

The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights by Brick Moving Ant

Chapter 35

- Chapter 2
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- From day one, Zephyr was always pushing boundaries.
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- During class, he'd slide his hand under the desk to capture mine, fingers intertwining.
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- I never could bring myself to pull away.
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- During lunch breaks, I'd rest my head on my arms. He'd return from basketball practice sweaty, lean against the wall with one arm, his body practically caging me in. His raw, masculine scent would envelop me completely. I'd blush, totally flustered.
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- He'd casually grab my water bottle, tilting his head back for a long drink.
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- Water droplets would trace down his Adam's apple, one falling onto my collarbone, sending
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- electricity through me.
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- Licking his lips, he'd flash that signature smirk: "Damn, Phoebe. You smell good. Even your water
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- tastes sweet."
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- At the track meet, guys on the sidelines whistled and made crude comments about my bouncing
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- chest as I ran.
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- I tripped, completely mortified. Zephyr was the one who carried me to the nurse's office.
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- After we turned 18, things escalated quickly. His advances became bolder, more explicit.
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- During the power outage in evening study hall, he pulled me against him, his hands exploring under my clothes.
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- I tried to squirm away, embarrassed, but he just gripped me tighter, his kisses hungrier.
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- His voice was low and gravelly against my ear: "Fuck, Phoebe. I need you."
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- It all felt like a natural progression.
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- He sent me lingerie that only lovers would exchange.
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- I put it on with nervous excitement, heart racing as I prepared to meet him.
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Bride of Velvet Nights

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- I thought we were finally together, my first time with the boy I'd loved since freshman year.
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- Then his words crushed my world, systematically destroying all my hopes and dignity.
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- My genuine feelings were just locker room talk.
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- The body I was nervously sharing with someone I loved was just "easy" and "slutty" to them.
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- I had convinced myself that Zephyr had finally fallen for me too, but Katherine Linderman had always been his real goal.
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- I was the "kinky slut" for fun; she was the precious angel who needed protection.
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- Love or lust—it was all just a game to him.
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- When Zephyr's friends left, I hid in the stairwell. Hand pressed against my mouth, trying to stay
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- silent.
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- The tears came anyway.
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- My phone buzzed continuously.
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- When I didn't answer his calls, the texts started:
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- Zephyr: [DurexUltra Thin.jpg]
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- Zephyr: [DurexRibbed PleasureMax.jpg]
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- ZephFire: [Where you at, babe?]
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- ZephFire: [Which condoms you want me to use?]
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ZephFire: [Fuck it, I'll bring both]

When I didn't respond, he got more explicit:

ZephFire: [My little freak wants it raw?]

ZephFire: [You're on birth control, right?]

Zephyr: [Butterfly Clamp_BodyChain_FoxTailPlug.jpg]

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ZephFire: [Wasn't ready for how linky you are. Whatever gets you wet, iny card's yours)

Just hours ago, these messages would have made me blush with nervous anticipation, thinking this was just how couples talked to each other.

I would have felt special that the most popular boy in school wanted me this way.

Now I clutched my phone, nausea and humiliation washing over me in waves,

The warm flutter in my stomach had transformed into a cold, heavy stone.

I bit my lip until I tasted blood, but couldn't stop crying.

I pulled my coat tighter, covering what I now realized was just packaging for his entertainment, and walked away.

♡ (1)