

The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband Chapter 1

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Chapter 1 Marriage

In the winter of 2015, Olive Hart sat on a train from an orphanage in the suburbs and was headed for Los Angeles.

When she was nine year old, she was taken to the suburbs. And today, she's being brought back to LA. And not for any reason other than the marriage between the Hart's family and the Augustine's family.

A daughter from the Hart's family is to marry into the Augustine's family. But, with the rumours of the groom being terminally ill, neither of Hart's two sisters consented to the marriage.

Olive was sitting on the bunk with a book in her hand. The door of the train was suddenly pushed open. The cold wind was accompanied by a sweet and fishy smell of blood.

Raising her eyes, she sighted a tall figure collapsing from the outside into the train. In split. seconds, some men clothed in black rushed in.

"Boss, there's no one here. Let's just send him to hell." One of them roared. The scariest of them all, who also happened to be their boss, diverted his gaze toward Olive.

Olive instantly felt a surge of heat engulfing her. The man's eyes passed a message of strong murderous intent. Glancing at the weapons calmly and silently in their hands, Olive immediately chose to act panicked and begged for mercy, "Don't hurt me please. I saw nothing."

Their leader stepped forward and stared at Olive's small face. Her eyes were incomparably. bright, whenever she glanced around, her eyes swayed.

The man was struck by such dazzling eyes, and he had seen nothing of such prior.

"Little beauty, we don't have to hurt you, you just have to please my brothers."

Olive's slender eyelash trembled, and she said pitifully, "I don't want to die, please. As long as you don't hurt me, I'll definitely serve you all satisfactorily.

Olive's soft and gentle pleas ignited the urge of consummation in the leader's body. He pounced on Olive and tried submerging her slender body under his.

“Boss, you go first. We’ll send this dk to hell first. Then we’ll all have a good time with her.” One of the men suggested.

Already manipulated by the desire, the leader followed the speech of advice, dropped his weapon on the floor and had reached out to pull the buttons of Olive’s clothes.

But in splits seconds, a small white hand had halted his hand. The man raised his head to meet Olive’s bright eyes. The panics and weakness which were visible in her eyes had now disappeared. A cold look was now evident.

“You..” The man made to speak, but Olive immediately kicked him on the loins.

“F**k” The man man muttered and came crashing to the ground.

“Boss!” The men had chorused in shock. The men were startled and wanted going to assist, but the man who had collapsed on the ground suddenly opened his eyes, and he s****d

the

weapon from one of the men in black. The men then fell to the ground one by one almost in a split second.

Olive sat up. She knew the man was only playing unconscious. Her eyes met with his.

He had a pair of extremely narrow eyes, sharp as a falcon, and there were like two small abyss in the bottom of them. Anyone who looked at them was bound to be sucked in.

“Master, we’re late.” The rescuers arrived and began to clean up in an orderly fashion.

One of the men, probably his confidant, handed the man a clean patch of cloth. He wiped his hands elegantly, then walked towards olive with steady steps. His bony fingers clenched her small jaw.

With squinted eyes, he look at her playfully. His voice was low and magnetic, “What do you think I’ll do with you?”

Olive was forced to look up at him. The man was tall and handsome. His aura was powerful and cold as the night.

Although he had wiped his hands, she could still smell blood. She knew she had witnessed everything. And it would be difficult to get away.

She knocked down the man’s hand and uttered sternly, “I’m the bride who’s about to marry into the Red Villa.”

The man raised his eyebrows. It was quite interesting. She’s... his bride?

“Aren’t you from Los Angeles? You should know that the daughter of the Hart’s family is

the one to marry into the Red Villa.”

“Yes, I’m fully aware of that. And I am the bride. If something sinister happens to me, don’t you think that’ll be big trouble for you? Just let me go, I saw saw nothing, and would say nothing!”

At this point, Olive really owed her stepmother, Monica, a vote of thanks, she thought sarcastically. Monica has sent the money which she used in taking the train to LA. However, it wasn’t due to the fact that she loved Olive, but because the marriage was important to

Monica.

The marriage between the Hart’s family and The Augustine’s family (The Red Villa.) Was the biggest gossip in the whole of LA.

Olive’s words seem to have caught the man’s attention. He stared at her with interest. Today, he was set up by a business opponent who wanted him dead. It was indeed an accident meeting this girl.

Looking intensively at her, he estimated her age to be about twenty. Although her face was pale and her clothes, messy. Her eyes were clear and intelligent, and they Shone brightly.

The man moved back and took his men away. Olive’s fingertips slowly loosened. The man turned his head and spoke slowly in lips she could understand “I’ll see you soon.” Cambridge hotel and suites. The Hart’s family’s wedding was held today.

In the bridal lounge, Gabriella Hart stared at her half–sister (they shared the same father), Olive and said, “Olive, your mother died when you were nine. You later pushed our

grandfather down the stairs with your own hands. Hence, you were sent to the orphanage by dad. Now that you’re back, I’m certain you know the reason. So you need to comply. Otherwise, you’ll be sent back to the suburbs where you came from.” She paused to take a breathe and added, ” To the Hart’s family, you’re nothing more than a sacrificial lamb. So, you better behave like one.”

Olive twisted her lips and replied coldly, “Of course, I do understand. I have no time for this now. You can stop barking.”

Gabriella was too furious to talk back and stared at Olive’s bright eyes. Her eyes were indeed stunning. You could tell she’s a beauty simply from that pair of eyes. Gabriella went extremely jealous. She felt as though she should dig out her pair of eyes. ‘She

should be nothing but an ugly redneck!

“Olive, the time has come, we should move!” Patrick’s deep voice sounded as he walked in with Monica and a group of guests.