

# The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights by Brick Moving Ant

Chapter 29

• Chapter 20

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• “Really? Then explain why you were living at Navier’s Lakeside Villa during that whole month–long divorce waiting period.”

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• Lysander hurled his phone into Celeste’s lap. On screen was the damning investigation report about

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• her.

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• “If I hadn’t dug deeper, I’d still be in the dark.”

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• “You and Navier coordinated quite brilliantly. This whole Ophelia impersonation act—you were betting I’d go soft over that face of yours, weren’t you?”

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• He gripped Celeste’s throat violently, his mind a chaotic whirlwind of conflicting emotions, acting purely on instinct.

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• Though tears involuntarily sprang from her eyes from the pain, Celeste remained remarkably composed. Instead of panic, she displayed her first genuine smile in days.

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• “Of course, you were supposed to fall for it. You love Ophelia, don’t you? I played my role perfectly. Why still chase after Navier? I can be your Ophelia—I’ll play that role for the rest of your life if that’s what you want.”

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• “Navier doesn’t love you anymore. She’s finally started a new chapter. Stop disrupting her life, Lysander.”

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• She said his name in Ophelia’s exact intonation.

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• Lysander reflexively loosened his grip on her throat, disgust churning inside him.

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• But seeing the red marks forming on her neck, he felt a conflicting pang of regret and concern.

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• “Celeste Stanley, from now on, just be Ophelia’s stand–in. I won’t love you, and I definitely won’t marry you! Get any ridiculous ideas out of your head.”

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• He shot her one final glare, signaled for his security team to watch her, then turned away without hesitation. He boarded the waiting helicopter, bound for England to bring Navier back.

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• One way or another, she owed him an explanation!

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• Celeste struggled against the security team, trying to break free.

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• The bodyguards reluctant to harm her, handled her with excessive care.

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• Recognizing this weakness, she made a desperate dash toward Lysander’s helicopter.

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• But she was too late.

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• The aircraft had already lifted off.

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• She couldn’t pursue him now,

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• Celeste collapsed to the ground, watching the helicopter shrink to a distant speck. Silently, she prayed Navier wouldn’t be found.

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• After sitting motionless for a long, she finally regained her composure and stood up.

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• With Lysander gone, she needed to accelerate her plans.

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• In England, Lysander had been searching for three days. He’d walked the Bond Street from the photo countless times but hadn’t spotted ‘Navier.

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• Wasn’t like New York—finding someone here was like searching for a needle in a haystack.

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• The golden leaves scattered across the streets did nothing to calm his frustration.

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• He needed to see Navier, demand answers and bring her back to America!

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• Yet the more desperately he searched, the more elusive she remained.

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• Just as he was about to give up, convinced she’d left England, he spotted them on that same familiar boulevard: Navier and a foreign man walking hand–in–hand, unhurriedly crunching through fallen

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leaves.

The photograph hadn’t prepared him for the visceral impact of seeing them in person.

His brain short–circuited. Everything around him blurred.

Nothing else existed except the sight of their intertwined fingers.

Jealousy clawed through his chest, burning through him like wildfire and drowning out every last shred of rationality.

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Chapter

He had to take her back! She couldn’t be with another man!

Lysander charged toward Navier, swinging a furious punch at Aubrey’s face.

Aubrey effortlessly sidestepped the blow. Though he had a clear opportunity to counter–attack, he merely smirked provocatively at Lysander before ducking behind Navier.

Despite his tall, muscular frame, Aubrey dramatically shrank against Navier’s back, feigning distress like someone who’d suffered a terrible injustice.

“Navier,” he whined with exaggerated vulnerability, his dangerous face completely at odds with his tone, “he’s bullying me.”