

The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband Chapter 11

The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband Chapter 11

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

Chapter 11 Pole Dancing

Elvis stared at Harry. "If you dare touch her. I'll chop off your fingers. You better sit back."

"Why so?" Harry questioned angrily.

Raven's lips arched in a chuckle. Harry furiously sat back. He had great respect for Elvis, and wouldn't dare go against him.

Olive was here for the appointment. And of course, Monica was there with her as well. She wanted making sure that it wasn't a repeat of the last incident.

Mr Ronald had arrived a little late. Immediately Monica sighted him she quickly apologized, "Mr Ronald, Olive was so wrong the previous time. I brought her here to apologize to you."

President Ronald snorted coldly. "She almost killed me the last time. Do you think a simple apology could mend the damages that she caused?"

On that day, the wolf dog had licked him. Those sharp teeth almost bit his sacred place.

President Ronald was scared to the

bone.

Whenever he reminisced on that day's event, all he wanted doing was to strangle Olive to death.

"Mr. Ronald, how else do you want us to apologize to you?" Monica questioned calmly.

"The apology is too insincere. Let Olive drink from these bottles first."

Just as Monica was about consenting. Olive said. "I don't know how to drink. Whoever agrees to drink, can go ahead and drink."

"What!" Monica was about going losing it but she restrained herself, and smiled instead, "Mr. Ronald, why don't you change it to a more appealing apology."

Receiving Monica's hint, President Ronald's eyes quickly swept around Olive's slender body.

"Well, let Olive come on stage and dance me a pole dance. That way, I'll forget about all that transpired that day."

Pole dancing?

Monica's eye's lit up. It was a perfect offer to her. Pole dancing was a sex dance. Very suitable.

"Olive, since you've come to apologize, you have to show your sincerity. You don't have to drink the alcohol, but you have to go on stage and dance." Monica stated with a malicious smile.

Olive wasn't aware of what pole dancing implied. But she smiled and agreed, "Okay. I'll dance."

Olive stood up and walked into the stage.

The music blared loudly. Olive was clothed in a white dress. Her svelte white hands held the steel pole.

The bar was jammed pack with people. All eyes were focused on Olive. She wrapped her body around the pole and begun swaying it rhythmically to the sound of the music. She spun and danced beautifully.

Soon, Olive was done dancing and had fallen to the ground. The applause flowed in as the crowd cheered relentlessly.

Her dance was so beautiful, one that they had never seen.

Olive headed back to their table. Mr Ronald was driveling. "Olive, I really didn't expect your dance to be so perfect. I've forgotten about the events of yesterday. But, you have to come with me to the room. Let's discuss about the Hart's medical capital fund.

Olive's hands and body dripped of sweat. She stared at Mr Ronald's agitated expression. "Okay. You can lead the way." Monica's eye's were vicious. She hadn't expected Olive to be able to still dance so beautifully after ten years.

Originally, she had saw the pole dancing as an avenue to humiliate Olive. But she wasn't expecting Olive to take charge of the stage.

It was still fresh in Monica's memory that Olive, the former little princess of the Hart's family, had been intelligent since was a child. At that time, Olive and her daughter Pamela attended ballet classes. Although Pamela practiced hard each night, Olive was the one who was able to dance comfortably on her tiptoes.

Monica thought that since Olive was raised in the orphanage that she would have forgotten the art of dancing. But her disappointments were massive.

Monica glared at Olive and her urge to destroy her had grown stronger.

Tonight, she would definitely not let her escape again.

Harry sat speechless throughout Olive's moments. "Bro! Your lady is such a perfect dancer. I'm afraid no other pole dancer in this Kiss Land can compete with her."

Raven's lips arched in a smile. "The Hart's family are really interesting people. Since Olive is married to Elvis, they want her to humiliate him. They're fully aware that you ain't well. But they still went ahead to bring Olive here to sleep with another man. I doubt that Olive really is their child."

"Bro. Olive just entered the room with that Pot bellied man. What should we do?" Harry questioned anxiously.

Elvis slowly exhaled a puff of smoke from his mouth. And threw the cigarette into the ashtray. He turned and glanced at Harry.

Bro! Just give me an order. I'll go ahead and teach that Mr. Ronald a lesson." Elvis stood up. "I'll take a look."

Elvis walked out of the bar, heading towards the rest room.

"Raven, what's up with Elvis? Elvis hadn't been interested in women. Could it be that he's slowly falling for Olive?" "Relax bro. Elvis just wanna have a taste of her. I think."

Raven replied sipping from his glass.

"Okay, okay. I'm relaxed."

At the door of the room. Monica warned, "Olive, I hope you wouldn't pull off a trick this time. Make sure that Mr. Ronald makes that transaction. I'll be here at the door to see if you'll develop wings and fly out,"

Olive bit her lower lips. The show had just begun. How was she gonna escape?

Olive entered the room. Mr Ronald didn't hesitate to rush over her. "Beautiful one, please let me quickly have a kiss." Olive avoided his kiss as his lips landed on her cheeks. "Mr Ronald, no need to rush. I'm all yours. Let me go take a shower first.

"How about we shower together?" Ronald suggested eagerly.

Olive entered into the bathroom and hastily locked the door. She held her chest as she was startled at a figure in the room.

She made to pull out a needle from her hair, but a big white hands clasped her wrist and pushed her to the wall. "Mrs. Augustine, you really are enthusiastic to me."