

The Substitute Bride Can't Escape

Chapter 5 Is the Woman Found

This was a show that Vincent put on for his grandpa and was supposed to put the old man's obsessive concern to an end.

As soon as Olivia heard that she didn't need to get married and even had money to get, her back immediately straightened up, "I promise I'll behave."

Vincent was dazed by her smiley face, and even his gloomy mood got better.

At the end of the day, the girl was in her early twenties and still a student.

On their way to Vincent's home, Olivia had been evaluating her situation. Given Vincent's high status, she should play up to him before their engagement was broken off. If she could gain his favor, her life afterward would be easier.

Rather than Barton's house, Vincent lived alone in a suburb villa.

After the car pulled off, Andy Smith, Vincent's henchman, pushed him to the study.

The butler walked up, "Madam, I am Gilbert Miller, the butler here. If Madam needs anything, feel free to tell me."

At the sight of the amiable man, Olivia no longer felt that upset and nodded, "Gilbert, hi, where am I staying for the night? I want to go change my clothes."

Still in the evening dress for the engagement party, she found it cumbersome.

"The room is ready." Gilbert beckoned to a maid to guide Olivia.

Olivia entered the spacious bedroom, looking at the luxurious furniture and prime antiques that were used as decorations. She couldn't help feeling marvelous about the fortune of the Barton family. After she pushed open the door of the dressing room, she saw plenty of new brand clothes still with tags on. Apparently, these were prepared for her.

Despite her identity as the second lady of the White family, Olivia had been living a life full of hardships. She didn't have any jewelry and only had a few brand clothes.

She didn't care about such things. But when she saw these, she felt a stream of warmth as she was valued by others for the first time.

It didn't seem like a bad idea to marry Vincent.

After taking a simple shower, she changed into a home dress and saw a servant coming up with a plate of fruit when she got downstairs.

When the servant saw Olivia, she halted her steps and bowed respectfully, "Good evening, madam."

"Is this for Vincent?" Asked Olivia.

"Yes, ma'am."

Olivia took the fruit tray from the servant, "I'll bring it to him."

She intended to leave Vincent a good impression.

The door of the study was not closed tightly. Before Olivia tried to knock on the door, Vincent's voice came out.

"Is the woman found?"

Andy replied, "I'm sorry, but there are no cameras on the floor you are on, so..."

"What about the other places? No camera either?"

"No, it seems she smartly avoided them. Sir, do you have... more clues?" Andy ventured to ask. Such tags like in her twenties and ugly were too vague to lock on the target.

During a long while of silence, Vincent recalled the scenes that night. Suddenly, a particular one crossed his mind before he opened his lips with an affirmative look, "That woman has a

tattoo on her waist, something like an electrocardiogram."

This was a key clue, but Andy still felt difficult. He couldn't ask his men to check on women's waists, could he?

"Sir, what are you gonna do with that woman?" Ignorant of what happened that night, Andy couldn't understand why Mr. Barton suddenly insisted on finding a woman, but the man had never been close to women all these years.

At the thought of the note left by that woman, Vincent turned extremely sullen, "To peel her!"

Outside the door, Olivia's blood froze.

