

## FATED: MY PERFECT WIFE IS A SUBSTITUTE

### Chapter 7 The Wedding

The bodyguards all sprang into action and chased after Celia as fast as they could. Adrien kicked away the suitcase and hopped in the taxi. He barked at the driver, "Chase her! Hurry up!"

The driver was in a daze. Under Adrien's orders, he immediately started the car to chase after the running woman. However, before long, the tires suddenly exploded.

Adrien cursed under his breath. Now, he could only count on the bodyguards to catch Celia. He kicked the driver's seat hard and shouted, "Useless!"

Meanwhile, Celia was running as fast as she could and finally managed to get rid of the bodyguards.

Fortunately, she had learned karate before and was in

good shape. Otherwise, she hated to think of what might happen if she couldn't shake off these bodyguards!

Seeing that the taxi was nowhere in sight, she breathed a sigh of relief.

However, this place was unfamiliar to her and she had no idea where to go. Moreover, the adrenaline was wearing off and she doubted she'd be able to walk to the train station on foot. In the end, Celia figured that the best course of action was to find a place to hide in the meantime.

While running, she looked around. Finally, she saw a church in the distance.

Perfect!

However, when she got close, Celia looked at the

church in disbelief. The building was as luxurious as a palace, even more exquisite than many buildings in the city center.

But Celia couldn't afford to hesitate. This church was the only place to hide.

Gritting her teeth, she glanced over her shoulder to check if there were any bodyguards who had caught up to her.

Seeing that she was in the clear, she rushed over and barged into the church, intending to ask for help.

However, to her surprise, sitting inside the church were many well-dressed people.

It seemed that a wedding was going to be held here. Celia figured that the bride and groom came from rich families, because all the guests in attendance were

well-dressed and noble-looking.

Celia was shocked and immediately bowed to everyone apologetically. "I'm sorry!"

It seemed that her plan to hide in the church wouldn't work.

Just as she was about to turn around to leave, Adrien's voice suddenly sounded behind her again.

"Sorry, we're late."

Celia's blood ran cold.

She was about to bolt once more when her arm was grabbed hard by Adrien. He lowered his head and threatened in a hiss, "If you want to live, behave yourself!"

He forcefully straightened her back and quickly dragged her to the front of a noble man.

The man was Tyson's father, Danilo. He was the head of the Shaw family.

"Mr. Shaw, I'm sorry we're late. There was a traffic jam on our way here. We got here as fast as we could." Bowing flatteringly, Adrien gave excuses to Danilo.

Then he pushed Celia in

front of him and said fawningly, "This is my daughter. She has nothing but a good-looking face. I hope your son will like her."

Danilo ignored Adrien's excuses and looked Celia up and down. "She's indeed very pretty. Why isn't she dressed yet? Tell her to get changed into her wedding

dress immediately. When the groom arrives, the wedding ceremony will begin officially."

The middle-aged man seemed to be born with an air of indifference and arrogance. Celia couldn't help but be reminded of the man from last night.

The two had similar faces and temperament, but Danilo was much older than the man Celia had slept with last night. Danilo's face was covered in wrinkles, and time hadn't been too kind to him. His features were not as delicate and handsome as that man.

After saying that, Danilo turned around indifferently, leaving them there.

Celia's guess was confirmed. Her wedding with Tyson was going to be held in this very church!

She was trying to run away from the wedding, not to

it!

She was trying to run away from the wedding, not to it!

Celia's legs were trembling. Her eyes darted all over the place, looking for an opportunity to escape. That was when she saw her stepmother Mabel among the guests. The noble woman, all dressed in designer clothing, sauntered over, her hips swaying from side to side.

Adrien pushed Celia into her arms and urged, "Get her changed! Now!"

Before Celia could react, she was dragged into a lounge by Mabel and Adrien.

There was no one else here. Soon, the wedding dress was brought to the lounge. With his back to Mabel,

Adrien motioned for her to help Celia change into the wedding dress.

Mabel nodded and was about to take off Celia's clothes. She hissed, "Little bitch, you'd better behave yourself! Don't try to run away. The bodyguards of the Shaw family are outside. Do you think you can run away from them? You should know that this is the private church of the Shaw family. We're standing on their territory. Where will you go?

Moreover, they're the most powerful family in the city. You should be thankful you're marrying a Shaw!"

Celia was stunned. No wonder this church was so magnificent, and the landscape around it was so trim. It turned out that this was the Shaw family's territory. It seemed that she wouldn't be able to escape today.

But she refused to accept her fate. Facing the



sneering Mabel, she said angrily, "What makes you think I'll obey you? I can just tell the Shaw family that I'm not Cerissa and that you're lying to them. I'd like to see if Danilo will still invest in the Kane Group once he finds out about this!"

As soon as she finished speaking, Adrien looked at her coldly and pulled something out of his pocket.

Celia was stunned at the sight of her mother's sapphire ring in her father's hand. She had been looking for it everywhere!

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