

The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights by Brick Moving Ant

Chapter 28

- Chapter 19
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- While secretly investigating Celeste’s past, Lysander deliberately brought her into the Vanderbilt Group, allowing her to demonstrate her considerable talents.
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- On the day of the proposal, the grand event was livestreamed globally.
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- The spectacle played out on digital billboards in major cities, across the internet, and even in cafés and high-end department stores around the world.
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- Lysander cut an impressive figure in his perfectly tailored black suit that accentuated his athletic build.
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- His hair was styled impeccably, revealing his chiseled features, while a subtle, contented smile played across his lips.
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- The scene of this proposal was lavish, grander than most weddings.
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- Celeste wore a pristine white gown that gracefully highlighted her slender silhouette like a lily swaying in the wind—pure, fragile, and utterly mesmerizing.
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- Lysander pulled a velvet ring box from his breast pocket, clutched a bouquet of red roses and dropped to one knee before her.
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- “Marry me, baby.”
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- He called her neither Ophelia nor Celeste—just this simple term of endearment.
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- Yet viewers around the world watching this scene erupted in excited screams, collectively envying
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- Celeste.
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- “I want to give you everything—my life, my love, my loyalty. From today forward, you’re the only one for me.”
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- But beneath his composed exterior, anxiety churned. His peripheral vision repeatedly swept the
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- entrance.
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- Even at this critical moment, Navier hadn’t appeared.
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- Chapter 19
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- The investigation report on Celeste hadn’t arrived either
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- Was he really going to marry her?
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- In the past, seeing her face with its resemblance in Oglietta soft have made his eager dann der
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- without hesitations
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- But now, that impulse had faded,
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- Ophelia had truly died—in his arms. He still remembered the onscation of the body
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- Could anyone really come back from the dead?
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- He was beginning to doubt it.
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- The more Celeste resembled Ophelia, the more something felt wrong
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- Celeste, playing her role to perfection, feigned joyful surprise and covered her not leastat seemed rehearsed countless times fell in perfect arcs down her cheeks.
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- “I wi-”
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- Before she could finish, Lysander’s phone buzzed in his pocket
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- The smile on his face gradually diminished, though his eyes remained gentle with an under of authority.
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- “It seems you need more time to consider my proposal Let’s hold off on this for now
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- With that, he halted the livestream, leaving Celeste with an inexplicable sense of foreboding
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Lysander stared at two separate reports on his phone, his expression instantly frosting over

He had found Navier

And she truly was dating with someone else!

The photo showed Navier kissing a man, their profiles visible as they embraced tightly on a crowded street, oblivious to passersby.

How could she actually fallen for someone else?

Chapter 19

A sharp, acidic wave of emotion crashed over him

How dare she love another man?!

Nearly blinded by rage, he barely realized he was standing up until Celeste grabbed his wrist.

“Lysander, where are you going? Our proposal ceremony isn’t finished yet. I know my answer clearly now—don’t you want to hear it?”

“It doesn’t matter anymore, Celeste. I don’t care about your answer.” Lysander’s eyes turned cold as ice, cutting into Celeste’s heart.

Her practiced expression froze momentarily before quickly recovering.

“Lysander, I don’t understand. I’m Ophelia—the real Celeste Stanley is dead.”