

## The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband Chapter 20

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

Chapter 20 A Photo in a swimsuit.

Ten years ago, Olive and Derrick were inseparable. Therefore, everyone alive knew that Olive used to be betrothed to Derrick.

“Although it’s quite ridiculous to watch someone pick up a toy I discarded, and use as a treasure. But I still wish you both forever, because you both truly deserves each other.”

Olive muttered and walked past them.

Olive was brave to have compared Derrick Domino to a toy she had thrown away. The smile on Gabriella’s face froze, at that moment she didn’t know whether to be proud or not.

Derrick was particularly upset by Olive’s choice of words, but he acted as though it was nothing. He pulled Gabriella into his arms and acted coquettish.

“Isn’t Olive just pathetic? There ain’t no car to pick her up. Why don’t we take pity and give her a lift?” Gabriella suggested to Derrick.

“Hey! Come get into the car. I’ll drop your off since Gab said so!” Derrick yelled to her as he caught up with her.

“No, thank you.” Olive stopped and responded.

“Why?” Feeling like a real princess with Derrick by her side. Gabriella turned and said to Patrick. “Dad, I just kindly asked Olive to get in the car, but she adamantly refused.”

Patrick really did treat Gabriella as a princess. Especially since her fiance was from the affluencial family, Domino. Patrick responded calmly, “Olive, get into the car quickly, do not waste Derrick and Gabriella’s time!”

“Olive, this is Royal star Hotel. You won’t be able to get a taxi here. Just go on with Derrick and Gabriella.” Monica added. She looked extremely proud as a peacock.

Olive smile at their disgusting whim. She glanced at Gabriella and said. “Although I can’t afford a check of fifty thousand dollars. I can find my way around.”

Gabriella’s expression abruptly changed. She knew she would be in trouble if Derrick and her parents knew that she had offered a man a check of fifty thousand dollars. Just so he could be hers.

Gabriella admitted in her mind that she had been fascinated by Olive's gigolo. But she had liked Derrick since she was a child, and had vowed to marry him, so she could become a wealthy young lady.

Derrick Domino was her ultimate goal.

Gabriella held Derrick's hand and pulled it, "Let's go." She knew better than upsetting Olive, for she knew her secrets.

The manager of the Royal star hotel walked towards them and queried politely, "Excuse me, please who's Miss

Hart?"

Everyone was shocked when the manager approached. It was well known that Royal star hotel was owned by The Augustine's family. The Augustine's were the wealthiest family in Los Angeles. They had always been mysterious and low-key.

"Hello, manager, This is Miss Hart." Monica quickly pulled Gabriella towards him.

"Yes, manager, this is Miss Hart. Is there anything you need her to do?" Patrick added as they all focused their gaze on the manager.

The manager sighted Derrick, he greeted politely, "Good evening Sir Derrick."

The manager was so calm and composed. Derrick tuck his left hand into his trouser's pocket and nodded.

The managers gaze was fixed on Gabriella's face, "Excuse me miss, are you Miss Hart?"

Gabriella thought of the price she had won, that made the manager to come all out in search of her. She glanced at Olive proudly, adjusted her dress comfortably and said sweetly to the manager, "Hello manager. I'm Gabriella Hart."

"Gabriella Hart?" The manager shook his head, "I'm sorry, it's ain't you I'm searching for. I'm searching for Olive Hart."

Looking for Olive?

The faces of the audience were as though they were suffocating.

Olive shivered. She didn't expect to be the one, the man was searching for.

Monica quickly added, "Manager, are you mistaken? This is Gabriella Hart. And why are you searching for Olive?"

The manager ignored Monica's questions and walked up to Olive. His polite expression became more respectful, "Are you Miss Olive Hart?"

"Hello mister. I'm Olive Hart. Is it me that you're searching for?"

The manager's face arched in a smile. "Miss Olive. It isn't convenient for you to taxi, so we prepared you a car."

As he spoke, a Rolls-Royce phantom car sped towards them. The manager respectfully opened the rear door, "Miss Olive. please..."

The world top luxurious car had actually come to pick up Olive?

Olive stared suspiciously at the manager. But he smiled sweetly. "Mrs Olive, worry not, you'll be dropped at the Red Villa."

Olive felt a bit convinced. She nodded and got into the car, and it drove off like a lightning.

The manager watched the car and waited for it to completely disappear from his sight before returning back to his post.

Gabriella hastily stopped him, "Hi manager, what really is going on?"

"I'm sorry, but this is our CEO's personal matter. I can't really say." With that, the manager walked back into the building.

The entire audience were quite stunned. "Patrick, didn't Olive just return from the orphanage? How did she become acquainted with the Augustine's family CEO?"

Monica snorted.

"Not long ago she hired a gigolo and now she personally knew the CEO? Her seduction prowess is really working. She really did take after her mother." A slap had landed across Monica's face.

It was unexpected, leaving Monica stunned. Patrick's face had clouded with anger. He gritted his teeth and warned, "Why not look at yourself first? Do you deserve to judge others?"

Monica went numb and even Gabriella was startled by her father's reaction.

Derrick stared indifferently at them. He turned his gaze towards the direction where Olive had left from.

The Rolls-Royce had successfully delivered Olive at the Red Villa. She had kept North dated with the turn out of events.

"Are you saying that the CEO of the Augustine's corporation drove you home?" North questioned with pure interests. "Yea, something like that." Olive responded and as she

took off her shoes.

“How many new lovers do you have?” North asked.

Olive has been pondering on her connection to the CEO of the Augustine’s corporation.

She suddenly remembered what she had always ignored.

Augustine!

Elvis was an Augustine!

North on the other end did not immediately send a message since she was probably shocked, two minutes later she sent Olive a message, ‘Send me a picture, the one we went to the hot spring and you were wearing a bathing suit.’ Why?

Olive still opened her phone gallery even though she’s full of doubts and forwarded a picture to her. A few seconds after not getting a response. She checked to see if North had seen the message, then she found that she had actually sent the photo to Elvis!