

The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband Chapter 15

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The Substitute Bride: Doted by My billionaire Husband by Sumpto Midway
Chapter 15 New and Old Love

Gabriella was perplexed. She was rejected by the man she liked, and humiliated by Olive. She angrily walked out of the bar.

A few thugs surrounded Gabriella. They one with a face cap, stared seductively at her and asked, "Beautiful princess, do you want to keep us company?"

Gabriella had been well protected from childhood, she hadn't encountered such scenario prior. "Help!"

Gabriella's driver sighted her in danger and hastily ran over. "Hey! Let go of her!"

The two thugs hastily overthrew the driver and kicked him severely.

Gabriella felt her body trembling from fright. "Help! Help! Somebody help!"

The thugs immediately covered her mouth and dragged her into a dimly lit corner.

Gabriella was unable to speak. She usually hated low status men. She had sworn to only marry from one of the four wealthy families in Los Angeles. To her, the filthy men were not worthy of touching her.

The leader of the gang caressed her face, she felt her blood dry up, as she pleaded for mercy. "Look at her skimpy dress. I'm certain she came here to hook up with men. Why don't we help you take it off?"

Gabriella had really come to hook up with Elvis. But now that she felt her dress being pulled off, she struggled desperately, tears raining down her face, "No, please!"

"Let her go" A voice sounded.

They punks released her and she fell to the ground. Gabriella's eyes were hazy with tears and she looked up in shock. There was a handsome face staring down at her.

Her eyes narrowed. She knew Harry, he was the Heaven's family crown prince.

Harry puffed the cigarette into Gabriella's face. "Miss Hart, this is a little warning to you. Don't think about people you shouldn't think about, so as not to attract trouble."

After he had finished speaking, he threw the cigarette to the ground and extinguished it with his shoes, "Let's go." He muttered and the thugs left with him.

Gabriella sat embarrassed on the ground, as she sobbed. A luxurious car sped past the street. She raised her eyes and sighted the face from the driver's window. It was Elvis. At the red Villa, Olive entered the room. She took out her phone and sent a voice message to North Paulo. "Thank you so very much."

Being wallowing in the entertainment industry for many years, North Paulo had a lot of connection and a strong public relations team. Usually, if there's a material that has not yet been exposed, it will be dealt by public relations. The time, the news between Monica and Mr. Ronald could go virus this quick. It all relied on one person.

North Paulo. North Paulo was Olive's best friend. They had been friends since kindergarten.

And when Olive was sent to the orphanage, North had cried sadly and bade her farewell.

Olive's phone beeped indicating a message, "You don't need to thank me. Don't worry. My manager will handle this. Sir Patrick would find nothing."

North's voice was particularly nice. The type that would make a man's bones go numb when heard.

North didn't just have a beautiful voice, her looks were absolutely gorgeous. As the beauty queen in the city, North debuted in the entertainment industry two years ago, but now, a hot six figure actress she was.

Olive was touched by North's help and she asked, "When are you returning to LA?"

North's voice came in again, a little coquettish. "Are you missing me? I heard that you've found a new love. How could you still think of me?"

"New love?" Olive replied in seconds.

"Calm down Olive, you're already panicking!"

Olive was mute and didn't know what to say.

"Tell me about the young gigolo you hired" North's voice came in again.

Sure enough, North was referring to Elvis.

Although North was amongst the most beautiful women in LA, she still liked to gossip. The door of the room suddenly cracked open. Elvis who was returning from the study, moved in.

Struck with guilt, Olive who laid on the bed swiftly sat up.

Elvis walked into the room and unbuttoned the two buttons of his black shirt, revealing the beauty of his manliness. He turned to look at Olive.

With their eyes now fixed at each other, Elvis questioned, "Is something wrong?"

"No, no." Olive replied and avoided his gaze.

The beeping sound came in, and Elvis's eye fell on her phone. "Why don't you answer that?"

Olive clicked on the voice message from North, "I can trust your choice. The gigolo you hired, is he handsome? And does he also have a good temperament?"

Hearing North's ambiguous tone, Olive's pretty face burst into flames, that she almost threw the phone out of her hands.

The next voice note played in succession. "Olive, remember that we made a promise at the movie that we must find a man with good physical strength."

Silence engulfed the room.

Olive tucked her phone into the blanket, desperate for the ground to open and swallow her.

It was okay for girlfriends to discuss such things, but it was embarrassing for the person involved to listen to it

"Um... Mr. Augustine. I'll go take a shower." Olive stood up and quickly ran into the bathroom.

She stood in front of the washstand to get a towel. She felt so ashamed that she wanted to dig a hole and jump in. She raised her eyes to look at the mirror and found Elvis was walking towards her.