

The Substitute Bride Can't Escape

Chapter 7 Unexpectedly, She Was So Obedient

Thud!

Olivia's heart gave a physical lurch, and she broke out in a cold sweat.

"I don't use perfume. It's probably the smell of laundry detergent, quite common." Olivia lied blatantly.

She was determined to throw away that bottle of perfume tomorrow!

Not an expert in that aspect, Vincent didn't dig deep into it.

Spreading a mattress on the floor, Olivia turned off the light, lay on it with her eyes wide open. She didn't feel like sleeping at all.

This was but the first time that she lay consciously in the same room with a man. Even the air was filled with his smell.

Back when she dated Davis Law, they only held hands at best, not to mention any kiss. But now she had done everything with Vincent.

Her mind wandered and went astray.

Sure enough, he liked men. Her ugliness aside that night, she now looked pretty, and her figure was perfect. He, however, had no feelings for her, and even cruelly asked her to sleep on the floor.

What... a waste of resources!

Originally, Olivia thought she would lose sleep all night but somehow fell asleep.

Hearing Olivia's steady breathing, Vincent turned his head and gazed at the woman under the night light.

He hadn't expected her to be... so obedient. She did everything she was told. Without a grunt, she made her bed and slept on it.

Originally, he planned to ask Andy to throw her out if she acted up or tried to seduce him.

He didn't allow any woman to approach him, not even for the sake of his grandpa. Of course, the woman that night was an exception.

Suddenly, Olivia muttered vaguely, rolled over, and kicked the quilt off her body.

After quite a while, there was a movement in the quiet room again.

Under the night light, the man got off the bed, slowly walked to Olivia, and bent over to pull the quilt back on her.

Early the next morning, when Olivia woke up, Vincent was no longer in the room.

After checking the time, she hurried downstairs and saw Vincent having breakfast at the dining table.

Following the sound, he raised his head and saw Olivia standing at the staircase in a daze. Her nightgown was askew and exposing half of her shoulder.

He arched his eyebrow, and his eyes went fervent.

Following his gaze, Olivia looked down and hastened to adjust her clothes.

"Sorry, I got up late." She apologized cautiously.

"I told them not to interrupt your sleep." Vincent gracefully wiped his mouth and continued, "Get prepared, we'll have lunch with grandpa."

His grandpa was old Mr. Barton.

Olivia had done her research. Old Mr. Barton was an illustrious bigshot.

His name was Eric Barton. As an upstart after the reform and opening-up policy, he was hailed as one of the 'most influential people in the world'.

A few decades ago, Eric entered the business world and founded the Barton Group. Seeing the prospect of real estate, he invested a lot of money and became a magnate. Later, the company was fully developed with its business covering such sectors as communications, technology, and energy. By and by, the G.K empire started to exist.

The annual import and export sales of G.K was extremely large, taking up a big proportion of domestic GDP. In a sense, it controlled the economic lifeblood of the country.

Olivia worried that such a powerful figure should be quite difficult to get along with.

As a nostalgic man, old Mr. Barton lived in the largest courtyard palace in Korver City. Apart from the most powerful Barton family, some other economically influential families also lived there. The state attached great importance to those seniors and even dispatched soldiers to protect them.

Every corner of Vincent's villa highlighted fortune while the courtyard was filled with stateliness. Under the protection of patrols, the gate was heavily guarded. Any entry or exit required registering and scanning.

Curious about the guns in the soldiers' hands, Olivia asked the man by her side, "Are the guns in their hands real?"

Vincent gave a spurious smile, "What do you think?"

"I suppose... so." Olivia felt like a bumpkin who hadn't seen much of the world.

As a commoner, she had never seen any guns before.

"Don't worry, given your current status, they won't point a gun at you."

No data found.

