

FATED: MY PERFECT WIFE IS A SUBSTITUTE

Chapter 2 Asking For Help

At the sound of her voice, the man in the car turned around and rolled down the window.

Sunlight flooded into the car, illuminating the man's handsome face.

He was looking at her with a frown.

The reason why his car was parked in the middle of nowhere was that it had suddenly broken down.

Never in his wildest dreams would he have expected a woman in a wedding dress to approach him out of the blue.

Briar Powell, his assistant who was sitting in the driver's seat, turned to look at the man and asked in a low voice, "Sir, what should we do with this girl? It's almost the time for our meeting with Mr. O'Brien."

The man didn't raise his head to look at the assistant. He just said indifferently, "Focus on repairing the car. Don't mind her."

"Yes, sir," Briar replied respectfully, ignoring Celia outside the car. He tried to start the car repeatedly, but failed.

Seeing that the bodyguard and the driver were about to catch up with her, Celia was overwhelmed by fear.

She started knocking on the window desperately, pinning all her hopes on a man she had never met before.

"Please! Please help me!"

Her beautiful, pleading eyes were irresistible.

When the man turned and saw the desperation in her eyes, he couldn't help but be reminded of the time he was in a similar situation.

Before he knew what he was doing, he found himself opening the door. Celia's eyes lit up instantly and she jumped into the car without hesitation.

Making her escape had consumed all her strength, and the pain brought by the aphrodisiac was as unbearable as a million ants biting her skin. Out of breath and panting, she fell into the man's arms unexpectedly.

The man caught her steadily and looked her up and down.

When he saw that Celia was wearing a wedding dress, he suddenly thought about the phone call from his father, Danilo Shaw.

Today was his wedding day. His father had arranged a marriage for him, but he never went back to the Shaw family for the wedding. No matter how badly his father threatened him over the phone, he simply ignored him. When he was kicked out of the Shaw family, he was caught between a rock and a hard place. Naturally, he wouldn't just accept the wife the Shaw family had picked out for him.

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But now he was curious about the poor bride he had left behind.

He was lost in Celia's eyes when the bodyguard and the driver had arrived. Seeing that the man was holding Celia, the bodyguard shouted anxiously, "Let her go! This is the Shaw family's bride! Let her go right this instant!"

For a moment, the man was overwhelmed with shock.

It turned out that the girl in his arms was actually the bride his father had arranged for him.

Celia curled up in the man's arms and said in a trembling voice, "They... They want to rape me. Please don't let them get to me! Please! You have to help me!"

The man frowned slightly and looked at her flushed face. He raised his head and said to his own bodyguard, Godwin Benson, "Get rid of the men outside."

Godwin promptly got out of the car and knocked the driver and the bodyguard down before they could protest.

Almost at the same time, Briar turned around and said, "Sir, the car's working now."

The man ordered coldly, "Then let's go. Godwin will deal with them."

The assistant was about to start the engine when Celia squirmed in the man's arms.

She clenched the man's suit. Although there were several layers of clothes between them, she could still feel the warmth emanating from his body, making her legs go numb.

She couldn't help but touch the man's exposed skin. She even grabbed his rough fingers and sucked them in her mouth without warning.

"I'm sorry, I... I just feel so hot and uncomfortable..."

She tried to pry the man's suit off and kissed the part of the white shirt that covered his chest.

Every move she made was very clumsy, and it was clear that she wasn't experienced at all. It seemed that her lust and desire were aroused by some sort of aphrodisiac.

However, it was this clumsy flirtation that aroused the man's desire in a way he had never felt before.

The man had never shown any interest in women over the years, so he was shocked at his own reaction to the girl he had only met once.

While his expression remained calm, he couldn't help but glance at the two men who were beaten down outside the car.

Were they the ones who drugged her? But they didn't seem to have the guts to do such a thing. After all, she was the bride that the Shaw family picked. How dare they rape the future Mrs. Shaw?

In his distraction, he didn't realize that his shirt was being unbuttoned.

Celia wrapped her arms around his neck and rubbed her body against his, panting heavily next to his ear.

The man couldn't help but hold the woman close, stroking her restless body. He said to Briar in a hoarse voice, "Postpone the meeting with Mr. O'Brien and go back to the mansion first."

Without any hesitation, Briar turned the car around and headed straight to the Hillside Mansion.

The luxury car pulled into a path surrounded by lush trees. After passing through three gates, they arrived at a mansion facing the sea, nestled against the mountains.

Curled up in the man's arms, Celia couldn't help but look at her surroundings in awe.

This was the sole building in the whole area, and the outer walls were covered with exquisite carvings. The architectural details of the mansion were very exquisite, and its interiors were even more detailed than its exterior. On one wall, there were several artfully done murals, which added a sense of history and art to the modern design.

But even the drugged Celia noticed that there were countless CCTV cameras inside the house, which proved that the man was no ordinary person.

As soon as they stepped inside the majestic mansion, the man led Celia to his bedroom.

He was planning to take her to his bathroom to help her calm down with cold water.

Unexpectedly, as soon as he opened the door, the woman pounced on him and the two fell on the floor of the bedroom. The woman's delicate lips planted kisses on him crazily.

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