

The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights by Brick Moving Ant

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Chapter 6

Thirty minutes later, Victoria’s “kidnapping” was blowing up across every platform—Instagram, TikTok, Twitter, even making breaking news on local stations.

In the livestream, her face appeared dramatically swollen from staged slaps, tears streaming perfectly as she sobbed: “Daddy! Caspian! Please help me—they’re going to kill me!”

Right on cue, her “kidnapper” made the planned slip, revealing me as the mastermind.

“Valentina Dagonet’s paying us good money for this,” a distorted voice growled, then feigned alarm. “Fuck—you didn’t hear that.”

Victoria seized the moment with remarkable theatricality. “Val, I understand you’re devastated about losing your spot at SAB. I know you resent me, but please—I forgive you! Let me go, not because I’m scared to die, but because I can’t bear to watch you destroy yourself like this!”

Dad joined the emergency livestream, his face twisted with fury as he shouted my name.

“VALENTINA! Release Victoria NOW! This has nothing to do with her—if you want revenge, come after me instead!”

Caspian jumped in, his voice cracking with emotion: “Val, stop this insanity! What would Mom think seeing you like this? How could she ever rest in peace knowing what you’ve become?”

The hypocrisy was almost comical. They orchestrated my destruction, yet somehow I was the villain?

Online, #Valentina TheMonster and #JusticeForVictoria were trending nationwide. Self-appointed vigilantes vowed to track my location and “make me pay” for my alleged crimes.

I’d originally planned to handle this quietly.

But Victoria’s little production had just hit #1 on every trending list, with news networks picking up the story.

With cold determination, I created an anonymous account and uploaded the security footage showing Victoria orchestrating the entire kidnapping plot herself.

Let the world see the truth behind the performance.

94.9%

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After posting the evidence, I powered down my phone, uninterested in the inevitable social media explosion.

The distinguished gentleman sitting beside me in the Rolls–Royce Phantom gently placed his hand on mine. “Ne t’inquiète pas, ma chérie. We’re flying you to our clinic in Geneva tonight. The finest orthopedic team in Europe is waiting.”

“As for that contemptible excuse for a father,” his voice hardened, the French accent becoming more pronounced, “I will use every resource of the Rousseau Group to ensure he never recovers.”

I closed my eyes, exhaustion washing over me. “Merci, Grand–père.”

At my words, his steel–blue eyes softened. “If only Élise were still with us.”

“What happened back then—I failed her completely. I believed horrible lies about my own daughter. I let that bastard Dagonet turn me against her.”

“If I had come for her sooner…”

Life rarely grants second chances, does it?

I turned toward the window, watching Paris recede as we headed to the private airfield.

My mother had been kidnapped at age three during a family vacation in Monaco and trafficked to Ukraine. Despite growing up in crushing poverty, her brilliant mind earned her a full scholarship to

Stanford.

At twenty, her biological parents finally located her after seventeen years of relentless searching.

Jean–Claude Rousseau, my maternal grandfather, was the chairman of the Rousseau Group, France’s oldest luxury conglomerate and one of Europe’s most powerful business empires. After losing his daughter, he’d adopted another girl to inherit the family legacy.

My mother became the real–life displaced heiress—the true daughter found too late, while another had already taken her place.

I never learned exactly what happened between Mom and the Rousseaus.

I only knew that after marrying Dad, she severed all ties with her biological family.

She never revealed to anyone that her father controlled one of the world’s most prestigious luxury

95.2%

Chapter 6

empires.

When I was five, Mom discovered Dad’s affair with Camilla Winters.

Their marriage disintegrated into venomous arguments—midnight screaming matches, shattered crystal, doors slamming.

Dad’s presence at home became increasingly rare.

Caspian seemed unbothered.

Dad still funded our lifestyle lavishly, providing material comfort despite his absence.

But I witnessed Mom’s silent suffering each night, her sleepless anguish.

I promised I’d never leave her side.

Three years later, Camilla Winters appeared at our Manhattan townhouse, flaunting her pregnancy. The confrontation sent my already fragile mother into a devastating health spiral.

Dad finally returned home.

But before the end, Mom secretly pressed a phone into my hands.

“If you’re ever truly desperate,” she whispered, her voice already fading, “call the number inside.”

The phone contained just one contact.

Jean–Claude Rousseau.

As I emerged from the surgical suite in Geneva, the world’s top orthopedic team had reconstructed my legs—not with the hurried incompetence of a hospital looking to clear a bed, but with the meticulous precision reserved for royalty and billionaires.

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