

# The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights by Brick Moving Ant

Chapter 98

• Chapter 1

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• My mother's chemotherapy failed, and her last wish was for our family to have a reunion dinner together. However, on the very day of the reunion dinner, Henry's new lover, who was heavily pregnant, came to provoke us.

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• My mother was so enraged that her condition worsened, and she passed away that very night.

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• I called him several times, but no one answered.

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• It wasn't until I had arranged everything for my mother's funeral that he finally called me back.

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• Nonchalantly, he said, "She's just a little girl. She's young and doesn't know any better. You and Mom, don't bother arguing with her."

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• "She's emotionally unstable during her pregnancy, so don't make trouble for her."

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• "If you can't accept her, I won't let her appear in front of you again."

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• "But she is, after all, the mother of my child. I still have to spend time with her. I'll be home to accompany you on weekdays, and I'll stay with her on weekends."

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• Hearing his tone, which left no room for negotiation, I didn't argue or shout. I simply murmured,

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• "Mm."

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• As I listened to Henry talk about his arrangements, I calmly browsed through the requirements for applying to Doctors Without Borders.

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• I found that I met all the criteria, and without hesitation, I began filling out the application form.

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• After Henry finished speaking, he heard the sound of my fingers tapping on the keyboard, accompanied by a hint of displeasure in his voice. "Anna, did you hear what I said?"

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• I gave a faint "Mm" in response.

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• He fell silent, seemingly surprised that I agreed so readily.

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• After a while, he lowered his voice and sighed lightly. "Anna, if you had been this obedient before, things would have been different."

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• I froze, momentarily forgetting what I was doing.

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• Suddenly, memories of our countless arguments came rushing back.

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• In the five years of our marriage, countless women had come to provoke us.

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• I still remember the first time someone came to challenge me. I was so distraught that I destroyed everything at home, hysterically demanding to know why he treated me this way.

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• Back then, all he had in his eyes when he looked at me was exhaustion, and he explained time and again, "It was just a casual fling with her because of work."

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• Our relationship is pure and clean. How many times do I need to say it for you to believe me?"

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• He was disappointed in my lack of trust and exhausted by how easily I believed others.

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• Afterward, I reflected on myself and wondered if I was being too suspicious.

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• I lowered my stance, apologized to him, and sought his forgiveness.

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• But soon after, news broke of him entering a hotel with a famous celebrity, which trended online.

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• I went crazy again and confronted him, demanding an explanation.

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• He looked at me with disappointment and shook his head. "Anna, do you think I'm really that untrustworthy in your eyes? If so, then I'll give you exactly what you want."

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• From that point on, he stopped hiding his actions, frequently trending online with various women.

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• I even saw him with my own eyes, kissing a woman passionately in a car.

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• When I confronted him, he no longer explained himself, choosing instead to respond with silence.

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• In these five years, I had lost count of how many times we had fought.

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• But I deeply felt the fatigue settling in.

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• I thought about divorcing him and letting go of this absurd and miserable marriage once and for all.

However, my mother's greatest wish was to see me happy.

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Chapter 1

She endured so much pain every day that I couldn't bear to let her worry about my issues.

So, I kept enduring. I deliberately avoided anything related to Henry and turned a blind eye to the women who came to provoke us.

I thought that by doing so, I could maintain the appearance of happiness.

Until the moment before my mother passed away, her body frail and emaciated, lying silently on the hospital bed with tears in her eyes. She murmured faintly,

"Daughter, it's all my fault... I just want you to be happy... If you're sad, let go of yourself..."

Her last wish, which had shifted from a simple reunion dinner to a desire for my happiness,

Remembering her words before she passed away, my eyes welled up with tears, and my voice trembled with a hint of choking.

I told him, "Henry, you can't give me the happiness I want, can you?"

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