Fake Marriage: The Trillionire Tycoon's Fiesty Bride

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Chapter 1

It was a bright and sunny day. White fluffy clouds drifted across the clear, blue sky.

The distinguished guests dressed in their fanciest attire gathered on the top floor of a fivestar hotel. They were here to celebrate the wedding ceremony of Evangeline, the Oldest daughter of the Carter family. She was getting married to Mark Johnson, the man she had been dating and engaged to for the past four years.

The floor was covered with white snow lilies and red roses with a long red carpet cutting through from the entrance of the hall down to the aisle. The fresh fragrance filled the air. The guests happily stood along the carpet, all smiles and sending their best wishes.

Evangeline was in a grand room getting dressed by the two stylists and their assistant that was hired to help her with her makeup. She sat in front of the dressing table as one of the stylists was applying make-up on her face while the other one was styling her hair.

"Miss Evangeline, you look perfect in this dress. The dress surely was made exclusive for you!" The stylists commented when she did a light touch-up on her face after they assisted Evangeline in her beautiful wedding dress while the other stylist helped Evangeline straighten the back of her dress properly.

But Evangeline didn't utter a single word in return to the head stylists comment. The stylists swallowed back the rest of her words, she was already expecting such a reaction from Evangeline.

'It turns out that the rumors about Evangeline were true.' The stylists thought when Evangeline didn't bother to respond to her remarks.

Sitting down in front of the mirror, Evangeline opened her eyes to see herself in the mirror and glanced at the wall clock. "Is it done?" She asked when she noticed that she has only limited time before the wedding ceremony begins.

"Yes ma'am. I have already applied the minimum make up and it will not irritate you anymore." The stylists replied as she looked at Evangeline.

Earlier, Evangeline had thrown a fit the first time her makeup was done. She had even asked the stylists to redo her hair style many times until it was satisfactory.

"Is there any other problem, Miss Evangeline?" One of the stylists asked nervously when she noticed Evangeline's gaze was scanning the room.

"Where is Christine and why isn't she here? She was supposed to help me with the wedding dress but I can't find her anywhere." Evangeline asked looking the stylists that had questioned her.

"Does Miss Evangeline want us to go and get Miss Christine for her?" The head stylists asked.

"No need. I will find her myself." Evangeline replied curtly.

Hearing Evangeline reply the stylists looked reluctant, the couldn't have the bride wandering around but no one dared to argue with Evangeline because they feared the harsh personality she possessed

"Alright, that's enough. You all should get out of here and give me some alone time." Evangeline said in a rude manner to the stylists and waved her hand signaling them to leave the room.

The stylists bowed slightly before they all left the room without making any arguments. Afterall, they had successfully completed their task. Evangeline was now satisfied with the make-up and she was going to be the most stunning woman at today's event.

After the stylists left, Eva had a beautiful smile on her lips which made her look more stunning as she imagined herself, the bride and Mark on the altar exchanging rings and sealing their vows with a kiss. She couldn't contain her happiness and let out a chuckle.

Evangeline stood up from the seat and slowly walked towards the floor-to-ceiling mirror to check herself out.

"I am so gorgeous." Evangeline gasped in awe as she stared at herself confidently.

A pleasing smile appeared on Evangeline's danity face. Her slender finger brushed on the multicolor eye-catchy bouquet which had flown from overseas on her request. She was wearing an elegant designer wedding gown accentuating her slender lossom physique.

She was truly a beautiful goddess, there was no denial to that fact. She must have been the reincarnation goddess of beauty. Her well sculptured smooth round shaped face, heart shaped pink lips, long wing-like eyelashes that fanned her cheeks anytime she blinked, and a snow white skin, were all that complimented her beauty.

Picking up her phone, Evangeline sat down and dialed a number to only get a robotics reply. 'The number you have called is not reachable.'

"Where the hell is she? Why isn't she picking up my calls?" She mumbled in between her breath because according to the time, the wedding will start soon.

Evangeline stood up from the sit, she planned to give Christine an earful when she found her. She lifted her front dress and walked out the room.

She gritted her teeth in anger, she wasn't supposed to be wandering around like this on her wedding day. However, she had no choice but to find Christine herself. Christine was supposed to help and assist her with the wedding dress but she wasn't there.

Evangeline walked along the long hallway, she was happy that there weren't any guests passing by at the moment.

After walking through the hallway, Eva still couldn't find Christine. She decided to try calling Christine again before she gave up and went back to her room and called back the stylists to help her with pinning her wedding veil to her hair.

Still not getting the response she was expecting, Eva turned around back to her room when she heard a voice coming from one of the rooms. Eva raised her eyebrow cause she found the voice very familiar, she took a step towards the room.

Evangeline bit her bottom lips hard as she stretched out her hand and reached for the doorknob and opened the door slightly so that the people inside the room wouldn't be alerted of her presence.

"What is wrong with you, Christine? Why do you have that look on your face?" Mark asked as he grabbed Christine by the shoulder.

Christine slowly raised her head up and looked up at Mark with teary eyes.

"Why are you crying, Christine? You know I hate it when you cry. Tell me what's wrong with you?" Mark demanded with a worried voice.

"Do you have to marry her? I thought the plan was different. I can't just watch and feel happy seeing you getting married to my sister. It makes me sad." Christine said sniffing her nose as she cleaned her eyes with the back of her hand.

Evangeline who was outside the room door couldn't help but gasp in shock. What is her soon-to-be husband - Mark, doing with her sister - Christine, in a room. But she was more concerned about what they were talking about.

"I know it's a different plan. I was supposed to break off the engagement with her before it led to us getting married. But, I need you to believe that I also don't want to do this, however, I have no choice but to get married to her. You know that." Mark's voice sounded colder than what Evangeline was used to.

"I know. I'm just afraid that might grow feelings for her after you both get married. I'm also a woman and it's natural to get jealous and battle insecurities."

"Haha.....how can you start thinking about such a silly thing? Evangeline and I have been together for four years and I didn't fall for her. I can't stand her at all, after six months of marriage we are getting divorced. I only have eyes for you." Mark reassured Christine.

"Are you sure?" Christine's eyes glowed as she looked at Mark to confirm.

"I am sure. We would get divorce after six months. Just wait for me." Mark reassured her again. He touched Christine's face and towards her.

Evangeline covered her mouth with her hand. At that point, the world felt surreal to her and she felt like she was in a dream. Her entire world came crashing down as she watched the two sharing a passionate kiss.

She pursed her lips together and gathered all her will power as she unlocked her cellphone and video both Mark and Christine.

Unable to continue watching the act, Evangeline turned on her heels and walked back to her room. The day has just turned out to be her worst nightmare.