

The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights by Brick Moving Ant

Chapter 48

- Chapter 15
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- Transferring to AP classes senior year was basically asking for side eye from the other students.
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- On my first day, Mrs. Bennett went out of her way to introduce me properly: “Phoebe Johnson is a member of our state academic decathlon team who brought home national gold last year. Kind of a big deal.”
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- “She wasn’t in AP before due to scheduling conflicts, but her test scores are off the charts. Don’t let the new kid status fool you—she’ll probably end up tutoring half of you before midterms.”
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- The AP class had no academic deadweight, and I watched their initial skepticism transform into grudging respect
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- “Sid Loxley also just transferred in. There’s an empty seat next to him. You’re both decathlon nerds, so maybe you can keep each other sharp.”
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- My eyes widened in surprise.
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- Sid sat in the back row by the window, looking effortlessly put-together, offering me a genuine smile. “Saved you a seat,” he said quietly.
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- Having my former underclassman suddenly become my peer felt unexpectedly disorienting.
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- “We’re in the same grade now... you don’t have to be so formal with me.”
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- Sid looked at me thoughtfully, something unreadable in his expression.
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- The morning light caught his profile as he smiled—a moment so perfectly teenage movie that I almost laughed.
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- “Cool. Phoebe it is, then.”
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- My heart did this weird little stutter that caught me completely off guard.
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- I quickly turned away, suddenly fascinated by my schedule.
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- Get it together, Johnson. AP Calculus and Stanford essays are what matter now.
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- Everything else is just background noise.
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- To my surprise, no one at school was giving me the whispers and stares treatment.
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- The whole bathroom incident seemed to have evaporated from the collective consciousness.
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- Curious, I checked our school’s Discord server. I quickly found why in a pinned post.
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- The author had openly identified himself:
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- [This is Sid Loxley, 12th grade. I’m setting the record straight about what happened with Phoebe Johnson. She came to school with a 103° fever to drop off competition materials for me.
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- During class time, disoriented from her high fever, she accidentally entered the wrong bathroom and collapsed alone in a stall, requiring medical intervention. She was found after third period and
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- taken to the hospital with severe dehydration.
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- Anyone continuing to spread malicious garbage about this situation needs to understand that online harassment and defamation have actual legal consequences. The administration has been provided with screenshots of all previous posts.]
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- He’d attached my redacted hospital report from that day.
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- All personal details were blurred out, showing only the diagnosis of severe influenza and
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- dehydration.

The comment section had completely transformed.

People who actually knew me were calling out the original posters:

[Phoebe tutored half our class through chemistry last year. She volunteers at the animal shelter every weekend. You guys are trash for believing this.]

[I’ve known her since elementary school. Anyone who knows her knows this was all BS.]

[This whole thing was just bitter losers making stuff up. Classic.]

Only one aggressively negative comment stood out:

ZephFire: [@SidLoxley who the absolute fuck do you think you are, you pathetic little white knight? Stay out of shit that doesn’t concern you.]

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Chapter 16

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