

# The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights by Brick Moving Ant

Chapter 18

Chapter 8

The boarding announcement echoed through the terminal as Navier joined the line of passengers onto the plane.

As the aircraft lifted off, she watched the city shrink beneath her and silently whispered to herself:

“Goodbye forever, Lysander Vanderbilt.”

She felt no curiosity about what might unfold at Duskdale Villa. Gazing out the window at the passing clouds, she felt lighter than she had in years.

Meanwhile, Celeste’s lips curved into a smile she had practiced countless times. With elegant gentleness, she pressed her fingers against Lysander’s temples.

“Lysander, you should stop drinking. You’ll have a terrible headache.”

Hearing that voice—familiar yet somehow different—Lysander froze. The whiskey bottle slipped from his hand, but he couldn’t process what was happening.

Only when the bottle shattered on the floor, shards cutting into his leg, did the pain jolt him back to

reality.

His mind reeled in confusion. Was this a dream? A hallucination? Or…?

“Ophelia? Is it… is it really you? You came back… I waited for you. I never stopped waiting. Seven years, Ophelia—I never forgot you.”

Lysander pulled Celeste into his arms with such force it was as if he wanted to merge her into his

very being.

Overwhelmed with emotion, his voice trembled. He rested his chin in the crook of her neck as silent tears rolled down his cheeks, falling onto her skin—so cold they made her shiver.

Celeste felt revulsion churning in her stomach, but she played her part flawlessly. She clutched his

shirt and gently patted his back.

“Yes, it’s me. I’m back now. I know. I know you waited. So I fought hard to come back to you.”

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The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights

14.5%

Chapter #

For a split second, Celeste feared he would see through the disguise.

But then-

He wrapped his arms around her again, his voice shaking with an almost delirious relief.

“Ophelia, you really came back! I’m not dreaming, am I? You must’ve suffered so much. But don’t worry, Ophella. I’ll never let you go again.”

“That disease that took you—my research team has found a way to cure it now. This time, I won’t

lose you again.”

Hearing this, Celeste relaxed, smiling softly and nodding.

Lysander’s drunkenness had completely vanished. He held Celeste’s hand tightly as he showed her

around the villa.

Her hand was warm, not cold like a ghost’s. Ophelia really had returned!

As long as she was back, nothing else mattered. Having her by his side was all that mattered.

“Ophelia, look—I planted these lilies in the garden myself. I remember they were your favorites. Seven years, and I never forgot a single detail.”

“Remember this? When we were together, you said you wanted a swing in our future home. You wanted me to push you on it. Would you like to try it now?”

Celeste recalled everything she’d memorized about Ophelia’s preferences and nodded.

She sat on the swing while Lysander gently pushed her, gradually sending her higher and higher.

Her white dress billowed around her as she smiled with crinkled eyes, but she pleaded softly:

“Lysander, slower please. This height is enough.”

But beneath the serene surface, her stomach churned with nausea.

She wasn’t Ophelia. She didn’t like swings.

She’d grown up in an impoverished trailer park on the outskirts of town. Even simple pleasures like riding bikes or playing with other kids had been beyond her reach.

21:51

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14.8%

Chapter 8

The constant grind of minimum wage jobs from her childhood had left her no time or energy for

play.

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