

The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband Chapter 3

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

Chapter 3 Squeeze Her Neck

A knock was heard on the door. "Young master." Henry, the butler called from outside.

"Come in." Elvis lightly raised his thin lips. Henry pushed open the door and walked in.

"Young master, young mistress, anything you would like me to do?"

Elvis stood beside the bed. He was wearing a simple white trousers with a black T-shirt. One could tell the fabric was expensive, which looked like a handmade version.

They made him look tall and handsome, with a magnificent temperament.

Elvis lowered his eyes and skillfully flipped the silver button on his shirt with his fingers.

He glanced at Olive and said. "Do you wish to eat anything?"

Olive heart tensed. The marriage was planned by the older generation of the four most powerful family in Los Angeles. The Augustines. The Blues. The Heavens and The Dominos.

Elvis, the young master of the Augustine's family, ruled the country with the dominant place. He was the youngest and the most Handsome of business leaders. However, he stayed anonymous and no one knew what he truly looked like.

The Red Villa was situated in a remote location. At first glance, one would think that they weren't a wealthy family.

Monica's biggest wish was to marry both her daughters into the four major families in Los Angeles. With the news of the son of the Augustine's family being sick, Monica really wanted to go against the contract by not giving any of her daughter to the marriage.

But Patrick Hart was a feudal and filial person and was unwilling to violate the marriage contract made by the older generation.

Monica had then thought of Olive, so she brought her back as the bride.

To Olive's prior understanding, the man she was being married to was nothing to write home about, but at this moment, she was puzzled.

The man in front of her was arrogant and condescending. People could not help but worship.

Olive wanted to say something, but at this moment, the man suddenly put both of his hands on the table. He narrowed his handsome eyes and groaned.

The butler's expression became that of fright, he said hastily, "Young master, I'll call the doctor now!"

Olive's bright eyes moved down. The hands that were propped up in the table were already bruising, like a sign of illness.

Is he sick?

Olive's eyes met his. He turned abruptly and said to the butler, "Get her out of here!"

Olive knew that she couldn't leave at the moment. She had left the Hart's family for a purpose and needed to take hold of the identity as the bride of the Red Villa.

Olive stared at Elvis fixedly, "You're sick, what is it? I know a little about medicines and acupuncture, I can treat you."

"Get out! Elvis growled.

Not only did Olive not get away, she even walked closer to him. "I smell some precious medicinal herbs such as Lily Poria cocos, and gastrodia elata. If my guess is correct, you have insomnia."

The butler stared at Olive in shock, "Young mistress, you....."

Olive's eyes fell on Elvis's handsome face, "What's the extent of your sleep disorder? Once the sleep disorder progresses, it will seriously affect a person's mental state. You should rest and relax."

The corners of Elvis's long and narrow eyes grew redder and gloomier. He reached out and grabbed Olive's neck.

Olive's neck was very delicate. As long as he continued choking her, she was bound to be dead in no time.

"Young master please let go of her!" The butler pleaded.

The air that she could breathe was getting thinner and thinner. Olive's small face reddened, but she quickly pulled out a silver needle from her hair and stabbed Elvis let go and sat on the sofa.

Elvis's hand

Olive gasped for breath. The man in front of her was way too dangerous. Just a sleep disorder could turn him from an elegant and noble man into a monster at any time.

At this stage, she had no choice but surge ahead. She moved behind him. Then, she raised her slim white fingers and placed them on his temples in a bid to massage

hum.

Elvis closed his handsome eyes, and covered the scarlet colour in them. “Your treatment is to massage me?”

“Be happy. You’re the first man I’m giving a massage.”

“It seem you ain’t the first woman who has been lucky enough to give me a massage.”

“I’ll help you act in front of grandma, and I could also help you treat your insomnia. How about that?” Olive questioned as she massaged his shoulder slowly.

Elvis said nothing.

Olive took out another needle from her hair and pushed it into Elvis’s neck. Elvis closed his eyes and fell into the sofa.

Olive quickly reached out and gently caught his handsome face with her hands.

He had fallen asleep.

The butler was already dripping in sweat. No one didn’t know the identity of his young master. He’s the young master of Lu family, the favored son of heaven, teh teenage regarding business as a game, and using few effort, he created the myth of Lu family.

No one had ever dared to negotiate with him, let alone a girl.

All the girls who had been fortunate enough to see Elvis over the years, were desperate to get his love.

But Olive was special. Even in front of the sick young master, she was calm and intelligent.

What was even more surprising was that the young master had fallen sleep.

Elvis hadn’t slept for a long time!

The doctors who treated Elvis’s insomnia were all world’s best doctors, but none could make it.

“Young mistress...” The butler initiated.

Olive pressed her fingers on her lips and made a shush gesture, “Don’t worry, you can go. I’ll be with him.”

For some reason, the butler felt that Olive carried a reassuring force. So he obediently withdrew.

The room was silent.

Olive allowed him rest on her for a moment. When he fell into a deep sleep, she put him on the sofa and covered him with a blanket.

When she done putting him to sleep, Olive climbed on the bed and fell asleep.

At this moment, Elvis slowly opened his eyes and woke up. He stood up and walked to the bed. Stretching out his long fingers, he caressed Olive's smooth face gently.