

The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband

Chapter 681

Chapter 681 Time is the thing that hurts the most
Olive discovers that it was the wrong decision for her to give Ivy to her mother. Moreover, she has already given birth to three children, how can she have more children? What if the next time is also a triplet?
W live gave birth to triplets, she narrowly escaped death and carried a heavy psychological obsession. She often had nightmares, dreaming that she was pregnant again. Every time she woke up from her nightmare, she thought she'd never give birth again.
At this time. Ivy obediently slept inside, covering herself with a blanket, "Dad, Mom, good night."
Ivy closed her eyes and quickly fell asleep.
The child was fast asleep. Now is the time to settle the matter between adults. Olive slowly turned. around, looking up at the man beside her with clear eyes, saying, "Elvis, do you know the children's backgrounds?"
Elvis leaned over to look at Olive. To see the child, she changed back to her beautiful and delicate face. Because she was lying down, a few long black hairs tangled in her soft neck, she looked so pure and soft.
It was this woman who bore him three children, and she was the mother of his children.
If Elvis isn't moved, it's a lie. He still remembers the first time they met on the train in Los Angeles when she was 19 years old.
She gave him the most beautiful youth of a girl, she even gave him his heirs to continue his bloodline.
Elvis's slender fingers curled, wanting to embrace her. He wanted to hug her tightly, bury her in his own flesh and blood. He had a lot to say to her. He wanted to tell her how much he liked her. From now on, he doesn't want to be away from his children, away from her, much less do he want her to leave him again.
However, his shriveled fingers loosened, because she had done a lot of things he couldn't forgive. Elvis pursed his thin lips and snorted coldly: "Are you going to hide the children's identity from me forever?"
"No, I'm not..."
"Yes, you are!" Elvis directly interrupted her, "Olive, you are so selfish and cruel. Tell me, why did you bring Nathan to my side? You wanted to throw our father and son out of your world. You just raised Levi and Ivy and didn't even

tell me about their existence. In the blink of an eye, they had grown to the point where I couldn't even watch them grow up hit by bit by myself. You did the same with Nathan. How long is three years? He is also a piece of flesh that fell out of you, but you will never come back!

Elvis sat up, his solid chest rising and falling, his long narrow eyes quickly covered with a layer of blood-red pain.

Time is really what hurts the most. Three years ago, in the forbidden riverside area, she stabbed him in the heart, then left with Derrick Domino, completely abandoning him.

At that time, he saw her and Derrick disappear at the end of the world, disappearing from his life, naively assuming it must have been excruciating pain.

But it's not.

In the next three years, many months, when he stood alone on the street when the boy Nathan was a few months old in his lap for the first time babbling "Mom", he began to wander around. While

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Chapter 641 Time is the thing that hurts the most
searching for her figure among different women, he discovered that she had only stabbed him once by the riverside in the restricted area. Over the next three years, that knife slowly penetrated, until he was holed up and unrecognizable.

Seeing him heartbroken, Olive sat up, her bright eyes quickly turning red. She wanted to explain: "Elvis, listen to me. In those three years, I...

"What else do you want to lie to me about? Elvis interrupted her, rudely tore off his shirt, pointing to the scar on his heart, "Olive, you can see it, you've stabbed me in here! You also know how I survived three years ago. The doctor said that as long as your hand is a few millimeters more accurate, I will be dead!"

"I feel like I should hate you. The ironic thing is... I put all my energy into hating you. When I swore to forget you, I began to discover that the women beside me three years ago more or less started to look like you. I searched for your shadow in different women."

"There were times when I was tired, sluggish, and felt lonely. I also thought about really being with woman, letting her take over your position, letting her take good care of Nathan. I should have told myself that I didn't want you, but unfortunately, I failed. My body has always been devoid of any sexual interest in them."

"The older I get, the more desires I have. Those women couldn't arouse my sexual interest, but in the middle of the night when you entered my dreams, I wake up hat. In the darkness of my room, when I reached out my hand to

confort myself, do you know how helpless and desperate I was at that moment?”

Then Elvis reached out, grabbed her sleek shoulder, and pinched it over and over until the tendons twitched. He said, “Olive, I never understood one thing. I wanted to directly ask you. What did I do wrong three years ago?”

Elvis has always wanted to ask what he did wrong, and now he’s finally asked this question.

Although he knew that he had lost when he asked this question, he once again emptied all his pride and self-respect

Olive’s clear eyes were covered with a layer of crystal water, her slender eyelashes trembled twice. and tears quickly flowed from the inside.

These are his three years.

Turns out he spent the three years that she left like this.

It is said that the men of the Augustine family had a deep affection. Alpha then and Elvis now too. They are both men who love a person for a long time and are faithful.

Olive raised her hand, her trembling fingers slowly resting on the scar on Elvis’ chest. She said, “I’m sorry, I’m really...sorry. But I can explain. Those three years, I’d love to come back to see you and Nathan but I couldn’t go back. You...”

Elvis took her small hand and pushed her away. He closed his scarlet eyes, and when he opened. them again, there was only coldness and indifference in them. He said, “Olive, if you really feel. guilty, then I need you to do one thing right now.”

“What?”

“Levi and Ivy are both my children. I want you to give up custody of them. The custody of them must be given to me.’

Olive’s ears were ringing. She looked at him in surprise and confusion, not understanding what he was saying!

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Score 9.2

Chapter 682 Let Him Eat Cookies

Elvis looked at Olive, saying. “Why don’t you agree to give me custody of Levi **and** Ivy? In this case, we can just go to court, but all my **basic** conditions are

better than yours, **and** I don't **have** any women around. As for you, you are still the wife of the King of Gold City, so I will surely **gain** custody of them."

"If you voluntarily give up, we don't need to cause such an unsightly quarrel. For the sake of the three children, I will give you a big compensation."

Olive was stunned. Now he's going to... take the kids away from her?

He only wants the kids, not her, right?

Olive shook her **head**, "I can't give you my kids. They're everything to me."

Elvis suddenly narrowed his eyes dangerously, "Olive, so we can't talk now?"

Then he got up from the bed and looked at Olive condescendingly, "Then wait for the lawyer's letter. I will decide custody of the children."

He turned and left.

But the next second, a soft white hand reached out, **and** Olive suddenly grabbed his large palm. Elvis paused for a moment, his beautiful eyes drooping down at her, only to see Olive raise her beautiful hand sized face, looking at him too. She said softly, "Elvis, can't we get back together?" Elvis felt a sharp pain in his heart like a sharp knife **was** inserted into it, stirring constantly, making him ache with every breath. Looking at her glossy shoulders and red eyes, adding a gentle touch, he just wanted to hug her tightly, press her under his body, and enthusiastically respond to her. He wanted her!

He could never refuse her.

However, thinking of her three years of separation and her cruelty, he froze. A few seconds later, he pulled his large hand out of her palm little by little, replying, "Since you left me three years ago, we can't go back."

After saying that, he turned to leave.

He had to get out of there as soon as possible because he **was** afraid that if he stayed one more second, he couldn't refuse her **again**.

He was even more **afraid** of her saying another word. As long as she said one more sentence, he would definitely agree. Whatever she says, he will listen.

Elvis left. He really left. Olive watched his tall, straight figure disappear from her **sight**, her whole body limp, as if all the strength in her body **had** been drained, her slender eyelashes trembled, and large tears fell.

He really didn't want her anymore.

In fact, she really could explain. These three years weren't that she didn't want to return, but that she couldn't. In Visionary, she immediately fell into a long sleep after giving birth to triplets.

As soon as she woke up, she couldn't wait to go back to Imperial to see him and Nathan.

But she didn't have time to say these words. He didn't want to hear them, and he sentenced her to death.

Would he and her really end?

Her crystal tears blurred her vision, and Olive burst into **tears**.

Elvis tossed all night. Thinking that he was already a father of three children, he was so excited that he couldn't sleep.

Olive's beautiful little face **was** still in his mind. Remembering last night she weakly held his hand and asked if he could come back, he **had** some regrets. He admits he regrets rejecting her.

Elvis hated **her** and hated himself even more. She had hurt him many times, but he still loved her deeply and cherished her. She always affects his feelings, making him never forget her.

Early the next morning. Elvis got up and **went** downstairs. In the distance, he could hear the laughter of Levi and Ivy, the whole **villa** smelling of milk and baked goods.

Elvis walked over and **immediately** saw Olive. Early in the morning, Olive wore a dress with a **floral** apron tied over it. She was baking cookies for the children.

Ivy walked around her mother in a princess dress, and happily clapped her hands: "Wow, the cookies you made are so pretty and delicious, Mom."

Levi took a bite of a cookie, and Ivy asked in her sweet voice. "Bro, is it good?"

"Yeah, it's so good," Levi replied, handing the cookie in his hand to Ivy.

Ivy took a **bite**, then stuffed the remaining cookie into Olive's mouth, "Try it too, Mom. It's delicious!" Elvis looked at the figures of an adult and children sharing a piece of cookie, the **image** was warm and beautiful

Everything seems to have calmed down. The bright morning sun now shines through **the** floor—to—ceiling windows brilliantly into a warm golden hue. Elvis' gaze fell on Olive. She has long flowing black hair. Her hair was tucked behind her cheeks, revealing her small snow-white ears and a delicately beautiful profile. She looked at the children tenderly, on her bright red lips was her smile. This image directly caught his eye.

Elvis felt his heart fill and soften. Never in his life had he felt this feeling so strongly.

At this time, Ivy was the first to spot him, immediately calling in her **clear** voice: "Daddy-

Olive looked up and saw Elvis.

Elvis wore a black shirt and handmade black trousers. His body was tall and straight, the sleeves of his shirt rolled up a few times, revealing his strong arms and the precious steel watch on his wrist, exuding an air of masculine charm.

Thinking of last night, Olive's bright **eyes** were a little blurry. She lowered her slender eyelashes, not **daring** to look at him.

She didn't even **look** at him.

She had just glanced at him just now.

Elvis frowned his herole eyebrows, pretty unhappy. He stepped forward steadily, kissing Ivy on the cheek, "Good morning, Ivy."

“Good morning, **Dad**” Ivy said cheerfully.

At this point, Levi looked at Elvis, then at Olive. He could already feel the subtle atmosphere between these two. Hey, it **looked** like the relationship between these two was very bumpy. After all, at such a young age, he had carried everything by himself, which was heartbreaking.

Levi sighed, then greeted in his clear voice: “Hello, handsome uncle.”

Chapter 682 Let!

Elvis reached out and touched Levi’s small head, saying, “Levi, what do you call me?”

Levi quickly changed his voice, “Dad-”

“Call again.”

“Dad-

Elvis pursed his thin lips and hugged Levi forcefully.

“Dad, early in the morning Mom **made** us cookies. This cookie is delicious, Mom, quickly give Dad a piece.” Only then did **Levi naively say**.

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Score 9.2

Chapter 683 Olive’s USB

Olive, who was suddenly suggested,

Levi was asking her to feed Elvis cookies!

Ivy cheered happily, “Yes. Yes. Mom, this cookie is so good. Give it to Dad-

Seeing the innocent smiles of the children, Olive stood there embarrassed. She couldn't bear to refuse the children so she looked up at Elvis and winked at him.

Elvis of course noticed the meaning in her eyes, but he pretended not to know and looked down at the cookie, then nodded: "This looks delicious."

"Yes, Dad-" Ivy said with a smile.

Olive..."

At this time, Levi tilted his head in confusion and asked, "Mom, why don't you let Dad eat it?" Olive.

Olive **could** only reach out, pick up the cookie and bring it to Elvis's thin, sexy lips.

He opened his **mouth** and ate the cookie.

His thin, flexible lips, a little cool, brushed the tips of her soft white fingers, Olive **was** startled, quickly shrinking her hand, her snow-white earlobes quickly turned red at a speed visible to the naked eye.

Elvis looked at her shy face, like a delicate red rose. Strangely, he doesn't like sweets so much, the only sweet he likes is... her, but now he feels the cookie in his mouth is surprisingly delicious. At his time, the maid **came** in, and respectfully **said**: "Sir, breakfast is ready."

Olive felt a little embarrassed to stay here. She took off her **floral apron**, looked at Elvis, and said, "I've got some work to do, so I'll go first..."

She **was** leaving

Elvis hastily pursed **his** thin lips and said unhappily, "Where are you going? Don't you have time to stay and have **breakfast** with the kids?"

That wasn't what she meant,

Didn't he want to compete with her for custody? She thought he didn't want her to stay here.

Elvis really **regrets** it. **Looks** like his tone was too strong last night. Now she is a bit discouraged, not daring to take a step forward. He didn't **want to take** t

he **initiative** for the sake of face. Moreover, he didn't want to pamper her **too** much, **so** the current

i was a bit deadlocked.

“**Don't** you want to see **Nathan**? He called me **last** night. He was very upset and asked me why you **haven't** come back **to** see him in the last three **years**. ”

What?.

Olive's bright pupils suddenly constricted, her heart aching. The last thing she wanted to do was hurt Nathan, but she knew Nathan should be the first to get hurt when his background **was** exposed.

“Where is **Nathan** now? I'll **go** see him now.” Olive said worriedly.

Seeing that she **didn't** want to go, **Elvis's** gloomy expression softened a little. He said, “Let's have breakfast first. After that, we'll go see Nathan together. **That'll** be better.”

Olive could only nod, “Okay.”

The family of four had breakfast together. Olive didn't feel appetizing. She was very worried about Nathan. She wishes she could fly to Nathan with her wings now.

Seeing her restless and worried expression, Elvis's iron heart gradually softened. The girl in the past became the mother of his children, later they will face all kinds of their children's problems and grow old together.

“I'll go up to get the documents. Stay here waiting for me.” Elvis **said**.

Olive nodded, “Hurry up then.”

Elvis went upstairs to his office.

Olive obediently waited. Suddenly, “ding“, her cell phone rang, and a text message **arrived**.

It was... from Clara Theodore.

Olive suddenly had a bad premonition, and immediately clicked on the message.

The message was simple, "Nathan is in my hands. Come here alone!"

Attached below **is** a photo of the boy Nathan, He was tied up by Clara, his cold little face was slightly injured.

Olive immediately gasped. Nathan fell into Clara's hands.

Clara made her go there **alone**.

Olive looked at the study room upstairs with her clear, bright eyes, then turned around and ran out.

She went alone to rescue Nathan!

When Elvis came out of the study, Olive was nowhere to be seen. The hallway **was** empty and **she** couldn't be found.

"**Where** are the people?" **Elvis** said in a deep voice.

The maid rushed out: "Master, what's wrong?"

Elvis looks very bad now, his handsome face is so **dark** that it can drop water.

He asked, "Where did Miss **Hart** go?"

The maid, feeling the harsh aura emanating from him, cried out in fear: "Young master, Miss Hart... just left."

She left.

He **originally** intended to take her to find her son, but she left him and the child to go alone.

Animosity **quickly spread** in Elvis' muscular chest, and he raised his foot to kick a chair.

With a bang the chair was broken.

Elvis **put a hand** on his hip, closed his handsome eyes, and gasped. Olive! He really wanted to strangle **this** woman!

At this time, “Ding dong“, the villa doorbell rang, and someone came outside.

Who was there?

The maid was scared and ran to open the door. There was already a person standing outside.

Elvis quickly stabilized his mood, and was about to let someone capture Olive, when a gentle, **Jade**-like figure came in from outside **the** door.

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Elvis **was** stunned. That was... Derrick Domino.

Derrick is here!

Elvis has been searching for Derrick for the past few years, but he is a rather mysterious **man**, **and** his whereabouts are a mystery. There are many legends about **him in** the world, but there is no trace of him. Elvis didn't expect Derrick to come here to find him on the initiative.

Today, Derrick is wearing a white outfit, his face looks like a handsome teenager. They haven't seen each other for three years, and his demeanor is becoming more and more clean, like a banished fairy. The maidservant at the door stood **and** stared at him as if frozen.

Elvis' thin lips quickly formed a dark but bloodthirsty arc. “Derrick, you've finally appeared!”

Derrick's clear black eyes looked at Elvis, revealing a small smile, “**Mr.** Augustine, long time no see. I wouldn't be here if it wasn't for anything.”

Elvis shorted coldly, and looked at Derrick with the **aura** of an emperor, “Derrick, didn't you come to me today to chat?”

“Of course not, Mr. Augustine. I'm **here** to deliver something to you,” Derrick said, holding a USB flash drive in his hand.

“What is **this**?”

“Here are some videos Olive shot in Visionary. Every detail **from** her pregnancy to giving birth is captured in it. Olive said before falling asleep that this USB is for you. She doesn't **want** you to miss any of the kids' moments.”

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Score 9.2

Chapter 684 The page is **so** colorful that she can't leave you.

Elvis looked at the small USB in Derrick's hand, and his eyes hardened. Olive used to photograph her from pregnancy to giving birth for him?

Also, sleep?

Elvis quickly grasped the **word** "sleep". He frowned at Derrick, '**What's with s leep?**'

"Mr. Augustine, Olive didn't tell you she was in a deep sleep."

"Why was she in a deep sleep?"

"Because of the One Snap poison."

Elvis' pupils constricted violently when he heard the words "One Snap". With him, she could be cured of the One Snap poison, but she didn't need him either .

A glint of sharpness and wisdom burst from Elvis' deep narrow eyes. It was clear that she had lied to

him.

Over the past three years, a lot had happened to her that he didn't even know about.

"Three years ago, Olive's situation was worse than you can imagine. **In** order not to drag you down, she lied. She **led** a lot. She said she was with me. She said she was pregnant with my baby. Actually, it **was** all to make you give up."

"That **year**, on the riverside of the restricted area, Olive stabbed you in the heart with a knife. Mr. Augustine, do you think that with her medical skills, if she really wanted to kill you, she'd miss a few millimeters away and you could survive?"

Elvis's large hands, hanging at his sides, quickly clenched into fists. Turns out it was all fake. For the **past** three years, he'd been brooding over her and Derrick's story, which turned out to be all fake,

"She...

She returned to the Visionary, the One Snap poison would definitely be cured. Her mother will surely save her." Elvis spoke as if to comfort himself.

Derrick nodded, "**When** Olive returned to Visionary, One Snap didn't invade her heart. Then, **with** the queen's heaven—defying medicine, it was possible to **save** Olive and bring her back to life. But Olive was three months pregnant at the time, **and** she **had** to abort the baby first **if** she wanted to be cured. She **could** only **choose** between mother and child. **Give** up on the mother and keep the child or abort the child and keep the mother. That was the first choice she faced."

Elvis's heart quickly twitched. Choose the child and give up on the mother or choose the mother and give up on the child? Did she **face** such a choice?

Elvis' long, narrow eyes **quickly** filled with bright red, and he looked at Derrick, "**She**... chose the child, didn't she?"

"Yes. Olive close to keep her child, but even so, with her condition at that time, the poison had eaten away at her heart and blood a little. The once wonderful girl was aging rapidly. Even with the Queen's medicine, during her pregnancy, Olive was extremely lonely and **had** a lot of troubles. Then she gave birth prematurely, narrowly escaped death in the delivery room, and gave birth to triplets. After giving birth, her heart went into cardiac arrest and she lost her breath."

As they talked, Derrick looked at **Elvis**, slowly **saying** word by word: "Olive loves *her* children **so** much, but I've always felt that she loves you more than them. If she didn't love you, she **would** never have loved the children. If she didn't love you, she wouldn't have given up her life so easily. Elvis, Olive once died for you"

Olive once died for him!

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Chapter 4 The page is so colorful that she can't leave YOU

These words now kept ringing **in** Elvis's ears, his mind was blank, and he forgot to breathe.

He **had never** imagined and now dared not **imagine** what she had gone **through** after returning to Visionary.

"At that time, Olive's heart suddenly stopped beating, the Queen had to immediately use a **golden** needle to seal her heart, saving her breathing. She then regained consciousness."

"Mr. Augustine, upon awakening, the first thing Olive did was return to Imperia immediately." "Although the page is so beautiful, the years have passed, in Olive's heart, your **image** still doesn't fade. After birth and death, through three lifetimes of dreams, she still can't let go. She wants to come **back** **and** see you with her own eyes. **To see** if she can let go of your **hand**. From a thousand miles **away**, she sent her son to follow you. You and **Nathan** are her biggest concern."

"Mr. Augustine, I brought this USB to you, see it for yourself. We don't know what's inside. Olive said. this was for you."

After saying that, Derrick turned and left.

Derrick disappeared.

The whole villa becomes quiet. Elvis looked at the small USB on the coffee table with bloodshot eyes, as if the whole world **had** gone silent

Every word Derrick said was still echoing in his heart, making him shake. He moved, then picked up the USB drive.

This USB recorded all the time she spent with the kids. Elvis clutched it in his hand, turned, and headed upstairs,

He walked into the office, plugged the USB flash **drive** into the computer, and soon the video inside popped out.

Elvis pressed the up button with his slender fingers and pressed the "start" button.

It was in Visionary that Olive had her first prenatal visit, and the doctor in charge was Joyce. The medical device in Joyce's hand was spinning on Olive's stomach. Joyce said, "Wow Olive, do you want me to tell you about your genes? Is it so powerful, or is it because my son in law is so strong? You're pregnant with triplets!"

"Really?" Olive asked, surprised.

"Of course, you can see for yourself."

The camera panned into a 4D color Doppler ultrasound, and that was the first time Elvis saw Nathan, Levi, and Ivy still in Olive's belly. They were very small, and they were still extremely delicate and novel beings.

Very quickly the camera turned. Olive appeared on camera. She lay on the bed, her hand-sized face thinned, without makeup, clean and bright, a little sickly **pale**. Her dark hair fell loosely over her shoulders, her bright eyes focused on the camera. She said softly, "Mr. Augustine, what are you doing now?"

"I have good news for you. I'm pregnant with triplets. We have three babies. Mr. Augustine, congratulations. **You're** going to be a dad!"

The camera was moving, Olive was more than four months pregnant. She put her little hand on her **stomach**, now her belly was moving, and the **baby** inside was kicking her.

Olive reappeared on camera. She was more than four **months** pregnant and she wasn't young anymore. There were many wrinkles on her small face, and she seemed to have suddenly turned thirty.

But her eyes were still sparkling. She looked at the camera and smiled mischievously: "Helló Mr. Augustine. Today I have good **news** and **bad** news to tell you. What news do you want to hear?"

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Score 9.2

Chapter 685 Mr. Augustine, I miss you

"Ah, listen to the good news first. Today the babies moved. Just now they kicked me!"

"The bad news is I'm not very good looking now. Every day I see the speed of aging through the naked eye. Mr. Augustine, I'm going to get more and more ugly. Will you despise me?"

"Of course not. Luckily, you don't see me. You aren't here."

While saying that, Olive raised her hand to brush the long hair on her cheeks. As her slender fingers slipped in, they shoved a lot of hair out.

She started losing her hair.

Olive froze for a moment and quickly hid the large pile of hair so he couldn't see. She reached out to turn off the video. "Oops, let's start over."

In the next video, Olive, more than six months pregnant, appeared in the camera but wore a hat on her head. In a flash, the wrinkles on her face turned into deep wrinkles, and she looked like she was in her fifties.

Olive was sitting on a rattan chair, looking at the camera. She tried to smile, but the light in her eyes wasn't as bright as before.

"Mr. Augustine, long time no see. Today I wore a hat because I have shaved off my hair. I turned bald. I'm afraid I will scare you, so I put on a hat. At first, I wanted to cover my face, but forget it, Mr. Augustine. Even if I am ugly now, you must hold back and say nothing!"

"My belly is big, the babies are healthy. They are growing healthy in my belly. My mom said that the boy on the left was very quiet. When he is born, he must be very cold. He is a copy of yours, while the couple on the right is energetic and usually kicks me. They must be my copies. I am very happy to have our children with me every day."

At this moment, the door to the room was pushed open, Joyce's voice came in: "Olive, it's time to eat. You haven't eaten in days. Although every time you eat a lot, you always throw up. You can only rely on injected nutrition. I'm bringing you some millet porridge. Eat a lot."

Joyce came over. Olive probably smelled it, crouched down, and vomited immediately, and the video hastily stopped.

In the next video, Olive was more than seven months pregnant, sleeping in her bed, and Joyce was giving her needle therapy.

Her sleeves were lifted up, revealing her arms covered with pinholes, bruised and pale, terrifying to look at.

By that time, Olive had lost a lot of weight and was emaciated, but her belly had been huge for over seven months, and because of triplets, her belly appeared to be much larger than that of those who were about to give birth. She was much older again, like an old woman in her sixties. Olive was lying

on the bed and looking at the camera. Although she was smiling, her eyes were blurred. She said, "Mr. Augustine, rest assured. The babies are fine. Now I can't get out of bed. I have to stay in bed to raise the babies. Now I will definitely be able to endure until the day of delivery, and will definitely bring them to this world safely and healthy."

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Olive slowly reached out her hand, her fingertips resting on the camera. She said softly, "It's just.... Mr. Augustine, I think... I'm starting to miss you."

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In the next video, Olive was more than eight months pregnant. This video was shot in the middle of the night, the light was so dim that her face couldn't be seen clearly.

Chapter 635 Mr. Augustine, I miss you

As the video was opened, there was a sad silence, then he heard her so bs. She said, "Mr. Augustine, I miss you. I miss you so much."

Once there, she curled up in the blanket, buried her face in it, and talked a lot to herself, incoherently.

"President Augustine, you must still hate me now. Did you forget about me? Did you start dating... a new girlfriend...?"

"It's good, it's really good. When I planned to leave you, I just didn't want to drag you down and didn't want to become your weakness. I was prepared mentally, so it's good to let go. Mr. Augustine, those women will definitely rush to you, and they will... take my place."

"At first, I could stand it. I thought I could do it. Even without you, my children and I can live very well, but... at this moment, I regret it. Mr. Augustine, I wish you could be with me..."

"I'm afraid. I fear every day. I don't dare... tell anyone. I feel hurt. It hurts. It hurts... I get older every day, from twenty to thirty... sixty years old... then eighty years old. I'm so old that I don't know myself... I can't sleep every night. Pain and fear surround me like demons, devouring me... Sometimes I even feel, the next second I'll have to hold on, or else I'll die... side."

"Mr. Augustine, I admit I'm selfish. I shouldn't have returned to Visionary. I should be by your No matter how old, good or bad I am, I should stay with you. What should I do? I don't even want to care about it. I just want to let you hold me. I want... to lie in your arms every day, and give myself, my children, and my future to you."

"Even if... Even if I really die one day, I still want to... die in your arms, not... like now... lonely. helpless..."

She just kept crying there, then she couldn't make any sound, and the video just went off.

In the next and final video, Olive gave birth prematurely. She was lying on the bed in the delivery room, her forehead beaded with sweat. The sweat that rolled down quickly wet her clothes. Her hands clutched the bed sheet under her, and the bed sheet was torn.

Joyce kept wiping her sweat, saying, "Olive, don't stress. The baby's head is out. Come on, let's follow my rhythm. Inhale, exhale, inhale..."

Olive quickly followed the rhythm. She gritted her teeth and with a loud "Whoa," her eldest son, Nathan, was born.

"Olive, it's the oldest brother!" Joyce quickly wrapped Lil' Nathan in a blanket and gave him to Olive. At that time, Olive was already thin and emaciated. She raised her trembling hand with difficulty and gently touched Nathan's small face.

At this time, the people around were all screaming in horror: "Blood! Blood! Queen, it's not good! Princess is bleeding profusely!"

A large amount of blood flowed from Olive's body, instantly staining the mattress under her body red.

Joyce quickly put down Lil' Nathan, saying, "Stop the bleeding!"

Olive reached out and grabbed Joyce, shaking her head slowly, "Mom, it's useless. I know I can't do

Posted by **Admin1**, ? Views, Released on August 25, 2023

Chapter 686: Softest Heart, Hardest Armor

Joyce's eyes quickly turned red. **She** said, "Olive, you **can** do it. You have to persevere at this point." Olive **gave a** hard and fragile smile, "Mom, it hurts. It hurts. I want to rest a bit..."

Joyce nodded, "Okay, Olive. After we have two more kids, we'll get some good rest. I know you're tired."

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"Yeah... Mom, don't stop the bleeding. I feel... all my strength is being drained little by little. I'm getting exhausted... I don't have **the** strength anymore. I don't have any more time. Mom, help me give birth to two babies first, okay? I'm begging you..."

Joyce looked at her daughter, who was so weak she could fall down in an instant. Looking at her **daughter** who kept begging her, she raised her eyes and tried to hold back her tears. She gently stroked Olive's small wrinkled face, then nodded. "Okay, then you just have to **give** birth, and then **leave** it to Mom. Mom will save you"

Joyce continued the childbirth operation. Perhaps the mother and daughter were connected, and the second child Levi was born smoothly.

Olive used up her last bit of strength and brought Ivy into this world.

The three babies were born safe and healthy.

But Olive fell, and her body bled profusely, **from hemorrhage** to collapse. The heart detector emitted a high-pitched "beep beep" alarm sound.

"Empress, the princess is... dying!" The nurse said solemnly.

Joyce wore a white coat, and her eyes were red, but she was quite calm. She walked up to Olive, leaned down, and gently asked, "Olive, do you **have** anything to say to me?"

At that time, Olive was weak and about to die, her eyes began to blur, and the pain **was** so bad that her whole body was paralyzed.

"Mom," said Olive, "Send... the eldest brother to Elvis's side, and let him go with him... Don't tell him anything. I want he's okay...."

Joyce nodded, "Okay, I promise. I'll **take** care of it for **you**."

Olive turned her head with difficulty, her shining eyes finally looking at the three children. The tenderness of motherly love was **filled** with reluctance. She hasn't watched her children grow up...

With a long beep, Olive closed her **eyes** and her **heart** suddenly stopped beating.

She was out of breath.

At that time, Olive **was** only twenty years old. She left the **person** she **loved** the most, **lost** her youthful beauty, and gave birth to

three children alone during the most difficult years of her life. She sent her eldest son, Nathan, **across** the sea to Elvis to replace her as his companion. She said **she** wanted him to be **okay**.

All videos in this USB flash drive were all watched. Elvis watched from start to finish without blinking. He dared not blink for fear of missing any moment,

This is Olive's three years.

Elvis never knew what her three years had been like. In his imagination, she could have easily cured the One Snap poison and then lived happily with Derrick Domino.

However, the reality wasn't like that, even completely different.

12:21

A Salle Heart, Hardest Armor

Turns out she had such a hard time.

Elvis narrowed his beautiful eyes to hide the blood red color. He didn't know... how could he doubt her and misunderstand her. When she had the hardest time, buried her head in the blanket, she couldn't hold back her tears. All she did was call his name. She **said** over and over that she missed him. She missed him so much.

He didn't know... He didn't know why he blamed her for not coming **back** for three years. It's not that she didn't want to go back but... she couldn't come back. She closed her eyes and fell into **a** deep sleep for two years.

Elvis pulled out his large hand, the **blood** vessels on the palm of his hand throbbed violently, like a sharp knife was inserted into his heart, constantly stirring, each time it was painful to pull out.

Then he should be with her and the children.

Why wasn't he **there**?

It would be great if he was there.

Unfortunately, time can't start again. Only now did he understand that in the past three years, not only him but also her was stuck in place..

She never left.

He is her lover that time can't take.

Now Elvis's head was filled with Olive's **beautiful** little face. He only **had one** thought to find her!

He wanted to tell her that next time she couldn't make such a decision. Protecting her **was** what he should do. She wasn't only his weak point and his softest heart, but also his hardest armor.

From now on, she **and** their children will be entrusted **with** his protection!

Olive came to The Dearly Hotel as **quickly as** possible. She opened the door to the room, and Clara was waiting for her inside.

"Olive, you're here. I didn't think your speed was that **fast**." Clara smiled devilishly.

Olive's clear eyes looked at Clara's face. **She asked**, "Where's my son? I'm already here. Let me see him **first**."

"Of course. The little prince of the Augustines is in the inner room. You can go see him."

Olive quickly pushed open the door of the inner room, and she immediately saw Lil' Nathan. He was lying on the bed with his hands and feet bound, completely comatose.

"Nathan!" Olive called out, quickly hugged Nathan, then **coldly** looked at **Clara**, "What have you done **to** my **son**?"

"Olive, **you** should ask what your son has done to us. This little prince is too hard to deal with. We have sent many men out to catch him, but they have all been wounded by him, and he almost ran

obedient away. I couldn't help giving him a drug that weakens him. Otherwise, how **can** he be so here?"

Clara didn't like the boy Nathan. There was **a** bit of jealousy **in** her words, Nathan was too much like Elvis, had a domineering and crazy temperament, **and** looked very difficult to provoke. She was a little afraid of Nathan.

“Clara, if something happens to my son, I will never leave you alone!”

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“Got it. Actually, I don’t want to hurt the little prince of the Augustines. After all, I will be stepmother. But Olive, if you disobey, you will be the **one** to blame. Anyway, I will marry Elvis, andt-

The Substitute Bride loted by My Billionaire Thabaral

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Chapter 6: Sahest bie

Hardest Armor

will definitely give him a few more sons, then my sons will be the princes of the Augustine family, so don’t blame me.” Clara laughed.

Olive didn’t want to pay attention to this dreamy woman. She took Nathan’s pulse. His pulse was strong, it didn’t look like he was injured, and her heart calmed down.

At this moment, Nathan slowly opened his eyes, looked at Olive, and called: “Mom-

Posted by **Admin1**, ? Views, Released on August 25, 2023

Chapter 687 Put him in another woman’s bed

Lil’ Nathan was awake.

“Nathan, are you okay? Don’t be afraid. I’m here. Mom’s here, no one can hurt you.” Olive hugged the little boy and reassured him.

Nathan nodded, “Yeah, I trust you.”

At this time. Clara smiled and said: “Olive, do you know where we caught the Augustine little prince? In the children’s playground, he was sitting staring at a woman and her son playing on the seesaw, laughing and talking. He seemed very jealous.”

Olive’s heart throbbed instantly. Nathan already knows his own background, and he is very jealous of other people’s children because his mother hasn’t been with him since he was young.

Olive held Nathan’s small face, looked into his big black eyes, and said word by word. “Nathan. I’m so sorry. I’m three years late.”

Nathan's innocent eyes quickly turned red, "Mom, I miss you so much."

"Yeah, I know. I know. I miss you so much too, Nathan. But for the past three years, I've been sick and couldn't return home."

"Really?" Nathan immediately expressed concern. "Mom, what's wrong with you? Are you okay?"

"Yes, I'm, so I'll immediately come back to find you Nathan, you need to know that I love you so much. I love you more than my life."

Lil' Nathan reached out and hugged Olive tightly, burying his face in her chest, and inhaling the soft and fragrant scent of his mother's body.

In fact, he was afraid that his mother only liked Levi and Ivy, not him.

But now he knows that his mother loves him so much too.

"Olive, it's okay. I've let you and your son stay together for a while, now go do me a favor." Clara impatiently urged.

Olive let go of Nathan, saying, "Nathan, don't be afraid. Rest here first. I'll pick you up when it's all over, okay?"

"Yes, mom. Go ahead." Nathan obediently nodded.

Olive got up and left the room.

Clara closed the door to her room. At this moment, she felt a cold gaze fall on her. Lifting her head, she saw Nathan looking at her.

Now Nathan is sitting quietly on the bed, not at all flustered. He looked at Clara with calm but cold eyes, carrying a deep and sharp ray that wasn't suitable for his age.

Clara seeing this scene felt her scalp tingling. The three-year-old who had just snuggled into Olive's lap and wanted to be hugged suddenly turned into a different person, which scared her.

It was said that the young prince of the Augustines was an outstanding boy with a high IQ, and Clara suddenly had a very bad premonition.

Olive looked at Clara and asked, "Clara, tell me. What do you want me to do?"

Because of the party at the last annual meeting, Clara was very angry. Real and fake Olive wasn't good at all. Instead, she felt that she was being pranked by Elvis and Olive.

12:22

The Bubuitute Bride Dored By My Billi

Chapter 643 Put him in another woman's bed

She no longer wants to be beaten passively, and now she wants to take the initiative.

"Very simple. I can let you and the little prince leave safely, but you must bring Elvis to my bed. Tonight, I must be his wife!" Clara made a request.

Olive's slender eyelashes trembled, but she'd largely guessed.

"What, Olive? Don't you want to?" Clara raised an eyebrow.

Olive's bright eyes met Clara's face, and she said, "Okay, I accept it."

Clara didn't think Olive would agree so easily. She looked surprised, suspiciously at Olive, "Olive, what are you trying to do?"

Olive pursed her red lips, "Clara, you shouldn't doubt me. If you had kindly invited me to your game, I could only have complied, but now what are you suspecting? Don't tell me...you can't afford it."

"Who says I can't afford it? Olive, when I go to bed with Elvis and become his woman, you'll just wait and cry!"

The Dearly Hotel, a presidential suite.

Olive took out her cell phone and sent a text, "Come to my room tonight, 8806."

8806 was her room number.

The message was sent successfully. Olive stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling window, and her long, butterfly-like eyelashes fell silently...

Half an hour later, there was a knock on the door with the usual strong and calm rhythm.

Olive stepped forward and opened the door to the room.

A tall handsome figure stood outside the door. Elvis has arrived.

He wore a hand-made black shirt and black trousers, so clean that he exuded an air of coldness and indifference, majesty and nobility.

The dim light at the door illuminated his handsome face from every angle, making it impossible for people to take their eyes off him.

Elvis narrowed his eyes at her, his gaze deep.

Olive felt his eyes were strange, and there seemed to be a burning passion building up under his seemingly calm eyes that was about to melt her.

He was so cruel last night, saying he couldn't go back with her, but what is he doing now?

"Come in," Olive said.

Elvis's gaze slowly descended on her pretty little face. She had just finished bathing, and on her body was a white knee length nightgown, revealing long-toned legs, no slippers, and bare feet as white as snow stepping on the carpet.

Noticing his gaze, her ten round toes curled slightly, revealing a hint of pink. She got out of the way.

Elvis entered and closed the door behind him.

"Want something to drink?" Olive turned and walked forward.

But Elvis' large hand reached out, directly grabbed her slim waist, pushed her back, and pushed her against the wall.

Chapter 187 at home in another woman's bed

Olive raised her head and looked at him in surprise, asking, "What's wrong with you?"

Elvis squeezed her soft waist, burying his handsome face in her long hair,

inhaling the clean scent of her hair. He said, "You invite me into your room at night and still ask? What are you doing?"

He pursed his thin lips, and smiled softly, his voice deep and manly.

Olive's small hands pressed against his muscular chest, trying to push him away.

Elvis reached behind her back and untied the elastic in her hair.

In the next second, all the black hair she tied up fell down.

Her long, pure black hair fell over her shoulders, her small hand-sized face was red, her lips red and her teeth white. Her eyes were the most charming, like the blue autumn lake water.

The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband Novel Full Episode

Score 9.2

Chapter 688 Olive, it hurts.

Elvis looked at her at the moment, and his mind kept playing her videos rapidly. She even cut her own hair back then.

She wasn't ugly at all.

She is the most beautiful in his eyes.

During two years of deep sleep, she gradually recovered, her whole body seemed to be reborn. From the dead, she was reborn. Elvis held up his large hand, his slender fingers threading through her long hair.

Now she is still standing in front of him. Elvis felt this was a gift from heaven, and he appreciated it even more

Elvis lowered his eyes, his thin lips resting on her forehead, pressing a soft kiss.

Olive's heart missed a beat. What's wrong with him today?

"Elvis, what are you doing? Is something wrong?"

"No..." Elvis moved away from her forehead, his thin lips falling again to her long hair. He kissed all over her long hair.

Olive tried to retreat, but her slender and beautiful back was against the wall, and there was no way to retreat.

The clean and clear masculine breath emanating from him overwhelmed her.

Olive was a little dazed, her slender fingers scraping the wall. She knew he loved her long hair. When she severely lost her hair and even started going bald in Visionary, she couldn't keep his favorite hair after all..

How painful it was.

Olive's clear eyes were quickly covered with a layer of crystal fog. She began to struggle, "Elvis, let go of me first. I'm done showering. You should go take a shower."

"Take a shower?" Elvis looked down at her with a sly smile, "Why should I shower? Olive, what do you invite me to do tonight?"

Olive, *...*

Although she didn't say it clearly, she didn't believe he didn't understand. He is a bad guy, his head is full of unhealthy thoughts.

Now he is pretending to be confused, clearly teasing her. Olive's pretty little face immediately turned suspiciously red.

She bit her red lips, stood on tiptoes, and hastily kissed his thin lips.

When she was about to retreat, the back of her head was grabbed. Elvis changed from passive to active, pinching her red lips with force.

Olive's slender body quickly fraze.

Of course Elvis noticed the changes in her body. Before today, he always thought that she didn't like him so she refused to have sex with him, then had to rely on drugs and get drunk,

Now he knows. When she gave birth to three children, narrowly escaping death, she was psychologically haunted. Moreover, she had just woken up, her body hadn't yet recovered. Elvis regretted having abused her several times before. He even tore her apart.

"Olive," he whispered her name, "Don't be afraid. Leave everything to me. I love you."

He told her not to be afraid and leave everything to him.

He also said he loved her.

Olive's long slender eyelids trembled in terror. She didn't understand the meaning of his words. What did he mean?

Elvis kissed her tenderly but forcefully, his lips brushing over her soft red lips, then thrusting inside and provoking her to dance with him.

His kiss was gentle and respectful. Olive didn't close her eyes, just looked at him like that. He indulged in this kiss with his beautiful eyes closed, every bit of his obsession and love for her.

Men are visual animals, women are emotional animals. His sweet words and gentle yet strong kiss made her stiff body quickly soften, and she fell into his arms.

Elvis' thin lips curled up. He hugged her soft body to his chest, rubbing her as if he wanted to dissolve her in his blood, "Olive, let's take a bath together."

Olive's face was as red as a tomato. She said, "No need. Take a bath yourself. I'll be in the waiting room for you."

"Haha," Elvis chuckled, his unreadable gaze fixed on hers. He half smiled, "I said 'Let's take a bath together.'"

His words were short and powerful, and couldn't be further discussed. Olive's hand-sized face turned red and then white, and her wet eyes stared at him shyly.

Clara was still hiding in the closet, waiting for her to turn off the lights, and then change positions.

But Elvis seemed to know something. He refuses to cooperate and never gives Clara a chance to play tricks.

Elvis raised his hand, his large palm threading through Olive's dark hair, stroking it gently.

From an outsider's point of view, he was just getting intimate with her, but Olive was startled because she knew he had pressed a monitor into her hair. Such a small monitor is barely visible to the naked eye, and he carefully hid it in his hand.

The listener on the other end now hears a whisper.

"Olive, from now on you don't have to worry about anything else. You just need to take a bath with me." He pushed her against the corner of the wall and whispered.

Olive's clear pupils suddenly constricted, she couldn't even push him away. He really knew everything.

Olive wanted to talk, but Elvis let go of her hand, and in the next second, the world was spinning. and she was being picked up.

The two entered the bathroom.

In the bathroom, Olive was placed under the shower. She wasn't ready yet, so she wanted to run away.

But Elvis's slender fingers suddenly pressed against her shoulder and pushed her back.

She was pushed against the wall and stopped by his hard chest. Elvis looked at her condescendingly, his long and narrow eyebrows filled with a fierce coldness. He said, "Untie my belt."

What?

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The Subuluse Bride Deted by My Billionaire Husband

157-17

Chapter 6 Dive, it hurts

Olive lifted her leg and kicked him.

Elvis quickly frowned and said in a deep voice, "Olive, it hurts."

He even cried out in pain.

Elvis is the arrogant son of the heavens, the domineering president. Even though he was bleeding he wouldn't cry, but she only kicked him a few times and he cried out in pain.

It had a bit of charm.

Olive angrily bit his shoulder.

Elvis let her bite, then reached out and pulled her into his lap. He was in pain, very painful. No one had ever hurt him like this.

After Olive bit until satisfied, she reached out and unfastened his belt.

But she rarely takes off men's belts. Because the movement was too hasty, she couldn't take it off anyway. She concluded, "Take it off yourself."

Elvis looked at her. Her skin is white. She looks like a newly bloomed rose.

Her neck is delicate, her bones are slender. Just looking at her can arouse a man's desire to conquer and destroy.

His deep eye sockets were slightly red. He said, "You greedy little girl. If you're in such a hurry, I'll give it to you immediately!"

"Whoosh", he pulled at his belt forcefully.

It was late at night.

Clara was still hiding in the closet, waiting for Elvis to take a bath to replace Olive, but no one came out!

The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband Novel Full Episode

Score 9.2

Chapter 689 Elvis's body is so powerful

Clara waited from evening until late at night. Hours **passed** and Elvis **and** Olive remained in the bathroom and didn't come out.

Clara **was** so angry that she almost vomited blood. Opposite the door, the **man** she loved the most was making love with another woman.

In her heart, Elvis was a born king, with a strong, domineering, and contemptuous royal temperament. And with his temperament and ability to control his desires, even if she **had** Olive's **face**, he wouldn't have any sexual desire for her, Clara felt that he **had** a cold personality.

But she was wrong.

He **also** likes things between men and **women**. Really.

At this time, there was movement outside, Elvis carried Olive out of the bathroom.

Elvis's husky, seductive voice reached her ears: "Olive, **you** should rest. I'm going to take a shower."

Elvis went to the bathroom **again**.

In the end, everything stopped and it was time for her to act.

Clara's limbs went numb. For a few hours **hiding** in the closet, her heart burned every second **with** jealousy and resentment.

She gently opened the closet door.

Olive got up and got dressed. Her long damp black **hair** framed her petite face and ruddy neck, her delicate skin was covered in a thin, crystal-clear layer of **sweat**, her eyebrows were slender and her eyes bright. There was a fragility and a nurtured charm in it, vivid and fragrant.

Clara stared at her, whispering, "Olive, you've gone too far. **You agreed** to let me be Elvis' woman tonight, but you came first."

Olive felt weak all **over**, **even** her voice **was** lazy and flattered, "We've agreed to let you be Elvis' woman tonight, so your chance **has** come."

"You...!" **Clara** clenched her fist, "Elvis and you have been **crazy** together for hours, now that if he's lost his strength, what should I do?"

Clara was really angry. **No** matter how strong a **man's physical** strength is, it will reach **its** limit. She saw that Elvis had spent all his energy tonight because of Olive, how could he have the strength to make **love** to her?

"I can't really help you with this," Olive replied and turned **to leave**.

Looking at her **back**, **Clara** bitterly scolded: "**What** are you pretending to be? Isn't it because you were subdued by Elvis? I heard you call him several times just now!"

Olive went to another presidential suite and stood in front of the sink. She reached out and unbuttoned her **coat**, revealing her undershirt and the delicate skin underneath.

Now her smooth white **skin** is full of hickey marks.

Those hickey marks spread from her delicate ruddy neck, down to her bra, and disappeared, making one's face flush.

Olive **stood** alone in front of the bathroom sink, looking at herself in the mirror. Her slim face was rosy and seductive, full of **vitality**.

12:22

The Substitute Bride: Dated by **My Billionaire Husband**

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Chapter 6 Elvis

She took off her undershirt and stepped into the tub.

The water was warm and contained rose petals that covered her entire body, washing away **the** sticky unpleasant feeling all over her body. Her trembling legs and limp body gradually relaxed.

Olive slowly stretched her slender arms. Elvis was really evil. If he wants to deal with someone, always has the way.

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Her body which had become stiff and hazy due to childbirth had softened, and she had to endure Clara's scolding just now.

Now, **what** are he and Clara doing in that room?

Olive still chooses to trust him. Since he told her not to care about anything, she would listen to him. and do nothing. He certainly had his own plans.

Clara and Concubine Molly have been messing around for so long. It's time to bring them together.

The next morning.

Olive had just left the room when she met an acquaintance in the hallway, **Clara**.

Clara wore a lovely soft, pink **long** dress. After just one night of disappearing, her whole body became like **peach** soaked in honey, rosy and seductive.

“Olive, **what** a coincidence.” Seeing Olive, Clara hurriedly showed a smile of satisfaction.

Olive stopped walking.

Clara came over, smiled softly, and said: “Olive, thank you so much. Last night, Elvis and I slept together, now I am his woman.”

Olive didn’t show any wavering expression, looking at Clara.

Clara was soft and **beautiful** like a flower, obviously being taken care of by a man.

Had Elvis really slept with her?

Olive pursed her red lips slightly, “Clara, then I congratulate you first.”

“Olive, don’t you believe me? Elvis’s fitness is just off the charts. I thought he was powerless, but last night he was so enthusiastic. He did it to me twice and even held me to sleep until dawn.”

Speaking of which, Clara handed a USB flash drive to Olive, “This is for you. You can see it with your own eyes.”

Clara twisted her slender waist, **arrogantly** leaving.

In the room.

Olive looked at the USB in her hand. Clara didn’t say what it was just now, but she figured it out. Probably the video of Elvis **making** love to her last night.

Clara intentionally filmed it and showed it to her on purpose.

However, Clara held back for too long and she finally took on her shame.

Does she want to see it?

Olive plugged the USB flash drive in her hand into the laptop, and soon a video popped up.

On the large bed in the room, Elvis and Clara were entwined.

The lights in the room didn't go out, Elvis perfectly handsome face could be clearly seen.

13757

1949 Eva & body is so powerful.

It **was** him.

Olive's clear pupils suddenly shrank. At first, she thought **of** many possibilities, perhaps he would

use a substitute....

But not.

In the video, Elvis **was** on top of Clara. She hugged his neck, leaned close to his thin lips, and kissed him, happily calling: "Elvis, I **am so** happy being with you."

Elvis bent **down** to kiss her.

Olive clicked to fast forward, and just like Clara said, they did it twice, then Elvis hugged her, and slept together until dawn.

Did he really sleep with Clara?

Olive was still sitting on the sofa. She pressed the button with her delicate finger and started watching the video again...

This time Clara got her wish, so she let **Nathan** go.

Nathan's status is extraordinary so Clara doesn't dare **to** actually touch **him**, not even a hair. Otherwise, the little prince's grandparents would kill her together, and there would be chaos.

Olive carried Nathan out of the hotel. At this moment, **Nathan said**, 'Mom, look, Dad's here'

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The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband Novel Full Episode

Score 9.2

Chapter 690 Wipe my pants

Olive looked up and saw two people walking in front of her, Elvis and Clara. Elvis wore a hand-crafted black suit, tall and straight, his innate regal aura attracting everyone's eyes.

Clara wore a long dress, took his arm, and the two left the hotel together.

"Nathan, I still have some work to do. Go home first. I'll play with you when I'm done." Olive said, patting Nathan's small head.

Nathan nodded obediently. "Okay, I'll go home first."

The Augustine family's special car arrived, and he got in the car and left. Seeing the little boy safely leave, Olive finally let go of the big rock in her heart.

She returned to Sadie's face. After all, Clara was still ostentatious with her little face.

The real and fake Olive play has finally come to an end. She stood gracefully in front of the autumn, wind, her clear pupils calmly looking at Clara.

Clara felt this gaze from afar, raised her head, and immediately met Olive's bright eyes. Olive looked at her nonchalantly. The wind blew through her body, and although without fancy dress, she was as delicate and beautiful as a shining jewel.

It is said that women aren't scary but beautiful women are scary, and the scariest women are those who are both beautiful and temperamental. Olive is this type of woman.

Clara was acutely aware of the distance between her and Olive, but remembering the bed sheet she and Elvis had rolled over last night, she immediately lifted her chin in a proud greeting: "Good morning. Little girl."

"Good morning. Olive smiled lightly, then looked at Elvis.

Elvis glanced at her as well, his gaze cold and distant, like he was looking at a stranger.

After one night, Elvis seemed to become a different person.

He and Clara left, Olive thoughtfully looking at his back.

At this moment, she felt a deep gaze on her small face.

Olive rolled her eyes to the side and met that gaze. She saw Peterson, and now behind him was another subordinate.

The subordinate raised his head slightly to look at her.

Olive saw an unfamiliar face, and... a pair of extremely familiar deep and

narrow eyes.

When she wanted one more look, Peterson left with his subordinate, "Alex, hurry up.

That subordinate's name is Alex.

Olive

ordered. At this time, Clara in front of her also impatiently urged, "Little maid, what are you doing? Hurry up and get in the car. Want us to wait for you?"

The stretched version of the Rolls-Royce commercial luxury sedan stopped, Elvis and Clara, boarded, and Olive quickly got in and boarded.

In the luxury business car.

Elvis and Clara sat together. Clara wished she could wrap herself around Elvis, cuddling against him.-

Chapter 690 Wipe my pants

Elvis looked indifferent. From beginning to end, he and Olive didn't make any eye contact.

Olive didn't say anything either. She was sitting in the back row but she felt a deep gaze staring at her.

"Little maid, bring me a bottle of water." At this time, Clara in the front gave orders.

This business-class car is really quite rough, there are several rows of seats in the back. Olive looked at it, there were bottles of water on the back seat.

She got up, grabbed a bottle of water, then turned around.

When returning, the luxury car suddenly swerved Olive couldn't stand, her slender body tilted. falling directly into a man's lap.

"Sorry..."

Olive wanted to get up, but the water bottle in her hand cracked, and the water in it quickly spilled

It spilled onto the man's pants and wet them.

Olive looked up and saw that it was Alex, the subordinate behind Peterson.

Alex wore a cap on his head, a casual black shirt, and black trousers, and sat in the back of the luxury business car, keeping a modest appearance.

Now Olive was sitting on his strong lap in an ambiguous position.

"Sorry, I'll take care of them for you when we get out of the car," Olive said and stood up.

But a large hand reached out and pinched her slender waist, and a deep voice said in her ear: "Wipe my pants."

A few simple words, with common power.

Olive's slender eyelashes trembled, and the speculation in her heart was somewhat confirmed.

"Even if I clean them, you won't be able to wear them anymore. When I get out of the car, I'll give you a new pair of pants, then you can change."

"I don't want new pants. I just want you to clean them, understand?"

Olive looked down at the water stain on his pants. This water stain was in a sensitive place. He must have done it on purpose.

Olive took out some tissues and wiped his pants.

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Alex's protruding throat roll up and down twice, then a clear line appeared on his pants.

Olive's snow white ears quickly turned red. She raised her hand and slapped the tissues over his face.

Alex didn't dodge either, just smiled and asked: "Why hit me?"

Olive pursed her red lips, her eyes bright and clear, "I seem to see an old friend."

"Which old friend?"

"It's just... an old friend with a lot of money and weapons."

Alex's deep, narrow eyes hidden in his cap suddenly narrowed, and there was a cold and evil charm

13747

from his long, narrow eyebrows, "Do you miss this old friend?"

At this time, Clara came in front and just saw this scene. Olive was sitting on the lap of one of the subordinates, their posture ambiguous, the air burning hot.

Clara immediately sneered, "Little girl, now that Elvis likes me, don't you save face and come here to seduce a lowly subordinate?"

Olive really feels that Clara's IQ needs to be improved.

But Clara arrived just in time. If she didn't come, she didn't know how long this man would bother her.

Olive hastily straightened up, looked at Clara, and replied, "I do keep an eye on this lowly subordinate. Although his status is a bit low, but

Olive stepped forward and whispered in Clara's ear. "He's got capital to be proud of."

This sentence was so vague and suggestive, Clara immediately lowered her eyes and looked at Alex's pants

His pants were drenched where his sensitive parts were. Clara watched for a moment, her face flushed red.

"What? Is he more proud than Mr. Augustine?" Olive laughed.

Clara's heart beat wildly. She'd already made love to Elvis, and she felt pretty good

But Elvis really isn't as good as this subordinate...

(2)

The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband Novel Full Episode

Score 9.2