

The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights by Brick Moving Ant

Chapter 113

96.3%

Chapter 8

[This girl is PSYCHO. How tf is she only 19?!?]

[Someone LOCK HER UP! This isn't just bullying, it's attempted MURDER!]

Under the tsunami of public pressure, Shane and his crew finally cracked. In a hastily arranged press conference, they admitted Victoria had paid them not just to traumatize me, but to ensure I “wouldn’t be a problem anymore.”

Her exact instructions: make it look like an accident.

This bombshell detonated across social media. Dozens of former classmates emerged from the woodwork, posting their own Victoria horror stories.

“Valentina helped me learn combinations when I first transferred,” one wrote. “Meanwhile, Victoria was putting thumbtacks in people’s pointe shoes.”

Far from being her victim, I’d been her obsession—she’d sabotaged auditions, slashed my costumes, and planted rumors with visiting choreographers that had cost me professional opportunities.

The backlash was merciless. #Victoria WintersIsOverParty trended for days.

That afternoon, SAB released a terse statement: “The School of American Ballet maintains the highest standards of personal conduct. In light of recent revelations, we have revoked Ms. Winters’ acceptance, effective immediately.”

A staff member’s phone captured Victoria’s meltdown when she received the news. The leaked video spread like wildfire.

“WHY DOES EVERYONE LOVE HER?!” she shrieked, hurling a vase against the wall. “SHE’S NOTHING! NOTHING! I’M THE TALENTED ONE!”

Her voice rose to an unhinged pitch. “She stole everything from me! Everything that should have been MINE! I should have been Maxwell Dagonet’s daughter! I’LL FUCKING END HER! I SWEAR TO GOD I’LL END HER ENTIRE BLOODLINE!”

TikTok exploded with vicious takedowns: “Honey, your mom was literally screwing a married man for 20 years. You’re the side piece’s kid. Stay in your lane.”

96.6%

The blame expanded: “The father and brother are the real villains. Imagine TORTURING your own daughter/sister because your mistress’s kid was jealous? Electric chair for all of them.”

Internet sleuths unearthed Victoria’s history of calculated destruction: anonymous bullying accounts, blackmail schemes, even a suspicious fire at a competitor’s apartment before a crucial audition.

The outrage spiraled beyond Victoria to target Camilla. Someone doxxed her, leading to protesters outside her apartment building with signs reading “HOME WRECKER” and “CHILD ABUSER BY

PROXY.”

Did I feel vindicated? Not particularly.

The universe was simply balancing its ledger.

What genuinely surprised me was seeing Dad and Caspian huddled outside the Geneva clinic on my discharge day, looking like they’d aged decades.

Despite my completely reconstructed face, they recognized me instantly.

“Val-” Dad’s voice cracked. His once—perfect hair had gone steel gray, his designer suit hanging off his frame like borrowed clothes.

“Baby girl, I-” He struggled visibly. “I’ve destroyed everything. I was blind. So fucking blind.”

“Those men were just supposed to... to scare you a little. Just enough to keep you from competing with Victoria. I swear to God, I never meant for you to get hurt like that.”

“I never imagined... Jesus Christ, Val, I never wanted this...”

I studied him with clinical detachment. “Let me understand this correctly. You deliberately postponed emergency surgery that could have saved my legs. You leaked videos of my torture online. You systematically dismantled my reputation and future. But you ‘never meant to hurt me’?”

Dad crumpled, physically staggering as if I’d struck him.

“I’ve sold the company,” he whispered. “I’ve sold everything. I’ll spend the rest of my life making this up to you.”

Caspian looked hollowed out, his eyes sunken and bloodshot. “Val... I don’t even know what to say. Victoria had me completely fooled. She’s-” he shuddered. “The doctors say she’s showing signs of actual psychopathy.”

96.99

Chapter 8

“You’re my sister. My only sister. And I helped that monster destroy you.” His voice broke. “I don’t deserve forgiveness. I don’t deserve anything.”

I adjusted my Hermès scarf, glancing at my watch. My flight to Monaco was boarding soon.

“How unfortunate for you both,” I said mildly.

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