

The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights by Brick Moving Ant

Chapter 107

Chapter 2

While the nurse dressed my wounds, I caught fragments of conversation between Caspian and Dad in the hallway.

“Jesus, Dad,” Caspian whispered harshly, “Val’s already destroyed. Do we seriously need to leak the assault footage to TikTok and Twitter?”

After a calculated pause, Dad responded with chilling detachment.

“Post it. No reputable ballet school will touch a student with that kind of viral scandal.”

Something shattered inside me as fresh tears spilled down my cheeks.

“Am I hurting you?” the nurse asked, alarmed by my sudden reaction.

I couldn’t even form words, unable to separate the searing pain in my legs from the gaping wound in my soul.

The two men I’d built my entire world around weren’t satisfied with breaking my body—they were methodically erasing everything I’d ever been.

My entire existence reduced to collateral damage.

Within minutes, my phone exploded with notifications. Hands trembling, I unlocked it to find clips of my torture trending on TikTok, spreading across Twitter, and dissected in gruesome detail on multiple university subreddits.

The comments beneath them gutted me:

[@VallexDance always acting so perfect at Manhattan Dance Academy. Karma’s finally caught up! #FakePrincess #ExposeHer]

[As her former classmate, I can 100% confirm she’s TOXIC af. Constantly undermining other dancers, sleeping with instructors for solos. This meltdown was inevitable. #dancedrama]

[Imagine being billionaire Maxwell Dagonet watching your golden child crash and burn this spectacularly. Guess money can’t buy class! #RichKidProblems]

91.5%

Each comment drove the air from my lungs until I was hyperventilating, my vision tunneling as my entire identity was shredded in real time.

Caspian rushed in, instantly performing his protective brother role. He gently covered my screen. “Jesus, Val. Don’t read that garbage.”

Dad snatched my phone away, his Academy Award-worthy performance beginning: “Caspian, what the FUCK? I specifically told you to contain this!”

My brother, equally convincing in his remorse: “I had our tech team scrubbing everything, but someone must’ve saved footage. Don’t panic, Val—I’ve already called in favors at Twitter and Reddit to nuke every post!”

Their synchronized deception was flawless—practiced, precise, and utterly convincing.

The realization made bile rise in my throat.

Dad knelt beside me, his eyes—the exact same shade of blue as mine—locked onto my face with practiced sincerity: “Valentina Catherine Dagonet, listen to me. No matter what vicious lies they spread, you will always be my irreplaceable daughter.”

Caspian squeezed my hand: “We’ll destroy anyone who tries to hurt you, sis. That’s what family does.”

The primary videos disappeared within hours.

But they’d already been downloaded thousands of times, reposted, remixed with cruel commentary, transformed into memes.

My life as I knew it had been completely obliterated. The digital assassination had worked perfectly—even if my body somehow recovered, Valentina Dagonet as I knew her was dead.

The pristine future at SAB had evaporated like morning mist.

The attending physician returned with my chart, his expression grim: “Ms. Dagonet has sustained compound fractures to both tibias, two broken ribs, second-degree burns on approximately 15% of her arms.”

He hesitated, choosing his words carefully. “Most concerning are the facial lacerations. Fifteen distinct knife wounds, methodically inflicted. We’re looking at significant permanent disfigurement without extensive reconstructive surgery…”

91.7%

Chapter 2

Dad’s perfectly tailored facade cracked for just a moment: “Permanent?”

Caspian’s voice broke: “They cut her face?”

In flashes of nauseating clarity, I remembered them holding me down, the cold metal of razors against my cheeks, my screams echoing through the woods as they carved me up like a Halloween pumpkin while filming everything.

Those twenty-four hours would replay behind my eyelids for the rest of my life.

“Dr. Harrington,” Dad’s voice hardened with authority, “money is no object. I want the absolute best reconstructive team in the country.”

The doctor nodded gravely: “I understand, Mr. Dagonet.”

My invincible father—the man I’d spent my entire life trying to please—actually trembled as he kissed my forehead: “My sweet Valentína, I swear to you, when this is over, you’ll still be the most beautiful girl in New York.”

But as I stared into those familiar blue eyes, I saw nothing but a stranger wearing my father’s face.

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Chapter 3