

The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband Chapter 91

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Chapter 91 He's Sick Again

Olive felt very ashamed, she felt as though she should disappear. Elvis bent his head

and kissed her again.

"No!" Olive quickly covered her lips with her hands, preventing him from kissing her.

Elvis stopped. His eyes looked lazy, as he yearned for her.

"You know what, you really are unreasonable. And it's you who's ruthless.

Now you're

sane, and you're kicking me away."

"I was drunk, you shouldn't take advantage of vulnerable people." Olive muttered

defendantly.

Elvis scoffed. If he had indeed taken advantage of her, she would have been on his

bed, beneath him.

"I'll give this back to you."

Olive looked down and saw that there was a coin in his hand. Olive's head was buzzing

as she felt even more chagrined.

Elvis slid the coin into her hands.

"This is too little, save the money."

With that, he walked away. Olive covered her face. She really didn't know how she was

able to do such a shameful thing.

The coin in her hand seemed hot. Olive wasn't aware of where she got the courage

from, but she raised her hand and threw the coin at him.

The coin fell on Elvis's stiff back and fell to the ground. Elvis turned and

fastened the
black belt around his waist.

“Huh? Don’t come close.” Olive’s eyes widened in fright, as she hid in the
corner of the
bathroom.

Looking at her frightened expression, Elvis let out a low hoarse laugh. He
looked down
at her slender waist that was outlined by the wet clothes, and quickly turned
around and
walked out.

He couldn’t tease her further, for he himself was aching for her body.
Olive saw that his shirt and trousers were also wet. The wet shirt made
visible his
massive chest. She glanced at his waist which was hugged sexily by his
trousers.

Olive quickly splashed her face with water and shook off the unhealthy
thoughts which
were forming in her mind. Olive took a shower and waited until the heat on
her body
had completely subsided before opening the door and heading to the room.
In the room, Elvis had already taken a shower. He was wearing a black silk
pyjamas.

His neat short hair was wet. with mist.

Now sitting on the sofa, his two legs elegantly stacked together, as he
focused his
attention on the documents in his hands.

It was the first time Olive had seen him work. Elvis raised his eyes and
fixed his gaze
on her.

“Are you hungry? Come over and eat something.”

Olive saw that there was already a bowl of potato porridge on the table, as
well as

some snacks and refreshing side dishes. It was obvious that they had just

been

prepared.

She had been studying in the Ivory Council, and only had two glasses of drink at the

bar. She was really hungry. Unexpectedly, he had already thought about her welfare

and had someone prepare a delicious dinner for her.

Olive walked over and sat beside him,

“Mr. Augustine, don’t you want to eat?”

“I’ve already eaten.”

“Oh ” Olive muttered, she knew better than disturbing his work, so she stood up and sat

on the table and begun eating her dinner.

She turned to look at the ashtray which was filled with multiple smoked cigarettes.

Elvis was feeling a little unwell. Since she was away for the past days, he hadn’t been

able to sleep.

The dangerous demon which lived inside him, was slowly being awakened.

He made to take another pull from his cigarette, but a hand reached out and took the

cigarette away from his fingertips. His mouth was stuffed with something.

Chapter 92: Pain

Olive frowned, and licked her lips which was now stained with blood.

Soon, Elvis regained some clarity. The blood which he had tasted from her mouth gave

him an impulse which made him feel like he had fallen into an abyss.

“Don’t touch me.” Elvis quickly got up and walked into the bathroom. “Go go sleep.” He

locked the bathroom door.

Everytime he fell ill, he would push her away. Olive knew the inviolable pride and dignity

of a man like him. However, he couldn’t save himself.

He locked himself up, making the situation worse.

Olive reached out and knocked on the door,

Elvis, open the door. I have some medical experience. I can help you. I know you're in pains right now. Open the door and let me see you."

In the bathroom. Elvis stood beside the washbasin. The faucet was turned on, and the cold water flowed out.

There was still her sweet taste in his mouth, which made him very excited. He raised his head and looked at himself in the mirror. His eyes were covered with a bloodthirsty gloomy and terrifying aura.

The room was engulfed with silence, and only Olive's beckoning voice was heard.

Elvis turned off the tap and walked over to the door. Olive was about to knock when the door suddenly opened.

"Elvis, how are you?"

Olive met his reddened eyes, as he stared at her gloomily. His gaze were like that of a beast staring at it's prey.

"Elvis..."

Elvis looked at her and said huskily,

"I'll give you one last chance. Go out."

Olive shook her head slowly.

"I'm not leaving."

Elvis grabbed her slender wrist and threw her into the soft bed with a few strides.

Olive felt a little dizzy. A big thud was felt on the bed, as Elvis collapsed into it.

He took out a black leather belt and tied her two slender wrists to the edge of the bed.

Olive struggled for a while.

"Elvis, what are you doing? Don't be this way. Let me go!"

Elvis moved to her neck and bit her veins. Olive let out a loud scream. Soon, his big hand landed on the button of her pyjamas and he pulled it open. He started to chew on it, as he was obsessed with the smell.

Olive struggled at first, but she soon realized that her struggles only deepen his desire to dominate. So she bit her tongue in pain, not allowing herself to make a

sound.

He felt his hands slid down from her waist. Her eyes shrank and she quickly said,

“Elvis, no!”

Elvis heard her weak voice and looked up at her. Olive’s beautiful hair was scattered on the snow white pillow.

Elvis lowered his head and kissed her red lips. Olive didn’t evade, she probed carefully.

“Elvis, I promise to be obedient, can you let me go? It hurts.”

With her coaxing voice sounding tenderly, Elvis’s hostility lessened a bit.

He reached

out and untied the black belt.

Olive moved her little hand and placed it under the pillow. Her needles were under the pillow.

Elvis was even faster. He pressed her hand down and his sharp and hoarse voice

muttered,

“What do you want to do?”

He was quite alert. The slightest movement could startle him. Olive opened her hand

and inserted her needle into his index finger.

“Your mouth is very good at deceiving people, you little liar.” Elvis’s rough thumb

pressed against her lips.

Elvis rolled over and collapsed on the bed. Olive pulled out her silver needle from his

hand, then she sat up.

Several buttons of her pyjamas were broken, and her greasy white skin was now

covered in wounds. Olive got up and went into the bathroom.

She stood in front of the washstand and looked at herself. Her face was as pale as

piece of paper. The pain in her body and the excessive blood loss made her eyes blurry.

She reached out and covered the place on her neck where he had bitten.

He had left a

tooth mark.

If anyone saw her in her current state, they were definitely going to call the

police.

Olive took the toothbrush and started brushing her teeth. After brushing for some time,

she felt her gum burn, so she stopped.

After leaving the bathroom, Olive went back to the bed and lay beside Elvis. She didn't

leave, for she feared that something bad would happen to him at night.

His condition was worse than she had imagined. His keen sense of smell was even

more frightening.

Olive's hair was a total mess. She lay down and didn't move. She was afraid that she

would wake him up and then startle Mrs. Samantha.

Elvis stretched out, Olive quickly held her breathe. Olive's face was close to his chest.

She could hear his heart beat. She had shortly drifted off to sleep.

Olive's eyes fluttered open at five in the morning. Elvis was still sleeping.

She stood up,

and got out of the bed. She wrapped herself tightly in a coat and left the Red Villa.

The servants in the Red Villa would be awoken soon. She had to leave before they

woke, otherwise the injuries. would not be concealed.

She didn't go to North's apartment, for she didn't want her seeing it.

Although North and

Olive were more like sisters, Olive didn't dare to inform her of Elvis's condition. So she

headed to the Ivory Council instead.

Chapter 93 Helped her twice

The pharmacy was empty when Olive had arrived. She turned on the lamp on the wall

and took off her coat.

Olive's skin was pale and purple. The wounds were still bleeding. Olive

took out a bottle

of disinfectant and used a cotton wool to treat the wound.

Her eyes were reddened with pain. The door suddenly pushed open and a handsome

figure appeared.

Olive didn't expect that anyone would show up at such an early hour.

Olive turned her head and saw the man who often liked to sleep. She had actually

forgotten about this elusive individual.

The man who stood by the door didn't seem to have thought that it would be her. Olive

trembled lightly.

The man glanced at her, then closed the door and consciously backed out.

Olive heaved a sigh of relief. She didn't have any medicine with her, the wounds still

needed a treatment. She concluded to purchasing some later.

Olive opened the door of the lounge and walked out, but she soon stopped when she

sighted a small bottle of ointment on the table beside the door.

The small ointment in the white battle looked very precious.

"Where did this come from?" She thought to herself. She knew that it was given to her

by the creepy man.

Olive was in dire need of the ointment. After pondering about it, she took the ointment

and went into the lounge to apply it on her body.

After the ointment touched her skin, it didn't take a while before the aching pains had

vanished.

Olive took out a pen. She wrote some words on it and placed it on the desk of the man.

It was still very early, and Olive's eyes were already clouded with tiredness.

The man walked in and returned to his seat. He saw the note which read,

"Thanks for the noodles, and the ointment. Hopefully. I'll be able to pay you back in the

future."

The man put the note in a book, then opened it again and read through it.

When Divine had arrived, Olive was already up. She was in the secret library.

"Olive, why are you here studying this early? You've been working so hard." Divine

scolded.

Olive flipped through the pages of the book in her hands. Now that Elvis's condition was

worse, she had to develop a pill for him. But there was a particular medicine that she

was not so sure about, and she needed to find it in a book.

"Divine, I'm looking for a book." Olive mumbled.

"What book? I'll help you find it." Divine offered.

Olive pondered for a while, then said,

"I don't know what book I'm looking for. I'm still thinking about it, so I really won't be

needing your help. Go take care of your flowers."

Divine felt that Olive was a little mysterious. Divine really wasn't a scholar.

Her routine

were different from others. The library was so huge, that anytime she went into it, she

felt drowsy.

Divine's sharp eyes landed on Olive's neck

"Olive, what marks are those on your neck? Who did that to you?"

In order to cover her injuries, Olive had worn a high collar blouse, but

Divine's eyes

were so sharp.

Olive quickly covered her neck with her hands and said,

"Divine, don't talk nonsense, I was only bitten by a mosquito

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Divine pulled Olive into an unoccupied corner and whispered,

"Olive, I heard that you're married to a ghost in the Red Villa, is he a psychopath?

Because, this is obviously a human bite. The teeth had bitten deep into your neck, this

was done to suck your blood." Divine spoke as she stared attentively at Olive's neck.

Olive took a deep breathe and placed the medical book on the shelf.

"What do you mean by the intent was to suck my blood? It's not a vampire."

"Olive, I'm serious. These people aren't normal at all. They have a mental illness, and

there is no way to cure them."

“I had a cousin who married a lady. The lady was so good. She was very considerate and caring towards. my cousin. But he had a problem, he liked domestic violence.” She paused and stared at Olive’s face which seemed interested in her story. When my cousin’s wife was sick, my cousin tied her to the bed and abused her. The more pain the lady was in, the happier he was. He was blood thirsty.” She swallowed hard then continued,

“The lady really loved my cousin. But when she had had enough, she realized that she was pregnant and couldn’t leave anymore.”

“What I’m trying to say is that, you’re still very young, and your life has just begun. Quickly find a way to divorce that husband of yours. You’ll meet more men in future, those who will treat you better.”

Olive pulled Divine’s hands and patted it.

“Divine, thank you so very much for your advice. But I know what I want, so you don’t have to worry about me.”

It’s fine, if you have any difficulties, just let me know. I think your face is quite pale, I’ll go to the kitchen and make you some soup.”

“Divine, you cook here?” Olive questioned surprisingly.

“What do you take a foodie for?” Divine smirked, then turned around and left.

Olive slowly sat on the soft carpet against the wall. Her eyes were blank for a while.

She took out her phone and went through it.

Red Villa.

Elvis slowly opened his eyes. The splendid morning light had already seeped through the layers of the windows. It was the first time he had woken up so late. With the drowsiness in his eyes, he rolled over to hugged the girl who had slept behind

him.

He stretched his hands around the bed, but there was no one on it.

Chapter 94 Let her go

Olive was no longer there. Elvis quickly opened his eyes, the sleepiness had

disappeared from his eyes.

Elvis sat up and got out of the bed. His eyes searched around the room. He opened the

bathroom door, but she still wasn't there.

"Where did she go?" He questioned inwardly.

He could not remember how many wounds he had caused her. But all he knew was

that, his actions were despicable and shameful. He was disgusted at himself.

He knew that she must have suffered a lot of injuries and must have been extremely afraid.

Was she gonna come back?

Elvis took out his phone and clicked on Olive's phone number. He wanted to dial it, but

he was unable to press the dial button.

He placed the phone on the bed and went into the bathroom. After he had taken a

shower, he went downstairs and meet his grandma.

"Elvis, you woke up very late today. Why did Olive leave so early? You two quarreled,

right?" Mrs. Samantha inquired.

"We didn't have a quarrel." Elvis denied.

"That's good. That girl needs to be taken proper care off. She is so obedient and tender.

You can call her later and take her out on a candlelight dinner.

Elvis smiled softly.

"Grandma, I don't think I'll call Olive anymore."

"Why?" Mrs. Samantha questioned with a curious expression.

"Before I met Olive, I never thought that I was an abnormal person. But since I met her,

I realized how abnormal I am.” He licked his lips and continued, “What if I can’t always control my self. I really did hurt her last night, and I feel terrible about it.” “I just have to let her go. I can’t be selfish to keep her and then hurt her the way I did again.” Elvis let out a breathe.

“Grandma, it’s fine. I still have you by my side. I’ll go to the company now.” Elvis hugged Mrs. Samantha then headed to the door.

Old Mrs Samantha watched her grandson leave. She sighed heavily. She knew that her company wasn’t enough, and that Elvis needed someone else in his life. He needed a girl who would love him, and whom he’ll also love.

Mrs Samantha sat sadly on the dinning table, as she wondered what the future had in stock for Elvis and Olive.

Maria hurried downstairs and whispered with a smile to Mrs Samantha, “Ma’am, I went to tidy up the room of young master. I found out that the sheets needs to be changed.”

The old lady looked at Maria, she lifted up herself and queried, “Are you sure?”

“Yes ma’am, it’s true. Not only does the sheet needs to be changed, the pillows as well.”

Maria affirmed.

Mrs Samantha’s face was nostalgic. She sighed and said to Maria. “I’m famished, get me something to eat.”

Sure, ma’am.” Maria left for the kitchen.

Mrs. Samantha had finished her second slice of pastrami sandwich, when her phone rang.

The housekeeper, Mr. Henry took Mrs. Samantha’s phone from the living room and took it to her.

He reported in a panic, “Ma’am, it’s the lady of the imperial city.”

Mrs Samantha glared at Henry with contempt.

“What are you panicking about?”

The old lady answered the call and said,

“Hello, Helen, call me back later.”

Helen Augustine, who was far away in the imperial smiled apologetically.

“Mom, if it wasn’t urgent, I wouldn’t have dared to disturb you. It’s my son, Marvin, he

once signed a marriage contract to the daughter of an old friend. Now, Marvin has come

of age. Can you please give us back Marvin’s engagement token? Without the

engagement token, we can’t know who his fiance is.”

Madam Samantha placed the sandwich in her hand into the plate.

“Helen, what do you mean? You suspect that I stole Marvin’s engagement token, do you

mean to say that I’m a thief?”

Mr. Henry secretly gave the lady a thumbs up.

Mum, you

misunderstood me. I would never call you a thief.” Helen chipped in defiantly.

The old lady’s expression had changed.

“Look, Helen, I didn’t take Marvin’s engagement token. Why do you people keep

troubling me, you took my son away from me, I didn’t make trouble. I’ve been here in

LA, all to myself, you still find it fit, to bother me.” Mrs. Samantha spoke as she sobbed.

Helen on the other end could hear Mrs Samantha’s tired cries. She quickly hang up the call.

Hearing that Helen had hung up, Mrs. Samantha threw the phone to Henry. She turned

to her sandwich and continued eating it.

Marvin was Elvis’s younger brother, and Helen was Elvis’s stepmother.

Mrs. Samantha

had indeed taken the engagement token, and she didn’t bother on returning it because

Olive was the daughter of the old friend to Helen. and the fiance of Marvin,

the second
son of the Augustine family.
However, Olive was now Elvis's wife.

Chapter 95: Call him

Outside the Ivory Council, the Rolls–Royce slowly stopped. Elvis looked towards the
pharmacy through the bright glass window. He knew that she would be there.

There was an ointment that he had bought for her, and really needed to give it to her.

However, he wouldn't go in. He just wanted to stay closer to her.

Elvis leaned his back on the seat. This was a safe distance between them.

As long as

she didn't get close to him, he wouldn't hurt her.

He had come to like Olive very much, and she was his only antidote.

Elvis took out his phone and went through Olive's social media account.

The last time

they had chatted, she had accidentally sent him a picture of her in a swimsuit.

He had already saved the picture.

Little by little, the memories of the previous night had flowed back to him.

He could

clearly recall how she had looked at him. Her face was reddened and she had raised

her foot to kick him.

Elvis raised his right hand and covered his eyes. His phone which was in his pocket

rang. He rampaged through his pocket and took out the phone, it was

Andrew, his

private secretary.

Elvis answered the call, and Andrew's respectful voice quickly passed over,

"CEO, according to the schedule, we need to fly to Asia for a business trip today. The

private jet is ready. Do you wish to proceed with it?"

"Yes. I'll be there in a moment."

In the blink of an eye, three days had clasped. For the past three days,

Olive was

studying in the Ivory Council. In her spare time, she would spend them

reading medical
books in the library.”

At noon, Olive finally found the medicine that she was searching for, the
mandala
flower.

“Divine, I’ve already found the medicine that I was searching for. The
mandala flower,
have you heard of it before?” Olive handed the book to Divine the moment
she had
seen her.

“Olive, what do you want to do with this? The mandala flower is very
poisonous. What
do you want to do with it?” Divine questioned.

“Divine, I want this. Don’t worry, I’ve been immune to poison since I was a
child. I just
need it to try out a medicine.”

Divine stared at Olive in shock.

“Olive, are you crazy? Who are you trying to treat? This flower is quite
poisonous. How
can you test the poison, do you want to die?”

Olive pulled Divine and said,

“Divine, I’m barely twenty. I don’t wanna die, so you don’t have to worry.
Quickly help

me think about how to get the mandala.”

Divine shook her head and said,

“There’s no mandala in the Ivory Council. It’s a rare species. It’s impossible
to get.”

Olive felt very disappointed.

Give me some time. I’ll find it for you” Divine added after sensing Olive’s
disappointment.

Olive’s eyes lit happily.

“Divine, seriously? Can you handle it?”

“Isn’t it a mandala flower that you seek? Just wait.”

Olive stared at Divine again. She had always felt that Divine was a bit
powerful.

Chapter 95: Call him

Olive returned the medical book and took out her phone. It had been three
days and

Elvis had not contacted her.

Olive lowered her head quietly. She was a little sad and also angry.

The ointment given to her by the weird man had really worked. She applied it once in the morning and evening. On the third day being today, all the scars on her body had faded away her skin had regained it's beauty.

When she had sniffed the ointment, she could identify the ingredients to be precious medicinal herbs.

For the past three days, she hadn't returned to the Red Villa. She had been waiting for the scars on her body to heal.

She was a little worried about Elvis, and wondered if he was able to sleep at all.

A message popped up, it was from North. She clicked the message which read,

"Olive, are you coming over tonight? I miss you."

"Nay. I'm not coming tonight." Olive replied.

"Staying with Mr. Augustine?" North responded with a laughing emoji.

Olive knew better than going over to North's apartment. She was certain that once she

had gotten the mandala flower. She would be able to treat Elvis, and she would not

have any reason to hide from people.

"North, I hope nothing happened between you and Raven that night at the bar?" Olive inquired.

Nay, nothing happened. I'm fine." North's message had come in.

After classes, Olive took a taxi and headed to the Red Villa. While at the traffic jam,

Olive looked out through the window, she sighted the Augustine corporation's building. It was so majestic and magnetic.

The driver noticed her fixated gaze, he laughed and said,

"This is the Augustine's corporation. It's the most valuable building in LA.

Elvis

Augustine came to LA, six or seven years ago. He's really a genius in the business world."

Olive stared at the business kingdom. She suddenly felt a sense of honour.

“Sir. I’ll be going down.”

“Girl, you haven’t arrived your location yet.”

Olive paid him the fare and laughed,

“I suddenly admire this corporation, so I’ll go in and take a look.”

The driver looked at Olive in shock. How could a girl of her age be so enthusiastic?

Olive entered the building and was greeted by the front desk officer.

“Welcome Miss, how may we be of help to you?”

“Hello, I’m looking for your CEO, Elvis Augustine.”

The front desk officer’s eyes swept across Olive’s body. She was used to seeing

different types of beautiful women. searching for her boss.

The lady smiled politely.

“Miss, do you have an appointment?”

“No.” Olive shook her head.

“I’m sorry, You can’t see the CEO without an appointment.”

“Then I’ll sit here and wait for him.”

“Sure, but I would like to remind you that the CEO flew to Asia for a business trip three

days ago. The time for his arrival is unknown.”

“He flew to Asia?” Olive finally realized why he hadn’t contacted her.

Olive sat on a chair in the hall, then took out her phone and dialed Elvis number.

Chapter 96 Mr.Augustine, you’re such an idiot.

A ringtone sounded from the other end, it was quickly answered. Olive almost

suspected that he had been awaiting. her call.

However, when the call was answered, Elvis didn’t say anything.

“Hello? Mr. Augustine, why don’t you say something?”

Elvis’s deep and magnetic voice slowly passed over with a faint hoarseness,

“I thought you wouldn’t call me anymore.”

Olive bit her underlip. He was quite self aware, what had happened that night made her

ashamed to call him.

“Huh?” She muttered in a bid to wave off the air of awkwardness.

The receptionist had been watching Olive keenly. She didn't know who Olive was

calling. But she was certain that it was not her own CEO.

The receptionist concluded that Olive was speaking to her boyfriend. She didn't like

children who were raised wrongly. She concluded to exposing Olive to Elvis, when he arrives.

A convoy of luxurious cars drove slowly into the corporation. The guards quickly

stepped out and opened the door. respectfully.

Elvis was back.

"Oh my gosh, the CEO is back!" The receptionist eyes lit up.

Olive was sitting on the awaiting seat, of course she saw what was going on. The

elevator was opened and the company's executives who were clothed in suits, walked

out. They were heading to welcome someone.

Olive quickly turned her head and saw Elvis outside through the window.

Elvis had just arrived the office from his private hangar. He was dressed in a formal suit,

with a white shirt, tie, dark blue business vest and a black thin woolen coat.

"President..." The executives made to say something, but they were quickly interrupted

by Andrew, who raised his right hand. He winked, indicating to them that CEO was on a call.

The executives immediately went silent, wondering who the CEO was calling.

Elvis held tighter to his phone, then muttered in a low voice,

"Olive. I'm sorry for that night."

Olive could clearly see what he looked like at the moment. She pursed her lips,

"Mr. Augustine, you're apologizing over the phone. I don't feel the sincerity of your apology at all."

Elvis licked his lower lips. He had been trying all he could to avoid her, but

he really was

aching to see her.

"I'll see you later, okay?" He said with a soothing voice.

Olive felt her heart ache. She had already guessed the reason why he had been

avoiding her.

"You don't have to look for me anymore." Olive responded a little angrier.

"Understood, I won't harass you anymore. Don't worry, grandma understands

everything now. Our marriage was only a contract, if you want we can get a lawyer to

dissolve it." Elvis spoke calmly with his left hand in his pocket.

Olive interrupted.

"If you really don't want to harass me again, don't mention that again."

"Olive, I can compensate you if you want. Jewelries, diamonds, aircrafts, you can even

have my card. I won't take it back."

Olive stared at him through the window.

"You really are generous, so you want to break up with me, and you think material

things can be used as a compensation."

Olive, with my card, you can purchase anything you want for the rest of your life."

Olive went speechless. He was as domineering as ever.

H

Mr. Augustine, no need to look for me later. I'm already here."

Elvis's body seemed to have been ignited, he turned around and searched for her.

The executives present were stunned. They wondered who their president was looking

for.

"Where are you? I can't see you."

Olive watched him search for her with his eyes.

"Don't be daft, look up, will you?"

Elvis looked up and sighted her beside the window. She was staring at him.

Elvis hung up and walked in quickly. His tall body stopped before her.

“Why are you here?”

Olive raised her beautiful face and looked at him.

“Maybe I could have waited outside for you.”

The receptionist had froze on her seat.

“What was going on?”

“Could it be that this girl was on phone with the CEO?” Those were the questions that

flowed through her mind.

Elvis eyes reddened and stared fiercely at Olive.

“What are you doing here? Have you thought about the consequences?”

Chapter 97 I Want To Be With You

Elvis never thought that she would come to look for him at the corporation.

For the part

three days, he had tried his best not to disturb her.

And during those three days, she also didn't bother to call nor text him.

But, now, she had actually come to the corporation to search for him. He didn't

understand how she still dared to come close to him.

Shouldn't she be afraid of him?

Olive raised her right foot and kicked him hard.

“What consequence?”

The receptionist and all the senior staffs all gasped. They didn't understand what the girl

was trying to do, but they were certain that she wanted to die. For no one dared to lift a

finger against their CEO.

Elvis's well ironed black trousers was now stained with a dust from her sandals.

He reached out and grabbed her wrist.

“Enough.”

“No, I want to kick you.” Olive kicked him severally.

Elvis pulled Olive into his arms with force. Olive's body bumped into his strong chest.

“Let me go, don't you want a breakup anymore? Huh? Don't you want a breakup?”

Elvis's hands moved to her waist.

“I don’t want to be selfish. All of your attitudes turns me on. You know clearly well that

I’m having a difficult time controlling myself.”

Olive scoffed at him angrily. Her two hands pressed against his chest.

“I just wanted to be with you, I really don’t know what the future holds for us, but I just

want to enjoy each moment with you. I don’t understand why you want a breakup, but if

you still insist, I’ll have no other choice than to grant your wish...”

Elvis lowered his head and sealed her lips with his. He kissed her fiercely as though he

had been starved of it.

Olive’s body softened, her two hands tightly held on to his coat, preventing herself from

slipping off.

Everyone was dumbfounded. They all wondered what the relationship between their

CEO and the girl was.

Elvis let go of her quickly.

Olive, I’m sorry, it’s all my fault. Are you satisfied with hitting me? Do you wanna hit me

again? Then hit me.”

Elvis dragged her small hand and slapped his face. When Olive saw the seriousness in

his face, she pulled her hand away and was reluctant to hit him.

Elvis’s gently lifted her up and hugged her tightly. Olive wrapped her hands around his

neck.

Olive knew that he was physically strong and could carry her as he wished, but she still

felt scared, so she hugged him tighter.

“What are you doing? So many people are watching.” She whispered into his ear.

Elvis raised his eyes and looked at her.

“Don’t worry about them, they’re all blind and can’t see nothing.”

Elvis carried Olive into the elevator. As the elevator was ascending, Olive reached out

and pushed him.

"Mr. Augustine, you can put me down."

Elvis dropped her by a corner of the elevator. He pressed her against the wall.

"Show me your wounds. I couldn't control myself that night, did I hurt you that much?"

"No, they're all minor injuries. Thank God."

Really? Let me see." Elvis reached out to her clothes.

He stared properly at her outfit, a smile appeared on his face, as he asked.

"What are you wearing? How did you know I liked this?"

Olive smiled. She felt that Elvis was a lustful man who was a little bad.

Elvis stretched out his hands and pulled off one of her shoulder straps, leaving the other

side hanging on her shiny shoulders. He lifted up her chiffon shirt.

Olive immediately held onto his hands.

"I said that it's a minor injury. It's already healed."

Elvis pressed her nose with his.

"Don't be afraid. I'll do nothing, I just want to take a look."

"No, this is an elevator. It's under surveillance." Olive protested.

"There's no surveillance in my elevator." Elvis took off her chiffon shirt.

Chapter 98 Do you like other girls?

In the past few days, Elvis had been thinking about her injuries. He couldn't summon up

courage to ask her.

The floral chiffon shirt was lifted to reveal her skin. Her wound had healed, and there

was no scars left. Her skin was as white as milk.

"It okay. Don't look no further."

Olive pushed down his hand, which was wearing an expensive watch. Elvis raised his

eyes and looked at her.

"It's really healed."

"Yeah, the injury wasn't that serious. I did apply an ointment on it. But it still hurts a

little." Olive lifted his hand and placed it on her neck.

Elvis looked closely at her neck, he had bitten deeply into her skin.

Although the injury
was healed, there was still a visible shallow mark.
Elvis buried his face in her neck and sucked it greedily. His lips fell on the
scar and he
repeatedly kissed it.

"I'm sorry, I'm so sorry. Olive."

To him, an apology was the cheapest thing to offer. But at this moment, he
could only
say it over and over again.

"Well, I forgive you this time, but don't bite me next time." Olive smiled.

Elvis raised his face and kissed her lips.

"I won't next time. Even if I will, it'll be so gentle like this..." He bit her ear
softly.

Olive swiftly pushed him away. Elvis looked at her.

"You needed to see how seductive you looked that night."

The elevator arrived and the door opened. Elvis pulled her closer and lifted
her up into
his arms again.

"If you're curious, I can show you all the pleasure that there is in this world."

Olive didn't want to discuss such topic with him. She quickly changed the
topic.

Mr. Augustine, I know that you like younger girls. When I get older, will you
have some
sugar babies?" Although Olive was still very young and sexy, she was
bound to grow
old and wrinkle.

Elvis chuckled sweetly.

"It was until I met you that I realized that I liked younger girls. It's you I like,
understood?"

Olive felt really sweet. She could only blush.

Elvis arrived at his office. It was the first time of Olive being to his office.
She stood at the window and looked at the beautiful city before her. The
phone in her

hand beeped, indicating a message on her social media.

She clicked on the message, it was from Divine.

"What the hell is going on, Olive?" The message was accompanied by a
picture of Olive

in Elvis's arms.

Olive's eyes narrowed, and she quickly replied,

"Where did this photo come from?"

Divine was outside of the Augustine's corporation. When she was passing, she sighted

a little crowd inside the building, so she went closer to take a look. She had managed to

take a picture, thanks to the glass wall.

"Olive, I'm out here. I saw you with the CEO, Elvis. What's going on? Are you cheating

on your husband?" Olive instantly had an headache. She took in a deep breathe, then

replied,

"Divine. I really can't explain this matter to you right now. But don't worry, when we meet

at the Ivory Council, I'll tell you all that you need to know."

Although Divine really wanted to know what was happening, she could only contend her

curiosity till later. She put the phone back into her bag and headed home.

A classic car which drove past her, suddenly reversed. Greg was seated on the driver's

seat.

"Divine, what are you doing here?"

Greg was from a really wealthy family. The car he drove was extremely costly.

Divine wasn't interested in answering his question. She knew she had to protect Olive,

since Greg was now friends. with Pamela.

"I was only heading home. And please, don't talk to me. You wouldn't want people

making fun of you because of me."

Greg quickly said.

"Divine, we have to inform our parents about the dissolution of the engagement. Get

into the car, I'll take you home. I'll inform your parents about it at once."

Divine ruminated on his offer for some seconds. She finally opened the

door and got
into it.

Greg who had been driving, slowly took a different route.

Divine suddenly realized that something wasn't right.

"Greg, where are you taking me? This is not the way to my home. Stop the car!"

Greg stopped the car in a deserted street. He got out of the car and turned to the

passenger's seat, he dragged Divine out of the car.

He suddenly snatched Divine's handbag. He opened the bag and took out her phone.

He went through Divine and Olive's chat which was on the front screen.

Greg scoffed evilly and forwarded the picture to Pamela.

"Greg, what are you doing? Hurry up and give me back my phone."

Greg reached out and pushed Divine to the ground. His face was clouded with disgust.

"Divine, this a highway, I'll leave you here. Go home by yourself. It'll only take you a few

hours to arrive home, at least the exercise will make you some lose weight.

You make

me sick!"

Chapter 99 A Superficial Man

Divine was indeed a fat girl, but she was still very beautiful. She was aware of the fact

that Greg didn't like her, but she hadn't expected him to despise her so much.

"Greg. give me back my phone." She made to stand up, but Greg pushed her hard

again. She fell and bruised her knee.

Greg sneered, his eyes shining with abhorrence.

"I'm gonna borrow your phone for today. I'll return it to you tomorrow." After that Greg

got into the car, he stepped on the accelerator and galloped away. leaving her on the

highway.

Divine struggled to stand up. Her knee was bleeding, and each step she took was extremely painful.

It was getting darker, and it suddenly began to rain. Divine trekked home slowly in the rain. The torrential rain hit her face, and she couldn't open her eyes. She felt very cold, and her body ached. The tears which had welled up in her eyes flowed freely down her cheeks.

Divine concluded that it was definitely the most devastating day of her life. All her pride and dignity had been smashed and trampled by Greg.

Divine was still worried about Olive. It was obvious that Greg stole her phone just so he could get some information which he would use to defame Olive.

The Hart Family.

Pamela received Greg's message. She stared furiously at the picture with jealousy and hatred in her eyes.

At first impression, Elvis was a handsome and restrained man. His gestures were filled with the elegance and dignity of the first class. He was low-key, veil, mysterious and cold.

Pamela had been fascinated by him since the first time she had set her eyes on him.

His private life was spotless and there was never a woman around him. She thought that he was not a superficial man.

However, he had greatly surprised her.

From giving Olive his card, to purchasing an exorbitant necklace to her. He pampered

Olive in every possible way at the bar, and also did same at his office.

Elvis was indeed not different from other men that she had come across.

He was

already fascinated by Olive.

Pamela thought about Raven. To her, he was the same. North was the center of his own attraction..

Pamela concluded that all men were the same. They all liked beautiful women. The more beautiful, the better.

The jealousy that Pamela felt was almost driving her bunkers.

“Why am I not Olive? Or North?” She questioned inwardly as the rage surge over her mind.

She sent a message to Greg.

“Team leader Greg, you’ve done a great job. Now, log into the Ivory Council student group and expose this photo.”

Greg’s readily reply came in shortly,

“If I hadn’t seen it with my own eyes, I really would have had a hard time believing that

this girl, Olive, really has a relationship with the president of the Augustine’s corporation.”

“Although she had passed director Hudson’s test, she’s a married woman, and she’ll be

torn apart when the news gets out to the students.” Another of Greg’s message had

come in, in a quick succession.

“Use Divine’s account to post it on the group now, so that we won’t get traced to this.

And then, Olive and Divine relationship will also suffer.” Pamela replied.

“Wow, you’re so smart, Pamela.” Greg’s applauding message came in.

Originally, Pamela didn’t want to expose the relationship between Olive and Elvis, but

now that things were leaving her grasp, she needed to act as fast as possible. Else she

was bound to lose her dream position to Olive.

Pamela also convinced herself to believing that, she had an edge over Olive, since

Olive was married and she wasn’t.

A knock suddenly sounded on the door, and Patrick’s anxious voice came

in,

“Pamela, are you in the room?”

Pamela walked over and opened the door.

“Dad, what happened?”

“Pamela, what’s going on between president Augustine and Olive? Initially I didn’t take it

seriously. What kind of man is Elvis? How can he like Olive? Atleast if he likes you, the

number one socialite, then it could be understood. With the rumours I’m hearing, I’m

really confused.”

Patrick had thought that he had reached the pinnacle of his life, he had already began

bragging that he was soon going to be the father-in-law to the wealthy president.

“Dad, what did you hear?” Pamela questioned.

“Everyone are just asking if Olive is divorced, and if she’s now engaged to Elvis.”

Pamela clenched her fists. She was aware that, it was the incident at the bar that had

got people talking.

Pamela smiled and said to her father,

Dad, Olive has been married to the Red Villa for such a long time. You haven’t met your

son-in-law yet. How about you go pay your son-in-law a visit?”

Chapter 100 Mrs. Augustine is so sweet

Patrick had never thought of going over to the Red Villa to see his so called son-in-law.

The Red Villa was located in the deserted part of the city.

Patrick hastily said,

“Pamela, I won’t go. I heard he’s ill. In a month or two he might pass away. I won’t go.”

Pamela only wanted Olive’s husband to surface in the midst of her cheating scandal.

She was certain that the whole. issue will be blown out of proportion if Olive’s husband

made an appearance.

“Dad, I don’t know how Olive met President Augustine. But a man as president

Augustine, won’t marry Olive even if she divorces her husband.”

“Of course he won’t marry her. What chances does Olive has? Pamela, it’s you that the

president will marry.” Patrick quickly showed his loyalty.

“Dad, don’t worry, I’m determined to be Elvis’s wife. But I need your help, in two days, I

want you to go the Red Villa and visit your son-in-law. I want you to inform him about

the relationship between president Augustine and Olive. Although he has no power to

do anything, the noise he’ll generate will help us in tarnishing Olive’s reputation before

Elvis.” Pamela explained.

Patrick nodded. His hopes for the rest of his life depended on Pamela.

“It’s fine my child. Dad will listen to you, as long as you can marry into the Augustine

family.”

Pamela sneered and muttered inwardly,

“Olive, if you weren’t married, I could have been afraid that you would take Elvis away

from me. But you’re already married, can you really win this battle?”

The CEO’s office was dark and quiet as the wind surged outside.

Olive entered the lounge. The lounge was large and exquisite.

Elvis took a cold shower and came out of the bathroom. Olive who had already taken

her bath, laid on his bed.

When she saw him walk out of the bathroom. She adjusted, creating a space for him.

Elvis lifted the quilt and laid on the bed. The sheet that was wrapped around Olive’s

chest was pulled down. He smiled and said,

“Why are you so shy? You want to give me the illusion that you’re not wearing any

clothes under the quilt. Olive stared at him, as though she wanted slapping

him across
his face.

Once the quilt was pulled down, Elvis realized that she was wearing his black shirt. Her

mask had been taken off, and her hair was wrapped in a ponytail.

Elvis lowered his head and asked,

“Can I kiss you?”

Olive sensed Luis's repented spirit. Previously, he would have kissed her without her

permission.

Olive grabbed the quilt and covered her lips, she shook her head and said,

“No.”

“Nevermind.” Elvis muttered. He straightened up and laid properly.

Olive suddenly pulled the blanket down, raised her head and kissed him.

Elvis was stunned. Olive had quickly fell back to the blanket, her soft

giggles were

heard.

Elvis couldn't help but stretch out his arm and fish her out from the quilt, he pulled her

closer to chest and hugged her tenderly.

Olive's hand was filled with a pill. She pointed it to his lips and ordered.

“Ah, open your mouth.”

“What is this?” Elvis frowned.

“Ecstasy, as long as you take this ecstasy, your soul will be hooked with mine. No other

woman will try to seduce you.”

Elvis opened his mouth and swallowed the pill.

“For my obedience, is there any reward?”

“What reward do you need?”

“I want something sweet.”

Elvis hugged her tighter, then kissed her domineeringly.

He didn't close his eyes, he just stared at her beautiful face. Some nights ago, he was

afraid that she would resist and reject his intimacy, but now her body was in his arms

again.

Elvis hugged her tighter and kissed every corner of her lips. His kiss was

overflowing

with love and affection for her.

Once he was satisfied. Olive laid on his chest, her hands playing with his pyjamas.

“Olive, you’re so sweet.”

Olive rolled off his chest, she sat on the bed with her legs apart.

“Mr. Augustine, come here. Come into my arms.” She beckoned with opened arms.

Elvis glanced at her little legs and obediently placed his head on her thighs.

Olive took out a silver needle from under the pillow, she stabbed it into his neck. She

needed to find the cause of his insomnia.

In the quiet and warm lounge, Olive’s relaxed voice chatted,

“You’ve been here in LA for about seven years, don’t you miss your father?”

Elvis had previously taken the initiative to mention his brother and stepmother. But Olive

was curious to know if he got along well with his father, and also know more about his

late mother. But Olive wasn’t sure if he would tell her.

With his eyes closed Elvis muttered,

“If my brother wanted something which I had, my father would ruthlessly take it away

and give it to my brother.”

“I remember back then, my mother’s best friend had visited my mother. The lady had

just given birth to a daughter. My mum and the lady had exchanged tokens, and they

said that, once I was grown, they wanted the girl to be my bride.” He

paused and licked

his lips.

My father later found out, he had immediately taken the engagement token from my

mother, and had given it to my stepmother. The girl automatically became my brother’s

fiance.