

The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights by Brick Moving Ant

Chapter 13

- Chapter 3
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- The dinner ended in a cloud of tension.
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- On the drive home, Lysander steered in stony silence while Navier gazed out the window, feeling
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- nothing but emptiness.
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- Then came the screech of tires.
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- Both looked up to see a car careening out of control straight toward their lane.
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- Before Navier could react, there was a deafening crash. Their car lurched violently, then everything
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- spun.
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- Navier's head slammed against the window. Darkness rushed in, swallowing her whole.
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- Somewhere in the haze, she heard Lysander's ragged breathing.
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- Forcing her eyes open, she saw his arm stretched across her body as if to shield her.
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- A flicker of warmth ignited in her chest.
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- But the next moment, her heart turned to ice.
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- Lysander wasn't shielding her at all—he was protecting the necklace lying next to her—the one Ophelia Belmont had given him.
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- Blood smeared across the delicate silver chain, and Lysander didn't even seem to notice his own
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- injuries.
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- A thin crack ran through the necklace. His eyes flashed with distress as he pulled out his phone and
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- made a call.
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- "Get me the best restoration expert. I need a necklace repaired. Immediately."
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- Looking at the man before her, Navier felt an indescribable wave of desolation wash over her.
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- His wife sat in the passenger seat, severely injured, covered in blood, in too much pain to move—yet he hadn't spared her a single glance.
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- He cared nothing for her injuries, hadn't even called an ambulance. Instead, he staggered out of the car, focused only on repairing that damn pendant.
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- Then her vision blurred, her body giving out.
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- The last thing she saw before losing consciousness-
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- Was his back.
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- In the operating room, harsh lights shone down on Navier's pale face.
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- Drifting in and out of consciousness, she heard a nurse's anxious voice. "We can't reach her husband! No one's here to sign the consent form for surgery!"
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- "How can a man just disappear when his wife is in this condition? What could possibly be more important than his wife's life?"
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- A bitter smile twisted Navier's lips.
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- Of course. In Lysander's mind, Ophelia and anything associated with her obviously mattered more
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- than his wife's life.
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- "I... can sign... myself..." Navier whispered, her voice barely audible.
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- The nurse hesitated but had no other option, finally nodded.
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- Navier raised her blood-covered hand and shakily signed her name on the consent form.
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- Every letter felt like it drained the last of her strength.
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- She had no idea how much time had passed when she finally woke up.
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- But in all that time—Lysander never once came.
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- She knew he was busy with the necklace's restoration. He had no time for her.
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- On the day of her discharge, Navier's injuries were still far from healed. She could only leave in a
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- wheelchair.
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- Lysander finally seemed to remember he had a severely injured wife from the accident.
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- He came to pick her up, his expression detached, as if this was merely another task on his to-do list.
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- The driver took a shortcut onto the expressway.
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- The only sound in the vehicle was the rhythmic tapping of Lysander's fingers on his laptop.
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- Navier glanced sideways and caught a glimpse of his screen—a conversation with his secretary, entirely about the necklace's restoration progress.
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- That necklace, just a casual gift from Ophelia, was treated like a priceless treasure.
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- While she—a living, breathing human being—couldn't even get him to look at her.
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- The car cruised smoothly along the highway, scenery rushing past outside.
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- Neither spoke, until suddenly Lysander stopped typing, his gaze fixed intensely on something
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- outside.
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- His breathing quickened, fingers gripping the door handle as if he'd spotted something he'd been desperately longing for.
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- Following his line of sight, Navier saw a figure in the crowd—a girl in a white dress with slightly curled hair and a silhouette just like Ophelia's.
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- "Stop the car!" Lysander's voice shot up sharply.
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- The driver slammed on the brakes, pulling over to the roadside.
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- Lysander flung the door open the instant the car stopped, his eyes still locked on the retreating figure.
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- Then he glanced back at Navier, his tone cold and hurried. "Find your own way back. I have something to do."
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- Navier froze, fingers clutching the wheelchair armrests until her knuckles turned white.
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- She opened her mouth to speak, but Lysander had already pulled her and the wheelchair out of the car, then ordered the driver to turn around.
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- The car swung around and sped off in the direction where the figure had disappeared, leaving Navier stranded alone in her wheelchair by the side of the expressway.
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