

The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband Chapter 16

The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband Chapter 16

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

Chapter 16 Is that what you want?

Olive looked at him. The tall man stood against the door. Olive's eyes quickly trailed down. An expensive leather belt was tied around his waist.

Realizing that she had been led astray by North, Olive quickly blinked in a bid to control her thoughts. She lifted up her eyes and said to him. "Mr. Augustine, why are you standing over there?"

"I think I saw a little pussy cat, meowing in here." Elvis muttered not taking his gaze away from her. "And the cat was meowing. I wanna have sex."

Hearing those words, Olive turned to around and threw the towel which was in her hands at him. The towel hit his face and fell to the ground.

Elvis let out a sweet laugh. Olive reached out and closed the door. But his knee were half bent and he pressed against it. "Are you angry?"

Olive snorted and ignored him.

"I'm going to travel for a business trip, and I'll be away for some days."

Olive lifted her eyes. "Is he really traveling?"

"When are you leaving?" Olive asked in a calmer tone.

"I'll be leaving soon."

"So fast?... Then you need to get some rest, so you wouldn't be tired."

"Is that all you have to say?" Elvis queried with furrowed brows.

Olive pondered for a while. She really didn't have anything else to say, she nodded affirmatively, "Yes, that's all."

Elvis grabbed her carpus and pulled it gently. Olive's body stumbled directly into his embrace.

Olive quickly disengaged from the unplanned hug. "What are you doing?"

Before she could finish speaking, he dragged her little hand and placed it on his waist.

Her soft palms touched his strong muscles through the thin fabric. She hastily wanted to retract her hands.

But Elvis held unto her and did not allow her retreat. "Is this what you want?" Elvis deep

voice sounded in her ears.

Olive knew that he was acting according to what he heard, and she even felt more embarrassed. "Mr. Augustine, we were just kidding. Let me go!"

A knock was heard on the door, Henry respectfully said from outside. "Young Master, your private jet is ready. It's time to leave."

Elvis released her hand, "Don't stare at there next time. If you have any problems that you can't solve, just give me a call."

With that. Elvis left.

Olive showered and went to bed. She took her phone and changed the topic of the conversation with North.

North finally sent a message to her, "Don't worry, although I have to continue shooting a while at abroad. I've already had someone dig up Monica's old juicy history. It will take some time for she's not so stupid to let anyone find them out. Later, I'll come back and we'll tear that bitch Pamela up together!"

Olive bade her goodnight and needed to sleep. But Olive couldn't sleep, when she shut her eyes, all she saw were flashes of flvis pulling her into his arms and touching his waist with her hands.

She thought of what he implied by "Don't stare at there next time."

She didn't think too much of it as she remembered his last sentence, "If you have any problem that you can't solve. just give me a call."

Olive closed her eyes and suddenly felt at peace as she drifted off to sleep.

Olive was awoken by the ringing of her phone. She opened her eyes and grabbed her phone which laid on the pillow beside her.

"Hello." She said into the phone as she let out a yawn.

"Hello, Olive, it's me. Sorry to disturb your rest." Monica's voice sounded over the other end. Olive could hear a wave of resentment in her tone, but she ignored it and asked innocently, "Ma, is there anything I can help you with?" "Olive, Today's Gabriella's birthday. We're throwing a party for her. We're inviting you, if you'll be free tonight." "Oh, sure. Just send me the address. I'll attend if I'm less busy." Olive responded, thinking she couldn't let her look. down at herself.

"Great! The party will be held at Royal star hotel."

“Royal star hotel?”

“Yes, Olive the Royal star hotel is the best in Los Angeles. Only celebrities and prominent people can afford to be here. You just returned from the orphanage, I’m certain you’ve never heard of it.”

Olive smiled. She knew Monica had called her just to brag.

On the day Olive returned to Los Angeles, she had seen the hotel. It was located at the most beautiful part in LA. The design were extravagant and stunning.

Olive wondered the amount that was splashed by Patrick just so the birthday could be held there.

“I’ll take this chance to check out the Royal star hotel. I’ll see you tonight.” Olive hung up the call and closed her eyes.

It was evening. Olive had stayed all day in the room. She sluggishly stood from the bed and headed to the storage.

She was informed by Old. Mrs Samantha that there was a storage in the room which contained all the types of clothing that she needed.

Olive turned on the door knob and was stunned. The racks dazzled with big brand dresses, shoes, and bags of all types.”

This was undeniably every woman’s dream.

Olive face lit joyously. She wondered if Elvis had prepared the room.

Olive hastily grabbed a beautiful red dress and a silver heels and silver bag. She changed into the outfit and headed. for Royal star hotel.