The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights by Brick Moving Ant

Chapter 33

- Chapter 24
-
- Lysander nearly crushed the phone in his grip. Only after several deep breaths did he regain a
-
- semblance of control.
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- "Hang tight. I'm on it!"
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- He raced back to headquarters at breakneck speed, only to find Celeste lounging in his executive
-
- chair.
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- "So, Lysander," she drawled, "satisfied with how things turned out? I told you I didn't want you bothering Navier."
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- In that moment, everything clicked. This entire catastrophe was Celeste's handiwork.
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- A bitter laugh escaped his throat as he snarled through clenched teeth:
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- Well played, Celeste. I clearly underestimated you. But the Vanderbilt empire won't going down because of your little games. You think I won't throw you into a cell and leave you there to rot?"
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- Celeste's smile remained soft and gentle–eerily similar to Ophelia's–but her words cut like ice.
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- "You won't."
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- "Just imagine poor Ophelia in a jail cell, eating terrible food, sleeping on a hard bunk, being bullied by other inmates. You couldn't bear it."
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- Her smile brightened further.
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- "Relax, Lysander. This little mess? Consider it my gift to you. You should actually thank me–I just helped you get rid of the dead weight in your company."
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- "I haven't broken any laws. I simply revealed the rot that was already inside your organization."
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- "Why not just stay here and fix your business? Why do you keep chasing after Navier? She's happy
-
- now."
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- "Your beloved 'Ophelia' is right here by your side forever. What more could you possibly want?"
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- 12:43
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- The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights
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- 28.2%
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- Celeste couldn't comprehend Lysander's inner conflict.
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- He wanted everything, but life doesn't work that way.
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- Gaining something means losing something else–in perfectly fair exchange.
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- He should learn to be content.
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- Lysander's gaze shifted rapidly as he studied her, nearly choking on his rage.
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- "Celeste Stanley. You're just banking on the fact I won't hurt that face of yours. But what happens when you stop looking like Ophelia? Ever think about that?"
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- "When that day comes, I won't hesitate to destroy you."
-
- Celeste embraced him tenderly, perfecting Ophelia's signature gaze.
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- "That day will never come, Lysander. But if it did, you'd be the one with regrets and fear, not me. After all, you love Ophelia more than anything…right?"
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- Her words left Lysander feeling utterly powerless.
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- He angrily pushed her away, conflicted as he stared at her face–a face he both loved and hated.
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- If only she didn't look so much like Ophelia.
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- Then he wouldn't need to hold back. He could deal with her however he wanted.
-
- But that damn face was too similar.
-
- Celeste dialed Navier's number with satisfaction.
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- "Navier! I hope you're happy. And if Aubrey ever mistreats you, I'll be the first one to set him
-
- straight."
-
- Navier laughed, surprised that Celeste's first words after getting her number would be this.
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- "I'll pass that along to Aubrey. But how are you doing with Lysander? Everything okay?"
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- "Don't worry. I won't let myself be mistreated again. And this is my true self now–I don't mind playing Ophelia occasionally. I actually enjoy it."
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- "That's great!" Navier felt a relief.
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- After chatting for a few more minutes, Celeste finally hung up.
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- She turned to find Lysander still standing there, but felt no concern about his reaction.
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- There was nothing left to hide.
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- Lysander felt as though he'd been plunged into an icy abyss.
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- Never before had he realized with such clarity that Navier truly no longer loved him.
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- In the past, he could have deluded himself that this was just another of her tactics to win his
-
- attention.
-
- But now, she was marrying another man. Her claims about moving on had been genuine from the
-
- start.
-
- The only one stuck in the past was him.
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- After making basic arrangements to stabilize the company, Lysander bought several bottles of whiskey and placed a bouquet of lilies at Ophelia's grave.
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- He sat beside the headstone and spoke in a hoarse voice.
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- "Ophelia… I think I screwed up. A lot."

"I regret everything. Since you left me, every choice I've made–I regret it all."

"If you were here, knowing what I've done, you'd probably hate me, wouldn't you? You were always

so kind."

He looked down at his hand, watching blood drip from her fingertips, staining the documents on the

Nights

28.6%

Chap 74

Boor

"I couldn't let you go, yet grew in leler and bay lady at my fa

But no matter how many bottles be emptied, ender med pally saber, and forting slightly intoxicated.

He stumbled back in Duskale Ville in close to sleep in the mader bedroom, infaling ters

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lingering scent as he drifted off

Tomorrow, he would continue his battle with Clare,

Five years later, Celeste had successfully carved off a standal portion of the Vanderbilt Group Knowing when to quit while ahead, the cafted out and left. Then flew to England to join Navier and Aubrey.

Lysander remained with his wounded company, staring at a photograph on his desk showing Navier and Aubrey together.

With cold exprossion, he cut out Aubrey's portion of the picture and burned it to ashes.

He placed Navier's remaining image next to Ophelia's photograph.

Surrounded by these two pictures, he lived out the rest of his days in solitude.

Love or not love–Lysander had long since lost the ability to distinguish between them.

Only habits etched into his bones continued to haunt him.

In the end, he was left with nothing

(1)

Chapter 1

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