

The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband

Chapter 701

Chapter 701 The Jewelry.

Alpha took Annabelle out of the palace. Her hand was still in Alpha's palm. She quickly moved and withdrew her hand.

Alpha stopped and looked at her, "What's the matter with you?"

Annabelle was wearing a floral gown today. She stood beautifully and gently in the wind. She reached out and tucked the few strands of her long hair behind her ears. She looked at Alpha, and said, "It's okay, thank you for today, but i won't go back with you."

Alpha looked at her with a smile. "I'm not joking with you, Anahelle, you are still my wife."

"Then let's find time to go to the Civil Affairs Bureau to get a divorce. Anyway, after we've been separated for so many years, our marriage has long expired." Annabelle said.

Alpha pursed his lips and did not utter another word.

At this moment, Joyce walked over, "Annabelle, let's go," she said to her.

"Okay." Annabelle muttered and followed Joyce into the car.

Olive also came out of the Royal Palace. "Mummy, Aunt Annabelle, you two can go first. I'll wait for Mr. Augustine."

"Olive, we have to go back." Joyce said sternly,

Olive quickly noticed the abnormality on Joyce's face. Now, Joyce looked very serious, 'Mummy, what's wrong?' Olive asked.

Joyce whispered, "Olive, grandma is here!"

Grandma?

When she heard Joyce's words, Olive's heart skipped a beat. Every princess in Visionary was raised by the respected grandma. This Grandma strictly disciplined the Princesses. She was respected and loved by everyone.

Joyce was raised by this lady. Because Olive had lived with her since she was a child, she had been treated by the old lady with love.

The lady loved Joyce and Olive very much and treated them as if they were her own biological family. However, she was strict and stern.

Olive did not expect that her grand-mother would come so quickly. Moreover, what her grandmother hated the most was Greenland, and the people of Greenland.

Back then, Visionary was overthrown, and blood had stained the river. Now, the elders of Visionary

were all victims of that bloody apocalypse. Their parents died in that bloody battle.

Olive frowned. She knew that her grand-mother would not surface easily,

unless there was something important.

Olive had an ominous feeling in her heart. She nodded and said, "Mummy, Auntie Joyce, then let's go back together."

The three women got into the car and the luxurious car sped away.

Annabelle sat in the back seat of the luxurious car. Until the car was far away, she could still feel Alpha's gaze on her, closely trailing her.

"Annabelle! Annabelle!" At this moment, Joyce called out a few times.

Annabelle returned to her senses. She looked at Joyce, and said, "Joyce, what's the matter with you?"

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Chapter 701 The Jewelry.

Joyce looked at Annabelle suspiciously, "Annabelle, why do I have a feeling that you're acting weird? Are you hiding something from me? It seems like you have been a little abnormal since the last time you came back from Alpha's place. Did Alpha bully you that night?"

Annabelle blinked her eyes and gently nudged Joyce with her arm.

Annabelle quickly shook her head, "No, I slept in the guest room that night. He slept in the master bedroom. When I woke up in the morning, he was gone.

Joyce, don't think about it!"

"That's really strange. The carnivorous wolf, Alpha, actually changed to muttered strangely.

a vegetarian," Joyce

Annabelle did not say anything else. She just raised her hand and tucked a strand of hair behind her

car.

Joyce saw that Annabelle's exposed earlobe slowly reddened, quite unnatural.

Joyce was more puzzled. She was already sure that Annabelle must be hiding something from her.

When Elvis left the palace, Olive was already gone.

"Master, just now, Miss Hart left. She seems to have something important to do, so she didn't wait for you," Peterson stepped forward and respectfully informed him.

Elvis had hurriedly rushed out, but she actually left."

Elvis said to Peterson, "Let's go too."

"Yes, master," Peterson respectfully opened the rear door and Elvis got into the car.

The Rolls-Royce business car sped along the road. Soon, it started raining-

“Master, it’s raining.” Peterson informed Elvis.

Elvis looked up and looked out through the bright glass window. It was raining heavily.

At this moment, someone suddenly rushed over in the heavy rain and smashed into the Rolls-Royce business luxurious car.

Peterson quickly stepped on the brakes, “Master, we seem to have hit someone.

Elvis sighed and said, “Get out of the car and have a look.”

Peterson quickly got out of the car and saw a slender figure collapsed in front of the car. It was a girl. The girl’s forehead was hit, and blood oozed out, as she laid unconsciously on the ground.

“Miss...Miss...” Peterson called out a few times, but the girl on the ground did not respond.

Elvis also got out of the car. He looked at the unconscious girl on the ground and whispered, “Hurry up and take her to the hospital”

“Yes sir,” Peterson immediately picked up the girl.

At this moment, a piece of jewelry which hung around the girl’s neck was visible. Elvis glanced at it. and his deep pupils suddenly shrank.

The necklace was so familiar that it even had the word ‘Augustine’ engraved on it.

Elvis quickly recognized that it was his.

If he remembered correctly, he once gave this necklace to Pamela.

When he first went to Los Angeles more than ten years ago, he almost lost his life in the icy snow. A girl saved him. On that snowy night, that girl hugged him and used her body temperature to warm him, giving him a steady stream of warmth and strength to rely on. And that girl had since occupied- a soft spot in his heart.

However, Pamela had found him with the necklace,

Now, the necklace appeared on the girl’s body.

“Wait a minute,” Elvis suddenly said.

Peterson stopped. “Master, what’s wrong?”

Elvis reached out and picked up the necklace. This jade pendant on it was real.

Could it be that Pamela had brought the fake necklace to him?

The person who really saved him back then was not Pamela at all, but the girl in front of him.

In conclusion, the girl who had suddenly appeared was a mystery.

“Bring her back to the villa, then call the private doctor over, Elvis changed his words.

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The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband Novel Full Episode

Score 9.2

Chapter 702 His Savior.

Peterson was stunned. He couldn't believe his master wanted to bring the unconscious girl back to the villa.

Elvis added, "Don't let Olive know about this, understood?"

Peterson nodded nervously. "Yes, Sir."

Elvis took the girl back to the villa. The personal doctor soon arrived.

"Mr. Augustine, the patient is fine. She should wake up soon. She has been abused for a long time, and she is malnourished. So, pay more attention to her later." The doctor informed Elvis.

After the doctor was done, Peterson sent him away.

Elvis was standing beside the bed. He looked at the girl on the bed. The girl looked very delicate, but her face was oval and beautiful

Suddenly, the girl on the bed moved and opened her eyes.

The girl did not know where she was, hence she looked around in confusion.

"Are you awake? Elvis asked.

The girl was shocked and quickly raised her head to see Elvis.

"Who are you?" The girl quickly sat up from the bed in shock. She kept shrinking back and wrapped herself tightly with the quilt. She looked at Elvis alertly, "Don't come over!"

Elvis's handsome face was blank. His narrow and deep eyes fell on the necklace again, and then he whispered, "Who gave you that necklace?"

Hearing his question, the girl quickly reached out and pulled the necklace around her neck tightly into her palm, "This is my necklace, it has nothing to do with you, no one can touch it, it's mine!TM

The girl seemed to care about the necklace very much, and she carefully and cautiously protected it in her palm, fearing that someone would steal it from her.

It could be seen that necklace was very important to her.

Elvis did not continue with the topic. Then, rest well."

With that, he turned around and left.

In the study, Elvis sat on an office chair and was reviewing some documents. At this moment, Peterson walked in. "Master, I just checked. Pamela passed away in prison a few days ago."

"Pamela was very emotional after she was locked in. She soon became mentally ill. Then she fell ill and survived the past four years. A few days ago, she could not hold on and died in prison"

Elvis calmly signed his name on the bottom of the document. He listened to Peterson but didn't look up.

"Pamela was speaking about you and Olive before she died. It was said that her words weren't very unpleasant. She said that you two can't be together in this life. I was told that she spoke about you two for about four days before her death..." Peterson narrated.

Elvis never believed in curses. "What else?" he asked.

"Also, what she said before she died was recorded. The video is here," Peterson opened his laptop

Elvis stopped writing. He looked at the video. Pamela appeared on the screen. He had not seen her for four years. She had been tortured beyond recognition. She was lying on the cold and dirty ground. The prison was still as vicious as before, but now, it was deeply dented and even more terrifying. Pamela was already gasping for air and was about to die, but her hatred did not fade in the slightest. "Olive, I hate you, it's you who ruined my life, you think you and Elvis can be together happily? Stop dreaming!"

As she spoke, a strange smile appeared on Pamela's lips. "I have a secret. I won't tell anyone this secret. Haha, Elvis, you recognized the wrong person, you deserve it!"

Pamela closed her eyes as she laughed out loud.

The video was over.

"Master, this Pamela did not reveal the secret that she mentioned until she died. What do you think. the secret is? What does she mean by you recognized the wrong person?"

Elvis was lost in thought.

He wondered if the girl in the room was the real girl who had rescued him and not Pamela.

"You can go down now."

"Yes, Master," Peterson withdrew and walked away.

Elvis stood up and walked to the window. He looked up at the bright lights outside, then he took out his phone and sent a message to Olive

Olive had already returned to the villa, and Granny Constance was waiting for her in the living room.

"Grandma, why are you here? You didn't even tell me when you arrived."

Olive held her grandmother's hand intimately.

Grandma Constance had no children and had dedicated her life to Visionary and the princess, so she was very loved.

Grandma Constance took Olive hands and stared at her for a while, then she nodded lovingly, "Well, Her Royal Highness has been raised well recently. I'm worried about you going to Greenland. Our countries aren't friends, and I can't

help but worry about you..

From her grandmother's words, Olive could feel her grandmother's hatred for Greenland. She smiled, and said, "Grandma, everything is fine here. Besides, mummy is also here."

"Don't mention your mother to me. Your mother is the most mischievous amongst the Princesses of Visionary. She ran out to play privately and didn't do her job right."

Olive wondered if her mother wouldn't be ashamed if she heard such.

The answer was no. Of course not. Because, Joyce had been reprimanded over a million times by grandma Constance.

Grandma Constance's voice changed. She took Olives's hand and sat down on the sofa, "Your mommy's biggest credit is for giving birth to you, Olive, you are our hope in Visionary. We look forward to you. Now, I've finally brought the daughter of Visionary that our ancestor prophezied about!"

Olive could feel her grandmother's hope for Visionary.

"Grandma, I will do my best," Olive solemnly said.

Grandma Constance nodded in satisfaction. She restrained her face and said sternly, "Olive. I'm here-

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Chapter 202 His Saltor.

because I heard that the true lord of Greenland has appeared after a hundred years. Who is he?"

Before Olive spoke, her grandmother's eyes quickly revealed a strong murderous intent.

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Score 9.2

Chapter 703 A Dream.

"Olive, you must find out who this person **is as** soon as possible. This time, we have to strike first and eradicate this person!" Granny **said** with murderous intent.

Olive's heart sank. Her bad premonition was fulfilled. This time, her **grandmother** came from Visionary for Elvis. Her grandmother had already hated Elvis before meeting him.

"Grandma," Olive was about to say something but she stopped, "You have not seen this person before. This person is the only person in Greenland who has the blood of a child in the past one hundred years. Maybe he is different from the previous lords of Greenland. Maybe, he's **wise** and..." Grandma Constance quickly interrupted Olive, "Then we should start with the strongest. Once we wait for this person to rule the world, then we will miss the biggest opportunity."

Olive did not **know** what to **say**.

Grandma Constance suddenly stared at Olive suspiciously. "Olive, what's the matter with you? Did you forget the blood feud between Greenland and Visionary?"

"Grandma, I haven't forgotten. I'll find out who this person **is** as soon as possible."

"That's good." Grandma Constance stroked Olive's long hair. "By the way, Olive, **have** you found Levi and Ivy's father?"

Olive nodded, "Yes, I've found him."

"Then invite him to dinner soon. I want to investigate him. Our in-law must be someone honourable. Moreover, Olive, your succession ceremony has been in preparation for a while now. As you complete this mission, **draw** your sword **and** revive Visionary. We will return to the Visionary city, and you will become the thirteenth queen of Visionary."

Olive lowered her eyes. She already had a hunch that the road ahead of her and Elvis would be difficult.

Olive had gotten a message from Elvis.

"It's fine if you wanted leaving, but why didn't you have the courtesy of informing me?" Elvis's **message** read.

His message was domineering and resenting.

A smile appeared on Olives's face, and she replied,

"Mr. Augustine, I gave you a chance to pick up any girl of your choice. Maybe you can even pick up a little mermaid on the way home at night."

"Why would I **want** a mermaid? Bro, I want you." **Elvis** reply swiftly came in.

Olive gently smiled, she felt that her Mr. Augustine really knew how to speak sweetly.

At this moment, there was a knock on the door. The door was pushed open, and Joyce walked in with a glass of hot milk.

"Help me give this to your aunt. After Annabelle came **back**, she has been weird. I guess it must be Alpha who did something to your Aunty Annabelle."

"I don't think so," Olive replied hesitantly.

"Why not? When it comes to being domineering and **bad**, no one can do it better than Alpha. Moreover, Alpha is very powerful. Your **aunt** Annabelle is like a little ant in front of **him**."

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Chapter 703 A Dream.

Alpha's deep and restrained expression appeared in Olive's head. She immediately coughed in embarrassment, "Mummy, I don't think Uncle Alpha is a **bad man**."

Joyce looked at Olive, and said, "What do you mean? Olive, is **Alpha** a good man? Just ask your Aunt Annabelle."

Olive was embarrassed to ask!

She and Elvis almost got married. They were her parents-in-law. How could a daughter-in-law ask her parent **such** questions?

Olive quickly took the hot milk, "Mummy, I'll go and ask, and also give her this glass of milk.."

Olive came to the door of the room next door, then she raised her hand and knocked on the door.

Annabelle's beautiful voice sounded from inside, "Come in."

Olive pushed open the door and walked in. Annabelle had already taken a shower. She was sitting at the desk with a pencil in her hand.

Olive really liked being alone with Annabelle. Annabelle was a beautiful and gentle person.

Olive couldn't help but think that Annabelle, the woman before her, **was** the woman that Alpha, the biggest business man in Imperial, liked for more than thirty years. She was beautiful and talented.

Olive suddenly had a good impression **of** Alpha. Annabelle was Alpha's first **love**.

Thirty years had passed, and Alpha had grown from a young man to a middle-aged man. However, he was still chased after this girl named Annabelle.

"Aunt Annabelle, You'll make the design later. Drink this cup of hot milk first," Olive walked over and handed her the glass of milk.

Annabelle put down her pen **and** collected the hot milk. "Olive, you're here just in time. I have something to **ask** you."

Olive's heart skipped a beat. She remembered that her mother had **said** that Annabelle acted weirdly. She probably wanted to know something, right?

Olive blinked, as she looked at Annabelle. "Okay, you can go ahead, aunt."

"Actually, it's nothing

"What dream?"

Annabelle blinked. "I had a dream a few days ago. That dream was too real..."

"It was..." Annabelle stood up and could not say **anything** more.

That night, she went to Alpha's villa. It suddenly rained outside and her clothes were wet. So she went upstairs to take a bath and change her clothes, but for some reason, she fell asleep there.

She also had a very long dream.

It difficult for her to explain the dream.

She dreamt **that** the door of her room was pushed open, and Alpha walked in. He got on her bed and asked her in a low voice, "how should I punish you?"

He reached out and untied the belt of her pajamas, **and** then, the two of them had a good **time**...

The image from that dream **was** still clear in her **mind**.

Annabelle quickly closed her eyes and shook off the image in her mind, but her **face was** already unnaturally **red**.

At one point, she **thought that the** dream **was** real, but when she woke up the next **morning, the**

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Chapter 705 A Dream

sheets of the bed were neatly laid, and there was no trace of her sleeping with anyone.

Annabelle did not know why she had such **a** dream.

The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband Novel Full Episode

Score 9.2

Chapter 704 How Could He Let Her Go?

Annabelle remembered the wedding night between her and **Alpha** more than thirty years **ago**.

On that wedding night, he caught her and Marcus together, and had threatened Marcus, before leaving with her.

As soon as she entered the room, he followed and closed the door behind her. **Then**, he looked at her in a condescending manner and said, "Go in and wash yourself clean."

But she had stood still.

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He had walked over and dragged her into the bathroom. He turned on the shower, and the cold water from the shower quickly poured down from the top of her head.

She struggled for a while. Then, he pushed her against the **wall and** started to tear her clothes.

At that time, she was still very young, and her strength was not as good as his. She wasn't only stripped of her clothes, but also of her dignity.

He had taken her forcefully.

Annabelle had a feeling that the dream was too real. In the dream, he was domineering and cruel.

But also in the dream, **she was still the same as before. She** couldn't break free from his imprisonment and cage.

Annabelle hadn't thought about him for all these years. She **thought** she **had** forgotten about **him**, but **now**, she realized that Alpha had left his mark on her **body and** soul, which could not be washed

away.

That was why when he held her in Liam's palace a while back, she felt really uncomfortable.

Annabelle felt a little frustrated when she thought that she had such a dream. She turned to look **at** Olive, "It's **just** a nightmare, Olive, I haven't been sleeping very well recently."

Olive wanted asking her more, but her heart pounded wildly. "Alright, aunt, come over here, I'll check your pulse."

Annabelle walked over **and** stretched her hand to Olive.

Olive checked her **pulse**, and **soon** she said, "Aunty Annabelle, your pulse is a little weak. Have you been **too** tired recently?"

"No," Annabelle shook her head. "I haven't been out recently. I'm just sitting here drawing designs."

Annabelle felt like her dream was probably too real.

Olive even said that her pulse was weak and she was probably tired. Annabelle herself did not understand how.

"Aunty Annabelle, your pulse is weak. I'll give you an injection and prescribe a drug **for** you to take. You'll be fine soon."

"Okay, thank you Olive."

Olive gave Annabelle an injection, and then she left. Annabelle packed up her drawing materials. At this moment, her phone rang out.

Annabelle answered the phone, and placed it beside her ear. Suddenly, a **familiar** voice said, "**Sister**, you're finally back."

It **was Lily**, whom she **hadn't** seen for many years.

Lily, who was far away in Imperial, quickly received the news of Annabelle's arrival. She knew that

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Annabelle was **back**, so **she** decided to **call** her.

“Is there a reason why you called?” Annabelle replied indifferently.

“Actually, since you’ve returned, **you** should find a time to get the divorce certificate with **Alpha** as soon as possible. Or could it be that my little sister still **wants** to get back together with **Alpha**?”

“Alpha personally killed your daughter. Hee was unwilling **to** save his daughter by caesarean section. It seems that your daughter **was** thrown into the trash by Alpha’s orders, How pitiful! Can you still get back with **Alpha**?”

Annabelle knew **that** Lily was deliberately provoking her, and she would not be fooled, but after so many years, thinking of her daughter, her heart still hurt.

“I’m going **to divorce** Alpha. Don’t call me again,” Annabelle ended the **call**.

After hanging up, Annabelle was lost in thought for a while, **then** she dug up Alpha’s **phone** number and dialed it.

The phone on the other end rang once and **was** picked up without any hassle. Alpha’s unique and low voice **slowly** passed over, “Hello.”

“It’s me. Do you have **time tomorrow**? Let’s go get the divorce certificate.”

Alpha **was** silent.

Annabelle tugged at her phone. In the past, she was most afraid of when he was silent, because **every** time he was silent, he **would** lose his temper and it **was** quite dangerous.

After a while, Alpha said, “Okay, I have time tomorrow.”

Annabelle loosened her grip on her phone. “Well, then we’ll meet outside the Civil Affairs Bureau by eight in the morning.”

“I’ll pick you up,” Alpha offered.

“No need...”

“I just informed you, I **didn’t** ask for your opinion.” Alpha added and immediately ended the call. Annabelle slowly retreated her phone, she stared at her phone for a while, **and** then she scoffed.

The next morning.

Olive and Annabelle had breakfast together in the dining room. “Aunty Annabelle, what are your plans for today?”

“I’m going to apply for a divorce certificate with **Alpha** today,” Annabelle replied.

Olive paused. Annabelle’s phone suddenly rang out, and it was a call from **Alpha**.

Annabelle answered the call, and Alpha’s low and magnetic voice quickly passed over,, “Come out, I’m outside.”

He had already come to pick her up.

Annabelle hung up, she picked up her bag, and said goodbye to Olive, “Olive, I’ll leave now.”

“Aunty Annabelle, do you want me to accompany you?” Olive found it strange **that** Alpha would let Annabelle go after **so many** years.

“No need, Olive. I’ll go ahead,” Annabelle turned around and walked away.

Olive was still worried. She took out her phone and dialed Elvis’s number.

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At Her **Br**

Elvis was in the villa’s dining room. He was wearing a white shirt and black trousers. The bright morning sun **was** shining through the windows on his handsome facial features.

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Chapter 705 Playing with fire.

Elvis's phone rang out, and it was a call from Olive.

Elvis immediately raised his thin lips, and his deep narrow eyes overflowed with a touch of joy and love. He pressed the answer button, "Hello," he said.

"Mr. Augustine, good **morning!**" Olive's sweet voice sounded.

"**Morning**, why are you so actively calling me today?" Elvis **said, as** he implied that he was flattered to receive her call early in the morning.

"Mr. Augustine, your parents have an appointment with the Civil Affairs Bureau **to** get a divorce today. Aunt Annabelle **has** already gotten into your father's car."

Elvis's handsome eyebrows **sank, and** he was silent for a few seconds.

"Mr. Augustine, I don't think today is a good day. This divorce is probably impossible. **I'm** a little worried. Do you want to go **over?**"

Elvis pursed his lips, and then said, "Okay, I'll drive to pick you up later."

"Alright, thanks, Olive ended the call.

Elvis put down his phone. At this moment, he heard footsteps from upstairs and the girl was descending the stairs.

The girl's clothes had been wet yesterday. Now, she was wearing a white dress that Elvis had prepared for her. She was delicate and beautiful, like a fragile butterfly, **which** made people crave to protect her.

The girl walked down and came to the dining room. Her big watery eyes stared at Elvis, and **her two** small hands gently grasped the hem of her **skirt**, "Sir, **thank** you for saving me last night."

The girl's voice **was** soft and tender.

Elvis sat on the dining **chair and** did not **move**. He raised his **narrow** eyes and looked at the girl. "What's your name?" he asked.

"My

name is Naomi, Naomi Scott."

“Where did that necklace around your **neck** come from?”

Naomi **quickly** raised her hand and tightly grasped the necklace around her neck, “**This...this** was given to me by a big brother...”

Elvis remembered that **many** years ago in that icy snow, he could barely hold on anymore. It was **a** voice that kept talking to him in his ear.

“Big brother, you must live! Big brother? Big brother!” the voice had called out to him.

Naomi carefully looked at Elvis’s handsome face. Before Elvis’s powerful aura, she looked very weak and timid,

Elvis looked at Naomi. His face was expressionless.

“Where are you going now? I’ll let the driver take you.”

“No need, I’ll take the **bus** home myself. Thank **you**, sir,” **Naomi** said with a slight nod, then she turned around and made to leave.

“This is my contact **information**. If you have any difficulties in the future, you can call me,” Elvis suddenly said.

At this moment, Peterson walked over and handed a note to Naomi. On the note **was** Elvis’s **phone**

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number.

Naomi hesitated for a moment, then she accepted the note. She looked back at Elvis again, then. turned around and left.

After she left, Peterson walked over to Elvis’s side. “Master, you brought this Naomi girl home, and gave her your contact information. If Miss Hart finds out about this, **I’m** afraid it’s **not** going to end

well.”

Elvis’s gaze landed on the financial newspaper in his hand. “Then don’t let Olive know of Naomi’s existence. Do you understand what I mean?”

Peterson felt that his master **was** really playing **with** fire, because he knew that Olive wasn't easy to fool.

After breakfast, Elvis walked out of the villa and got into the Rolls-Royce Phantom. Peterson drove him to meet Olive.

Elvis took out his phone, and sent a message to Olive. He informed Olive that he'll **be** there soon.

Olive's voice reply swiftly came in, she responded by telling him that she'll be downstairs soon.

Hearing her soft voice. Elvis could only imagine her whispering into **his** cars, as she laid in his arms. Elvis swallowed hard, and his hulging throat rolled up and down.

"They've all gone to the Civil Affairs Bureau. Why don't we follow **them** and get our marriage certificate?" Elvis typed a message.

He wanted them to get a marriage certificate, so **that** he could legally sleep with her every night **in** the future, and also see her every morning when he opened his eyes.

Elvis was about to send the message, but, a call came in.

Elvis pressed the answer button, and Naomi's timid and panicked cry for help quickly sounded,

"Save me...Save me..."

Naomi was in danger **and** now called him for help.

Elvis was expressionless. His low and magnetic voice was devoid of emotions, "Where are you? now?" he asked.

"I'm here at the Avenue Express Hotel," Naomi cried out in fright. **She** sobbed lightly, as her tender voice made it difficult for **people** to ignore her cry.

Elvis ended the call. He raised his head and looked at Peterson.

Peterson did not intentionally eavesdrop, but he already heard Elvis's conversation with Naomi. Now, his master wanted changing path in order to save a damsel in distress.

Peterson had his objections, but he turned the wheel, and the Rolls–Royce Phantom set off in another. direction.

Olive **had** already arrived downstairs and was waiting for **Elvis**.

But she waited for a long time, **but** no one **was** there.

Olive wondered where Elvis was, especially **after** he informed her that he'll be there soon.

Suddenly, her phone rang and it was a call from Elvis.

Ollie quickly pressed the answer button, “Hello, Mr. Augustine, where are you now? Why haven't 1 seen you?”

“Olive, I'm sorry, I'm in a hurry right now, so I won't be able to pick you up.”

“Mr. Augustine, what's your emergency? Do you want me to help?”

“No need, it's about the company.”

Olive nodded, “Okay, okay, you can go ahead. I'll go alone.”

The door of the Resort Hotel was suddenly pushed open. A gust of cold wind blew in, and then a group of bodyguards filed in, directly surrounding the place .

The owner of **the** hotel hurriedly ran over and lost a slipper in the process. “Who are you? We're running a regular business and we're not doing anything wrong.”

At this moment, a tall and handsome figure came into view, Elvis had arrived.

Elvis's narrow and deep eyes landed on the manager.

“Which room is Naomi in?”

Elvis's arrogant aura **had** already made the manager's legs weaken, “In...In room 302, L...I'll take you there,” the manager swiftly replied.

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Score 9.2

Chapter 706 Brother, You're Too Late!

The manager of the hotel took Elvis to the door of a room and said, "Naomi is right here."

A bodyguard stepped forward and kicked the room door open.

In the room, Naomi's hands and feet were tied with ropes. A fat man held a whip in his hand and was whipping her. His face was filled with a vicious and lewd smile.

Naomi was already weak. It was obvious that she **had** already received a lot of whips before Elvis arrived. Now, her blood had seeped out, dyeing her white dress red.

The brutal abuse did not stop. The fat man swung the whip and slapped it on her on the body again, "Naomi, where did you go last night? Are you cheating on me? If I don't hit you for a day, you won't feel okay!"

At this moment, there was a knock on the door, and the whip in the fat man's hand halted. "Who is that?" the man asked impatiently.

In the next second, the fat man froze as he saw a group of men at the door.

Elvis walked in with sonorous steps. His narrow and deep eyes landed on **the** fat man.

The fat man was a thug in the area. He was very open and **was** not afraid of anything.

The fat man's confidence slowly disappeared, "Who are you? How did you break into other people's rooms without permission?"

Before the fat man could finish his words, **two** bodyguards walked up to him and snatched the whip from his hand and directly restrained him.

"Oh, let me go, this is a violation of my human rights! What on earth are you trying to do?" The fat man struggled to break free from their grip.

Elvis raised his long legs and walked towards Naomi.

Naomi raised her head weakly, and looked at Elvis with her big watery eyes. “Mister, thank you...” Peterson stepped forward and loosened the rope. Naomi’s **weak** body fell directly towards Elvis. Elvis stretched out his arm and caught Naomi’s slender body.

Naomi fell into Elvis’s arms, and she began to cry. **She** raised her head and looked at Elvis in a daze, “Why do I... think you’re look familiar? What’s your name? Why do you **always** show up when I’m in need...”

At this moment, the fat man scolded, “Naomi, **I’m** still here. You’re looking up with another man in front of me. Do you think I’m dead?”

“Hey, mister, Naomi is my wife. We are married. We are husband and wife. You better **not** interfere in other people’s home.”

Elvis frowned.

Peterson irritably warned, “Shut up! This is President Augustine!”

Mr. Augustine?

Naomi shuddered when she heard Peterson’s words. She looked at Elvis’s handsome face and murmured, “Augustine.. Augustine...”

As she spoke, she raised her little hand with difficulty and grasped the necklace around her neck. Her fingertips lingered on the word “Augustine” on the necklace. “Are you...my... big brother?” she asked weakly.

The Substitute Bride: Bused by My Hillandine Ulustand.

Chapter 706 Trailer, You’re Too Late!

Elvis’s looked at Naomi’s face which was covered in tears. He was silent for a few seconds, then he nodded, “Yes, yes.”

Naomi’s **pupils** shrank, and she was shocked and confused, and there was also a trace of sadness in her face.

“Big...big Brother, you’re finally here. You **said**...you said that you would come to pick me up, but I’ve waited for you for so many years. **You** never showed up, you’re late, you’re really late...”

Elvis's face was blank, but he took off his **suit** and draped it around Naomi's slender shoulders, then he held her tightly **in his** arms. And then he took her **a way**.

"Hey, where are you taking my **wife**? That's my wife!" The fat man shouted from behind

Elvis walked out of the room with Naomi in **her** arms. Naomi kept crying and her emotions were very intense.

Peterson respectfully opened the back door of the Rolls-Royce. Elvis carried Naomi in, and the luxurious car sped away.

At this moment, someone stood on the side of the road and had a panoramic view of the scene.

It **was** Elvis's aunt, Bounty, who had just flown to Greenland.

Bounty had once sponsored a girl to school. The girl was very obedient **and** attentive. Bounty liked the girl very much. She even brought her into the Augustine family for a while.

However, this girl's life was not that rosy. She had recently heard that the girl **had** been sold by her family to a thug who liked to abuse her. She **was worried** and rushed over to rescue her.

The girl was... Naomi.

Bounty **was** standing outside. She had seen when Elvis came out with Naomi in his arms. She never expected to see Elvis here.

In the past **three** years, she had heard intermittently about Elvis and Olive from old Mrs. **Samantha**. She knew that Olive **had** already given birth to triplets for Elvis.

Bounty really liked Olive. Olive was her favorite girl. She was smart and beautiful. She used to match Olive with Marvin. She put **the** thought on hold and dismissed it.

Now, Bounty stood in shock **as she** watched Elvis hugging Naomi. She really did not know how the two got entangled.

“Does Olive know about **this?**” she wondered inwardly.

Houny quickly **took** out her phone and took a picture of Elvis hugging **Naomi in his arms**.

Bounty was **still** very angry. Back then, because of Annabelle, she rolled down **the** stairs in **the** ninth month of **her** pregnancy and the child **was** stripped from her womb. **As a** result, she injured her body and became infertile.

Bounty knew the **pains** of pregnancy, and hence, she felt very sorry for Olive, who had given Elvis not one but three children.

Seeing Elvis get entangled with Naomi, despite the fact that Naomi was a student she loved and supported, Bounty couldn't bear it.

She felt that Elvis had failed Olive!

Bounty planned to send the photo she **had** taken to Olive, but at this moment, her phone rang out. It was a **call** from Lily.

Bounty **did** not recognize Annabelle as her **sister-in-law**. She only recognized Lily, and had doted on Marvin, **Lily's child** for many years.

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Bounty pressed the answer button, and placed the phone beside her ear, “Hello, sister-in-law,” she said into the phone.

The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband Novel Full Episode

Score 9.2

Chapter 707 You're blushing

Lily's voice quickly sounded, “Hello, Bounty, I have something to tell you, Annabelle is back!”

Bounty froze for some seconds as she heard Lily's words.

Annabelle was a nightmare to her, and **a** nightmare to the entire Augustine family.

After a long time, Bounty found her voice, "Where is she **now**?"

"Today, she's going to apply for a divorce with your brother, but Bounty, your brother has been fascinated by Annabelle for so many years. I'm afraid that they will resurge, **so** you help me keep an eye on them, I'll fly over soon."

"Okay," Bounty nodded and hung up.

Putting away her phone, Bounty went back to her car. She stepped on the accelerator and set off to the Civil Affairs **Bureau**. She wanted to find Annabelle.

She wanted to ask **Annabelle** how she could still have the guts to return.

Old Mrs. Samantha had given birth to two children. Originally, the Augustine family **was** prosperous, warm and harmonious, but after her brother, Alpha, married Annabelle, the Augustine family became cold and separated, and her life **was** ruined. Thirty years of her brother's life was **all** gone in a blink of an eye.

Sometimes, Bounty wondered why there was **even** a human named **Annabelle**, and if it wasn't for Annabelle, her life would be great!

Everyone suffered because of her.

Annabelle walked out of the villa's gate. In the distance, she saw a luxury car on the lawn. Now, standing beside the luxurious car **was a** calm and tall body. Alpha was here. He was waiting for her. He **was** casually smoking a cigarette between **his** two fingers.

The smoke obscured his deep **facial** features, and one could not see his face clearly.

Annabelle slowly stopped, and could no longer take a step forward. There seemed to be a thousand miles between him and her.

As if **aware of** her gaze, **Alpha** looked up in the smoke, and his deep eyes immediately fell on her.

Annabelle could only lift her **legs** and walk over.

Alpha threw half of the cigarette in his hand on the ground and wiped it out with his shiny black leather shoes. He looked at her, "You're here."

"Yes," Annabelle nodded, "Let's **go**."

H

She wanted to open the rear door and sit in the back.

However, Alpha's deep voice said, "Sit in front."

Annabelle looked up at him. A man's passenger seat was reserved for his wife. With their current relationship, it was not suitable for her to sit in front.

But Alpha had already **turned** around and got **into** the driver's seat. He said indifferently, "I'm not your driver."

With a single sentence, Annabelle was compelled, and could only get into the passenger seat.

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The luxurious car sped along the road. The inside of the car was very quiet.

Annabelle did not utter a word, and Alpha drove intently,

As they got **closer** to the Civil Affairs Bureau, Annabelle asked, 'Did you bring your ID card and the household registration book?'

Alpha did not look at her, he just nodded **and** snorted, "Yes."

"Did you bring your marriage certificate too?"

This time, Alpha moved. He raised his eyebrows and turned to look at her cold facial features. "Do we need a marriage certificate for the divorce?"

“Yeah, didn’t... didn’t you bring it? I remember that our marriage certificate was with you and you kept it.”

Alpha faintly hooked his thin lips and he said, “You **have** a good memory.”

Annabelle definitely did not believe that he had no other intentions when he said this. Everything he did and every word he said were carefully thought out.

Annabelle did not want to pay attention to him, so she turned her head and looked out the window. At this moment, **his** low magnetic voice asked with a smile, “Are **you** angry?”

“No.”

Immediately Annabelle denied it, his big hand reached out and held her cold face, “Don’t be angry. okay?”

He patiently coaxed her in a low voice, which overflowed with a little dotting, and Annabelle’s face flushed red. Just like many years ago, he liked to hold her face. He was fond of saying annoying stuff which would get her upset, and then he’ll come back to coax her.

“Don’t touch me,” Annabelle struggled a bit and pushed his hand away.

Alpha did not force it. He withdrew his big hand, but looked at the blush on her face and **said**, “You’re **blushing-**

Annabelle raised her head and looked at the brightly lit car window, which reflected her blushing.

face.

“It’s been so **many** years, why are you still blushing like a little girl?” Alpha teased, as he laughed at her.

Annabelle didn’t want to talk to him about this topic, but just now, **his** rough fingers had held her face, and the frosted touch remained on it, exactly like the dream she had that night.

“If you didn’t bring our marriage certificate, then we won’t be able to get a divorce today,” she said.

Alpha frowned, as if he realized his mistake. "That's a pity. I already lost our divorce certificate. It had thrown it away."

What?

Annabelle turned her head and looked at him in **shock**. "You lost our marriage certificate? **When** did you lose it?"

"I don't remember. It was a long time **ago**. You must have given birth to Elvis at that time. For a while, you refused to let me in. I lost the marriage certificate in a fit of **anger**."

Annabelle was speechless, after a while she **said**, "Then **what** should we do now?"

"How about we go to the Civil Affairs Bureau to get a new marriage certificate first?" Alpha kindly suggested.

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Chapter 707 You're blushing

Annabelle was stunned. Today, she had made an appointment to go to the Civil Affairs Bureau to apply for a divorce.

Annabelle had no choice but to suspect that all of this was part of Alpha's calculations. He **was** always like this.

Before Annabelle could speak, a **car** suddenly appeared in front of them.

"Alpha, be careful!" Annabelle, subconsciously exclaimed.

The car rushed towards them suddenly, **and** Alpha's reaction **was** quick enough. He quickly turned the left steering wheel, and his forehead directly hit the windshield, but the car also stopped. "Alpha, are you alright? You're injured!" Annabelle quickly leaned over and raised her hand to support his forehead. "Does it hurt?"

The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband Novel Full Episode

Chapter 708 She Stole You!

Alpha raised his head and suddenly met Annabelle's beautiful eyes. Now, she stared at him. nervously and with concern.

Annabelle quickly realized that **she** had overreacted. Her hand was still on his forehead, and she quickly **withdrew** her hand.

At this moment, the driver's door of the car in front of them opened, and Bounty walked out.

It was Bounty.

Annabelle had not seen Bounty for many years. Now, through the windshield, she could clearly **see** that Bounty's eyes, which were filled with hatred, were fixed on her.

If it wasn't for the huge hatred that Bounty had for Annabelle, she would not **have** driven so frantically and forced their car to stop.

Annabelle reached out to open the passenger door.

But Alpha's low voice sounded, "I'll go down, you stay in the car."

Annabelle turned to look at Alpha, "Your sister is looking for me. I'll go down and meet **her**."

Alpha pursed his lips and his voice became colder. "Is there a reason for her to look for you? Do you **want** to stimulate her further?"

Annabelle curled her fingers, as she heard the irony in his words, she calmly **lowered** her **head**.

Alpha opened the driver's door and went out. He also locked the car, afraid that she would get out of the car.

Alpha walked up to Bounty, "Bounty, are you crazy? Do you want to kill us?"

Bounty looked at Annabelle in the car, then she **looked** at Alpha, "Brother, get Annabelle out of the car, I have something to tell her!"

"If you have anything to say to her, **then** just say it to me," Alpha replied indifferently.

“Bro!” Bounty cried out emotionally, “It’s been so many years, why haven’t you changed at all?”

Bounty **also** saw **that** after more than twenty years later, Annabelle had not changed too.

Annabelle was once a talented woman. Her beautiful face and attractive talent had never withered away. What made Bounty infuriated the most **was** that Annabelle **was** still exactly as she before.

A woman in her forties still lived like a young girl. Although with completely different characters, Joyce and Annabelle still enjoyed their youthfulness.

Joyce was naturally playful, smart, and brilliant. She took care of herself, while Annabelle was spoiled by a man. She **was spoiled** by **Alpha!**

More than thirty years ago, Annabelle married Alpha. Alpha gave her everything she needed and also protected her.

No matter how much turbulence happened in those years, even if the world was turned upside down, he would reach out for her. He definitely abandoned everything and shielded her behind him.

For so many years, Annabelle had loved only a particular career, and that was jewelry designing.

Therefore, Annabelle was still cold and reserved, and she didn’t seem to be affected by the sundries **of the** world. **She** had married Alpha **at the** age of nine teen. Even now, **she was** still living the baby **girl** lifestyle.

Bounty really did not understand why Annabelle still lived that way, and she didn’t.

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Doted by My Billin

Husband

Could it be that the difference between Annabelle’s life and hers was because of Alpha?

Could it be as result of her not meeting a man like Alpha?

Alpha looked at Bounty's fierce expression and he frowned.

"Control your emotions, and think clearly about what you want to say to me. We don't need to communicate like this. I'll go ahead now."

Alpha turned to leave.

But Bounty quickly ran over to block Alpha. She saw the wound on Alpha's forehead due to the collision. He was not bleeding, but the wound had swollen.

"Brother, you're injured. You turned the steering wheel to the left just now, didn't you? Look at it, see for yourself. You just can't bear to hurt Annabelle a little bit. You'd rather turn the steering wheel to the left and hurt yourself!!

"Bro wake up a little. **That** woman doesn't love you at all. She doesn't have any feelings for you at **all**. You forcibly married her and took her home. Even if you imprisoned her, she still climbed into my husband's bed and cheated on you!"

Alpha quietly listened till she finished speaking. His face was devoid of emotions, and his pair of gloomy and narrow eyes gazed at her, "Finished?" he asked.

"I'm not done! Bro, it was Annabelle who killed **my** child. My child was nine months old. He was **a** boy..."

"Brother, after so many years, I still dream of my dead child every night. I dream of him crying and **running** over to me for help!"

"I can't have children anymore. I don't even have the basic rights of a woman. I **can't** be a mother. I'll never have children of my own. How could you be so cruel to me? What did I do wrong?!" Annabelle couldn't restrain her emotions, as she yelled at Alpha.

In the end, she was his own sister. Saying her words didn't hurt him would definitely be a lie. Alpha stretched out his big hand and pressed Bounty's trembling shoulder, "Bounty, calm down.

first."

“Brother, how do you want me to calm down? I’m your sister. Blood is thicker than water, but you’ve already been fascinated by Annabelle. At that time, my child died, **and** you still protected her. She stole you away from us!”

The relationship between the two siblings had been wounded back **then**, and a permanent crack had appeared.

Alpha pursed his lips. At this moment, a beautiful **and sweet** voice suddenly said, “Principal Bounty, what a coincidence, why are you here?”

Alpha **looked** up and saw Olive.

Bounty also saw Olive. Today, Olive **was** wearing a short, black, fitted dress. And there **was** a bright

warm smile on her face.

Bounty’s broken and intense emotions **slowly** calmed down. She wiped the tears from her face, then forced a smile, “Olive, why are you **here?**”

Bounty’s love for Olive was real.

♡ (2)

Posted by **Admin3**, ? Views, Released on August 28, 2023

Chapter 709 Forgive Yourself.

Olive stepped forward, **she** stretched out her hand to hold Bounty’s arm. Bounty’s entire body was **stiff**, her skin was also cold.

Olive smiled and said, “Principal Bounty, I heard that you were here, so **I** came over to see you. It’s been more than three years since we last saw **each** other.”

Bounty could feel Olive’s warmth. Her clear eyes looked at her **and** she blinked playfully, conveying endless warmth.

Bounty’s stiffened body slowly relaxed. She raised her **hand** to straighten the messy hair beside her cheeks.

“I haven’t seen you in years, my dear.”

Olive looked at Alpha, and said, “Uncle, Principal Bounty and I haven’t seen each other **for** a long time. We would like to catch up for a while. If you have something to do, you can go ahead.”

How could Bounty not see that Olive was helping Alpha and Annabelle to get away? But she had **no way** to reject this warm arm and **delicate girl**, so she could only temporarily let **Alpha** go.

“Brother, let’s talk next time.”

Alpha looked at Olive, then he looked at Bounty, he turned around and got into the luxurious car, and drove away with Annabelle.

When the Annabelle and Alpha left, Bounty patted Olive little hand, “Olive, I’ve let them you’ve gotten your wish.”

1. go.

Now

Olive held Bounty’s cold hand. “**Principal** Bounty, I admit that I wanted you to let them go, but I hope you can move **on** too.”

Bounty’s eyes suddenly turned red. She shook her head sadly and dazedly. “**F or so** many years, I’ve lived a very painful life. Teach me, help me to move on .”

Olive **was** also a mum. Three years ago, she gave birth to her children, so she could understand the hurt and pain that Bounty had suffered. It was a type of pain that was most difficult to heal

However, **there** were so many doubts about what happened many years ago. Olive knew her Aunt Annabelle too well. She was certain that Aunt Annabelle was definitely not that kind of a person! “Principal Bounty, I can help you, but you have to open up your heart and tell me everything you knew and saw back then.”

Olive knew that what happened years **ago was** a nightmare for Bounty. She wasn’t sure if Bounty would be able to confide in her.

However, she had to listen to Bounty’s own words, because she was the witness back then.

More importantly, Bounty **had** suffered great psychological trauma. She had a very serious mental illness!

The fact that she had lost control of her emotions in front of Alpha just now was the best proof, but Bounty had not accepted to see a therapist for so many **years**.

Old **Mrs.** Samantha, Alpha, and even Annabelle weren't aware of her illness.

Her **condition** was very bad. In the past few years, Bounty could still pretend to live **as a** sane person, but now that

Annabelle was **back**, Olive was afraid that Bounty's psychological trauma would continue to amplify. In the end, what would become of her?

Chapter 709 Torgive Yourself

If something happened to Bounty, then the Augustine family would really be affected.

Therefore, Olive wanted to take this opportunity to get Bounty to open up and tell her everything. She wanted to slowly heal the scars in her heart, and personally unravel the truth of what really happened.

Bounty's face was pale. If it was anyone else, she would not be willing to cooperate.

But the person before her was Olive. Now, Olive's soft body temperature pressed **onto** her cold skin. And her clear eyes were full of strength, constantly comforting her and encouraging her.

Bounty pondered if she should **she** give herself a chance.

Bounty closed her eyes and said, "Olive, let's get in the car and talk."

They both got into the **car**. The quiet compartment **was** isolated from the noisy world outside. Bounty was tired. She slowly **said**.

"Back then, Rory Louie and I grew up as childhood sweethearts. He **was a** famous son of the Louie family in Imperial, and I was the daughter of the Augustine family. Our families had a marriage

contract.”

“Rory and I have been outstanding since we were young. From elementary **school** to university, we always competed for the first place. He was very kind to me, and I loved him very much. I **knew** from a very early age that I would marry him in the future, and become his wife.”

“Later we got married. Rory and I got married first. We are close to each other. We loved each other so much. I **was** very excited about having children, because I always wanted a traditional home. But...”

Bounty choked, and even breathing became painful to her.

“But...my brother married Annabelle, all of my happiness and my life seemed to disappear the moment Annabelle appeared.”

“I still remember the first time I saw **Annabelle**. More than thirty years ago, the entire America still valued the male child over the female child. But Annabelle, being a female child succeeded in the jewelry business. When her jewelry brand appeared on the big stage, it stunned everyone, including me. Her designs were ethereal, novel and absolutely unprecedented. At that time, I **was** deeply impressed by her talents.”

“Then one day, my brother returned home **and** said to my mother, “Mum, I’m in love with a girl, and I want to marry her. At the wedding of the century in Imperial, I saw her in **the** crowd. She’s beautiful and talented. Her name **is** Annabelle.”

“Only then did I realize that the girl my brother had fallen in love with was Annabelle,” Bounty took a breathe, and then continued,

“I liked Annabelle very much. I sneaked into their home a few times to see her. Once, I accidentally peeped at my brother and Annabelle in the study.”

“At that time, Annabelle ran away on the wedding night and **was** caught. Her first **love** had broken his right **leg and** was in the hospital for **treatment**. He needed a lot of **medical expenses**. **That** day in the study, my **brother** was smoking and there were a lot of documents scattered on the desk. Despite what she did, my brother made her sit on his thighs.”

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The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband Novel Full Episode

Score 9.2

Chapter 710: It's Your Duty To Serve Me.

That day, Alpha was wearing a white shirt and black trousers. He was still handsome when he was young. He was sitting on an office chair with a cigarette between his slender fingers. "Come here and sit on my lap," he had said to Annabelle.

Annabelle was only nineteen years old at the time. She raised her eyes and looked at him.

"If you don't come here now, you can as well get out of here, but I'll also order Rory to be thrown out of the hospital!" Alpha threatened..

Annabelle shivered. She could only raise her slender legs and walked over.

Alpha had just returned from the company. There were a lot of documents scattered on his desk. He tore off the tie around his neck. He was a bit evil and charming, but the smell of his fragrance was very strong.

Alpha held the cigarette to his thin lips, then reached out and dragged her to his thigh.

When Annabelle fell, she sat slightly on his thigh. Before she could adjust properly, Alpha's low voice sounded from above her head, "Sit on my lap, do you understand?"

Annabelle shivered and stared at him ignorantly.

There was no trace of compassion for her in his eyes. Alpha's eyes blazed of lust.

Annabelle could see the lust in his eyes, as he stared at her. She moved and immediately struggled. However, Alpha held her slender waist with his big hands and directly changed the sitting position for her. She was forced to sit on his strong thighs.

At that time, Bounty was peeking from outside the door. She originally wanted to see Annabelle, but she did not expect to see her brother and sister in law romancing each other.

This was in the study.

Bounty had been married at that time, and hence, she was already familiar with husband and wife affairs. Now that she saw this scene, she already guessed what her brother wanted to do.

To Bounty, her brother was a reserved man. Who wasn't interested in such romantic affairs,

However, she was wrong.

As she stared at her brother's current state, the shock almost overturned Bounty's understanding of her brother.

Everyone was curious about the marriage life between the business tycoon, Alpha, and the most talented and cold-hearted woman, Annabelle.

Annabelle had refused to sit still. She pressed her small hands against him and said softly, "Alpha, let me go!"

Alpha domineeringly imprisoned her, making her unable to move.

Annabelle stopped struggling. "Marcus..."

"Kiss me," Alpha interrupted her.

Annabelle was trembling. Because of his threat, she could only lean over and gently kiss his thin lips.

Alpha grabbed the back of her head and deepened the kiss.

At that time, Bounty was just outside the door when she heard Annabelle mumbling.

When Annabelle was out of breath, Alpha let go of her and said in a low, coaxing voice, "Open-my

The Substitute

Chapter 218: Is Your Duty To Serve 36.

belt.”

Annabelle began to struggle.

Alpha easily controlled her, their noses touching each other. He stared at her cold and beautiful face and spoke to her in a low voice, which exuded threat and at the same time also conveyed care,

“Last time, I told you that if you want to talk about Marcus, you must first comfort me and open my belt. You have already made me very uncomfortable.”

Annabelle’s face flushed red as she tried her best to avoid his presence.

Alpha noticed her reaction, he added, “It’s okay, you’ll get used to it in the future. You’re my wife. It’s your duty to serve me.

At that time, Bounty almost wanted to cover her ears. She did not expect that her noble and elegant brother would actually say such things.

Soon she heard Alpha’s belt unbuckling. Bounty turned around and wanted to leave.

But she suddenly heard a voice from inside, “Who is there?”

Alpha’s low and hoarse voice came in an instant, with a stern tone.

Bounty immediately turned her head. Annabelle could see Alpha’s eyes through the crack of the

door.

“Someone’s here!” Annabelle exclaimed frightenedly, as she hugged Alpha tight.

“Brother, it’s me...” Bounty replied with a smirk.

Alpha's handsome face was cold. He held Annabelle with one hand, and picked up the document on the desk with the other hand and smashed it at Bounty. "Get out of here!"

Bounty was so frightened that she turned around and ran away.

Bounty could still clearly recall every scene at that time. She hooked her red lips lightly, "It was the first time I saw my brother act that way towards me, and from that day, I realized that my brother really liked Annabelle."

"At that time, Rory came to pick me up twice. I was so stupid, so stupid... I couldn't see that his eyes were wandering. He had stood downstairs a few times, looking up, looking at the closed door of the master bedroom."

"I was pregnant at that time. The baby was very healthy. I listen to his heartbeat every day. He's very naughty. When I woke up in the morning, he would kick my stomach. I made two sweaters. It was my first time learning to knit. Each day, I looked forward to my baby coming to this world safely and healthy."

"However, the accident happened."

Olive heart froze. She knew that the main scene was about to begin.

Bounty reminisced again, 'That day, it was my birthday. We all went back to the Augustine family's mansion. My brother brought Annabelle to my birthday dinner. Rory was also there, and my mother was there too, I was very happy, because I was surrounded by the people that I loved the most.

"After dinner, Annabelle suddenly said that she was not feeling well. She went upstairs to rest. Soon I found out that my husband, Rory, was gone too. They had both disappeared at the same time."

The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband Novel Full Episode

Score 9.2