

The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights by Brick Moving Ant

Chapter 17

Chapter 7

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- Three days later, Navier left the hospital alone.
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- The day she was discharged happened to be both Ophelia's birthday and her own.
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- After her birthday cake was delivered, she lit a candle.
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- Closing her eyes, she made a silent wish: "May I never see Lysander Vanderbilt again."
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- Just as she finished making her wish, Lysander stumbled in, clearly intoxicated.
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- He mentioned the cake and the flickering candle, and his expression darkened instantly.
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- He strode to the table and shoved the cake off the table.
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- "Navier Armstrong, Didn't I tell you? You're not allowed to celebrate your birthday on this day.
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- Ophelia doesn't get to anymore, so why the hell should you?"
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- Navier looked at him calmly, her voice devoid of emotio. "So because Ophelia is dead, and I happen
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- to share her birthday, I'm not allowed to celebrate my own birthday for the rest of my life?"
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- Lysander was momentarily taken aback, then coldly replied. "She's gone. You could've at least had
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- the decency to step aside today."
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- Navier froze for an instant. Then, she smiled.
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- When she looked up again, tears glistened in her eyes.
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- "Got it, Lysander. I won't celebrate in front of you again. Ever."
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- After that, Lysander remained angry with her and barely came home.
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- Every day, Navier would see updates on his secretary's instagram revealing that Lysander was still desperately searching for Ophelia's lookalike, but without success.
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- She waited patiently until the divorce waiting period was finally over.
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- At last, she could leave.
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- And that day, she walked out of court with the finalized decree in her hands.
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- When she returned home, she found Lysander passed out drunk on the sofa, mumbling Ophelia's
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- name.
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- "Ophelia... Ophelia..."
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- Navier stood there for a moment, just watching him.
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- Then, without a word, she set his copy of the divorce papers on the table and made a phone call to summon Celeste,
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- Outside the door, Celeste gripped Navier's hand anxiously. "Navier... What if I mess this up?"
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- Navier patted her hand reassuringly. "Don't worry. Just walk in and tell him you're Ophelia, that you've been reborn. He'll believe it. With that face, he'll treat you well for the rest of your life."

That face was her greatest weapon.

Celeste hesitated. "But... what if he asks about you?"

Hearing this question, Navier's expression remained perfectly calm.

"He won't ask about me. But if he does, tell him I'm dead."

With that, Navier hugged Celeste briefly and gently pushed her through the door.

Then she picked up her luggage, closed the door behind her, and hailed a Uber.

"Where to, miss?" The driver glanced at her through the rearview mirror.

Navier let out a slow breath, her tone lighter than it had been in years.

"The airport."

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