

The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights by Brick Moving Ant

Chapter 99

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- He didn’t directly answer my question. Instead, he sighed softly. “Anna, we’re both nearing thirty now. We should be more mature in our thinking. Whether we love each other or not doesn’t matter that much anymore.”
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- In other words, he was subtly telling me that he no longer loved me.
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- I understood what he meant and couldn’t help but laugh, though my laugh carried a hint of sadness and a sobbing undertone.
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- “Alright, then I’ll let you go, and I’ll let myself go too.”
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- The moment those words left my mouth, my heart gave a violent tremor.
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- Five years ago, Henry had said something similar to me.
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- Back then, we were living in difficult conditions, cramped in a dark and dilapidated rental apartment. The only ring he could afford was a simple silver band.
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- When he proposed to me, he was sincere and eager, promising me, “Anna, I guarantee that wherever I am, that’s where your home will be. I’ll give you the best shelter, and you’ll never have to suffer again. The rest of our lives will be filled with happiness.”
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- I believed him, and I said yes to his proposal.
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- He was like a child who had received a precious gift, jumping with joy, and cheerfully saying, “Anna, from now on, you’re Mrs. Henry. We will never be separated in this lifetime. Don’t ever think you can let go of my hand!”
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- But now, he had forgotten those promises.
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- After I said those words, he didn’t argue back. Instead, he said, “Alright, but don’t worry. The position of Mrs. Henry will always be yours, and no one can take your place.”
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- When we had just gotten married, hearing people refer to me as Mrs. Henry would make me happy and proud.
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- But now, that title had become nothing more than irony.
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- When he frequently made headlines with various women, many people in the circle began to pity
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- me, offering their sympathies.
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- Some even openly mocked, “Look at how Mrs. Henry changes women so quickly. Who knows how long you’ll stay Mrs. Henry? While you still have a chance, maybe you should think about having a child. Maybe if you divorce, you can make a profit.”
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- “If she could have a child, why hasn’t her belly shown any movement after five years of marriage? I think it’s because she can’t have children, which is why she can’t hold onto Mr. Henry’s heart.”
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- They didn’t know that, in our first year of marriage, I had been pregnant with our child.
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- But that time, when Henry was drinking with clients, he was maliciously pressured into drinking more, humiliated.
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- To secure the deal, even though he knew he was being looked down upon, he endured and smiled through it.
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- I had just finished a team–building event with colleagues and happened to witness this scene, my eyes welling up with tears in sorrow.
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- I felt heartbroken for his endurance, for the way his stomach hurt from the alcohol yet he had to keep up the smile. I wanted to take him away.

The others, however, were cheering him on, telling me that if I drank a shot of strong liquor, not only would they sign the contract, but they’d also send us home.

I knew how much effort Henry had put into securing this project. I couldn’t bear to see him disappointed, so I mustered the courage to drink the liquor in front of them.

That day, he got the long–awaited deal.

But we lost our first child.

Since then, no matter how much we tried or how much we focused on improving our health, we couldn’t conceive again.

Perhaps this was God’s punishment for me, for not protecting our child.

Maybe heaven decided that I wasn’t worthy of being a mother.

As Henry finished speaking, the tears that had been welling up in my eyes silently fell, landing on

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