

The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights by Brick Moving Ant

Chapter 47

- 39.7%
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- Chapter 14
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- The only bright spot during my medical leave was that my Stanford early admission had been
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- approved.
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- I'd be spared the senior year panic about college applications,
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- Without a second thought, I submitted my request to transfer to AP classes.
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- My GPA had always qualified me for the advanced track. I'd only stayed in regular classes because
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- that's where Zephyr was.
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- Now, I wanted as much physical and mental distance as possible.
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- Different classes.
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- Different future.
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- Different life.
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- Zephyr stopped his attempts to see me.
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- All contact ceased completely.
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- In its place emerged his very public relationship with Katherine.
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- Even with him blocked, screenshots of their Instagram and Snapchat stories found their way to my phone, sent by friends who thought I'd "want to know."
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- Before, his social media presence had been nearly nonexistent.
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- Black profile picture.
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- Private account.
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- Rarely posted.
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- The classic too-cool-to-care online persona.
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- Now suddenly, his profile photo was an andated puppy
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- Matching Katherine's bunny icon in a couples theme,
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- Their feeds transformed into a daily relationship highlight reel,
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- Every teenage romance cliché on display; Carefully arranged Bento boxes with heart-shaped contents, selfies sharing earbuds while studying, notebook margins filled with each other's names, videos feeding campus strays together, matching silver bracelets glinting in the sunlight as they held
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- hands...
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- The first few times I saw these posts, my chest tightened. I recognized the performance for what it was a show specifically designed for an audience of one; me,
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- But gradually, that knot in my chest began to loosen.
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- My finger would hover over the "view story" button for a few seconds longer each time before I chose to close the app instead.
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- So Zephyr wasn't incapable of treating a girl with respect—he just chose not to respect me.
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- He knew exactly how to be a caring boyfriend—he just decided I wasn't worth the effort.
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Each realization stung, but less sharply than the one before it.

Like a wound that hurts when touched but is visibly healing.

"Let it go, Phoebe," I whispered to myself, setting my phone face-down.

"Their relationship has nothing to do with you anymore."

I still felt twinges of something—not quite jealousy, more like phantom pain from an amputated limb—when mutual friends mentioned them.

But I was learning that emotional muscle memory takes time to reprogram.

Each day it got a little easier to redirect my thoughts when they wandered toward Zephyr.

He might be performing for my benefit, creating an elaborate show to prove I was missing out, but I was no longer in the audience.

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The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights

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I was busy writing my own story—one where he was just a character from an early chapter, not the co autor douce imagined him to be.