

The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband Chapter 5

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

Chapter 5 Give Her To Another Man

Elvis had scented all kinds of perfumes on women. The smell of artificial spices left him disgusted.

But Olive scented really good.

Elvis unfastened her seat belt and asked in a low voice, "What perfume did you sprinkle?"

Olive shook her head, "I didn't use any perfume."

"Then why do you scent so good?" Elvis looked up, but he was stunned for a second.

His lips had gently touched her round, reddish lips.

Olive's body trembled. It was first kiss!

Elvis backed away. He glanced at her red lips and said, "I'm sorry, but I should let you kiss me back."

Olive looked at him. "Definitely not!"

A magnetic and pleasant laughter rolled out of his throat.

Olive opened the passenger door, "I'll go ahead."

"My name is Elvis Augustine."

Olive nodded. At the moment, she really didn't care about his name. She just wanted to see her grandfather.

"Thank you Mr. Augustine. I'll go ahead. Olive waved her small hand to Elvis from outside the car."

Olive was wearing a red crop top. When she was waved her hand, the top jumped up, revealing her small waist.

"I have a meeting later. I'll pick you up, once I'm done."

"No need..." Olive muttered, but Elvis had already sped off.

Gabriella stood by her window side and watched Olive. She shook her head disappointedly. "Olive just got married last night. and today she's already ho**ked up with another man."

The luxurious car had caught her attention. How could the wild man that Olive h***ked

up with drive such?

Gabriella convinced herself that she had indeed thought wrong. She rubbed her eyes and looked again, but the car had already left.

She quickly ran downstairs and met Olive. She let out a loud laughter, "Olive, who was that man that just dropped you off a moment ago? I didn't expect you to be so lonely to the point of getting a young gigolo!"

"

A young gigolo?"

"Elvis Augustine?"

Elvis perfectly crafted handsome face had appeared in Olive's mind, as well as his mature and restrained style.

"Where's grandpa? I want to see him." Olive b***d Gabriella and went upstairs.

Upstairs, Old Mr. Hart laid on the bed. He had been in coma for over ten years.

In the Hart's family, apart from Olive's mother, Old Mr. Hart was the only person who loved Olive.

Ten years ago when she was just nine, her mother was diagnosed with a certain sickness and had passed away. One day, she woke to finding herself on the upper side of the staircase, and Old Mr. Hart had already rolled down and crashed to the ground, drenching in a pool of blood. At the time, her father, Patrick and se***ts had arrived the scene, and no matter how she claimed that she had nothing to do with it, no one seemed to believe her.

Patrick had found a fortune teller. The fortune teller claimed she was a disaster.

Hence the reason why Patrick had sent her to orphanage. And hadn't cared about her since then.

It was after her mother's death that Olive realized that her father had been cheating on her for a long time with Monica. And she had given birth to two daughters for him, one was even older than Olive.

Olive checked old Mr. Hart's pulse, then took out a silver needle and stabbed it into his arm.

After putting away the needles, Olive covered the old man with a blanket and said softly, "Grandfather, don't worry, I'll definitely cure you, soon you'll wake up."

In the kitchen.

Gabriella met Monica standing over the oven, she wore a thick kitchen gloves.

“Mom, do you know what just happened? Olive was dropped off by a man. The man’s Olive’s gigolor”

Monica turned surprisingly and stared at Gabriella, “Olive is actually keeping a gigolo? How shameless of her!”

“What are you baking mum?” Gabriella inquired when the oven had started to beep, alerting them that whatsoever was in there was done and needed to be taken out.

“It’s a pizza. For olive.” Monica replied and took out the tray of hot pizza out of the oven.

“What? Mom, did I just hear you right?”

Monica took out a knife from the kitchen’s cabinet, she sliced out a portion and placed it in the white breakable plate that she held.

She took out a substance from her pocket. She unwrapped it and sprinkled some amount on the pizza. “Yesterday, at the wedding, President Ronald took a liking on Olive. I think that girl has a nice figure. She literally married a trash, but she could still be a plaything for these presidents. So, I’ll make her eat this, and then take some nudes of her. I’m sure she’ll consent to doing our biddings.”

A smile arched on Gabriella’s face and she gave Monica a thumbs up, “Mom, you really are smart. Let me go get a cake from the cake shop, I’ll be back in a moment.” She walked out of the kitchen heading for the entrance door.

Monica took the plate of pizza and kept it on the dining table. “Olive. I just made you a pizza, come eat.”

Olive walked over to the table, sat down and used her fork and knife in eating the pizza..

She took a few slice and smiled seemingly sweetly, “Thank you ma. It’s delicious.”

“No need to thank me, go on and finish it if it’s delicious.” Monica smiled happily on the face and thought her s****d secretly.

Olive made to take another slice, but her vision became blurry, “What did you give to me?” She asked and collapsed on the table.

A satisfactory sneer appeared on Monica’s face. She ordered the s****ts to take her upstairs.

Soon, a middle-aged pot bellied man came out from a room downstairs, he met Monica and asked excitedly. “Where’s she? Did you succeed?”

“Mr. Ronald, Olive’s upstairs. The medicine is enough to make her sleep for two hours. You can go on and enjoy her as much as you want.” Monica muttered and let out a soft laugh..

“You did a beautiful job Mrs Hart. Me Ronald made to head upstairs but was stopped by Monica, “Mr Ronald. You promise to inject capital into Hart’s corporation...”

Yesterday at the wedding’s banquet. Mr. Ronald’s eyes were itching to see Olive’s slender and beautiful body. So he had stroke a deal with her.

In the room, Mr. Ronald almost drooled when he saw Olive lying on the bed. He hastily took off his clothes and rushed over to her, “Little beauty, I’m here!”