

The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband Chapter 8

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

Chapter 8 Pushing Her to Wrestle

Gabriella and Pearl were stunned. It turned out that this man was really Olive's gigolo. Gabriella fell a slap in the face.

The store manager walked out of the kitchen with a cake. Elvis took the cake from him and walked out of the shop.

Olive followed suit without bidding farewell to Gabriella.

Gabriella was astounded. She didn't expect Olive to hire such high-quality gigolo.

"Gabriella, it looks like you really will be calling Olive Boss." Pearl muttered in a daze.

Gabriella gougged fiercely at her with eyes. Pearl immediately laughed and said."

Gabriella, what I mean is, Olive's gigolo is so handsome. How much does it cost to hire him?"

Pearl's words quickly reminder her that if Olive could afford to hire him, so could she.

With this thought hovering over her mind. Gabriella became excited.

"Manager, can I please have the cake I bought. We'll be leaving now." Gabriella said over the counter to the manager.

"I'm sorry young ladies. I'll give back your money. I can even double the compensation. I just can't let you have the cake."

"Why?" Gabriella and Pearl questioned in unison.

"The cake is for my dog now." The manager responded.

"What the heck do you mean? You're humiliating us!" Gabriella tapped the counter angrily.

"I haven't humiliated you guys enough. You both offended a big man. The cake is no longer for you..."

The car arrived at the Red Villa. Elvis handed the black and gold card to Olive. "You should have this."

Olive's eyes lash shivered. "Why is he giving me a card?"

"I don't want it." She rejected it.

"You can't afford to support me, but I can support you, my Mrs. Augustine."

My Mrs. Augustine?

Olive's felt her heart skip a beat. She collected the card and quickly opened the passenger's door and got out of the car with the cake.

Olive carefully placed the card in her bag which she held. She entered the living room and sighted old Mrs. Samantha watching the TV and greeted her..

"Olly, you're back. Hope it went well?" Old Mrs Samantha responded with a smile.

"Yes grandma. it went well. Elvis bought a cake on our way back, come let's eat it together."

"Oh my. Yes please." Old Mrs Samantha's face has lit up, she stood and walked with Olive to the dining room.

Elvis walked in. He headed upstairs, but had paused when his eyes fell on Old Mrs Samantha. "Grandma, remember that your BP is high, just one bite of the cake is enough."

Old Mrs Samantha paid zero attention to him and shoved the ninth fork into her mouth, "I know what I have Elvis. The cake really is yummy."

Olive was amused by Old Mrs Samantha's attitude, she chuckled and looked up to Elvis, "Do you want some?"

"No, thanks. I don't eat sugary food."

"Oh."

"There's a stain on the corner of your mouth." Elvis said to Olive. Olive stretched out her tongue and licked the milk stain off her lips.

When she raised her eyes to look at him again, he had already proceeded to the study room.

Olive took a serviette and wiped her lips properly.

The butler led an old man upstairs.

"Grandma, who's that man?"

"Oh, that's Mr. Gregory Aiden, he comes here once a month."

Olive heart skipped a beat. Mr. Aiden was a world, renowned hypnotist. She studied medicine and was familiar with his name.

Mr. Aiden must be treating Elvis of his insomnia. It seemed that his sleep disorder was more serious than she thought.

Olive was restless, hence she headed to the study door.

The study was messy, all the documents on the desk fell on the tiles ground, and the clock in Mr. Aiden's hand was shattered.

Elvis stood in front of the desk with his hands on the table. Hearing the door crack open, Elvis raised his head and Olive's narrow, deep eyes met hers.

He looked like a different person entirely.

Although she had just met him the previous night, she could decipher the difference.

The two of them stared at each other. Elvis's lips arched his lips and said solemnly, "Get out!"

Olive turned around and left the study. But she stood outside the door.

The butler picked up the broken clock and walked out with Mr. Aiden. As they shut the door behind them.

"Mr. Aiden. how's he?"

Mr. Aiden shook his head, "At the early stage, I could hypnotize Sir Elvis and he could sleep for a day, but his mental state deteriorated too quickly. Sir Elvis became extremely

vigilant, and his defense line became terrifying strong, so it became impossible to hypnotize him."

Olive was not surprised. Elvis was a mature, deep and restrained man.

Olive gently reached for the doorknob, wanting to go in..

"Young mistress, no, it's very dangerous for you to go in now. Have you forgotten what transpired last night?" Butler Henry dissuaded her.

"The memory is still fresh in my mind sir. But once his sleep disorder develops into a mental illness, he won't be able to control the gloomy, irritable, pathological creature in his body." Olive tutored Henry who stood pale.

Olive pushed open the door and entered.

In the study, Elvis glanced at Olive who was returning. He furrowed his brow and yelled, "Get out, don't let me say it the third time!"

Olive stepped forward, her dark eyes overflowing with a bright smile, "Mr Hart, what if you say it the third time?"

Elvis felt some heat engulfing him. The veins on his forehead were bulging. His body was losing control. He did not want to hurt her!

Reaching out and clasping Olive's arm, he yelled, "Get the fuck out!"

He let go of her. She lost her balance and went crashing on the ground, with her

forehead hitting the sharp edge of the table. Olive groaned in pain and covered the wound with her hands as her blood flowed through her fingers.