

## THE MYSTERIOUS BILLIONAIRE AND HIS SUBSTITUTE BRIDE

### Chapter 2 Late Arrival

The next day, Janet went to a small church in the suburbs all by herself in a simple white slip dress.

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. Almost all seats in the church were still vacant -- only a few people attended the wedding.

Bernie and Fiona glanced at the gate every now and

then with bated breath.

"Why hasn't the groom and his family come yet?"  
Fiona frowned and glanced at the vacant seats.

She was dressed in a gorgeous outfit today. The light purple dress and subtle makeup accentuated her features -- she looked breathtaking

"Maybe there is a traffic jam. Let's wait a little longer."

It seemed like the Lester family didn't value the marriage. However, Janet wasn't bothered. All she wanted was the money Fiona had promised to pay her after the wedding.

Moments later, Jocelyn arrived. She walked into the church in haute couture and expensive jewelry, holding her boyfriend's arm. She arrogantly strode to Bernie and Fiona as if telling them that her boyfriend

was a thousand times better than Ethan.

"Is that your elder sister Janet?" Jocelyn's boyfriend asked, gaping at Janet. Her pristine beauty seemed to allure him.

Jocelyn gritted her teeth. Her boyfriend had been staring at Janet ever since they entered the church. She couldn't tolerate it. Janet had effortlessly seduced him in a matter of a few minutes.

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. "What the hell is wrong with you?" Jocelyn growled. "Believe it or not, I'll gouge your eyes out. How could you be interested in

a bitch from the countryside?" Jocelyn hissed at her boyfriend.

"Why hasn't that bastard, Ethan, shown up yet?" Her nose scrunched up in disgust. "The man is late for his own wedding. How could he be reliable? Besides, his family hasn't arrived yet. It looks like they don't care about him."

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.

If you find any errors ( broken links, non-standard content, etc.. ), Please let us know < report chapter > so we can fix it as soon as possible.