

# The Substitute Bride Can't Escape

## Chapter 6 Bisexual Rather than Homosexual!

Imagine Olivia's feelings right now. It was like she felt delighted to get a remission token which was soon lost. Then, she happened to commit a heinous crime!

Back in her room, Olivia still suffered from the aftershock.

No wonder she found his voice familiar.

The pimp she raped that night was none but Vincent!

She somehow raped a gay!

Olivia recalled every detail of what happened that night. It seemed he didn't struggle much. By rights, a man should have freed himself from her. Everything made sense now.

Vincent's legs were inconvenient, so they seemed to be on a chair for the first half of that night...

But wasn't he a homo?

As an idea suddenly dawned on her, Olivia covered her mouth in disbelief.

Vincent was bisexual!

Olivia turned increasingly paler and regretted writing down that sentence on a whim.

She certainly would not doubt the credibility of his claim to peel her. As an all-powerful man around town, Vincent feared nothing while she was just a female college student that nobody cared. Even if she disappeared, no one would dig deep into it or dared to deal with Vincent.

The more she thought about it, the more firmly she believed her doom was near.

Lifting the hem of her dress, she watched the tattoo on her waist and secretly made up her mind to wash it off as soon as possible.

Back to the room, Vincent stiffened a little to see Olivia sitting on the bed in a trance.

"Go pour a cup of water for me."

Startled by his voice, she almost jumped up with a start, "Why are you here?"

Vincent glanced at her coldly, "This is my room."

Olivia was stunned. No wonder she found the painting of the room fine but a bit cold.

"I'm going to the guest room." Olivia quickly got out of bed, trying to flee, but Vincent grabbed her by the arm.

He sounded a little helpless, "We need to sleep in the same room tonight."

It should be Gilbert who arranged her here, and that must be his grandpa's idea.

"What? Sleep... sleep together?" Olivia felt devastated. Why? Did he recognize her?

As she recalled what happened that night, Olivia's cheeks gradually turned rosy.

At first, she didn't really like to recall it, neither could she remember much. After knowing it was him at night, she couldn't help recalling it at the sight of the man.

Why did he show up at that club as a pimp? Side job? Would the president of a business empire need to make that kind of money?

"You wish! I sleep on the bed, and you sleep on the floor."

"Oh, okay!" Olivia heaved a sigh of relief. As long as they didn't sleep together, she was all fine.

Vincent felt a little unhappy about her avoidance.

Noticing his changed countenance, Olivia got off bed obediently, pushed his wheelchair to the bedside, and proposed cautiously, "Shall I support you to get on the bed?"

Vincent fixed his eyes on her as if in deep thought.

Scared by his gaze, Olivia struggled to stay calm.

After quite a while, Vincent finally lent her support to sit on the bed.

Olivia kept telling herself not to be scared. Vincent was unable to recognize her. No light was on in that room that night, and her makeup was messed up. It was gonna be okay.

When she saw her own ugly face through a mirror later, she couldn't help feeling disgusted. Yet this man still had physiological reactions.

The taste of homo was hard to tell.

While her mind wandered, the man beside her suddenly broke the silence, "Your perfume smells familiar to me."