

Substitute Bride's Husband Is An Invisible Rich Man

Chapter 1 - Wedding Night - Read Free Online

Chapter 1: Wedding Night

After struggling to jump out of the old minivan, Mo Yan held the hem of her wedding dress as she carefully avoided the puddles on the ground.

Rain poured down, and the minivan quickly drove away, splashing a large amount of mud onto her wedding dress.

Mo Yan sighed and walked slowly toward the dilapidated brick house in front of her.

The brick house was not locked. As soon as Mo Yan pushed the door open, she could see everything in the house: an old wooden bed, a table with one leg missing, two wooden chairs, a dark red lacquered cabinet and a small cubicle.

Mo Yan accepted her fate and walked to one side of the bed to sit down. The bumpy journey had already exhausted her. She was also wearing a heavy wedding dress soaked in rainwater, which made her even more exhausted.

Since she was ordered by her stepmother to replace her stepsister in marrying a pauper, she was not surprised by the terrible environment here.

After she married him, her stepmother would give her a sum of money. With the money, she could pay for the treatment of her mother's illness, and her younger brother would be able to continue his studies. Being able to take care of her family gave her life meaning.

She anxiously waited until the sky turned dark. Finally, after a burst of lightning and thunder, she saw a drenched man push open the door and enter. The dilapidated wooden door immediately let out an obscure creak.

Rain trickled down the man's furrowed brows. Mo Yan did not expect her husband, who was extremely poor, to have furrowed brows, a straight nose, and a perfect and strong facial structure, it made her a little confused.

The man only glanced at Mo Yan, who was sitting by the bed in a wedding dress. Then, he entered the small cubicle and the sound of running water could be heard.

When the man finished showering and walked towards her while drying his hair with a towel, it finally sunk in Mo Yan's heart that it was her wedding night, and that she was really going to spend it with the strange man in front of her.

"It's getting late. Go to sleep."

The man said in a deep and magnetic voice as he walked to the other side of the bed and sat down.

Mo Yan's heart was beating very fast. When she felt the slight sway of the wooden bed when the man sat down, she could not help but shiver.

"I... I'm going to take a shower too."

Mo Yan did not dare to look at him. She stood up in fear and quickly hid in the small cubicle at the side. Just as she was about to close the door, she realized that the dilapidated cubicle did not have a door at all. There was no place for her to hide.

Just as Mo Yan was panicking, the man outside seemed to understand what was going through her head. He said in a low voice, "I'm going out to smoke. Take your time to shower. There's no rush."

Then, the man strode out and closed the wooden door tightly.

Mo Yan's eyes were red, and a wave of sadness welled up from the bottom of her heart. Although her life had never been easy, she was never as poor as she was right now. Looking at the shower and squatting pit in the cubicle, she could only hide in the corner. She then struggled and carefully took off the wedding dress on her body.

After showering, she realized that there was no change of clothes in the cubicle. Mo Yan then wrapped a towel around her body and walked out.

She looked at the dilapidated house and tidied up the room before the man came back. She took out a blanket from the wardrobe and carefully laid it on the bed.

After doing all this, Mo Yan let out a sigh of relief. She crossed her arms and sat by the bed, waiting for the man to return.

There was no hot water here. She had just taken a shower with cold water. The silence made her feel a chill all over her body. She could not help but tremble slightly.

“Hu... Hu...” Mo Yan breathed into her palms, trying to get some warmth.

Right as she was rubbing her hands together to warm up, the wooden door suddenly opened with a creak. Mo Yan subconsciously got up, and unexpectedly, the towel on her chest slipped down. She was shocked, and frantically tried to pull up the blanket to cover herself.

However, the lust on her chest had already leaked out. Her small face was stained with an alluring blush. The man’s eyes glazed over, and he lifted his feet to walk over.

After Mo Yan anxiously covered her private parts with the blanket, the man walked in front of her. A large shadow enveloped her. The tip of her nose could even smell the fragrance of the soap that the man used to shower.

“Let’s sleep.”

The man’s voice became a little hoarse. He stretched out his long arm and turned off the light with a click. Mo Yan’s vision instantly turned pitch black.

Immediately after, his large hand caressed her shoulder, and the man's hot chest pressed against her. Mo Yan was pressed onto the bed by the man's body. The moment her naked body came into contact with the cold mattress, she subconsciously leaned against the man's warm body.

"Do you know who I am?"

The man held the bed board with one hand and wrapped the other around Mo Yan's shoulder. He pressed against her tightly.

Mo Yan felt her mind go blank. After feeling his hot breath on her face, she swallowed her saliva and answered timidly, "Yes, you are my husband... Luo Tao."

She understood what he meant. He was reminding her that they were already married and that tonight was their wedding night. It was only right and proper for couples to do such things.