saw on the news that someone had won \$200 million with a ticket from that same
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- store.
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- “Probably was my lucky ticket,” she chuckled sadly. “But what can you do? I’m just getting forgetful in my old age.”
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- My heart stopped. I pulled out the ticket and checked the store number. It matched the convenience store near Mom’s house.
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- “Mom, I found your ticket. We won.”
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- “We actually won \$200 million.”
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- 80.7%
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- Mom put on her reading glasses with shaking hands.
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- “Are you serious? This is really happening?”
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- “It’s real, Mom.”
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- Now I remembered—Dave and I had been over for Sunday dinner.
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- While Mom and I were cooking, I’d heard Dave shout excitedly from the living room.
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- The bastard had stolen my mother’s winning lottery ticket.
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- Some people deserve what they get.
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- When I asked him what happened, he stammered and said he’d just landed a big client.
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- But now I realized—he must have seen my mom’s lottery ticket, checked the numbers, and realized it was the winning ticket.
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- That’s why he was so excited.
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- That bastard stole my mom’s ticket and left me drowning in debt.
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- “Mom, I can’t keep this money.”
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- “If I claim it, it’ll become marital property, and my mother—in-law will try to take a cut.”
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- “You should claim it instead. I’ll ask you for money when I need it.”
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- “Alright, I’ll do it,” my mom agreed.
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- After dinner, I went back to my house.
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- The front door was slightly ajar, and the lock had been broken.
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- “I can’t find it anywhere,” I heard a woman’s voice—it was David’s high school sweetheart, Sarah.
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- “Keep looking,” my mother—in-law said anxiously.
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- They were looking for the lottery ticket.
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