

The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights by Brick Moving Ant

Chapter 16

- Chapter 6
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- By the time paramedics arrived, Lysander had already passed out.
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- A paramedic turned to Navier. “Ma’am, are you riding with him?”
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- Navier shook her head, her voice eerily calm. “No need.”
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- She didn't go to the hospital or concern herself with Lysander’s injuries. Instead, she quietly packed all her belongings.
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- Then she went to Lakeside Villa.
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- Celeste opened the door.
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- In that moment, Navier was stunned speechless.
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- The girl before her wore a white dress, her hair slightly curled, her gaze soft and warm—almost identical to Ophelia in her memories.
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- “Navier, I think I've got it down.” Celeste said with a soft smile.
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- Navier nodded, a hint of satisfaction in her voice. “You’re getting there. But there's one last thing—your eyes and the way you speak.”
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- “Ophelia came from wealth. She never looked at people timidly or cautiously—you need to be more confident. And her voice was soft and delicate, connected to her physical weakness and frequent
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- illness...”
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- For the next three days, Navier stayed at Lakeside Villa, coaching Celeste in detail.
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- She made Celeste memorize all of Ophelia’s preferences.
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- Everything Navier knew about Ophelia, she passed all on to Celeste.
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- “Celeste, when you're with Lysander, you can ask for money, for power, but never ask for his heart. That only ever belonged to Ophelia. No matter how perfectly you mimic her, you'll never actually be
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- her.”
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- Celeste nodded obediently. “I understand, Navier. I only want a stable life—I don’t need his heart.”
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- Navier felt relieved and gave her a reassuring smile. “After I’m gone, that face of yours will ensure
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- Lysander treats you well forever. You'll never have to worry about your parasitic family exploiting
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- you again.”
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- Just as Navier was about to leave, her phone rang—a rare call from Lysander.
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- His voice was cold and distant. “I’ve bought a new mansion. Move all of Ophelia’s things there and set up a memorial room for her. I expect everything to be perfect by the time I'm discharged.”
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- Navier said nothing but arranged everything as instructed.
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- By the time Lysander returned, the memorial house was fully arranged. For the first time in a long time, he actually looked satisfied.
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- During dinner, he even served food onto her plate.
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- However, Navier suddenly felt nauseous and rushed to the bathroom to throw up.
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- Lysander’s expression subtly changed. When she returned, he handed her a glass of milk.
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- “Not feeling well lately? Drink this milk before bed—it'll help you feel better.”
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- Navier took the glass, her gaze falling on the fine sediment at the bottom. Her heart turned to ice.
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- She remembered how during each of her previous pregnancies, he would unusually offer her milk.
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- So that’s when he’d administered the abortion drugs.

And today, he’d offered another glass—did he think she was pregnant again?

She didn’t want to drink it, but he forced it down her throat, then coldly said, “Go to bed early.”

That night, Navier was in excruciating pain, losing consciousness repeatedly.

And Lysander?

He watched it all but did nothing.

Only when morning came did he finally rush her to the hospital.

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The doctor frowned as he checked her over. “It’s just a stomach issue. But why would anyone take an abortion pill for that? She just had her stomach pumped. Take proper care of her.”

But Lysander didn't stay here.

He simply turned on his heel—And walked away.

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