

The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights by Brick Moving Ant

Chapter 3

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- The living room went dead silent. My parents stared at me in shock.
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- Thaddeus recovered first. His expression hardened as he took off his jacket and wrapped it around
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- me.
- “Scarlett! What’s wrong with you? This is your own house—why are you acting insane here? Nobody gonna hurt you. Just stop pretending! Weren’t you pushed Vivienne just now?”
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- I didn’t even hear him. I fought to get out of the jacket, kneeling and frantically trying to unbutton my clothes.
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- “Please, I’ll take it off. Don’t hit me. I’m begging you…please no…”
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- The day I was most helpless, the client became excited suddenly. He had my clothes sewn onto my
-
- skin, forcing me to tear them off as fast as I could.
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- If I took too slowly, he’d punish me with barbed whips, burning cigarettes or a fire—blackened blade.
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- I was always hungry, barely slept, and had no strength to take it off.I had no choice, I used teeth. By
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- the time I got everything off, my body was covered in blood.
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- Even now, the scars never heal. They break open again and again.
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- When I kept struggling, my parents called Dr. Maxwell Hayes, the Blackwood family doctor. He gave
-
- me a sedative to calm me down.
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- “Miss Lancaster is experiencing severe psychological trauma. She needs to see a psychiatrist
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- immediately.”
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- Dr. Hayes paused with genuine concern in his eyes. “Her condition is critical. She needs to be hospitalized right now.”
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- Mom looked worried for a second, but when she noticed Vivienne tearing up, her face hardened again.
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- Thaddeus looked down at me, his voice dripping with contempt.
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- “Psychological trauma? Scarlett? It’s impossible. Look at her—does she seem like someone who’d crack up? She openly pushed Vivienne right in front of us. How could she possibly be psychological
-
- trauma?”
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- “When are you gonna drop this act? You worked as a waitress for two months and now you’re suddenly crazy? You waste all your dignity just for acting like a fool?”
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- “Or this is your new strategy. Playing the mental patient for sympathy. It won’t make us forget what you’ve done to Vivienne. You still need apologize to her.”
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- I just stared at the ceiling blankly. Nothing he said registered with me.
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- Then Vivienne leaned in close with a nasty look in her eyes.
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- “Scarlett, what’s on your neck?” She yanked my collar down, exposing the hickeys.
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- “Wait… did you get a boyfriend? What about Thaddeus? You’re going to be married! How could you
-
- do that?”
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- I curled up into a ball, tears streaming down my face.
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- Thaddeus stared at my neck in shock.
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- After he swallowed his rage, he grabbed me off the bed and dragged me downstairs. He shoved me into his car before finally exploding.
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“Scarlett, who is he? Who told you could date someone else? I punish you a little and you do THIS to get back at me? You’re heartless. Tell me who he is! Are you faking crazy so you can stay with him?

What am I to you? A joke?”

I can’t take this anymore. I clutched at my ears, body curling inward, desperate to shrink away from

his grasp.

Sobs racked through me, knees slamming to the floor. Forehead hit the ground again and again in frantic, mindless desperation.

“Please… please, let me go! It hurts! I’ll be good, I don’t want money, just stop! I’ll do anything—you

can record whatever you want. Just don’t hit me. Please… don’t hit me…’

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Chapter 4