

The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband

Chapter 511

Chapter 511 Biting her lower lip

Olive's words successfully aroused the excitement of the owners present, and at the same time aroused their desire to conquer. "The little beauty is interesting. It is really hard to put down. Okay, we accept your challenge!"

"Okay, so which one of you will fight first?"

"Me!"

Olive and one of the bosses went to play pool.

Elvis didn't move, but his gaze didn't leave Olive's slender body.

At this point, the two bosses walked up to Elvis's side. "President Augustine, don't you want to go up and play a few games?"

Another boss hastily rebuked, "What are you talking about? Mr. Augustine has brought his new favorite mistress, Miss Hazel here. If he and the little beauty go to a game of hilliards, Miss Hazel will be jealous."

"Miss Hazel is a beauty, too, but compared to the girl on the stage, she is still far behind."

"Mr. Augustine," the boss lowered his voice and laughed maliciously. "The little beauty on the stage has straight legs. and no slits between her legs. With my many years of experience, I can guarantee she is better!"

In men's entertainment, there are always obscene jokes. These bosses have focused on Olive for too long, now spontaneously saying sexual jokes.

Elvis looked at Olive. Now it's her turn to play pool, her slender and beautiful back bent, the billiard stick in her hand aiming for a colorful billiard ball and hitting it. With a snap, that colorful billiard ball entered the hole perfectly.

Olive won.

She was really pretty and sassy when she played pool, but Elvis didn't notice this. He looked at Olive's crouching pose, which made her butt look beautiful, her waist outlined a perfect S-curve, like the mouth of a porcelain vase.

This pose would cause many men to have evil thoughts, wanting to stand behind her, holding her waist with two big hands and....

Elvis picked up the teacup and took a sip of it, his protruding Adam's apple rolled up and down twice, and he swallowed the tea.

He's serious and well dressed, but maybe only he knows what he's thinking. He feels... Olive's body is more beautiful and toned than it was three years ago.

Elvis glanced at the boss next to him, casually curling his lips and sneered: "If you say she is a virgin, then I can assure you from my previous experience, you are wrong. She is definitely not a virgin.

Elvis hasn't attended these occasions in public for the past three years, and

his handsome and decent looks make it hard to imagine what he'd look like when telling profane jokes, but here he is now, sitting here telling the two bosses next to him a dirty joke about Olive.

The two bosses beside him looked at Elvis in surprise.

Elvis looked at Olive again. She is nothing special. She's had at least two men, and as far as he knows, she's been pregnant twice. This is completely unrelated, but her pure beauty and elegance easily deceive people's hearts and make them fall in love with her.

He saw through all the tricks she used!

Hazel sat quietly to one side. Elvis had scared her so much just now. She is comfortable now, and she is sure that there must be some unclear story between Elvis and Olive.

Seeing Elvis' eyes stay fixed on Olive and never take his eyes off her, Hazel enviously dug her nails into her palm. She could feel Elvis' gaze on Olive was dark and unfriendly, but no matter what look, his eyes were filled with Olive! Soon, those business owners were all defeated. Olive played one game each, but they all lost, and she won. Olive put down the billiards stick, flashed a bright smile, "losses, I've won you guys now. According to the deal, 1 can leave, and then I will have some time."

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Doted by My Billionaire Husum

Chapter 511 ting her lower lip

Olive lifted her leg and left.

"Wait a minute!" At this moment, an unsatisfied boss suddenly stopped Olive. Olive paused, asked. "Business men should be the most honest people, right? What's wrong? Do you want to play tricks?"

"We won't play tricks, but little beauty, you just heat us. There's still one person you can't win here!"

"Who?"

"President Augustine!"

The name "President Augustine" quickly received everyone's cheers, "That's right, little beauty, we were almost fooled by you. Just now you said you wanted to fight all of us present, but you still haven't defeated Mr. Augustine. For now, you must play a game with Mr. Augustine. If you beat him, we will let you go."

"Little beauty, you have to be careful, Boss Augustine is very good at billiards, so far invincible. I guess you will lose this game."

Everyone started booing and asking Olive to play a game with Elvis.

Olive's bright eyes looked into Elvis' handsome face, she asked, "Mr. Augustine, do you want to play with me? I think a prominent person like you

should despise me and won't play with me, right?"

If Olive plays pool with Elvis, she will have absolutely no chance of winning. She could only pray that he wouldn't like her and wouldn't want to play with her.

Elvis was so sharp-eyed, he immediately saw the fortune in Olive's heart. How can he make her wish come true? He stood up, took the billiard stick given to him by the other owners, decided. "Okay, I'll play a game then."

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Olive was speechless. She knew he did it on purpose. If he wasn't playing, she could have left without going with these bosses, but he chose to play. She had actually forgotten about him just now!

"Little beauty, come quickly! Do you know how many women want to play billiards with Mr. Augustine but they don't have this chance? Today should be recorded in your life history."

Olive raised her eyebrows slightly, she picked up the cue and played again. The match between Elvis and Olive began. Olive didn't want to admit defeat so she played steady, but soon she couldn't do what she wanted and was at a disadvantage. Because Elvis is so meticulous in the game, even if playing pool is a small thing, he plays well.

Elvis shot three balls in When they all entered the hole, the bosses watching couldn't help but give a round of applause. "Great!"

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"Little beauty, you are in danger. You have lost too many points." A boss reminded her.

Olive felt she was about to lose. She bit her red lips with white teeth, and looked at Elvis with a very uncomfortable look.

Elvis looked at her, too, and she became worried.

His gaze fell on her delicate red lips. Just now she bit her lip, there was a shallow tooth mark on her lower lip.

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Score 9.2

Chapter 512 Elvis, do you still love me?

Elvis's eyes darkened.

At this time, the bosses around laughed and said:

"Mr. Augustine, you are really powerful. You made the little beauty scared."

"How about this? Little beauty, in order not to lose too badly, you can admit

defeat to Mr. Augustine, saying "I lost'. You have such a beautiful voice, it's even better to say 'I lost."

"Look, Mr. Augustine brought his new favorite Hazel here. Miss Hazel is a new singer with a beautiful voice, where do you put Miss Hazel? She will be jealous."

"There's a chance to let Little Beauty and Miss Hazel compare their voices to see who sounds better."

These bosses were becoming more and more unscrupulous, and they were all booing and talking.

Olive picked up the billiards stick, saying. Thank you for your kindness, I won't accept defeat. Until the end, let's see who wins and who loses!"

Speaking of which, Olive pointed the billiards stick in her hand to the colored ball. This ball was very important. If she can hit the heart, then she can defeat Elvis.

Elvis saw her refusing to admit defeat, and she was now aiming for the colored ball, concentrating her mind on it, a beautiful strand of hair falling out and tangling around her rosy neck, her serious and attentive figure particularly dazzling

Elvis stepped forward on his long legs to Olive's back, the hatred in his heart slowly overflowing. He couldn't help but raise his hand, slapping Olive's hot butt.

"Bam." the crunchy sound of a hand slapping the butt echoed throughout the billiards room.

Everyone present was stunned. Who would have thought that Elvis would step up and slap Olive's bun?

Olive was defenseless. When her butt radiated a burning pain, her eyes quickly turned red, and she instinctively exclaimed. "Ah!"

Elvis' slap was cruel. It hurt.

What is he doing?

Is he crazy?

Olive raised her eyes and gave the mastermind a hard look.

Elvis looked at her red eyes from being bullied by him. He was in a very good mood. He raised his heroic sword brows, revealing the frivolity and evil charm of a man in his thirties from the corners of his narrow eyes, and he said with a hoarse smile, "I've tried it for you, and her voice actually sounds better than Hazel's."

The CEOs present were all talented people. If they couldn't feel Elvis's intentions for Olive, then they had been fooling around for so many years.

Elvis cares a lot about Olive, and that's naked and frank, otherwise he wouldn't have slapped Olive's ass.

Originally, these bosses wanted to steal Olive and make her their little

mistress, but now that Elvis is aggressively interfering and taking the woman from their hands, they can only... obediently give the woman out. Mr. Augustine first, please!

Olive's hand sized face turned red and then white, she could sense the vanity of Elvis. He wore a handmade shirt and trousers, a luxury watch on his wrist, a belt around his waist... all of these items were over a million. That's a symbol of his current status and wealth. But who would have thought that he would act like a scumbag seriously? He is the prime example of a polite scumbag.

He is no different from the bosses present here. They all see her as a tool for entertainment. Olive felt his humiliation and disrespect.

"President Augustine, what do you mean?" Olive raised her eyebrows and asked directly.

Elvis' tall, handsome body approached her, then he took her soft, boneless hand from behind, as if teaching her to play pool.

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The Substitute Bride: Dated By My Billionaire Plushand
Chapter 512 Eis, do you still love me?

But outsiders could see how vague this position was. The more Olive was annoyed, she twisted her waist like a water snake wanting to get out of his arms and restraint, "Let go of me!"

It's been three years, it doesn't seem that Olive didn't remember his warm and strong embrace. His shoulders had become firmer and thicker, and even his arms had become stiffer and stronger, but she couldn't feel any warmth. His whole body was cold and hard, so she dared not touch him.

She also didn't want to be hugged by him again and humiliated by him in this situation.

Elvis used his domineering force to hug her slender body into his chest, his thin lips fell to her snow-white earlobes, and warned in a deep voice: "Are you moving again?"

Olive quickly felt the changes in her body. For the past three years, her time in Visionary had been virtually frozen, and she had never been in contact with any man. Now a layer of blush quickly spread over her snow-white earlobes.

"Elvis, what exactly do you want to do?" Olive asked.

Her jet-black hair brushed against his handsome cheek, the familiar sweet scent of her body entering his nose, making him itch.

Elvis curled his thin lips in an evil arc, then said each word in a voice both of them could hear. "Now I give you two choices. One is to sleep with me tonight, the other is to sleep with them."

Olive's clear pupils suddenly constricted, the blush on her earlobes instantly disappeared, leaving only a pale look. So this was what he meant.

“Elvis, do you still... love me?” Olive asked softly.

Love?

Elvis found the word ironic and ridiculous. He still vividly remembered three years ago, how condescendingly and emotionlessly she had said to him, “Elvis, you’d better stop loving me. As long as I see a little love on your face, I’ll laugh at you!”

She said it herself!

“I don’t love you anymore. Now, I just hate you.”

Olive knew his answer would be like this, but she asked the question anyway. Maybe she just wanted to put an end to it

“You don’t love me anymore, why do you still want to sleep with me?”

“Oh.” Elvis forced a laugh out of his throat, “Olive, why are you so naive now? Even though I don’t love you, I have normal physical desires. If I don’t sleep with you, I will sleep with other women. You can surpass those women in every way, why don’t I let you serve me? Three years ago, you stabbed me and threw me like trash, now that you’re back, I’ll let you voluntarily submit to me and serve me, isn’t this perfect?”

Olive knows that. Turns out the relationship is gone, and he can still do the intimacy that only lovers do, which is a big irony indeed.

Now Elvis only hates her, just wants to torture, humiliate and possess her.

Olive hid the gloom in her eyes, then forcefully pushed Elvis away. She lifted her red lips, revealing a hint of sharpness, “President Augustine, I won’t choose either of these options. I won’t sleep with any of you.”

11:56

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Chapter 513 His game has just begun

Olive directly refused.

Elvis’ handsome eyes darkened in an instant, the depths of his eyes were like two small abysses that anyone careless would fall into.

Olive looked at him fearlessly, calmly said: “President Augustine, let’s play pool. Even though you’re at the top right now, I still have a chance to turn defeat into victory, right?”

At this point, Olive looked at the billiard game in front of her with clear eyes, showing a determined killing intent, saying. “I will definitely win.”

Elvis now looks at Olive. Three years later, she wore a sleeveless black dress, calmly played billiards in front of him, even more charming.

“Okay, I’ll wait for you to win.” Elvis whispered.

Olive lowered her waist. She aimed the billiard cue at a black ball in front of her, and then attacked with precision.

With a bang, the black ball smashed into all the balls around her, which was Elvis's siege.

Whispers sounded.

Everyone in the room was stunned. Even the manager of the Emperor Clubhouse couldn't help but exclaim. "Tull bar! A good shot. A really good shot. Perfect!"

Olive actually hit a full bar, shocking the audience.

When the manager praised her, he felt that the atmosphere wasn't good. Why were these bosses all looking at him?

That's right, if Clive wins this round, then Elvis...loses!

Olive single handedly beat all these business giants, like this black ball killing in every direction... How could these business tycoons be so embarrassed?

The bosses looked at Olive, a glint of deep amazement in their eyes. In fact, there are many beautiful girls, but there are too few capable and interesting girls who can play games with men. Olive is like a stunner.

Now the atmosphere in the billiard room became very tactful, and everyone carefully looked at Elvis's face.

Olive won. She put looked at Elvis, saying. "President Augustine, I won, so by the billiards stick back, then agreement, I can go now. Bye everyone."

Olive turned and left directly.

Elvis didn't move. He just stood there watching Olive's slim figure disappear from view. A few seconds later, he raised his finger to tear off a button of his black shirt. After his throat rolled up and down twice, he left too on his long legs.

The two left one by one. Everyone could smell an anomaly. If they weren't mistaken, Elvis' narrowed eyes just now seemed to be filled with a little red blood, making people shiver.

Now Hazel has run out. She is now Elvis's new mistress, how can she give him to someone else? She grabbed Elvis in the hallway, pouting her red lips in a seductive manner, "President Augustine, where are you going? Didn't you bring me here to play?"

Elvis looked at Hazel pretending to be seductive, all the patience he had left just now exhausted. Hazel made him want to vomit.

Three long years without Olive, only he knows, he has gradually forgotten her. When she wasn't around, he felt that these busy women around him were all bearable, at least not going to make him sick.

But now Olive has returned without any warning. Her beautiful face, like a combination of purity and charan, ber slim and radiant demeanor, and even a bit of amorous affection would make people fall in love.

Compared to her, the women around him were simply unbearably vulgar. Now that Elvis could clearly see the foundation on Hazel's face. It didn't look like Olive's milky skin at all, without any vulgar makeup. And Olive wouldn't pretend to be as glamorous as Hazel in front of him. She is very gentle, her voice is soft, her body is soft and fragrant.

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It's so strange. When Olive wasn't around, he thought everything was fine, but now that Olive appeared, he was heartbroken.

Elvis was confused inside, but there was no emotion on his handsome face. He had reached the age where he couldn't show himself, so he glanced briefly at Hazel's hand, his handsome eyelids lowered, "Move your hand."

Hazel's hand was pulling his sleeve.

Hazel had seen Elvis' indifference and impatience towards her. She found it really strange. When Olive was there, Elvis treated her like heaven. Now that Olive is gone, his treatment is gone, too.

Hazel quickly withdrew her hand. She didn't dare offend Elvis, but she also didn't want to give up. She walked over and rubbed Elvis body, the thing she was most satisfied with were her breasts. "Mr. Augustine, what's wrong, you don't like Hazel?-"

Elvis was no stranger to such temptation before, so he naturally knew Hazel's intentions. He lowered his eyes and glanced at Hazel's deliberately lowered neckline, showing no sexual interest.

However, his thin lips slowly drew a cold and mocking curve. "Go to the presidential suite and wait for me."

Hazel gasped in surprise. Gosh, is this for real? Elvis was going to... do something embarrassing with her?

It was direct and overbearing.

However, she loved it.

"President Augustine, you are bad-" Hazel said gracefully, then hurried to the presidential suite, finally adding a wink. "I'll wait for you-

After Hazel left, Elvis pulled his cell phone from his pocket and made a call, "Get me Olive!"

He waited for so long, three years, how could he let her go so easily?

The game has just begun, and he wants to play slowly with her!

After this, he will give her a big surprise!

Olive found North and North's short film had ended. She asked "Olive, where have you been? I was shocked when I just didn't see you."

"I just went out for a walk. North, let's go out."

"Okay."

Olive and North were about to leave, but suddenly a group of security guards

in black came running and blocking the place, "Sorry, you can't leave this place for the time being."

North hastily frowned, asking. "What do you mean?"

"Miss Paulo, the thing is, just now, our Emperor club suddenly lost a priceless treasure, and we can only ask you to stay here to coordinate our search"

Hearing that, Olive raised her eyebrows slightly. As she and North prepare to leave the Emperor's Club when an accident occurs, she must suspect that the accident was man-made.

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Score 9.2

Chapter 515 She Cried.

What did he say?

Olive glared at him fiercely. "Elvis, don't you dare!"

Elvis slowly narrowed his narrow eyes. Her threats were completely useless against him.

Elvis tugged at the front button of her little black dress, but perhaps it was because he was in a hurry. He rudely ripped open her shirt.

The buttons splattered open. Olive felt a chill on her body. She exclaimed and immediately stretched out her arms to cover her chest.

Elvis stared at her pink neck. There was nothing there.

She hadn't indeed taken his OneLove jewelry.

The pain she gave him three years ago was still vivid in his mind. Three years later, she did not even give him a reason to forgive her.

"Elvis, you've seen it. The OneLove is really not on me!" Olive exclaimed in a low voice.

Because Elvis had lowered his head and bit her neck, his sharp teeth had already submerged into her skin. Olive felt as if she had been bitten badly.

The pain was really hurting,

Olive's hands tightly clinged to his stiff shoulders

At this moment, Elvis stood up and easily supported her pretty buttocks. He carried her to the desk. Once he had sat her down, he squeezed his waist in between her legs.

Such a posture was ambiguous and flirtatious.

Elvis stretched out his palm and touched the tooth mark on her pink neck.

Just now, he had been ruthless, biting on the skin on her neck. Some tiny heads of blood had dripped out from the wound.

He leaned over, then he kissed Olive's neck, and he opened his mouth to swallow the blood.

Olive's head was forced back. He was sucking her blood. She flinched in fright. She was not allowed to escape.

"It hurts, Elvis," Olive murmured.

Elvis slowly let go of her. His narrow eyes were already stained with gloom. He looked sinister and bloodthirsty. Olive had already sensed his abnormality.

"Elvis, what's the matter with you?"

Elvis stared at her with red eyes, and said in a hoarse voice, "Olive, do you know how much I want to kill you now?" Olive knew that his cruel eyes were filled with hatred, as if the raging fire in his eyes was about to set her ablaze. She forced open her eyes. "Elvis, you have already searched my body, can you let me go? I want to go back."

Where did she want to go?

She didn't even want to stay with him for a second.

Elvis slowly let go of her, and the corners of his sexy lips curved into a sarcastic and charming arc. "I've almost searched everywhere, but there's one place I haven't searched yet," he replied.

Olive's densely combed eyelashes shuddered. She only had a skirt on her body. Where else did he want to search? Elvis lowered his eyes, and his gaze landed on her skirt. He grasped her slender legs and wanted to pull her skirt down. "Come on, show me what you're hiding in there."

Olive clasped her legs tightly so that he would not touch her. He had really humiliated her. Now, her clothes were disheveled, but his shirt and trousers had no wrinkles at all. He even had to search through her skirt, she was not a prostitute!

Olive wanted to raise her hand to push him away, but Elvis grabbed her wrist in time and tucked her hands behind her. He went on to use his fingers to lift her skirt.

Her legs felt cold, causing Olive to realize the danger. If her skirt was lifted, it would be a real humiliation to her.

He wanted to vigorously search her, thereby humiliating her.

A cold light flashed through Olive's clear eyes. Olive raised her hand backwards, and took out a weapon which was pinned on her hair. She wanted to pierce the small knife directly into Elvis's chest.

This time. Elvis did not move. He had already accurately captured her intentions and movements. He just looked at her coldly, and quickly sent his chest over. "Olive, stab here, you did three years ago. My chest is only a few

millimeters away, this time you must stab accurately, don't let me live!"

Olive movements suddenly stopped, and she could no longer get closer.

"What? You can't do it anymore?" Elvis reached out and patted Olive's pale face a few times. "Olive, this is unlike you. Three years ago, you were so cruel. Come on, I'll help you stab me."

Elvis reached out and ripped open the button of his shirt, revealing half of his strong chest. He pulled Olive's hand and stabbed his chest. "Come on, stab here!"

Olive saw his chest. Although he was already healed, there was a deep scar on his chest. It was the indelible mark she left on him three years ago.

The small knife in Olive's hand fell to the ground.

"If you can't stab me, then you should be obedient, or I'll really kill you!" Elvis lowered his eyes and kissed her red lips.

This was their first kiss after three years. There was no affection. He kissed her roughly, almost biting her.

Elvis kissed her as he reached out and pushed her skirt up. His red eyes were now even darker. He yanked his belt away with a swipe. He had long wanted to treat her like this.

Olive did not resist. If this was what he wanted, then she would give it to him.

Olive raised her two hands and wrapped her arms around his neck. She gently closed her eyes, but hot tears gently rolled down her cheeks.

She and he really couldn't go back to how they were.

Elvis kissed her fiercely. He suddenly halted and looked up and he saw that Olive's face was already covered with tears.

She was crying silently and sadly.

Elvis felt as if a basin of cold water had been poured down from the top of his head, instantly extinguishing all his passion and rendering him cold.

Chapter 516 Buy Me A Condom.

What was he doing?

Olive obviously didn't want to be intimate with him at all, but he kissed her fiercely. Elvis felt that his dignity had been trampled by her again.

His strong chest panted for a while, and he hoarsely shouted, "Get out!"

Olive quickly opened her eyes and looked at him in a daze. Why did he suddenly change his mind?

At this moment, Elvis reached out and clasped her arm, he rudely carried her off the desk and threw her on the carpet like a piece of trash.

Olive slumped onto the carpet. She felt like her butt was about to smash in

half.

Elvis quickly fastened his belt and wore back his elegance. He expressionlessly pulled out a tissue and wiped his lips back and forth a few times.

When she reached his feet, he yelled, "You're dirty!"

He said she was dirty.

Olive's clear pupils shrank. She finally understood why he had suddenly changed his mind, because he thought she was dirty.

Because he had kissed her just now, he even wiped his mouth with a tissue.

Olive looked at the ball of tissue paper at her feet. It was already crumpled. It was ridiculous, just like her pride. Olive adjusted her sleeveless black dress as quickly as she could, then she stood up. She wanted to leave here quickly. But at this moment, the door of the presidential suite was suddenly pushed open, and Hazel's delicate voice sounded, "Mr. Augustine, I've been waiting for you for a while now."

Olive looked up and watched Hazel walked in. Hazel had already showered, her long hair was wet, and she was wearing a red silk dress with suspenders. The smooth silk fabric perfectly outlined Hazel's graceful curves. Hazel was a sexy lady. And her voice was what Elvis fantasized the most about her.

Olive froze, as she did not expect Hazel to walk in.

Hazel was stunned when she saw Olive, but she quickly walked to Elvis's side.

"Why are you with this woman? What is she doing here?" she inquired.

Olive turned to look at Elvis.

If Hazel was already waiting for him in the room, so why then did he bring her over?

Elvis stretched out his arms and wrapped his arms around Hazel's soft waist. He was flirting with Hazel in front of Olive.

Olive turned around and left. She didn't want to stay here for another second.

But Elvis raised his head and looked at Olive's delicate and pretty figure.

"Stop!" he ordered.

What did he stop her for?

Olive took in a deep breath and turned to look at him. "Mr. Augustine, what other orders do you have? Can I take my friend out of the Emperor's Clubhouse?"

Elvis raised his eyebrows. "Of course, but before you leave, you have to do one more thing for me."

Olive had a feeling that Elvis wasn't going to request her to do something easy. She asked, "What's that, sir?"

"As you can see, I'm going to do have some fun with Hazel later. However, I don't have any protection here, so please go to the front desk downstairs and

get me two packs of condom.” Elvis requested.

“Oh, Mr. Augustine, you’re so naughty. We can’t use up to two packet,” Hazel whispered audibly.

Elvis caressed Hazel’s long hair and hugged her.

Olive froze. She couldn’t actually believe that Elvis asked her to get him two packets of condom.

How could he do that?

Olive felt as if a knife had been ruthlessly plunged into her heart.

Elvis squinted his narrow eyes and looked at Olive indifferently. The pain she had inflicted on him few years ago was returning to her, and now it was only the beginning!

“What are you still doing? Hurry up and get it for me!” Elvis urged.

Olive didn’t know how she left the presidential suite, but she knew that she exited the room.

Olive went to the front desk of the Emperor’s Clubhouse. The clubhouse were all prepared to serve Elvis. In fact, as long as Elvis called, someone would immediately attend to his needs, but he insisted on her personally bringing the condom for him.

“Hello, I’d like to get two packets of condom,” Olive said softly.

The front desk worker was used to these things. She pointed to the window at the back, “Okay, but what size do you want?”

Olive raised her head and looked at the condoms displayed on a shelf. Her pale face showed a little embarrassment and discomfort. “Um, the biggest one,” she replied.

The front desk lady’s eyes lit up. She took the two largest packs and handed them over to Olive.

Olive held the condom and went upstairs to the presidential suite.

It was the first time in her life that she bought a condom for Elvis.

In the presidential suite, Hazel sat in front of the dressing mirror.

Elvis was taking a shower in the bathroom.

Hazel looked at Olive who had just arrived, she smiled arrogantly. “Didn’t you want to seduce president Augustine? But president Augustine doesn’t even spare you a glance at all. I feel very sorry for you.”

Olive looked at Hazel coldly, “Reserve the pity for yourself, because you will really need it.”

“What do you mean? Hazel probed.

“As we all know, Elvis will never sleep with the same woman twice. Tonight is your first and last time with Elvis,” Olive replied cruelly.

Hazel froze for a moment.

Olive continued, “It’s said that Elvis changes women as he changes his clothes. You’re just Elvis’s favorite for today. and you’ll be kicked out

tomorrow.”

“How dare you!” Hazel’s pretty face was crooked with anger.

Olive kept the condom in her hand on the bed.

“If you don’t sleep with Elvis tonight, then these two packs of condoms will still be empty, because he’ll still make use of it with another lady.”

With that, Olive raised her foot and left.

Suddenly, the door to the bathroom was pushed open.

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Chapter 517 Locked Her Inside.

Elvis came out.

Olive raised her eyes and looked at Elvis. Elvis’s tall and sturdy body was wrapped in the refreshing cold air from the shower.

Just after taking a shower, his short hair was wet, and he was wearing a white bathrobe. The belt between his waist was a little loose, revealing a small piece of his chest, which made him look extraordinarily young and handsome.

“Mr. Augustine, you’re done!” Hazel ran over and fell onto Elvis’s chest.

Olive looked at Elvis, and said, “Mr. Augustine, I have already done what you asked me to do.”

Elvis casually wiped his wet short hair with a towel, then he glanced at the two packets of condom on the bed

“The biggest one?” he muttered rhetorically.

Hazel looked at Olive with a hostile expression. “Mr. Augustine, I don’t feel safe with her here. I think she even likes you.”

Olive was speechless. She said again to Elvis, “Mr. Augustine, I’m done with what I had to do here. Can I take my friend and leave now?”

“Why the hurry? I have one more thing for you to do.” Elvis said with great interest.

Olive quickly frowned. She was a little suspicious. Elvis deliberately played with her and would not let her and North leave.

Elvis saw through her thoughts, so he immediately dispelled her doubts.

“Don’t worry, I’ll say what I need you to do right away. After you’re done with it, I’ll let you and North leave immediately.”

“What’s that, sir?”

Elvis’s pointed at the closet next to him. The closet is a little messy. Go in and clean up. I’ll let you leave when you’re done.”

So simple?

Olive walked into the closet with suspicion, but she soon realized that something was wrong. because the closet was not messy at all, it was very

clean, not even a single bit of dust could be found there.

“Elvis, what does you mean?” Olive quickly asked.

Elvis stood tall by the door and blocked her inside. “It doesn’t mean much. I’m just asking you to stay inside for a while. An hour should be almost enough.”

A thought quickly flashed through Olive’s mind. If she stayed here, what would he and Hazel do in the room? Could it be that he wanted her to listen to their sexual activities?

Olive gasped at the thought. No, he’s was a lunatic!

“Elvis, I don’t want to stay here, let me out!” Olive raised her legs and made to run out.

But it was too late. Elvis had already locked the closet door and she could not get out.

All Olive could see was darkness. She raised her hand and knocked on the door. “Elvis, what are you trying to do? Why did you leave me here?”

Olive had an ominous feeling, and that made her panic.

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ute Bride: Boted by My Billionaire Hlustanul

Elvis stood outside the door. He looked coldly at the closed closet door in front of him. “Olivé, you’re a smart girl, you should have guessed it already, right?

There’s no need to doubt, your guess is right. Please stay inside and listen carefully.”

“Listen to what?” she acted oblivious to what he spoke about.

Elvis raised his thin lips and smiled cruelly. “I can sleep with you, or sleep with other women. I want you to listen to how I dote on other women!”

Olive’s hands and feet were cold. It took a few seconds for her to react. Sure enough, she guessed correctly. “Elvis, I don’t want to. Are you a p ervert? Let me out, I don’t want to listen!”

Pe rve rted? Maybe he was, but she forced all this on him.

Elvis ignored Olive and stared at Hazel with his narrow and deep eyes. He said in a h oar se voice, “Come here.”

Hazel had listened to the conversation between the two of them. She was a little confused, but after receiving Elvis’s invitation, she quickly went over.

Elvis quickly scented the fragrance on Hazel’s body. He reached out and grabbed her slender wrist with his thick palm.

He stood before her, and gazed at her.

Hazel’s heart pounded heavily, she also couldn’t wait to be in his arms.

Even if Elvis wanted sleeping with her for free, she would still be happy!

If she slept with such a top-quality man, he did not slept with her, but she slept with him!

Hazel kissed Elvis's handsome face again.

Elvis turned his head away impatiently.

The palm of his hand touched Hazel's forehead, and he pushed her against the wall, far away from him.

Hazel was really stunned. Didn't he agree to sleeping with her?

Hazel stared hurtfully at Elvis. "Mr. Augustine, what's the matter?" she inquired.

Elvis did not respond. He looked at her casually and asked, "Don't you know what to call me?"

Crystal was stunned, but she did not understand what he meant. "I don't understand, Elvis."

Elvis raised his thin lips and said regretfully, "If you can't moan, what then is your usefulness? After all, there are many women who can moan seductively."

—

In the closet.

Hazel's moan quickly reached Olive's ears. She bit her lower lip and slammed the door hard.

"Elvis, you bas tard! Quickly let me out!"

He locked her here so she could listen to him sleep with other women.

How cruel.

Olive felt as if her heart had been torn in two. She knocked on the door crazily, until her white hand turned red and swollen.

Olive could feel the pains in her heart.

"Elvis, no!" she murmured, as her body slowly slid down to the ground. Her legs curled up and she

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Chapter 517 Locked Her Inside.

hugged herself.

She covered her ears with her hands, unwillingly to listen to them, because every second was a torment to her.

In the past three years, when she was at the most critical stage of her life, she hadn't felt this way, her heart was numb from pains.

(3)

Chapter 518 He Has Autism.

An hour later.

With a click, the closet door was pushed open from the outside, and a trace of light seeped in. Elvis stood beside the door, as he stared at Olive, who had

curled up in a corner.

Olive moved. Her white hands supported the wall and she stood up. Her face was dry and there were no tears on it.

Olive raised her head, she looked at him, and asked calmly, "Are you okay?" Elvis sneered slightly. "This round was so much fun. We will be going on another round soon. If Miss Hart is interested, she can stay and watch us." Olive's two white hands supported the wall as she walked out slowly. "No need, I'll take my friend and leave now,"

Olive walked out of the closet. As soon as she reached the room, she saw that ground was littered with Hazel's and Elvis's clothes. At first glance, one could see that the duo had satisfied themselves with each other's body. Hazel was still in the room. She was getting dressed. Her fingers were hooked on the suspenders of her nightdress. She was sweating, as if she had been working really hard.

Hearing the approaching footsteps, Hazel turned around and looked at Olive. Hazel's eyes didn't convey the arrogance that she had earlier exuded. She seemed tired.

Olive was not interested in spending another second in there, so she opened the door and left.

Hazel looked at Elvis. Hazel understood perfectly what had happened. Everything was fake, her moans were fake. All of the act was for Olive to watch.

Elvis stared at Olive's slender figure until she disappeared from sight.

"I hope you understand what just happened?" Elvis asked.

"Yes, I understand!" Hazel nodded.

"Get out!" Elvis ordered heartlessly.

Hazel did not dare to linger. She quickly grabbed her clothes and ran away without looking back.

Hazel understood perfectly. Elvis locked Olive in the closet, and had pretended to be having sex with her.

However, irregardless if what Elvis did was was right or not, it was a world between him and Olive

Everyone was a third party.

Elvis adhered to the advice of a psychologist and sent Nathan to a private aristocratic kindergarten. Psychologists were of the opinion that Nathan's IQ was amazing. He was hostile to even the psychologists who came to treat him.

He would not receive treatment.

Elvis personally drove Nathan to the noble kindergarten.

He touched Nathan's little head, and said, "Nathan, you're going to school from now on, You are here to listen to the teacher and behave well, I'll pick you up from school in the afternoon."

Husband

Nathan carried his small schoolbag and nodded.

At this moment, Mr. Lucas from the kindergarten walked out and held Nathan's little hand. "Mr. Augustine, don't worry about Nathan, he's in perfect hands. We will take good care of him."

"Okay, Mr. Lucas, I'll communicate with you about Nathan's situation at any time." Elvis replied.

"Okay, Mr. Augustine. Nathan, say goodbye to daddy," Mr. Lucas raised Nathan's hand and waved to Elvis.

Then he took Nathan to the classroom.

In the class, the children in the room circled around Nathan, as they tried to get acquainted to him.

"Hey, what's your name? You're so beautiful. You're prettier than some girls."

"Let's be good friends. My name is Earl.

Nathan had inherited the good looks of Elvis and Olive.

With such looks, all the kids in his class wanted to be his friend.

However, Nathan sat on his desk indifferently and was not interested in making friends.

Outside the classroom, Mr. Lucas led a beautiful figure over.

"Miss Hart, this is the class you will be taking. These children are all cute little angels. We need to deal with them with love, patience and tolerance. Among them, a little kid just arrived, and his situation is special and needs your special attention. It's that little boy over there, his name is Nathan, Mr. Lucas pointed to Nathan.

Olive was here. She got first-hand information that Elvis had sent Nathan to this private aristocratic kindergarten, so she went ahead and applied for a teacher in the school.

Ever since she had parted ways with Elvis at the Emperor's clubhouse, she did not expect anything more from Elvis. All she wanted was to see her son, Nathan.

Olive trailed Mr. Lucas's finger and saw Nathan inside.

Her heart instantly softened. Her little Nathan was different from Levi and Ivy. Three years ago, after she gave birth to her children, she had only seen him for a moment.

Since she woke up, she had been thinking about her little Nathan every moment.

She thought about how he was, what he looked like, and if he even missed

her.

Now that Olive finally saw Nathan, she gazed at his face which exuded the same indifference and temperament as Elvis.

At this moment, Mr. Lucas said, "Mr. Hart, I have to tell you about Nathan's situation. Nathan is three years old this year, but he still doesn't know how to speak. Moreover, he is indifferent and never plays with other children. I was told that he has autism."

Olive suddenly trembled and looked at Mr. Lucas in shock. "Mr. Lucas, did you mean that Nathan has autism and can't speak yet?"

"Yes, Miss Hart." Mr. Lucas nodded solemnly.

"Although Nathan was born with a high IQ, unfortunately, he is a child with a psychological defect."

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Chapter 519 Olive Met Her Son Nathan

The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband Novel Full Episode

Score 9.2

Chapter 519 Olive Met Her Son, Nathan.

Was Nathan a child with mental defect?

Olive was dumfounded as she heard Mr. Lucas's words.

How could it be possible? Levi and Ivy were very healthy. How could Nathan have a mental defect?

Olive was shocked, but she quickly calmed down. Her little Nathan was definitely not flawed. She believed in Nathan.

"Mr. Lucas, it's normal for a child not to speak at three, well in some cases. I have learned some language education. In the future, I can spend more time teaching him to speak. As for him not playing with the other children, we can also guide him well. In short, we can't segregate Nathan. We should treat him as a normal child. This is very important," Olive replied calmly.

Mr. Lucas looked at Olive. Olive's eyes shone with extreme determination and strength.

Mr. Lucas was even more satisfied with Olive.

"Miss Hart, it seems that we made the right choice to hire you. You're definitely perfect for this role..."

Mr. Lucas had started to teach his class. He smiled and beckoned on the kids, "Come on, children, read with me. This is one, two, three..."

The children read along with Mr. Lucas with their loud and tender voices. Nathan sat on his chair. He glanced at the numbers on the board and thought that they were childish.

A big boss of a mobile game app, whose focus was on digital programming, found himself sitting in kindergarten, and was being taught about numbers, Nathan felt really offended.

Nathan yawned and laid his head on the table, as he fell asleep.

At this moment, Mr. Lucas placed the digital pen in his hand on the table.

“Alright, children, now Mr. Lucas will officially introduce a new teacher to you. In the future, this new teacher will take care of you together with Mr. Lucas. Let’s welcome Miss Hart with a round of applause.”

The children were very enthusiastic. They extended their hands and clapped their hands to welcome Olive.

Olive walked in. Her red lips were hooked, and her bright eyes gazed at the children.

“Hello, children, I’m your new teacher, Miss Hart!” Olive introduced herself.

The children exclaimed, “Oh my God, what a beautiful and gentle new teacher. She’s even more beautiful and gentle than my mummy, she’s like a fairy from heaven.”

An extremely excited kid pushed Nathan, who was sleeping next to him.

“Nathan, wake up, look at the new teacher, she looks like a fairy!” he whispered to Nathan.

Nathan had already fallen asleep. Last night, he was busy checking the loopholes in the programming, so he slept late. He felt really sleepy, and was not interested in any new teacher.

Olive looked at Nathan from the podium. Then, she walked over and came to Nathan side.

“Hello, Nathan, wake up”

While still in a daze, Nathan heard a beautiful and soft voice. The voice was exactly how he imagined his mother’s voice to be.

Chapter 519 Clive Met Her Son, Nathan

Nathan quickly opened his eyes and woke up.

He immediately saw Olive.

Today, Olive was wearing a floral dress. Her long black hair flowed softly, and her beautiful face. was without makeup.

She walked over to him with a magnificent and warm glow. A smile appeared on her face, as she stared at him.

Nathan felt like he was in a dream. He often dreamt of his mother

But in the dream, no matter how hard he tried, he couldn’t see his mother’s face clearly.

Now, he could see clearly see Olive’s face. The dream and reality quickly

overlapped.

Nathan immediately reached out and rubbed his troubled eyes, because he felt that he was still dreaming.

At this moment, Olive slowly crouched down. She stretched out her hand to support her chin, and then she winked at Nathan.

“Hello, Nathan, you’re so cute, why are sleeping in class? From now on, ensure that you go to sleep before nine o’clock each night, and you’ll even get cuter.”

Olive stood very close to Nathan. And Nathan could see Olive’s clear eyes. Nathan’s delicate and cold face slowly turned red, and he was actually a little shy.

Olive smiled at him, and then she walked away from him to the front of the class.

“Children, today, Miss Hart has prepared a gift for each of you,” Olive muttered, and placed the bag of gifts in her hand on the table.

The children’s eyes lit up. Olive slowly took out the gifts.

Some of the gifts were barbie dolls, and some were cute cartoon characters.

“Teacher fairy, I want this.”

“Teacher fairy, I want this,” the children picked out their favorite gifts.

Nathan looked at the children who were picking out their favorite gifts.

“Nathan?” Olive waved to him.

Nathan hesitated for a moment, then he walked forward.

Olive handed a small gift into his palm, “Nathan, this is for you.”

Nathan looked at his hand. His little gift was not a cartoon character. It was a big, simple, smiley face. It was clean, warm and bright.

“I heard that Nathan is already super talented. Then Miss Hart hopes that Nathan can smile more in the future,” Olive muttered to him.

After school, Elvis came to pick up Nathan. His Rolls-Royce Phantom was parked on the side of the road.

He wore a black suit. And he leaned against the luxurious car.

Mr. Lucas led the children out. Elvis raised his legs and walked over. He took Nathan’s small schoolbag with one hand and easily carried him in his arms with the other.

Chapter 520 Who Gave You This?

The children’s eyes lit up.

“My God, is that Nathan’s father? His father is so tall and handsome. He’s even taller and more handsome than my father!”

“Nathan’s father is taller and more handsome than my father, and teacher

fairy is more beautiful and gentler than my mother. I really want to change father and mother. I want Nathan's dad to be my father, and teacher fairy my mother!" the kids muttered in admiration.

"Look, children, your father and mother are all here. Go on now and meet them," Mr. Lucas urged the children.

Elvis took Nathan into the Rolls-Royce Phantom luxurious car. Nathan sat in the child safety seat at the back.

"Nathan, how was school today?" Elvis inquired.

There was no response from behind.

Elvis raised his head and looked through the rearview mirror with his deep, narrow eyes. He saw Nathan resting on the brightly lit car window, reluctantly looking at the aristocratic kindergarten, as if there was something there that attracted him.

Elvis knew his son very well. Nathan was indifferent to the outside world. This was the first time he had been interested in things other than programming.

Elvis couldn't help but look up and gaze in the direction of the noble kindergarten, but there was no one there.

"Nathan, what are you looking at?"

At this moment, Nathan slowly retracted his gaze. He lowered his head and hung the big smiley face that Olive had given him on his schoolbag.

Nathan's expression was serious and focused. Elvis could see that he liked the smiley face very much. Nathan even caressed it with his little hands many times.

Elvis felt that he was being ignored. Nathan completely treated him as if he was invisible.

The duo returned to the Serenity villa without communication. When they got off the car, Elvis walked over, stretched out his big hand and grabbed the smiley face hanging on his schoolbag.

He looked at the smiley face, and knew that it was something very cheap, but for some reason, Nathan treated the smiley face like a jewel.

"Nathan, who gave you this smiley face?"

It was necessary for Elvis to ask. For the past three years, Nathan had been under the protection of the Augustine family, and outsiders could not touch him.

After all, there were too many women who thought badly about him. They all wanted to marry into the Augustine family and become Mrs. Augustine. As the young prince of the Augustine family, some women wanted to use Nathan as a mean of getting closer to Elvis.

The smiley face looked like it was from a woman.

Elvis reached out and grabbed the smiley face. Nathan quickly stretched out his hand to grab it back.

Elvis looked down at the little boy beside his legs. “You can let go. Tell me, who gave you this smiley face?”

Nathan pondered for a while, and then he wrote the words, “Teacher fairy,” on the paper.

Teacher fairy?

Elvis slowly narrowed his eyes.

Nathan suddenly grabbed his smiley face back and ran straight into the villa.

Elvis stood on the lawn, he pressed a button on his phone, and Peterson quickly report from the other end,

“Young Master, I just got the news. Today, Little Master saw Miss Hart in the kindergarten.”,

What?

Elvis’s handsome eyebrows sank, his entire aura was gloomy.

“Young Master, Miss Hart has applied for a job as a kindergarten teacher. I think Miss Hart is...deliberately approaching Little Master. It seems that Little Master likes...Miss Hart.” Peterson added.

Elvis hung up without uttering a word in response.

At this moment, Peterson sent a message to Elvis.

Elvis clicked on the message. It was a photo of Olive and Nathan.

In the dazzling golden sunlight, Olive squatted down and smiled softly at Nathan’s small face. Nathan looked at Olive with a little embarrassment and a little fondness. The sun radiated warmth from their bodies.

Elvis looked at the mother and son in the photo. He looked back and forth several times. He knew how much he knew his son, he had never seen Nathan like this.

The Nathan he knew was cold and noble, and he refused to be close to others. However, in the photo, Nathan was very soft, just like a regular three-year-old child.

Elvis pursed his thin lips into a cold arc. He did not expect that Olive would be so bold and had already met Nathan right under his nose.

Did she know that Nathan was her biological son?

What was her purpose?

Elvis sneered. She was like this again. She wanted to leave and come back at will. She wanted to break their peaceful life.

Elvis put away his phone and entered the villa.

In the villa.

Elvis returned to the master’s bedroom and stood in the room with his long legs. He raised his fingers and unbuttoned his white shirt.

His thumb and index finger were supported on the black belt around his waist. He was about to pull the belt off and go to the bathroom to take a shower, but at this moment, Aunt Layla's exclamation sounded, "Little Master, quickly open the door and let Aunt Layla give you a shower!"

Elvis's handsome facial features were calm, and a low curse overflowed from his thin lips, "Little bastard, causing trouble for me again!"

He was angry. In the past three years, he had been both a father and a mother to Nathan. Now that

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Olive came back, she only gave him a cheap smiley face, and that got him hooked to her. Elvis pulled out his legs and walked out of the room. He came to Nathan's door.

"Sir, Young Master didn't let me bathe him and even locked the door," Aunt Layla reported anxiously.

Elvis put his big palm on the doorknob and tried to open it, but it was locked from inside.

With one hand on his hip, he stretched out his tongue and licked his dry lips.

His deep and majestic voice sounded, "Nathan, open the door quickly, do you want me to break your door?"

The door wasn't still opened.

Elvis raised his right leg and kicked the door of the room with a bang.

The loud sound spread throughout the entire villa, with an incomparably cold anger and a powerful aura that made people's hearts tremble.

Some of the maids in the living room secretly glanced up. The retro-carved railings and the champagne gold crystal chandeliers were all low-key and luxurious.

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