

The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband Chapter 29

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

Chapter 29 Fake Plays

He grabbed her little tail. Olive blushed and quickly struggled,

“What are you doing? Let go.”

Elvis didn’t let go, he tugged on her tail and asked,

“New interest?”

Olive was stunned, she felt it was abnormal. Out of all the sexy night dresses, how could this particular one be interesting to him.

Olive reached out and pushed him.

“Mr. Augustine, you’re so shameless!”

Elvis held onto her little tail and furrowed his brows,

“How am I shameless?”

“You prepared this pyjamas and the night dresses in the closet, aren’t you shameless enough?”

Elvis glanced at the closet door and said,

“I didn’t prepare the clothes in there. Grandma did.”

Grandma?

Olive was dumfounded.

Elvis looked at Phoebe,

“Is she still good?”

Olive tried her best to pull back her little tail.

Phoebe is very good.”

“Then why are you not good?”

“What does he mean, am I also a kitten?” Olive thought inwardly.

Now that her tail was still in his hands, his frivolous and slow attitude was a little bullying, as if she was a kitten to him.

A knock was heard on the door. Chef Maria said from outside,

“Young master, Old Mrs. Samantha asked me to bring you a glass of smoothie. Drink it

while it's chill."

Olive pushed Elvis away, afraid that others would see such a scene.

Elvis let go of her tail.

Elvis walked over and opened the door. He glanced at the drink in her hands. His grandma really liked to make him smoothie.

Elvis drank the smoothie at the door side, and placed the glass into Maria's hand and headed back in.

Elvis went to the bathroom and had a cold shower. Then he sat on the sofa and went through his laptop.

He felt the heat emanating from his body. And his body temperature rose little by little. The heat kept surging, making him uncomfortable.

Elvis looked up. Olive was sitting on the bed with a medical book in her hand. She was beautiful and demure.

He forcedly placed the laptop on the bed as his eyes were blurry.

Elvis stood and walked to the bedside.

"Mr. Augustine, what are you doing? I'm reading." Olive protested.

Elvis sat on the edge of the bed and held her soft little hand, placing it on his forehead.

"Am I sick?"

Olive was startled when she felt his body temperature. She quickly felt his pulse and asked,

"What did you eat?"

Elvis had already guessed it, but he was at his own house. He was a little unsure.

When Olive asked him those words, he swiftly stood up and opened the door.

"Ouch!" Madam Samantha almost fell to the ground.

"Grandma, what did you give me?" Elvis's expression was not so good. He was obviously angry.

Realizing that she has been caught. Mrs Samantha felt a little embarrassed. She pointed at Mr. Henry,

"It wasn't me who did it. it was him. There was a little tonic in your soup."

Uncle Henry was so frightened that his legs wobbled and he stared at Mrs Samantha in shock.

Mrs. Samantha quickly chipped in.

Henry, you really are bold, but since he's a first time offender, just forgive him."

“And moreover Elvis, there’s no need to throw a tantrum. There’s nothing wrong there. Atleast I should hug my grandchild as soon as possible.”

Elvis pursed his lips.

“Grandma!”

Elvis, do you know that I can’t raise my head in front of other ladies. They’re always showing off how cute their great–grandchildren are. They’re always bullying me. I don’t have any great–grandchildren!”

Elvis immediately closed the door.

Elvis turned around and approached the bed. Olive already knew what was going on. She pulled the quilt to hide and looked at him alertly.

“What do you want to do? Don’t come over!”

Elvis got in the bed and pressed her down.

“Grandma’s outside, cooperate a little.”

This was a very important part of their agreement. She needed to cooperate with him.

Elvis looked at Olive’s shut eyes, his eyes darkened and he muttered,

“You can’t scream?”

Elvis lowered his body and kissed her face. Olive’s eyelash were trembling like a butterfly’s wings. She shouted coordinately.

Mrs Samantha left the door contentedly.

Olive quickly reached out to push him,

“Grandma is gone, get up quickly.”

Elvis didn’t move a muscle. He buried his handsome face in her hair. Olive didn’t dare to move, for fear of imitating him.

She could tell that Mrs Samantha really needed a great–grandchild. Olive cherished everyone who loved her. The better Mrs Samantha treated her, the more guilty she felt. She was afraid that one day the old lady would be heartbroken when she realizes that they really were only deceiving her.

Elvis propped up his hands and gazed at her.

“We can also... Fake it.”

Olive’s eyes narrowed and she pushed him away in a panic.

Elvis laid on the bed, closed his eyes and said,

“I’ll take a shower, you should get some sleep.”

Elvis entered the bathroom, soon the sound of running waters were heard. Olive hugged

the blanket and closed her eyes, but she didn't feel sleepy..

Olive didn't know when she had fallen asleep, but when she woke, she glanced at the room and noticed that Elvis wasn't there.

"Where had he gone?

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Chapter 30 She asked him to find another woman

Olive was worried about Elvis's body, she quickly lifted the blanket and stood up. She looked around the huge room, but couldn't find him.

Did he go out?

"Elvis!!"

The door or the bathroom was suddenly opened, and a large hand reached out, pulling her by her slender arm.

Olive looked at the human in front of her, it was Elvis.

Elvis had taken a shower. He was wearing a black shirt and black trousers. His short black hair was dripping with water.

"Looking for me?" Elvis's voice was hoarse.

Olivia raised her hand and touched his forehead, which was now hotter than before.

The tonic really was strong.

Elvis grabbed her wrist and buried his face in her neck.

"Olly, I'm very uncomfortable."

Olive's heart skipped a beat. She didn't expect such a strong and domineering man to act like a baby.

"Olly, I've taken a shower several times, but it still doesn't work. I was here by myself, why did you come find me?"

With his hoarse voice whispering in her ear, Olive felt her heart soften like a puddle of water.

"I... I didn't mean to disturb you. I'll go out now."

Elvis interrupted her,

"You always do this. You leave people behind. Now that you're here, you think you can still leave?"

He raised his hand, his fingertips resting on her pyjamas and started to unbutton her.

Olive's eyes narrowed and she instantly held his big hand. She remembered the phone call she placed to him while on his business trip. It was a woman who had answered it. His lover.

Then what was she in his eyes?

Was she one of the numerous lovers?

Olive felt a cold water splash down, and she quickly regained her consciousness.

"Mr. Augustine, if you really feel uncomfortable, go find another woman."

Elvis's body froze.

He slowly raised his head. Those narrow eyes that were soaked in scarlet colour stared fiercely at her.

"What did you say?"

Olive felt that his appearance was terrifying at the moment, but she didn't flinch.

"Mr. Augustine, if you badly need a woman, then you can go out and find a woman."

His heart was quickly filled with rage. His eyes suddenly became hazy. She actually told him to go out and find another woman!

Elvis clenched his fists, in split seconds, he threw a punch. Olive had shut her eyes instinctively.

Elvis's fist smashed into the glass mirror in front of him.

Olive opened her eyes, she saw his fist which had been torn apart by the shards of glass and several lines of blood had flowed out.

It was shocking.

"Elvis, your hand..."

Elvis let go of her and walked out of the bathroom without uttering a word, he slammed the door behind him.

Olive was in a very bad state. She was looking after Aunt Rebecca who was still unconscious.

Two days after Elvis had slammed the door he hadn't still returned. Mrs Samantha told her that he had gone on another business trip.

Olive knew that he wasn't on a business trip, but has just given the excuse to Mrs Samantha, just so that the old lady wouldn't worry.

It was noon and Olive's phone rang. She checked the called ID and it was Gabriella.

Olive answered the call and Gabriella's triumphant voice quickly sounded,

"Olive, come to KissLand bar tonight. Do you dare to show up?"

Olive didn't want to let herself feel decadent any longer. She hadn't forgotten her intentions of paying Gabriella back. She knew it was the right time.

Okay, I'll be there on time."

KissLand Bar.

Olive entered the room. Gabriella had already arrived with Pearl.

Gabriella threw her hands up in the air and said to Olive,

"Olive, what do you see on my finger?"

Gabriella wore a large diamond ring on her index finger.

Olive hadn't spoken, Pearl gasped.

"Wow, Gabriella, did Derrick get that for you? On your birthday Derrick had gifted you a diamond necklace, and now he's giving you another. Derrick really loves you."

Gabriella looked at Olive proudly, wanting to spot a hint of envy on her face,

"Yes, this was given to me by Derrick. In two days time, we'll have our engagement party. And then Derrick will propose to me."

□

Gabriella, I really envy you. Marrying into the Domino's family is the dream of every girl in this city."

Gabriella glanced at Olive, but unfortunately, Olive didn't show any hint of envy.

"Olive, you pretend to be calm. In fact, you must already be envious of me. Derrick is mine, and he loves me. You can't take him away!"

Olive glanced at Gabriella and smiled lightly.

"Don't worry, I won't steal your Derrick, and at your engagement, I'll give you a special gift!"

What specific gift?

Gabriella felt that Olive, a bastard, couldn't give her any special gift.

Olive's phone beeped. A message popped up on her screen. It was from Derrick.

Olive clicked on it

"Come to KissLand bar, I have something to show you."

What a coincidence.

Olive glanced at Gabriella and Pearl and replied.

"I'm at KissLand right now. I'm at the private room two."

Putting the phone in her bag, Olive said,

"Gabriella, come out, I have something to tell you."

"Why can't you say it here?" Although Gabriella mumbled, she was too curious, so she followed Olive out.

Pearl was left alone in the room.

Pearl felt very bored, Gabriella had ordered lots of good wine, Pearl gulped down two glasses in a jiffy.

The wine really was delicious, but the alcohol content was too high. Pearl's face was reddened as she became tipsy. The private room door was opened and Derrick walked in majestically.