

A few days later, Janet arrived at a small church in the suburbs, wearing a simple white slip dress.

She was getting married today.

She was going to marry a man she had never seen before.

She didn't bother renting a wedding dress because she didn't want to pay for it. Janet had to pay the medical fees for Hannah's surgery.

She bought some white baby's-breath in a flower shop and asked the seller to give her an extra white silk ribbon to braid her hair. Janet looked pure and innocent.

It was time for the wedding, but the groom hadn't

arrived yet. The wedding venue was almost empty -- only a few people had arrived.

"Don't worry. He's probably stuck in traffic. Let's wait a little longer," Bernie comforted Janet.

Janet's breathing faltered.

She had heard something about the man she was going to marry. His name was Ethan Lester. The man didn't have a decent job and was an idler who wasted his time hanging out with punks from the streets all the time.

The thought of marrying someone like him made Janet stomach churn with anxiety, but she had no choice.

"Why hasn't the groom and his family arrived yet?" Fiona frowned and glanced at the handful of people in

the church. She was dressed in a gorgeous, soft purple dress. The subtle makeup accentuated her features -- she looked breathtaking

It seemed like the Lester family didn't value the marriage. However, Janet wasn't bothered. She only cared about Hannah's medical expenses.

Janet leaned closer to Fiona and whispered, "Will you give me the money as soon as the wedding is over?"

She had promised her adoptive parents to trade her marriage for money to save Hannah's life.

"We are family. Why do you keep talking about money all the time? Don't worry. I will give you the money as promised. Don't keep asking about it." Regardless of how gentle Fiona tried to sound, impatience was evident in her voice.

Meanwhile, Jocelyn also arrived.

She walked into the church in a splashy outfit and expensive jewelry, holding her boyfriend's arm.

She strutted toward Bernie and Fiona with a smug smile. She had stolen Janet's wealthy boyfriend, leaving her to marry the worthless illegitimate child of the Lester family.

Steve's brows furrowed when he saw Janet in her wedding dress. A ball of guilt settled in the pi

t of his stomach.

It was all his fault. A moment's passion had ended his relationship with the love of his life. Janet was going to marry someone else.

He didn't intend to attend the wedding. Jocelyn had

practically dragged him to the church. However, he couldn't refuse after learning that Jocelyn was pregnant with his child.

Steve's eyes had been fixed on Janet ever since he arrived at the church. Jocelyn couldn't bear to watch him gape at the woman she despised.

Nothing had changed even after all these years. Janet managed to captivate everyone with her charm. People always paid attention to her instead of Jocelyn.

Jealousy reared its ugly head. Jocelyn grew furious and began yelling at Steve, irrespective of the occasion. "Believe it or not, I'll gouge your eyes out. What the hell is so good about that bitch? Why are you staring at her like that?"

Then, she turned and sneered. "Why hasn't the bridegroom arrived yet? The man is late for his own wedding. How could he be reliable? His family hasn't bothered to come either. It looks like they don't care about that bastard."

Jocelyn was a princess at home. No one would blame her for making such rude comments. However, they were in a public place, and she was the bride's sister. Her rude, presumptuous behavior had become the topic of everyone's gossip.

Janet gently lifted her hemline and stepped forward. Janet had tolerated Jocelyn regardless of how arrogant and heartless she had been in the past. However, she couldn't put up with her nonsense anymore. "Jocelyn, don't call anyone a bastard! You're in a church now. Mind your language! Don't you have basic manners?"

Jocelyn was taken aback. She had never seen Janet like this -- the woman had always been tolerant.

Hearing that, the church fell silent. Just then, the gate creaked open.

A tall man stepped inside. The dazzling sunlight seemed to outline his slender frame.

As the church gate closed again, the man looked up. His deep eyes swept across the crowd, his lips pursed into a thin line. He buttoned up his suit and smoothed his coat as if he had come here in a hurry.

The sunlight cast a soft glow on his handsome face. It looked like God had put all effort into creating him. All eyes were on him as if he had cast a spell on everyone in the church.

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