The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights by Brick Moving Ant

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- Ha, in his mind, does he never think his actions are the problem?
- Does he just think I'm the one who's sick?
- At dawn, I went to my therapy appointment as scheduled.
- The sound of high heels clicked, and Dr. Olivia Smith sat across from me:
- "Emily, our therapy sessions are almost over. I hope you'll stop seeing me as your doctor and start seeing me as a friend, a confidante."
- "Don't bottle up your feelings. You can tell me anything."
- She held my hand, her warm expression showing no sign of betrayal.
- I pulled my hand away, expressionless. "For three months, I really thought of you as a close friend; someone I could confide in. But you must have been laughing inside, right?"
- Olivia's smile froze, quickly replaced by a cold, resentful expression.
- Since the cards were on the table, there was no point in pretending.
- "Yes, I've had enough of your sob stories."
- "You're pitiful, but Ethan loves you so much. What more do you want?"
- I sneered: "Really?"
- Olivia relaxed: "Fine, I can't keep up the act. To be honest, I'm pregnant with Ethan's child."
- "If you hadn't clung to the Ford family, Ethan would have been mine."
- "If I were you, a woman who's been... used, I wouldn't be so greedy for Ethan's love. It's just a pipe
- dream!"
- The hazy me had never suspected that my therapist was my husband's mistress.
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- The person who once comforted me with soft words now stabbed me with the words I hated most.
- Seeing me speechless, Olivia added:
- "You know, I often watch the videos those thugs took. So many techniques, truly eye opening"
- Her words made me want to drag her to hell.
- Overcome with rage, I slapped her.
- Unexpectedly, she covered her face and started crying, looking behind me:
- "Mr. Ford, I was just trying to comfort Emily, telling her to let go of her obsession with purity."
- "After what happened to her, she needs to move on. But she just snapped."
- "She slapped me so hard. Her aggression is getting worse."
- "Maybe it's time to send her to the psychiatric ward..."
- The wounds in my heart felt like they were being salted and trampled on.
- The calm I had found was shattered, and tears welled up in my eyes.
- Ethan stepped forward, holding Olivia, checking her "injuries," and scolded me without looking back: "Emily, Olivia is pregnant. Don't hit her!"
- I didn't want to watch this performance by the cheating couple, so I turned and ran out of the therapy room.
- I kept myself busy, afraid that if I stopped, my mind would spiral out of control.
- I anonymously sent some of Ford Enterprises' dirty secrets to various media outlets.
- As I worked, my phone started buzzing with messages.
- I picked it up and saw Olivia had sent me a message.
- "Want to see when Ethan and I started our affair?"
- I looked closely at the photos–Ethan taking her on romantic vacations around the world.
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- The earliest photos dated back two years.
- After sending the photos, Olivia said: "I'm showing you this to let you know that Enes and I have been together for a long time."
- "If you hadn't played the victim, making Ethan feel guilty, he would never have marries you
- "Be smart and get out of the way."
- "Stop circling my man."
- I sneered and replied:
- "Only a cockroach worries about losing its filth."
- She sent a barrage of voice messages, but I turned off my phone.
- The night before the wedding, Ethan held a bachelor party.
- The bar was lively.
- I used to love such gatherings, but now I had no interest.
- After a short stay, I got up to leave.
- Realizing I forgot my bag, I turned back and saw Ethan was also gone.
- As I passed a hallway, I heard a woman's laughter from an unused private room.
- Ethan was holding Olivia, sitting her on the bar counter.
- Olivia saw me outside the door but didn't stop. Instead, she whispered in Ethan's ear.
- "Ethan, what if Emily finds out about us?"
- Ethan panted: "Why bring her up? If you don't provoke her, no one will know."
- Olivia continued: "You're getting married tomorrow, yet you're still with me."
- "Is Emily that boring in bed?"
- 74.7%
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- Ethan paused: "...I still feel guilty for the trauma I caused her. I owe her. Now, fough
- Olivia blatantly stared at me, deliberately moaning loudly to provoke me.
- But I felt no strong emotions. It was like watching a ridiculous pornographic performance

I remembered a man sitting in the corner of the bar.

My father had once mentioned him.

He was Ethan's business rival.

I bit my lip and turned back.

Ethan came home late that night.

He knocked on my door: "Emily, tomorrow's the big day. Are you excited?"

I didn't open the door, coldly saying

"I'm looking forward to it. Is there anything you want to confess before our wedding?"

There was a long silence before Ethan finally said.

"Emily, I love you."

"After we're married, there will be plenty of time for you to understand my love for you."

His words made me nauseous.

"It's bad luck to see each other before the wedding. Go back to Ford Manor."

Ford Manor was Ethan's luxurious vacation villa.

The next day, the grand wedding would take place there.

After the wedding car took me from the Ford mansion to Ford Manor, I excused myself to go to the dressing room.

As the wedding began, New York media and business elites gathered.

74.9%

Before the ceremony started, guests whispered about the bride's scandalous past.

But when they saw the lavish decorations, the extravagant banquet, and the dowry, they fell silent.

Finally, the lights focused,

The bride, veiled and holding a spherical bouquet, walked gracefully toward Ethan.

The romantic music made the wedding scene solemn.

Ethan's heart raced inexplicably,

The bride stood still, vows were exchanged, and rings were given.

Ethan gently lifted the bride's veil, but his face instantly changed!

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