

The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights by Brick Moving Ant

Chapter 24

• Chapter 15

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• Lysander had just finalized Celeste's enrollment when an uninvited guest made an appearance,

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• A heavysset young man with dyed red hair, dirty dreadlocks, and multiple ear piercings kept peering

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• into their luxury vehicle.

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• After several glances, Roberto finally confirmed the woman inside was indeed his sister.

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• "Holy shit, Celeste! Look at you! Got yourself a sugar daddy with serious cash, sis!" he sneered,

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• giving her a contemptuous look before boldly climbing into the car.

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• His sweaty t-shirt leaving a faint mark on the leather seats, but shame wasn't in his vocabulary. He casually draped his arm over Lysander's shoulder.

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• "I'm Roberto Stanley, Celeste's brother. So you're my new brother-in-law, right? My sister hasn't sent me any money in forever. Since you're family now, that's gotta change, right?"

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• "A ride like this? You've got cash to burn. Why not just give me this car? Perfect timing—I'm getting my license soon and need some wheels!"

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• "Oh, and my parents are broke too—can't even afford their medical bills. Come on, bro, help us out!

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• Put it on Celeste's tab if you want."

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• When he finished, Roberto leaned back comfortably against the seat, his greedy eyes scanning the car's interior, treating Lysander as if he were completely irrelevant.

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• Celeste remained perfectly calm inside, actually hoping her brother would make an even bigger

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• scene.

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• Outwardly, however, she feigned fear, shrinking into Lysander's arms with apparent alarm.

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• "Lysander, he's not my brother! How could Celeste's brother be such a person? Should we help him?"

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• Do you think his family is really struggling that badly?"

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• Seeing her apparent innocence and kindness, Lysander suppressed his disgust. His gaze toward Roberto turned glacial.

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• "Of course. I'll be more than happy to 'help' the Stanley family—provided they can handle what's coming."

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• Roberto missed the ominous undertone completely. His smile widened and his look toward Lysander grew even more dismissive.

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• He extended his palm expectantly.

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• "Great, let's start with ten grand. Just as a little gift, y'know?"

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• Lysander let out a derisive laugh. "Ten grand? That's all? Feels like I should be more generous."

Lysander let out a derisive laugh. "Here—black Amex Centurion card has no limit and no PIN. Enjoy

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• yourself."

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• Hearing this, Roberto felt like he'd hit the jackpot—a windfall so huge it left him dizzy. He didn't spare a second to consider Lysander's motives.

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• Without hesitation, he snatched the card, bolting out of the car to test it before Lysander could

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• change his mind.

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• The moment Roberto exited, the car door slammed shut behind him.

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• Lysander's expression darkened to its lowest point as he called his secretary.

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"Nick. Send someone to impound this car. Have security flag my Amex for unauthorized

use—whoever tries to swipe it, I want them arrested on the spot. Push for maximum sentencing—I don't want to see Roberto Stanley free for decades."

"As for his parents, look into them. If they mistreated Celeste, find a reason to put them away 100. Preferably forever."

Hearing his words, Celeste felt momentarily disoriented.

Her parents and brother—who had once loomed over her like an insurmountable mountain, suffocating her—could be neutralized with just a casual order from Lysander.

Money and power were truly remarkable weapons.

But she had no interest in begging for Lysander's love.

She understood perfectly that his kindness toward her stemmed solely from her resemblance to

Ophelia.

Without this face and identity, she would receive nothing from him.

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Only what she held firmly in her own hands truly belonged to her.