

The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights by Brick Moving Ant

Chapter 31

- Chapter 22
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- Navier's expression was utterly cold. Nothing Lysander said or did could hurt her anymore.
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- Lysander's face twisted with discomfort, as if Aubrey had exposed his deepest thoughts,
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- Still, he doubled down. "That's absurd, Navier. I could never have feelings for you. My heart belongs to Ophelia, and it always will."
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- Before Navier could respond, Aubrey jumped in with devastating precision.
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- "Man, do you even hear yourself? You talk about loyalty, but you've been betraying her for years.
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- "A replacement? Betrayal. Marrying someone else? Betrayal. Pretending your little substitute was her? More betrayal. Proposing to that same substitute? The biggest betrayal of them all."
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- "You've failed Ophelia, Celeste and you've certainly failed Navier. You're in no position to challenge me. At least I'm devoted to one person. I don't worship someone from the past or stubbornly deny my own feelings."
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- His words ripped away the tattered remnants of Lysander's self-deception.
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- Lysander stood there stunned, searching for a rebuttal but finding none.
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- Finally, his voice dropped to a hoarse whisper. "I... I didn't..."
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- Navier gazed at him with disappointment, tugging gently at Aubrey's hand.
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- "Let's go. I don't want to waste any more time on him. If possible, I never want to see him again."
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- A seductive smile curled Aubrey's lips as he planted a kiss on the back of her hand. "As you wish,
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- sweetheart."
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- In an instant, several armed bodyguards surrounded Lysander, blocking his path.
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- Navier walked away without a backward glance.
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- Sometimes, she wished Lysander had never developed feelings for her—or married for Celeste. If he had remained devoted solely to Ophelia's memory without hurting others, she might still have
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- 26.55%
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- admired his constancy.
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- Now, she felt nothing but disappointment.
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- Aubrey wrapped his arm around her, clinging to her like an affectionate puppy, practically melding himself to her.
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- Navier laughed at his childish behavior, pushing against him halfheartedly.
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- "You're crushing me!"
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- Aubrey's smile widened as he suddenly grabbed her waist and hoisted her onto his back.
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- "I'm strong. You're light. We're a perfect match."
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- After a token struggle, Navier relaxed, allowing him to carry her forward.
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- His body heat gradually warmed her cold hands.
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- Gazing at the crown of his dark hair, she recalled their first meeting.
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- She had just arrived in England and joined a prestigious magazine as an intern photographer.
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- Her very first assignment was to photograph Aubrey.
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- He wasn't a model or celebrity, but an English earl and a friend of the magazine's editor-in-chief.
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- The scheduled model had canceled last minute, so the editor dragged Ethan in to fill the spot.
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- Several intern photographers were tested that day.

Only Navier's photos earned high praise from both Aubrey and the editor.

During the photoshoot, Aubrey had deliberately turned up his magnetism with every pose. Yet Navier missed all the smoldering glances he sent her way, assuming it was just his normal camera

presence.

Later, using the popularity of her photos as a pretext, he invited her to photograph him again, creating more opportunities to connect.

Gradually, she realized Aubrey had developed feelings for her.

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26.8%

Chapter 22

As they spent more time together, she came to understand him better. She noticed the stark contrast between his cold detachment with others and his warmth with her.

When he naturally confessed his feelings, Navier hesitated. Her marriage to Lysander remained a

raw wound.

She feared giving her whole heart away again, but ultimately chose to be honest about her past

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