

The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband Chapter 4

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The Substitute Bride: Doted by My billionaire Husband by Sumpto Midway
Chapter 4 Feed him with a spoon

Elvis's finger halted. He stared at the Olive who had already fallen asleep.

He glanced at her neck and sighted a visible mark. Her skin was fragile.

Elvis turned around and returned to the sofa.

His sleep disorder was getting worse by the day. It definitely was not something her silver needles could cure. However, she was skilled in medicine. Just now, he really did take a nap on her.

Elvis gaze was focused on her slender figure on the bed. He wondered how she could be so tiny and soft.

The following morning. Olive sat in the dining room, she was eating a pastrami sandwich and a glass of smoothie laid on her table.

"Olly, I liked you as soon as I saw you. If ever Elvis dares to bully you, tell grandma, grandma will help you beat him up." Old Mrs Samantha teased with a smile on her face.

"Don't stop Olly, drink some more smoothie." Old Mrs Samantha beckoned.

"I will grandma." Olive replied and drank from her glass.

"Good morning young master." The maids voice sounded.

Elvis descended the stairs without responding to them.

Olive raised her eyes and stared at him. Elvis was clothed in a white shirt and black trousers. Every step he took was magnetic. He was indeed alluring.

Behind him, an older nanny came down holding a piece of white beddings in her hands. There was some blood stains on it.

She walked up to Olive and said. "Congratulations madam."

When Olive saw it, she had questions in her mind. Because she was certain that she and Elvis had done nothing the previous night.

At this moment. Elvis stopped beside her. He tucked his long hands into the pocket of his trousers and lowered his long body and whispered into her ears. "I did that."

Olive breath a sigh of relief and was happy that nothing had really happened. But Elvis wasn't done, he bent more further and asked. "Are you still...a virgin?"

His question was way too straightforward. Olive had never been in a relationship. Their posture was a little intimate, they were like lovebirds whispering to each other. Old Mrs Samantha immediately covered her eyes with her hands, "I saw nothing. I ain't looking. You guys can continue."

Mrs Samantha slightly opened her fingers and peeped secretly at them..

Elvis gazed at Olive's earlobe which was a bit reddish, and his heroic eyebrows were slightly raised, showing the evil charm of a mature man. "Your twentieth birthday is yet to arrive. You're nineteen years old. You've never had sex with a man, right?"

Olive was still very young. But Elvis was twenty seven years old. He was handsome and mature.

Olive felt his warm breath flow across her body, sending cold shivers down her spine. "Do you wanna eat? Here have some." Olive turned and fed him the pastrami sandwich. He took a bite and chewed slowly.

She took her glass of smoothie and made him drink from it.

The butler who stood close by immediately shouted, "Young mistress, that's your glass!"

Elvis had a strict cleanliness addiction. He never shared a spoon or glass. The housekeeper had quickly left to get him a mouthwash.

Olive's eyelash shivered. Elvis stood up straight. His face ached in a frown. He grabbed the glass and drank half of the content.

The butler was surprised at Elvis's action. Old Mrs Samantha nodded in satisfaction.

She was over seventy. She did like Olive. And was convinced that Elvis and her were destined for each other.

"It looks like my great-grandson will soon be in Olive's stomach." Mrs Samantha squealed like a child.

Olive held the glass of smoothie in her hands. Contemplating whether to drink from it or not.

Elvis sat on the seat beside her. He looked at her with concern and said. "Why did you stop eating? Go on and eat."

To her, drinking from it would be them indirectly kissing.

"Yea Olly, go ahead and have your meal. I'll give you another glass later." Old Mrs Samantha added.

Olive quickly ate half of her sandwich and emptied her glass. "I'm full Grandma. I won't eat anymore."

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Elvis stared at her cute and naive look, a sweet chuckle escaped his lips.

After breakfast, Old Mrs Samantha asked Olive, "Olly, do you want to go out later?"

Olive nodded, "Yes grandma. I want to go to my parent's house."

"Oh, that's right. You should visit your parents. Elvis, how about you take Olly to her parent's house, and take some gifts with you. Our son-in-law's etiquette shouldn't be ignored." Old Mrs Samantha spoke to Elvis.

Olive was about retorting, but Elvis muttered, "It's fine grandma. I'll take her."

Elvis and Olive walked out of the front door into the lawn. Elvis opened the front passenger's door for her and muttered, "Get in."

Olive waved her hand in a bid to dissuade him, "Grandma can't see from here. No need for the pretence. I'll take a taxi to my parent's house."

Elvis furrowed his eyebrows. "Didn't you say, that you were gonna cooperate with me and act in the presence of grandma? Get in the car, and don't let me say it the third time."

Olive's heart s****d a beat. He really had agreed to the deal she offered the previous night!

Without any further resilient. Olive got into the luxurious car.

The ferrari sport car sped along the road. Neither of them spoke to each other. Olive simply turned her face to the window. Elvis's shadow reflected on the car's black window. He drove insanely. Olive sighted the precious steel watch on his sturdy wrist. It worth tens of millions.

Olive did not know whom he truly was. She only knew that the two families had reached a peaceful agreement, and she was the lamb of sacrifice.

Olive focused her gaze on the scenery outside the window.

Half an hour later, the voluptuous car halted in front of Olive's house. Olive lowered her eyes and made to unfasten her seat belt. However, she had difficulties and couldn't get it done.

"Let me help you." Elvis stretched his body to help her unfasten it.

Elvis had scented the fragrance from Olive's body the previous night. Now that he leaned against her, what lingered in his nose is the pleasant fragrance which emanated from her.