

## The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband Chapter 9

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The Substitute Bride: Doted by My billionaire Husband by Sumpto Midway  
Chapter 9 Sleeping With Her

Elvis's pupils shrank. He quietly took out a first aid box which was in a drawer. He brought out a cotton wool and dipped in the methylated spirit. He used it to cleanse her wound. "See, this is the consequence of telling me to say it the third time."

Olive glazed at his cold jaw, "Mr. Augustine's consequence is domestic abuse?"

Elvis tied the bandage around her arm. In a soothing tone he said, "You knew I'd be violent, but you still dared to come in. Are you that brave?"

"Mr. Augustine, others maybe afraid if you, but I'm not."

Elvis paused to look at her pitiful little face. "Go out and leave me to myself."

With that. Elvis helped up her.

Olive quickly stretched out her arms and directly hugged his muscular waist.

Elvis's body froze. Olive's body was as soft as though she had no bone.

Elvis scented the pleasant fragrance of her body. And his nerves were slowly seduced.

Olive whispered in his embrace, "Mr. Augustine, you don't need to be alone. Let me keep you company."

Elvis's sinister veins tardily disappeared. Even the terrifying gloom in his eyes had vanished. He wrapped his hands around her.

He pressed his handsome face into her soft hair. The scent on her body made him feel as though he had just eaten a strawberry jam. She scented a bit like dessert.

Olive quietly hugged him for a moment, then moved her hands around his waist and caressed his shoulders. "If you still feel uncomfortable, you can go ahead and bite."

Appropriate emotional release is necessary.

"Bite you? Aren't you afraid of pain?"

"What I'm saying is..." Olive stood on her tiptoe and bit deep into his shoulder.

She bit so fast and ruthlessly. It was unpredictable, and blood quickly seeped out from the white shirt on his body.

She had almost ripped off his flesh.

The sudden pain made Elvis's muscles tense. He hugged tighter to Olive and took a few steps back. And she fell on the sofa.

"Mrs. Augustine, are you seeking revenge?" Elvis pressed her to the sofa.

"You did hurt me a while ago. Now that I've bitten you, we're even." She made to stand up, but Elvis pinned her back.

Their current posture was a little ambiguous.

Elvis stared at her as though he was staring at a delicious prey.

"Mr Augustine, what are you doing?"

"You smell very good. The last I asked. you didn't tell me the brand of perfume you wear."

"I already said that I do not make use of perfumes. You keep pestering me with this question. So I do suspect that you're flirting with me. Could it be that you're trying to hit on me?"

Elvis found her eyes more charming. She was very smart. She closed his handsome eyes and kissed her forehead gently. "Does it hurt? I'm sorry."

"We're already even, so no need for the apology. Mr. Augustine, I should be leaving."

Olive placed her hands on his chest, trying to push him away.

But Elvis didn't move. He reached out and cupped her face.

His hands slid down her cheeks and into her black hair. His lips moved around her forehead.

Olive's body trembled as she didn't dare move a muscle.

What was he trying to do?

Their breathes entangled.

As he got closer, Olive's silver needle quickly and neatly pierced his arm.

Elvis shut his eyes and collapsed beside her.

Olive gazed at the dazzling crystal chandelier above her head and closed her eyes forcefully. He wanted to kiss her...

Olive's eyes fluttered open.

She needed to keep herself in check. their relationship was nothing more than a contract. And she was there for a reason, and needed not get fascinated by him.

Olive wanted getting up, but a strong arm reached up and wrapped her arms around her shoulder.

Olive gazed at him, but he still wasn't awake.

Olive wanted breaking free from his grip, but his fingers were strong, and she was afraid that she might awaken him. Hence, she laid back quietly.

The sofa in the study room was not big, so it was a little crowded for the two of them. After a while. Olive's phone which was in her pocket rang. She hastily reached for it. Initially, she didn't want to take the call. but after checking the caller ID she found out that it was her dad, she went ahead and answered it.

"Hello, Dad."

"Olive, what happened today? President Ronald had promised to inject capital into our medical center. But I heard you offended him. You have to apologize to him, else you'll have me to contend with." Patrick reprimanded.

"Dad, didn't Monica inform you about what happened today? If you knew that his capital injection was by raping your daughter, would you still be interested in it?" Olive questioned.

When Monica heard what Olive said, she quickly chipped in. "Patrick, it's true that I sent Olive to Mr. Ronald today. But Hart's medical has a short supply chain and urgently needs a capital injection. Olive is part of the Hart's family, thus I thought she would do us all the honour by pleasing Mr. Ronald."

Olive found Monica's words disgusting, she sneered, "Ma, you have two daughters right? Apart from Gabriella, you also have your eldest daughter Pamela. They're all daughters of the Hart's family, right? Why don't you let them do the favour."

When it came to Pamela, Monica became proud and complacent.

The Hart's family were a family of scholars and medical practitioners. Pamela had a passion for medicine since she was a child. And was most valued and cherished by Patrick.

Pamela was also very beautiful. She was magnificently alluring. She was known as the number one socialite in Los Angeles. She was a combination of beauty and brain.

This was also the biggest reason why Monica held a prominent position in the Hart's family.

When they were younger, Olive and Pamela were best of friends. And Olive was extremely intelligent, she surpassed Pamela in all ways. However, after ten years of being away. Olive lost all her momentum, and had nothing to use in competing with her.

"Patrick, did you hear what Olive just said? How could she humiliate our Pamela like this?"

Patrick was undoubtedly unhappy. He said solemnly, "Olive, at Kiss Land bar tomorrow by 7:30 pm, make sure you're there to see Mr. Ronald."