

The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband Chapter 51

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Chapter 51 Monica Was Beaten

Aiden Aaron came here, Monica thought that that she had powerful support. The

atmosphere had hastily changed.

Patrick quickly left Olive and walked towards Aiden.

“Godfather, thank you for being here despite your busy schedule.

We’ve all been

awaiting you.”

Aiden was a chubby man, he also wore the shrewdness of a businessman on his face.

He patted Monica’s hand soothingly and said,

Patrick, I heard that Monica has been bullied recently, thus making her unhappy. I

allowed you to marry her just so you could make her happy, and not to make her suffer.

You do understand what that means right?”

Patrick froze for a moment. He had just promised Olive that he wouldn’t allow anyone

bully her anymore, but now, Aiden had come over and that was a slap to his face.

Patrick was a feudal man, all he cared about was his reputation.

Godfather, I’ll definitely treat Monica well. My relationship with Monica will not be

affected by those rumors. This wedding anniversary is the proof”

Patrick shut his eyes and spoke confidently

Aiden glanced at Monica.

Monica, what do you think?”

Monica felt like a peacock whose wings had just been multiplied.

Prior to now, she was absolutely depressed. She gazed reluctantly at Patrick and muttered,

“Let’s see if he’ll behave well in the future.”

“Patrick, I hope you’ve heard me clearly, I need you to treat my daughter nicely from now on.” Aiden emphasized.

Yes, yes, I do understand perfectly” Patrick nodded.

Aiden held a very high status and was a big capitalist The rich business men at the

event quickly rushed forward and initiated a conversation with him.

Monica still hadn’t let go of Aiden’s arm. This act really didn’t please the rich women.

Gabriella felt very excited. She looked at Olive and said sarcastically,

Olive can you see that you’re not my mom’s opponent at all. Even my father bows to my mother now.”

Olive gazed at Monica and Aiden who both stood receiving the audience flattery. She didn’t utter a word to Gabriella.

A melodious piano sound filled the hall, and it was time to dance As the host of the event, and also the celebrant, Patrick stepped forward and extended his hand to

Monica

“Monica dear, may I have this dance?”

Monica felt relieved at his gesture. Her relationship with Patrick in recent days had

really

plummeted

Olive stared at her father, who was trying so hard to curry favor with Monica.

Monica focused her gaze at Aiden,

“Godfather, let me dance with you first.”

Although Aiden was referred to as her godfather, the relationship between the two was

really not proper. Their relationship was not pure.

Looking at Monica’s charming brows and also for the fact that they hadn’t seen each

other for quite a long time, Aiden reached out and hugged her.

“Okay, whatever my princess wants.”

Aiden followed Monica into the dance floor and they began to dance

Patrick felt his soul disappear from his body. He really was furious, but couldn’t dare to

show it

While dancing with Monica, Aiden asked,

“Monica, this is the man you chose? Why do I think that he’s useless?”

Monica responded with a chuckle,

‘If I didn’t marry him, would I have married my godfather? That tigress in your home is

waiting to eat

me up.”

Aiden’s breath became unstable, and he grabbed tighter to her waist.

Tonight, meet me at the hotel.”

Monica was all ready to go on with his condition. Patrick needed a capital injection

desperately. She didn’t think twice before giving her consent.

She was ready to sleep with him.

“Olive, did you just see that? Dad made my mum upset and she refused dancing with

him. Hope you've realized that, as long as my mother's godfather is still alive, she will always run this family." Gabriella spoke arrogantly.

Olive still didn't utter a word to her, she turned and headed to Patrick who stood obediently and worriedly

"Dad, Gabriella said that you made mother angry, and that's the reason why she's not

dancing with you. Gabriella also said that mother is in charge of this family. I'm sorry

dad, it's me that's to blame for

your problems with mother. "Olive spoke loudly, her voice attracting the stare of all who

stood by

In no time, everyone's eyes were focused on Patrick, giving him a look of pity and

ridicule.

Patrick had already been embarrassed, but this time, he felt more humiliated. He turned

and glared fiercely at Gabriella.

Gabriella was so frightened that she shivered. She was certain that if it weren't for the

VIPS in the room, Patrick definitely would have given her a slap.

Olive didn't notice the uproar going on in Gabriella's body, she just said worriedly to

Patrick,

"Dad, is that Mr. Aaron really Ma's godfather? I kinda think that he treats mother very

differently"

Everyone's eyes fell on the dance floor. Aiden was dancing with his arms around

Monica's sexy waist.

Originally, Aiden had come in as Monica's godfather, but now that

the doubt was brought up by Olive, many also found their relationship questionable.

“I think they’re dancing like lovers.” One of the guest whispered. “What are you saying, Patrick’s here.” Another guest countered. Patrick stared at them, they were dancing excitedly on the dance floor He tightened his fist and the veins in his hand jumped violently.

“Slut.” He muttered inwardly.

The door of the hall was suddenly pushed open and someone stormed in.

Monica who was engrossed in the dance had turned her head in displeasure.

“Who dares to barge in...”

Before she could complete her sentence, a whip was flung towards her.

“Ah!” Monica was unable to dodge in time, and the sharp whip happened to have hit her.

Monica screamed and fell to the ground in pains.

Everyone’s eyes had turned towards the door.

Mrs. Aiden walked in.

There was a video on Mrs. Aiden’s phone. Olive had secretly filmed. Monica was holding Aiden’s arm and dancing with him.

Aiden left Monica and ran down in panic.

“Babe, why are you here?”

Everyone gasped, as they realized that she was Mrs. Aaron.

Chapter 52 Divorce Agreement

Mrs. Aaron was furious. She pushed Aiden away.

“Is this the vixen who seduced you?”

Mrs. Aaron pointed the whip at Monica. Aiden knew better than to

admit. He quickly denied.

“No, she’s just my goddaughter.”

“Fuck that shit!” Mrs. Aaron interrupted.

Mrs. Aaron walked up to Monica

“Bitch, don’t ask me who I am How dare you seduce my husband? You think I won’t kill

you today?” Mrs. Aiden raised the whip again

Monica’s aching forehead begun sweating. The place where she was hit by the whip

stinged like fire. She hastily knelt down and begged for mercy.

“Godmother, you really misunderstood. I’m not seducing your husband. Today’s my

husband and I anniversary, Godfather was just invited as a guest.”

Patrick hated Monica so badly. He really wanted leaving her to get beaten to pulp. But,

Hart’s medical needed urgent funding.

Patrick quickly moved forward.

“Mrs. Aaron, it’s true. She’s my wife, today’s our anniversary.”

Mrs. Aaron slowly lowered the whip in her hand. She stared at Aiden who nodded his

head in a bid to confirm his innocence.

Mrs. Aaron snorted.

“Aiden, when did you become someone else’s godfather? Didn’t I only give birth to one daughter?”

Aiden suddenly went speechless.

Some whispers were now heard in the room.

Aiden swiftly hugged his wife and comforted her.

“Babe, if you don’t like it, then i won’t refer to her as my goddaughter again. I won’t have

anything to do with her anymore, don't be angry. Let's get out of here."

Hearing Aiden's words, Monica felt her heart ache. Her only foundation had just been broken.

Mrs. Aaron held the whip.

"Then let's leave. I don't ever want to see this bitch."

Mrs. Aiden took Aiden and walked towards the door.

But few step into their journey, the screen in the hall had suddenly lit up and a video popped up.

In the video. Monica twisted comfortably on the bed in the warmly lighted room. Aiden

and a well known director were laughing lewdly.

The Monica in the video was still very young. It was far back before she had become an actress.

Another video played in succession. It was also in the same room, Aiden brought some business executives,

"This is my goddaughter. You can enjoy her as much as you want, just don't forget to

inject money into Hart's medical. Although she's married and now a mother, she's still

very tasty, I can attest to that."

The second video was taken after Monica had gotten married.

Monica who was sitting on the tiled floor had watched the videos with disgust in her

face. She wondered where the video came from and who also played it.

The hall was suddenly engulfed with heat, Monica felt as though she had been pushed

into the abyss by a strong hand. It was dark and cold.
She had never felt this way before, it was despairing.

Aiden panicked and said to his wife,

“Babe, I can explain...”

Mrs. Aiden whipped Aiden with her whip, then rushed forwards to
Monica, she used the
whip and slapped mercilessly on Monica’s body.

“I’ve seen alot of bastards. But you’re the first that I’ve seen who’s
so slutty. I’ll make
sure to kill you today.”

Monica screamed as the whip landed perpetually on her body.

She made to avert the

whip, but Mrs. Aiden was precise and didn’t miss her target.

Monica rolled on the floor

in pain, begging for compassion.

But no one made a move to help her.

Patrick felt his legs wobble and he fell to the floor. Everyone in the
hall swiftly took out

their phones and made a video..

Olive stepped side and watched coldly.

No one could give a specific account on how the anniversary
ended, but it did end.

Patrick was sitting in his study as he smoked a cigarette. His
butler walked in and said.

“Sir, this doesn’t look so good. Many companies have terminated
their contracts with

Hart’s medical. Not only have we not made up for this short chain
of funds, we’ll soon
face bankruptcy.”

Patrick had been smoking relentlessly. He paused and
questioned anxiously,

“Why did they cancel their contracts?”

“Sir, ain’t you aware? Everyone knows Monica’s scandal. She used to be a resourceful person in the entertainment industry. But now, people are of the notion that she achieved all that she did, just because she was having an affair with the producer.”

“And, our clients of Hart’s medical do not want to be associated with such scandal. You do know that ma’am Monica did always accompany you wherever you went.” The butler spoke respectfully.

“Those clients were really scared. So they terminated their contracts with us overnight.

They didn’t want to be dragged down with us.”

“There’s more.” The old butler hesitated.

Patrick threw the cigarette in his hand into the ashtray and muttered calmly,

“What else? Speak.”

“Also, sir, you’re also on the tending search. Everyone is questioning and ridiculing you.

They’re curious to ask if you did really use your wife to sleep with people for money. But

in the end. I’m still worried about you. I sincerely urge you to carry out a DNA test on

Miss Pamela and Gabriella, so you’ll be certain that you aren’t raising someone else’s

child.” The old butler spoke leniently, choosing his words with caution.

He hadn’t tell Patrick that the entire Netizens were calling him stupid.

Patrick stopped smoking. A few seconds later, he brushed all the documents on his

desk to the ground and smashed the ashtray into the wall.

He stood

up and began kicking the table and chairs. His entire body was like a wild beast that had lost control.

The things he cared about the most in his life were ruined. Hart's medical was on the verge of bankruptcy.

It was a because of Monica. She had hurt him badly.

The old butler had never seen Patrick look so infuriated. He was frightened and backed away slowly, not daring to utter a word.

Patrick was exhausted so he stopped. His eyes were reddened as he looked at the old butler.

"Where's Monica?"

"Ma'am Monica was beaten to pulp. She lying in her room now."

Patrick touched his face with his hands.

"Tell my lawyer to draft out a divorce agreement. I want to divorce Monica immediately."

Monica was lying on the bed in her room, her face pale and gloomy. Her eyes were swollen and her body bruised.

The door was kicked open and Patrick walked in.

"Patrick, help me. I'm in pains. The pains is killing me, please send me to the hospital."

Monica pleaded weakly for help.

Patrick threw the divorce agreement on her face.

Chapter 53 Olive Isn't Your Daughter

With a bang. Patrick forcefully tossed the divorce paper on Monica's face, causing her face to hurt.

“What’s this?” Monica looked down and saw the caption of the letter which read.

“Divorce Agreement.”

“Divorce? Patrick, you actually want to divorce me?” Monica stared at Patrick in

disbelief, and her entire body had begun to tremble.

Patrick’s face was gloomy.

“Go outside and see what people are saying about me. I can’t raise my head anymore.

Hart’s medical is on the verge of bankruptcy. And it’s all thanks to you.”

“All thanks to me?” Monica felt the anger generate in her. She tugged on the sheet and roared.

“Patrick, ask yourself, how did I help you after our marriage, how much did I give to you, to this family?”

Patrick sneered and stared at her drearily.

“Did I tell you to sleep with another man? Monica, you’re a shameless bitch!”

Monica froze, tears quickly rolled out of her eyes. She explained anxiously,

“Patrick, I used to be in the entertainment industry. It’s normal to have a godfather.

Didn’t you say that you don’t mind my past? It’s because I wanted to help you that’s why

I allowed another man to touch me. Patrick, why don’t you keep praising me for being

virtuous and capable? She sniffed and wiped her eyes with her bruised hand.

“Enough! Monica, don’t claim that you did all you did for me and my family. I think you

did all that for yourself. You wanted securing the matriarch position at all cost...”

Monica laughed hysterically.

“Patrick, you want to divorce me now because you feel I’m useless to you. You think I don’t know that you’ve always been in love with Olive’s mother. Trisha.”

Patrick clenched his fists the moment he heard her mention Trisha.

“Why can’t I mention her? I want to mention her. Patrick, you’re actually a pitiful creature. You love Trisha very much, but she didn’t love you one bit. Olive is not your daughter, and you know this because Trisha never allowed you into her room..” Monica spoke furiously.

“How could someone as gorgeous as Trisha fall in love with you? The Hart family was just a temporarily place for her. Yet, you still think about her each second. After all these years, you still can’t forget her!” Monica muttered as she wiped the tears which rolled down her cheeks.

Patrick eyes were reddened. He shut his eyes, resisting the urge of strangling her.

“It’s useless to say nothing, go ahead and sign the papers.”

Patrick walked out of the room. Gabriella sighted him and pulled his sleeves. He glared at her in annoyance.

“Look at you, you’ve been raised by your mother all these years, she made you so spoiled and wilful. You are a loser. Don’t bother me anymore.

Patrick made to leave, but when he looked up, he saw Olive's delicate figure in the corridor. She stood calmly.

Patrick's eyes met Olive's bright eyes, although she was wearing a mask, he could

vaguely foresee her breath taking and beautiful face.

Patrick's expression was unclear. Finally, he turned around and left.

Gabriella entered the room and lay beside Monica and cried.

"Mom, is dad going to divorce you? How can dad be so ruthless? What are we going to do now mom?"

Monica crumpled the divorce paper into a ball and threw it away.

She would not consent

to the divorce, she would not leave the Hart family. And she would not be thrown away

like a useless piece of trash.

Footsteps sounded at the entrance. Gabriella was overjoyed and she said,

"Dad, did you change your mind?"

Gabriella was stunned because it was Olive and not Patrick

Monica's hateful eyes wanted choking the life out of Olive.

"What are you doing here?"

Olive sat on the wooden chair. She poured herself a cup of tea.

She smiled lightly and

muttered,

"Of course I came to see you, what other reason?"

"Olive, I'm going to kill you!" Monica threatened, tugging onto the sheet. Her body which

was covered in bruises could only ache from her violent movement.

Olive focused her gaze at Monica,

“You said that as long as you were still valuable, you would not fall, but now your reputation and connection in the entertainment industry has collapsed. You have become a disgrace to the Hart family and shamed my father. You hastily changed from valuable to worthless. Sure enough, my father quickly handed you your deserved divorce certificate.”

“Monica, since I was back from the orphanage, I’ve been thinking that sooner or later, I’ll let you have a taste of what I went through ten years ago. I lost my loved ones and was betrayed by the whole world.”

Monica gritted her teeth in hatred. She had really made a mistake. She really underestimated Olive.

“Olive, if I had known this, I should have killed you Ten years ago I shouldn’t have given you a chance to live in this world.” Monica growled.

Olive calmly finished her cup of tea.

“You should really regret not killing me that day, because you’ll slowly realize that today is just the beginning.”

After she finished speaking. Olive put down her tea cup and turned around to leave.

“You’re worthless. You ain’t worth my time.”

Monica felt her throat become sour, she almost spat out blood. However, she squeezed back the blood and laughed.

“Olive, do you really think that your father will divorce me? Let me tell you something.

Pamela is back!”

When it came to Pamela, she was the pride of the Hart family. She was Patrick’s favorite daughter and the number one socialite in LA, even Gabriella suddenly came back to life.

“Olive, my sister is coming back. Ten years ago, you couldn’t compete with yet. And you still can’t even after ten years.”

Olive gently raised her eyes, a clear light bloomed in them.

“That’s great. I’ve been waiting for this day for a long time. Y

Chapter 54 Princess Hug

Olive returned to the Red Villa and gave the Barbie doll she bought to Mrs. Samantha.

Mrs. Samantha was happy like a child, she quickly took a few pictures and wanted posting it on her social media.

“Olly, are you active on social media? Give me your handle let me follow you. From now on, grandma will be your number one fan.”

Olive didn’t expect that Mrs. Samantha would actually be active on social media.

“Grandma, let’s follow each other.”

“My handle is grandma who is eighteen years old” Mrs. Samantha said to Olive.

Olive’s lips arched in a smile as she searched for Mrs. Samantha’s account.

The old lady had posted the photo of herself and the Barbie doll, with a caption Thank you, my Olly.”

Olive went through Mrs. Samantha's account and quickly gave her a like.

"Olly, grandma has something for you too." The old lady mysteriously stuffed a purse into Olive's palm.

Olive looked at the purse. The purse was quite beautiful. It was made of gold from

Africa. The word "Augustine" was embroidered on it.

"Grandma, what is this?" Olive questioned surprisingly.

"In this purse. I've placed a prayer list of the things I want. And a child from Elvis is

majority of the content." Mrs. Samantha muttered and Olive smiled lightly, she knew

better than expect a change of topic from the old lady.

Olive pursed her lips and said,

"Thanks, grandma, I'll definitely take good care of it."

Two bright car lights came in through the glass windows. Mrs.

Samantha laughed

sweetly.

Elvis is back."

Olive had been away for seven days. They didn't see each other for a long time. She

quickly walked to the door. The Rolls-Royce phantom was parked in the lawn.

The driver's door opened, revealing a tall and handsome figure.

Elvas was clothed in a customized black suit with a tie around his neck. He was a god

of abstinence.

Olive saw him walk over with steady steps. With every step he took, the black trousers

he wore moved gorgeously along with him.

Olive originally wanted running out to meet him, but on a second

thought, she hid behind the door frame, ready to surprise him with a scare. Phoebe squatted at Olive's feet, wondering what her master was doing.

Olive quickly put her slender finger on Phoebe's lips, gesturing to her to be silent.

Phoebe understandably had stopped meowing. Olive leaned back on the door frame, she peeked out with her black pair of eyes.

She saw that Elvis was approaching. Olive quickly avoided his gaze. Elvis had already seen her. A small piece of her dress was showing. He knew that she was hiding there.

Olive waited for him to pass by so she could startle him. After waiting for seconds and he still didn't turn up, she stuck out her head, but Elvis was nowhere to be found.

"Huh, where did he go?"

Olive quickly ran out and looked around on her tiptoe.

Phoebe was heard screaming. Olive looked back and saw her standing beside Elvis's

leg. Elvis leaned against the wall with one hand in his trouser pocket. He stared

relentlessly and with a smile he asked,

"Looking for me?"

He had deliberately teased her. Olive felt that she was stupid. She walked over and

hugged Phoebe,

"I wasn't looking for you. I was searching for Phoebe."

She grabbed Phoebe and headed upstairs.

When Elvis saw that she was angry, he stepped forward and immediately carried her.

Being literally swayed off her feet, Olive wriggled begging to be let go. She stretched

out her hands and wrapped around his neck.

“What are you doing?” She queried.

“Nothing, just hug fine Elvis held tighter to her and turned her multiple times.

Mrs Samantha heard the noise made by Olive and had rushed out. When she saw Elvis

turning Olive who was in his arms, she raised her hand and hit Elvis on his waist,

“Put her down, put Olive down”

Mr. Henry was also startled and quickly went to stop Elvis,

“Sir, please put her down, it’s dangerous.

Olive’s face was already blushing With the entire household watching, she felt as

though she should disappear.

Elvis strong arm had held Olive tight. It was really impossible for her to fall. But with the

pleas of his grandina coming in, Elvis let go of Olive.

Olive staggered for some seconds, and when she had regained composure, she quickly

ran away from him.

Elvis knew that he had made her shy, so he followed her. Olive still felt dizzy.

Elvis looked at Olive who was in front of him. She was ignoring him, so he concluded

that she was angry.

Elvis raised his hands and took off his suit and handed it to Mr. Henry.

“Grandma, is dinner ready, I’m famished.”

“Oh. I’ll go bring it now son.” Mrs. Samantha headed to the kitchen.

Elvis stepped forward and walked behind Olive. As soon as he got closer, he could only snell the sweet fragrance on her body, which was extremely pleasant.

He lowered his eyes and muttered in a low voice,

“Are you angry?”

Elvis reached out and held her shoulders with his hands.

“Who told you that you could hide to startle me? Do not be angry.

I apologize to you.”

His gesture made Olive even more annoyed. She wanted to dodge, but he took his

hands away from her shoulder and grabbed her waist.

domineeringly.

“Mrs. Augustine, if you’re angry I’ll...

Olive snorted provocatively,

“I don’t care!”

Elvis instantly carried her up again and headed upstairs with her in his arms.

Chapter 55 Gift Him A Belt

Old Mrs. Sandwich came out of the kitchen.

“Elvis, Olly, dinner’s ready. Elvis? What the heck are you doing?

Put Olive down

quickly.” The old lady was about to

chase Elvis, but he had already carried Olive into the room and closed the door.

In the room.

Olive didn’t expect him to hug her again. She just wanted to hide and scare him.

“Mr. Augustine, put me down. I have something to tell you.” Olive muttered quickly.

Elvis's eyes were filled with a warm and doting smile.

"Mrs. Augustine, I do not want to listen to now, unless you wanna tell me that you missed me."

"Mr. Augustine, put me down. I bought you a present." Olive muttered.

Elvis raised his eyebrows and said with interest,

"Really?"

Olive jumped out from his arms which had now loosened.

Elvis's back was leaning against the door. He had just taken off his suit jacket. He was

wearing a white shirt and business vest. His waist and long legs could be compared to

those of international stage models.

Elvis's gaze followed Olive's figure. She was wearing a small white lace dress with flowers.

Elvis rolled his Adam's apple and pulled the tie around his neck.

When Olive looked back, she met his gaze. He stared at her from the crown of her hair

to the sole of her feet. He licked his lower lips and tuck his left hand into his trouser.

Olive opened the beautiful box and handed him the belt that she had chosen.

"Hey, Mr. Augustine, this is for you."

Elvis glanced at it. It was a black leather belt. It was simple yet classy. It was his usual style.

Elvis reached out to pick it up. Olive wanted to withdraw her hand, but Elvis was faster

than her and she fell directly into his embrace.

"Mr. Augustine?" Olive asked with questioning eyes and swiftly

stood up.

Elvis held onto both of her hands and placed them on the belt around his waist.

“Open it. I’ll wear your gift now.”

Elvis really was domineering, he didn’t even show his liking for the gift that she had bought.

Olive obediently helped him open the belt. His low and magnetic laughter sounded above her head.

“The last time, you couldn’t open this. This time you could, I’m really teaching you things that you didn’t understand.”

Olive raised her eyes and glared at him,

“Mr. Augustine, you’re lecherous.

Elvis liked it whenever she was upset. Her clear eyes were often bright and extremely vivid.

Olive didn’t want to continue such conversation with him. She tied the newly bought belt around his waist and nodded in satisfaction.

“It’s so beautiful.”

Elvis looks couldn’t be overemphasized. He looked good on any belt.

“What did you mean by gifting me a belt? Is someone trying to tie me down firmly.”

“Wrong.” Olive shook her head. She grabbed him by the belt and pulled him over. Then she raised her chin and said,

“I only gave you a belt because I thought that you’ll love it.”

Elvis’s eyes darkened. His big hand pressed her shoulder and pushed her onto the bed.

Olive collapsed on the soft bed, and her silk dress was scattered in the bed. She raised her body and kissed his handsome cheek softly.

“Mr. Augustine, you’re really good.”

Elvis reached out and took off the mask from her face. He held her face and and kissed her reddish lips.

Olive knew that he liked her face very much, and he was almost infatuated by it. She

turned her head slightly. avoiding his kisses.

Elvis raised his eyelids and asked in a hoarse voice,

“What’s wrong? Didn’t you miss me?”

His voice seemed to have bewitched Olive. She adjusted backwards.

“Mr. Augustine, you scared me a little.”

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Elvis put his two big hands on her side and looked down at the girl in his arms. She was so adorable.

“Close your eyes if you’re afraid.” He muttered.

Olive quickly shut her eyes. Elvis touched the golden purse which was in her pocket.

Elvis grabbed it and queried,

“What’s this?”

Olive quickly took out the purse.

“This is what grandma went to the church to pray about. Her prayer list is in here.”

Elvis glanced at the word “Augustine” on the purse.

“Understood?” Olive questioned and held soothingly to the purse.

All she had to do was

cherish it, especially since it was a gift.

Olive made to put the purse away, but she felt Elvis kissing her

passionately.

The next morning, Olive was awoken by the ringtone of her phone. Her hand grabbed her phone which laid on the pillow.

“Hello?” She said into the phone.

A sweet voice sounded at the other end.

“Olive, it’s me Pamela.”

Olive’s eyes widened. The dazzling morning light had poured through the layers of the curtains, making the room warm.

The drowsiness in her eyes dissipated in an instant and Olive slowly muttered,

“Pamela, you’re back!”

Pamela smiled gently.

“Yeah, Olive, I’m back. It’s been ten years since we last met. It’s really been long.

Chapter 56 She’s hiding some little secrets

Olive pursed her lips, “Pamela, did you know that I’ve been thinking of you every day for the past ten years?”

“Of course I believe it. I also know that you will come back one day Olive, so I don’t dare to slack off in the past ten years. I will work hard to make myself better.”

As the number one socialite in LA, Pamela was beautiful and had a good voice. Even when she said “I’ll send you to hell” she still had a gentle smile, which made people feel a little creepy.

Olive looked at the dazzling dawn outside the window and slowly said, "I came from the abyss. I have never been afraid of the abyss. Instead, you have been living in heaven for the past ten years. Bidding you farewell for ten years is already my greatest kindness to you."

Pamela was silent for a moment, then she hung up..

Olive put away her phone, then stood up and headed to the shower to bath. She had to admit that although Monica had given birth to a scumbag like Gabriella, Pamela was a rival that should not be underestimated.

The memories of how Pamela was humble ten years ago was still fresh in her mind. At

that time, Olive and North were best of friends. Pamela often secretly stood in the

corner and looked at them with admiration. When called over to play with them, Pamela

was always nervously pulling on the edge of her clothes, looking shy and timid. Olive

and North would guff and laugh, but Pamela would just hide quietly.

Olive felt that Pamela's position as a high ranking individual was really not favorable to her.

North had always disliked Pamela right from their teenage years. She had informed

Olive that Pamela was the founder of doom, and had advised her to be careful.

But Olive did regard Pamela as a good friend and had no doubt whatsoever. Her trust

did lead her into an abyss.

Olive stayed home today. She was with the old lady weeding and watering the garden.

At noon, Olive opened her social media, Pamela was trending. Pamela had issued a message to the public concerning the recent events in her family.

“I heard the bad news and hurriedly returned to LA. My mother really was wrong. I’m not asking that she should be forgiven, I’m just pleading that she should be given another chance to live.”

Pamela added a photo along. The photo was of Monica, she was lying on the bed in the intensive care unit. She looked sad and sorrowful.

Olive let out a chuckle. Pamela’s post was really superb. The whole text showed her innocence and filial piety as a daughter.

In the past ten years, Pamela had been deeply rooted in the hearts of the people.

Although she did not belong to the entertainment industry, she had over eighteen million followers, and most of them were brainwashed fans.

Olive didn’t exit Pamela’s timeline. After about ten minutes of posting, Pamela’s post had already generated about a million likes

The comments buzzed in.

“Goodness Pamela, we got you.”

“It must be hard to have such parents.”

“Our prayers are with you.”

“Who else noticed that it was since Olive’s return that strange things started happening

in the Hart's family." Someone commented. And in less than seconds, the comment was filled with tons of concurring replies.

"Oh my gosh! You just pointed the truth out."

"Immediately that girl returned, her entire family was ruined."

"True, I suspect that her next target will be our Pamela."

She better not dare touch Pamela. Else, I'd forget the law and kill her myself."

Pamela has always been hailed as a medical genius. She passed each semester with outstanding grades. She went on to become the first medical student in LA to graduate with a parallel distinction.

The trend of public opinion had swiftly changed because of Pamela's post.

Olive didn't find it surprising. After she came back, she did cause an uproar in the Hart

family. She used the social media with the help of North to overwhelm Monica.

Olive went through her account, she only had eight hundred thousand followers. How

could she compete with Pamela's eighteen million followers.

In split seconds, Olive's message box was filled with countless of threatening messages.

Olive casually clicked on some.

"You bastard from the suburb, leave this city as soon as possible."

"You planned what happened to the Hart family. Your heart really is poisonous."

"Touch Pamela and watch begin shot the next time you walk across the street."

North's message suddenly came in,

“Olive, you’re being bashed by countless people.”

“North. I told you that Pamela isn’t to be underestimated. She has a lot of scheming and evil means. In fact, her biggest advantage is her medical aura.”

Olive replied.

“True Olive, but do you know that, since you returned to the country, Pamela’s medical skills have advanced by leaps and bounds. She has been hosted by many media and TV stations. All calling her a medical genius. ”

North and Pamela were the two women who had gone extremely viral in the past years.

They were both loved and adored.

Olive stared at North’s message for a while. She had heard of a palace of medicine and was familiar with it.

Olive replied to North’s message with a thumbs up. North quickly replied back,

“Are you hiding something?”

In the hospital, Gabriella had already seen the trend of Netizen’s opinion. She hastily

moved to Pamela and said,

“Sis, you’re really amazing. Just a single post and you’ve completely smashed Olive

Chapter 57 He gave her 1.2 million

Staring at Gabriella’s elated face, Pamela’s face was indifferent.

She just muttered

softly, “Gabriella, I have already arranged a foreign school for you. You can fly over to

study in the next few days. Don’t worry about the family

affairs.”

Gabriella was stunned. She didn't ever envision studying abroad. She pouted and said,

“Sister, why do you want me to study abroad? Do you really not want me around?

Don't you like me?”

Pamela held onto Gabriella's hand and caressed her soothingly.

“Gabriella, you're my sister, how could I not like you? It's easy to suffer losses by

staying here. You can be rest assured to study abroad. I will provide your monthly expenses.

The last sentence seemed to have excited Gabriella, as a smile appeared on her face.

“Sis, will you give me as much money as I need?”

“Yes, whatsoever you need Gabriella, just let me know.” Pamela tapped on Gabriella's nose dotingly.

Gabriella smiled happily.

“Then I'll go back now and pack my things.” With that Gabriella hopped away.

Pamela stood with folded arms and watched Gabriella leave. The smile on her lips

gradually disappeared, and her eyes showed cold disgust.

Gabriella was a piece of trash to Pamela, and keeping her by his side would drag her down.

Pamela heard some footsteps approaching her. Pamela's face swiftly changed back to a gentle and soft look.

“Pamela.” Patrick called out.

Pamela turned and said to him.

“Dad, why did you have to come so late? I’ll take care of things here. Go back and rest.”

Patrick looked at Pamela with satisfaction. Pamela had worked so well. His greatest wish was for her to inherit Hart’s medical.

Pamela was wearing a pink velvet dress. Patrick’s eyes were filled with appreciation and love.

“Did you give Gabriella an offer to study abroad?”

Pamela nodded.

“Dad, Gabriella is no longer a child. Mum spoiled her since she was a child. I’ve already contacted a very good school abroad to let her study. Most of the students are from famous families, and I hope Gabriella can make some friends as well.”

Pamela calmly narrated to Patrick that the university was full of rich people. And if Gabriella could get herself a rich boyfriend, Derrick might come back for her.

Patrick loved Pamela the more. This daughter alone, knew the way to his heart.

“Alright, I’ll leave it to you. I trust your judgement.”

“Uhm, Pamela?” Patrick called out.

‘Yes dad.’ Pamela responded with her eyes glued to his face.

“It’s about Hart’s medical. The company is about to go bankrupt. It needs a lot of money.”

Pamela took her lips into her mouth, and then released it almost immediately.

“Dad, don’t worry about the money, I have a solution.”

Patrick had always known that his daughter had the skills, but

now that she had agreed so readily, Patrick was still a little unconvinced. She was studying and had just returned

to LA. Where was she gonna get the money from?

Pamela knew Patrick's doubts. She looked into his eyes and added,

"Dad, I can help you with Bart's medical finances, but on one condition."

"What condition?"

You can't divorce my mother."

Patrick's expression swiftly turned cold. He was fed up with Monica. As long as he had

his senses with him, he was bound to reminisce on the video that he had watched. And

it was very likely that he'd go bunkers if he saw her often. Hence the reason he needed the divorce.

"Dad, you can think about this. I believe that when the Hart's medical bill is settled, you will give me an answer."

Pamela left him at the corridor and entered the ward.

In the ward. Pamela looked at Monica who was still in a coma.

The wound from the whip had festered and inflamed.

If she hadn't arrived earlier, Monica would have definitely died.

A sneer appeared on Pamela's lips. She knew that Olive would return one day, but she

did not expect her methods to be so severe.

However, no matter how harsh Olive was, Pamela didn't see her as match.

Pamela took out her phone and dialed a number. The called was answered in a few

seconds. A low and magnetic voice sounded.

“Hello.”

“Mr. Augustine, long time no see.”

44

In the Augustine’s Corporation, in the CEOS office, Elvis stood handsomely by the window.

Elvis’s handsome face was indifferent. He just lightly lifted his thin lips and said,

“What do you want?”

“Mr. Augustine, do you remember that you promised me three things seven years ago?”

Elvis said nothing. Pamela who had always been focused, subconsciously tugged on her phone. She was deeply in love with this elite king, but she was also afraid.

Every time she saw him, her pounded faster, especially when he was silent and unpredictable.

“Mr. Augustine, you have already done the first thing. Now I want to name the second thing. My father’s medical company is on the verge of bankruptcy and needs a large amount of capital.”

“How much?” Elvis muttered.

“1.2 million.” Olive said the number gently.

A few seconds later, Elvis replied,

“I’ll let the secretary do it.” He hung up afterwards.

In the CEOs office, Elvis looked sideways at his private secretary, Andrew.

“Andrew, 1.2 million dollars, you can do it, right?”

Andrew knew about the daughter of the Hart family, Pamela. She

was known as the first socialite in LA. She could be said to be quite outstanding. But that was before. Ever since Olive's return, Andrew felt that Olive was even more dazzling than Pamela.

"CEO." Andrew said carefully, "Your wife will soon know about this matter. Your wife hates the Hart family and Pamela very much. Now that you intend investing 1.2 million, you are helping your wife's enemy. What will happen to ma'am Olive?"

Elvis pursed his lips. He knew that once he invested 1.2 million, Olive was bound to be aware. However, he owed Pamela his life. About seven year ago, Pamela had rescued him from the ice and snow.

Chapter 58 Do you really like Mr. Augustine?

Pamela had rescued him. He gave Pamela a silver pendant.

Later, Pamela took the silver pendant to find him, and he promised her three things.

First was him funding her foreign school fees, and this was the second request.

Olive played with Phoebe for a while. Just as she was petting the cat, a message

popped up on her screen of her phone which was in her hand, it was from North.

Olive logged into her social media account, and the first new that greeted her was that

the Augustine corporation. had invested a whopping one millions dollar into Hart's

medical.

The news was sensational that it topped the headline of all major magazines and

financial newspaper.

And of course, it was because of the Hart family's daughter,

Pamela, who had just

returned from studying abroad. As the wealthiest family in LA, the

Augustine's

Corporation was quite mysterious. The CEO of the Augustine

Corporation was a

legendary existence that no major magazine could photograph.

Now that the CEO of the Augustine's Corporation had spent such

amount on a beautiful

woman, it was quite sensational.

The news had spread like wildfire, and Pamela, the beautiful

socialite became even

more prominent.

Pamela's fans were reveller who didn't hesitate to display their

trademark.

"The CEO of the Augustine corporation is actually Pamela's

servant." One commented.

"Pamela, don't settle for any less, you're a precious star." Another

added.

At the Hart family, Patrick suddenly collapsed on his chair when

he saw the alert beep

in his phone. He felt like he was dreaming.

His phone suddenly rang, and multiple calls came in, in quick

succession, almost

blowing up his phone.

"Mr. Hart, I was wrong. I want to cooperate."

"Mr. Hart, do you have time tonight? I'll treat you to dinner. Can

you bring Miss Pamela

with you?" Another message came in.

"Mr. Hart, you really gave birth to a good daughter. We are far behind."

Previously, all of these bosses had turned against Patrick, but now they all called to kneel, lick and fawn on him.

Patrick felt that his moment of glory had come.

Pamela walked in.

"Dad."

Patrick quickly stood up. He looked at Pamela like a national treasure and asked in disbelief.

"Pamela, is it really President Augustine who gave you 1.2 million?"

"Yes dad, it's him." Pamela nodded.

Patrick went mute. In his entire life, he had never dared to think that he would be

associated with the Augustine's corporation.

Who would have thought that his daughter would not only be outstanding, but she

would also be able to achieve all that he couldn't.

"Pamela, how did you meet Mr. Augustine? Does Mr. Augustine likes you"

Pamela raised her lips and said mysteriously,

"Dad, you don't need to worry about me and President Augustine.

You just need to

know that I will marry Elvis

Augustine and be wife."

Patrick was speechless.

Pamela quickly added.

"Dad, how about the divorce?"

Okay, fine." Patrick waved his hand, he was occupied with

happiness and didn't give it another thought.

The Red Villa.

North's message came in again. It was the first time that she was being extremely emotional.

"Olive, did you see the news?"

Olive felt that her hands go cold. She married into the Red Villa on Pamela's behalf and

did not deliberately inquire about Elvis's identity.

Olive was not daft. Elvis's gestures and actions were like that of an elite in the business

world. She had also seen a few bosses playing cards with him at the bar. His personal

secretary and public relations director Rita, called him "CEO."

There were so many coincidences, Just like the chat she had with North that day, his

surname was also Augustine.

His identity was revealed.

"Elvis is the mysterious and low-key CEO of the Augustine Corporation and the richest

man in LA, of course he is also the real "Augustine." who had spent more than a million

dollars to welcome Pamela." Olive replied

North almost blanked out.

After some seconds, North's message came in again.

Three years ago, Pamela was the first LA citizen to enter the Holy court. I heard that

Elvis Augustine, the president of the Augustine corporation, personally sent her in."

Another message came in some moments later.

"Three years later, Pamela returned to LA, Elvis Augustine, the

president of the Augustine corporation spent such amount on her behalf, automatically dispelling Patrick's intent of divorcing Monica."

"Three years ago, he sent her abroad. Three years later, he welcomed her with a million plus. Doesn't that ring a bell Olive?"

Olive read the messages and suddenly went mute, she had never thought that Elvis would be linked with Pamela. "It seemed that Elvis Augustine is an ace in Pamela's hands." North's message came in again. Her messages reeked of anger. Not only did Pamela exclude herself from Monica's scandal, she also won a lot of praises and sympathy.

The most important thing was that, the man who had spent a million and two hundred thousand dollars on Pamela, was Olive's new husband.

"Don't be upset North, this issue is really very simple." Olive replied with a sigh.

Except for Elvis's relatives and acquaintance, no one else knew that Olive was in the Red Villa.

"Olive, then you can quickly shut down the Hart's medical, because half of the Augustine's corporation is yours. You're Elvis Augustine's wife." That's true, I'll definitely take care of Pamela. I don't need to even have a word with her at all. I'll send her a lawyer's letter, using Mrs. Augustine's name to recover everything.

Not a single penny will be left.”

North was silent for a few seconds, and then sent a message,
“If you have the ability, then go ahead.”

Olive’s lips arched in a smile.

North sent in another message,

You really like Mr. Augustine.”

Olive read the message and didn’t reply.

TI

Olive, come pick me up at the airport later. I’ll be arriving LA soon.”

Olive was stunned, she didn’t expect her to come back so soon.

When she was in New

York two days ago, she told her that she’ll take a while before coming to LA.

“Why did you choose to visit so soon?” Olive queried.

“I’m afraid that you will be bullied. Pamela isn’t to be toyed with.”

North replied.

Olive smiled happily. No matter what had transpired over the last years, she still had a

good best friend by her side. It felt so good.

A knock landed on the door, and Mrs. Samantha’s loving voice sounded from outside.

“Olive.”

Olive quickly put down her phone and ran to open the door. The old lady stood outside

the door, holding a large bag in her arms. It contained all kinds of snacks.

“I didn’t know what you liked to eat, so I brought this so you could chose whatsoever

you liked. I heard it’s good to watch the TV while eating some snacks, especially when

you’re in a bad mood. Let’s try it out.”

Looking at the old lady's kind and loving smile, Olive's eyes quickly felt teary. She knew for sure that the old lady. really did love her.

Chapter 59 Give Me A Kiss

Olive was betrayed when she was young and lost everyone who loved her. And now, she cherished everyone. around her, such as North, and Mrs. Samantha.

Olive happily carried the pile of snacks, she pulled the old lady's hand.

"Okay, grandma, let's go watch TV and eat the snacks."

Elvis arrived quite early today. The maid opened the villa's door.

Elvis changed his

shoes at the entrance and walked into the living room. He

immediately sighted Olive

who sat on the soft couch.

Olive was wearing a lavender suspender skirt and a creamy white plush cardigan. The

skirt was neatly covered around her knees. Her two beautiful white legs were curled to one side.

An unsealed snack was in her left hand and in her right hand was a piece of dried

sweet potato. Her eyes were glued to the TV.

Mrs. Samantha sat on the opposite sofa, she lifted her head and saw Elvis.

"Elvis, you're home so early today. It's barely six."

"Grandma, I had just missed you." Elvis teased and unbuttoned his suit.

Mrs. Samantha put a potato chip into her mouth.

“Stop teasing grandma. You’re here because you missed Olive, right?”

Elvis looked at Olive. Olive turned her head and stared at him.

“You’re back” She muttered softly.

“Yup. I am.” Elvis nodded.

“Oh, okay.” Olive seemed to have been lost of words. She took her gaze away from him. She dipped her hand into the dried sweet potato and took a handful.

Elvis walked over and squatted in front of her.

“Do you want me to eat?” He asked aloud.

Olive stared down at him.

“It’s dried sweet potato, grandma bought it. Do you want to eat it?”

Elvis was aware that it was dried sweet potatoes. When he approached her, he could

smell the aroma. He was never interested in snacks, but the one she was eating

seemed to be very good.

Elvis furrowed his brows.

“I’ll try it.”

His eyes fell on the dried sweet potato in her hand. It was obvious that he wanted to

taste what she was eating, and he had no plans to do it himself.

He needed her to feed him.

Olive had already understood what he meant. She stuffed the dried sweet potato into

her mouth, then pushed the snack bag into his arms.

“There you go...”

Elvis’s eyes darkened. Mrs. Samantha put the snacks on the little table beside her, then

stood up and walked into the dining room.

“Olive, dinners ready, come eat.” Mrs. Samantha announced from the kitchen.

Olive wanted getting up, but Elvis kept the snack bag on the tiled floor. His hands clasped her back and took her directly into his arms. He smiled and muttered.

“What’s the matter? You wouldn’t even feed me snacks.”

Olive pressed her hands against his chest and struggled.

“What are you doing? Let go. Someone is watching. Grandma said that food is ready.”

There indeed was a maid in the living room who witnessed the scene. The maid quickly walked into the kitchen with a smile.

Elvis didn’t let go of her. He lowered his head and leaned towards her face.

“Then give me a kiss first.”

“No!” Olive protested and pushed him away. She stood up and walked hastily into the dining.

Elvis chuckled and took off his tie. He felt that all she wanted was for him to carry her to the room like he did the previous day, pull the sheets of the bed, sit her on his laps, and kiss her fiercely.

He heard Olive’s beautiful voice.

“Grandma, I won’t be home for dinner. A good friend of mine is arriving LA today, I’m heading to the airport to pick her up.”

“Okay, Olive, I’ll let the driver take you there. If your friend wants, she can come over and stay here for some days, just to keep you company.” The old

lady said quickly.

“Okay, grandma. I’ll sure let her know.”

Elvis walked over and said.

“I’ll take you to the airport.”

“No need.” Olive wanted rejecting his offer.

Elvis looked at her. Olive knew better than letting the old lady know that they weren’t on good terms.

“Oh, no problem. Thank you.” She hastily added.

The both walked out of the kitchen.

The butler. Mr. Henry mumbled,

“Madam, I think the relationship between the two is quite weird.”

Mrs. Samantha picked up her spoon and glanced at him.

“You better keep to your work.”

Mr. Henry could only go back to his duty.

Olive got into the Rolls–Royce Phantom and sat in the passenger’s seat.

The car drove smoothly into the bustling traffic. Olive turned her head and stared at the glass window. LA was really beautiful at dawn.

Elvis’s voice sounded, “Are you angry with me for that one million stuff?”

“No, I’m not. You worked hard for your money. I didn’t contribute a penny, so I don’t have the right to interfere with what you choose to do with it.”

“Would you believe me if I said that nothing happened between me and Pamela, and that I’ve only met her a few times?”

Olive turned to look at Elvis who was driving.

“Mr. Augustine, are you telling me that Pamela isn’t attractive? Or should I be laughing at your stupid joke?”

Elvis's eyes became gloomy, and his deep voice scolded.
"Mrs. Augustine, you can be angry and play with me, but don't say nonsense. You don't not know who I find attractive, and want to have sex with."
Olive turned her head back to the window without uttering another word.
Silence had engulfed the car.
Elvis continued,
"Pamela once saved me. I promise her three things. The first was to send her abroad.
The second is to invest in Hart's medical.'
Olive raised her hand and tucked a strand of hair behind her ear, then pouted her red lips,
"So, she just has to request and you'll grant her wish, right? Well, it won't be surprising if Pamela's third request is for you to marry her. So, if she request that, will you marry her?"
Elvis looked at her beautiful and calm face.
"I'm already married to Olive, how can I marry her? Or, do you want to push me to another woman?"

Chapter 60 Bite Him

Olive remembered the last time they almost fell out because of a something similar. But how was supposed to know that he would be involved with Pamela?
Pamela was the person she hated the most.
Olive lowered her eyes and asked,

“How did Pamela save you?”

She was really curious to know, because to her, Pamela wasn't the type to actually save others.

With Olive's question, Elvis reminisced on the incident which happened more than seven years ago.

The snow had fallen heavily and the cold was bone peircing. His limbs were cold and stiff, and his eyelids heavy. As he slowly closed his eyes, he felt his life passing right before him.

However, a pair of soft hands had hugged him, and a tender and beautiful voice sounded in his ears,

“Mister, what's the matter? Wake up! No, don't sleep!”

He really wanted opening his eyes to see who it was, but he couldn't.

In a daze, he felt the girl struggling to move him into a nearby cave. Although he could not open his eyes, he could clearly fell the girl picking up a branch to make a fire to keep him warm. Her hands had touched his forehead. He was cold as ice.

“Mister, I won't let you die. You must live. If you die, your family will be very sad.”

Soon, her soft and small body got into his arms and hugged him tightly.

Elvis had just turned twenty. It was his transitioning period from boyhood to manhood.

He had never hugged a girl before. The child's body was so soft as though it had zero

bones.

He could smell the sweet fragrance of the girl's body, which slowly seduced his nerves and left him fascinated.

He had survived.

After so many years, Elvis hadn't forgotten about that night. When he was on the verge of death, a pair of little hands saved him.

The girl woke up the next morning. While looking at him, she said, "Mister, it's dawn now. We need to get out of here, but I can't carry you. I'll call someone to come take you out of here. Bye."

The girl was leaving. He grabbed her wrist and handed her a silver pendant that he had carried with him. Although he couldn't open his eyes to see her face, he said to her in a hoarse voice, "I'll be back for you."

The girl had ran out, and the man she had went to call, came and took him home.

He had gone back severally to the cave to find the girl. But one day, Pamela appeared to him with his Silver pendant. and called him sweetly, "Mister, you're finally here. I've been waiting for you."

Elvis blinked and jolted himself back to reality. He pursed his lips and said to her, "It's already in the past."

He didn't tell her.

Olive knew that Elvis was of noble birth and had received the most quality education. It was an indisputable fact that Pamela had saved him.

Olive didn't ask any further. Infact, she had regretted asking,

because no matter what he said, she still wouldn't be happy.

Olive really was unable to maintain a calm attitude towards this matter. At this moment,

the car had already arrived at the airport's gate.

Olive didn't want to stay any longer. She unbuckled her seat belt and reached for the

car door, wanting to get out of the car immediately.

Elvis grabbed onto her slender arm.

"What are you doing? Let me go. North is back. I want to go pick her up." Olive pushed

him hard.

Elvis tightly imprisoned her.

"Olive, we're still talking. I've already confessed to you about Pamela. There is nothing

going on between me and her. Don't be angry with me, okay?"

"No, no. Elvis, you should know that I can't tolerate sand in my eyes. You better do

something about this. The third request might be what I had earlier said. "

Elvis saw that she was really angry and had begun to resist his touch and intimacy. He

frowned.

"Mrs. Augustine, on the premise that Pamela likes me, shouldn't you hold my heart

tighter and not let others succeed?"

"This time, I'm going to go against the routine. If you really get entangled with Pamela,

I'll definitely teach you both a lesson."

Elvis was also a little angry. He pulled her into his arms, lowered his face and kissed her

red lips. He just wanted to stop her from speaking.
In the living room awhile ago, she didn't allow him kiss her.
Olive kept turning her head, not wanting to kiss him.
Soon she lowered her head and bit him fiercely on his strong forearm.
Elvis felt his arm explode in pain and hastily let her go.
Olive quickly opened the front passenger's door and ran out without looking back.
Elvis slumped his stiff body into the driver's seat and raised his hand to cover his eyes.
When she kissed him, he felt as though she was gonna kill him, and if she didn't, it would be even worse.
Olive entered the airport lobby and sighted North in the crowd