

The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights by Brick Moving Ant

Chapter 115

Chapter 10

In a twist of poetic justice, Dad hired the same thugs to drag Victoria into the woods, forcing her to endure the exact brutality they had inflicted on me.

Victoria’s screams pierced the night.

She howled for Dad and Caspian between ragged breaths.

But no one appeared to rescue her.

“Why isn’t anyone coming for me?” she sobbed.

I had once asked the same question.

When they finally discovered her, Victoria was clinging to life. The medical report was unequivocal:

permanent paralysis from the waist down. She would spend the rest of her days in a specialized

bed, dependent on round–the–clock care.

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Dad and Caspian faced Class A felony charges for orchestrating the assault. The D.A. was pushing for

life sentences.

Their savage attempt at redemption meant nothing to me anymore.

In Monaco, Grand–père’s cliff–side estate commanded breathtaking views of the Mediterranean, the

massive property extending from the mountains to a private beach.

Our life together was elegant and peaceful, deliberately disconnected from the American nightmare

I’d left behind.

Until the anniversary of Mom’s death, when Grand–père collapsed during breakfast, his heart finally giving out after years of grief.

Months before, he had meticulously updated his will, naming me as the sole heir to the Rousseau Group and his personal fortune.

As Grand–père fought for his life in Monaco’s premier private hospital, a forty–something woman in last season’s Chanel stormed the estate gates, demanding entry. She claimed to be Jean–Claude’s daughter, insisting on her “rightful portion” of the Rousseau billions.

I immediately recognized her as Sophie Rousseau–the adopted daughter who had made my

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mother’s brief homecoming a living hell.

Unlike Mom, I wasn’t about to be intimidated by this imposter.

“You’re nothing but my grandfather’s charity project,” I told her, examining my nails. “You should be on your knees thanking him for not leaving you in whatever orphanage he found you in, instead of demanding his money.”

Sophie’s face contorted with rage when our eyes met.

“Listen, you little cunt,” she snarled, dropping all pretense of refinement. “I’m his real daughter! Twenty–five fucking years I took care of him while your whore mother ran off with some American nobody!”

“Get out of my way! I need to see Papa before you brainwash him completely!”

I smiled coldly, signaling the security team with a slight nod.

“Grand–père has made it abundantly clear that you’re not welcome here. Not now, not ever.”

She became completely unhinged. “You manipulative bitch! You’ve turned him against me! This was MY inheritance!”

My smile never faltered. “Insult me again, and I’ll ensure you leave Monaco in a body bag.”

When intimidation failed, she collapsed dramatically onto the marble foyer, mascara streaking down her overdone face.

driving my mother away, she too had been “cruelly Between heaving sobs, she claimed that afte discarded” by Jean–Claude when he discovered her embezzling from the company.

“I’ve been living like garbage,” she wailed. “Fucking disgusting old men just to pay rent. You have billions–BILLIONS! You won’t even notice a few million!”

I approached her slowly, crouching down to her level, my voice dropping to a whisper.

“My mother left this house with nothing but the clothes on her back because of you. She built herself from nothing while you stayed here, pampered and privileged. And now you think I owe you something?”

I stood up, brushing imaginary dust from my Hermès skirt.

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“Security will escort you out. If you ever approach the Rousseau name again, I’ll personally ensure you’re prosecuted for every cent you stole.”

She left screaming obscenities, vowing revenge.

I wasn’t remotely concerned. I had inherited not just Grand–père’s fortune, but his network of

influence as well.

In his final days, Grand–père’s hospital suite overlooked the same Mediterranean waters that had enchanted my mother as a child.

During his lucid moments, he taught me about the business empire I would inherit. During others, he spoke to me as if I were Élise, recounting happy memories I’d never heard before.

“Remember when you performed Swan Lake in the garden? Your mother was furious about the ruined roses, but I couldn’t stop applauding.”

I didn’t correct him. Instead, I held his hand and asked for more stories–collecting precious fragments of my mother’s life that had been lost to me.

Between these tender moments, I explored the estate, discovering my mother’s childhood–her ballet slippers still in her closet, diaries filled with teenage dreams, photographs of her laughing by the same pool where I now swam daily.

News reached me that Caspian had died during a prison riot, his skull crushed by another inmate. Dad had received thirty years without parole, his health already failing in maximum security.

When I mentioned these developments to Grand–père, he simply nodded.

“The universe rights itself eventually,” he murmured.

On Grand–père’s final evening, as Mediterranean sunset painted his room in gold, he squeezed my hand with surprising strength.

“Tell me, ma chérie,” he whispered, “did Élise speak of me before she left this world?”

I rested my head gently on his shoulder, as I imagined my mother might have done, and answered truthfully.

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