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The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights by Brick Moving Ant

Chapter 114



Chapter 9

Even now, they couldn't comprehend the depth of their betrayal.

"Caspian," I said quietly, "Mom was literally driven to her death by Camilla Winters. And you chose Victoria over your own sister. Does it ever cross your mind that Mom might be watching all this

from wherever she is?"

Caspian's face crumpled like wet paper. He stumbled backward as if physically struck.

"Jesus Christ," he choked out, clawing at his hair. "What have I become? Who the fuck am I anymore?"

Dad remained desperate, oblivious to his son's breakdown.

He grabbed my hand with trembling fingers, his designer stubble now patchy and unkempt.

"Sweetheart, come on. This is just--this is just a rough patch. Every family has them."

"You're barely nineteen. How are you going to survive out there alone? You need us, Val. You need me."

The mighty Maxwell Dagonet--who once made Fortune 500 CEOs quiver--now practically on his knees.

"Please, baby girl. One more chance. I'll sell the Hamptons house. I'll give to whatever charity you want. Just tell me what to do."

I observed his performance with clinical detachment, like watching a mediocre play from the back row.

Grand-père had endured enough. He stepped between us, his Loro Piana cashmere coat hanging perfectly despite his cane.

"I believe we're finished here," he said, his accent more pronounced when irritated. "My granddaughter has made her wishes clear. The conversation is over."

Dad and Caspian froze like they'd been tasered.

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"Grandfather? What the actual fuck?"

Caspian's voice cracked hysterically. "Mom was an orphan from Ukraine! We don't have a grandfather! Val, this guy is scamming you!"

I barely glanced up from checking my manicure. "He is, in fact, our grandfather."

"More specifically, he's our mother's biological father--and, incidentally, the controlling shareholder in what's left of Dagonet Industries."

Dad's face went through a fascinating series of expressions, settling finally on absolute horror.

"That's not... you can't be..."

Before Grand-père could signal security, the clinic doors burst open.

"Daddy! They kicked me out of Juilliard! Everyone's against me! You have to do something!" Victoria stumbled in, looking like she'd been living in her car. Her Lululemon leggings were stained, her hair limp and greasy.

Dad barely looked at her before his expression transformed into pure disgust.

"Get your pathetic ass away from me! Didn't I make it crystal clear you're dead to me?"

Victoria blinked rapidly, mascara smudging further. "Daddy... you always said I was your special Victoria blinked rapidly, mascara smudging girl. Your real daughter. How can you--"

"Caspian, please--" she reached toward him desperately.

Caspian slapped her hand away like it was contaminated.

"Keep your fucking mouth shut! Your whore mother destroyed mine, and you tried to cripple my sister. You think I give a shit about you anymore?"

Without warning, Caspian backhanded her across the face--twice--the sound echoing through the lobby.

Then he shoved her to her knees in front of me.

"APOLOGIZE TO HER! RIGHT FUCKING NOW!"

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Victoria's face reddened from the blows, her cashmere sweater torn at the shoulder, the ultimate trust fund disaster.

Yet somehow, her chin still tilted up defiantly,

Dad delivered a swift kick to her hip. "YOU HEARD HIM! Apologize, you ungrateful little bitch! If you don't, I swear to God I'll make sure you end up homeless. You'll be giving hand jobs behind Walmart to pay for dinner."

Terror finally fractured Victoria's façade.

She collapsed completely, forehead pressed to the polished marble.

"Valentina, I'm sorry! I'm so sorry for everything I did!"

"Please forgive me! I was wrong! I was jealous and stupid! Please have mercy!"

Dad turned to me with desperate eagerness, like a dog seeking approval. "Is this enough, Val? Does this make it better?"

I checked my watch--a Patek Philippe that Grand-père had given me that morning.

"How theatrical," I murmured, stepping around them toward the exit. "Best of luck with your little drama."

As our Bentley pulled away, Dad and Caspian tried to follow, only to be blocked by Grand-père's security team.

The last image I had of my former family: three broken people screaming at each other in a parking lot, becoming smaller and smaller in the rear window until they disappeared completely.

Within 48 hours, I had relocated permanently to Grand-père's estate overlooking Monaco's harbor.

I thought I'd finally closed the chapter on my previous life.

Then, three days later, Victoria's name appeared in my notifications one final time.

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