

The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband

Chapter 661

Chapter 661 He said, sorry.

Joyce's eyes narrowed. She did not expect that he would react in such a way. As expected, he was a starved man who had not touched a woman for so many years. Damien did not close his eyes. He stared at her beautiful face. She was also looking at him.

Damien slowly narrowed his handsome eyes. Seeing that she did not resist, he gently bit her lips

Joyce quickly snorted, because his teeth clenched on her lips.

Damien quickly let go of her and propped his big hands on the wall beside her. He lowered his voice and said, "Sorry..."

He had no experience.

The only experience he had was that night.

The two of them had a clear purpose that night, and they didn't know each other well. They weren't so nervous.

Joyce couldn't believe that he was actually apologizing for almost hurting her lips. She really didn't know what to respond.

She stretched out her arms and wrapped her them around his neck.

Damien pursed his lips and did not utter a word.

"How about I teach you?" Joyce whispered.

This time, she took the initiative to kiss him.

Damien wrapped his arms around her soft waist and hugged her, then he closed his eyes.

The two of them kissed for a long time, and the sound of water splashed in their ears.

Joyce withdrew her lips and buried her face in his embrace. "Mr. Robert, I haven't showered yet. I want to shower first."

Damien opened his eyes. His eyes conveyed affection. His Adam's apple rolled up and down. Only then did he resist the urge to continue kissing her.

Damien let go of her and said h oar sely, "Go ahead."

Joyce looked at him reluctantly, "How about we wash together?"

Damien's eyes darkened as he reached out to grab her.

Joyce smiled, as she avoided his grip. She stretched out her hand and brushed away the hair on her face.

"Mr. Robert, I was only joking. Wait for me," she said with a soft smile.

With that, Joyce entered the bathroom.

Looking at her pretty figure disappearing from his line of sight, Damien felt that

something wasn't right.

Damien still felt like kissing her again. In order to divert his thoughts from her, Damien knew that he needed to take a cold shower.

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A few minutes later, Damien came out. After taking a shower, he raised his legs and entered the room.

The room was very quiet, but the big soft bed was covered with a quilt. Under the quilt was a slender figure.

He immediately frowned. Wouldn't she suffocate like this?

However, she was already lying on the bed waiting for him.

Damien had also reflected on himself just now. For so many years, he had been surrounded by many celebrities, but he had not been moved. Why did he seem to be bewitched by Joyce?

Maybe it was because he was surrounded by women since he was a child, hence he wasn't moved by any sexual advances. But Joyce was different from the women he had met, she was smart and playful, bold and bright, and he was immediately attracted to her.

Damien pursed his lips. He came to the bed and lifted the blanket with his palm.

"Joyce..." his words came to an abrupt end, because there was no one under the bed, but two pillows. The two pillows were put together and was formed into the shape of a human. The key point was that there was a note on the pillow.

"Have a great time," the note read.

Damien's handsome face turned gloomy. She actually lied to him!

All her initiatives, the kiss just now, were fake, she just wanted to get away. Her trick was good enough!

Turning the note to the other side, Damien saw that there was another message for him.

"Mr. Robert, don't take it seriously. There are some really sexy women in this address. You can go there and have some fun.." the note read, and there was an address at the bottom on the note.

Damien gritted his teeth. He stretched out his white and clean palm and crumpled the small card into a ball.

With one hand on his hip, he ripped open the button of his shirt collar. He was so angry, how could he have underestimated this woman!

He quickly took his phone from his trousers pocket and made a call.

"Check where she is and bring her back! he ordered.

An hour later.

The clubhouse was completely destroyed. The cowherds were squatting in a corner with their heads in their arms.

At this moment, there was a sound of steady approaching footsteps.

The manager quickly looked up and saw that Damien had come out, but he left quickly and all the bodyguards left with him.

The four Rolls-Royce luxury cars sped away.

The devil was finally gone!

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The manager breathed a sigh of relief. Though the properties in the clubhouse were destroyed, the building itself wasn't demolished. She planned on renovating it the next day.

At this moment, the door of the clubhouse was pushed open again, and a cold air seeped in.

Could it be that the devil had returned?

The manager was startled and she quickly turned around. However, the next moment, she looked relieved because it wasn't the monsters who had destroyed her place, but three men.

Alpha arrived, he was accompanied by Reuben, and his personal assistant.

The manager looked at Alpha. The man was dressed in a black suit. His aura was cold and restrained.

The manager's eyes lit up. The man before her was as handsome as the devil who destroyed her place. But to her, the man before her was a little cuter than the vicious devil.

"Hello, sir, I had an accident here, but it's alright. Please go upstairs. I'll call out the most beautiful girls here to attend to you," the manager was ready to get back to business.

Alpha glanced at the manager, then he calmly hooked his thin lips, "Okay, then I'll wait upstairs. Let me have the most beautiful girl here."

Alpha, alongside Reuben and his personal assistant, entered the luxurious room.

Annabelle was still in the clubhouse, because she couldn't escape.

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Chapter 662 Mystery Guest

Damien's men had blocked the entire place, and not even a fly could get out.

Annabelle had returned to her room. She was still worried about Joyce, so she took out her phone and sent a text message to Elvis.

Immediately she sent the message, the young man she had hired said to her, "Hi, beauty."

Annabelle looked back and saw that the young man had a cat ear on his head and he started to twist his butt in front of her.

Annabelle looked at the guy's face that looked exactly like Alpha's. She **seemed** to see Alpha wearing cat ears and twisting his butt in front of her.

Alpha would definitely not do such a thing. He was such a deep and noble business man.

Annabelle suddenly remembered the first time she had seen Alpha many years ago.

At that time, she **was** still studying. One day, there **was** a sensation in the school. All the students rushed to the hall.

"Hurry up, hurry up, Alpha is here!"

"Alpha was invited to **give** an academic speech at our school. I finally **have** the opportunity to meet this famous businessman from Imperial!"

"I heard that he is outrageously handsome!" Her classmates had exclaimed happily.

Annabelle had a cold personality and did not intend to join in the fun. She wanted to leave, but a good friend pulled her back, "Annabelle, let's go have a look too, that's Alpha!"

Annabelle **was** pulled over. That day, there was a huge crowd of people. She stood in the crowd and looked up at the rostrum. At a glance, she saw Alpha.

At **that** time, the young Alpha was in his prime. As the eldest son and grandson of the Augustine family, he was born into wealth. He perfectly inherited all the **business** talents of the Augustine family, and his personal assets rose, and his was amongst the list of the richest people in the world. That day, Alpha wore a well-fitting black suit. He stood on the rostrum, and delivered a speech. Joyce quickly restrained herself and waved away the image of her first encounter with hi

m out of her mind. **She** had no interest in this young man either, **so** she left the room.

The young man still didn't know what had happened. "Hey, beauty, why are you leaving?" he asked.

When Annabelle went out, Damien had already left with his people, so she could leave too. As she was walking **in** the hallway, **a** group of girls ran **over**, "Let's hurry up, boss is calling us." The girls seemed very excited. "I heard that there's a rich man in the luxurious room and he ordered for the most beautiful girl here."

"The most beautiful girl must be me. Does my lipstick look good?"

The girls all stretched **out** their hands and pulled up their dresses, **revealing** their smooth thighs. It was obvious that they all wanted to be selected.

Annabelle did not halt. **She** did not take offense at such things. Many rich men liked to have fun.

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Chapter 42 Mystery **Guest**

At this moment, the manager appeared. She brought the girls to the door of the luxurious room and knocked on the door, "Sir, the most beautiful girls here have arrived."

A few seconds later, a low mellow voice sounded in the room, "Come in."

Annabelle's footsteps slowly stopped.

She turned around and her cold eyes landed on the luxurious room.

Although there response from the room were simple words, the voice was extremely familiar. She was familiar with it. **She** should not have misheard it.

This should be... Alpha!

When did he come in?

Could it be that he was the one who ordered the most beautiful girl here?

At this moment, the manager pushed open the door of the luxurious room. “Girls, come in quickly.” They all went **in**. Annabelle stood outside and saw the scene inside.

In **the** luxurious room, the girls were all standing in a row. There was a dim yellow light inside. Sitting on the wine red sofa, was Alpha.

Alpha took off his suit, revealing his dark **gray** shirt and black trousers. He leaned his deep and straight body lazily on the sofa, **and** his two legs were elegantly superimposed. He exuded a sense of superiority and unfathomable desire that a man of his age should have.

His personal assistant stood behind him respectfully. Reuben poured a red wine into the goblet with white **gloves**, and then he handed the goblet to **Alpha**, “Sir.”

Alpha reached out and collected the goblet. He gently took a sip of red wine.

Then, his deep narrow eyes swept forward and glanced at the girls indifferently.

Annabelle’s pupils shrank. It **was** really him!

Did he come here to buy sex workers?

Annabelle did not know what had happened in his personal relationship with women over the years, but Joyce told her that his wife was now Lily. She knew that Lily had given birth to a son for him. The day Lily’s son was born **was** the day she lost her daughter.

Back then, she and Lily were pregnant at the same time. She should have had a daughter and given Elvis a younger sister.

Annabelle looked at Alpha’s handsome face. Time **had** given him a deeper life experience. His face didn’t **look** old, but instead, it revealed a layer of indescribable masculine charm.

Annabelle did not expect to meet him here.

She wondered if his wife knew that he was about **purchasing** a sex worker.

“Sir, the most **beautiful** girls in our Clubhouse are all here. Sir, you can **choose** whichever one that you want, the manager smiled and stared at Alpha. She suddenly felt like the man before her looked familiar.

The manager concluded that she had no chance of knowing a man like **Alpha**. She probably would regret it the moment she realizes that **Alpha**, the **man** she so much adored, was once before her.

Alpha **casually** swayed the red wine glass in his hand and watched the red, mellow liquid swaying in

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Chapter 662 Mystery **Gued**

a curved arc on the transparent glass. “What do you all have to offer? Tell me.”

The girls were stunned when they saw Alpha. The aura of a man in his fifties was definitely not comparable to that of a man in his twenties and thirties. They were willing to spend a night with him.

“I have big boobs!”

“I have sexy legs!”

“I have the most beautiful face!”

Annabelle stood outside and looked at the women who were vying for the first place.

Alpha sat elegantly on the sofa, like an emperor choosing which concubine to have for the night.

Annabelle pursed **her** lips and turned to leave.

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Novel Full Episode**

Score 9.2

Chapter 663 Abandoned a city because of one person

Annabelle turned around and was about to leave, a familiar low voice suddenly sounded in her ears, "Who's outside?" the voice asked.

Annabelle froze.

Someone quickly walked out. It was Reuben.

Reuben didn't seem to know that it was Annabelle outside. He was startled and quickly said loudly, "Mrs. Annabelle, is that you?"

Annabelle wanted to leave quietly.

But, there was a sound of approaching footsteps, and Alpha came out.

Annabelle raised her cold eyes, and she suddenly met Alpha's deep and narrow eyes. He was looking at her.

For a moment, their eyes met.

The atmosphere became dull.

Annabelle was the first to break the silence. She smiled lightly and greeted, "Hi, Mr. Augustine, long time no see."

Alpha looked at her. After so many years, she seemed to have changed a lot.

Before she jumped off the building, she had used a knife and cut open her stomach to retrieve her baby. She also grabbed a pair of scissors and had cut his private part while he was fast asleep. wanting to destroy his manhood.

Now, there was no trace of the past on her beautiful eyebrows. Time had added more tranquility and gentleness to her.

Alpha looked at her. His handsome face was calm. He just raised his thin lips and said, "You're not dead yet? I thought you were already dead."

Reuben looked at his master in surprise. His boss had been looking for Annabelle for years, and now that he found her, he asked her if she wasn't dead yet.

Annabelle breathed a sigh of relief. She would rather have him treat her as stranger.

Annabelle had not thought about her future for many years, and she did not want to meet Alpha again. But she couldn't hide from him forever, after all, they still had a son, Elvis.

"I'm lucky enough to have escape, but I'm afraid that I disappointed Mr. Augustine."

"Since you were not dead, why didn't you come back?" Alpha asked, his eyes were gloomy.

What did he mean by that?

Annabelle looked at him.

"You are Elvis's mother after all. Over the years, Elvis missed you very much," Alpha's casual tone was like an explanation, as to why he asked her why she

didn't return.

At the mention of Elvis, Annabelle's cold eyes quickly softened. After Olive returned to Visionary, they often talked for a long time. And Olive told her all that she needed to know about Elvis,

When she found out that Elvis suffered from a sleep disorder and almost died of a split personality,

Chapter 66) Shandoned a cky become of one person
her heart was broken.

But why didn't she come back when she had a son? That was because...she really didn't want to come hack.

In Imperial City, the man, Alpha, was a pain that she didn't want to deal with for the rest of her life.

Alpha looked at her slowly rosy eyes and already had an answer.

Because he was here, hence the reason why she didn't want to come back.

She abandoned a city because of Alpha.

Alpha pursed his lips, and said. 'Where are you going? I'll see! off.'

Annabelle quickly controlled her emotions. She looked at the beautifully dressed girls in the luxurious room, and then she looked at him. "No need, continue with what you were doing." Didn't he order for a sex worker? Why did he suddenly want to send her home?

At this moment, Alpha suddenly drew a sarcastic expression on his thin lips, "Do you think I can still enjoy women? Annabelle, have you forgotten what to did to me years ago? Don't you think that you did a good job?"

Annabelle shivered. Of course, she did not forget that she once used scissors in an attempt to cut off his manhood.

At that time, he bled a lot.

However, she didn't know if he could still perform with his manhood. But listening to his tone, it seemed like he still couldn't.

"Let's go." Alpha raised his legs and led the way.

Annabelle looked at his domineering figure. He still hadn't changed. She could only follow.

Alpha got into the luxury car, and Alpha personally drove the car.

Neither of them spoke the entire time, and the atmosphere was dull.

When the luxury car stopped, Annabelle was surprised. She forgot to state where she was going, and he did not ask.

Looking at the villa in front of her, Annabelle did not know where he had taken her to.

"Mr. Augustine where is this?" Annabelle asked.

Alpha got out of the car. "My villa."

"I won't go in anymore. I want to go back..."

“Come in, Elvis should be back soon. He really wants to see you,” Without waiting for Annabelle’s reply, Alpha entered the villa.

When it comes to overbearing CEOs, there was absolutely no one who could surpass Alpha!

Annabelle entered the villa. Alpha was already sitting on the sofa, and there was a financial newspaper in his hands.

Annabelle put down her bag. At this moment, Alpha’s low and magnetic voice asked, “Do you still

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because of one person

cook?”

Annabelle looked back at Alpha.

Alpha lowered his handsome eyelids and focused on reading the newspaper.

He did not even raise his head. “Elvis will be back soon. It’s so late. He should be hungry.”

“Okay, I’ll do it now,” Annabelle immediately went into the kitchen and cooked dinner for Elvis.

Alpha looked up. His deep narrow eyes stared through the kitchen glass window. Annabelle had already put on a small floral apron. She washed her hand, as she was about to start preparing the food.

Staring at her through the dim yellow light, Alpha could see the gentleness and beauty of a home. Alpha found it difficult to look away.

Reuben looked at his master. He felt that his boss was too cunning. He had not even called Elvis. How would Elvis know that his mother was here? And moreover, Elvis was to spend the entire evening at the company’s annual party.

Reuben looked at the newspaper in his boss’s hands.

“Hey, sir, you’ve got the newspaper upside down!” he informed him.

After a while, a phone rang out.

It was Annabelle’s phone that rang. Her phone was in her bag, which was on the sofa.

Alpha put down the financial newspaper in his hand and he stood up. He opened her bag and took out Annabelle’s phone.

The name displayed on the screen was Marcus Bennett.

Alpha hadn’t forgotten the name Marcus Bennett. Marcus was Annabelle’s first love.

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The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband Novel Full Episode

Score 9.2

Chapter 664 He Stole His Woman.

Marcus was a name Alpha knew a long time ago, but to Mr. Augustine, the name was still fresh in his mind.

Back then, the daughter of the Midas family. Annabelle, had countless suitors. She was a celebrity. but she already had a boyfriend, and her boyfriend was Marcus.

It was rumoured that Marcus and Annabelle grew up as childhood sweethearts. Marcus was good at drawing, while Annabelle liked designing. The two of them were not in a good situation, but they supported each other and grew up together.

If that accident hadn't occurred, Annabelle would have married Marcus and became his wife.

It was a pity that the Midas Family were in an economic crisis. The entire capital chain was cut off overnight. And there only way their business could be saved, was by Annabelle marrying Alpha.

Annabelle was left with no choice, hence she married Alpha.

Alpha always understood that he was the one who stole Annabelle from Marcus.

He had always known that Annabelle did not like him at all.

Sure enough, on their wedding day, Lily came to inform him that Annabelle was with Rory. When he got to where there were, Annabelle was in Marcus's arms.

Alpha narrowed his handsome eyes and jilted back to reality. He looked at the words "Marcus. Bennett" on the screen, and smiled.

She had just returned from Visionary, yet she had contacted Marcus so quickly.

Alpha took her phone and walked to the kitchen.

Annabelle was preparing dinner in the kitchen when she heard a series of familiar ringtone, it was as if her phone was ringing.

Annabelle quickly looked back. She immediately saw a calm figure by the door. Alpha was leaning lazily on the door frame, and one of his hand was in his trousers pocket, and he was staring at her with her phone in his hand. Why was her phone in his hands?

She remembered that her phone should be in her bag. How could he mess with her things?

"Your phone is ringing. It's a call from Marcus," Alpha reached out and handed her the phone.

Annabelle quickly raised her eyes to look at Alpha, wanting to see the reaction

on his face.

On the night of their wedding, he brought her back and Marcus almost lost his life.

Annabelle was disappointed, as Alpha's face was devoid of emotions. His deep narrow eyes looked at her quietly.

Annabelle's heart skipped a beat. The Alpha before her seemed different from the Alpha she knew twenty years ago. The Alpha before her didn't seem to have much reactions to things like he did in the past. He now had a way of perfectly concealing his emotions.

But Annabelle knew that the calmer he was, the more storms were accumulating beneath him.

"Give it to me," Annabelle stretched out her hand to collect the phone.

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Chapter 664 The Stole a Woman

But she didn't receive it, because Alpha suddenly raised his hand above his head.

What was he doing?

"Give me my phone," Annabelle stood on tiptoe, as she tried to reach his hand.

The moment she stepped closer, Alpha suddenly lowered his head and leaned forward.

Annabelle was stunned. She did not expect him to act like this. Now that his handsome face was close to her, she could see his spotless face.

His warm breath sprayed onto her skin, and their breaths entangled.

Annabelle wanted to retreat, but at this moment, she heard Alpha's low voice asking. "You and Marcus are on good terms again? To what extent? Are you two kissing, hugging, or, did you two go to bed with each other?"

Annabelle's pupils shrank. Why did he say that?

Alpha's sudden question made her feel a little dazed. Time seemed to have gone back to many years ago.

Annabelle quickly took two steps back. Her beautiful face was red, but her eyes were calm. She looked at him, and said, "Mr. Augustine, this is my personal issue. If you continue like this, then I'll leave immediately."

Alpha looked at her and handed her the phone without saying anything else.

Annabelle pressed the answer button. "Hello, Marcus," she said into the phone.

Marcus's warm voice quickly passed over from the other end, "Annabelle, where are you now? Do you have time tonight? Let's have dinner together."

Because Alpha did not leave, he was still leaning lazily by the door. He had planned to stand here and listen to what they were talking about, so Annabelle

walked forward, she turned her back and whispered, "Marcus, I don't have time right now."

Marcus quickly heard the strangeness in Annabelle's voice, "Annabelle, what's the matter with you? Where are you now? I'll pick you up."

Annabelle wanted to say something, but then she heard Alpha's low and magnetic voice, "You can ask Marcus to pick you up, but you better forget about seeing my son."

Annabelle looked back at Alpha, only to see Alpha staring at her coldly, then he turned around and went upstairs.

"Annabelle, where are you now? Did I hear... Alpha's voice?" After so many years, Marcus was also deeply impressed by the man Alpha was.

Annabelle knew that Marcus had a good personality. She did not want to have a conflict with him, nor did she want Alpha to meet Marcus again. "Marcus, I'm a little busy right now. I'll talk to you when I have time."

"Annabelle, why are you with Alpha again? He's a devil, have you forgotten? You're in danger now. I'll pick you up now."

"Marcus, you really don't need to come over. That's it, I'll hang up now," Annabelle lunged up.

After hanging up, Annabelle cooked a few more dishes. It was very late, but Elvis had not returned yet.

Chapter 664 15 Sale Mix Weman

Annabelle took off her apron and walked out.

At this moment, Reuben walked over, "Mrs. Annabelle, are you leaving?"

Annabelle nodded, "Yes, please tell Mr. Augustine. It's late. I'll leave now. I'll meet Elvis when I get the chance."

With that, Annabelle left.

Upstairs, in the study.

Reuben reported in a low voice, "Sir, Mrs. Annabelle has left."

Alpha sat on the office chair. He was smoking a cigarette between his slender fingers. The smoke obscured his handsome face. A few seconds later, he calmly took out his phone and made a call. What he said was very simple.

"Make it rain throughout the city. The more rain, the better."

Chapter 665: How Should I Punish You?

Annabelle left the villa, but as she walked on the lawn, she felt raindrops, the size of beans hitting her. It was actually raining.

Just a while ago, the weather was fine, and the weather forecast didn't mention rain tonight. Yet, it was raining now.

The rain was heavy, pouring rain. Anabelle didn't have an umbrella and was immediately soaked.

"Madam Anabelle, it's raining. It's impossible to walk in this heavy rain. You should go back to the villa and wait for the rain to stop before leaving." Butler Paulo hurriedly came over with an umbrella.

Anabelle had no choice. The rain was too unusual and intense. "Thank you, Butler Paulo."

Anabelle could only return to the villa.

Inside the villa, Anabelle took a towel and wiped off the water droplets on her body. At this moment, the deep, magnetic voice from upstairs sounded, "Go take a hot bath and change out of your wet clothes."

Anabelle looked up, and Lord Alpha walked out of the study. He was now standing on the stairs, looking down at her.

"No need, I'll leave once the rain subsides a bit." Anabelle politely declined. Lord Alpha didn't speak, his gaze darkly fixed on her.

Anabelle keenly felt his eyes roaming over her. She lowered her eyes and glanced at herself. Her silk gown was already soaked, clinging to her body. The silk gown was already figure-hugging, and now, with the added dampness, it accentuated her curves even more. The dress had a high slit, revealing her shapely legs, which Lord Alpha was now fixated on.

Anabelle and Lord Alpha were together too early, at the age of 19. Apart from him, she had hardly any contact with other men, so she was reserved and modest in this regard.

As he continued to gaze at her, Anabelle's fair face quickly turned red. She shot him an angry glare with her almond-shaped eyes -what a rascal!

Seeing her blushing in embarrassment, Lord Alpha smirked slightly. He noticed that she hadn't changed at all in this aspect she couldn't handle even the slightest teasing.

As long as he teased her a bit, her face would turn red.

"Why are you glaring at me? I kindly suggested you take a bath, but you won't go. You're just standing there all wet in front of me. Don't tell me you're trying to... seduce me with your wet body?" he teased.

Seduce with a wet body?

Anabelle found him as shameless as ever, a scoundrel!

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"Don't worry, I can't do anything to you right now. Have you forgotten all the good things you did to me?" Lord Alpha reminded her once again..

Anabelle thought of his condition. Judging by his tone, he was probably unable to perform... physically.

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Chapter 866 How Should Dump You?

Just then, Butler Paulo said, "Madam Anabelle, the guest room is ready. You should quickly go in, take a shower, and change your clothes. Sometimes Young Master Nathan also comes back, and if catch a cold, you might infect him."

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These words struck a chord with Anabelle. She no longer refused and went upstairs to the guest room.

The door closed behind her, and Butler Paulo walked up to Lord Alpha. "Sir." Lord Alpha glanced at the closed door. "Have you lit the incense?"

Butler Paulo nodded. "Yes, I have."

Without returning to the study, Lord Alpha went to his own bedroom to take a shower.

Anabelle came out of a hot shower, and her clothes were already prepared for her a nightgown.

Why did they prepare a nightgown for her?

Anabelle looked at it. The rain outside was still pouring heavily. It was indeed inconvenient to go out and buy new clothes in such heavy rain. She decided to put on the nightgown.

At that moment, she caught a whiff of a pleasant fragrance -one that was soothing and seemed to have a calming effect.

Sitting on the bed, Anabelle started feeling drowsy without realizing it, and she dozed off.

Soon, with a creak, the door to the guest room opened, and a tall and graceful figure entered. Lord Alpha had arrived.

Having just taken a shower, he was now wearing a black silk nightgown. The mist clinging to his body softened his features, making him look even more youthful and handsome.

Lord Alpha approached the bed and gazed down at Anabelle.

She was asleep now, her long black hair scattered. A few strands clung to her exquisite face and delicate neck, giving her an alluring appearance.

Lord Alpha reached out, his rough fingertip gently brushing against her cheek. Her skin was fair and smooth, just as it had been twenty years ago when he last saw her. He had missed this touch.

Anabelle suddenly felt a scent in the air -a fragrance that was both elegant and intoxicating, with a hint of calming and sleep-inducing properties.

She sat up on the bed, blinking sleepily, and found herself looking into a pair of deep, passionate eyes. It was Lord Alpha.

Before she could react, his lips descended upon her forehead. He continued his kisses, moving from her forehead to her eyebrows, her eyes, her nose... finally landing on her lips.

As he kissed her, he skillfully untied the bell of her nightgown. Her skin was still delicate, and he didn't want to leave any marks.

He was intimately familiar with her body, even after twenty years of separation. The past was deeply etched in his memory, and now, he still knew her body as well as his own.

Soon, a melodious ringtone broke the silence. It was Anabelle's phone ringing again.

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This time, the call was from Marcus.

Lord Alpha answered the call, and Marcus Bennett's anxious voice quickly came through. "Anabelle, I'm coming to find you now. You must stay away from Lord Alpha. He's a devil, he has ill intentions towards you..."

Before Marcus could finish speaking, a low, hoarse chuckle came from Lord Alpha's throat. "Heh."

On the other end of the line, Marcus froze. 'Augustine... Lord Alpha...'

"Very good, you understand me well," Lord Alpha said, a trace of an elegant and charming smile playing on his lips.

"Lord Alpha, why did you answer Anabelle's phone? Where is she? What have you done to her?" Marcus quickly demanded.

Lord Alpha raised a confident eyebrow. Now his eyes were filled with laughter, the lines at the corners of his eyes dancing, radiating a mature and indescribable charm. "Anabelle is sleeping beside me now. She's tired and can't talk on the phone."

& phone.

Anabelle,

With that, he hung up the call after two beeps, and he even turned off his Lord Alpha gazed at the sleeping Anabelle with a fascinated and infatuated expression. "you're not behaving very well. You made me search for you for so many years. Tell me, how should I punish you?"

Outside, the heavy rain continued to pour.

After an unknown amount of time, a luxurious car sped over and stopped on the lawn outside the villa,

Marcus had arrived. He got out of the car and pounded on the villa's large door.

But there was no response.

Marcus's clothes were soaked, and the cold raindrops fell from his head, making him look miserable and embarrassed. He knew that Lord Alpha had deliberately not opened the door.

Lord Alpha could have ignored the call, but he answered it. It was a provocation, a challenge.

He must have anticipated Marcus's arrival, but he chose not to open the door, leaving Marcus outside in the rain. Lord Alpha stood high and mighty, controlling everything mysteriously and powerfully, just as he had done many years ago.

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Chapter 666: Love, Like a Dream

Marcus was an orphan who had learned to be independent from a young age. By a chance encounter on the street, he met Anabelle, who was just slightly over three years old at the time.

Young Anabelle was petite and thin. She approached him and said, "Big brother, I haven't eaten in at long time. Can you share a steamed bun with me?"

At that moment, he had two steamed buns and generously gave one to her. Holding the steamed bun, young Anabelle bowed to him and said in a soft and polite voice, "Thank you, big brother."

He thought she would eat the steamed bun herself, but Anabelle ran over to her mother and gave the bun to her.

Her mother quickly devoured the bun, not sharing any of it with Anabelle.

At that time, Anabelle and her mother had already been ostracized by Lady Midas, and they had no place in the Royal Capital. They had to sleep on the streets.

In that area, there were many ruffians and hooligans. Despite her young age, Anabelle's delicate face showed the early signs of a beauty, and some shady and lecherous men would tease her and even touch her face.

He decided to take Anabelle and her mother. Although his house was dilapidated, it provided them a place to stay.

Anabelle was very grateful to him and always called him "big brother."

Soon, he learned about Anabelle's background. Due to the illness of the wealthy Miss Lily, she decided to switch lives with Anabelle.

On that day, Anabelle left him to go to the Midas Family and become the shadow of Miss Midas, while her mother fell seriously ill and needed a large sum of money, a seemingly insurmountable obstacle.

A young girl had to bear it all prematurely, but she remained unafraid and resolute. She was as quiet as ever, smiling as she hid him farewell. "Big brother, I'm leaving. I'm going to live in a big house. I will live well. Big brother, please don't come find me, and don't say you know me. I don't want to burden

you or put you in danger. Thank you, big brother. I will remember you forever.” She bowed to him once again and then walked away.

Later, he found a package at home. When he opened it, he found it filled with money. It was the money Anabelle had asked for from the Midas Family.

There was also a note with her small handwriting: “Big brother, we will both be fine.”

He knew Anabelle had always remembered his kindness. His own conditions weren’t good either, but her money came to him in the gentlest way, supporting his pride and dignity.

Marcus knew he had encountered the best girl in the world.

It was also on that day that Marcus swore to strive for success. He wanted to become wealthy and join the upper class.

He had a talent for painting from a young age, but painting required significant investment. He used the money Anabelle left him to find the best teacher and began to study painting.

More than a decade passed in the blink of an eye. Marcus gradually learned that the Midas Family

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Chapters: Love, Like a Dream

had a daughter, flourishing in the Royal Capital and becoming the most dazzling star, the focus of attention.

He often secretly went to the Midas Family’s gate or stood in a corner outside her school to catch a glimpse of her. She had transformed into Miss Midas, transported in luxury cars.

Her young face had matured into one of ethereal beauty. She enjoyed wearing white dresses and carrying a few books, attracting countless boys who pursued her like prized fish.

This included him; he fell in love with her at a very early age.

But she was too outstanding. He tried desperately to catch up with her, yet he still couldn’t keep pace.

Sometimes he would pessimistically think that she might be won over by a wealthy young man soon. and she would belong to someone else.

He had mentally prepared himself for that eventuality, but he hadn’t expected it to come so soon. The man who had appeared was remarkably powerful and charismatic.

He was none other than... Lord Alpha!

Marcus heard about Lord Alpha for the first time in a business and financial newspaper. The eldest grandson of the prominent family in the capital, the pride of the heavens, had successfully taken his first company public and become its CEO, ascending to become the capital’s top businessman. In the

financial news of that era, in the newspapers, and on the Forbes list of the richest individuals, his name was everywhere, highly sought after by socialites and heiresses.

Lord Alpha represented an era of business.

Marcus had never imagined that his life, or Anabelle's life, would intersect with this remarkable man. The Augustine family of the capital was an existence they could never dream of encountering. Lord Alpha was far above them.

However, that day, he suddenly heard the news that the Midas and Augustine families had set a wedding date-Anabelle was going to marry Lord Alpha!

The news hit him like a bolt from the blue, and it took Marcus a long time to recover.

He had thought that one day Anabelle might marry someone else, but he had never imagined she would marry Lord Alpha, the renowned aristocrat.

She was going to marry into the Augustine family and become Lady Augustine.

Marcus couldn't accept it. That day, he secretly went to the Midas Family's mansion, hiding in a dim corner outside the gate. He saw Lord Alpha in person for the first time.

The wedding date was approaching, and Lord Alpha was having dinner at the Midas residence. The entire Midas mansion was illuminated, and a Rolls Royce, a world-class luxury car, was parked on the lawn. Lord Alpha wore a classic white shirt and black trousers, his meticulously ironed clothes devoid of wrinkles, exuding the elegance and nobility of an elite businessman. His business-like aura and extraordinary demeanor made people admire him. Marcus stood in the corner, and when he saw Lord Alpha, he realized the significant gap between himself and this man. Some people were born to be the pride of the heavens, and no matter how hard others worked, they could never match up.

Lord Alpha was incredibly superior, dazzling, and radiant.

At the time, Mida s's father stood beside Lord Alpha, speaking with attentiveness. Lord Alpha listened with a distant look in his eyes, seemingly focused elsewhere.

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Marcus followed Lord Alpha's gaze and saw Anabelle. That evening, she wore a white fur coat and stood beside a Christmas tree, her obedient demeanor as if she were watching her own toes.

Lord Alpha's gaze was fixed on Anabelle, his handsome brows and eyes reflecting softness and a faint smile. He occasionally looked at her, entranced.

Mida s's father, an experienced man, quickly concluded the conversation, asking Anabelle to escort Lord Alpha.

And so, Lord Alpha and Anabelle walked together. Marcus followed behind. Lord Alpha and Anabelle walked ahead, strolling. Anabelle seemed to have just met Lord Alpha, and she accepted the fact that he would soon become her husband. She appeared exceptionally gentle and tender.

Neither of them spoke, but Lord Alpha had one hand in his trouser pocket. As they walked, he took his hand out and tried to hold Anabelle's small hand.

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The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband Novel Full Episode

Score 9.2

Chapter 667: Be My Lady Augustine

However, his slender fingers extended out, recoiled, then extended again... He tried a few times, but in the end, he didn't reach out to hold her small hand. Marcus followed behind all the way and finally, they stopped. Alpha presented an exquisite gift bag, containing a pair of white furry earmuffs. Alpha gently placed the earmuffs over Anabelle's small

Cars.

Anabelle was afraid of the cold. Her small ears had reddened due to the cold during the journey.

At that time, Marcus hadn't been exposed to luxury goods, but he had heard from his teacher's daughter that she wanted a pair of earmuffs. Those earmuffs bore a vague resemblance to the ones Alpha had just given, and they were regarded as high-end luxury items, priced in the tens of thousands. This was the biggest difference between him and this man, Alpha. Alpha could casually spend a fortune. As a scion of a prominent family, he had remarkable aesthetic taste, shining like gold. Anabelle, on that day, wore a white furry coat and the white earmuffs Alpha had given her. Surprisingly, she looked exceptionally pure and beautiful, her translucent appearance making it hard to look away.

Alpha's large hands remained on the earmuffs, not moving away. He lowered his gaze to look at her, and they exchanged their first words that evening. He spoke softly, "Are you... afraid of me?" Anabelle still didn't lift her head; she kept her small head lowered and remained silent.

Marcus knew Anabelle too well. Even though she was such a young girl, even when life pushed her to the brink, she could still face it with equanimity. She had a delicate and resilient heart.

That evening, Anabelle was very quiet and obedient. She wasn't overly enthusiastic towards Alpha, acting rather normally. However, being too normal was, in fact, abnormal.

"Are you afraid of me, or are you afraid of marrying me? Whichever it is, you don't need to be afraid. The Augustine family is simple; my mother is reasonable and open-minded. She will like you. Moreover, I've prepared a new house for us. After we get married, we'll move out, so you won't have to worry about conflicts with your mother-in-law."

"As for me, I genuinely want to marry you. I will resolve the financial difficulties of the Midas Family. Whatever you want, I can provide it. You can rely on me, attach yourself to me. Of course, I also want a Lady Augustine who sees me in her eyes and heart. Is that okay?"

Alpha spoke softly to her, not resorting to cheap sweet talk. He had already resolved all the concerns about their future life together. He would be her mountain, her strongest support in life. She wouldn't need to do much; she would only need to see him in her eyes and heart, accompany him in both marriage and love, and offer her affection,

Any woman in the world would be moved by Alpha's words.

Anabelle lifted her head slowly, her apricot-colored eyes meeting Alpha's handsome face. She looked at him with watery eyes.

Alpha lowered his head, wanting to kiss her.

But this kiss was interrupted because a Rolls-Royce Phantom pulled up.

Alpha halted his motion, causing Anabelle to blush and lower her head once more.

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Chapter 66: Be My Lady Augustine

"Then... I'll go first."

Anabelle nodded, "Mm."

So, Alpha got into the Rolls-Royce Phantom and drove away quickly.

Marcus watched Anabelle from behind. Anabelle didn't immediately leave; she just stood there, watching the direction Alpha had left.

She stood there, watching for a long time.

Marcus closed his eyes, forcing himself to break free from distant memories.

He kept knocking on the door incessantly, just thinking about Anabelle inside.

With Alpha's unpredictable behavior, he didn't know what he might do to

Anabelle. He was anxious.

Marcus felt as if a million ants were crawling on his heart, gnawing at it. This feeling was tormenting.

Then, with a “click,” the villa’s main door suddenly opened, and someone appeared at the door.

“Sir, may I ask who you are?”

Marcus pushed the maid aside and rushed in, “Anabelle! Anabelle, where are you?”

He shouted loudly, searching everywhere for Anabelle’s figure.

At this moment, Butler Paulo walked over. Butler Paulo wasn’t surprised that Marcus had come, “Mr. Bennett, please have a seat. My master and madam are already resting. If you have urgent matters, I’ll ask for permission.”

Marcus looked up at the room upstairs. The room’s door was tightly closed, and Alpha and Anabelle were resting inside....

Marcus tightly clenched his fists, demanding, “Where is Alpha? I need to see him right now!”

As soon as he finished speaking, a deep, magnetic voice came from upstairs, “Marcus, are you looking for me?”

Hearing this devilish voice once again, Marcus’s entire body stiffened. He quickly looked up.

He saw Alpha coming out of the room. He was wearing a black silk pajama, and at his age, dark and cool colors like black and gray suited him exceptionally well. Such colors gave him a deep and mysterious, restrained yet powerful appearance.

Now, Alpha stood on the second-floor balcony railing, looking down at Marcus from above with his deep narrow eyes.

In his present stance, Marcus had to gaze upward at Alpha. His clothes were drenched from the rain, water dripping from them. At first, Marcus hadn’t felt embarrassed, but at this moment, looking at Alpha, he felt utterly exposed. More than twenty years had elapsed, but Alpha appeared to have changed very little.

Marcus clenched his fists, “Alpha, where is Anabelle? What have you done to her? It’s over between you and Anabelle; she won’t be with you anymore...”

“Oh, she won’t be with me? Then who will she be with, you?” Alpha lightly interrupted him.

Marcus paused.

At this moment, Alpha walked down the stairs gracefully. His steps were firm and composed, like an emperor’s arrival. Butler Paulo handed him a document, and Alpha glanced through it with a casual, cold flicker of his eyelids. “Marcus, you’ve been doing quite well these years, gaining fame in the art

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Chapter 657: Dr My Lady Augustine

world. You've held many personal exhibitions worldwide, and your property isn't too shabby. And you've remained unmarried for so many years..."

Alpha raised his thin lips, leisurely and lazily recounting Marcus's achievements and life story. Marcus felt a chill creeping into his bones. He looked at the man before him, feeling shocked and terrified.

In such a short time, Butler Paulo had laid out everything about him before this man.

Whether it was over thirty years ago or over thirty years later, he had no dignity in front of Alpha.

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Chapter 668: Storm Across the City

However, Marcus knew where Alpha's weakness lay, and he quickly said, "Alpha, it's been so many years. You can have any woman you want. Why are you still clinging to Anabelle? Anabelle has never liked you, not even a bit. Everything you do is just wishful thinking"

Butler Paulo on the side gazed coldly at Marcus. In fact, he was already quite nervous. Working in the Augustine family for so many years, he knew that the only thing that could make his master lose control was Madam Anabelle. The thorn that had been stuck in his heart all this time was the fact that Madam Anabelle had never liked him, not once.

Butler Paulo cautiously observed Alpha's expression. In truth, there was no emotional fluctuation on Alpha's face. He stretched his long legs and sat on the sofa in the living room, then leisurely took out a cigar and lit it with a lighter.

The crimson flame danced as Alpha took a deep drag from the cigar. He tilted his head slightly to exhale the smoke from his mouth, then pointed to Marcus's right leg with the cigar between his fingers, casually asking. "Oh, I see your right leg has healed?"

As he made this gesture, some ash fell, exuding a strong masculine aura.

Upon hearing about his right leg. Marcus tensed up, his face paling.

His right leg wasn't fully healed. Although the disability had been treated, he still limped when walking, standing out from the norm.

Alpha was responsible for ruining his right leg!

For more than thirty years, ever since the night he had caught Alpha and Anabelle outside the Midas residence, he had been unable to sleep. He deeply loved Anabelle and didn't want her to marry someone else.

However, he also understood that both the most prominent figure in the

capital's business world, Alpha, and the captivating Anabelle of the distinguished Midas Family were beyond his reach.

He felt tortured every minute and second, experiencing pain, resentment, jealousy... these emotions drove him to madness.

At that moment, someone suddenly appeared before him. It was... Lily!

Lily brought a few black-clad bodyguards and wanted to capture him.

At the time, he felt that something was wrong. Moreover, he was quite skilled himself, so he managed to break free from those black-clad bodyguards and escape directly.

It was at this moment that Lily suddenly said to him, "Marcus, run! If you run this time, Anabelle will truly become Mrs. Augustine. If you don't run and cooperate with me, I'll tell Anabelle that I kidnapped you. Then, I'll arrange for her to meet you at the pier. Take advantage of the situation to take her on a ship and elope to a secluded place, just the two of you. Isn't that wonderful?" His steps ultimately came to a halt.

On the day of the grand wedding, it was said that Alpha had given Anabelle a magnificent wedding. complete with phoenix crown and red bridal attire. It was also said that Alpha had built a grand. chamber for Allura and promised to dote on Anabelle. On that day, the entire capital's streets and alleys were abuzz with this romantic tale.

He was bound in the cabin on the pier, yet his mood was surprisingly calm. He knew that Anabelle

Chapter 668: Storti Across the Oly

would definitely come.

Sure enough, late at night, Anabelle hurried over to rescue him.

In the cabin, Anabelle quickly untied his bonds. "Brother Marcus, how did you get caught by Lily? I told you, you have to pretend not to know me from now on, or you'll be in danger. Leave quickly." He grabbed Anabelle's small hand and urged earnestly, "Anabelle, I know you're living on thin ice. Don't be the shadow of Lily anymore. Come with me. Let's leave together."

However, Anabelle gently withdrew her hand. She shook her head softly. "I won't leave.

His heart plummeted, as if falling into an abyss. The persistent thought that had been circling his mind burst forth uncontrollably. He asked, "Anabelle, why don't you want to leave? What's worth clinging to here? I know you've been constrained since childhood, always desiring freedom. That's why you created the jewelry brand Fly,' wanting a pair of wings."

"Now the opportunity has come. Lily has set her sights on Alpha. She wants to let you go. We just need to take Madam out of the hospital, and we can leave. You're so clever, you should know that if we miss this chance, there won't be another. Why aren't you willing to leave?"

“Anabelle, are you... falling for Alpha? Because of him, do you want to stay in the capital?”

He asked the question he had wanted to ask all along: did she fall in love with Alpha?

Anabelle lowered her gaze, not speaking for a long time.

“Enough!” He interrupted her directly. He didn’t have the courage to hear her answer when she finally wanted to speak.

He reached out and tightly embraced Anabelle, pulling her behind him.

“Anabelle, Alpha and you are from completely different worlds. You won’t have a future together. Don’t hold onto false hopes.”

As soon as his words fell, there was a loud “bang.” and the cabin door was kicked open.

The chilly wind rushed in, like knives cutting across their faces, stinging painfully. He looked up and saw Alpha outside.

That night, Alpha arrived amidst a storm, with an aura of ruthlessness and hostility.

He didn’t expect Alpha to arrive so quickly. Anabelle and Lily, the two sisters, were very similar. He recognized Alpha at a glance, seeing through the scheme.

Alpha wore all black that night. The cold sea wind made his black clothes billow like a sail. His handsome features were as dark as ink, his narrow eyes tinged with a bloodthirsty glint. “Heh, Madam Augustine, I didn’t expect you to give me such a big surprise on our wedding night!”

Anabelle swiftly pushed him aside and glanced at Alpha, eager to explain. “...”

“Alpha!” He stepped forward, shielding Anabelle behind him. “That’s right, Anabelle has no intention of marrying you. She and I have been childhood friends. Whereas you, relying on your wealth, are forcefully trying to marry her. Tonight, Anabelle and I have made a pact. We’re eloping and leaving this place!”

He was challenging Alpha, and the result of this challenge was that he didn’t anticipate how Alpha would act. In the next moment, he was kicked in the chest.

He fell to the ground in a sorry state, coughing up blood.

At this moment, Anabelle extended her slender arm and blocked Alpha.

“Alpha, stop it! Stop hitting him. Brother Marcus, leave quickly.”

“Brother Marcus? Alpha repeated this address, then curled his thin lips and steered. He looked down at him from a higher position, disdain and coldness in his eyes. “She’s my Lady Augustine. Lady Augustine, do you dare to harbor this idea? Hm? Which leg did you think of using to take her away? This one, your right leg?”

Alpha stepped onto his right knee, and a snapping sound echoed as the bone

inside shattered.
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Chapter 669: Bite Him, A Lifetime of Pain.

Lord Augustine's attack was merciless, immediately crippling his right leg. That was his first encounter with Lord Augustine, who was a devil in human form.

Ah!

He writhed in agony on the ground, letting out a howl.

Lord Augustine showed no intention of stopping. A sinister and bloodthirsty smile curled his lips, "You probably don't need this left leg either, should I disable it for you now?"

Lord Augustine intended to cripple his left leg as well.

"Lord Augustine, please don't!" At this moment, Anabelle rushed over, hugging his sturdy waist tightly and refusing to let go. "Don't hurt Brother Marcus. I know I was wrong. I'm sorry. I'll go back with you now. You've already crippled Marcus's right leg. If you disable his left leg too, I won't forgive you."

Only then did Lord Augustine halt his actions. He reached out, grabbing her delicate wrist, and pulled her away. He ordered, "Take Marcus back to me!" Two black clad bodyguards dragged him away and took him to Allura's room. It was his first time entering Allura's room, the legendary bridal chamber prepared by Lord Augustine for Anabelle.

He

was unceremoniously dumped outside the door by the black-clad bodyguards. Anabelle's eyes were red, and she wished to approach him, but a glance from Lord Augustine silenced her. "Madam Augustine, don't provoke me again, understood? Dare to take a step forward and try it!"

Anabelle succumbed to the threat, standing motionless,

At this moment, Lord Augustine gestured towards the master bedroom. "Go inside."

Anabelle looked at him.

Lord Augustine raised an eyebrow playfully. "Madam Augustine, why are you looking at me like that? Tonight is our wedding night. We must finish what we started."

"Of course, since you surprised me so much tonight, I thought I'd return the favor. How about we let your Brother Marcus lie here tonight?"

Hearing these words while lying battered on the ground, Marcus's eyes instantly turned bloodshot. Lord Augustine was truly a master of torment,

leaving him lying outside their bridal chamber all night.

“Anabelle, don’t listen to him. Don’t let him threaten you. I’m fine.”

Lord Augustine cast a casual glance at him then turned to Anabelle. “Why haven’t you gone in yet? My patience is limited.”

Anabelle hesitated for a few seconds before turning and entering the master bedroom.

He remained unaware of what transpired in the bedroom afterward since he hadn’t witnessed it firsthand. However, he was aware... that night, Lord Augustine and Anabelle consummated their marriage.

Lord Augustine forcefully took Anabelle, while he lay outside. He heard Anabelle’s soft, delicate voice, restrained and hesitant, trying not to be too loud, sounding particularly intimate. “Lord Augustine, it hurts... I’m in pain...”

Chapter 669 Bhe Hm. A Lifetime of Pain

Lord Augustine replied, “If it hurts, endure it.”

Due to his severe leg injury and lack of timely treatment, he developed a fever and infection that night. As a result, he was left with a disability for the rest of his life.

Marcus snapped back to the present from a nightmare over thirty years ago.

He stared at Lord Augustine, who was sitting elegantly on the sofa. “Lord Augustine, you mock my leg, but I mock your pitiful state. You can only obtain Anabelle through force!”

“Oh, really?” Lord Augustine gazed at Marcus amidst a haze of smoke, his expression faintly amused. “I admit, on our wedding night, I might not have been gentle, it was forceful. However, our second time, third time, and countless times afterward were all initiated by Anabelle.”

Lord Augustine’s tone slowed down, and he looked at Marcus’s current expression with a suggestive smile. As expected, Marcus’s face turned pale.

“Lord Augustine, you’re speaking nonsense. It’s impossible. Anabelle would never initiate it!” \

A faint smile curled on Lord Augustine’s lips. “Did Anabelle not inform you?” After your leg was injured and you were hospitalized, I spread the word. No hospital in the capital city dared to accept you. You could have died from the infection and decay in your leg

“I intentionally leaked this information to her. After our wedding night. I was angry. I didn’t go home for many rights, deliberately ignoring her. When she knew about your condition, she obediently called me. If I didn’t answer, she came to the company.”

“Our second time was in my CEO’s office. I sat in my chair, and she sat on my thigh, looking at my face carefully. To please me, she used her limited skills, endured the shame, unbuttoned her clothes, and kissed my neck...”

Marcus had never known any of this. Now, his pupils contracted, and the hand

hanging at his side clenched into a fist. "Enough, stop talking!"

"Heh," a low, mirthless laugh rumbled from Lord Augustine's throat. "Can't take it anymore? Marcus, stay away from her. She's not what you imagine. Do you know how precious she is? For all those years, I kept her in Allura's room, providing her with everything she needed. What about you? Are you capable of providing for her?"

Marcus felt utterly humiliated, just as he had in the past. He could never defeat the man before him.

"Lord Augustine, even if you've had Anabelle's body, you'll never have her heart! You broke her wings and imprisoned her in Allura's room. You've manipulated and abused her. You probably never expected that she would jump out of the gilded cage you provided and bite you hard."

"Lord Augustine, you'll never encounter another woman as aloof and passionate as Anabelle in your lifetime. She's on par with you, the most beautiful woman in the capital, radiating elegance and grace. She gave you her most fervent love and left you with the deepest pain, a pain that will haunt you for the rest of your life."

Lord Augustine's hand, holding a cigar, slowly stopped. Even if he didn't want to admit it, he had to acknowledge that Anabelle had bitten into his heart, a pain that would last a lifetime.

Augustine Family's annual party.

A hurried private secretary approached the evening's protagonist, Elvis, and whispered, "CEO, we just received news. Your mother-in-law and mother went to the club to find your younger brother. They were caught by CEO Robert and General Augustine in a compromising situation. Everyone has already dispersed."

Elvis, "..."

The Sulowe Bride: Duted by My Billamaire Hasland

What?

His mother-in-law and mother went to the club to find his younger brother?

Three black lines appeared on Elvis's forehead,

"CEO, the party has reached the climax. It's time for your first dance. You can go on stage now and draw the lucky number card to choose your dance partner." The private secretary returned to the main topic.

Elvis pursed his lips and temporarily set aside the matters concerning his father, mother, father-in-law, and mother-in-law.

In the party hall, Clara was surrounded by a group of celebrities, and everyone looked at her with envy.

"Look, Mr. Augustine is on stage. Mr. Augustine's first dance is about to begin."

The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband Novel Full Episode

Score 9.2

Chapter 670: She Got the Lucky Number Tag

The party hall was filled with the lively sound of music, and the main event of the evening was about to begin.

Elvis stood tall and handsome on the podium at the center of the dazzling lights. His flawlessly perfect features appeared to be bathed in a layer of golden radiance, making it difficult to look directly at him.

The noble ladies blushed and gazed at him, their hearts pounding in a frenzy. They all wanted to have the first dance with Elvis, but recently, rampant rumors about him and Princess Visionary led everyone to speculate that the lucky number tag had already been designated for Princess Visionary.

They all gathered around Clara,

“Princess Visionary, did Mr. Augustine choose you? Are you going to dance the first dance with him later?”

“Princess Visionary, we truly envy you.”

Showers with such attention, Clara had blossomed into a radiant smile. She remembered asking Elvis in the elevator earlier if he had chosen her, and he had mysteriously promised her a surprise.

This surprise was likely dancing the first dance with him.

Clara looked up at Elvis, and at that moment, his deep and narrow eyes faintly swept over to her.

It was like a confirmation and an implication, and Clara’s heart began to race. At that moment, Clara glanced sideways and happened to see Olive standing in a corner.

Olive was maintaining a low profile tonight, and her demeanor resembling that of a maid meant that no one was engaging with her.

The contrast between her situation and Clara’s was like night and day.

Clara even straightened her posture, exuding pride and confidence akin to a fully spread peacock.

At this moment, the personal secretary took the stage and said, “Ladies and gentlemen, the highlight of tonight’s event is about to begin. Now, please welcome our CEO to personally draw the lucky number tag. The lady with the matching number will have the honor to dance the first dance with our CEO.”

Everyone had already picked up their number tags when they entered, one for

each person.

Clara looked at her number tag in her hand it was number 29.

She was nervous, her heart almost jumping out of her chest.

Even though she knew she was chosen, until Elvis publicly announced it, she couldn't help but feel

uncertain.

Elvis began to draw the lucky number tags.

Despite knowing there was a pre-selected candidate, the noble ladies remained anxious, fearing being chosen.

The whole room held its breath in anticipation.

Olive stood in the corner, deeply disappointed with Elvis. She knew the first dance had nothing to do with her, so she was busy eating a piece of cake.

Elvis had probably already chosen Clara, right?

Chapter Ed: She Get the Lucky Number Tog

Olive glanced at Clara's proud peacock-like demeanor and adjusted her dress, ready to take the stage as soon as Elvis announced her.

Elvis had already selected the lucky number tag.

Although aware of the pre-selected candidate, the noble ladies were still nervous. What if they were chosen?

The whole room waited with bated breath.

The personal secretary stepped forward, "Ladies and gentlemen, the climax of tonight's event is about to start. Now, let's invite our CEO to personally draw the lucky number tag. The lady with the matching number will have the honor to dance the first dance with our CEO."

As the personal secretary spoke, the laughter grew louder, and many people began to laugh.

Clara stood on the podium, unsure whether to leave or stay.

Her smile froze, embarrassment pushed to its limits.

She realized the noble ladies who had flattered her earlier were now whispering and pointing at her, finding her actions amusing.

Clara could clearly hear their comments, her face turning red as she felt humiliated and

embarrassed. However, she didn't want to believe or give up, so she looked at Elvis, "Mr. Augustine, is this a mistake? How many numbers did you actually draw?"

Elvis glanced at Clara, then handed her the number tag. "Number 19."

Number 19!

Indeed, it was number 191

Clara felt like she had fallen from heaven to hell

The personal secretary continued, "Princess Visionary, since you are not number 19, then you have no business here. Please leave now."

The personal secretary was already guiding her off the stage.

Laughter from the audience grew louder, and even some of the noble ladies pitied her.

Clara trembled with anger, but beneath the watchful eyes of everyone, she had no option but to exit the stage in embarrassment.

The personal secretary chuckled, "I apologize, everyone, for a minor mishap a moment ago. Let's resume as planned. Could the lady holding the lucky number tag 19 kindly join us on the stage?"

100)

The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband Novel Full Episode

Score 9.2