

The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband

By Sumpto Midway Chapter 801

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Chapter 801 I Loved You Wholeheartedly

Marvin finally returned.

The assistant stayed where he was. Marvin slowly walked over with a black umbrella. He walked over to the tombstone. He lowered his waist and offered the little white flower in his hand.

Marvin did not **say** anything, but stood quietly **in** front of the tombstone.

In fact, he didn't know what to say.

Marvin's cold black eyes fell on Alpha's photo. **His** father was too unfamiliar to him, and he only realized today **that** Lily was **not** his biological mother. And that Annabelle was his biological mother.

His only encounter with **Annabelle** seemed to have been **when** he sneaked in to the study when he was very young, and touched the paintings that his father had treasured.

After **that**, he never saw Annabelle **again**.

Until now, he had never seen Annabelle in person, not even a single glance.

So, what should he say?

His father and mother were so unfamiliar to him. What could he really say?

"Marvin, are you back?" At this moment, a big hand landed on his shoulder and patted him.

Marvin looked sideways and looked at Elvis beside him. He was not used to it. Elvis suddenly became his brother. Over the years, he seemed to have been excluded from the Augustine family. He was used to it.

"Big brother." Marvin called out, and **his** cold **black** eyes fell on Olive, who **was** behind Elvis.

Olive **also** looked at him, a soft smile rippled from the bottom of her clear eyes, so warm and bright, “Hi, Marvin, it’s been a while.”

She hadn’t seen him for four years.

But for Marvin, he had met them not long **ago**. Hearing about her, he set out to travel thousands of miles, and secretly saw her.

Marvin pursed his lips and hid all his feelings from his eyes. “Sister-in-law, yes, it’s been a while.”

“Yea,” Olive nodded. The old friends reunited, and even the sadness of their departure was washed

away.

“Marvin, let’s go home.”

Marvin nodded, “Alright.”

In the Augustine family’s mansion, Marvin entered the study, where Mrs. Augustine was already waiting for **him**.

As for his background, someone had already tell her. The funny thing was that Marvin was the last

one to know.

After a long time of conveying with Marvin, Mrs. Augustine walked **away** with her exhausted body.

Marvin stood tall and handsome in front of the floor-to-ceiling window. He had taken off his black clothes outside. He was wearing a white shirt and black trousers.

He looked into the distance, as different thoughts ran through his mind.

“Marvin,” at this moment, a soft voice came from behind.

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Marvin’s heart skipped a beat and he suddenly turned around. Olive had already walked over.

“**Sister in law**, are you looking for me?”

Olive nodded, “Marvin, **what** did grandma tell you just **now**?”

“**She** just said somethings about my background and inheritance.”

Olive could tell that he didn’t care about this, including... his own background.

For him, his background was already an option.

Olive pursed her lips and handed him the items in her hand, “Marvin, these were left for you by Aunt Annabelle.”

Marvin stretched out his **fair** and slender hand to take it. He lowered his eyes and was quickly stunned, because these were all Annabelle’s design drawings over the years.

As the founder of Fly jewelry and the godmother of jewelry, Annabelle’s manuscripts were all kept. She had not stopped designing over the years.

Marvin looked up **at** Olive.

Olive’s bright eyes flashed with a broken smile, “Marvin, I **know** aunt Annabelle is very unfamiliar to you. These are all of her designs, and her entire life’s journey.”

“Aunt Annabelle had **a** pure and good life. She was reluctant to give up on love and freedom, and she was still struggling. This was **the** thing that brought her happiness. Now, I’ll leave it to you.”

Marvin suddenly felt touched.

Olive took out a copy and turned to the first page. “Marvin, aunt Annabelle always thought she was carrying a girl, so she made a lot of designs for her daughter.”

Marvin saw the design sketches, because this book was very special. There were many traces of tears on it.

Marvin reached out and closed the design book. “**Sister in law**, what do you want me to **say**?”

Olive calmly met Marvin's gaze, "Marvin, do you blame them?"

"Who am I to blame?" he asked.

Marvin looked at Olive, he scoffed, and then he said, "You want to persuade me not to blame them?" Olive slowly raised her head, "**Marvin**, I don't want to persuade you, you have a thousand reasons to blame them, uncle Alpha's indifference, aunt Annabelle's absence, grandma's preference for Elvis, none of them were as good **as** Lily to you. At least, Lily once loved you with all her heart.

"In the previous generation's grievances, you were the most innocent and the biggest victim. As parents, uncle Alpha and aunt Annabelle have been absent from your entire life, they will never get another chance to atone for their mistakes." Olive paused, then she continued,

"I'm not trying to persuade you. I just hope that in the future, you can find time to slow down your steps. And then read the story of uncle Alpha and aunt Annabelle. Although they were not involved in your life, **you** are their biggest pain and regret. I hope one day you'll understand."

Olive did not have the qualifications **to say** anything to Marvin. Everyone in the Augustine family, except Bounty, owed **this** child.

The night before they left, they had eaten their last supper with Alpha and Annabelle, but **what**

about Marvin?

He had been away from the **Augustine** Family for many years, and it **would** be difficult to return in the future.

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Hearing the sad news about **Alpha** and Annabelle, Marvin was dumb and dull. He actually didn't have **too** many emotions. He rushed back like a robot.

But now, when he heard Olive's soft voice, an emotion quickly spread across Marvin's chest.

At this **moment**, his **cold** black eyes slowly turned red.

Author's Daily Story

In front of the church, Alpha raised his foot. There was indeed a dollar note under his shiny black leather shoes.

With an indifferent glance, he turned around and **was** about to get into the car.

“Sir!”

The soft and melodious voice sounded in his ears.

Alpha looked back again. The fourteen-year old Annabelle's facial features were still immature, but she was already stunningly beautiful.

Today, her hair was long hair and flowed down her back, making it difficult for people to look away at first glance.

“Sir, can I add you on social media?” Annabelle took out her phone and stared at him with her eyes. Alpha pursed his lips, then he said, “No way.”

With that, he got into the car and the luxurious car sped **away**.

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Chapter 802 Get Him A Woman.

Apart from Bounty, the girl before him was the second person to warm him up. The encounter on the streets of Imperial was unforgettable, and since then, she has become an irreplaceable person in his life.

Marvin looked at Olive, “Olive...” he made to say.

“Marvin, Olive, what are you guys talking about? Elvis suddenly surfaced. Their conversation swiftly ended.

Olive looked back. She tilted her head. “I just talked to Marvin for a while, but we didn't talk about anything important.”

“Oh, I see,” Elvis nodded. He walked over and stretched out his big palm. He held Olive's hand in his, then he looked at Marvin, “Marvin, let's go down for dinner.

From the moment Elvis appeared, the steam and redness in Marvin's eyes

had already faded.

"You two can go down first, I'll join you later." Marvin replied.

Elvis nodded, and then, he led Olive away.

Marvin stood calmly, as he watched them walk away.

Elvis led Olive out. "Olive, the design manuscripts you handed over to Marvin, was it my mother's intention, or yours?"

Olive blinked, and whispered embarrassingly, "Mr. Augustine, I believe this is also what aunt Annabelle wants!"

Alpha and Annabelle left in a hurry. They had too many regrets in this world, and there were too many things they didn't say to Marvin.

Elvis looked at Olive's smart and agile appearance. He had already guessed that this was done by her, and not by his mother's directives. He had already guessed it, and Marvin could guess it too.

How could Marvin ever forget about Olive?

No matter the kind of girl Marvin would meet in his life in the future, he was afraid they wouldn't be able to replace her.

Since he knew that Marvin was his younger brother, Elvis naturally felt a little less bothered. After all, the eldest brother was like a father.

"Olive, when are we leaving?" he asked.

Olive thought for a while, "Since you're in Imperial City, then let's wait for a few days. I'm not worried about my father and my mother. Also, I haven't seen North for a long time. I heard that Raven is getting married, is that true?"

Hearing Raven's names, a frown quickly appeared on Elvis's face. He nodded and said, "It seems so.

Olive glared at him angrily, "What does it mean? The answer is yes or no."

Elvis nodded silently, "Yes."

"Oh, okay." Olive stretched out her hand and pushed Elvis away.

"Then go and have fun with your good friend. It's a good thing to get married, I wish him well."

With that, Olive turned around and left.

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Elvis was stunned. He couldn't understand what he did that got her upset.

Damien and Joyce had come to the funeral. The death of their friend had dealt a heavy blow to them, and everyone's mood was gloomy.

Mrs. Robert had also come over, and was staying with her best friend, Mrs. Samantha.

Of course, there was good news. Bounty woke up.

Bounty, who was in a coma and finally opened her eyes.

The rain had passed and the sky had cleared. The late autumn sun was

shining warmly on people's bodies. Everyone was standing in the distance. Bounty was wearing a black coat. She remembered the past and bid farewell to the first half of her life.

Bounty rested her head on Mrs. Samantha's thighs. Mrs. Samantha caressed her daughter's long hair.

"Bounty, what are your plans?" Mrs. Samantha asked.

Bounty raised her head. Her eyes that had been dark for many years gradually began to light up. "Mom, I want to travel around the world."

Mrs. Samantha nodded, "Okay."

Bounty packed her bags and started traveling the world. Olive had received messages from her, as she informed her whenever she changed location.

Bounty's smile became brighter and her eyes radiated with joy.

Half a year later, Olive found out that Bounty was seeing someone..

Olive knew that Bounty had walked out and found her true happiness.

As for Mrs. Samantha, she was worried about her good friend, Mrs. Robert.

One sunny afternoon, the two friends sat on the swing, each holding a cup of coffee. Mrs. Augustine narrowed her eyes and said, "My dear, has your son, Damien, ever talked about his girlfriend?"

Mrs. Robert felt that the coffee she was drinking was particularly delicious.

When Mrs. Samantha brought up this topic, she immediately looked at her best friend and said, "Sam, it's rare for us to be in such a good mood. Why are you bringing up such unnecessary topic? Are you a spoiler?" Mrs. Samantha sighed, "My dear, since what happened to Alpha and Annabelle, I feel that time has passed too quickly, and it's gone in the blink of an eye, so we need to do something meaningful in our limited time."

"What do you mean?" Mrs. Robert asked curiously.

Mrs. Samantha said mysteriously, "Tonight, you should sneak a woman into Damien's room and make her f uck him!"

"F uck him?"

"Yes, f uck him!"

"But what if Damien gets angry?"

"What are you afraid of? You can't be of your own son, or are you?"

Mrs. Robert and Mrs. Samantha stared at each other, a sly smile appeared on their faces. It was a good idea.

Damien had no idea what the two women had planned for him.

Recently, Damien was very busy. In addition, the departure of his long-time friend, Alpha, made him very depressed. Everyone in the company did not dare to offend him.

In the evening, Damien returned to the Robert family's mansion. Originally, he lived in his villa, but old Mrs. Robert complained of a headache, so he had come over after work to see her.

After he was done reviewing all the documents in the study, he returned to his room and went to the bathroom to take a cold shower.

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Chapter 803 Call Her Over.

In the room, Damien, who had just finished bathing, was wearing a black, silk pajamas. His short hair was soaked in a black mist.

He wiped the water droplets off his short hair with a towel and went to bed, but he soon realized that something was wrong, because he reached out to touch the blanket and touched someone. A sharp cold light flashed from Damien's eyes. He sat up and got out of bed. There was a young girl under the quilt. The girl was wearing a sexy nightgown. Damien stared confusingly at her, "Who are you, and who let you in?" he asked.

"Mr. Damien, don't be angry. Your mother let me in," the lady replied.

Damien was not surprised at all. Apart from his mother, who else would dare to put a woman under his blanket?

The girl looked at Damien, her face flushed red, she sat up and crossed her legs seductively. She even stared at Damien with her pitiful eyes.

"Mrs. Robert let me in. But I can serve you, I'm willing to serve you well." The girl muttered shyly. The girl was relatively young, and she knew that men usually couldn't refuse such an innocent and shy person, especially men in their forties, who loved the coquettish attitude of young girls.

However, Damien wasn't interested in anything she had to offer. He pursed his thin lips and said coldly, "Get down and get out of my room!"

What?

The girl was stunned.

Damien did not have any patience. He reached out and grabbed the girl and pulled her off his bed. Then, he opened the door and threw her out.

The girl was still wearing the sexy nightdress. As soon as she was thrown out this way, she immediately covered herself and screamed.

At this moment, Mrs. Robert came over and said, "Damien, what happened?" Damien looked at Mrs. Robert, then he said, "Mom, you should know better than anyone what happened."

Mrs. Robert took in a breath and pointed at the girl, "Who are you? You are so bold, you dare to run over and do this to my son? My son never messes around. Yes, he's a decent gentleman, someone should hurry up and take her out."

The security guards quickly ran over and took the girl away without saying a word. It was obviously not the first time something like that had happened. Mrs. Robert walked in front of Damien and laughed. "Son, don't be angry. I've already chased that girl away for you."

With that, Mrs. Robert tugged at the edge of her clothes and asked in a low voice, "It's okay, son, tell me the truth, do you not like this type of girl? Just tell me what type of girl you like. I'll find the type of girl you like."

Damien didn't say a word, he only stared at Mrs. Robert coldly, The old lady felt as if a sword had been stabbed into her chest. It hurt so much. Her eyes widened-in____

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Chapter 803 Call Her Over.

shock. "Son, you...don't tell me you don't like..."

Damien calmly turned and made to enter the room.

"Wow!" At this moment, Mrs. Robert suddenly cried sadly.

"I've been waiting for a long time to see you get married to a good girl. It seems I'll never have a good daughter-in-law before I die."

The ser vant immediately supported Mrs. Robert. "Sir, you're making her angry. Ma'am has not been well recently. The doctor said that she can't be stimulated."

As he stared at the ser vant and master who were acting in accordance, Damien felt a headache. But at this moment, his phone rang out.

Damien walked in and grabbed his phone from the table. When he saw the caller ID, his knitted eyebrows slowly loosened, and the corner of his mouth drew a playful arc.

While staring at his phone, Mrs. Robert was secretly staring at Damien as she cried. When she saw the sinister smile on the corner of Damien's lips, Mrs. Robert's heart s kipped a beat!

Mrs. Robert immediately stopped crying.

Damien pressed the key to answer the call. He did not say a word. Soon, Joyce's voice said, "Hello, Mr. Robert, can you give me back that book?"

She had always wanted the book, so Damien brought it back, but he did not open it. He didn't know what was inside, but it was so attractive to her.

Damien pursed his lips and said in a low voice, "Okay, come over and get it." "Really? Where are you now?"

Damien informed Joyce of his address, and then he ended the call. At this moment, he realized that the noisy scene had suddenly become quiet. Mrs. Robert and the maid were staring at him.

Damien pursed his lips.

"Wow..." Mrs. Robert reacted and sobbed again. Then she moved in front of

Damien and nudged him, "Son, my head hurts. My head hurts."

Damien laughed and said, "Mom, then you should go back to your room to rest first. What a coincidence, your daughter-in-law will be here soon. Too bad you won't see her."

Mrs. Robert's lips went apart. Immediately, she straightened her back.

"Headache? Who said I have a headache? I'm tough!"

With that, Mrs. Robert held Damien's sleeve, "Son, are you kidding me? My daughter-in-law is really coming? What kind of girl is she?"

"You'll find out when you see her." Damien replied.

"You're still so mysterious. What did I say? My son has never let me down. He's really my good son!" she muttered happily..

"I'm so nervous. This is the first time I'll see my daughter-in-law. I need to get dressed up and clean up a little more neatly. Come with me."

Mrs. Robert took the maid to her room to prepare.

The butler stood calmly, as he stared at Damien.

The number of girls Damien had thrown out over the years was more than one hundred.

The butler raised his hand and gave Damien a thumbs up.

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Chapter 804 He Doesn't Have Time

Chapter 804 He Doesn't Have Time

Joyce had been mourning for a while. She really couldn't understand how Annabelle, who had lived with her in Visionary for so many years, had suddenly left.

In the end, she came to the conclusion that men were indeed poisonous!

Joyce was sad for a long time. She even put on hold the thought of recovering the secret book.

What she did not expect was that Damien would agree so readily, and ask her to come over to get it.

Joyce came to the Robert family's mansion according to the address. This mansion was quite exquisite.

Back then, Joyce chose Damien because he had the most perfect genes in world. Now, it seemed he did not only have good genes, but was also super rich.

Joyce walked inside. At this moment, she saw some people already standing at the door, as they welcomed her. There were, Mrs. Robert, the maid and the Butler.

Joyce halted.

When Mrs. Robert saw Joyce from a distance. She quickly stepped forward, and tears of joy dripped down her face.

Mrs. Robert walked up to Joyce and grabbed her hand, as she stared at Joyce.

Joyce was a little embarrassed. "Excuse me, is this Damien's home? I'm here to find see Damien," she muttered calmly.

"Yes, this is the Robert family. I'm Damien's mother." Mrs. Robert quickly introduced herself.

In other words, this was Levi, Nathan and Ivy's greatgrandma.

"Hello, ma. I'm Olive's mother. My name is Joyce."

Mrs. Robert was only told that her daughter-in-law was coming, but she didn't know that it was Olive's mother. Mrs. Robert was stunned at the realization.

"It's you? It's really you!" The old lady exclaimed.

Joyce was taken aback by her reaction.

Mrs. Robert grabbed her little hand and said, "Joyce, our family is a good family. Back then, when you and Damien were young, you left him once, you can't do it again. You must be responsible to him to the end!"

Joyce couldn't tell whether Mrs. Robert was joking or not.

At this moment, a deep magnetic voice said, "What are you guys talking about?"

Joyce looked up and saw Damien in front of her.

Damien had already changed from his black pajamas to a clean and homely blue thin sweater and black trousers.

Before Joyce could say anything, Mrs. Robert smiled and said, "Why do you want to know what a mother-in-law and daughter-in-law talked about?"

Mother-in-law?

Joyce was confused. What did this mean?

There must be something strange about Mrs. Robert's enthusiasm. Joyce's gaze fell on Damien's handsome face, as she began to search for answers.

Chapter 804 He Doesn't Have Time

Damien had his plans. "Come here," he beckoned at her.

Mrs. Robert quickly released her hand, "Joyce, go over, Damien calls you!"

Joyce laughed, and then she quickly walked over to Damien's side. She whispered, "Mr. Robert, what's going on? Where's the secret book? Hurry up and return it to me!"

"I have the secret book with me. Don't worry, I will give it to you, but you have to do one thing for me." Damien said.

"What's that?"

Damien put his arm around her shoulder, "My mother has been pestering me and wants a daughter-in-law. Now you have to cooperate with me in acting

and make my mother believe that we're together. Do you understand what I mean?"

Joyce perfectly understood. This was the reason why he had called her over. "You don't want to? I don't like to force people either. If you don't want to, then forget about it. I find someone else, but that book..." Damien let go of her shoulders,

Joyce quickly grabbed his sleeve. She blinked playfully and smartly. "Deal! Isn't it just to pretend in order to make your mama happy? I'm a very lovable person, your mum will definitely love me."

Damien stared at her. She looked the best when she smiled.

Damien quickly withdrew his gaze, his expression was a little unnatural.

At this moment, Joyce let go of him and walked straight towards Mrs. Robert. She called out in a sweet and pretty voice, "Mom!"

"My dear," Mrs. Robert responded quickly. She was really happy. She even took out a big red envelope and stuffed it directly into Joyce's hands.

"Joyce, this is from mum! I want you to keep it."

Joyce probably knew that this red envelope was similar to a welcoming fee.

Joyce took the red envelope and Damien turned around and went in. Joyce held Mrs. Robert's arm and they entered the mansion together.

In the living room, Mrs. Robert said, "Joyce, it's so late, have you eaten dinner? Do you want me to ask the chef to prepare you something to eat?"

Joyce felt hungry. "That'll be perfect, mom," she replied with a smile.

"Is there anything you'd particularly love to eat?" Mrs. Robert asked tenderly.

Joyce shook her head. "No, I'm not a picky eater. Anything is fine with me."

"It's not best for one to be picky eaters, my dear, it's best to have children!"

Mrs. Robert muttered directly.

With that, the old lady looked at Joyce's slender figure and squinted her eyes.

"Joyce, do you want to give Damien another child? Perhaps a son will be best this time."

Joyce accepted the offer calmly. She looked up at the man who was heading upstairs and she sweetly called out, "Damien."

Damien halted and looked back at Joyce

At this moment, Joyce was leaning on his mother's side gently and pleasantly.

The bright yellow light

in the dining room made her delicate facial features even more beautiful.

She looked at him and tilted her head, "Damien, mom said that I should give you a son, do you want to have a son?"

Damien's throat tightened as he pursed his thin lips and did not speak.

Joyce retracted her gaze and looked at the old lady aggrievedly. "Mom, I also want to give birth to a son for Damien, but Damien has been too busy with

work recently, and he doesn't have time to make a baby with me.”
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"The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband

Chapter 805 Why do you think I'm evil?

Damien turned and stared at Joyce for a while, then he headed upstairs without uttering a word.

Damien went to the study to work for a while, and then he stepped out. He happened to meet Joyce who had just gone upstairs.

Joyce was in a good mood. When she saw him, she even took the initiative to say hello.

“Hi, Damien, are you finished with work?” her sweet voice asked.

She was very competent for the job that Damien offered her, and her performance was flawless.

Damien stopped in his footsteps, and his eyes fell on her bright face. A while ago, she had eaten a piece of cake, and the milky white cream touched the corner of her thin lips.

“Wipe it up,” he instructed.

Joyce paused for a moment. “What?” she asked confusingly.

Soon, her vision darkened. Damien had already walked over. His masculine scent filled her nose. He gently held her chin, and took out a handkerchief from his trouser pocket, with the other hand, he gently wiped the corner of her lips, and then he said, “It's really dirty. How can you get cake on your face?”

Damien was born into wealth, naturally, he had an obsession with cleanliness. There was an undisguised disdain on his handsome face, which showed that he was very picky about the details of his life.

But in addition to the disdain, his eyes were a little deep and dark.

Now, Joyce was enveloped in his embrace. She did not move, as she enjoyed his services, and then she blinked her eyes beautifully, “Mr. Damien, look at the cream on my mouth, what is on your mind? Did it create some kind of evil image?”

The fragrance from the Joyce's body kept creeping into his nose and mouth. This dual stimulation of her scent made Damien more attracted to her.

“Miss Brown, why do you think I'm evil?”

On the surface, he still looked like a serious gentleman, but to Joyce, he was a joke. After all, she had already discovered that he was very... boring.

“Mr. Augustine, are you really not thinking about anything?” Joyce licked the corner of her lips as she spoke.

Because his fingertips were still on her face, he immediately felt something soft and slippery touch

him.

Damien's eyes suddenly darkened. He was no longer an innocent boy. Although she happened to be the only romantic moment in his life, but his biological age had reached a certain stage. So Joyce. suggestive action caused sparks to appear in his eyes.

With his fingers, he grabbed her chin and scolded in a low voice, "Joyce, you are a woman. Do you know what shame is?"

Joyce narrowed her pretty eyes, as she chuckled..

"I thought Boss Damien likes shameless women."

"Joyce!"

Seeing that he seemed angry, Joyce quickly softened her tone and coaxed him, "You're angry? Don't

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Chapter 805 Why do you think I'me?

be angry, Damien is so handsome. I couldn't help teasing him."

"You so cute!" Joyce raised her hand and touched his head, as she coaxed him.

Damien grabbed her slender wrist and said unhappily, "Where are you touching?"

Joyce's beautiful eyes calmly stared at Damien.

Damien felt that he had a good reputation, but now, he was also aroused by her.

At this moment, Mrs. Robert went upstairs. When she saw the two of them standing so close to each other, the old lady quickly reached out and covered her eyes.

Seeing his mother, Damien quickly let go of Joyce.

Joyce also noticed the presence of Mrs. Robert. "Mom," she called shyly.

Old Mrs. Robert was ready to leave. The old lady laughed and said, "Damien, Joyce, it's fine. I just had a room prepared for you two, so you can rest early."

There were a lot of rooms in the Robert family's mansion, including a few master bedrooms. Just now, someone climbed into Damien's bed. As expected, Damien would not enter that room again. Mrs. Robert had someone prepare a new master bedroom for them.

Joyce looked at Mrs. Robert, and then she said, "Mom, then I'll go to the room now."

Joyce turned and also said shyly to Damien, "Damien, I'll wait for you, Don't stay too late, okay? You've been working so hard lately. When you get back to the room, I'll give you a good massage, okay?"

Mrs. Robert was overjoyed when she heard this.

Damien coldly watched Joyce act, and his crimson lips curled into a dark arc.

"Young Master, your coffee is ready." At this moment, a maid handed over a

cup coffee.

Damien picked up the teacup and took two sips, but he quickly realized that the taste was not right. "Mom, what kind of coffee is this?"

"Darling, this is a booster coffee. Do you think it's delicious?"

Damien threw the teacup back heavily, "Mom!" he half-yelled, as his face darkened.

Mrs. Robert's smile quickly turned into a look of grievance,

"Damien, what did I do wrong? Is it wrong to help you out? I'm already so old, but I'm still looking out for you. I'm certain that you haven't touched a woman in a long time, so I got you something that could help you. Is that wrong of me?"

Facing such a relentlessly mother, Damien could only turn quietly, and head into the study.

Damien stayed in the study for another hour, as he processed the documents. Once he was done, he returned to the bedroom.

The moment he entered the room, Joyce just happened to come out of the bathroom. The woman had just taken a shower. She was wearing a silk nightdress, that exposed her bright and delicate skin.

Damien glanced at her and said indifferently, "Miss Brown, are you deliberately seducing me by dressing like this, or do you think I don't exist?"

Joyce sat on the dressing table and started applying skin care products. She looked at the man through the mirror, "You have to ask your mother this question."

Her response meant that his mother told her to wear it, hence she couldn't refuse.

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Chapter 505 Why do you think I'm evil?

Damien stepped forward, his tall and handsome body stood behind her, and then he lowered his eyes. Under the light, Joyce's bright face radiated beautifully.

"Joyce, you're not wearing any underwear."

This was not a question, but an affirmation.

Joyce pursed her lips, and then she said, "I also really wanted to wear an underwear, but your mother didn't give me any."

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