

## SUBSTITUTE BRIDE: UTTERLY PAMPERED BY HER BILLIONAIRE HUSBAND

### Chapter 2: Chapter 2: Newlywed Husband

Lillian Sterling is Serena's stepmother. She was a movie queen who once dominated the entertainment industry. Now, even after giving birth to two daughters, she maintains herself well, resembling a charming and graceful beautiful woman.

This Lillian Sterling rose to prominence as a mistress, but she is highly skilled. Not only did she successfully suppress her history as a mistress to become the matron of the Sterling family, but she also skillfully navigated the social circles of wealthy ladies.

Lillian Sterling organized today's wedding beautifully, and even Serena's wedding dress was custom-made from Milan at great cost. Everyone praised Lillian Sterling.

Serena pretended to know nothing, showing the shyness of a young girl. She looked expectantly towards the door, "The auspicious time has arrived, why... hasn't the groom come to pick me up yet?"

As soon as she finished speaking, Lillian Sterling's face changed.

Everyone also looked at each other, confused. Doesn't the bride know she's marrying a terminally ill ghost husband?

She's here to bring good luck, it's a wedding destined to have no groom.

Gregory Sterling stepped forward, with a somewhat guilty and evasive look, "Serena, today the groom... the groom is not feeling well, so he's not coming. You should go directly."

Serena paused, then quickly smiled obediently, "Okay, then I'll go."

Serena got into the luxury car that came to pick her up alone.

The guests watched Serena's graceful silhouette, saying she was a country bumpkin who had returned from the countryside. But in her beautiful wedding dress, her figure was slim and elegant, exuding an inexplicably serene and stunning aura.

Moreover, her appearance of obedience and ignorance made everyone sympathetic, leading them to start pointing and whispering about Lillian Sterling.

So glamorous on the surface, but she's still a stepmother, wanting to use another's daughter to replace her own daughter for the wedding to bring good luck.

Lillian Sterling's expression turned ugly. The wedding was initially under her control, but Serena easily turned the situation around, embarrassing her. Clearly, she underestimated Serena.

However, there will be plenty of time in the future, and she has ways to deal with her!

...

Serena arrived at Orchid Court and entered the bridal chamber.

The bridal chamber was unlit and pitch black, creating an eerie atmosphere.

Serena's dark, lustrous eyes emitted a cautious and glowing alertness in the dark. She approached the bed and vaguely saw a man lying on the soft bed.

This was her newlywed husband.

Serena extended her hand, intending to check his pulse.

But the next second, her slender wrist was suddenly gripped by several long fingers. The world spun, and she was already pinned beneath him.

Startled, Serena thought her newlywed husband was a terminally ill ghost husband, but the fingers gripping her wrist were firm and strong, clearly belonging to a very healthy man.

Who is he?

Serena quickly bent her knee, aiming for his crotch.

But the man moved faster, easily dodging her attack, then pressed her down firmly, rendering her unable to move.

The movements were swift, precise, and ruthless.

"Who are you? Let go of me!"

Serena struggled fiercely, their bodies rubbing against each other through the thin fabric.

Soon, a deep magnetic voice sounded near her ear, "Is the bride so passionate?"

"..."

Shameless!

Serena suddenly realized that the person who could be in this room was probably her newlywed husband, yet her newlywed husband had no health issues, being a strong and vigorous young man.

At this moment, the man's long fingers had already moved from her chin to the buttons on her dress, undoing them one by one.

Serena quickly grabbed his large hand, "I already stopped moving, what are you doing?"

"Scream, can you?"

Scream?

At this moment, Serena heard sneaky sounds outside the bridal chamber. The maid was holding back the old lady Crawford, "Madam, this isn't right. Let's just go back..."

"Shh." The old lady Crawford angrily made a gesture to silence her, "I'm just listening with my ears, not looking with my eyes!"

Old lady Crawford was leaning against the window listening in.

Serena wanted to get up and see what was happening, but Hayden Crawford was pressing her shoulder back, "Scream quickly."

Serena guessed he was putting on a show for the old lady outside and needed her cooperation, but...

"I can't."

Hayden Crawford's deep narrow eyes were sharp like a hawk's in the dark. He looked at the girl beneath him, only about twenty years old, with delicate brows frowning and eyes poised with both shame and anger.

Hayden Crawford's large hands reached for her dress and pulled forcibly outward.

Ah.

Serena only felt a chill on her skin, her slender arms shielding her heart. Ultimately, as a young girl, she let out a low cry of shock.

Hayden Crawford smirked, "Can you scream now?"

"..."

Serena looked up, shameless!

Hayden Crawford propped his hands on either side of her, confining her within his strong embrace.

In such a dark room, Serena, being just a girl, felt her snow-white earlobes turn red.

"Keep screaming, or I'll get serious." He threatened in a low voice.

Serena's lashes trembled, not doubting his words one bit, so she closed her eyes and screamed along with him.

Outside, old lady Crawford clasped her hands together, "Amitabha, thank goodness, my grandson is not, he's not impotent, he's finally awakened! Ancestors bless, I will soon hold great-grandchildren!"

Old lady Crawford happily jumped around and quickly left, going to the ancestral hall to offer incense.

Serena swiftly reached out to push the man on top of her, this time Hayden Crawford cooperated, releasing her.

With a click, he turned on the wall lamp.

The hazy light cascaded down, Serena sat up, quickly buttoning her dress, covering her smooth shoulders and creamy skin.

She raised her eyes, looking at the man.

The man had already left the bed, revealing a handsome face. He was extremely good-looking, his facial lines seemingly carved by the heavens, every gesture exuding inherent aloofness and nobility.

But Serena had no time to admire the man's handsome face, instead, her pupils slightly shrank.

Because this man...

"It's you!"

He's the man from the train!

He is her newlywed husband!

Serena knew she was marrying a terminally ill man, she had prepared a lot, but never expected it to be him.

On the train that day, she had loudly scolded him, confidently declaring herself as the bride marrying into Orchid Court, he must have been watching her joke back then.

Hayden Crawford's thin lips curved into an ambiguous smile, "Recognized me? I told you we'd meet again soon."

His eyes showed an amused glint. The butler told him that the Sterling family substituted with a country bumpkin.

Let it be a substitution, as long as it made grandma happy.

Besides, the country bumpkin was her.

But is a country bumpkin supposed to be like her?

He had witnessed with his own eyes how on the train she made that scarred man fall at her feet.