

The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights by Brick Moving Ant

Chapter 5

Caspian’s voice broke as he wiped away a tear. “Three search teams out looking. Not a single damn lead. Dad... what if Val did something to herself? After everything that happened...”

“Don’t even say that,” Dad snapped, though terror flickered in his eyes. “She’s a survivor. Always has been.”

As he turned to leave, Victoria appeared in the doorway, instantly transforming her face into a mask of childlike concern.

“Daddy?” she said softly, eyes wide and innocent. “That rescue puppy I’ve been fostering is doing so much better today! He’s actually

me to see him? It might cheer y “gging his tail and everything. Could you maybe come home with you up...”

Victoria had carefully crafted her animal–rescuer persona to manipulate Dad’s affections.

But for once, he wasn’t taking the bait.

“Not now, Victoria,” he said tersely.

Victoria’s lower lip trembled perfectly on cue. “Is it about Valentina? Is she okay?”

Dad and Caspian both turned sharply toward her.

Victoria hesitated, tilting her head slightly. “I probably shouldn’t say anything, but...” she paused dramatically. “I think I saw her getting into some guy’s car earlier. A black Audi? She seemed... really friendly with him.”

“That’s complete bullshit,” Dad cut her off. “Valentina has never given a damn about anything except ballet. She wouldn’t go off with some random guy.”

Victoria’s eyes widened with practiced innocence. “I’m just saying what I saw. You know how all the guys at Westbrook follow her around like puppies. She’s always had them wrapped around her finger.”

Caspian straightened his posture. “Val is friends with everyone because she’s genuinely kind–unlike some people.” His voice hardened. “Victoria, I’m warning you. Don’t try to smear her reputation. Not now.”

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Chapter 5

Victoria’s eyes instantly welled with picture–perfect tears.

She sank to the floor in a graceful collapse, hugging her knees. “I’m so sorry,” she whispered. “I always say the wrong thing, don’t I? I know I’ll never belong in Valentina’s world.”

“She’s your real daughter–the true Dagonet princess. And I’m just... your mistake. Your secret.”

“It’s okay though,” she continued, voice catching intentionally. “As long as I have even a tiny corner of your heart, Daddy, that’s enough for me. I’d never try to take Valentina’s place...”

Her voice dropped to a breathless whisper. “If it would make things easier, I can disappear. Just say the word and you’ll never have to see me again.”

But the rush of comfort and reassurance she expected never came.

After a painfully long silence, a nurse finally approached. “Honey, they’re gone. Left a couple minutes ago.”

Victoria’s head snapped up, her eyes darting around the empty room.

“Are you fucking kidding me?”

In an instant, her entire demeanor transformed. Her delicate features hardened into something cruel and calculating. “After everything that bitch has put us through, they’re still running after her? Fine. We’ll see how they feel when I’m the one missing.”

Victoria yanked out her phone and dialed rapidly. “Shane. It’s me.”

Her voice dropped an octave, all softness gone. “Listen up. That job you did on Valentina? I need something similar, but this time I’m the target. Double your usual rate.”

She paced the room like a predator. “Yeah, you heard me right. I want you to ‘kidnap’ me. Make it look real–bruises, tears, the whole nine yards. Just don’t touch my face or break anything. I need to dance next week.”

Shane was the ringleader who had tortured me.

“One more thing,” Victoria continued, her voice ice–cold. “During the video, I need you to slip up and mention Valentina’s name. Make it seem like she hired you for revenge. Got it? Good. Tomorrow night. Don’t fuck this up.”

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Chapter 5

As she hung up, a twisted smile spread across her face. “That prissy little ballet rat. Her mother stole my mom’s rightful place for two decades.”

“Then Valentina spent her whole life taking what should have been mine–the Dagonet name, the penthouse, Daddy’s precious attention.”

“When I’m done, everyone will think Saint Valentina is a psychopath who tried to have her poor sister kidnapped. She’ll never recover.”

Watching this security footage, I felt ice–cold rage course through my veins.

Victoria wasn’t just manipulative–she was truly unhinged.

If she wanted war, I’d give her one.

After collecting myself, I turned to the security officer. “I need a copy of this footage. All of it.”

“Yes, ma’am. Right away.”

With the flash drive in hand, I made multiple copies and had them couriered directly to Dad’s office, the family attorney, and the NYPD.

But I severely underestimated how quickly Victoria would put her plan into motion.

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