

The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights by Brick Moving Ant

Chapter 26

- Chapter 17
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- If Lysander truly disliked Navier, he would never have allowed her into his life in the first place.
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- There had been plenty of women who had tried to date with him but he had pushed away without a second thought.
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- Yet somehow, Navier had been allowed to remain.
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- After the awkward silence stretched too long, his friends attempted to smooth things over.
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- “Alright, alright,” James conceded. “Whatever you say. We get it. You’re just being a responsible guy—concerned about a childhood friend abroad. We’ll help you look for her too. By the way, have you spoken with Navier’s parents about her disappearance?”
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- “They should know something, right? She’s their daughter, after all. It’s been quite a while—you should probably notify them.”
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- Lysander remained silent for a long moment before nodding.
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- The deafening music in the private room abruptly cut off as he dialed Mr. Armstrong’s number.
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- A heavy weight settled in his chest just before the other end finally picked up.
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- He had treated Navier poorly—there was no denying that.
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- “Lysander! What’s up, my boy?” Mr. Armstrong’s cheerful voice came through.
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- Lysander cleared his throat, maintaining a composed tone. “Dad, Navier and I are divorced. She left
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- New York and hasn’t been heard from since. Did you and Mrs. Armstrong know about this?”
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- “Oh, that! Sure, sure. Navier told us she’s off chasing her dreams now. We gave her our blessing! Divorce happens—we never thought you two were gonna last anyway. No need to call me ‘Dad’ anymore—back to Mr. Armstrong, just like the past.”
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- “Your parents were in such a rush to pull you out of your depression back then, pushing that marriage arrangement. Navier volunteered for it, and whatever happiness or unhappiness came with that choice was hers to bear. Now she’s divorced and doing her own business—that’s healthy growth, isn’t it?”
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- The Armstrongs had progressive views and clearly took the divorce in stride, clearly from the
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- 14.02
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- The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights
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- 22.2%
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- “marriage isn’t forever if it doesn’t work” school of thought.
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- Lysander’s face tightened and struggled to form his next question.
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- “So that’s it? She’s really moved on? and she’s just fine with it?”
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- Mr. Armstrong chuckled casually, giving it no deeper thought. “Yeah! Oh—funny thing, though. I actually ran into her a while back while I was traveling for business. Looked like she was having a great time. And there were a few handsome guys around her too, you know? Maybe she’s already started a new relationship!”
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- “WHAT?!”
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- Lysander’s grip on the phone tightened so severely that veins bulged along his forearm, nearly warping the device.
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- “Then is she-”
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- “Sorry to cut this short, but I’ve got to run—big merger negotiation waiting. If you wanna know more, maybe try calling her yourself. Later, kid.” Mr. Armstrong hastily hung up.
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- The call disconnected before Lysander could finish his question.
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- In the next instant, his phone flew across the room, smashing against the wall with such force it shattered completely.
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- Everyone in the room had overheard Mr. Armstrong’s side of the conversation. They froze, not daring to make a sound.
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- Lysander’s mind replayed Mr. Armstrong’s words on an endless loop, a suffocating aura building around him.
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- Rage blazed through him, consuming all rational thought.
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- CRACK!

His fist slammed into the glass coffee table, shattering it instantly. Countless shards embedded themselves in his hand with blood streaming down onto the floor.

He appeared not to notice the pain, only head slightly bowed as he let out a cold, bitter laugh.

22.5%

Chapter 17

“Well, well, Navier... Barely divorced and already in someone else’s bed? Was I not enough for

you?”

“This is your game, isn’t it? Trying to make me jealous and come running after you? Not a chance in

hell!”

Lysander’s pitch—black eyes seemed bottomless, his entire being radiating a terrifying energy.

The others remained silent, knowing they couldn’t sway him or change his mind. It was painfully obvious for them:

He was lying to himself. He cared desperately but was too proud to admit it.

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