

The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband Chapter 61

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Chapter 61 She Won't Go Home Tonight

North was a hot star, one whose photograph was requested by media reporters

wherever she went. So today, she wore a low-key disguised dress.

She was clothed in a black jumpsuit, with a small feathery white bag. This could be

passed off as a very simple dress, but on North, it looked stunning and full of vitality.

Afraid that she would be recognized, North wore a feathery white hat. Her brown curly

hair was lazily draped over her shoulders. She effortlessly pulled people's attention to herself.

Olive waved her little hand and her mood instantly changed from gloomy to bright.

"North? Over here!"

North raised her eyes and quickly walked over. She reached out and held Olive's beautiful face.

"Olive! I haven't seen your face for some days."

Olive was amused, she muttered with a smile.

"Neither have I seen yours."

North's manager, Erica Dante, was pushing her suitcase. She saw that lots of people

were taking out their phones to take pictures.

She moved to North and Olive and said to them,

"Good day Miss Olive. Miss North, I think that it's too ostentatious here. Let's get into

the car first.

“Good day.” Olive responded with a smile.” Okay sure let’s go ahead.” She added as

they walked out of the airport. lobby.

A high–class luxury car had already arrived to pick them up. Erica placed the suitcase in

the trunk.

“Olive, let’s get in the car.” North pulled Olive into the car.

“Where are you headed?” A deep male voice sounded.

North turned and her eyes met with Elvis’s, she stretched out her small hand and took

off the black sunglasses, revealing a small face which was as beautiful as LA.

“Mr. Augustine, I’ve admired your name for such a long time.”

North paused and glanced at Erica.

“I didn’t expect to meet Mr. Augustine immediately I arrived. Erica, Mr. Augustine car is

here to drop us off, you can go ahead with my suitcase.”

“Okay Miss.” Erica nodded and got into the car. North and Olive exited the car, as the

driver drove off with Erica.

As a gentleman, Elvis opened the rear door of the Rolls–Royce Phantom.

“Do come in.”

Olive got into the car. North quickly moved closer to her. She blinked awkwardly and

whispered,

“Olive, you really do have a good eyesight.”

“North? What are you talking about?” Olive whispered back.

Elvis got into the car, and the conversation between the girlfriends had ended abruptly.

The car had started smoothly, Olive looked at North who sat beside her.

“North, how long will it take before you go back?”

For the last two years, North worked with a very tight schedule. In addition to filming and acting, she also had numerous business activities, which included attending the quarterly fashion shows of topnotch brands.

North pondered for a while. She raised her eyes and looked at Elvis who was sited on the driver’s seat.

“Mr. Augustine, I heard that you spent 1.2 million for Hart’s medical. My friend Olive here has a very good personality and doesn’t know how to beat people. But me? I’m quite different. If I beat Pamela who is a certified bitch, will you feel bad?”

Elvis raised his handsome eyelids and looked at North through the rearview mirror. His eyes fell on Olive’s bright eyes.

“I’m not acquainted to her, so feel free to do whatsoever you wish.”

It was more like he was speaking to Olive, who kept avoiding his gaze.

North didn’t utter another word to Elvis, she pulled Olive’s slender arm.

“Olive, we haven’t seen each other for a long time. Don’t go back tonight, come stay with me.”

Before Olive could respond to her, Elvis quickly furrowed his brows and said quickly.

“That’s not a good idea, okay?”

“Why, why not?” North asked with her face clouded with confusion.

“I can remember vividly that you both just met in New York. It’s barely been a while since you both saw each other.” “Not seeing each other for a day, feels like not seeing each other for more than a year. President Augustine, you can spend a million plus on a girl. but can’t allow my Olive spend the night with her best friend, Why that?” Elvis felt his head ache. He was certain that Olive’s best friend kept bringing up the topic on purpose. “If Olive doesn’t return home, she’ll be missed by plenty people, such as grandma, and Phoebe.” North ruthlessly added, “That’s their business.”

Elvis didn’t say another word. His eyes fell on Olive’s face. Of course, Olive understood what he implied. He didn’t want her passing the night with North, because he needed her home.

The dignified CEO of the Augustine corporation had intentionally used his grandmother and the innocent Phoebe as his shield, where as it was him who would miss her.

Olive nodded.

“Okay, North, I’ll pass the night with you. Mr. Augustine, please inform grandma that I won’t be coming home tonight.”

Elvis retracted his gaze. He focused his eyes at the bright neon light outside the window. He twisted his lips and said.

“Just stay for the night. I’ll pick you up tomorrow.”

“That won’t work. The duration on which Olive will stay at my

place will be dependant on my mood.” North protested.

Elvis knew better than to argue with a woman. Olive raised her eyes and looked at Elvis who sat in front of her. His face was indifferent and devoid of emotion.

The button on his shirt was unbuttoned twice. The man was elegant and charming.

Olive was certain that he indeed was angry. She looked away. The car arrived in front of North’s apartment. Olive and North exited the car. North said

politely to Elvis,

“Thank you, Mr. Augustine, goodnight.”

They both headed into the apartment without looking back. They walked into the

elevator and North said proudly,

“He seemed to be angry. He deserves it. As your family, if I don’t stand up for you, who will?”

Olive really didn’t want to deal with Elvis for the time being.

They got into the apartment. North smiled and said,

“It seems that the night that you returned from New York, boss Augustine really was

satisfied, because what was that expression on his face when I said you weren’t going

home. If you didn’t show your support for my choice, I would have been afraid.”

Olive chuckled and muttered,

“We did nothing though.”

“Really? Olive, honestly? How far have you guys progressed?”

North questioned with

furrowed brows.

“Uhm well.” Olive hesitated, she turned her head and her eyes

met North's inquisitive eyes.

"Okay, fine. We just kissed!"

Chapter 62: Swipe his card

"Where did you guys kiss?" North questioned with her eyes beaming with joy.

"Well, it was just upto the neck." Olive replied shyly.

North was quite surprised.

"Olive, Elvis is a mature and abstinent type. A man's maturity is not only because of his extraordinary manners, but also by his wealth, power and status. The most important thing is his sexual prowess."

Olive smiled timidly.

"I think that Elvis should understand though. He's just waiting for the perfect time." North added.

Olive didn't want to speak any further. She knew that, whenever North started her speech, there was no going back.

North stared at Olive's bright eyes and saw that she was really in love with Elvis.

However, North wasn't surprised. It was hard not to be moved by someone like Elvis.

She remembered the way Elvis had looked at Olive, it was exactly how a man stared at his lady.

North suddenly remembered Pamela.

"Olive, what's the relationship between Elvis and Pamela?" Did you ask him?

"I did. He said that, Pamela had saved his life sometime. Hence he was just returning

the favor.” Olive responded and sat on the couch.

North’s face was filled with questions.

“Pamela doesn’t really look like the type to save someone. Oh, let me guess, she sent someone to attack the rich and wealthy Elvis Augustine, and then she appeared as his saviour.”

Olive stared admiringly at North. North was the type to take note of the slightest hint, and turn it into an epic story.

North turned to Olive and asked.

“What about the man you saved? Why didn’t you save Elvis?”

“I think I’ll have to go back and ask my seven years old self.”

North frowned.

“Olive, I always feel as though Pamela is hiding some secret.

After you left LA, why did

Pamela become such a medical genius? And how did she save the prominent Elvis Augustine?”

Regarding the first question, Olive felt that Pamela’s rapid medical skills were

connected with her mother’s death. and her grandfather’s coma. It was still a mystery.

For the second question, she really didn’t how Pamela saved Elvis. Elvis hadn’t agreed

on telling her. With her intuition, she was certain that Elvis chose not to mention the

event because he was protecting her interest, as her saviour.

Olive was most worried about the fact that, Elvis saw Pamela as his saviour. She wasn’t

ready to share her man with another woman, not even Pamela.

Erica had hired a chef who had quickly prepared a delicious dinner.

After the meal, Olive took a shower and wiped her hair with a towel. When she looked downstairs, she suddenly sighted Elvis's Rolls-Royce Phantom. Elvis hadn't left.

Olive lowered her hand and closed the curtains.

North walked out of the bathroom and said to Olive, "Olive, President Augustine gave Pamela 1.2 million right? How much did he give you?"

Olive halted.

"What?"

"Oh, my poor Olive, from a man's perspective, the amount he gives to a woman

indicates how much he loves her

Elvis wouldn't have given you lesser, right?"

Olive remembered that Elvis had once given her his black card.

Although she had never used it, it was still in her bag.

"Uhm. well, he did give me a card sometime. Hang on, I think it's in this bag." Olive

headed to her black bag which laid on the dressing table. She rampaged through the

bag, and took out the black and gold card. She walked back to North and handed it over

to her.

North quickly took a deep breathe and stared at the lettering

"Augustine"

"This card can mobilize all of Elvis's asset. Although he gave Pamela 1.2 mill, President

Augustine has handed over the entire treasury of the Augustine's family empire to you.

You've made a fortune!"

Olive wasn't aware of the power that the card possessed. He gave Pamela a little

amount, but he gave her a vault. Olive felt a little sweeter.

"Olive, let's go shopping tomorrow. Boss Augustine's money is in our hands.

Olive made to protest.

However, North held her down and said,

"Olive, Mr. Augustine has alot of money, so don't worry about it.

Besides didn't he just

spend such huge amount on. Pamela. You're his wife, Olive..."

Elvis still hadn't left. His car was parked below the apartment building.

He felt his eyes become heavy, he took out his phone and sent a goodnight text to

Olive.

Olive was already lying on the bed when the message came in.

She made to reach to

her phone, but her body had betrayed her as she had fallen asleep.

While awaiting Olive's response, Elvis glanced at the mark which she had left on his

arm.

After moments of waiting, Elvis dailed a number. The phone was answered and a low

and pleasant voice sounded. "Why are you calling me at night?" It was Raven.

Elvis took out a cigarette from his cigarette pack and lit it between his lips.

Elvis slowly exhaled the smoke from his mouth.

"Can you still remember two years ago, when you were locked up

in a dark and windy room?”

Chapter 63 I slapped her

At the other end, Raven sighed and muttered,

“Elvis. I’m gonna hang up.”

All Raven wanted doing was to hang up. Elvis said faintly.

“The human who strengthened you is back. Your adopted sister, North, is in town.”

Raven didn’t utter a word.

“Take care of your sister, North. Don’t let her argue with me concerning Olive again.”

Raven hastily ended the call.

The next day, Olive and North went shopping. Olive was clothed in a white knitted

sweater. A fringed sash was tied around her waist. The knitted sweater was placed at

her knees, and she wore a pair of crystal high heels.

While North was wearing a gray suit. They both had a hat on their head.

They wanted shopping unrecognized. As they approached the fashion store, they

sighted some familiar faces. It was Pamela and Gwen Heaven.

Gwen was the little

princess of the Heaven’s family, and Harry’s younger sister.

Though Gwen was in the

entertainment industry, she was terrible at acting, and only had her beauty to offer.

Pamela and Gwen were surrounded by some ladies who had come to shop.

“Pamela, are you dating Mr. Augustine?” One of the girl’s

inquired.

“How in God’s name, did you get the youngest business executive to partner with you?”

Another asked curiously. Pamela stood and chatted with them for a while. Although she

spoke softly, her beautiful face reeked of pride. Gwen sighted Olive and North first. She

stared at them and muttered sarcastically,

“Look who we have here. An adopted daughter, and a bastard who just returned from nowhere.”

Pamela was wearing a beautiful pink dress. She quickly pulled Gwen and said softly,

“Gwen, We’re all friends.”

“Pamela, you’re the one that president Augustine likes now. How can you still be friends

with these people? A no body like Olive here might not even know about Mr. Augustine.

Do you want me to tell you who he is?”

Pamela let out a smile and stared at Olive. She added,

“Olive, I haven’t had the time to inform you about my relationship with President

Augustine. Come later, I’ll introduce you to him.”

Pamela observed Olive’s expression, she was itching to see Olive’s face ache in envy.

But Olive pouted her lips and said,

“Pamela, if I hadn’t left LA, you would have had to compete with me for the position of

the number one socialite. It’s best for you if I don’t meet President Augustine. You know

what I’m capable of doing.”

Pamela stiffened.

North let out a chuckle. Gwen turned to stare at the North, she hated her the most. The Heaven and Domino's family were friends, and meant to marry, so she had liked Raven since she was a child.

North came from a very rich background. Her parents had died in a car explosion. Even her brother went missing during the accident. The Domino family had adopted her.

North was particularly beautiful when she was a child. She looked like a doll. Back then, all the boys who played with Gwen, gathered around North and gifted her lots of presents, all so they could please her.

North had grown up with the same aura, it didn't take long before she became famous and most cherished. And since North arrived the Domino family, Raven had treated her like a baby sister.

Pamela calmed her self and muttered slowly to North, "North, when did you arrive? We thought that you'll never come back. After all you're now an adult. Can't believe you ran away because of that one incident."

Pamela used North's pain point to tackle her. Gwen seeing that Pamela had brought up the topic, she also added, "North, aren't you shameless? On the day of your eighteenth birthday, you ran into Raven's room and laid on his bed."

The issue had been suppressed by the Domino family at that time, and no one outside

the family heard of it. But the family members and guest who were present on that day, knew about it.

Olive glanced at North worriedly. North's expression hadn't changed one bit. She furrowed her brows seductively and said.

"Gwen, are you envious of me because I had sex with Raven? Why don't you chill a bit and allow me give you some information, like, his size and sexual prowess."

Gwen clenched her fists tightly.

"North, did you suddenly forget that Raven had slapped you?"

Pamela suddenly said.

"Raven, you're here!"

They all turned their gaze to the door. Raven indeed was heading in. He was wearing a sophisticated black suit. He was as handsome as ever. Raven had received the most orthodox education since he was a child, hence his temperament was more gentle and elegant.

He walked in and looked at North, North also was staring at him.

North tilted her head and praised him sweetly,

"Brother, you're here. I haven't seen you in two years. You've become much more handsome."

Raven stared at her beaming face and said indifferently,

"I'm here for a meeting."

"Oh." North muttered surprisedly. It instantly dawned on her that the mall was owned by the Domino.

“Rave...” Gwen made to say. Raven diverted his gaze to her, Gwen felt a cold shiver

flow across her body. She suddenly lost her voice.

Raven took his gaze back to North.

“North, go ahead and continue with your shopping. I’ll have a meeting, then take you home once I’m done.”

North nodded, with shrugged shoulders.

“Okay, thank you bro.”

Pamela who had stood quietly suddenly stepped forward and called elegantly,

“Raven.”

Raven turned to look at her beautiful face. They went on to converse for a while.

Olive pulled North away and whispered to her.

“What’s going on?”

North didn’t turn to look. She casually picked a suspender dress and muttered.

“Raven likes Pamela. On my eighteenth birthday while we laid on the same bed, he kept murmuring Pamela’s name.”

Chapter 64 Look at her legs

“Woah!” Olive muttered unbelievably.

“So technically, Raven likes Pamela, but Pamela is interested in Elvis Augustine, and

Elvis and Raven are good friends who grew up together.” North added.

“Wow, I didn’t expect Pamela to be so tactical.” Olive uttered, still not able to digest the information.

North grabbed a nude silk nightdress and handed it to Olive.

“Don’t ruin our mood. President Augustine will definitely love this nightdress. Come try it on.”

Raven and Pamela stood some distance discussing. With a beautiful smile, Pamela said,

“Raven, I just returned to LA. Why don’t you invite President Augustine to come hang out with us?”

Raven’s eyes was focused in the boutique, he replied indifferently,

“I can help you send him an invite, but his turning up depends solely on him.

“It’s fine, Raven. Thank you.”

Raven didn’t utter another word. Pamela trailed Raven’s gaze and it landed in the

boutique. Raven was starting at North.

After North had pushed Olive into the dressing room, she picked the fashion magazine

which laid on the couch, and read through it.

Apart from North’s beautiful face, her figure was pretty much evident. Her massive

breasts and buttocks made her even more alluring.

With a beautiful face and a gorgeous figure. North swiftly had become popular in the

entertainment industry. Pamela focused her gaze on North’s simple gray suit and skirt.

The gray color was actually difficult to ignore.

up boots. The hem of the suit was pleated, adding some class to the dress. North wore

a pair of black lace Pamela could only admit to North’s high fashion sense. In the past

two years, she had been the model for luxurious brands. She was always the first to receive the newest designs.

North was probably living the life that every girl envisioned.

Pamela looked back at Raven, his gaze was still glued to North.

Pamela knew that

Raven was looking at North's leg. North's legs were bare and visible. Although the

pleated skirt covered her knees, her two slender legs were spotted. Even as a lady,

Pamela couldn't help but stare at her. Pamela thought of a way to jolt Raven back to

reality, so she hastily said,

"Raven, why don't you go on to your meeting. I'll go shopping with Gwen."

Raven stared at North one last time as though he was gulping down a mouthful of

alcohol.. He withdrew his gaze and muttered.

"I'll go ahead."

He walked away from her quickly, and the company executives trailed him.

"Pamela, what were you discussing with Raven?" Gwen inquired the moment Raven

was out of sight.

Gwen and Pamela had a good personal relationship, but this didn't deter Gwen from

being jealous. She was also aware that Raven had a liking for Pamela.

Pamela held Gwen's right hand and responded,

"Gwen, I already told you that Raven and I are just friends. If anything was to happen

between us, it would have happened long ago. The person I like

is Elvis Augustine.”

“Elvis is my dream man, I had asked Raven to help invite Elvis over. That’ll give me a chance to being with him.”

Pamela added.

Hearing Pamela’s words, Gwen was a bit relaxed. She grinned and said,

“Pamela, you really are the best.”

Pamela sighed sadly.

“The Heaven family was originally to be married into the Domino family. You were to marry Raven, but then North showed up.”

Gwen was immediately infuriated. She glared at North who was still reading the

magazine. With jealousy she said,

“Sooner or later, I’ll make her disappear.”

Pamela smirked satisfactorily. She was a smart woman, and smart women never

stained their hands with blood, others did it for them.

Olive tried out the nude nightdress. North thought it was perfect.

Olive handed the

nightdress to the shopping guide.

Gwen moved over to them and taunted Olive angrily.

“Olive, do you know how much the nightdress you picked cost?

That’s five thousand

dollars. You’re a broke ass bastard, where are you gonna get the money to afford it?

Too bad you got married to an incompetent man.”

Very few people were aware of the fact that, Elvis was the owner of the Red Villa.

Raven and Harry hadn’t disclosed it to anyone, not even to Gwen, Harry’s sister.

Pamela walked over and chipped in,
“Olive, your husband in Red Villa can’t afford such nightdress, can he? But don’t worry,
if you really like the nightdress, then I’ll pay for you.”

Pamela was already getting her card from her handbag when Olive said,

“Wait a minute.”

“Olive, no need to feel ashamed okay?”

“Huh? No, no, I mean I haven’t finished shopping yet.” As she spoke, Olive picked more clothes and handed them to the shopping guide.

“I want all of them. This bag is pretty as well, and this pair of shoes ain’t bad looking.

Pack them for me, I want them all.”

Olive packed numerous clothes, shoes and bags. Gwen who was the adored princess of the Heaven’s family did spend lavishly, but she was stunned as she had never purchased such plenty items, in one outing. She couldn’t help but ask.

“Olive, are you crazy?”

Olive ignored Gwen. She faced Pamela and smiled calmly.

“Are you still going to pay for me?”

The entire items chosen by Olive, worth tens of thousands. Thus Pamela wasn’t so stupid to allow Olive take advantage of her.

She looked at Olive worriedly.

“Olive, you really need to learn being a good person. If you don’t have the money, do you think it’s fair to allow this lady carry this much stuff. Isn’t that immoral?”

“It’s not just wickedness Olive, it’s a crime. Olive, I’ll call the cops right away and let them take you away, for you have gone bunkers.” Gwen rampaged her bag for her phone.

Olive furrowed her brows and asked,

“Save your little energy my dear. Miss, can I pay with this card?”

Olive handed over the black and gold card to the cashier.

Pamela’s and Gwen raised their eyebrows as their expression changed drastically.

Chapter 65

Olive took out the black and gold card that Elvis had given her.

Everyone was familiar

with this kind of cards. It was a symbol of wealth and affluence.

The cashier quickly accepted the card and said enthusiastically, “Sure Miss.”

Olive settled the bill in few seconds.

Gwen’s lips were thrown apart in disbelief.

“How could that bastard of a girl have such a card? Besides, didn’t I just see the word

“Augustine” on it?”.

Gwen didn’t know much about Elvis, because Elvis wasn’t familiar with her.

However, in LA, when one heard of the name “Augustine” one would instantly think of

Elvis Augustine.

Pamela who had tried all she could to maintain her eloquence, couldn’t contend it any

further, as an obvious irritable crack had appeared on her face.

She was convinced that the owner of the card must be Elvis

Augustine.

How could Olive have Elvis's card?

Olive had settled the bill and had walked towards Pamela. She tugged the bags

properly, as they were slightly heavy.

Olive stopped beside Pamela and smiled softly.

"What would you call this?"

Pamela's face had become gloomy.

"You know Elvis Augustine? What's your relationship with Elvis Augustine?"

"Pamela, you aren't that dumb. Guess for yourself. A man hands over his card to a

woman, what would you think their relationship would be?"

Pamela's eyes conveyed the exact resentment as Monica. She abhorred Olive and

North.

This hate generated right from childhood. Back then, Olive and North were always the

focus of attention wherever they went. While Pamela most times was invisible.

"Do you regret your actions? Pamela, why were you so stupid to have demanded for a

million dollar, when you could have requested for his card. Too bad you'll never

experience the pleasure that comes with it." Olive smirked and walked out of the

boutique with North.

North was awed by Olive's savageness.

"Girl, you're too bad! You didn't tell Pamela about your relationship with Elvis, that's

perfect. She'll be left guessing. The thoughts of not being able to wrap her hands

around something will definitely drive her crazy.”

Olive thought same. She knew Pamela too well. Her psychology was twisted, that she

continuously craved for attention and fame.

If Olive was able to rob her of everything she had, and beat her at her own game,

Pamela was bound to go bunkers. “North, where are we going now? We’ve already

bought a lot of things.” Olive nagged.

North snorted,

“Mr. Augustine must have received the debit alert by now.”

Olive felt embarrassed. When she had used the card, her heart pounded faster. Now

thinking of it, she was certain that she did make an unnecessary purchase.

“What would Elvis think?” Olive muntered under her breathe.

North pulled her by the arm and said,

“Olive, a woman who knows how to spend will make a man love her the more. What’s

Mr. Augustine afraid of? A few hundred thousand? Nay, he’s way above that.”

Olive could not refute.

North took Olive to a nail saloon in the mall.

“Let’s get a manicure.”

Olive had never had a manicure. She had been studying medicine and only knew how

to make drugs. She didn’t have the time to dress up..

The manicure lady asked.

“Pretty girls, what kind of manicure do you want to have? Do you need a

recommendation?”

North shook her head.

“No, thank you miss. But we’ll make the choice ourselves.”

North was an aesthetic fashionista. With her around, they wouldn’t be needing another recommendation.

“Olive, what do you like?”

Olive flipped through the nail art book, she was dazzled by the colors in it.

North pointed to a color.

“How about this?” North was referring to the pink beautiful color.

The manicure lady didn’t hesitate to praise the color.

“Pink is a spring of colours. It’s very suitable for young girls.”

Olive was young enough. North blinked and added in a low voice, “Men will definitely like it.” North’s meaning was obvious. Elvis was a man.

“Uhm, which color are you going for?” Olive swiftly changed the topic.

North flipped through the art book.

“I’m searching for a color that my boss will like.”

As her bestfriend, Olive knew that North was referring to Raven.

Two years ago, after her eighteenth birthday, North had moved out of the Domino family

house. She left LA and proceeded to the entertainment industry.

The entertainment industry was a double edge sword. One could make fame from it,

and another could be scammed by big capitalist. Behind North was Raven. Raven had

arranged for a good producer and manager for her.

Olive leaned forward and said to North.

“Raven seems very cold. He looks even more tough than Elvis.”

Without raising her head, North replied.

“You’ve been deceived by his appearance. He’s very kind and less arrogant than Mr.

Augustine.”

North pointed to a color.

“This ma’am, I’ll go for this.”

Olive lowered her eyes and saw that North had chosen red. The color did look a little

coquettish.

The lady had finished with Olive. The other worker was now attending to North. Olive

stood up and walked to the balcony with bare foot.

She sighted a tall figure at the door. Raven walked in.

“Mr. Raven, you’re here.” Olive said with a smile.

Raven glanced at the nail salon and inquired,

“Where’s North?”

“She’s in, having her pedicure. She’ll be done soon.”

Olive pushed the nail art hook to Raven and asked,

“Mr. Raven, which color do you think looks better?”

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Olive thought same. She knew Pamela too well. Her psychology was twisted, that she continuously craved for attention and fame.

If Olive was able to rob her of everything she had, and beat her at her own game,

Pamela was bound to go bunkers. "North, where are we going now? We've already bought a lot of things." Olive nagged.

North snorted,

"Mr. Augustine must have received the debit alert by now."

Olive felt embarrassed. When she had used the card, her heart pounded faster. Now thinking of it, she was certain that she did make an unnecessary purchase.

"What would Elvis think?" Olive muntered under her breathe.

North pulled her by the arm and said,

"Olive, a woman who knows how to spend will make a man love her the more. What's

Mr. Augustine afraid of? A few hundred thousand? Nay, he's way above that."

Olive could not refute.

North took Olive to a nail saloon in the mall.

"Let's get a manicure."

Olive had never had a manicure. She had been studying medicine and only knew how

to make drugs. She didn't have the time to dress up..

The manicure lady asked.

"Pretty girls, what kind of manicure do you want to have? Do you need a

recommendation?"

North shook her head.

"No, thank you miss. But we'll make the choice ourselves."

North was an aesthetic fashionista. With her around, they wouldn't be needing another recommendation.

"Olive, what do you like?"

Olive flipped through the nail art book, she was dazzled by the colors in it.

North pointed to a color.

"How about this?" North was referring to the pink beautiful color.

The manicure lady didn't hesitate to praise the color.

"Pink is a spring of colours. It's very suitable for young girls."

Olive was young enough. North blinked and added in a low voice, "Men will definitely like it." North's meaning was obvious. Elvis was a man.

"Uhm, which color are you going for?" Olive swiftly changed the topic.

North flipped through the art book.

"I'm searching for a color that my boss will like."

As her bestfriend, Olive knew that North was referring to Raven.

Two years ago, after her eighteenth birthday, North had moved out of the Domino family

house. She left LA and proceeded to the entertainment industry.

The entertainment industry was a double edge sword. One could make fame from it,

and another could be scammed by big capitalist. Behind North was Raven. Raven had

arranged for a good producer and manager for her.

Olive leaned forward and said to North.

“Raven seems very cold. He looks even more tough than Elvis.”

Without raising her head, North replied.

“You’ve been deceived by his appearance. He’s very kind and less arrogant than Mr.

Augustine.”

North pointed to a color.

“This ma’am, I’ll go for this.”

Olive lowered her eyes and saw that North had chosen red. The color did look a little

coquettish.

The lady had finished with Olive. The other worker was now attending to North. Olive

stood up and walked to the balcony with bare foot.

She sighted a tall figure at the door. Raven walked in.

“Mr. Raven, you’re here.” Olive said with a smile.

Raven glanced at the nail salon and inquired,

“Where’s North?”

“She’s in, having her pedicure. She’ll be done soon.”

Olive pushed the nail art hook to Raven and asked,

“Mr. Raven, which color do you think looks better?”

Chapter 67 Video with him at night

North raised her middle finger and drove off. She didn’t know if it was for Raven,

Pamela or Gwen who sat at the back seat.

Pamela and Gwen’s expression had changed greatly.

After dropping off Pamela and Gwen, Raven had arrived home and was sited on the

balcony.

His phone buzzed and a message popped in.

“Where did your sister take my Olive to today?” It was from Elvis.

While at the company. Elvis had received a debit alert. Since he had given Olive his

card, she hadn’t made use of it. He knew that Olive was full of self pride, hence he

found it quite surprisingly to have been debited.

Raven replied,

“Why don’t you ask her yourself?”

“Raven, she just used my ATM card to purchase somethings. if I ask her, I’m certain

she’ll feel embarrassed, what if she doesn’t use the card any further?”

Raven wanted putting his phone away, but after giving it another thought, he patiently

replied.

“I think I saw North and Olive buy a nightdress at the mall tonight.

It should be your type of lingerie.”

Elvis was in his study room in the Red Villa. He read Raven’s message for the

umpteenth time.

He looked at the documents on the table, but he couldn’t read a thing. He stood up and

went to look for his grandma.

“Grandma, do you miss Olive?” Elvis asked when he had found her.

Madam Samantha nodded,

“Yes, I do. It’s been a day already.”

“Then let’s video chat with her.” Elvis suggested.

“Oh, okay. That’ll be nice.” The old lady said happily.

Olive had just taken a shower, she wore the nude silk nightdress

that she had bought.

She had just wiped her damp hair with a towel when her phone buzzed, indicating a video call.

“Grandma misses you and wants a video call.” Elvis message came in after she had failed to take the call.

She had thought it was Elvis who wanted a video with her, hence the reason she ignored the call.

Elvis called again and Olive answered the call and was connected to them. Mrs.

Samantha’s kind face quickly appeared on her phone.

“Ah, Olive you’re not wearing a mask today, awwwn, my Olive is so beautiful, she looks like a doll.” The Old lady admired.

Olive touched her face. She had just had a shower and was wiping her hair, so she

wasn’t on a mask. Moreover, it was only she and North in the apartment since Miss

Erica had left, thus there was no need to wear a mask.

“Oh grandma, don’t tease me please.” Olive muttered shyly.

“Grandma misses Olive, does Olive miss grandma?”

“Yes grandma, Olive misses you so much.” Olive nodded.

“Although I miss you so much, just don’t rush home for my sake, Olive. Come home when you feel better.”

A warm current flowed through Olive’s heart. The old lady old really was doting.

Olive was touched, but Elvis looked at his grandma with a strange expression. He

reached out and took the phone from her. He wrapped his arms

around her waist and pushed her out, then shut the door.

Elvis stared at Olive who was not wearing a mask. Her skin was watery and glowy.

Olive suddenly realized that Elvis was staring at her, she bent her head.

“Where’s grandma?”

“Grandma just stepped out.” Elvis responded with his gaze still focused on her moist hair.

“If grandma is gone. I’ll have to hang up.” Olive stretched out her finger to end the video.

Elvis spotted her newly made nails. The color was the one he loved most on girls.

“You had a manicure.” He said with a smile.

Chapter 68 Awakening

The girl also should have had Olive’s dazzling intelligence, as well as her cute little stubbornness and pride.

Before meeting Olive, Elvis had never thought about what the girl should have looked like.

But with Olive now in his life, he really wished the girl had Olive’s personality.

Elvis laid on Olive’s pillow. There was still her body fragrance on it, he felt as though she was hugging him.

Elvis raised his right hand and covered his eyes. All that was in his mind was Olive’s

beautiful face.

He quickly got up and went to the bathroom to have a shower.

Olive's phone beeped and a message from Elvis came in,

"Missing you."

Another message came in.

"I didn't know that I could be tortured this way, you're driving me crazy, Olive."

Olive felt her heart soften. Another message popped up.

"I was wrong, I'm sorry. Can I pick you tomorrow?"

ww

Olive hesitated to send in her reply. North whose face was covered in a white facial treatment, walked over.

"Olive, no matter what he says, you're not allowed to return to him. Let him be."

"Oh." Olive swiftly dropped her phone.

"Olive, you're not to get involved in this matter. Pamela saved his life, there's a third

wish he's yet to fulfill, you need to allow Mr. Augustine settle the debts himself. Don't get involved, okay?"

Olive nodded.

"I just miss grandma, even though she said I should return whenever I wish."

North sat in front of the mirror.

"The old lady really likes you."

Elvis didn't wait for Olive's reply. He knew that he was bound to have another sleepless night, if he didn't do something.

Mrs. Samantha walked in with a glass of water.

"Elvis, here, have some water."

Elvis stared at his grandma resentfully.

“Grandma, I want to go bring Olive home, but I’m certain if you come along with me, she’ll agree to coming home.”

The old lady put down the glass of water and snorted,

“If you want to go then go, I won’t accompany you.”

“Grandma, you’ve changed.”

The old lady sighed.

“Olive is not a regular girl. She has her own opinion. If she wanted coming home

sooner, she would have.”

“Elvis, my child, work hard to grab Olive’s heart on your own.

Otherwise, someone else

will soon snatch her away from you.”

Elvis let out a smirk.

“Olive is my wife, who would dare to snatch her away from me?”

Mrs. Samantha laughed lightly and turned to leave. She muttered to Elvis’s hearing.

“Olive wasn’t your wife.”

The next morning, Olive received the news that Aunt Rebecca had woken up.

She rushed to the hospital. Aunt Rebecca was lying on the hospital bed. Although still very weak, her eyes were opened.

“Aunt Rebecca, you’re finally awake. You’ve been in coma for a very long time.” Olive

held her hands excitedly.

Aunt Rebecca stared at Olive’s pretty face, and said with relief,

“Little Miss, you’re now grown. If Miss sees how grown you see now, she’ll be so

happy.”

“Aunt Rebecca. how did mummy die? Did someone do something to her?” Olive

couldn't wait to know the truth about what had transpired. Aunt Rebecca's eyes widened, revealing a look of horror and fear. "He's here, he's here, he found Miss."

"Aunt Rebecca, what are you talking about? Who is he?" It was the first time Olive had seen Aunt Rebecca's terrified expression. It was as though she has seen a demon from hell.

Aunt's Rebecca's hands danced in the air. It took a while before she let them down.

Aunt Rebecca now looked more 'tired. She looked at Olive.

"Little Miss, do you know about the Ivory Council?"

Of course Olive knew that the Ivory Council was the largest medical research institute in LA.

The Ivory Council didn't take long before it had surpassed all other medical research institute. The progress was so intensed that the institute became the largest in Los Angeles.

"Aunt Rebecca, are you talking about the Ivory Council, the research institute?" Olive needed to be certain. Because, to Olive, Aunt Rebecca shouldn't have a buisness with the research institute.

Aunt Rebecca's eyes shone brightly.

"Little Miss, Miss left a box for you. You need to get it back."

"Aunt Rebecca, where's the box? I'll get it now."

"In the Ivory Council."

"What?"

Aunt Rebecca stretched out her shaky hands and held Olive's small hand.

“Miss, the Ivory Council was created by your mother. Back then, When Miss came to

this city, she felt so bored, so she created the Ivory Council.”

Olive’s head exploded. She stood dumbfounded.

“Little Miss, if you want to get back the box that Miss left behind, you must enter the

Ivory Council. It’s all that’s left by your mum, and it’s yours.”

Olive’s head was buzzing, unable to digest the information.

“Aunt Rebecca, what’s wrong with grandpa?”

“Kelvin?”

Kelvin was Olive’s grandpa’s name. Olive didn’t expect Aunt Rebecca to refer to him by

his first name.

Chapter 69

Olive had been waiting for Aunt Rebecca to wake up, so she find out all that happened

that year.

“Kelvin was Miss housekeeper, later, Miss married the housekeeper’s son.” Aunt

Rebecca uttered and let out a cough. “Aunt Rebecca, I really don’t comprehend what

you mean. I need you to explain them to me one after the other.”

Aunt Rebecca looked at Olive lovingly.

“Little Miss, as long as you get back the box that your mum left for you, you’ll

understand all of this.”

After she finished speaking. Aunt Rebecca tiredly closed her eyes and fell back into

coma.

Olive stared at her, she was still surprised at what she heard. She moved hastily to call

the doctor.

Olive arrived with the doctor, and he examine Aunt Rebecca's body and said strangely.

"Miss Hart, the patient's health has really not been good, but it seems that the patient had taken some sort of pill. The pill has been keeping her heart from failing."

Olive check her pulse, just as the doctor had said, Aunt Rebecca really did have a life-saving pill in her body.

Half a month ago, when she had checked Aunt Rebecca's pulse, she hadn't noticed it.

To be able to sustain someone's life for so many years without anyone noticing, the person's medical skills were quite impressive.

Olive knew that it was her mother. She knew that Aunt Rebecca had taken the pill before mum passed away.

Olive felt that things were getting more complicated. There seemed to be a huge net around her, shrouding her.

Olive's phone rang. It was Patrick.

Olive was not surprised. She knew that Patrick had called to ask about her relationship with the wealthy boss. Augustine.

Olive swiped the phone screen and answered the call.

"Hello, dad."

"Olive, hurry up and come home now. I have something to ask you." Patrick said anxiously.

Olive pursed her lips.

"Okay dad, I also have something to tell you."

Hart's family.

Olive went to her grandma's room first. Mr. Hart was still in coma, but after her last injection, Mr. Hart seemed to be recovering slowly.

Olive gave him a second injection. The old man had been in the vegetative state for the past ten years.

Putting the needle away, Olive quietly looked at the old man.

"Grandpa, aunt Rebecca said that, you were mom's housekeeper, what did she mean?"

"She also said that mum had come to LA, could it be that mum wasn't from LA?"

"Who was the man that she was terrified about?" She questioned calmly and let out a sigh.

Patrick walked into the room and said,

"Olive, come to my study."

Olive trailed Patrick to his study. Patrick's face was ugly and cold.

"Dad, did Pamela tell you something? She told you that I was with Elvis Augustine's card, right?" Olive queried.

Patrick didn't deny it.

"Pamela told me that you have Elvis card. I remember back then during Gabriella's

birthday party, the manager of the Royal star hotel had sent a Rolls-Royce to drive you

home. Are you really sleeping with Elvis?"

Olive's bright eyes was filled with disgust.

"Did you say same to Pamela? That she was sleeping with Elvis Augustine?"

"You two are different. Pamela isn't married, but you are. Pamela defended.

"I can still get a divorce, right?. Pamela and I are both your

daughters. Elvis Augustine will still be your son-in-law. Irregardless of whom he marries, right? What's the difference?"

Patrick scoffed. Of course it wouldn't be same, and there was a huge difference. Olive was not his biological daughter.

The news of boss Augustine investing a whooping million plus into his company, had uplifted Patrick rapidly. Everyone wanted associating with him. Now that he learned that Olive was actually entangled with Elvis, Patrick was about to die of anger.

"President Augustine belongs to Pamela, and Pamela intend marrying him. So Olive, break up quickly with President Augustine." Patrick reprimanded sternly.

Olive chuckled and muttered indifferently.

"Dad, don't you think that whosoever marries president Augustine, depends solely on who president Augustine likes?"

Olive's words had ignited the anger in Patrick, suddenly, the study door was pushed open and Pamela walked in.

Pamela looked at Patrick soothingly, and said cutely,

"Dad, don't worry about Olive. I know what to do."

Patrick was so satisfied with Pamela. He took in a deep breathe and focused his gaze at Olive.

"You're also my responsibility, I know that I kinda didn't discipline you. Well, I'll find a university for you to go to. Look at Pamela, she finished abroad

and has now been
accepted by the Ivory Council.”

Olive turned to look at Pamela.

“You’ve been accepted into the Ivory Council?”

“Yup. I haven’t had the time to tell you the good news. I was
successfully accepted into
the splendid medical institute.” Pamela’s eyes shone with pride.

Olive pondered for a while, then said,

“Dad, I also want to enter into the Ivory Council.”

“What did you say?” Patrick suspected that he had misheard her.
He ruthlessly attacked
her.

“You want to enter the Ivory Council, are you dreaming? Have
you been to college?

How will the Ivory Council admit you?”

Olive was still very young. She only graduated from high school.
There was a hint of contempt in Pamela’s eyes. She gently
advised,

“Olive, we don’t mean to look down on you, but you definitely
won’t be able to enter into
the Ivory Council.”

“We’ll see.” Olive smiled lightly and walked out of the room.

“Pay zero attention to her, I’m certain that she’s crazy. If she can
enter into the Ivory
Council, I’ll... Just forget it, it’s not possible.”

Pamela returned to her room. She took out her phone and called
Gwen.

“Let me tell you something hilarious that happened. Just now,
Olive said tha

Chapter 70 Elvis is here

Olive returned to North's apartment. North was on her phone, she called out to Olive

who was watching the TV and said.

"Olive, Gwen just made a post online, do you wanna take a look?"

"Let me take a look." Olive leaned over and took her phone from the center table and

turned on her WiFi. She went online and the first post that appeared was that of Gwen.

"Olive wants to enter into the Ivory Council without a college degree. Lol." Olive read

out with a scoff.

Although Gwen did not have a top-notch traffic like Pamela, but as an upcoming

actress, her post quickly trended.

The comments flowed in.

"The important thing is that our lovely Pamela has been accepted into the Ivory

Council."

"Let's discuss it rationally, Olive is nineteen years old, it'll take her about eight years to

graduate from medical school, she'll be at least twenty-seven years old by then."

"Lol, that's funny."

"Why don't we all make a bet to see if Olive can enter the Ivory Council."

When Olive clicked on her homepage, she was shocked. Her eight hundred thousand

followers had grown to eight million.

North snapped her fingers and said,

"Don't be too happy, most of your fans are your enemies. Go check the trending search

for yourself. The netizens are smashing you. They're betting on you to lose."

North raised her eyebrows.

"Olive, you're a celebrity now."

Olive went through her timeline, only then did she realize that North had also posted.

North had openly sided with Olive and had formed a tug-of-war with Pamela.

On the internet, North's and Pamela's fans engaged on an endless banter.

Olive hugged North's slender arm and rubbed it coquettishly.

"North, you're the best for me. You always stand by my side unconditionally. It us against the world."

"I don't care about the society. All I know is that we'll be friends forever."

Olive was amused so she laughed. North pushed her and whispered,

"Olive, it seems that it's really difficult to get into the council. Is it that difficult? If you have any difficulties, let me know and I'll help you find a way."

Olive pursed her lips and said in a serious tone,

"North, don't worry, just wait and see them cover their faces in shame."

After their discussion, Olive went into the bathroom to take a shower.

Olive walked out of the bathroom and North said to her,

"Olive, this account, is it your grandma's account?" North shoved her phone into Olive's face.

Olive saw that the entire internet users were bashing and slandering her. But grandma's

account was the only account aside from North, who took out time to banter with those who slandered Olive.

“Olive, this lady is amazing. Who wouldn’t want a fan like this?”

North teased with an envious frown.

Olive didn’t know whether to laugh or cry. She really didn’t expect that Elvis’s grandma would stand up that way to support her.

“Olive, I’m going to take a shower. Take care of yourself.” North walked into the bathroom.

Soon, the doorbell rang, and someone was at the door.

Olive grabbed a black fringed scarf and draped it over her body, before proceeding over to the door.

There was a tall and handsome figure by the door. Elvis had come. Elvis had just returned from the company. He was wearing a thin black coat with a white shirt and tie underneath. He looked younger and more handsome than in suit. His outfit dripped of elegance and wealth.

Elvis fixated on her. Her beautiful face was covered with a mask, her eyes were clear, and she wore a pair of pink flipflops on her feet. She looked very homey, yet pretty.

“Olive, I came to see you.”

“You’ve seen me, you can go home now.” Olive made to close the door, but he was even faster. He bent his knee against the door.

“Wait a minute, I got something for you.”

Elvis handed over the bag that he was holding to her. Inside was

a cake from the store
she liked.

Olive hesitated for a moment, then muttered,
“Thank you Mr. Augustine.”

Elvis gently pulled her into his arms. His strong arms wrapped
around her waist. He
actually carried her.

Olive blushed and quickly smashed her fist on his chest and
hammered,

“Mr. Augustine, put me down!”

“No more trouble, okay?” He whispered into her ears, and
dropped her slowly.

Olive’s body went mute when she stared at his handsome face.
He looked very fierce
and severe.

Olive grabbed his neck and dared to say,
“What can you do if I make more trouble?”

Elvis stared at her with a gloomy expression. His lips arched in a
smirked.

“If you make anymore trouble, I’ll hit you.”

“Hit me? Try it and see if I won’t sue you for domestic violence.”

Elvis’s right hand slid down and spanked her ass.