

The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights by Brick Moving Ant

Chapter 15

• Chapter 5

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• Her soft words hit Lysander like a sledgehammer to the heart.

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• But within seconds, his composure returned. “Leaving? Where are you going on vacation this time?”

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• Navier froze, unable to suppress a bitter realization.

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• After all these years by his side, he had never once considered the possibility she might actually leave him. That’s why, even when she spoke her truth, he automatically assumed she was just planning another trip.

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• She parted her lips to speak, but Lysander cut her off, dismissing her words entirely: “Skip the travel plans for now. In a few days it’ll be the anniversary of my first meeting with Ophelia. I’m throwing a

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• banquet. You can handle the preparations.”

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• Navier said nothing more, just nodded. “Got it.”

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• For days, she busied herself with the event.

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• The gala was extravagant—white lilies, Ophelia’s favorite flower in life, adorned the entire venue. Under the dazzling lights, the scene looked like something from a dream.

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• Amid the clinking glasses and mingling guests, snippets of conversation reached her ears.

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• “Lysander is really something, huh? It’s been years, he still can’t forget Ophelia. Throwing a whole damn banquet just to celebrate the day they met, even though she’s gone—the power of a first love is something else entirely.”

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• “Right? And his wife? God, I don’t know how she puts up with it. She even planned the whole thing herself. No way in hell I’d be able to do that because of love.”

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• Love? Perhaps once upon a time.

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• As she reached for a glass of wine, she spotted Lysander placing an elegantly wrapped gift box before Ophelia’s framed photograph.

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• Then, his friends approached.

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• “Man, you’re really pushing it this time. Look, we all get it—Ophelia was special. But you’ve got a wife who’s spent years loving you. What if she finally decides she’s had enough?”

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• Lysander gave a soft laugh, his tone tinged with disdain and self-assurance. “Anyone else might leave me, but she won’t.”

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• Navier’s fingers trembled slightly, ripples forming in her wine.

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• She lowered her head, a bitter smile tugging at her lips.

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• Lysander, this time, you’re dead wrong.”

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• After the banquet ended, they returned home, only to discover flames engulfed the villa. Smoke billowed into the night sky, painting the horizon in a sickly orange glow.

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• Lysander’s face turned ashen. He flung the car door open and rushed toward the burning building without hesitation.

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• Navier instinctively grabbed him. “Are you crazy? Wait for the firefighters!”

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• But Lysander shoved her away, his eyes wild with desperation. “If I wait, all of Ophelia’s things will be gone!”

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• Navier stumbled backward from the force, her knees slamming against the pavement, reopening her wounds. Blood trickled down her leg.

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• She looked up at Lysander’s back as he raced into the inferno. “They’re just material objects. Are they really worth more than your life?”

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• Lysander paused briefly but didn’t turn back.

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• His voice was cold and resolute. “Yes. She’s gone—those things are my life now.”

Watching him charge into the flames, Navier laughed out loud, making no further attempt to stop him.

The fire grew more intense, the smoke nearly suffocating.

Lysander’s silhouette appeared and disappeared in the fiery glow as he desperately salvaged everything connected to Ophelia, as if those items meant more to him than his own survival.

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Finally, he emerged from the blaze, arms full of rescued possessions.

His clothes were burned to tatters, his body covered in injuries, yet he still clutched Ophelia’s belongings tightly to his chest.

His eyes held a glimmer of satisfaction, as if he’d accomplished something vital to his existence.

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