

The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights by Brick Moving Ant

Chapter 34

- Chapter 1
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- During evening study hall, the power suddenly went out Zephyr bed in auf food are the bad sliding under my shirt and around my waist
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- I blushed with embarrassment yet secretly felt thrilled, Believing my seemingly ingeless chand
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- finally turned into something real.
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- That is, until I overheard his conversation with friends at his home hares that wey
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- “So you got to second base? How was Little Miss Honor Roll?”
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- Zephyr’s laugh had a calculating edge to it.
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- “She’s hot enough for a good time, but for something serious? I’m still after someone pure the Katherine from the cheer squad.”
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- Zephyr’s words hit me like a bucket of ice water on a warm spring day.
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- My racing heart instantly froze, leaving me mortified and completely lost.
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- At Zephyr’s house, his friends burst into laughter:
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- “Damn, bro! The nerdy chick is stacked as hell. You closing tonight, Zeph?” Tyler hooted.
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- “You better spill all the dirty details after you tap that,” Mason chimed in. “That body? Should be on OnlyFans, for real.”
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- Zephyr smirked and fired back:
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- “Screw off! What am I, your personal porn supplier?”
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- Then they must have spotted something on his phone because they started whistling and high–fiving:
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- “Holy shit, Zeph, is this what you got for Miss Straight–A’s?”
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- “Fishnets and that lingerie? Might as well be fucking naked!” Derek laughed.
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- “No way you’re having her show up in just that? That’s savage, bro!”
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- Zephyr snatched his phone back, saying with calculated nonchalance:
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- “Just some shit I found scrolling. Suits her thirsty ass. You should’ve seen how fast she said yes.”
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- Tyler nudged him:
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- “Johnson’s been thirsting after you forever and she’s got those curves–bet she’s desperate to show you everything. But after hitting that, won’t Miss Perfect seem boring?”
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- Zephyr’s voice suddenly turned dead serious:
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- “That’s completely different. Back off with that talk. Phoebe’s just a hookup, but Katherine is off limits, got it?”
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- Katherine Linderman was our school’s golden girl.

And me? I’m Phoebe Johnson.

I covered my mouth as tears of humiliation streamed down my face.

My entire body trembled; I had to lean against the wall to keep from collapsing.

The long coat I wore covered everything.

But underneath was a pink ribbon choker, black lace bra, garter belt with fishnet stockings, and a bunny tail peeking out from under a micro–mini skirt...

Practically naked.

Exactly what Zephyr had sent me.

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Chapter 2