

The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights by Brick Moving Ant

Chapter 12

• Chapter 2

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• After leaving the villa, Navier returned to the place she had once called “home.”

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• Opening the door to silence, she walked straight to the study, opened her laptop and booked a one-way ticket to England for a month later.

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• Once the mandatory thirty-day waiting period for their divorce was over, she could finally leave for good. The world would be her oyster, and she’d be free to live as she pleased.

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• She was confident she would build the life she wanted and find someone who truly loved her.

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• As for Lysander Vanderbilt? He would be completely erased from her world!

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• As night fell, Lysander stumbled through the front door, completely wasted.

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• His tie hung loosely around his neck, suit jacket carelessly draped over his arm.

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• Despite his unfocused eyes and unsteady gait, something changed the moment he approached Navier—a strange light flickered in his eyes.

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• His pupils dilated as he had just caught a scent from a dream he never wanted to wake up from.

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• “Ophelia…”

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• His voice trembled with endless yearning and pain.

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• He grabbed Navier in a fierce embrace, holding her as if trying to fuse her into his body. “Ophelia,

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• you’re back, aren’t you? God, I’ve missed you so much. won’t let you go this time. Never again.”

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• Navier’s body froze, it felt like someone had just driven a blade through her chest.

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• She closed her eyes and took a deep breath, forcing herself to stay calm.

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• Gently pushing him away, her voice was ice cold and crystal clear. “You’ve got the wrong person. I’m not Ophelia.”

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• The push made Lysander stagger back a few steps, finally sobering up somewhat.

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• 21:50

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• He let go and stepped back, the heat in his eyes gradually fading, replaced by coldness and irritation.

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• “That perfume you’re wearing…” his voice deepened with displeasure, “it was Ophelia’s favorite. Don’t wear it again.”

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• Navier’s heart sank, her fingers curling until her nails nearly broke the skin of her palm.

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• She lifted her head, meeting his gaze without a flicker of emotion. “Fine. I won’t.”

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• Lysander said nothing more, turning toward the bedroom, his retreating figure cold and distant.

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• Navier stood there, watching him disappear behind the door.

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• A bitter chill settled in her chest.

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• She looked down at her hands—deep crescent marks were gouged into her palms.

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• The next day was their wedding anniversary.

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• Navier had expected Lysander would ignore the date as he had in previous years.

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• To her surprise, he actually suggested going out for a candlelit dinner.

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• In the restaurant, soft lighting complemented the gentle music.

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• Lysander sat across from her, his expression detached, as though the whole evening was merely a

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• formality.

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• He opened the menu and ordered without hesitation.

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• Navier glanced at his selections and her heart sank—they were all Ophelia’s favorites.

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• As the waiter was about to leave, Navier suddenly spoke up. “Wait.”

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• Lysander looked up, his brow slightly furrowed with displeasure.

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“I don’t like these dishes. Change the order,” she said calmly, but with unmistakable firmness.

Lysander was momentarily stunned, surprise flashing across his face.

He set down the menu, studying her for a moment.

21:50

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“Didn’t you used to love these dishes? I remember you enjoying them.”

Navier looked him straight in the eyes. “As you said, that was before. Besides, those were Ophelia’s favorites, not mine. I don’t like them, and I never will.”

Lysander’s frown deepened, his eyes reflecting confusion and underlying anger.

“Navier, what the hell is this? A new way to get my attention?” His voice dropped. “I told you from the beginning—my heart belongs to Ophelia. You promised you could accept that before you married me. And now you’re pulling this? Trying to compete with her for my affection? Seriously?”

Navier didn’t answer. She lowered her head and gently swirled the wine in her glass.

Her heart was perfectly calm, as if his words no longer affected her at all.

In the past, she had forced herself to eat foods she disliked—even ones she was mildly allergic to—just to spend more time with him.

But now, she was done accommodating him anymore.

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