

The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband

Chapter 191

The Subatilde bride: Doted by My Billionaire Husband.

Chapter 191 Elvis galloped away.

Chapter **191** Elvis galloped away.

Elvis felt extremely proud. His Olive **was** amazing!

Elvis grabbed his phone from pocket and dailed Olive's number. While the **cal**l was yet to be connected. Elvis looked sideways through the bright glass window, he sighted a large number of people walking out of the Ivory Council.

Dean Sebastian and Marvin were walking together. They said nothing to each other, as they didn't **know** what to discuss, being that they were both **national** academicians and had unparalleled medical talents.

Everyone was chitchatting happily. Director Hudson who was always strict, could only lay down his armour of discipline, and join the students to chitchat and laugh.

Elvis watched quietly from the car. The students of the Ivory Council were really happy and in high spirit.

Olive was being supported by Divine. Infact, Olive didn't want to attend the dinner party.

"Divine, you can go ahead for the dinner. I'll be heading home, I'm certain that my husband will be here to pick me up soon."

"No!" Divine pulled Olive's hand tightly." Olive, it's your night, everyone is happy because of you. Why do you wanna leave?"

"It's..." Olive made to say something, but the phone in her **bag** rang. She quickly took out her phone and it was Elvis calling.

Olive swiped **the** screen and the call connected.

“Hello, Mr. Augustine.” Olive muttered with a smile.

Elvis focused his gaze at Olive through the glass window. He congratulated in a low voice,

“Mrs. Augustine, congratulations.”

Olive held tighter to the phone and replied with a shy smile,

“Thank you.”

“Mr. Augustine, where are you now?” She inquired.

Before Olive could say another word, Divine quickly said loudly.

“Mr. Augustine, the dean has invited us all to a dinner party. Can you please allow Olive to come along? She’ll be **back** tomorrow morning.”

“Divine!” Olive hastily covered Divine’s mouth with her right hand.

Divine was so frightened **that** she ran behind dean Sebastian and hid. She stuck out her face from dean Sebastian’s back and winked playfully at Olive.

Olive chased after her, but Marvin’s tall figure suddenly appeared before her, blocking **her** path. Olive stumbled, and **bumped** into **his embrace**.

Olive’s eyes turned red. Marvin’s **hand** landed on her forehead, as he rubbed it gently.

“I’m sorry, are you alright? Does it hurt?”

Elvis who was in the car watched the scene calmly. **His** sharp-boned finger quickly curled up, clenching the phone in his hand. Elvis’s thin lips pursed into a cold and unhappy arc.

His narrow eagle-like eyes landed on Marvin’s hand.

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The Substante Bride: Hoted by **My** Millionaire Husband

Chapter 191 Elvis galloped away.

Olive quickly took **two** steps backwards and avoided Marvin's hand. She rubbed her reddened forehead and muttered,

"It's fine, it doesn't hurt."

Marvin retracted his hand and lowered his eyes on her.

"Sorry, okay?"

Divine suddenly ran over and rubbed Olive's forehead.

"Your life shouldn't always revolve around Mr. Augustine. You should have your own circle of friends as well."

"What? **Olive**, ain't you gonna attend **the** dinner party?" Dean Sebastian questioned the moment he overheard Divine's words.

The student swiftly gathered for Olive's response. Olive felt embarrassed. She placed the phone behind her ears and asked,

"Mr. Augustine, can I **please** attend the dinner party, I'll be back tomorrow **morning**."

Elvis saw that Olive was in **a** dilemma and his response was needed as soon **as** possible.

"It's alright, you can go ahead. I **have** some documents to work on in the company. Have fun, okay?" Elvis whispered.

Olive hooked her lips and replied,

"Thank **you**, Mr. Augustine."

Olive hung up the **call and** placed her phone back into her pocket. Elvis sat in the car and didn't

move.

Two girls rushed over and stared at Olive and Marvin with admiration.

"Hi, talented girl Olive and academician Marvin, could you come together so we can take a picture with you?"

Olive was pushed forward by the students, she nodded happily,

“Okay.”

The two girls stood by the side and Olive and Marvin stood in the middle.

“Olive, academician Marvin, could **you** two get a little closer, please? The student who volunteered to be the photographer urged.

The two girls moved closer, causing Olive and Marvin’s bodies to rub together. In no time, the picture was taken.

Elvis sat in the car and watched the scene. His two hands tightened as he gripped the steering wheel until the **veins in his** hands throbbed violently.

He didn’t like the scene at all. He didn’t like any physical contact between Olive and Marvin,

He became unhappy, and **really** didn’t want Olive to **go** on with the party any further.

In honesty, Olive’s ravishing beauty **and radiance** made him feel very insecure. Marvin was **beside** her and he **could do nothing**. He could only sit in the car and watch her.

Elvis closed his **handsome** eyes. He took in a deep breathe **and** tried to control himself.

He stepped on her accelerator **and** the Rolls–Royce Phantom sped away.

Elvis had **drove** far **that** he could **no longer** see **Olive** from the rearview mirror.

Chapter 191 Elvis galloped away,

Elvis regretted going to the Ivory Council. He really wanted staying, as he didn’t know what the duo would do **behind** his back.

He knew that they would go to the dinner party together, and maybe have a drink together. Once drunk. Elvis knew it was the easiest way for one to get sexually stimulated.

Would she hug Marvin? Or would they kiss? Or would they even make out?

Elvis shut his eyes and awakened from his thoughts. What was he thinking? Was it Olive that loved him dearly that he suspected this way?

However, he could not control himself

He was sick!

Elvis had already stepped on the accelerator **and** kept driving.

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Chapter 152 Olive, come over, **okay?**

The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband Novel Full Episode

Score 9.2

Chapter **192** Olive, come over, okay?

Elvis didn't know how fast he was driving. When the truck sped over, Elvis felt his eyes sting as the light from the truck was directly on his face.

When Elvis was younger, he had been in several life-threatening situations, and even when he came face-to-face with death, he was without fear. But now, his eyes widened **and** his big **h** **and** quickly turned on the steering wheel, trying to save himself.

He really didn't want to die anymore. He now had Olive and she was his reason to stay alive.

Before Elvis met Olive, he did not realize how bad his illness was. But once Olive came into his life, he began to crave wellness. All he sought was to improve himself and become a better version of himself.

However, none of his desire materialized yet. Elvis slammed **the** steering wheel, and the Roll Royce Phantom slid past the truck. Elvis's car crashed into the street light, sending sparks all the way down. The Rolls—

Royce Phantom **was** a world-**class** luxurious car. It's defense resistance was best in the event of an accident. Although the front of the car was damaged, Elvis escaped death.

Elvis sat behind the steering wheel, his body had fallen apart from the violent collision. His vision was black, and he could see nothing.

People swiftly rushed over and opened the driver's door.

"Mister, can you hear me?"

Elvis's ears were buzzing. He did not respond to their questions.

"Sir, we've already called the ambulance, they'll be here soon."

Everyone stared at Elvis. He was dressed in a black suit. Although he had just gotten into a car accident, he was still rigorous **and** expensive.

Elvis body was now covered in blood, as it could not be deciphered where he was injured.

In the faces of the rescuers, Elvis was very persistent in his search for something.

"Sir, are you looking for your phone?" One of the rescuers inquired.

A woman handed Elvis the phone that had fallen when the door was opened.

Elvis collected the **phone** and quickly dialed Olive's number.

Olive answered the **call** and her sweet voice passed **over**,

"Hello, Mr. Augustine."

Laughter followed, as Divine **said**,

"Olive, is it Mr. Augustine calling? It seems that president Augustine is very clingy."

Elvis raised his pale lips and called out in a low voice,

"Olive."

Olive hastily heard the abnormality in **his** voice. She excused herself **and** went to a more quiet **place**. Once she **was** sure that she **was** alone, she asked nervously,

“Mr. Augustine, what’s wrong with you? Why do you sound that way?”

“Olive, come over, okay?” Elvis clutched his **phone** and mumbled.

“Mr. Augustine, what’s wrong with you? Where **are** you now?”

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Chapter 152 Olive, come over, **okay**?

“I just got into a car accident. My body aches. Olive, it hurts a lot...” He muttered calmly.

He had gotten into an accident and needed her over immediately. Elvis strength suddenly failed him **as** he slowly let **go** of the phone.

“Mr. Augustine? Mr. Augustine!” Olive’s nervous voice sounded.

Olive rushed to the hospital. Elvis had already been sent to the ward and was in coma.

“Doctor, is his injury severe?” Olive anxiously asked the doctor.

“The patient’s body **had** severely collided with the steering, he was not wearing a seat belt. So far, he really doesn’t have **a** major problem, he just sustained several bruises on his body. He should wake up soon, and after he wakes up, he’ll stay in the hospital for observations.” The doctor explained to Olive, as she nodded sadly.

“Thank you, doctor.”

“It’s fine, ma’am. I’ll go ahead **now**.” The doctor excused himself and went on to his duties.

Olive stood by the hospital bed and looked at Elvis who was in a coma. Her clear eyes suddenly turned reddened, as tears began welling up in them.

The **dean**, Marvin and Divine had accompanied Olive **to** the hospital. Divine hugged Olive on **the** shoulder and said,

“Olive, I heard that Mr. Augustine was driving so fast.”

Olive held Divine’s hands tenderly.

“Divine, I want to stay here with Mr. Augustine. Thank you all so very much for coming **here** with me, you all can return home now. Thank you.”

“Okay, Olive, just give us a call, okay?”

Dean Sebastian and Divine walked out of the **room**. When Marvin reached the door of the room, he turned to look at Olive. Olive was sitting on the edge of the bed and held onto Elvis’s hands.

Marvin walked out of the room, and sat in the waiting **room** all night.

Dawn the next morning, Elvis opened his eyes and his consciousness slowly swept back to him. A pungent smell of disinfectant greeted him, and he concluded that he was in the hospital.

Elvis adjusted a little, only to realize that his hand was tightly held. He looked sideways and saw Olive lying on the bed.

Olive **had** fallen asleep, but she still held onto Elvis’s hand tightly, and did not dare to let go.

Elvis rolled over **and** adjusted his pale face close to hers. The sheet under Olive’s face was stained from her tears.

All the **confusions** and struggles in Elvis’s heart were finally **calmed**. He turned his head and gently kissed her **eyes**.

Elvis’s kiss seemed to have **awaken** Olive, as she opened her eyes and stared awestruck at him.

“Mr. Augustine, you’re awake. You’re finally awake. If you feel any pains, just let me know.” Olive looked at Elvis concernedly.

Chapter 152 Olive, come over, okay?

Elvis touched her face and replied,

“It’s fine. Now that I’ve seen you, I don’t feel any more pains.”

Olive clenched her fists and hit him lightly on the shoulder.

“You scared me to death. Mr. Augustine, you really scared me!”

“Don’t scare me that way next time.” Olive choked on her words, as tears rolled down her **cheeks**.

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Chapter 153 Mrs. Augustine, why are **you** so red?

The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband Novel Full Episode

Score 9.2

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CO (6)

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Chapter 153 Mrs. Augustine, why are **you** so red?

The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband Novel Full Episode

Score 9.2

Chapter 193 Mrs. Augustine, why are you so red?

Elvis reached out and pulled her into his embrace. The wounds **on** his body hurt, but Elvis still didn’t let go of her. He tightened his strong arms and pressed her into his chest. His thin lips fell on her face and he kissed her on the face.

“Stop crying, Olive.” His hoarse voice coaxed.

Olive was a doctor and had come across lots of sick people. But when she heard that he had gotten into a car accident, she almost passed out.

Else was strong on individualism, and wouldn’t inform anyone of what he felt or went through, thus when he admitted to being in pains, Olive knew instantly that it was something grave.

The thought of what may have happened to him made Olive tremble. She pulled his hospital gown and looked at him with tears.

“You still have injuries on your body, hurry up and let me go, or else the wounds might expand.”

Elvis kissed her eyes and mumbled,

“Let me hold you for a while please. I don’t feel any pains.”

“Mr. Augustine, don’t think that I’ll forgive you just because you’re sick, I’ve always warned that you drive slowly, but you’re so adamant and rarely listens.” Olive scolded angrily. She sniffed and continued,

“And also explain to me what you were doing on the street, when you had clearly told me that you wanted working on some documents in the office.” Olive added with poring eyes.

Elvis didn’t want to let her know where he **was** heading from. He also didn’t want her to know that he wasn’t at the office the previous night. And that he was sitting in the car, watching her and Marvin together. He didn’t want her to be aware of how jealous and envious he was when he saw her stand so close to **his** brother.

“Mrs. Augustine, please I’m sick. Let me rest.” Elvis buried his handsome face into her long hair and calmly closed his eyes.

Olive stretched out her hands and wrapped around his neck. She blinked her lashes and whispered

to his ears,

“What if something **bad** had happened to you, what did you think grandma will do?” Olive’s words lightly cut deep into his heart. He hugged her and nodded solemnly,

“I promise that no matter what happens in the future, I will never drive fast.”

Olive stayed in the hospital for a day. Olive did not dare to call the Red Villa, so he definitely couldn’t tell Mrs. Samantha that Elvis had gotten into a car accident.

Olive had taken a leave of absence from the institute, so she could take proper care of Elvis. Elvis was injured and couldn’t take a bath. Olive got a warm water and used it to wipe his body. With a towel, she wiped his face, then went on to open his shirt, consciously avoiding the bandages. Once she done cleaning his entire body, she stood up and made to empty the water from the old bucket.

“Mrs. Augustine.” Elvis suddenly called out, Olive stopped and turned to stare at him.

Chapter 153 **Mrs.** Augustine, why are you so red?

“Aren’t you forgetting **to** clean somewhere?”

“Nope, I’ve cleaned everywhere.” Olive shook her head.

Elvis leaned on the bed lazily. The blue hospital gown that he wore didn’t affect his elegance. With his gaze on Olive, he pointed at his pants,

“There, help me wipe there too.”

Olive’s face widened in surprise. She quickly refused,

“I don’t want to. Wipe it yourself. Your hand isn’t wounded.”

Elvis frowned and pleaded,

“I really don’t have any strength, please help me.”

Olive was of the opinion that he intentionally wanted her wipe down there.

“Mrs. Augustine, how can you refuse? We’re **speaking** about hygiene here. I’m so obsessed with cleanliness hence I won’t feel comfortable if that place isn’t cleaned as well.”

Olive looked at his pitiful face.

“I’ll just call you a male nurse.”

“Female.” Elvis interrupted.

What?

He actually wanted a female nurse to clean him down there?

Olive raised her hand and threw the towel into this handsome face.

Elvis did not **dodge** the towel, once it fell on his handsome face, he reached out and grabbed it.

Elvis’s lips drew into a sinister arc,

“You can call me a female nurse, or you do it yourself.

Chose one quickly.”

“You scum.” Olive muttered inwardly. She finally compromised and grabbed the towel,

“Okay, I’ll wipe it for you!”

Olive **took** the towel and dipped it into the disinfected water, Olive sat on the edge of the bed. She closed her eyes and grabbed **onto** his pants with one hands.

She **took** a deep breathe and tried not to imagine whatsoever **laid** beneath. She tried to focus on the fact that he was a patient and needed to be taken care of.

However, **Olive’s** face reddened, as she shut her eyes tightly. She had never done such to a **man** before.

Elvis saw that she **was** dawdling, he clasped her wrist and his voice sounded,

“Mrs. Augustine, you’re just meant to clean my body, why’s your face so reddened? What impure **things** are you **thinking about**?”

“I wasn’t thinking about nothing!”

“Then quickly wipe it, girl.” Elvis said with a chuckle.

“This is **a** hospital, Elvis, let go **of** my hand, don’t be a **hooligan**!”

Elvis raised **his** other hand and covered her chattering mouth.

A **khock** sounded on the door, and the doctor’s voice was heard,

Chapter 153 Mrs. Augustine, why are you so red

“The doctor’s here.” He announced.

Olive quickly withdrew her hand and pushed him away. Elvis raised his hand and covered the lust in his eyes. In a low voice he said,

“Pull up my pants.”

The doctor was still outside the door. Olive didn't dare to argue with Elvis, so she swiftly helped him pull up his pants.

"It's still a little exposed. I'll be going on a session with the doctor, I can't look this way." Elvis added.

Olive smiled and shook her head, she pulled up the quilt **and** covered him properly. It would be shameful for people to know that they were messing around in the ward.

"I'll ignore you from now. Bye!" Olive laughed lightly and left the room for the doctor.

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Chapter 194 Her Sweetheart

The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband Novel Full Episode

Score 9.2

Chapter 194 Her Sweetheart

Olive opened the door and greeted the doctor with a broad smile,

"Welcome doctor."

The doctor look at Olive strangely as **he didn't** understand what was amusing to her.

"Thank you." He replied and walked in.

Olive went outside the room, and a figure which she was familiar with approached.

Bounty was here!

The last time Olive had seen Bounty was at Starzeal hotel, and they had parted ways without a farewell

Although she didn't know what Elvis and Bounty went on to discuss, but she was certain that their discussion wasn't a thing of joy.

"Aunt, why are you here? Are you here **to see** Mr. Augustine?" Olive asked the moment Bounty had reached her.

Bounty looked at Olive, and a **faint** smile appeared on her face.

"I heard that Elvis got into an accident. But I'm here to see you."

Olive glanced at the door of the ward which Elvis was in.

"Aunt, I'm not interested in knowing Elvis's past, if that's what you're here to inform me about."

"No, I wanna speak to you concerning Elvis's car accident."

"Oh. What about it, aunt?" Olive replied under her breath.

Bounty walked **over** and handed her a document.

"Olive, take a look for yourself. Elvis was on his way back from the Ivory Council when he got into the accident."

Olive collected the file and went through the content. In it laid pictures from the road surveillance **cameras**. The pictures started from when Elvis had arrived the Ivory Council, up until when he got

involved in the accident.

Olive shivered slightly. Elvis wasn't in the company. But why didn't he tell her?

"Olive, you must be aware of Elvis's illness. It's glaring now. When he saw you and Marvin together, the monster in him was released. He drove angrily and couldn't control his **emotions**, thus the reason for the accident." Bounty explained calmly.

Olive lifted up her head and her eyes landed on Bounty's face.

"Aunt, even if this is the case, what do you want me to do with the information?"

Bounty paused for a second and shook her head unbelievably,

"Olive, aren't **you** afraid **of** him? He could lose his temper at any time!"

Olive let a scoff.

"I'm not afraid of him. On the contrary, after hearing this, I only feel guilty **and** distressed. Mr. Augustine lied that he was at the company but it turns out that he was already at the Ivory Council to **see** me. He had an accident because of me. I really need to be more conscious of my actions, and keep a safe distance from Marvin and other men."

"Thanks for your love and concern, aunt. I really don't know what you're trying to do, but it seems

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like you have some malicious plans against Mr. Augustine. Elvis is my sweetheart, don't try to hurt him!"

Olive threw the file into the trash can and walked away from her.

Bounty was speechless. She hadn't anticipated such reaction from Olive. Olive wasn't afraid of Elvis one bit.

Bounty clenched her fists. She stared at Olive's back **and** declared,

"Olive, it's useless to try. Your love really can't save him!"

Olive slowly stopped on her track.

Bounty continued,

“Olive, you know better than anyone else on how terrifying Elvis is. He has an insane desire to control you. No matter how much he tries to restrain himself, he just can’t stand your excessive contact with the real world. Your love is just feeding his ego and making him more domineering. The moment there’s a little issue, he’ll still suspect you, and treat you badly.

“Elvis is more ruthless than you think. He is extremely violent. If you look at this from another angle, you’ll see that last night, he was ready to kill himself without thinking twice. Olive, do you know that there’s a devil living beside you?” Bounty’s spoke, as her words conveyed extreme concern for Olive. “Olive, are you not curious to know how the devil beside you was raised? I **know** that you’re in love, and you’re blinded by it. But I think you should know how he raised. Tomorrow by eight, meet **me** by Westside Cafe down the street.”

Bounty walked away elegantly, but Olive stood for a while without moving a limb.

Elvis was working on some documents in the ward. Andrew had arrived and informed him about the important informations concerning the company. Once Andrew was done, Elvis dismissed him

and he left.

Olive soon returned to the ward.

“Mrs. Augustine, where have you been, and why did you take so long?”

Olive raised her eyes and looked at Elvis who was leaning his back on the wall with a book in his hands.

“Sorry, I was on call with Divine just now.” Olive replied.

Elvis diverted his gaze from the book that he was reading to Olive’s face, he reached out and grabbed Olive on her arm and pulled her hard. Olive fell directly on his sturdy thighs.

“Mr. Augustine, what are you doing? You have wounds on your body.”

Elvis hugged her tightly, preventing her from moving. His narrow and deep eyes fell on her face and **he** asked,

“Mrs. Augustine, when did you learn how to lie?”

Olive heart skipped a beat. She wondered if he knew something.

Looking at Olive’s panicked eyes, Elvis let out a smile.

“Are you afraid of sitting on my thighs for the fear of my injuries, or are you scared that I may continue what I had started earlier?”

Olive’s heart eased, **and** she glared at him.

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Chapter 194 Her Sweetheart

“President Augustine, why do you have a book in your hands?” Olive hastily changed the topic.

“If you call me president Augustine **one** more time, I’ll treat you as a bad boss would treat a sexy employee.”

Olive stretched out her hand and covered her collar bone with her hand and looked at him wildly.

“President Augustine, don’t mess around, I have a husband.” Olive played along.

“You flouted my order!” Elvis dipped his hands into her clothes and tickled her. Olive let out a loud giggle and pleaded for mercy,

“Mr. Augustine, I’m sorry, I was wrong. Please spare me.”

Westside Cafe.

Bounty arrived and sat by the window. Soon, a slender figure appeared before her sight.

Olive had turned up for the appointment..

Bounty wasn’t surprised, she knew that Olive would definitely show up.

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Chapter **195** Elvis is here!

Chapter 195 Elvis is here!

Olive sat opposite Bounty. The waiter served them two cups of coffee.

Bounty looked at **Olive** and muttered,

“Olive, you turned up.”

Olive nodded.

“Yes, aunt, I did. You’ve **always** wanted to tell me all about Elvis’s past. Now it’s your chance.”

After a night of intense deliberation, Olive decided to **honor** the invitation. Elvis’s condition had surpassed her imagination. His car accident had triggered a panic in her heart.

Although she was ready to go through thick and thin with him, she still needed to understand his past.

Bounty took a sip of the coffee. Although she didn’t like Elvis, her facial expression still conveyed sympathy.

“Did Elvis mention his mother, Annabelle, to you?”

Olive nodded.

“Yes, he did.”

Bounty was shocked. She obviously didn't expect Elvis to mention his mother to Olive.

"I'm quite surprised! His mother has to be the deepest taboo in his heart." Bounty exclaimed.

"Mr. Augustine didn't say much about her. But according to what I deduced, s he was a very beautiful

woman."

Bounty scoffed and hooked her lips mockingly. Bounty couldn't argue with **wh** **at** Olive said, otherwise, how did her brother and husband fall **for** Anabelle?

"Anabelle was dead, and it was her funeral, I really don't know what happened , or how it happened, but Anabelle's coffin got burnt. When Elvis realized what happened, he got really infuriated and injured alot of people."

"I know about this too. Mr. Augustine also told me about it. Things had gotten out of hand, and he was later taken to the hospital, and was offered a hospital report, and he found out that he had some mental problems." Olive completed the story.

Bounty was awestruck and couldn't believe that Elvis would tell Olive such.

"Did he also tell you about what happened infront of his mother's tombstone? That he had beaten three men to a pulp, and had them crippled!"

Olive's fingers clenched tightly **as** she imagined the bloody scene.

"Olive, are you afraid?" Bounty questioned as she took noticed of the slightest change in Olive's face. "Why did Elvis hurt a few people, when there were lots of people present? Don't you think that they were deserving of what they got?"

Bounty lost her voice. Even now, Olive's support for Elvis was unwavering.

"You're right, they were all **dubs**. They had burnt Anabelle's coffin to ashes, a nd had also mocked Elvis. Elvis was out of **control** and had beaten them till th ey were disabled."

"But Elvis's reaction was against the law, and the families of the boys had pressed charge

s against Elvis. Elvis was immediately arrested, in order for Elvis not to be sued, my brother, Alpha, had sent Elvis to the psychiatric hospital.”

388.0%

Chapter 195 **Elvis** is here!

Olive’s eyes widened. It was Elvis’s father who had sent him to the psychiatric hospital! Bounty couldn’t help but **laugh** at Olive’s reaction.

“I hope that you still don’t think that Elvis is **a** normal person. He is mentally ill!”

Olive frowned. She really didn’t like the fact that Elvis was sick or mentally ill. She really did despise

1. it.

Olive wanted saying something, but Bounty took out her phone and pushed it to Olive.

“Olive, take a look for yourself.”

“What’s this?”Olive asked.

“I’m sure that Elvis didn’t tell you this, but at the psychiatric hospital, Elvis had stayed there for three whole years!”

Wha

Olive gasped and looked at Bounty in shock..

Elvis had been in the mental hospital for three years? Olive was so not aware.

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“Olive, go on and watch and **see** if your husband isn’t a monster!” Bounty urged.

Olive stretched out her finger and clicked on the video on the phone.

It was in a dark and damp room in a mental hospital, the atmosphere was depressing and gloomy. At that time, Elvis was still **a** teenager.

In the video, he was fighting with a few security guards. He was ruthless and had quickly overturned the security guards.

Tons of security officers **had** scurried over, and one of them kept using an electric baton to hit Elvis on the face.

The teenage Elvis was soon trampled under their feet. Elvis's eyes were red and bloodshot. His face was wounded **and** blood dripped from it..

Olive's hands and feet suddenly felt cold and her entire body went numb. It felt as though she was watching the scene play out live from years back.

Olive looked **at** his eyes, and in it laid a raging fire, the unyielding desperation to destroy the entire **world**.

Olive felt her heart ache. She felt so weak, that each breathe that she took was painful.

A white hand suddenly reached out and snatched the phone from Olive. Olive jerked and raised her **head**, and Elvis's handsome and ruthless face was before her.

Elvis was clothed in **a** black turtleneck T-shirt, and a black coat.

His appearance was extremely cold and indifferent.

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Chapter 196 I Want to Hug You

"Mr. **Augustine**, what are you doing here?" Olive asked startledly.

Elvis looked at her and then raised the phone in his hand.

"I should be asking you that. What are yo doing here, and what did you **see**?"

Olive had never seen him look so angry. Even when he was sick, he had never appeared this frightening.

Elvis reached out and smashed the phone against **the** wall. With a loud thud t he **phone smashed** into the wall and completely shattered.

The fierce sound exploded in Olive's ears. She was so frightened that her face turned wan. She stood. hastily from her seat, as Elvis grabbed her by the wrist.

"Enough, Elvis!" Bounty quickly stood up. "Let go of Olive. I invited her over. Are you angry now **and** losing your temper? Let go of Olive and don't dare hurt her!"

Elvis held onto Olive's hand and did not let go. His Long and narrow eyes were stained with wrath.

"I warned you **a** while ago, right? I told you to keep your mouth shut! For grandma's sake, kindly leave Los Angeles and don't try to provoke me again! This is my last mercy!"

"Elvis, how dare you speak to me in such manner, I'm **your** aunt! **And** how the hell did you know that Olive was meeting with me here? Don't tell me **that** you sent someone to follow me!" Bounty yelled shockingly. She couldn't believe **that her** everyday activities were actually being monitored.

gave Bounty a death stare. He diverted his gaze to his bodyguard and muttered,

"Take her **away**."

Elvis

"Yes, CEO. The bodyguard who was clothed in black quickly stepped forward.

Elvis didn't spare Bounty another look. He dragged Olive and headed out of the cafe.

Bounty yelled behind Elvis,

"Elvis, are **you crazy**? You dare to have me locked up? You're not normal! You're a lunatic!" Bounty yelled as the bodyguard led her away.

:

Olive was pulled by the wrist. Due to Elvis's large strides, she stumbled behind him. She looked at the back of his head and pleaded,

"Elvis, don't be angry, okay? Please listen to me."

Elvis's footsteps were abrupt, he turned **around** and his eyes fell on her. He **stretched** out his big hand and dragged her forward.

"Olive, what did I tell you about Bounty? Did I inform **you** that you should avoid her **and** any other member of my family, did I?"

Last night **when** Bounty had gone to the hospital. Olive had met Bounty in the hallway. He was fully aware, **but** she had lied to **him**, and he didn't make a fuss about it. Elvis wanted to give her a chance to win his trust, but **she** disappointed **him** woefully.

Olive's face was ruthlessly pulled into his palm, instead of showing in pain, she held onto his big **hand** and apologized softly.

"I was wrong, Mr. Augustine, I'm sorry, don't **be** angry. I wanted knowing your past, because I

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The Substitute Bride: Dated by My Billionaire Husband

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Chapter 1961 Wart to Hong **You**

wanted knowing you well. I just wanted to participate and have a view of what your past was like."

Elvis licked his dry lips, and a sarcastic low smile overflowed on his face.

"How can you participate? I was in the fucking mental hospital when I was a teenager. I've dined and wined with the devil! Now that you know this, **has** your curiosity been satisfied? **Huh?** Has it?"

Olive shut her eyes and shook her head.

"How could you say such? I didn't mean it that way. I want to heal you, I want to make you better. That's the reason why I needed to know your past."

“What if I can’t **be** cured? Elvis asked calmly.

“No, I’ll definitely cure you, Elvis.”

Elvis suddenly let go of her face. He **squeezed** her shiny shoulders with both hands and pushed her against the wall.

“What if I can’t be cured?” He repeated.

Olive’s bright eyes had turned red. She shook her head and affirmed,

I’ll definitely cure you!”

That was not the answer that he wanted.

Elvis narrowed his handsome eyes and forced himself to release her shoulders. Elvis **knew** that if he didn’t let go her immediately, his unstable emotions may get out of control and he would hurt her. He needed to stay **away** from her!

He turned around and left without saying another word.

Olive rushed up and wrapped her hands around his waist from behind,

Elvis stopped and did not look back. His voice was low and indifferent.

“Let go!” He ordered.

“No, I want to **hug** you. Mr. Augustine, If I was present years ago, I would have definitely hugged you and not let you go.” Olive mumbled amidst tears.

Elvis did not want to recall the dark and humid times of **his** life, although the images from his teenage years were embedded in his **mind**, constantly reminding him of his terrible past.

Olive’s soft body hugged him from behind. She was so warm **and** coaxing. The anger **in** his heart made him want to destroy her.

Elvis held onto her **hands**, **and** slowly took it off his body.

Olive stubbornly refused to let go of him.

“Mr. Augustine, where are you going? Let’s go home together.” She pleaded.

“Go **back** yourself. I won’t be home tonight.”

“Are you **going** to the company? **Then I’ll** go with you.” She **replied** anxiously.

“I’m going to the bar to find some beautiful women whom I’ll have fun with. It’ll be inconvenient to bring you along.”

Olive froze and quickly said,

“No, I won’t allow you **to** go!”

Elvis pulled her fingers apart and walked away.

“Mr. Augustine, I **think** you’re joking. **You** can be angry and upset at me, but you’re not allowed to **go**

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The Subscure Bride: Dored by My Billionaire **Husband**

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Chapter **19E WHE**

against the vows of our marriage. I don’t want you anymore!”

Elvis didn’t respond to her. His handsome figure soon disappeared from her sight.

Olive angrily stomped her feet on the ground.

There **was** someone hiding in the car lot, it **was** Pamela!

Pamela had witnessed everything with her eyes. She pursed her lips strangely, and then left quietly.

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Chapter **197** The Second Poison **Test**

Olive had returned to the Red Villa. **In** order not to make Mrs. Samantha worry, she chitchatted with the old lady for a while before returning to the bedroom.

It was already very late, and Elvis still hadn't returned.

Was he really not coming back tonight?

Olive didn't want to believe that he had gone out to find a beautiful woman. She took out her phone and dialed Elvis's number, but she couldn't get through to him.

Olive made several consecutive calls, but he still couldn't get connected to him.

Olive tossed **and** turned on the bed. Thinking of how Elvis was bullied and locked **up** in the mental hospital, Olive swore to find a cure for his sickness at all cost!

Her blood test results were to be out the following day, and she had concluded on carrying out another test.

With her mind being occupied with a lot of things, Olive hastily fell asleep.

After some time, a luxurious car slowly parked in **the** lawn of **the** Red Villa. Elvis had gotten a **new** car, although it was still Rolls-Royce Phantom, he had gone for the newest model.

Elvis had his specific preferences, and had always stuck to them.

The villa's door was opened, and Maria greeted him.

"Welcome young master, why are you back so late? Do you want me to make you something to eat?"

Elvis was still clothed in his black outfit. His expression was unapologetic and stern.

"How about Olive and grandma, how are they?" He inquired.

"They're **all** asleep. After **dinner**, ma'am Olive had joined grandma in making dessert. They had baked a cake." Maria replied with a smile.

Elvis raised his eyes **and glanced** at the door of his bedroom which was closed. He knew **that** live such a good girl and didn't inform his grandma whenever they had an issue.

Maria added,

“**Ma’am** Olive is really nice and fun to be **around**. She always comes up with new ideas to make the old lady happy. Since **you** got married sir, I can attest to grandma being much more happier. By the way, **grandma** and Olive left some desserts for you. I'll get it for you.

Maria walked into the kitchen and took **out** the dessert **that** Olive had made. It was a cupcake with strawberries icing.

Elvis didn't like dessert. Of course, Maria **was** aware. But she went to the kitchen and brought him the cakes that Olive baked.

Elvis took **a spoon and** took a bite.

“Young master, is it yummy?” Mrs. Maria inquired.

Elvis nodded and **muttered**,

“Yea, **it's** very sweet.”

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Chapter 197 The Second Poison Test

Elvis pushed open the bedroom door and walked in. A dim light shone from the yellow **lamp**.

A slender figure curled up on the soft big bed. Olive had already fallen asleep.

Elvis walked over, he lowered his tall body, and squatted on one knee. He stretched out his hands and caressed her face.

Olive's face was soft, and her skin smooth as silk.

He leaned over and his thin lips rested on her forehead, as he placed soft kisses **on** it.

He had seen her calls, but had deliberately not answered. For he knew that once he answered the **call**, that he was bound to rush home to her.

Before Olive, Elvis lost all his ego **and** pride.

“Olive, I was really angry today because I didn’t want you to know my dark past. As a husband, I hope that you **can** always listen to me.”

Elvis pressed his head into her hair **and** whispered,

“Olive, I know that I’m sick, but if you can’t cure me, what **will** you do?”

“I do know that marriage is based on trust, but growing up, I had no one teach me what trust meant. Everything I wanted always slipped through my fingers like **fine sand**. You’re just twenty, **and** you’re still growing. In the future, you will meet more prominent men than me, and they may all be better than I am. By that time, will you still want me?”

Olive had already fallen asleep, thus she couldn’t give answers to his worries.

The

A morning when Olive woke up, she did not meet Elvis. She got into the shower and washed up. Once she was done, she left for the Ivory Council.

Olive went to get her blood test results. Her guess was correct. The mandala for lower poison **was** extremely violent. The last poison test had affected one-third of her precious **blood**.

Before Joyce died ten years ago, she had spent time nurturing Olive’s blood. It was the best thing that she could do for her daughter.

Joyce’s medical skills were truly unparalleled. An individual without knowledge in medicine would have instantly died the moment the poison entered into the individual’s body.

Olive was quite aware that carrying out **a** second poison test was dangerous because her blood had been affected by the first test.

However, Olive’s mind was made up and she booked a room in an hotel to carry out the second test. During the first test, Marvin **had** barged in on her, which

h led to a fight between him and Elvis, Olive definitely didn't want a repeat of the first incident.

After Olive left, a copy of her blood test **was** handed to Marvin by Phil.

"Young master, what are you gonna do now?" Phil inquired respectfully.

Marvin looked **at** the report and his eyes widened for a second. He was greatly shocked that Olive had undergone the mandala flower poison test unscathed.

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Chapter 197 the Second Poison Ted

It turned out that her blood **had a** great resistance to poisonous substances like the mandala flower.

"Where did **she go**?" Marvin asked **Phil**.

Phil forwarded the location to Marvin's phone..

"Olive has just entered into a room in Starzeal."

"She must gone to try out the poison **again**!

Marvin grabbed his car keys **from** the table **and** hurried out of the **institute**.

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The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband Novel Full Episode

Score 9.2

Chapter 198 Marvin reached out and hugged her.

In the hotel room.

Olive **sat** on the sofa and pushed the long needle into her veins.

After her previous experience, Olive thought that her body was now familiar to the the mandala flower, and the **pains** wouldn't be as severe as the previous time. But Olive experienced a more excruciating pain than the previous time.

From a medical point of view, the poison had already created a certain degree of immunity to her blood. The defense strength of her **blood** had dropped, and the poison had become more effective.

Olive's face became extremely wan, as a fountain of sweat appeared on her forehead. She felt **as** if her bones were being crushed to shreds.

Olive endured the surging pains and quickly **picked** up a pen. She wrote down some important medical equations on the paper. But, there was still one equation missing.

Olive felt that she **was** about to succeed. Victory **was** within her reached. She had developed an antidote!

However, one important equation was still missing.

Olive wanted thinking about it critically, but her strength failed her as she fell off the chair landing weakly on the tiled-ground.

Her nose began dripping of blood. She touched her mask and blood were all over it.

Olive made to get the needle. She stretched out her hand, but at the moment, a piercing sound whistled in her ear, and her head was spinning.

She could only see nothing.

Olive who had fallen to the ground like a deflated ball, reached out and groped on the ground for a while.

"Where's the needle? She cried inwardly.

Olive's vision slowly turned dark, and she was about to faint.

The room door was suddenly pushed open **and** someone walked in.

"Olive, Olive! Open your eyes and don't drift **to** sleep. The mandala flower will damage your brain, so you must not sleep!"

Olive heard as her name was being **called**. She fought hard and opened her eyes, before her was Marvin.

Marvin was here!

But what Olive saw was not Marvin, but Elvis. Marvin's face had quickly changed to Elvis's. She hooked her lips weakly and **said** softly,

"Mr. Augustine, you're here."

Marvin had knowledge of the mandala flower, and what it was capable of doing. Once the poison attacked, an individual was bound to become confused.

"Don't move, I'll take out the poison now."

Marvin took out a sharp medical knife and made a cut on her fingertips. As expected of a golden knife, it made the wound on her fingertip extremely shallow.

Olive felt the **pain** in her body gradually ease, and slowly it disappeared. However, **she** was

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The **Substitute** Bride: Doned by My Blaine Husband

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unconscious, and not fully awake.

"Take a rest, you'll be fine soon. There's **blood** on your face. I'll go get you a towel." Marvin made to **stand** up and walked to the bathroom. But two hands clasped his waist, **and Olive's** soft body was now close to **him**.

"Mr. Augustine, hug me for a while. I'm so cold." She murmured.

Her voice was soft and weak. Marvin could feel her cold body temperature. The coldness of her body was the most direct warning that her body gave her.

Marvin took her **hands away**.

“Olive, you’re mistaken, I’m not your Mr. Augustine.

Olive really couldn’t understand what he had just said. Her brain was still not awakened. The dizziness that she felt almost made her fall to the ground, but she held tighter to Marvin, preventing herself from falling-

“Mr. Augustine, are you still angry with me? Don’t be angry anymore, Let’s reconcile already. I’m so cold, and I need your hug.” She pleaded tenderly.

Marvin’s body stiffened. He stopped trying to push her away.

“Olive, do you like Elvis that much? In order to save him, you put yourself in harm’s way.”

Marvin’s eyes fell on the piece of paper that she had written the equation, and his eyes flashed in surprise. She had really unlocked the equations.

Unfortunately, she was one step behind.

Marvin diverted his gaze to **her** face.

“Olive, your poison test has finally come to an end. It’s pitiful that you weren’t able to save Elvis even after ruining your blood.”

Olive could not hear a thing that Marvin said. Marvin looked at the mask on her face. There was blood on the white mask. He slowly **reached** out and removed the mask from her face.

Olive’s palm-sized face was now bare. Underneath her **eyes** was her nose, and below her nose was her succulent lips.

Marvin blinked at the sight of Olive’s face. He had fantasized about her countless times in his mind. He had imagined what she’ll look like, but now that the girl was in his arms and her face bare, Marvin couldn’t believe his eyes, as he was mesmerized by Olive’s beauty. Her paleness made her look even more beautiful.

Marvin reached out and wiped the blood from her nose with the sleeve of his white shirt.

As a doctor, Marvin had a serious cleanliness addiction, but now **that** his sleeves were stained, he didn't mind at all.

Feeling his gentleness, Olive reached out and hugged him **again**.

Marvin stretched **out** his hands slowly and wrapped it around her in a hug, as he himself was desperate to fill the warmth or coldness of her body.

"Olive, divorce him." He said softly.

Outside the room, Pamela looked at the closed door, she took out her **phone** she dialed Elvis's number.

15:35

The Substitute Bride **Dated**

Chapter 198 Marvin reached out and hugged her.

The phone rang once and was connected. Elvis's deep and magnetic voice passed over.

"Hello."

"Mr. Augustine, come over to Starzeal immediately. Olive is **in** a hotel room now, and Marvin is with her. They have been inside for a while."

Elvis was silent for a second, and he wanted ending the call.

"Mr. **Augustine**, I think that there's something wrong with **Olive's** body. She had checked her blood in

the research institute. Do you know about this?"

Elvis took in a deep breathe.

"What room is she in?"

♡ (2)

The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband Novel Full Episode

Score 9.2

Chapter 199 Push her away

In the hotel room, Marvin hugged Olive quietly.

The door was kicked open. Marvin raised his eyes and suddenly met Elvis's narrow and deep eyes. Elvis stood by the door, his falcon-like gaze swept around the room. Olive hugged Marvin with both hands, and Marvin hugged her shoulders.

Elvis let out a scoff and stepped forward. He grabbed onto Olive's arm and pulled her over.

Olive's body slammed into Elvis's firm chest. The pain caused her to let out a frown. When she looked up, she saw Elvis's gloomy face, her consciousness hastily returned.

"Mr. Augustine..."

Elvis lowered his eyes and looked at her. His thin lips **drew** a sarcastic **arc**.

"What? Is it surprising to see me? Did I disturb you?"

Olive looked at Elvis and then at Marvin. Only then did she realize that she was holding onto the wrong person.

"Mr. Augustine, I..." She tried saying, but her words had failed her.

"**Where's** your mask? Elvis interrupted her.

Olive **touched** her face with her hands. The mask on her face was gone. Marvin had taken it **off**.

Olive was speechless and confused all at once.

"Why don't you **say** something? I'm awaiting your explanation."

Olive looked at him. Elvis's gaze **was** poring and cold. It fell sharply on her face, as if he wanted to see through her.

However, there **as** no superfluous expression on his face. Olive knew that Elvis's wrath was the most terrifying sight to behold.

Marvin's voice sounded.

"Don't make it difficult to her. I can explain everything that you need to know."

"Oh, okay. I kinda forgot that you were still here, my bad." Elvis dragged Olive into the bathroom and locked her inside.

Olive quickly tapped on the door.

"Why are you locking me here. Mr. **Augustine**, let me out! I can explain everything to you."

Elvis **ignored** Olive. He stepped **forward and** grabbed Marvin on the collar.

"I'm giving you a **chance** to speak."

"To be honest, it's just as you saw."

Elvis let out a low laugh

"Why **should** I believe your words?"

Marvin **was** silent **for** a moment, then he said,

"Olive's **blood** is very **special**."

"Her mother had treated her with lots of medicinal herbs while she was alive. I know that." Elvis chipped in.

Chapter 159 Push her away

Marvin nodded understandingly.

"Then, do you know the mandala flower? The mandala flower is rumoured to be the realm between life **and** death. It is extremely poisonous. And it's very hard to be found."

"Say something useful!" Elvis interrupted impatiently.

"Olive wants to use the mandala to heal you. She was trying out the medicine."
"Marvin added.

Elvis's pupil **shrank**. He tightened his grip on Marvin's collar and pressed him against the wall.

"What the fuck are you saying?" He questioned unbelievably.

"Olive was trying out the medicine. The first time she tried it out was the night that you had beaten me in the pharmacy. She passed out in my arms. This is **her** second time. The poison made her lose her sense of reasoning, so she mistook me for you." Marvin explained and swallowed **hard**.

Elvis's heart was clenched fiercely, and suddenly, his breathing became painful.

Marvin dipped his right hand into his pocket and brought out a piece of paper. On it was the equation that Olive had written down.

"Elvis, **Olive** is risking her **own** life for you. She **doesn't** mind losing her life just to save you!"

Elvis let go of Marvin and took some steps backwards. Initially, a voice **was** telling him that Olive was refining medicines, but **he had ignored** it.

He didn't know that she had actually tried the mandala flower's poison!

Was she crazy?

"Elvis, I can guarantee you that Olive can only have that poison in her system for one last time. If she tries it more than thrice, then her life will certainly come to an abrupt end. So please Elvis, before she considers carrying out the third test, push her away from your life. Only then will she reason with her brain and not her heart. Push her away from you, so that she can stay alive." Marvin pleaded with a straight face.

Olive was locked in the bathroom the entire time. She kept knocking on the door, **but** no one **opened** it. She wondered what the two men were doing to each other.

Although Olive was now conscious, her face was still pale. Olive's body swayed and she was about to

fall

She swiftly held onto the washstand with her hands. She shut her eyes and opened them again.

The **door** of the bathroom was opened and Elvis walked **in**.

Olive looked behind her **and** there was a handsome tall figure standing against the light.

Elvis **walked in**. He took off his black coat and draped it over her shoulders.

He carried her all the **way** out of the hotel **and** into the **passenger's** seat of his Rolls–Royce phantom.

Elvis got into the driver's seat. He turned on the ignition and the car **galloped** down the road

smoothly. The car **was** filled with silence, **as** neither of them uttered a word.

Elvis pressed his **hand** on the steering wheel. He focused his gaze on the road and said indifferently.

“You're aware **that** Marvin likes you, right?”

The Sulisvante Bride Bound by My Billionaire Husband

Chapter 200 Olive, Let's Divorce.

Olive didn't know why he suddenly brought **up the** topic. But she was not a child, it **was** quite obvious that Marvin liked her.

Olive shook her head and denied,

“No, I don't know.”

Elvis hastily interrupted her.

“Then let me inform you now. Marvin likes you. He had fallen **in** love with you at first sight in Imperial city two years ago. He came to LA in search of you. He's been here for over a year. So now you know.”

Olive turned to look at him, **and** she defended,

“Why are telling me this? I don’t like him!”

Elvis looked ahead of him. He focused on the road, and didn’t utter another word.

They both arrived at the Red Villa and entered into the bedroom.

Elvis whispered,

“Go and take a shower first.”

“Mr. Augustine, I...”

“Go have a shower first, then once you’re done, you say whatsoever you wanna say.” Elvis interrupted her hastily.

His attitude was domineering and tyrannic. Olive grabbed her pyjamas and walked into the bathroom. She took a shower as quickly as possible and then walked out.

Elvis stood beside the window smoking. He was clothed in a black shirt and trousers. He was handsome and matured. Only his fine jawline and knitted eye brows could be seen, as half of his face **was** blurred by **the** smoke.

Olive moved closer to him and hugged **him** from behind.

“Mr. Augustine, nothing happened between Marvin and I. I really can explain ...”

“**Are** you **tired**?” Elvis’s cold voice questioned.

“Huh?”

Elvis maintained his position **and** didn’t turn around.

“**I’m** asking you, are you tired of being with me? I can lose my temper at any moment, I’m always sick. You really should be tired of all these, right?”

Olive shook her head.

“No, I’m not tired at all.”

“Oh, so you ain’t tired of the constant fights and argument? But I’m tired of everything. Olive, let’s **get** a divorce.”

The **words** exploded in Olive’s ears. She unwrapped her hands from his waist and stood. dumbfoundedly.

Chapter 200 Im, Let’s DiverON.

Elvis turned around, his narrow and deep eyes fell on her face.

“I’m not kidding this time, let’s get divorce. I’ll have the lawyer prepare the divorce papers. As for the properties, you’ll have **a fair** share. You **can** sign the divorce papers immediately it’s been delivered to you, and then we’re divorced.”

Olive looked at his handsome face in a daze. It took Olive some seconds to realize that he was **serious** and really wanted a divorce,

“Why? Why.... Why should we get a divorce?” Olive stuttered. She couldn’t understand why he needed a divorce. So she **wanted** him to **explain** it to her.

Elvis let out a scoff.

“Why should we get a divorce? Don’t you know why? Ever since I got married to you, I’m always being called to come and catch you **cheating**. Like, that **has** become my daily routine. **And** all you keep saying is that nothing happened between you **and** Marvin! He even took off your **mask** today, and still claim that nothing happened! And you expect me to believe that?”

“Enough!” Olive’s **hands were clenched** into a fist, and her watery eyes glared at him.

“You don’t have to slander me!”

Elvis looked at her reddened eyes. He knew that he became extremely jealous ever he **saw her**

with another man, hence the reason why he had **to push** her away for his **sanity**

“There are many ways to **please** a **man**, how do I know if you’ve ever pleased **Marvin**? Your mask was taken off and you didn’t even know, who knows what you two could have done when you

were...

Before he could complete his sentence, Olive raised her hand and slapped him hard across the face.

The cigarette between his fingers were burning close to his fingers, but he felt no **pain** at all.

Olive raised her hand and touched his face.

“Did I hurt you? I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to hit you.”

Elvis looked at her face, her eyes were watery, but she blinked severally, preventing the tears from falling.

Olive stretched out her arms and wrapped around his waist. She pressed her face on his chest and muttered,

“Mr. Augustine, I’m so cold. Please hug me, okay?”

The cigarette fell from his fingertips, and his two big **hands** were hanging by his side. He could already feel her cold body temperature.

Elvis raised his hands, but they froze mid-air.

“Mr. Augustine, I’m really not feeling too well, why should we be talking about divorce now? Please just hold me, I’m feeling a little dizzy.” Olive hugged tightly to his waist. But she still didn’t get a response from Elvis.

Olive raised her eyes and looked at him, before she could **say** another word, he **had** pushed her away from his arms.

Olive lost her balance **and** fell on the soft carpet. Once she fell to the ground, she moaned **and** looked

at Elvis.

Elvis stared back at her, his long and narrow eyes were bloodshot. He twitched his lips and his cruel and hoarse **voice** sounded.

“Reserve a little dignity for yourself, and don’t pester me any further. The divorce papers will arrive

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soon, endeavor to sign it.”

OM

The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband Novel Full Episode

Score 9.2