

The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband

Chapter 421

Chapter 421 Honey-trap

Peterson nodded, "Yes, young master."

At this time, Elvis looked at Ray and asked in a deep voice, "How's the Paulo family these two days?"

"Young master, Mr. Paulo hasn't come out since the Ne cro poisoning. It is said that he has sought many doctors to force the poison out of his body. Charlotte has always been by her grandpa's side. Crystal was brought home by Mrs. Robert. In the final battle at the scientific research base, Miss Hart seriously injured these people, now they are too busy to save their lives."

Elvis had no emotion on his handsome and delicate face, "Where's Jean?"

"The Paulo family no longer welcomes Jean, but this doesn't affect him. Jean doesn't return to Paulo's house, but returns to his own residence, tinkering with those bottles and cans every day, obsessed with the use of poison."

Young master, Jean is someone who has no weakness. It is as hard as going to heaven to get the recipe from him."

Elvis' deep narrow eyes flashed a cold and stern light. Jean is a lunatic. Even if a knife is placed on his neck, he won't give out the recipe. A person without weaknesses is invulnerable. However, everything depends on this recipe.

Elvis took a puff of his cigarette, then spewed smoke out of his mouth without haste. "Jean has no weakness, so let's... give him one."

Ray looked at Elvis suspiciously, "What do you mean, young master?"

Elvis didn't say much, just said in a deep voice: "There's no need to worry about this for the time being. You just need to keep an eye on Jean."

Ray nodded, "Okay."

At this point, Peterson said: "Young Master, there is one more thing I want to report to you. We encountered another force while investigating Miss Hart's past. This force came from... Damien Robert, who is investigating Miss Hart, too. Damien seems to be very interested in Miss Hart..."

Before Peterson could finish his sentence, he felt a cold gaze on him. Seeing the long narrow eyes hidden behind the smoke of Elvis "swiping" past, he couldn't help but feel uncomfortable.

Peterson felt a pain in his neck, wanting to say, "Young master, please spare me. I have no interest in Miss Hart, that's Damien. Young master, hurry up and find him!"

Elvis' eyes darkened a bit. Damien had just returned, first meeting Olive at Charlotte's wedding, and he cared about Olive. Elvis was very sensitive to that during the wedding.

Damien is old enough to be Olive's father. If he thinks about Olive that way,

then he really is an old and shameless man. So shameless!
Elvis pursed his thin lips, saying, "I know about Damien."
Peterson knew that his young master was jealous. So jealous!
Peterson and Ray both retreated, and Elvis handled the documents. At this moment, there was a knock on the door. "Knock", the door of the study was pushed open, and Mrs. Samantha entered.

"Grandma, why aren't you resting?" Elvis asked, getting up.
Mrs. Samantha sighed, "Seeing Olive's current state of health, how can I sleep well? How can that sick grandson of the Paulo family do such a trick?"
Elvis looked at Mrs. Samantha, and suddenly said, "Grandma, I found out that you care a lot about

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Olive, even more than you care about me, your grandson. Why?"

Mrs. Samantha was stunned, but soon regained her composure and smiled twice, replying: "Olive is a very attractive girl. Doesn't Elvis like her too?"

Elvis raised an eyebrow. The Augustine family has so many people, but he can't get anything out of Alpha or Mrs. Samantha. Can he rest assured?

Mrs. Samantha recalled, saying: "I didn't know Paulo's grandson. I just knew that Mr. Paulo had been very strict with Jean since he was a child. He didn't allow Jean to make friends, and he didn't allow Jean to go out to play with other children. Mr. Paulo locked Jean in his room, and gradually Jean locked himself in his room. He got used to it."

"When Jean was a child, his temperament was very cold and gloomy. I remember that at a birthday party, a kitten ran up to his feet and rubbed his feet. At that time, Jean kicked the kitten. The kitten was chased away, and right after that, the kitten's owner, a little girl, ran over, grabbed Jean's arm, and bit him hard..."

Elvis quickly grasped the crux of this story, loudly interrupting Mrs. Samantha, "Grandma, you mean there was a little girl who bit Jean once?"

Mrs. Samantha nodded: "Yes."

"Where is that girl now?" Elvis asked.

"I don't remember well about this. I only heard that her family went bankrupt, and her parents committed suicide. She has a brother with heart disease, and she took him away... Many years have passed, and I don't remember whose child that girl was."

At this, the old lady gave Elvis a strange look, "Elvis, why are you so interested in this girl? What are you thinking?"

Elvis and Mrs. Samantha looked at each other, both of them had the same mind and had long understood each other.

Mrs. Samantha hastily pointed to Elvis, "Elvis, your tricks are... sinister." Elvis raised an eyebrow and replied, "If Jean wants to play dirty games, I'll play with him."

"However, if you want to win, you have to fall for Jean's trap. I think Paulo's grandson is a sickly and sensitive man, he won't be trapped for a woman." Elvis pursed his lips and continued, "Grandma, is there any way to find that girl?"

Mrs. Samantha shook her head: "I'm not sure either. The thing is there's not much time left. I'm afraid Olive can't wait."

Elvis returned to the bedroom, at which point he and the old woman had already started looking for the girl.

Time was running out, and the most difficult problem was finding the girl. At this moment, a "ding" sound, Elvis's cell phone rang, and a message arrived.

It was a hidden number.

Elvis clicked the message, and his deep eyes suddenly narrowed.

This text message was nothing but the whereabouts of the girl he was looking for.

Now someone has sent all the information about the girl to his cell phone.

Who sent this message?

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How did he know he was looking for this girl?

Elvis quickly dialed Peterson's number, "Check this strange number, now!"

Soon after, Peterson replied, "Young Master, this cell phone number is empty, and I can't find anything!"

Chapter 422 She was talking in her dream, "Mr. Augustine..."

What?

Was this strange phone number empty?

Elvis immediately pressed his thin lips into a sharp arc. The cell phone number that texted him in one second became a blank number the next. The first to disappear without a trace under his nose!

Who is that guy?

This mysterious person sent this message to Olive. Is he related to Olive?

At this time, "Knock knock", someone knocked on the door outside.

Elvis withdrew his thoughts, saying, "Come in."

With a "click" sound, the bedroom door was pushed open, and a small head

poked in. Olive didn't come in. She stood at the door, her bright eyes shining through the crack of the door onto his handsome cheek.

Elvis strode to the door, squinting at her: "Why are you standing at the door? Why don't you come in?"

Olive had changed into her pajamas. She was wearing pink fur pajamas with a bunny ears cap. She is pure, mischievous, and cute.

She reached out her slender white hand and handed him the white shirt, "Hey, here's your clothes." At first, she wore his white shirt, but now with clothes, she returned the white shirt to him.

Elvis reached out his big hand to grab her slender wrist, directly pulled her into the bedroom, and closed the door with a "click". His two big hands pressed against the wall, overbearingly pressing her down, "I'm asking why you don't come in? Afraid I'll eat you?"

This man!

As he approached, Olive's slender back could only lean against the wall. She tried her best to support her back, trying to stay away from him, "This is your bedroom. I should keep my distance from a single man. I'm living here but in the guest room."

"What do you mean by not wanting to sleep with me?" Elvis frowned, showing a hint of displeasure.

"...What? Who wants to sleep with you? Elvis, get serious!" After saying this, Olive reached out and pushed him away, wanting to leave.

Although Elvis was unhappy inside, he didn't force her. After all, they would sleep together sooner or later.

Elvis put the rabbit ears cap on her small head and used his big hands to grab her two rabbit ears playfully, the corners of his lips curved up into a grown man's smile. "So you know I like this?"

Olive's hand-sized beautiful face let out a "boom", she looked up to see that his white shirt had been rolled up, revealing his sturdy arms, on his wrist was a precious steel men's watch. He had an elite appearance, but he was such a man who viciously played with her bunny ears. Olive swore she was pure, but he was a bit... amusing.

Olive immediately reached out and "slapped" his large palm, "Elvis, why are you always so perverted?"

When she was in Los Angeles, she wore pajamas with a tail, and he kept her tail, too.

She didn't mean to please him, she just liked this kind of pajama.

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"Always?" Elvis paused, "Did I pull your bunny ears before?"

Olive's heart skipped a beat. She suddenly lifted her eyes and looked at him

in amazement. Did he... guess something?

Ever since he asked who her ex-husband was at the scientific research facility, Olive had always had the feeling that he had suspected that her ex-husband was himself.

“Why are you looking at me like that?” Elvis playfully looked at her appreciatively, “Am I wrong? Did your ex-husband like to pull your bunny ears?”

Olive looked at his narrow, long, and deep eyes, his gaze was a little teasing her, very gentle, but the darkness in his eyes concealed the sharpness, making her temporarily unable to see clearly.

Olive was a little confused, she reached out her small hand and pulled her bunny ears back, then opened the door to the room and ran away.

She ran away.

Elvis had one hand in his trouser pocket, the other was holding the white shirt she had stuffed into him. Now he's sure he is her ex-husband!

She gave him her first time!

The person she loves so much is him, too!

She is his everything!

Elvis brought the white shirt to his nose and sniffed, he smelled the sweet scent of the girl, and the shirt she wore wafted her scent.

Elvis' protruding throat rolled up and down twice, he went to the bathroom to take a cold shower, then directly put on that white shirt.

It was late at night, and Elvis was still awake, he was searching for information with a thin notebook in hand..

A mysterious flower vine jumped on the screen of the laptop. It was the flower that had grown above Olive's heart. It was so bright red that it was almost seductive.

These days, he had been investigating this flower, not letting Peterson and Ray handle it, but investigating it himself.

Immediately after, a full version dialog box appeared and a message was sent, “This flower is called. Empress Flower.

”

Elvis' handsome face was illuminated by the dim light, flickering indistinctly, he typed on the keyboard and replied: “What is Empress Flower?”

“It is said that there is a mystical country at the other end, ruled by queens, and each queen has sublime medical arts. They were born with a royal flower, a symbol of status and supremacy.”

Elvis frowned, asking, “Where is that country?”

“The country at the other end has disappeared at the end of the world, and only the princess can find her way home.”

Elvis was silent for a moment, typing, “I want to find a way to get there!”

Elvis reached out and closed the notebook, got up from the bed, opened the bedroom door, and went into Olive's room.

A small ball curled up on the big soft bed. Olive was fast asleep, her little face red from sleep, her eyelids drooping like two small fans, her face when sleeping was very docile and soft.

Elvis sat at the side of the bed, long slender fingers resting on her small face, squeezing lovingly. At this time, Olive, who was sleeping, moved, took the initiative to place her small face in his palm, and gracefully rubbed it. In her dream, she muttered: "Mr. Augustine..."

She was calling...Mr. Augustine...

Elvis stopped, Mr. Augustine...

Was that his other self?

What happened between her and Mr. Augustine?

Elvis knows it is someone else, and he shouldn't be jealous, but now sitting by her bed, hearing her call Mr. Augustine in her dream, he really has a grudge inside and is jealous of himself like crazy.

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Score 9.2

Chapter 423 Olive, I like you too

Elvis knew that it was a world he had never been in, and that it belonged to her and Mr. Augustine.

She loves Mr. Augustine so much, that's the reason why when they first met in Imperial, she chased his car with such eyes.

Elvis didn't know what happened to them in that world. He didn't know if they were happy or sad, sweet or parting. This frightened him, envied him, and made him extremely insecure.

Elvis lowered his head, thin lips landing on her beautiful forehead, pressing a kiss, not leaving for a long time, but intimately brushing his thin lips against her soft skin. Now he is really insecure, not only because of the lost memory but also because of the mystery of her identity. His father once said that one day she would disappear at the end of the world and return home. At that time, she would leave him. And Damien, who mysteriously sent him a message... It seems that the peach blossoms on her body were blooming one after another, and he had to follow her peach blossoms one after another. Elvis' thin lips pressed against her ear, and he whispered, "Olive, I like

Not only does Mr. Augustine like her but he, Elvis, likes her too! you too.”

Elvis went to the bar. The bar owner was fat, ran out excitedly, smiled, and said: “Mr. Augustine, your visit really makes my little bar shine. Mr. Augustine, please have a good drink. I’ll go find our mainstay here to entertain you!”

Elvis raised his hand, answering. “No need, I’m looking for someone named Amelia Garcia.”

“Oh, President Augustine, you have good taste. Amelia is our mainstay here. Please look up at the stage.” The bar owner pointed.

Elvis looked up and saw a girl appear on the stage. She looked very small, a little younger than Olive. She was about 18 years old and very thin. She was wearing a black dress with thin shoulder straps, a beautiful small face showing a cold expression, and her almond eyes were clear and indifferent.

She is Amelia.

Now it’s time for Amelia to perform. She takes a guitar and starts playing. She is singing a lonely song.

Amelia’s voice is very ethereal. As soon as she raised her voice, people were surprised, and she was able to catch everyone’s ears immediately. The hall quickly fell silent. Everyone’s eyes were on Amelia, reveling in her singing.

Elvis found a place to sit down, too. The bar owner next to him smiled wryly, “Mr. Augustine, do you like Amelia? She is a bit hard to deal with. She doesn’t accept any guests.”

“Actually, there are a lot of beauties in my bar. Amelia is still too young. She’s not an advantage in this respect, but she is born with a beautiful voice. When she sings here, a lot of people are her fans. She has attracted a lot of customers and traffic.”

“Frequently, talent scouts and entertainment agencies come to hunt Amelia, wanting to recruit her and let her debut, but Amelia can’t talk to them because she has a brother who has a heart condition and is currently in the hospital. It requires a lot of expenses. It’s a bottomless hole.”

Speaking of this, the bar owner gently sighed: “Come to this, Amelia’s life is very miserable. She graduated from high school, then stopped going to school and went out to earn money. I heard that her parents passed away a long time ago. All these years, she was the one raising her younger brother.”

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Elvis had read all of Amelia’s information, and it was just like what the bar owner said. He quietly finished listening to a song, then said, “I’ll wait for her in the private room.”

Elvis entered the luxurious room, and soon there were footsteps outside, and the bar owner’s voice said, “Amelia, President Augustine is a big figure at

Imperial, we can't offend him. If he wants to see you, you have to meet him."

The door to the luxury room was opened and the bar owner let Amelia in.

Amelia looked at Elvis, wary, "I'm not a prostitute."

Elvis pouted, "I know, don't worry. I don't mean that to you. I came to you to negotiate. Take a look at this."

Elvis threw a document on the coffee table.

Amelia didn't move.

"See it. You will like it. I have found a suitable heart for your brother. I can let the hospital arrange a heart transplant for your brother as soon as possible. Once the surgery is successful, your brother will have a healthy life. Isn't this what you always wanted and worked hard for?"

Amelia's pupils constricted, she quickly picked up the document on the coffee table and began to read.

Seeing that everything was almost solved, the bar owner skillfully withdrew.

Amelia finished reading the document, then looked over at Elvis, asking, "What do you want?"

"Very simple. I want you to approach a man and take the recipe from him."

"Which man?"

Elvis slowly called out a name, "Jean Paulo."

Hearing this name, Amelia's expression changed. She said, "Jean is a sick man, very difficult to deal with."

Elvis curled his thin lips into a shallow arc, "It depends on the angle from which you look at him. If you look at him from a woman's point of view, Jean has never been in contact with anyone since he was a child. He doesn't know much about girls so he's very naive. He's easily deceived by women."

Amelia lowered her comb-like eyelids, and asked after a few seconds, "Do you need me to sleep with him?"

Elvis knew he was right, Amelia was smart. Although she was young, she had survived in these tempting places from a very early age, and she had seen all kinds of men, so she knew men and knew how... to deal with them.

As long as she is willing, Jean won't be her opponent.

Sending a girl like that to Jean's side to teach him a good lesson, to let him know that there is something more terrible than poison in the world, and that is women. This is really a great idea. "I just need the results, you can control the process yourself, but my time is limited. I only give you five days."

Elvis doesn't need to teach her how because she should know how to do it herself. Jean had locked himself in his room to study those bottles since he was a child. But as a man, Elvis knew that Jean must have the desire, but he had never touched a woman.

Jean is really very simple, just a small mustard plant, Amelia should carefully train him.

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“Five days is too short.”

“I only have five days. As long as you succeed, I will immediately arrange a heart transplant surgery for your brother, send your brother away from Imperial to study abroad, and give you a new life.”

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Chapter 424 Stabbing a Knife in the Body

Amelia said nothing, obviously thinking about whether the deal was worth it. Elvis didn't mean to urge, but just kindly reminded her: “Once you miss this chance, it won't be anymore. If you live in this bar, even selling yourself won't make that much money. This world is very expensive and cruel, if you want to have anything, you must first give it up.

Amelia's hands hanging loosely at her sides clenched into fists. The man in front of her was a perfect capitalist. He sets the rules of the game, and she is his chosen pawn. She has to follow his rules.

However, the conditions he offered were so attractive that people couldn't help being lured.

Amelia nodded, “Okay.”

Elvis curled his thin lips, “Get ready. Jean is looking for a maid, I'll bring you in, then it's up to you.” After saying that, Elvis left.

Jean moved out of Paulo's house. He owns a lot of properties, currently living in a private villa. He has a backup copy of One Snap's recipe, and he keeps it in a small chip, and only he knows where the chip is hidden.

At this time, his confidant Luke came over and reported in a low voice: “Young master, all the people we sent to Paulo's house were kicked out. I heard that the old master suffers every day because of N ecro. He scolded Olive, and scolded... young master, that you were unfilial.”

As Luke spoke, he carefully observed Jean's face.

Jean just curled his lips in a slight, contemptuous arc. He never knew what filial piety was. No one taught him that.

He was educated from a young age, every sentence of his grandfather is a thoughtless cycle. “As long as you practice poison well, the hope of the Paulo family rests on you.”

Since childhood, his world was only the size of a room, where there was no sunlight, but loneliness, gloom, darkness, and humidity.

Grandpa also told him that the biggest enemies of the Paulo family were Joyce Brown and her descendants. So for years, he researched the poison

against the immortal blood, trying to wipe out Joyce Brown and her descendants.

Did he do anything wrong? This game started a long time ago, now Grandpa suddenly called to stop, how can he stop?

Grandpa, don't blame me for neglecting you!

"Got it," Jean replied softly.

At this moment, the villa door was pushed open, and Daniel's thin figure came in, saying. "Young master, brother, the villa's maid has arrived. Her name is Amelia Garcia."

Jean, who was looking at the document in his hand, didn't even raise his head. Luke called first: "Daniel, what are you doing? I told you to find a maid. What are you looking for? She looks so young. Isn't she a high school student?"

Daniel looked at Amelia's beautiful face and hesitated, saying, "Bro, though she's thin and small, she works well and cooks well. Let's leave her here."

Luke knew at a glance that Daniel was scheming with Amella. He angrily said: "Let her work first.

She can stay if she does a good job."

Amelia lifted her head, her apricot eyes falling on Jean. He was sitting in his office chair reading a document, not looking at her. Obviously, he didn't mind such trifles, leaving Luke to deal with all the trouble.

Amelia said nothing, rolled up her sleeves to start working, then went to the kitchen to make dinner.

The Garcia family went bankrupt many years ago. During these years, Amelia and her younger brother lived together. She was like a mother raising her younger brother. Even though she was young, she could do all the housework and cook well.

Luke quickly stepped forward and reprimanded Daniel, "Daniel, what are you doing? Do you have a crush on her? How old is she? Why would you want to do it with such a little girl?"

Daniel is a lustful man, especially with young girls. He sadly wiped his palm, "Brother, I haven't met someone with my taste in a long time. Please ignore it."

Jean was very calm, but he slowly raised his head, those blue eyes falling from the file to the slim figure in the kitchen. Amelia was born delicate and beautiful, but at the age of 18, her five senses still didn't have sharpness. Her face is just the size of a hand. A pair of black apricot eyes like two grape seeds were inlaid on her face, revealing a cold expression. She is like an orchid in the wind, very special.

Jean pursed his thin lips, and a mischievous smile appeared on the sickly handsome face. He recognized Amelia. She was the same girl who bit him

years ago.

How many years had passed, on his right arm there was still a tooth mark left by her.

A random coincidence.

How could such a coincidence happen?

Jean seemed to be thinking of something, and smirked at himself, a dark and evil smile.

Jean went back to the bedroom, then went downstairs. He was going into the dining room to pour himself a glass of water when he heard the sound of undressing.

In the kitchen, Daniel forcibly hugged Amelia, saying: "Amelia, I like you so much. I fell in love with you at first sight. For now, just follow me, I will make you happy to death.

In an instant, Daniel tore Amelia's clothes.

Amelia used her slender arms to protect herself, and when she looked up, she saw Jean at the door.

Daniel stood up, begged with flattery, hugged Amelia, and refused to let go, "Young master, I..."

Jean stood in the dim light. They were unable to see the expression on his face. His blue eyes moved from Daniel's face to Amelia's. He glanced faintly, then calmly said: "Hurry up!"

Having said that, Jean walked away.

Daniel was overjoyed. He was indulging in his violent attacks. He pushed Amelia onto the floor with a backhand and hurriedly took off his pants, exclaiming, "Amelia, I've been waiting for you! It's too late."

Jean originally intended to go into the living room, but only took two steps, and a sound came from behind, "Plorkk!!" That was the sound of a knife stabbing into the flesh.

Jean stopped, then turned around, only to see Amelia holding a fruit knife in her hand, at which point the knife had completely pierced Daniel's stomach. In an instant, blood gushed out.

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There were blood stains on the girl's young and delicate face, but she didn't blink, silently looking at him with cold, lonely almond eyes.

"Daniel!" At this time, Luke rushed over, and reached out to catch Daniel who was falling, covering the blood on his stomach, "Somebody, come quickly!"

The subordinates outside came in, carried Daniel out, and went straight to the hospital.

Soon, only Jean and Amelia remained in the villa.

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Score 9.2

Chapter 425 Elvis restored his memory

The whole villa is very quiet at this moment, so quiet that there is no sound at all. It is stuffy and frustrating.

Jean looked at Amelia, then raised his glass of water and drank it slowly. Amelia's face was cold, and she wasn't in a bad mood. She threw the bloody fruit knife into the trash can, then squatted down and began to deal with the blood dripping on the ground.

She wiped the blood with great seriousness and concentration, leaving not a single trace, and soon the floor was as clean as ever.

Daniel was stabbed through the bone, now being taken to the hospital, life or death is unknown, but the two of them are very calm, as if nothing happened just now.

At this point, Jean put down the glass, stepped forward, and stretched out his long slender fingers, gently squeezing Amelia's jaw, forcing her to raise her head to look at him.

Amelia looked at him without hesitation.

This 18-year-old girl has a cold personality and doesn't seem to know how to smile. Her spine is always straight. Because of her young age, she showed stubbornness.

Now Jean could see in her almond pupils the ruthless killing intent. When Daniel wanted to rape her, she could stab him without hesitation.

Jean curled his thin lips, asking. "Who sent you here? Let me guess, Olive Hart? No, Olive wouldn't push a girl into my lap. So is that... Elvis Augustine?" Amelia didn't say anything.

"Did I guess wrong? I just need a maid here. You all know Daniel is lewd, and you're a good fit for him, so Elvis took advantage of Daniel to send you here. What are you going to do next? How are you going to steal my One Snap recipe?"

Amelia looked at Jean. He is smiling now, condescending and joking, those blue eyes dim, radiating a sick light.

He figured it all out, and now he's excited to see her next performance.

Amelia's expressionless face turned around, directly freed from his fingers holding her chin, then she stood up and washed her hands.

After turning off the faucet, she turned around and started undressing in front of him.

She wore a black T-shirt that Daniel had just torn. She raised her hand to take

it off, revealing the white halter top inside.

She continued to work in her white halter top. Three dishes and a soup were prepared. She served delicious meals of all colors and flavors and placed another bowl of rice on the table.

After doing all this, Amelia looked at Jean. He didn't move. He was standing in a dimly lit corner, one hand in his pocket, his body lazily leaning against the wall, but his blue pupils were empty. They looked directly down at her white halter top, then slowly went down, sweeping across her flat stomach and long slender legs.

Seeing her look over, he didn't have the slightest sense of being caught, but only fixed his eyes on her pretty little face, asking, "Why don't you talk, dumb little girl?"

Amelia still said nothing and turned to leave. Before leaving, she reached for the black shirt she had just hung on the hanger, then her slender figure quickly disappeared into the night outside.

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Jean raised an eyebrow. Very interesting! He used a spoon to eat a piece of her cooking, it turned out to be surprisingly delicious.

At the Augustine Corporation.

In the CEO's office, Elvis sat in an office chair reviewing documents. Peterson reported in a low voice: "Young Master, Jean knew Amelia's identity."

Elvis signed his name at the bottom of the document, saying in a deep voice: "This isn't surprising. Jean would definitely find out."

"Young master, what do you mean?"

Elvis raised his head and glanced at Peterson, saying, "I have only one thought, and that's to get The Old Lady's recipe. I'm not interested in other people's business."

Peterson stopped talking. Sick Jean would face his young master. It was really exciting to see who would win.

At this moment, the door to the president's office was pushed open, and Dr. Kellerman, the world's master hypnotherapist, came in, saying. "President Augustine, hello."

Elvis put down the

down the pen in his hand, stood up, brought Dr. Kellerman to the clinic, and began his journey of diagnosis and treatment to restore his memory.

In the clinic.

Elvis lay on a soft rattan chair, Dr. Kellerman examined him and said: "Mr. Augustine, you have lost a part of your memory. If my inference is not wrong, you have been hypnotized once before. That memory has been taken away." Kellerman's words just now confirmed the conjecture in Elvis' mind. He really lost a piece of his memory. Who took his memory?

A beautiful little face suddenly appeared in Elvis' mind, it was Olive!
In fact, he had the answer, it was Olive who took his memories!
Elvis pursed his thin lips, saying, "I want to restore my memory."
"Master Augustine, I can help you recover your memories, but these memories may not only have joy but also a lot of unforgettable pain. Have you decided you want to restore your memory?" Dr. Kellerman asked solemnly.
Elvis nodded without hesitation: "Yes."
He was determined to restore his memory.
"Okay." Dr. Kellerman took out a pen and paper, "President Augustine, our diagnosis could take two hours, see what time it is."
Elvis raised his hand and looked at the precious steel watch on his wrist with deep narrow eyes, the next second he closed his eyes and was mesmerized, Elvis had dreamed a long, dark dream. He walked aimlessly, looking for direction.
At this moment, a clear voice rang in his ear, "I am the bride who is about to marry Into The Red Villa!"
Elvis turned around, and he found himself on a train, in front of him was a girl. That girl was
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wearing a veil so he couldn't see her true face, but he met her clear eyes looking ahead, and he immediately recognized Olive!
Very quickly, the screen jumped, like a fast-forward movie. They married first, love later, full of
sweetness.
He pushed her into a corner and lifted her veil for the first time.
The pink nails she had just done got caught on his belt, and she said, "And after you raise your eyebrows like a swear, I can just open your belt."
He pulled her to the frosted glass door, panting, biting her red lips, "It's not enough now, I'll wait for you to grow up."
She told everyone in the media spotlight that she wanted to have two children for her Mr. Augustine...
However, the image suddenly changed, he saw himself opening a bottle of sleeping pills and swallowing it all. The doctor coldly said to him: "Sorry, Mr. Augustine, your insomnia is incurable."
O(12)

Chapter 426 The people he loved the most were all there
Elvis opened his eyes, hypnotized, and slowly regained consciousness.
"Mr. Augustine, are you all right?" Dr. Kellerman asked with concern.

There was a layer of cold sweat on Elvis' forehead. His handsome face was pale, there was no longer a trace of blood, and his chest heaved up and down, breathing fast.

Dr. Kellerman frowned and said, "Mr. Augustine, half of your memories have been restored. This half of your memory has recorded all the sweet happy moments between the two of you, but the other half of your memory that opens up your painful past has been pushed back by that half. The recovery of the memory has forced the interruption of the hypnotic diagnosis. This process is very dangerous. Do you want to continue?"

Elvis' will was quite strong. He tried to wake up, but even Dr. Kellerman couldn't stop him. If he continues hypnotherapy, he will be treated, but he will be in great pain.

Elvis lay on the rattan chair. He quickly closed his beautiful eyes and regulated his breathing. He remembered half of it. Olive, daughter of the Hart family, married him and became Mrs. Augustine. Turns out her ex-husband was actually him.

Los Angeles recorded all of his and her sweet past.

No wonder when he returned to Imperial, he always felt empty in his heart, not knowing what he had lost, his life as calm as water, neither good nor bad.

Until one day she went to Imperial, he was attracted to her, and crazy about her.

She is his Mrs. Augustine!

"Mr. Augustine...Mr. Augustine!" Dr. Kellerman called him.

Elvis focused his eyes on Dr. Kellerman's face, then heard his question: "Mr. Augustine, would you like to continue the second half of the memory?"

About the second half of the memory..

Elvis hurriedly got up from the bed, pursed his thin lips, and said hoarsely, "I haven't decided Let's stop here today."

Then Elvis strode away.

yet.

Elvis left the company, driving his luxury Rolls-Royce Phantom home. At this moment, the melodious cell phone ringtone rang, it was his personal secretary, Andrew.

Elvis pressed the connect button, and Andrew's reverent voice quickly came: "President, where are you now? The annual high-level meeting will start in ten minutes, and all senior executives have already been waiting in the VIP hall."

Elvis looked straight ahead, the bright neon light outside shining on his handsome face through the glossy glass window, reflecting the glare. He said, "Cancel it."

Andrew on the other end of the line was taken aback. The annual high-level meeting was on schedule. He didn't know why his president had temporarily

canceled it, but he quickly nodded, "Yes, president."

Elvis hung up the phone, his large hands resting on the steering wheel. He didn't want to do anything, didn't want to think about anything. He just wanted to go home to see his Mrs. Augustine!

The streets are unusually busy tonight because today is Christmas.

The street was full of couples holding hands. There were many florists, many boyfriends stopped to buy flowers for girlfriends.

Elvis turned the wheel, parked on the side of the road, opened the driver's door, and stepped out.

Soon he became the most noticeable man on the street. Tonight he wears a thin black wool coat over

a black suit, steps out of the world's top luxury car, and looks handsome and decent, every standing posture is like a model posing on the street of England, attracting people's attention.

The girl's eyes on the street quickly lit up, and pink bubbles rose.

God, that man is so handsome," exclaimed a girl.

Elvis was used to these eyes, he walked over to a little girl selling flowers, squatted down, and said softly, "Little girl, I want all these flowers."

The little girl looked at Elvis with big black eyes and raised a voice as clear as water: "Uncle, you want so many roses. Is it for your girlfriend?"

Elvis reached out and touched the girl's head, and replied, "No, it's for my wife."

The girls on the street opened their mouths and groaned. He was so handsome but he already had a wife. As expected, a good man always belongs to someone else!

The Red Villa.

Elvis parked his luxury Rolls-Royce Phantom on the lawn. From afar he could see the villa was brightly lit at this moment, the door was open, the light inside shone out, and the scene was filled with warmth.

On the lawn, there were two large Christmas trees. On the tree hung twinkling lights. A slender figure came into view, it was Olive.

Olive tonight wears a long white dress and a short dark red cardigan with classic lantern sleeves, her jet-black hair flowing like silk over her shiny shoulders. From a distance, she was more beautiful than the pure roses he loved..

There were many fireworks on the lawn, Olive held one in each hand and directly pulled the old lady and Betty out of the villa. She began to distribute fireworks, saying, "Grandma, Betty, it will be boring if you stay in there forever. Let's go out and have a look. Tonight is Christmas, let's set off fireworks together."

With that, Olive lit the lighter and lit the fireworks in the hands of the old lady

and Betty.

The old lady comes from a famous family, Betty is a maidservant, and both of them have never played with fireworks before. When the fireworks were lit, the old lady and Betty were shocked and wanted to throw the fireworks away.

Their hands were like holding a hot potato, looking quite funny and cute.

Olive covered her mouth and giggled.

Elvis didn't move, just stood there watching the scene in front of him. The people he loved the most in his life were there.

There was a feeling that instantly filled his entire chest, his heart began to soften, indescribably soft.

He looked at Olive's slim and beautiful figure. In the sound of fireworks, her delicate, picturesque face was lit up, becoming extraordinarily vivid. She was smiling, laughing casually and cheerfully, reaching his ears like silver bells.

It made his heart beat, and it made Jilm itch.

11:54

The Substitute Bride lided by My Billionar Hankand

850,7%

Elvis suddenly thought G od was kind to him anyway because after going around, G od still sent Olive to his side.

This little swaddling girl, the little bride his mother had betrothed to him, came to him twenty years later, becoming his wife in the name of marriage.

She belongs to him.

She belongs to him completely.

She is his.

After a brief moment of confusion, the old woman and Betty found joy in playing with fireworks, too. They also set off two fireworks for Olive, and they played together there.

Olive feels very happy today. She raised her hand to dance with the fireworks.

At this time, in the splendid fireworks display, her narrowed eyes suddenly met a pair of deep eyes. She saw Elvis. He was standing in front of her, staring at her with black, burning eyes.

Chapter 427 Sending her an embarrassing message in public

Elvis was back!

Olive blinked her slender eyelashes, she didn't know when he'd come back, or why he was looking at her like that. His gaze seemed...as if he were coveting her!

At this time, Mrs. Samantha and Betty both saw Elvis, asking, "Elvis, you're back?"

“Yep.” Elvis nodded. He didn’t move, his gaze still on Olive’s pretty little face, then stretched out a slender finger, beckoning her, “Come here.”

What?

Olive felt his gesture was very disrespectful. He looked like he was calling a puppy!

Olive glared at him, then walked over to him, “What do you want?”

Elvis handed her the car keys, “I bought this and kept it in the trunk. Go take it out for me and bring it upstairs.”

Olive looked at her hands, “... Where’re your own hands?”

Saying this, Elvis hastily reached out his left hand to support his right arm, “You know my arm is useless and can’t lift heavy objects. All this is to save you, you know?”

Olive thought of his right arm. She hastily frowned, showing a serious and painful expression, “You haven’t recovered yet? Tonight I’ll check for you. Hurry up and rest. I’ll help you bring your things.

Elvis looked at her, seeing that she had believed it to be true. He pursed his thin lips. This girl is so easy to fool.

Olive opened the trunk and was about to move, but she was startled for a second, and her bright pupils suddenly constricted.

Nothing to move in the trunk. It was filled with ribbons, balloons, and a bouquet of roses.

Fragile, seductive roses were clustered, on which hang sparkling crystal lights that made many girls’ hearts burst.

Olive didn’t expect to see this, she was stunned for a moment.

At this time, a man’s deep, magnetic laughter was heard in her ears, “Why stunned? Do you like it?” Olive turned her head to look at his handsome face, asking, “Why are you giving me... roses?”

Elvis took out the bouquet of roses inside and placed it in her lap: “Why do men give roses to women? Think for yourself.”

There were probably hundreds of roses here, and Olive’s small face was blocked by so many. He let her think for herself. On Olive’s beautiful face, two blushes appeared. Men giving roses to women is... flirting.

Betty had prepared a sumptuous dinner. After everyone finished their dinner, Elvis went to his office to review urgent documents.

When he came out of the office, standing upstairs, he saw Olive downstairs.

The girl was sitting on the soft wool carpet. She sat on her side, her beautiful white legs folded together, smiling slightly. Scissors in her hand, she was pruning roses to put in the vase.

She took care of the roses he gave her very carefully.

Grandma sitting next to her, not knowing what she said made her laugh.

The Substitute Bride: Inated by My Pallopaire Insbasal

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message in public

Betty was cleaning dishes in the restaurant with a smile on her face.

Elvis suddenly understood why they were all ill when they returned to Imperial, especially his grandmother. Because they had lost this girl once.

Elvis took out his cell phone, stood upstairs, and texted her.

With a “ding” sound, Olive quickly received a message. She turned on her phone and saw a text Elvis had sent her, saying, “When you’re done, go to my room.”

Olive’s face turned red. She didn’t expect Elvis to send her such an embarrassing message. What did he mean? What did he want her to do in his room?

He has no shame, but she does. Because she was with their grandma, Olive’s eyes quickly turned mischievous, like a child who had done something wrong. Elvis was still looking at her. Seeing her panic and hide her cell phone, his thin lips curled up funny. He did nothing, but he suspected that she deliberately seduced him. Unfortunately, he didn’t have any proof.

Elvis sent another text, “I’ll be waiting for you in my room.”

Olive downstairs suddenly received this message, and the red spots on her face quickly spread to her snow-white earlobes, and her whole body was hot. Elvis was afraid that he wouldn’t be able to bear it if he continued to look at her. The way she reacted like a deer made his heart itch, now he really wants to bully her....

Elvis returned to his room.

Olive was downstairs all the time, so she didn’t come to see Elvis. It’s not that she thinks bad things, but... he’s not a nice person at all!

She didn’t want to go to him!

At this point, Betty packed up the kitchen stuff, went up to Elvis’s bedroom, and hung the well-ironed shirts and trousers in the closet.

There was the sound of running water in the bathroom, Elvis was bathing in it. Just then, Elvis’ deep, masculine voice rang out: “Olive, come in.”

Elvis called Olive’s name and told her to go to the bathroom.

Betty came over, her old face quickly turned red, and said: “Young master, it’s me. Do you want to call Olive?”

He was silent for a few seconds, then said: “Quickly call her up!”

He used the word “quickly”. It was clear that he was waiting impatiently.

Betty stepped out quickly.

Olive was still arranging flowers. Betty went down and said, “Olive, the young master told you to come up.

Olive’s long, slender eyelashes trembled, and her small head exploded with a

“boom”. He really... let Betty call her up!

At this time, the old lady's eyes lit up. She quickly took the scissors from Olive's hand, and solemnly said: “Olive, Elvis called you. Maybe it's urgent.

Hurry up

and

RO.”

11:54

The Substitute Babe: Dated By My ballerine Husband

852.7

Olive was anxious to find a hole in the ground to hide in. Grandma and Betty weren't human. They had already thought about it. What would they think of her in the future? How would she face them?

Olive hurried to her feet, covered her hot face, and ran upstairs. She wanted to properly ask Elvis what he ultimately wanted to do.

Olive angrily burst into Elvis' bedroom and looked around but couldn't find him.

What about other places?

“Elvis!”

She called, but there was no answer.

Olive went to the bathroom door, reached out her small hand, and opened the door.

A second later, a large hand reached out from within, grabbed her slender wrist, and pulled her inside.

“Ah!” cried Olive, as her slender and beautiful back pressed against the door panel.

Elvis pushed her against the panel and held her in his lap.

Chapter 428 He called her Mrs. Augustine

Olive looked up at the man in front of her. Elvis has just finished taking a shower, wearing dark blue silk pajamas. Now his short hair is soaking wet, without a towel, and dripping with water.

The man covered by the refreshing mist of water had disappeared from his usual indifference and became more youthful and handsome which made one blush.

Olive, who was already filled with anger, was suppressed by his harmless handsome face, her voice unconsciously becoming soft, “Elvis, what's wrong with you? Why did you ask Betty to call me up? Now that Grandma and Betty know, it's okay if I'm away often, but how will I see them later?”

Elvis stared at her pretty little face, and replied, “Why are you so fierce? Why

didn't you go up when I told you? Besides, Grandma and Betty are both experienced people, what we will do is normal."

Shameless man!

Olive clenched her small fist and punched him hard on the shoulder.

A gasp sounded.

Elvis saw that she was angry, her skin was thin and she was very shy. So he pretended to groan in pain and pressed on his injured right arm again.

As

expected, Olive was immediately deceived. She forgot that she was still angry, hurriedly looked at his right arm, and asked, "What's wrong with you? Are you okay? I just hit very lightly..."

"Here." Elvis took out something and gave it to her.

Olive looked down and saw a big red apple in his hand. She looked at him in surprise, asking, "Did you call me to give me an apple?"

"Don't you want to eat apples on Christmas Eve? This is yours."

Olive took the apple with her small hand, "Thank you."

"Take a bite to see if it's sweet." He whispered.

Now his hard chest was in front of the door panel and hers. He was so tall, blocking her light. Their bodies pressed together. He stared at her hotly, wanting her to take a bite of an apple.

Olive bowed her head and took a bite of an apple.

"Is it sweet?"

Olive nodded, "Yes, it is. I'll give you a bite."

Olive brought the apple to his lips.

Elvis didn't eat, his long fingers threading through her hair cupping her cheeks, then he kissed her red lips.

Her lips were fragrant and sweet, with the sweet juice of apples.

Olive didn't expect that he would kiss her. As she froze, he wrapped his free arm around her slender waist and lifted her up.

Olive couldn't hold the apple firmly, and with a "pop", the apple fell to the ground.

"My apple!"

At this point, Elvis tightened his grip on her arms, mercilessly wrapped around her soft, easily broken waist. His low, hoarse voice covered her ears, "Forget the apple, wrap your legs around my waist."

Olive shivered, "Elvis, you didn't ask me to come up and give me an apple. I thought you were so nice..."

Elvis hissed, interrupting her again, "Hurry, my arm hurts."

She couldn't get past the excuse about his arm, hastily reached out her small

arms to wrap around his neck, and her slender legs wrapped around his solid waist, but this pose... was so shady. Olive raised her clear eyes to look at him expectantly, only to see Elvis's narrow, deep, dark eyes in the light of the lamp, burning with passion inside, like molten liquid about to melt her. He acted very strangely tonight, as if stimulated by something, extremely excited.

"Elvis, what's wrong with you?" Olive asked.

Elvis slowly raised his right hand and stretched his slender index finger in front of her.

The movement was silent, waiting for her reaction.

Olive looked at this slender index finger, then raised her soft little hand, gently grasped his index finger, and pulled his index finger into her soft palm.

Two faint red flames jumped out from the bottom of Elvis's eyes, his muscles tensed, he couldn't contain the turmoil in his heart, his thin lips moved, his low voice said: "Mrs. Augustine."

Mrs. Augustine.

After such a long time, Olive heard a familiar voice calling Mrs. Augustine.

He called her Mrs. Augustine!

Olive's pupils contracted and enlarged, "Elvis, you..

Elvis didn't want to scare her. His memory was incomplete, he didn't want to tell her. He pursed his lips, "You're my little bride, aren't you, Olive?"

Twenty years ago, the little girl who had just been born, clutching his index finger, smiling sweetly at him, was her.

Twenty years later, she entered The Red Villa and became his Mrs. Augustine.

The pearly pink baby face carved in his mind overlapped the pretty little face in front of him. Just now, Olive thought he had regained his memory, but now she discovers that he is talking about his childhood. She couldn't remember clearly, but he still remembered after all these years.

"Olive," Elvis frowned and kissed her fragrant forehead softly, his hard body pressed against hers, pressing hard, his aching heart unbearable and he wanted to share it with her. He could only say one more time in the end, "You're mine. You were born to be mine. Here, you've taken all the space, you know that?"

Elvis took her small hand, placing it over his heart. Through the thin fabric, she could clearly feel the beat of his heart, over and over again, strong and full of life. Her palm was numb from shock.

Olive also felt that under her soft palm, his muscles were as hard as iron. He said she filled his heart.

At this moment, his heart beat furiously for her.

Olive's whole body was soft. In front of her was the man she liked and loved

deeply. To be lugged by him like this, and to hear his sweet words of love, no girl could refuse.

Olive bit her red lips, used her small hands to hug his neck, then actively bit his thin lips.

The Substitute Bride: Jded by My Billionaire Husband

Elvis placed his large hands on her shiny shoulders and suddenly shoved her into the door.

Olive looked at him bewildered, "What's wrong with you?"

Elvis took out something and directly covered her face.

Olive's heart skipped a beat. It was a veil.

He...

Elvis didn't give her a chance to think, because the next second he was kissing her hard, kissing her bright red lips through the veil.

Olive didn't know why he was so agitated. He kissed like a storm. Olive's breath was taken away in an instant. She felt like a boat floating on the sea, she could only use her strength to cling to him, so as not to sink.

The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband Novel Full Episode

Score 9.2

Chapter 429 Olive, I miss you

The current posture was very difficult. Olive couldn't stand on the ground with both feet. Her legs wrapped around his slim waist. He kissed her so fiercely, as if he were about to eat her alive, Olive could only instinctively pull her legs together and cling to him.

At this moment, Elvis felt that his waist was slowly tightening, he left her red lips, buried his handsome face in her long hair, and said in a deep voice: "Why so tightly?"

"

Olive hastily placed two small hands on his stiff shoulders, pushing him away: "Then put me down. Your hands don't hurt anymore?"

After saying that, Olive pinched his right arm. The muscles on his arm were very strong, full of manly aura, and didn't look like a disability at all.

"Elvis, you're not lying to me, are you? Have you been doing rehab lately? I think your right arm is okay!"

Elvis knew that his lie had been exposed. He had been in rehabilitation training for a long time. A man who lost his right arm won't even be able to hug her in the future. So he worked hard, and the recovery effect was very

good. His hand had returned to the level of a normal person.

"You'll see if my arm is good or not," Elvis said. Then he directly reached out his right arm to pick her up, carrying her out.

Olive was taken aback. Now he is hugging her with one arm like a baby. She was a 90-pound girl, but he easily took her into his arms and strutted her into the room, that's the maximum boyfriend's strength.

Olive punched him with her fist. "What are you doing? Put me down first."

Elvis used his arm to throw her, her slender body falling onto the soft bed.

Olive's pupils constricted. They argued again, but arguing in bed would be very dangerous,

Olive tugged at the blanket with both hands and rushed up, wanting to run away.

But Elvis was the first to sense her motives, he pinched her slender ankles and pulled her back, pulling her under him.

"Elvis, what the hell are you going to do?" Olive struggled twice, staring at the pink sandals on her feet.

Elvis climbed onto the bed, imprisoning her impassively, placing his recovered right arm on the side of her head, the other behind her back, saying, "Let's do one-handed push-ups together."

One-handed push-ups?

Olive blushed, "No. If you want to exercise then do it. I'll go first."

"No. Others say one-arm push-ups need men and women to practice together. At that time I thought of you, and always wanted to find a chance to practice with you."

"I won't..."

"Don't move, watch me."

Having said that, Elvis started one-arm push-ups.

Olive felt that Elvis was a terrible man. His belt was tied loosely, but now when he does push-ups, most of his chest is exposed. Below his chest were his six-pack abs and a perfect mermaid line.

11:55

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The mermaid line sank into his panties. Olive didn't mean to peek, but she did see the black panties he was wearing.

A man who used to be so handsome and decent is now extravagant, sexy, and... bored, almost deadly seductive.

Olive's slender eyelashes trembled in terror, and now her red lips rose slightly, it turned out that he had kissed her.

When he did push-ups, he went up and down, leaving her red lips as he went up and kissing her as he came down.

Olive's little head exploded with a bang. She finally understood why he said men and women should do one-arm push-ups together. It turned out that it was the reason.

Olive's delicate eyebrows and eyes showed a smile. She was kissed twice by him, she giggled and put her small hand up to cover her red lips, preventing him from kissing-

Elvis stopped the one-armed push-ups, hugged her beautiful small face with two big hands, and laughed hoarsely, "What's wrong? I can do a hundred push-ups when you're not around. I wanted to invite you to practice with me, but when you really came. I practiced more than a dozen times and fell down, falling on top of you."

Olive felt her ears tingle, and if this continued, she might not be able to help but throw him down, but she still hadn't decided to be with him.

She thought, "Olive, hurry up and wake up. Don't be mesmerized by this man's super-masculinity!" "Now let go of me, you can do one-handed push-ups, I'll go downstairs."

Elvis' short neat hair was almost naturally dry. Now his soft bangs cover his dark eyes, and he looks a little younger, like a little wolf clinging to his little girlfriend and won't let go...

A little wolf.

Olive felt that if there was one animal to describe Elvis, it would be a little wolf!

"Olive, I don't want to do one-arm push-ups now, let's do a different sport."

Elvis laughed hoarsely, curling his thin lips.

Olive blinked her slender eyelids, "What sport?"

"Practice... the waist!"

What?

Olive momentarily didn't understand. She doesn't usually exercise. She's more likely to do yoga and the like and doesn't understand men's strength exercises.

Elvis looked at her inexplicable stupidity, pure and incomparable. He kissed her small hand with all his strength, making a gesture, "Train your waist like this."

H

Olive's beautiful face made a "ding". Did he just push his crutch?

No matter how stupid Olive was, she understood what he meant by "practice the waist". He wanted to use this method to train his waistline!

"Elvis, don't mess around. If you do it again, I won't forgive you!" Olive hastily refused, resolutely reaching out her small arm to push him.

Elvis's tall and handsome body was motionless, his thin lips covering her ears, hoarsely whispering: "You really don't want to practice with me? Recently

I've been training my waist, I want to practice for you to check!"

11:55

Who would check?

Dirty!

Olive began to struggle, her whole body like a bird flying away, "Elvis, let me go. Grandma and Betty know that I went up, if I don't come down, Grandma and Betty will judge me, then I'll really lose face."

Elvis frowned, and only now did he realize the disadvantages of living with his grandmother, Betty, and that it would always be inconvenient because she was shy.

In the past when he was in Los Angeles, he would sometimes take her to a private villa, or to his study, where it was just the two of them.

Elvis reached out and pulled her skirt, patiently coaxing: "Ignore them. Olive, I miss you."

Chapter 430 Giving birth to a son!

Olive finally realized that everything was fake, Elvis tricked her just to discuss waist training with

her.

"Elvis, no, I haven't showered yet..."

"Don't take a shower, you smell so good."

"No..."

Olive relentlessly pushed and resisted, refusing to cooperate. Three minutes later, the man on her body suddenly stopped and didn't move.

Olive was taken aback. He...

Elvis buried his handsome face in her neck, panting, not raising his head.

Olive stared at the bright crystal chandelier overhead with her clear eyes for a moment, then reached out her pinky finger to tease him, "Didn't you say... you trained your waist well?"

Elvis felt that this must be the most humiliating moment of his life. He raised his hand and glared at her: "This time doesn't count, let's keep practicing."

"...I don't want to!"

Olive pushed him away and wanted to escape.

But Elvis wouldn't let go, holding her tightly in his arms, his long narrow eyes filled with bloodshot lust, in his eyes full of decadence and dissoluteness after indulging himself, quite seductive. He said, "Olive, just then it's just an accident. Forget it. Give me one more chance, I'll impress you." Olive saw that he wanted to prove that he had washed his humiliation, and laughed, "Go and train your waist!TM

“Then I will practice now.” Elvis lent her a hand.

Olive giggled dodging. The bedroom door was suddenly pushed open, and the old lady and Betty fell inside, the old lady was still scolding: “Shh! Betty, don’t push me!”

The door suddenly opened, and Olive’s pupils shrank, she quickly raised her hand to cover her face, shouting loudly: “Ah!”

Olive still remembers a joke North told her before. If someone barged in while she was showering, should she cover the top first or the bottom first? She said she would cover her face first.

So Olive now is covering her small face.

Elvis didn’t expect that his grandmother and Betty were peeking outside the door. He quickly took the silk blanket over Olive, covering her small face. He pursed his thin lips, looked sharply and displeased at the two at the door, and asked, “Grandma, Betty, what are you doing?”

The old lady and Betty fell over, holding hands to steady themselves. Betty quickly slipped away after saying. “Maybe I have an unwashed bowl. I’ll go wash it first.”

Betty sneaked ahead.

Grandma was embarrassed. Faced with Elvis’ anger, she grabbed the corner of her shirt and looked around, asking, “Where am I now? What am I doing? Who am I? Elvis, Olive, It turned out to be you guys. When do I get to your room? I can’t see anything. I’ll go!”

After saying that, the old woman hurriedly ran away.

Elvis was speechless. This strengthened his mind even more. When he wants to do something, he has

Bed by My Billionaire Hadand
to take Olive out.

Elvis looked at the little ball curled up in the silk blanket and said, “Olive, Grandma, and Betty are gone. You can go out now.”

The small ball inside didn’t move.

Elvis reached out and pulled the silk blanket away, revealing Olive’s hand-sized face.

Now her beautiful little face was as red as a tomato. She glared at him with shining eyes, then slammed a pillow over his handsome face, exclaiming. “It’s all your fault. I said no need. No, no. Now that’s fine, everyone knows!”

Elvis didn’t hide, letting the pillow hit his handsome face, and then fell. He coaxed: “Okay, it’s all my fault. I’m sorry. Don’t be angry.”

“Huh.” Olive snorted heavily, ignoring him.

Elvis leaned his handsome face closely to her, saying, “I can make up for it, now... I’ll take you to the bathroom, let’s shower together.”

H

Olive gasped. She always knew that he was a brazen man, but he was too brazen.

Grandma and Betty just left and he wanted to take a bath with her!

Olive kicked him hard, "I'll take a shower myself, but I don't have any clothes. Go back to my room and get some clothes for me!"

Elvis saw that she really didn't want to, and if she continued like this, he was afraid she would explode. He could only compromise. "Then I'll go get you some clothes."

Elvis left the bedroom.

As soon as entering the corridor, he immediately met the old lady who was still waiting for him.

"Elvis," the old woman quickly approached Elvis, whispering mysteriously, "I always suspected something was wrong with your body. Look, I got you, now you can't deny it. You're too...quick, aren't you?..."

There were three black lines on Elvis' forehead. The old lady really didn't have anything nice to say. He said, "Grandma, this is the last time you stand at the door of my room to peek at me. I hope there won't be a next time!"

The old lady raised her eyebrows excitedly and announced, "Rest assured, I am a very straightforward person. I understand very well. I know an old doctor who specializes in male diseases, I will go ask him. Tomorrow he will prescribe a prescription. I guarantee you will become a great man in one night!"

"..." Elvis didn't want to talk to his grandmother at all.

But the old lady stopped him, "Elvis, you're already in bed with Olive, hurry up and propose to her, marry her, and then have a chubby boy or a girl. A girl like Olive. She will be as beautiful as a porcelain doll."

Elvis's eyes instantly darkened. He didn't know how he and Olive had gotten divorced, but he knew the answer lay in the other half of his memory.

Elvis didn't want to recover the second half of the memory. Because his heart was against that memory, he forced himself to wake up from the trance.

However, with no memories of the second half, he isn't Mr. Augustine completely, not even Mr.

The Suba

Chapter 430 Giving birth to a son.

Augustine she loves.

Elvis took out his cell phone and sent a text to Dr. Kellerman, saying to resume hypnosis tomorrow afternoon.

Early the next morning. Elvis saw Olive in the living room as he went downstairs. Olive has woken up very early, and today she will officially appear

at the Imperial Medical Forum as Professor Hart with Academic Dickson. This is the first time she has appeared in public before the attention of the media.

Olive wore a sweet professional suit today, a beige silk shirt with a pretty bow tie, underneath a pink lace-up skirt. Her jet black hair was tied back into a low ponytail, highlighting her delicate beauty and pretty little face.

(12)