

Madly Yours

Chapter 15

Azure Bay. The Lancaster estate was a massive, imposing fortress of white stone and sweeping archways. Tall palm trees lined the immaculate courtyard, and the shimmering waters of an Olympic-sized pool gleamed in the distance.

Beyond the grand corridor lay the main living room.

A breathtaking crystal chandelier bathed the space in brilliant light, illuminating the guests gathered on the black leather sofas.

Sitting at the center was Beatrice Lancaster. With her silver hair and a sharp, calculating smile, she exuded an effortless authority. Beside her sat Hudson's aunt, Eleanor, and his cousin, Tiffany.

The moment Hudson walked in with his hand wrapped around Nora's, every eye in the room locked onto them.

"You brat, sneaking in without a word," Beatrice scolded affectionately. Her gaze immediately shifted to Nora, her smile softening into something almost grandmotherly. "So, this is the Reed girl? Come here, let me get a good look at you."

Nora stepped forward, and Beatrice took her hands. The older woman inspected her closely, her eyes crinkling with approval.

Grandparents always had a soft spot, especially for their most successful grandchild. Seeing her favorite grandson bring home such a stunning bride filled her with absolute delight.

Nora's palms were sweating as she nodded respectfully. "It's an honor to meet you, Mrs. Lancaster.

I'm Jade."

Eleanor's critical gaze raked over the girl.

Her white dress was simple, yet it flawlessly accentuated her stunning curves and impossibly tiny waist. The hemline revealed delicate, luminous ankles.

But it was her face that was truly breathtaking. She possessed a radiant complexion, flawlessly sculpted features, and bright, clear eyes that tilted up at the corners, giving her an effortless, intoxicating allure.

“Beautiful indeed,” Eleanor remarked with a sickeningly sweet smile, her tone laced with venom. “No wonder Hudson agreed to use you as a good luck charm to ward off his illness.”

A good luck charm?

Nora blinked in confusion and shot a glance at Hudson.

What illness?

Hudson was slouched on the couch, his long legs crossed. He was absently flicking his silver lighter open and closed, the metallic click echoing sharply in the room.

Catching her gaze, he looked up, his expression entirely unbothered.

Nora’s mind flashed back to the way he had brutally chewed those pills in the car.

Was he actually sick?

Was it terminal?

Why else would a billionaire resort to a superstitious marriage?

Nora dug her nails into her palms.

Suddenly, it made perfect sense why Jade had fled the altar.

But...

She sneaked another glance at him.

He was lounging with effortless dominance, radiating vitality. He didn’t look like a dying man at all.

Did this man really need saving?

While her mind spun with questions, Beatrice refused to let go of her hand. The matriarch continued to admire her, looking more thrilled by the second.

“She’s an absolute vision,” Beatrice said, turning to Eleanor. “Just look at them. They’re a perfect match.”

Eleanor forced a stiff smile and kept her mouth shut.

Beatrice turned back to Nora, sighing dramatically.

“You have no idea how terrified I was when Hudson got sick,” the older woman confessed. “I consulted every expert. They all said a marriage was the only way to shift his luck. We matched so many charts, but yours was the only one that aligned perfectly. They said you’d protect him, save him from disaster.”

She threw a teasing look at Hudson. “I was terrified he would refuse, but to my surprise...”

“Grandmother,” Hudson interrupted, his tone smooth and lazy. “Don’t scare my wife.”

“Who’s scaring her?” Beatrice scolded playfully. “I’m just happy!”

She had originally thought the marriage was just a desperate gamble. Who would have thought that in just a few days, Hudson’s mysterious condition would miraculously improve enough for him to pick his bride up at the airport?

Her superstitious plan had been a stroke of genius.