

# The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights by Brick Moving Ant

Chapter 1

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- Halfway of my wedding, my sister Vivienne Lancaster suddenly dropped to her knees in front of me and started banging her head on the floor.
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- “Scarlett Lancaster, please give Thaddeus back to me. Just as you commanded, I had slept with those thirty thugs. Please, just let me go!”
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- My fiancé Thaddeus Blackwood completely lost it.
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- He canceled the wedding right there. Then Thaddeus had his guys throw me into “Velvet Nights”, the largest nightclub in New York, to “pay for what I’d done.”
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- For two months, they forced me to service clients non–stop while beating me black and blue all over,
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- even wrecked my legs on the bed.
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- After that, Thaddeus finally remembered me.
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- But I just kept my head down, numbly kneeling at his feet, skillfully took off my clothes...
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- When I limped out Velvet Nights, Thaddeus was already waiting outside.
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- My old enemy, Blake Morrison, stood there with his phone, livestreaming my pitiful state for
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- everyone.
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- They wanted to see me humiliated, but there’s nothing left of my pride and confident.
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- “Scarlett, why are you just coming out now? Looks like you wanted to stay longer here. Do you want
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- atone longer?”
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- Thaddeus paused, frowning with annoyance.
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- Hearing his familiar voice, I automatically knelt at Thaddeus’s feet and began unbuttoning my
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- clothes.
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- During those two months, my room was filled with Thaddeus’s photos. His cold voice played on repeat day and night. Meanwhile, different men took turns coming to fuck me.
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- Eventually, I’d start undressing when I heard Thaddeus’s voice.
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- I was already used to it.
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- By the third button, Thaddeus suddenly slapped my hand away and gripped my chin, forcing me to
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- look at him.
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- Scarlett Lancaster, are you fucking insane?”
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- I flinched uncontrollably, remembering the thrash for disobedience. I moved closer to Thaddeus again with shaking voice.
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- “Please don’t hit me. Please... I’ll be good. You can do whatever you want... I was wrong. I shouldn’t hurt anyone. I’m sorry...”
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- Thaddeus stared at me in shock, then something dawned on him, and disgust filled his eyes.
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- “What the hell do you want now?! Are you playing victim? You just work two months at Velvet Nights. Nobody could dare mess without your status. Cut the act, Scarlett!”
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- Blake doubled over laughing, cruelly patting my head before pointing his phone at my face again.
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- “Scarlett, such an amazing act! Even taking your clothes off, huh? Come on, do it for my livestream! Let’s all of New York see our little princess’s nude!”
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- Back then, I’ve smashed a bottle over Blake’s head.
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- Now, I just skillfully continued unbuttoning my clothes, forcing a mechanical smile for the camera.
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- The old Scarlett had been destroyed during those two months by Thaddeus.
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- When I first arrived at Velvet Nights, I smashed a camera that was filming me, which got me clobbered for three straight days before they dumped me in the back alley.
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- I’m so hungry that fighting dogs over death rats.
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- Lucky once. After a client fell asleep, I stole his phone and called Thaddeus, begging him to save me.
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- He just coldly said, “Scarlett, you were so disobedient. Compared to what you did to Vivienne, this is just a small punishment. You deserve it all.”
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- I broke down crying, then heard a soft, sweet sob on the other end.
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“Thaddeus, maybe... just forget it. I'm fine. I'm ruined anyway.”

Later did I know they spent night together in hotel. Countless intimate photos were printed, thrown in my face, and plastered all over my room.

They constant reminder that Thaddeus didn't love me.

I finished unbuttoning everything. Blake’s laughter grew more suggestive. He read all nasty

comments from livestream.

Thaddeus slapped me hard. The hit snapped me out of it.

Thaddeus’s face turned ashen. Dark fury filled his eyes.

“Scarlett! What the hell are you doing? You have completely lost your self–respect. Would you strip naked right now if I asked you to?”

“Where’s that fiery you used to have? I was just trying to teach you a lesson–you don’t need to put on this pathetic act! Where’s that fearless streak you used to have?”

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