

## The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband Chapter 2

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The Substitute Bride: Doted by My billionaire Husband by Sumpto Midway

Chapter 2 The Newlywed Husband

Monica was a popular actress in the entertainment industry when she was young. Even after having two daughters, she still took care of her body. Just like a beautiful charming young woman.

She was a mistress, but her skills were extremely high. Not only did she successfully dethrone the real wife. She also moved herself to the position of Matriarch in the Hart's family.

Monica had indeed made the wedding glamorous. Even Olive's wedding dress had been customized from Paris at a very huge cost. Everyone did praise her for a job well done.

Olive pretended as though she was devoid of knowledge. She looked through the door expectantly, "Why isn't the groom here?"

Immediately she was done speaking, Monica's expression changed greatly. Everyone stared at one another in awe.

"Isn't she aware that she's about marrying an ill man?" questioning look showed on faces of the guests.

Patrick stepped forward, his eyes a little guilty and dodgy, "Olive, the groom isn't feeling too well. So he can't come. But you'll meet him once we're done here."

An obedient smile arched on her lips. "Okay dad. I should be heading to meet him."

Olive was led by Patrick into a luxury G-wagon which parked in the hotel's garage. She waved at him and he nodded in response, as the car sped off.

They guests were sympathetic that she wasn't aware of her husband's condition. They all looked at Monica and began to whisper sarcastic words.

Although Monica was quite stunning, she was a stepmother who made another woman's child marry a sick man.

Monica cheeks fluttered in embarrassment. The wedding was originally under her control, but Olive had to ask such question in a bid to stymie her plans.

Monica let it slide as she knew perfectly how to get back at her in the future.

Olive arrived at the Red Villa and was ushered into her room. The lights were not turned on, thus it was pitch dark and the atmosphere was a bit cold.

Olive's dark eyes shone in a gleam of vigilance. She walked over to the bed and saw a man lying on the big, soft bed.

This must be her new husband!

Olive reached out to give him a pulse, she stretched out her index finger towards him, but in the next second, her slender waist was clasped by few thin fingers. She felt as though the world was spinning, and before saying jack, he was already on top of her. Olive was galvanized. She was informed that her husband was a sick man. But the fingers that had just grabbed her waist were strong and clearly that of a healthy man.

"Who is he?"

Olive quickly bent her knees and pressed against his crotch. But the man was even faster. He easily dodged her attacks and bent his knees, causing her to be unable to move.

He was quick, accurate and ruthless.

"Who are you? Let me go!" Olive struggled hard as their bodies rubbed through the thin fabric.

"The bride is enthusiastic, do you want to have s\*x?" A deep magnetic voice sounded. Degenerate!

Olive suddenly pondered on the possibility of the man in the room being her husband. The man's slender fingers had already landed on the zip of her dress, and was slowly unzipping it.

Olive quickly grabbed his hands, "What are you doing?"

"Just moan. Can you do that?"

Moan?

At this moment, Olive heard a sneaky voice form outside the room. It was a maid who was beckoning on the Old madam Samantha. "Madam, this isn't good. We had better go back..."

"Shh." The old lady hushed angrily, "I'll listen with my ears, not with my eyes!"

Olive wanted to see what was going on, but Elvis pressed her shoulder with one hand and pushed her back, "Hurry up and

Olive guessed that he needed to put up a show for the old lady and needed her cooperation.

"I can't do that."

Elvis stared at the girl beneath him. She's only twenty years old or odd. now showing a frown, and her eyes reserved and shy. Elvis two big hands came to her dress and pulled it off.

Olive felt her skin turned cold, she wrapped her hands around her slim shoulders.

"Can you moan now?" Elvis asked again, but in a more calmer tone.

Elvis propped his hands on her side, trapping her in his arms and initiating some extreme intimate movements. In such dark room, the big bed was rattled by him.

"Continue to yell, or I'll be serious." He threatened in a low voice. Olive shivered. She didn't doubt his words one bit. So she closed her eyes and moaned as he ordered.

Outside the room, old Mrs Samantha clasped her hands together and muttered, "Great, my grandson is neither gay nor incompetent. He had s\*x! Creator bless me. I'm going to have a great-grandson!"

Old Mrs Samantha danced happily and quickly left to say the rosary.

Olive hastily reached out and pushed the man off her body. This time, Elvis was also cooperative and had let go of her. With a bang, he turned on the wall lamp.

Olive sat up. She zipped her dress, covering her shiny shoulders and her delicate milk muscles.

She raised her eyes and looked at the man. He had already gotten out of bed, his handsome face was revealed. The muscles on his face were carved perfectly.

But Olive had no time to admire the man's beauty. Her eyes had widened in shock, "It's you!"

He was the man on the train!

He was her new husband!

Olive knew she was going to marry a sick man, and had prepared for it. But she never thought that it would be him.

She reminisced on how she yelled at him on the train. Plausibly saying that she was the bride who was marrying into the Red Villa. She was convinced that he must have been laughing inwardly while listening to her petty threats.

Elvis's reddish lips cracked into a smile, "You recognized me. I did say we were gonna meet soon."

There was some trace of playfulness in his eyes. He was informed by the butler that the Hart's family were giving up their abandoned daughter for marriage.

All he cared about was to marry in order to please his grandmother.

But he was still impressed that she happened to be the bride, especially after the incident on the train.