

The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights by Brick Moving Ant

Chapter 108

Chapter 3

After Dad and Caspian left to “handle the situation,” I managed to wheel myself into the hallway and make an overseas call.

“I’ve made my decision. I want to claim Mom’s inheritance now.”

“Val! What the hell are you doing out here? Dad’s been freaking out thinking you might’ve-”

Dad rushed toward me, voice breaking as he pulled me into his arms. “Baby girl, I swear to God, I won’t let anyone touch a hair on your head ever again.”

As he hugged me, he shot Caspian a look over my shoulder.

On cue, my brother held up his phone with theatrical excitement.

“Holy shit, Val! The Swiss surgical team just landed! Got them on the earliest flight possible. We can get you into surgery, like, tonight!”

I lifted my gaze, eyes drifting coldly across their faces.

So now that my face was ruined beyond repair, they figured fixing my legs wouldn’t threaten precious Victoria’s chances anymore? How fucking generous.

But I didn’t need their twisted version of mercy.

“Dad, just… don’t.”

Dad crouched down, squeezing my hand. “Sweetheart, if we don’t do this surgery now, you’re looking at a permanent limp. This isn’t something we can fix later.”

I shook my head slowly. What was the point anymore?

He opened his mouth to argue, but Caspian bounded over, practically glowing. “Dad! Victoria’s here!”

Dad’s face lit up instantly. “Your classmate came all this way! Let me wheel you back.”

Without even asking what I wanted—as usual—he pushed me toward my room.

92.3%

Chapter 3

My stomach clenched into a tight knot.

Victoria Winters—my father’s secret daughter with the woman he’d never stopped loving.

He’d kept her hidden for years. I only discovered her existence after Mom’s funeral.

Victoria was constantly spreading rumors about me bullying her at school. There was zero chance she actually gave a damn about me.

“Oh my God, Val.” Victoria’s voice dripped with honeyed concern as we entered the room. “Everyone at school is absolutely devastated. They all wanted me to check on you.”

I noticed she’d brought a bouquet of white lilies—classic funeral flowers.

Catching my stare, Victoria quickly touched the petals. “Sorry about these. The florist was, like, totally out of everything else. Hope they’re not too depressing or whatever.”

“Mr. Dagonet,” she asked, her voice impossibly sweet, “could I maybe have a few minutes alone with Val? Girl talk?”

She looked so innocent with her wide eyes and gentle smile.

Dad predictably melted. “Of course, sweetheart. See if you can cheer her up a bit.”

The second the door clicked shut, Victoria’s entire demeanor transformed.

Her eyes swept over my bandaged face and immobilized legs, satisfaction gleaming like a knife’s edge.

“Look at you now.” Her voice dropped an octave. “The untouchable Valentina Dagonet, reduced to damaged goods.”

I glared at her. “Still better than being Daddy’s dirty little secret.”

Victoria flinched, her eyes instantly flashing with rage. “At least he actually loves my mother. She was his soulmate.”

“Such soulmates he kept you both hidden like a shameful mistake for twenty years.”

Victoria’s jaw tightened, then relaxed into a cruel smile.

92.6%

Chapter 3

“You still don’t get it, do you?” She leaned closer. “Your dad personally selected those guys to destroy you. Gave them specific instructions about your legs. And your brother? He’s the one who made sure those videos hit every platform simultaneously.”

Her voice dropped to a vicious whisper.

“And while you were screaming their names, begging for help while those men were breaking you piece by piece? They were with me the entire time, helping search for my lost Pomeranian.”

Her smile widened. “In their eyes, Valentína, you literally rank below my dog.”

Even though I’d already pieced it together, hearing her confirm it—hearing the calculated details of their betrayal—broke something inside me that could never be repaired.

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