

The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights by Brick Moving Ant

Chapter 27

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- Chapter 18
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- If he truly didn't care, a fresh relationship of Navier wouldn't stir even the slightest emotion in him.
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- Yet here he was—loudly protesting his indifference while clearly desperate to drag her back and chase away any man who dared approach her.
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- No one spoke.
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- His friends had pushed him enough for one night.
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- After a long pause, Lysander suddenly announced. "I'm going to propose to Ophelia. Spread the news—I want the whole world to know I'm marrying her."
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- "Hold up," Michael said, unable to contain his confusion. "You literally just said you weren't ready for that. What changed in the last five minutes?"
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- "Seriously, Lysander," Ryan pressed, "No offense, but this kinda sounds like you're just trying to force Navier back. And what happens when Ophelia finds out? She'll get jealous and upset."
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- Lysander's lips pressed into a tight line, his eyes clouded with unreadable emotions.
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- "She won't find out. Unless one of you idiots decides to run your mouth. I'm just worried about an old friend aborad alone. That's it. Besides, Ophelia is incredibly understanding—she'll get it. I'll make it up to her, and the proposal is genuine anyway."
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- "Uh—huh. Sure...maybe," No one dared comment further on his plans.
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- They could only silently hope he wouldn't come to regret his actions.
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- Meanwhile, Celeste had been standing outside the private room, hearing every word. Yet her mind remained perfectly calm.
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- Would the real Ophelia have been jealous, angry, or hurt? Maybe.
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- But Celeste wasn't Ophelia.
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- From the beginning, she'd understood exactly what kind of man Lysander was.
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- He had genuinely loved Ophelia, but after so many years, that once—pure youthful love had become contaminated with countless impurities.
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- He would obsessively seek substitutes for Ophelia out of longing, while simultaneously becoming fixated on Navier's departure and new life.
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- He couldn't fully let go of either woman.
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- But life didn't work perctly that way.
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- The conviction in Celeste's heart only grew stronger.
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- Back home, Lysander presented her with several transfer agreements for her signature.
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- Looking at the shares and property documents, Celeste stayed in character. Rather than signing immediately, she gazed at him with concern.
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- "Lysander... what is this? Has something happened? I don't want these papers—I just want you to be okay. I won't sign."
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- His expression slightly awkward, Lysander nonetheless took her hand and placed it over the signature line.
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- "No, sweetie, just a gift. The Vanderbilt empire is vast—this is barely a drop in the bucket. If you like, I can gift you every day."
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- "Really? Oh, I'm relived." Celeste didn't refuse outright, but pretended to sign reluctantly.
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- The next day, the notary confirmed everything.
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- The shares and properties had been successfully transferred.
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- They now belonged to Celeste Stanley, not Ophelia Belmont.
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- Over the next few days, she casually complimented Lysander a few times, and he transferred even more assets to her.

Celeste knew his generosity stemmed from guilt, so she accepted everything without the slightest

reservation.

She finished her degree, turned liquid assets into investments, and built her own influence,

23.4%

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maximizing the value of everything she controlled.

Seeing Celeste's business acumen, Lysander felt a peculiar pride.

"I had no idea you were such a financial wizard, Ophelia. If that illness hadn't stolen those years from you, you'd probably be running your own empire by now."

Celeste nestled against him, responding flatly. "I learned it all from you."

Lysander just smiled without further comment, but doubts began to form in his mind.

Had the real Ophelia ever been this clever?

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