

The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband

Chapter 211

Chapter 211 The old man wakes up

Elvis went to the study room. He hastily reached out and brushed off all the documents on the desk to the ground.

He ripped off the tie around his neck and threw it to the carpet.

Elvis shut his eyes and swiftly opened them again, his eyes had completely reddened.

Elvis knew that his mental state was deteriorating, and he was displaying the symptoms of his sickness again.

All he wanted was to rush back to bedroom and be by Olive's side. He was feeling really uncomfortable, and his mind was filled with Olive's beautiful face.

Elvis suddenly began sweating. He stood swiftly as he couldn't control himself again anymore. He opened the drawer and took out a bottle of sleeping pills.

He opened the bottle and poured three sleeping pills into his mouth and swallowed them.

Elvis hoped for the sleeping pills to be effective. Because he wanted going to sleep and not have to disturb Olive.

Dawn the next day.

Olive headed downstairs and saw Mrs. Samantha setting the dinning time. The old lady smiled lovingly and said,

"Olive, you're awake. What's wrong with your eyes? Why are they swollen?" She halted and focused her attention on Olive's eyes.

Olive had cried for a very long time the previous night, and her entire eye socket was swollen. Although she had placed a hot towel on it, it was still very swollen.

“Grandma, it’s nothing serious. I was writing my thesis, and I had to stay up late. I probably didn’t get enough rest.”

What sort of thesis has to be written at night? You can write it during the day. You’re not allowed to stay up late in the future. Not having enough sleep will affect your level of production in a day. Endeavor to get enough sleep, okay?” Madam Samantha advised lovingly.

Olive nodded with a sad smile. She didn’t want Mrs. Samantha to be aware of the problem between her and Elvis. Even if she wasn’t warned by Elvis the previous night, she still would have kept it a

secret.

Phoebe meowed and suddenly ran over.

Olive bent and hugged Phoebe in her arms. She caressed Phoebe’s soft fur dotingly.

“By the way, Olive, why isn’t Elvis up yet? He rarely wakes up this late.” Mrs. Samantha observed.

Irregardless of their problem, Olive was still very worried about Elvis’s condition. She couldn’t help. but wonder if he was able to have some sleep.

“Grandma, I’ll go check up on him.” Olive carried Phoebe and headed upstairs to the study room

Once she had arrived at the door of the study, she raised her hand and knocked on the door.

Elvis still wasn’t awake. The amount of sleeping pills that he had taken the previous night was overdose.

Unexplainably, he heard the knock on the door, and his eyes quickly fluttered open.

He had fallen asleep on the sofa. Immediately, he sat up and his head ached immensely. Without having to look in the mirror, Elvis knew that he looked extremely bad.

The knock landed on the door again, and in the next second, the door was pushed open. Olive's beautiful figure appeared beside the door, and her clear eyes looked into the study room.

Elvis looked up and his eyes met hers. Today, Olive was clothed in a long, light, yellow dress. Her long hair was tucked behind her earlobes.

Elvis was totally caught off guard by Olive's presence. He didn't expect her to show up in the study

room.

Olive stood by the door and looked at him, but she didn't walk in.

"Grandma asked me to check up on you." Olive muttered calmly.

"Understood." Elvis lifted up the blanket which was on his body, and he found out that the sleeping pill was still in his hand. He had forgotten to place it back in the drawer.

Olive walked in slowly and asked.

"Are you alright? How was your sleep? Can I check your pulse?" Olive was about to move closer to him.

Elvis narrowed his eyes, and quickly covered the sleeping pill with the quilt.

Olive halted alongside Phoebe.

Elvis didn't want her to see the pill, and he also didn't need her to check his pulse. He really didn't want her caring for him anymore.

"You don't understand what privacy means, right? Get the hell outta here!" Elvis picked up the pillow and threw it directly at her face.

Olive stood still, and didn't try to dodge. The pillow smashed into her face. Although the pillow was light and didn't hurt her face, Olive felt an unexplainable hurt in her heart. And her heart was

shattered.

Her eyes clouded with tears, and she turned around and hurried out of the study room.

Elvis clenched his fist and let out a painful sigh. Suddenly, Phoebe began crying. Elvis lowered his eyes and looked at her.

It was

who bought Phoebe, but Phoebe's love was all for Olive.

Olive had suppressed her emotions and went to the hospital to visit the old Mr. Hart.

Mr. Hart laid on the hospital's bed and was still not awake. Olive brought a bucket of warm water and towel, and cleaned the old man's body.

"Grandpa, please wake up soon, you're the only relative i have left in Los Angeles. Please, grandpa." Olive muttered sadly, as she continued wiping his body.

The old man had loved Olive very much. When Olive was a child, he would carry Olive on his shoulders and play around with her.

North walked in and consoled,

"Olive, it's okay, okay? Don't worry too much. I believe that he'll wake up soon."

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Olive nodded and held onto North's hand.

"Olive, look!" North exclaimed in shock.

Olive turned her head and saw old Mr. Hart's fingers moving. Slowly, the old man's eyes were opened as well.

Mr. Hart was awake!

Olive had dreamt about the day that her grandfather would wake. But now that the old man was awake and before her, Olive was shocked and dumfounded.

"Grandpa, you're finally awake!" Olive screamed happily.

Old Mr. Hart had been in a vegetative state for more than ten years. His cloudy and dull. confusingly.

“Little Miss.” He muttered weakly.

Olive’s eyes radiated with happiness. She held tighter to his hands and corrected,

“Grandpa, I’m not little miss. I’m your granddaughter, Olive. It’s me Olly.”

Old Mr. Hart shook his head and insisted,

“Olive is my little miss. She’s my young mistress.”

eyes moved

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Score 9.2

Chapter 212 Olive’s background.

Olive didn’t understand what old Mr. Hart was saying. She caressed the old man’s hand and laid. beside him with tears in her eyes.

“Grandpa, don’t you remember me? Olive asked sadly, and wiped the tears that flowed down her

eyes.

Mr. Hart stretched out his right hand and caressed Olive’s hair.

“Olive, my dear. You’ve grown so big in a blink of an eye.”

“You’ve been in coma for a long time, grandpa.” Olive cried and sighed in relief as she realized that the old man still remembered her.

“Since you re grown now, there are some things that I have to tell you. In fact, your mother is my master, and you’re my young mistress.” The old man educated Olive.

Olive was stunned and was lost of words.

Grandpa, what are you talking about? I don't understand."

"Olive, I'm actually your mother's housekeeper. In order to cover up your mother's identity, I allowed

your mother and my son, Patrick, to get married to each other. You're not Patrick's daughter." The old man explained.

Olive froze as she tried to process Mr. Hart's words.

Grandpa, who is my father then?" Olive asked curiously.

Old Mr. Hart pondered for a while and then said,

"I don't know about that either. I only know that my master was a free-spirited lady. She was the type that was all out to have fun. My master had only one friend, and that was her bestfriend. I can't remember the name of the lady. One day, she had decided to have a child, one that would keep her company. So, she got pregnant with you."

Mr. Hart had been in a vegetative state for a long time and couldn't really remember everything.

Olive was shocked, it turned out that the reason why her mother gave birth to her was because she needed a fun partner.

"But young mistress, you can be rest assured. The gene that was selected by Master must be the best amongst men. Your father must be a very powerful man."

Olive couldn't help but notice the similarity between the tone of Mr. Hart and that of aunt Rebecca. "Grandpa, do you mean that my mum and dad had a one-night stand, and mum stole his semen and got pregnant with me?" Olive asked inquisitively.

Old Mr. Hart let out a cough. He couldn't allow anyone speak ill of his master.

"How can it be tagged as theft? With a daughter like you, I think the man has enough bragging rights till the day he dies." Mr. Hart replied.

Olive had nothing else to say regarding the issue.

Grandpa, how did my mum die? Was it because of Monica, Pamela or Gabriella? Did they also push you down the stairs?"

"It's true that I was pushed down by them, but Olive, they can't get close to master. Master is way

Chapter 2124llar's background

above their level. The cause of master's death has nothing to do with them."

The revelation was completely beyond Olive's expectations. She thought that the cause of her mother's death was related to Monica and her daughters. But with Mr. Hart's revelation, she realized that Monica and her children were nothing before her mother.

"Grandpa, how then did my mum die?" Olive went on to ask.

Old Mr. Hart hesitated for a moment, then he said,

Young mistress, it's better to regard master Joyce as missing, and not dead."

Olive's eyes widened as she couldn't believe what she just heard.

"Grandpa, are you saying that my mother is not dead?" Olive asked swiftly, her heart pounding extremely fast.

Mr. Hart nodded lightly.

"Well, that's what I think. Unless she committed suicide, even so, the kingdom of death can't accept someone as powerful as master. Miss, what happened back then was too sudden. And before I could gather my thoughts, I was pushed down the stairs by Monica and her daughters,

Although without a clue, Olive's heart thumped fast as she realized that her mother was likely to still be alive.

"Grandpa, I want to find my mum. " Olive declared energetically.

Mr. Hart patted Olive's hands.

Then go to Imperial. Your mother's footprints are there."

Olive nodded forcefully.

"I will grandpa. When you're ready, I'll take you with me to Imperial city."

Mr. Hart shook his head lovingly. His dull eyes were filled with calmness.

"Olive, where's Patrick? Is he here?" He inquired.

"I placed a call to him, he should be here soon." Immediately Olive finished speaking, the door of the ward was pushed open and Patrick hurried in.

"Dad! My father! You're finally awake! It's been so hard living without you." Patrick quickly threw his arms around Mr. Hart and cried on his chest.

Olive was subconsciously pushed aside by Patrick. She felt that compared to Patrick, her reaction to old Mr. Hart could be tagged an unfilial.

However, Patrick was indeed filial. When old Mr. Hart was running the Hart family, Patrick was a heir to a rich man. The Hart family was prosperous, and Patrick had to worry about nothing.

Once Mr. Hart fell into a vegetative state, Patrick was forced to grow up alone. His wife, Monica had

in no time become his manager, and as time wn, his hope and future depended solely on his

daughter who returned from the university, Pamela. Patrick could be described as one who had experienced the warmth and coldness of humanity.

Mr. Hart was suddenly angry when he saw Patrick. He raised his weak hand and hit him twice.

"You useless child! I'm a worker to master Joyce, how could I give birth to an idiot like you?"

Dad, don't hit me anymore." Patrick turned to look at Olive and then he said,

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Chap 212 Dive's background

Olive, I'm saddled with the bill of grandpa being here. Why did you have to take him away from where he was?"

Olive let out a chuckle and then replied,

Patrick, grandpa is right, you really are stupid. Did you want me to wait until Monica and Pamela pushes grandpa down the second time?"

What?" Patrick froze and his expression was that of confusion.

"Olive, wasn't it you who pushed grandpa down the stairs ten year ago? Why are you falsely accusing Monica and Pamela?"

Olive didn't want to argue or banter words with Patrick, she calmly responded,

"You can ask grandpa yourself."

"Dad, what's going on?" Patrick asked in desperation for answers.

Mr. Hart wanted saying something, but when he opened his mouth, blood gushed rapidly onto his

neck.

"Dad!" Patrick called out frightenedly.

Olive's gasped and quickly ran forward to check the old man's pulse. Mr. Hart was poisoned. "Grandpa, don't be afraid. You'll be fine. I'll give you an injection now." Olive wanted leaving to get some needle.

Mr. Hart held onto Olive's trembling hand and shook his head weakly.

"Young mistress, don't worry about me anymore, I'm leaving. It feels so good to see you again, I fell relieved."

Chapter 213 He Don't Want Her Anymore

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Today was supposed to be a day of renaissance, Olive didn't expect that her grandfather would be poisoned, and the reunion would become a farewell.

All the joy that Olive exuded had instantly extinguished. Olive held the old man's hand and her eyes. was soaked with tears.

“Grandpa, please don’t leave. Please, you’re my only relative.” Olive pleaded, and sniffed sadly.

Mr. Hart patted Olive’s hands comfortingly, and then turned to look at Patrick.

Patrick went on his knees with a thud.

“Olive is the young mistress of our family. The entire of the Hart family must obey her, including the Hart family which are in Imperial city, your second uncle, and the others. After I pass away, someone from the Hart family must go to the Imperial. I demand that you do not go, for you’re not very promising.” Mr. Hart stated his last wish.

Patrick had never envisioned his father’s last words to be that of condemnation of him.

Mr. Hart slowly closed his eyes, and let out a deep breathe.

Grandpa.” Olive called out as her eyes were blurred with tears.

Patrick bent his head and cried painfully on Mr. Hart’s bed.

Olive sat on the chair in the ward, her eyes were red and swollen. Mr. Hart’s departure took away her last hope in Los Angeles.

North handed a cup of warm water to Olive.

“Olive, the old man passed away peacefully. You’re allowed to mourn him. But the most important thing now is to find who poisoned and killed the old man.” North advised tenderly.

Olive raised her hand and wiped the tears off her face. She couldn’t agree less with North. She still had a lot of things to do.

Olive turned to look at Patrick who was beside her. Patrick was also crying bitterly.

“I’m not your biological daughter, right? Why didn’t you tell me?” Olive questioned calmly.

Patrick let out a breathe, and wiped his tears.

Olive suddenly felt relieved. She had never understood why Patrick didn't love her. It turned out that she was not his biological daughter. And unfortunately, she did not know who her real father was.

"Are there some Hart descendants in Imperial?" Olive voice sounded again.

Patrick pondered for a moment, and then replied,

"I don't know much about this either. Dad never told me about them when he was alive. But I do know that our Hart family in Los Angeles is just a branch of the Hart family. The real Hart family was in Imperial city."

We haven't had any contact with the Hart family in Imperial over the past few years. This should be as a result of your mother's orders." Patrick added.

Olive nodded. She had always thought that once her grandfather was awake, she would know the entire truth. She just didn't expect her confusion to be increased.

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She really couldn't fathom what sort of individual her mother was. There seemed to be a lot of mysteries surrounding her.

Who was looking after grandpa when he was taken out of the Hart's home? The last time I an injection, he hadn't been poisoned. The poison was administered to him of recent."

gave him

Pamela, it was Pamela who took care of the man." Patrick replied. After some seconds, he stood to his feet and looked at Olive in shock.

"You suspect that Pamela poisoned my dad?" Patrick questioned unbelievably.

Olive clasped her lips together and released them almost immediately.

"It's not suspicion, but certainty. Grandpa was murdered by Monica and Pamela."

"Impossible! Don't say that!" Patrick rebuked quickly.

“Monica and Pamela didn’t poison the old man. You claim that it was Monica and Pamela that pushed my dad off the stairs ten years ago and I still don’t believe that!”

North who stood quietly couldn’t help but add,

“That mother and daughter are two vicious humans. Now that there’s no evidence against them, they have to do is deny any allegation.”

all

Olive gritted her teeth and a wave of anger flowed across her chest. She was convinced that Pamela had seen Mr. Hart showing signs of waking soon. Hence the reason why they had to poison him.

As long as Mr. Hart was dead and out of the way, they could all sit back and relax.

Patrick was blind again. Blinded by his love for Monica and Pamela, and he couldn’t bring himself to believe that Monica and his beloved Pamela were the murderers.

“I won’t believe what ever you say unless evidence are being provided. Don’t worry about them. Mr. Hart is dead. Let’s prepare for his funeral.” Patrick quickly dismissed the conversation.

“Stop!” Olive half-yelled sternly.

Patrick turned around and looked at her.

“What’s wrong?”

Olive stood up from the chair.

“Grandpa’s death is to be kept a secret for the time being-

“What?” Patrick questioned unbelievably. “The man is dead. What are you trying to do?”

“Monica and Pamela thought that if they poisoned grandpa, then their secrets will be kept forever. I want to make you see the demonic people that you’ve been living with.” Olive explained patiently.

“What do you intend on doing? The man is dead!”

“Tomorrow is your birthday, right? I’ll come over and you’ll celebrate and announce to them that grandpa is awake.”

Patrick let out a scoff.

You want me to cooperate with you? You’re ridiculous! I won’t do it…”

“Patrick!” Olive hastily interrupted him coldly. Her eyes exuding the aura of a powerful ruler,

Patrick was stunned, as it was the first time of him seeing the fierce side of Olive.

Chapter 213 The Dont Want Her Anyisope

“Patrick, have you forgotten your father’s last instruction? You have to obey me. I’m not negotiating with you, but I’m informing you on what to do! You need to use your Oscar-winning acting skills for this to executed.” Olive ordered, as her breathing became heavy.

Patrick let out a sigh and replied,

“Yes, I understand. You just don’t have to be so fierce. I promise to cooperate with you.”

Good! You may go back now. Do not allow them know the truth. I’ll stay here and watch over grandpa.” Olive waved her hand, not wanting to continue with the conversation.

Patrick nodded and walked out of the ward.

Once Patrick had left the ward, North looked at Olive and said,

“Olive, I didn’t expect Patrick to not be your father. What are your plans now?”

“North, once I’m done dealing with Monica and Pamela, I’ll be going to Imperial. I’ve always felt like there’s something in Imperial that keeps calling me.”

“Olive, if you leave for Imperial, what about Mr. Augustine? It hasn’t been long since you two got married.”

When Elvis's name was mentioned. Olive's eyes became gloomy. He didn't want her anymore.

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Score 9.2

Chapter 214 Olive's all yours!

Olive didn't want to inform North about the divorce yet. She still hadn't given up on the marriage and Elvis. She really didn't want the divorce to happen.

"North, let's meet in two days and discuss about this again. But for now, let's focus on dealing with Monica and Pamela." Olive replied.

"You've been with grandpa for a day. You can return home, North. I'll pass the night here with grandpa." Olive added calmly.

North held onto Olive's arm and looked at her red and swollen eyes in distress.

"I'm not tired. I'll stay here with you."

North, return home, okay? I'll ask Mr. Augustine to come stay with me later."

North nodded and said,

Okay then. It's fine if Mr. Augustine will keep you company here. I'll go ahead. Do well to call me if you need anything."

Once Olive had seen North off, she returned to the ward. She prepared a hot water and used it to carefully wipe the old man's body.

Mr. Hart's body had completely turned cold. Olive sat beside the bed and cried bitterly.

Her heart was completely shattered. With the death of old Mr. Hart, Olive knew that the Hart family was now a place she couldn't call home.

In the past few months, she had found a home in Elvis, but Elvis didn't want her anymore.

It felt like she had returned to eleven years ago. At the age of nine, she was kicked out of the Hart home and sent to the orphanage.

Olive stood up from the bed and went to the table, she grabbed her bag and took out her phone from

it.

Olive returned to the bed. While sitting on the bed, she went through her contact list and kept staring at Elvis's number which was the first contact in her list. She looked at the number for a long time, but she couldn't summon up the courage to call him.

Although she really wanted Elvis beside her at the moment. The image of him in the study room earlier this morning filled her memory. He had stared coldly at her, smashed the pillow into her face, and ordered her to get out.

Olive didn't dare to call him anymore. She was already saddened by her grandfather's death and wouldn't send herself to be hurt more by him.

The night quickly arrived, and silence engulfed the entire hospital.

A sound of steady footsteps could be heard in the hallway. The door of the ward was pushed open, and a tall body leaped into view.

Elvis was here.

Elvis was clothed in a black coat. His crisp shoulders were stained with the snow which fell outside.

Elvis walked in and met Olive holding onto her grandfather's hand tightly. She had fallen asleep beside him.

Chapter 214 Olive's all yours!

Elvis stood by the bed beside Olive. There were still some tears on her face. Her eyes and nose were red, and she looked extremely pitiful.

Elvis groaned in pain. He reached out slowly and wiped the tears from her face.

While asleep, Olive felt Elvis's fingertips rubbed his fingertips with her small face.

on her face and his familiar scent. She moved and gently

Elvis leaned over and carried her from the bed, and took her to the empty bed at the far end of the ward. He didn't place her on the bed, but sat on the bed and held her in his arms, allowing her sleep in his arms.

His thin line fell on her forehead, and slowly slid down as he kissed her red and swollen eyes. He kissed her eyes, and then moved down to her nose, and finally landed on her lips.

"Olive." He whispered her name and held tighter to her.

Dawn the next day.

When Olive was awake, she found herself lying on the bed at the corner. She pondered about it for a while, and couldn't remember when she had fallen asleep there.

She had initially thought that she would have difficulties sleeping the previous night, and would have lots of nightmare, but she had unexpectedly slept throughout the night and her swollen eyes had returned to its normal size.

"Grandpa, I'll go to the Hart's home now. Don't worry, I'll make them pay for what they did to you." Olive swore, and then took a taxi and left for the Hart's.

It was Patrick's birthday today, but the entire Hart family were covered with gloom, and a party wasn't thrown.

Monica had returned from the hospital and was still confined in her room. The moment she saw Olive, her heart raged and she questioned,

"Olive, what the hell are you doing here? Quickly get out. You're not welcomed here."

Insing her

Monica didn't want to set her eyes on Olive, for she feared that Olive would mock her for losing child.

Olive leaned against the door and looked at Monica.

“Could it be that the Hart family has changed owners? The last I checked, today’s my father’s birthday, and I’m here to celebrate with him. Monica, why would an outsider like you drive me away?”

Monica wanted to respond, but she was quickly stopped by Pamela.

Mom, it’s okay. Today’s dad’s birthday. We are all family, so we shouldn’t fight anymore. Olive, stay for dinner, okay?” Pamela’s pretentious and scheming voice sounded.

Olive focused her attention on Pamela. Pamela had wore her usual pretentious appearance. After all that had happened, Pamela still acted as if everything was perfect and suddenly wanted having dinner with Olive.

Olive quickly sensed that Pamela was up to something. She knew that Pamela must have a plan ongoing

“Okay, I’ll stay for dinner then.” Olive replied and walked away from them.

Monica led Pamela to her room and asked confusingly,

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Chapter 214 Olive’s all yourst

“Pamela, why are you allowing Olive stay?”

Pamela scoffed and replied calmly.

“Mom, I have a plan, so don’t worry about it.”

Olive stood by the window and drank from her cup of coffee. She felt someone approaching her from behind. She looked at the glass window before her and sighted a bodyguard walking over with a sinister aura.

Olive didn’t move. Sudddenly, the bodyguard raised his hand and slashed it at the back of her neck.

Immediately she was hit, Olive shut her eyes and fainted.

The bodyguard hastily reached out to carry Olive. Pamela suddenly walked over and instructed,

“Take her to the third room upstairs.”

“Okay, ma’am.”

The bodyguard took Olive to the room upstairs and placed her on the soft big bed. Pamela held her phone she took a picture and forwarded it to two people.

Once she was done, Pamela went to the sitting room, sat on the sofa and awaited her guest.

Half an hour later, the villa’s door was opened and a handsome and tall figure surfaced.

Marvin had arrived.

Pamela let out a satisfactory smile.

“Academician Augustine, you’re most welcome to our home. I heard that you’re the most elegant young academician in the medical world today. Hardly is there any celebrity who doesn’t adore you, you do not even spare them a glance. But once it gets to Olive, you instantly become her slave. As long as it involves her, you’ll scurry over right away.” Pamela’s tone was like that of an insane, evil witch.

but

Marvin stared coldly at Pamela.

“Where’s Olive?” He asked impatiently.

Pamela shrugged her shoulders and replied,

“In the third room upstairs.”

Marvin turned around and headed upstairs.

“Academician Augustine.” Pamela called out and Marvin halted on his track.

“Don’t you see that today is a perfect opportunity for you, you’ve always wanted Olive, right? Well, she’s upstairs and you can have all of her.”

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Score 9.2

Chapter 215 Mr. Augustine, quickly open the door!

Marvin halted on the stairs and turned to look at Pamela.

“What did you say?” His extremely calm voice asked.

Pamela smiled and replied,

“Academician Augustine, don’t you like Olive? Don’t you want Olive and Elvis to divorce each other? Well, we have the exact same goal, and we can work together perfectly in order to achieve our goal. Don’t pretend not to want her. This is an opportunity that ought not to be missed.”

It was the second time that Pamela proposed a cooperation to Marvin.

Marvin’s handsome face was devoid of emotion, and he didn’t utter a word.

He diverted his gaze away from Pamela’s face and continued climbing the stairs. Once he arrived at the third room, Marvin turned the door knob and walked in.

Olive laid on the big soft bed. Her black hair spread freely on the snow white sheet.

Seeing that she was safe, Marvin breathed a sigh of relief. He stepped forward and placed his right knee on the bed, and stared quietly at her beautiful face.

Due to the mask that Olive was wearing, he couldn’t see her stunning face clearly. Since he had taken off her mask back then, he could clearly remember every inch of her facial features.

Marvin slowly raised his hand and stroked her face with his fingertips, feeling the smoothness with his hand.

Olive’s skin was like that of a newborn baby, soft and tender.

Olive's body suddenly shook, and her eyes opened. The back of her neck ached badly, and her eyes conveyed anxiety.

"Olive, you're awake!" Marvin exclaimed happily.

Olive raised her eyes and looked at Marvin. She wasn't surprised to find him there at all.

"You're here. Pamela asked you to come over, right?"

"You seem to know that I'll be here." Marvin replied.

Olive sat up, she stretched her small hand and caressed the back of the neck

"I just want to see what Pamela is up to. And I also want to find out if academician Augustine and Pamela are working together now."

"You've suspected me for long, haven't you?" Marvin's stared at her face and asked.

Olive nodded slowly.

"I just think that it's way beyond coincidence, you know, everytime that I'm with you, Pamela will arrive, and followed by Elvis. You and Pamela have a private connection for sure, but I can't say if you two are cooperating with each other."

Marvin's cold black eyes overflowed with a smile. He knew that Olive would wake up, and was glad that she did.

Olive's bright eyes fell on Marvin's face.

"Academician Augustine, I trust you. I know that you and Pamela aren't the same type of individual.

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Chapter 215 Mr. Augaline, quickly open the dorst

You two aren't the same."

With that, Olive stood up and made for the door.

“Olive.” Marvin hurriedly stepped forward and grabbed her wrist.

“Pamela is right, today is a perfect opportunity. What I want is not your trust, but you.” Marvin added and took in his lower lips.

Olive stiffened and looked back at him.

“Academician Augustine, I’m your sister-in-law!”

Marvin laughed softly and then replied,

“You’re my sister in-law only by name, right?”

Olive’s eyes narrowed. She and Elvis’s marriage wasn’t binded legally. But Olive hadn’t told anyone about this. How did Marvin get to know about it?

“Olive, I’ll say it again, divorce Elvis and come with me to Imperial. I like you. The first time that I saw you on the street in Imperial two years ago, I knew that you were the one for me. I’ve been searching for you since then.” Marvin finally confessed.

Olive lowered her head for a while. She then raised her head and stared at Marvin.

“I’ll say it again, don’t waste your time on me, I’m not worth it. I’ll go to the Imperial some day, but definitely not with you. I don’t need your protection.”

Marvin looked at the girl before him. Olive had just said that she didn’t need his protection.

“What if it was Elvis, would you need his protection?” Marvin suddenly asked.

Hearing Elvis’s name, Olive’s heart skipped a bit. She quickly replied,

“Of course I’ll need his protection and I also wouldn’t think twice about following him to Imperial.”

He clenched his fist. Olive had answered him honestly. It wasn’t that she didn’t need protection,

she just didn’t need his.

“Academician Augustine, I’ve always regarded you as my friend. Return to the Imperial. Otherwise, we won’t even have to be friends. Although Elvis and I haven’t binded our marriage legally yet, we’re still married. And we’ve done everything that a couple should do, that includes pleasing each other.” Olive added.

Marvin’s handsome and tall body froze. Only then did he realizes how decisive and ruthless Olive

was.

Olive withdrew her wrist from him and turned to leave.

“It’s too late. Elvis is already here.” Marvin informed.

Olive halted. She quickly pondered about something. It turned out that Pamela’s last plan included

Elvis.

Marvin looked at her calmly, and added,

“Yes, it’s true. I can’t really say, but I think that Pamela likes Elvis so much.”

Olive ignored Marvin, she hurried to the door, opened it and ran out.

Immediately she ran out of the room, she bumped into Patrick. Due to old Mr. Hart’s instruction, Patrick was a little afraid when he saw Olive.

Chapter 215 Mr. Augustine, quickly open the doort

Olive’s bloodshot eyes stared at Patrick.

“Where’s Pamela?” She inquired.

“I think she just entered her room.” Patrick replied.

The maid which was passing by stopped and concurred,

“Yes, sir, miss entered her room a while ago with President Augustine. They’ve been in there for a while now.

“Oh. Elvis is here?” Patrick questioned in an unbeknownst manner, as he had just arrived.

Olive quickly pushed Patrick away and went straight to Pamela’s door which was tightly closed.

Olive raised her hand and slapped the door hard. The door wouldn’t still open, so she raised her right foot and kicked on it.

“Pamela, come out and meet me! Mr. Augustine, are you in there? Open the door quickly.

Patrick was stunned, as he stared at Olive whose aura was like that of a warrior, ready to fight for his kingdom.

The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband Novel Full Episode

Score 9.2

Chapter 216 Have you forgotten, my big brother?

Elvis had received the message from Pamela and quickly rushed over. Pamela led him to the room, and Elvis quickly glared at her.

“I didn’t hurt Olive. She’s in the next room.” Pamela had muttered.

Elvis stared coldly at her, and his thin lips threatened,

“You better not touch a single hair on her body, else, the entire Hart family would be buried. alongside with you.”

Elvis turned and made for the door.

Pamela was extremely jealous. She was so fascinated by Elvis, but his eyes were on Olive.

“Mr. Augustine, don’t go!” Pamela rushed over and hugged Elvis’s waist from behind.

Elvis paused and commanded,

“Leg go!”

“Mr. Augustine, why are you being so ruthless to me? It’s obvious that I met you first. Take a closer look at me, I’m no worse than Olive.”

Pamela released her grip on Elvis and walked in front of him. She raised her hand and took off her coat, revealing her suspender nightdress.

Olive suddenly appeared on Elvis’s mind. He remembered when she had taken her bath at the villa and the room had become filled with her sweet fragrance. The suspender nightdress that she wore had perfectly complemented her curves.

Pamela was wearing the exact nightdress as Olive. Pamela had been imitating Olive since she was a child. But no matter how much she tried, she couldn’t be Olive.

Elvis was her last plan. She wanted to seduce him and be with his wife.

Now was her chance, and she was bound to not miss it.

Even though Pamela had carefully prepared for this day, now before Elvis, she felt extremely

nervous.

“Mr. Augustine, I’m not worse than Olive. I’ll be more pleasing than her. Just let me be your woman.” Pamela pleaded seductively.

Elvis didn’t flinch. His deep eyes focused on Pamela, and he gazed at her from her head down to her toe, and then asked,

“Have you showered?”

It was the first time of Pamela being scrutinized by Elvis. Elvis’s aura was so powerful that he made everyone hastily bow before him. He was the pinnacle of men. He was blessed with wealth and power, such that it made people feel ashamed. Even the perfect woman seemed to be unconfident before him, afraid that they had some flaws which made them unworthy of him.

In the past, Elvis didn’t look at Pamela for more than a second, but now, he looked at her with such frivolous eyes and asked if she had taken a shower.

Pamela was overjoyed. She nodded swiftly.

“Yes, I’ve showered.”

Chapter 216 Pace you despotten, my big brother?

“You seem in need of a man. Since you’re short of men, do you want me to call some men to satisfy you?”

Pamela’s smile instantly froze, as she heard his words.

Elvis took two steps forward, and his low voice contained a ruthless sneer,

“How can you compare yourself with Olive? Your face isn’t even as beautiful as hers, you skin doesn’t glow as Olive’s, and your figure isn’t as beautiful as hers. You stand here wearing a cheap artificial perfume, and you dare to compare yourself with her?”

Pamela at this point only wished for the ground to open up and swallow her. She was embarrassed to

the extreme

Elvis didn’t spare her another glance as he headed to the door.

All that Elvis said was the truth. Pamela was inferior to Olive in every way possible. The suspender. nightdress that Pamela wore wasn’t as beautiful on her, as it was on Olive.

Elvis was a man with great taste. And Pamela couldn’t ever be his type.

Pamela’s body had gone cold. She had taken her time to dress up just to be humiliated.

Pamela’s hand slowly clenched into a fist. Pamela gritted her teeth and looked at Elvis’s back.

“I saved you, now I want you to fulfill my third promise.”

Sure enough, Elvis stopped on his track when he heard Pamela’s words.

Elvis turned around and looked at her.

“You’re requesting for me to sleep with you, is that your third request? I won’t do it! I’m not interested in you!”

Pamela’s face was pale. No matter how thick skinned she was, she was greatly affected by Elvis’s continuous rejection.

However, she didn’t utter another word but just stared at Elvis, as if she was scrutinizing him. Elvis suddenly felt that something was abnormal with his him, because his body temperature was slowly becoming hot, and breathing became difficult for him.

He sniffed and realized that there was a faint smell in the room. However, his mind was occupied with Olive’s safety that he didn’t notice immediately.

A gaze quickly appeared on his eyebrows, and he stared at Pamela gloomily.

“What fragrance did you spray? What did you do?”

Pamela knew that the drug was beginning to be effective.

“It’s an aphrodisiac incense that I sprayed. The most intense in the world. No man can resist it. The only antidote is a woman.” Pamela replied proudly.

Elvis moved forward and wrapped his sharp fingers around Pamela’s neck.

“Pamela, are you testing my tolerance for you?” Elvis muttered sternly.

Elvis never went a day without being tempted by beautiful woman. He had seen many of those tricks, but Pamela was the only one who dare to attack him with such a despicable idea.

Pamela quickly became short of oxygen. Elvis had grabbed tightly on her neck, and that made her face reddened.

11:52

The Sulejttute Beide linded by Myhill

Chapter 216 Have you forgotten, my big brother?

It took Pamela a lot of will power to use such method on him. She was extremely afraid of Elvis and knew that he would most likely tear her to

shreds. Notwithstanding, she had to do all she could to get Elvis in bed with her..

Pamela held Elvis's big hand and tapped on it.

"Are you willing to kill me? It was a cold freezing night, we hugged each other in the cave in order to keep each other warm. Have you forgotten about that day? Have you forgotten about it, my big brother?"

♡ (1)

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The Substitute Bride: Dated by My Billionaire

The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband Novel Full Episode

Score 9.2

Chapter 217 Olive's rival in love

Pamela's words instantly awakened the memory that Elvis had buried deep in his heart.

Elvis's fingertips slowly loosened. After so many years, he had never forgotten about the girl in the

cave.

Elvis suddenly became unable to attack Pamela.

Pamela breathed the oxygen desperately. A second ago, she almost lost her life. It dawned on her that daring to challenge Elvis was her risking her life.

Nevertheless, she won the bet.

Elvis had repeatedly tolerated her because of that memory. If it wasn't for that memory, Elvis would have made sure that she disappeared from Los Angeles,

Pamela touched her reddened neck, then boldly rushed up and hugged Elvis's waist.

"Big brother, I know that you've always cared about me, let me be your woman tonight."

Elvis's body temperature was burning hot. In order for her plan to be perfectly executed, Pamela had bought the most powerful medicine.

"Big brother. I love you." Pamela stood on tiptoe and couldn't wait another second to kiss Elvis's thin lips.

When Elvis scented the smell of Pamela's artificial perfume, he turned his head and avoided her kiss.

Elvis reached out and pushed her away. He didn't know what was happening to him, but his mind was filled with Olive's beautiful face. He missed her soft body and the scent on her body.

Elvis looked at Pamela and shook his head.

"It's not you."

Pamela's nervous heart skipped a beat. Did he notice something?

A knock landed nervously on the door.

"Pamela, come out and meet me! Mr. Augustine, are you in there? Open the door quickly." Olive's voice beckoned from outside the door.

Pamela's eyes widened. Marvin didn't take his opportunity, and had allowed Olive go.

Elvis's tall and handsome body froze. He turned around and walked towards the door. He wanted to find Olive.

He felt really uncomfortable, and his mind was filled with her. Now that he heard her voice, every cell in his body clamoured for her.

"Elvis." Pamela grabbed him and reminded,

“Have you forgotten that Olive is poisoned by the flower, and the only way for her to be saved is by going to Imperial with Marvin. Do you think it’s best to open the door and meet her, than for her to go with Marvin and be saved?”

Elvis’s footsteps stopped. He was only a few steps away from the door. She was within his reach, but his feet felt heavy and he could no longer move.

Elvis knew that he couldn’t afford to see her, or hug her, or kiss her. The best love he could show to

Chapter 217 din loce

her right now was to endure and let her go.

“Elvis, can you hear me? Why don’t you open the door? I don’t like you and Pamela being in the same room. You’re giving me ideas.”

“If you dare to touch Pamela, then know that I won’t want you anymore. I’ll kick you out of my heart!” Olive’s voice was tinged with tears, as she kept banging on the door.

Elvis clenched his fist and let gritted his teeth. Olive was his girl, and he didn’t want to hear her cry. but he didn’t know what to do at the moment.

“Elvis, don’t go out to meet her. Let her go. Let me stay with you. You can think of me as Olive.”

Elvis’s eyes were reddened as he looked at Pamela. The aphrodisiac incense was really strong, and he longed badly for Olive.

“Olive.” Elvis reached out and pushed Pamela onto the bed.

Outside the door, Patrick looked at Olive who was about to collapse.

Monica had joined in the hallway. She finally understood what her daughter’s plan was. She sneered and said.

“Olive, you’ve made such a huge noise, but president Augustine hasn’t still opened the door for Boss Augustine doesn’t want to talk to you. He chose Pamela over you, my dear.”

you.

– Elvis, be gentle, you’re hurting me!” Pamela’s coquettish voice sounded from the room.

Olive’s face was pale, her eyes were red, and tears dripped down her eyes. She used her fingernails to dig into the door, injuring herself in the process.

“Elvis, come out now, you really don’t want me anymore, right? You can’t be with Pamela, you’re mine!” Olive muttered and cried on the door.

Growing up. Olive knew that crying was the most useless thing to do. But now, she couldn’t control herself as she cried bitterly.

She felt that her heart was being grabbed by a big palm, causing her breathe to seize. She couldn’t open the door and Elvis had refused to come out.

Marvin stood at the corner and watched Olive cry. He had asked her to leave Elvis. He couldn’t understand why she was in so much pain and reluctance.

After about thirty minutes, the door opened and Elvis walked out.

Olive quickly raised her eyes and looked at Elvis. Elvis was wearing a simple black shirt and black trousers. His clothes were wrinkled, and his scarlet eyes still had some lust in them.

Olive’s gaze fell into the room. The ground was littered with clothes, and the bed was stained.

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The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband Novel Full Episode

Score 9.2

Chapter 218 As You Wish.

Olive knew what the stain on the bed was. It was Pamela’s blood.

Olive’s tightened fist slowly released. She watched Elvis quietly as if all that she ever cherished had slipped away from her.

Pamela also walked out of the room and she was wearing a different nightdress. A visible smile could be seen on the corner of her lips.

“Pamela, what did you and president Augustine just do?” Monica ran excitedly to Pamela’s side and asked loudly.

Mom, just now, president Augustine and I made love. I’m now president Augustine’s woman.” Pamela responded with a proud smile.

She moved away from Monica and went before Olive. She stretched out her hand and grabbed Olive’s cold hands.

“Olive, don’t blame president Augustine, blame me. I’m really sorry for you, but you can’t separate

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Monica was about to go wild with joy. Her daughter had finally claimed onto the dragon’s bed..

Olive, the marriage between you and president Augustine was initially a mistake. All you have to do right now is set things right. President Augustine belongs to Pamela!” Monica added annoyingly.

Olive raised her face and glared at Monica and Pamela. Then she raised her hand and slapped Pamela across the face.

With a loud bang, a fierce slap landed on Pamela’s face, echoing throughout the hallway.

Pamela was slapped hard across her face. She was furious at Olive for hitting her, but she only replied calmly.

“Olive, did you just hit me?”

Olive’s face was pale, and her eyes were reddened from crying. Notwithstanding, her eyes were cold, revealing a bit of sternness.

“Yes, I did hit you, Pamela. I slapped you because you’re cheap! Elvis is my man, but you dare to sleep with him. Since you’re only but a cheap side chick now, be ready to be beaten at any time. And be careful with me from now.” Olive warned ruthlessly.

Pamela's face flushed in embarrassment. Olive's words had obviously left her humiliated.

"Olive, we are sisters after all...

Before Pamela could complete her sentence, Olive slapped her again.

This time, Pamela was stunned.

"You and who are sisters? If I vividly remember, grandpa never welcomed you to the Hart family, he never welcomed your mother and you into Hart family, that's why he never bothered to introduce you all to the rest of the Hart descendants!" Olive quickly rebuked her.

Olive's words left everyone shocked. They were all shocked that Olive still had the courage to speak. Patrick was also shocked. Although he couldn't help but applaud Olive for standing up for herself. Pamela who was slapped twice glared at Olive. But her gaze quickly fell on Elvis's face, although he

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Chapter 218 As You Wish

didn't utter a word, he stood behind Olive protectively.

more glance. She turned to look at

Olive retracted her gaze. She didn't bother to spare Pamela any Elvis who was behind her, then she extended her small hand and slowly held his big hand.

"Mr. Augustine, let's go home."

Although Olive's aura was domineering, Elvis could still feel her fingers trembled.

Elvis pursed his lips and allowed her lead him home.

The Red Villa.

Elvis and Olive had returned to the bedroom. Elvis stood by the balcony, and the cold wind blew his black shirt. He smoked from the cigarette which was stuck between his fingers, and then he let out a puff.

Olive focused her attention on Elvis. The lights in the room were turned off, and they couldn't see each other clearly. Olive's faint voice questioned,

"You did it with Pamela, right?"

Elvis did not look back. After a while, he replied indifferently,

"Why ask?"

Olive shuddered,

"I asked because I want to know where I went wrong. You were not like this before. Could it be because Pamela saved you, hence the reason you can't forget her?"

Elvis tucked one hand into his trousers pocket, and turned to look at her. He could see her pale face through the layer of smoke.

"This is the end of this issue. Find something else to do other than boring me."

Olive lowered her head and nodded.

"Oh, I see. I'll go have a shower."

Olive walked into the shower and locked the door.

Her body slid down against the wall, and then she covered her face with her hands.

She couldn't dispel the sudden pain and grief in her heart, so she allowed herself cry.

Elvis smoked a few more cigarettes. He frowned as he looked at the expensive watch on his wrist. Half an hour had passed and she still hadn't stepped out.

Throwing the cigarette butt into the ashtray, Elvis walked over to the bathroom and opened it from

outside.

Elvis looked around and his eyes finally landed on the curled up figure in the corner. Olive was sitting on the tiled ground, and her jet-black hair was messy. Her face was buried in her knees as she

cried.

Olive cried quietly, but extremely fiercely. Her shoulders were shaking, and she was out of breathe. Elvis's heart ached intensely. Olive had hid in the bathroom and cried secretly. Elvis walked over

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and slowly reached out, wanting to touch her head. But his fingers still froze mid-air.

After standing there for a while, he heard himself saying.

“Crying for so long isn’t good for you. There isn’t any need to cry.”

Olive stopped crying and then she slowly raised her face. Instead of looking at him, she rested her small chin on her slender arm and stared at the sank in a daze.

“As you wish, we divorce.” Olive sniffed and added,

“Let’s get a divorce.”

Elvis's fingers curled in pain.

Olive still maintained her posture and still sat on the ground.

“Regarding the divorce agreement, I’ll leave the house and I also don’t want any money from you. You’re right when you said that I didn’t help you earn a cent, so, I’ll return all your money and valuables in my possession to you.”

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Score 9.2

Chapter 219 My heart is still for Her.

Olive stood up slowly. Then she reached out and took off the OneLove necklace on her neck.

The dazzling diamond ring shone in the dim yellow light. She spread out her small hand and took off the diamond ring, then she handed the necklace and diamond ring to him.

Elvis's eyes darkened, and a visible pain swiftly appeared.

"Just throw it into the trash can." He replied.

"Oh." Olive responded, then she raised her hand and threw the necklace and diamond ring into the trash can beside her.

Elvis felt his throat become dry.

"You bought everything here. I don't want any of it. Tomorrow morning at nine o'clock, we should meet at the Civil Affairs Bureau to sign and finalize the divorce. Also, I'll not spare Monica and Pamela. If you want to protect them, that's left to you." Once Olive was done speaking, she stood up and walked out of the room.

Elvis went numb. He heard Olive's footsteps down the hallway, and after a while, there wasn't any more sound forthcoming.

Olive was gone.

After being hurt extremely by him, she finally abandoned him and walked away.

Elvis's fingers trembled. He had won. He had finally pushed the girl that he loved the most away. And had finally lost her.

Elvis slowly lowered himself and picked up the OneLove necklace and diamond ring from the trash. can. The necklace still had Olive's fragrance on it.

Elvis's eyes were reddened as he pulled out the necklace and diamond ring. He had never told anyone that the necklace and ring was given to him by his mother.

It was his mother, Annabelle, who created the classic OneLove brand, but she had only designed one ring in her entire life, and that was the one in his palm.

His mother had told him that the ring should be for the girl that he loved the most.

However, Elvis had lost the girl that he loved.

Elvis's eyes became extremely heavy. Suddenly, he grabbed the necklace and ring and hurriedly ran

out of the room.

Elvis ran to the street. His scarlet eyes searched around, looking for the slender figure that he had fallen in love with.

Soon, he found her. Olive was standing by the side of the road and had already flagged down a taxi. She really didn't bring anything to the Red Villa, and she also left empty-handed.

Olive didn't want to be associated with Elvis anymore, let alone the things that he bought.

The back door of the car opened, and Olive got into the car, and the taxi sped away.

"Olive." Elvis called out and ran after the taxi.

He wanted the car to stop. He didn't want her to leave. He had a lot of things to say to her. He wa

Chapter 215 My heart is still for Her.

telling her that he never wanted her to leave, and also confessed his love to her.

Elvis really couldn't fathom how he got so obsessed with her. He thought that he would be able to bear it when she leaves, since he had been subjected to pain and loneliness from childhood.

But Olive was like a shiny star who had appeared at the darkest moment of his life. After she came into his life, he finally had a reason to live each day.

Elvis's footsteps slowly stopped, his tall body swayed, and with a bang, he fell roughly to the ground.

Lot of passerby quickly gathered around Elvis.

"What's the matter with you, sir? Call an ambulance!"

"Oh my Go d, he's bleeding!"

The passerbys exclaimed as they stared terrifyingly at Elvis's black trousers which dripped of blood. It seemed that Elvis was hurt on his lower region.

When Elvis fell to the ground, his paranaid eyes kept looking in the direction of the car. After some seconds, the cab slowly disappeared from his sight.

Olive was really gone!

"Olive." Elvis muttered h o a rsely. He closed his eyes as hot tears rolled down his cheeks.

When Elvis's eyes fluttered open again, he was already in the hospital. The entire ward scented of disinfectant.

"Elvis, you're awake!" Old Mrs. Samantha's nostalgic voice sounded.

Elvis turned his head and saw his grandma who stood beside the bed. The butler, Mr. Henry, and Elvis's secretary. Andrew, were present as well. Their faces were solemn.

Mrs. Samantha had cried for hours and her eyes had reddened.

Grandma." Elvis called out and made to move, but the wounds on his body couldn't make him move any further, for the pains were unbearable.

The old lady quickly stopped him.

“Elvis, don’t move, okay? The doctor said that the wound down there is extremely deep. Although the operation has been carried out, your sex life will still be affected.”

precious

Tears rolled down from Mrs. Samantha eyes as she told Elvis of the sad news. Elvis was her grandson. And she was yet to be given a great-grandson by him. Now that his lower body was badly injured. It made the old lady really saddened.

Elvis was not surprised by the information. The medicine that Pamela had sprayed was way too

strong,

and it contained some psychedelic ingredients.

Elvis had endured the pains with all his might.

As for the blood on the the bedsheet, it was Pamela who had deliberately injured herself.

“Elvis, what happened? How could you be so cruel to yourself? This is about your sex life. Your future. How will you explain this to Olive? Mrs. Samantha probed.

Elvis held onto Mrs. Samantha’s hand and muttered calmly,

Grandma, I’m sorry, but Olive and I are divorced.”

Elvis knew that Mrs. Samantha was bound to find out sooner or later, so he took the initiative to

Chapter 219 My heart is still for Her.

confess to her.

What?” Mrs. Samantha stiffened.

*Grandma, it’s really difficult for me to continue keeping her by my side. With her far away, I won’t have to hurt her anymore. But my heart still belongs to

her alone. I never betrayed her, and I loved her wholeheartedly. So please grandma, don't go in search of her, let her go, please."

The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband Novel Full Episode

Score 9.2

Chapter 220 At The Civil Affairs Bureau

Mrs. Samantha was speechless for a while. She couldn't utter a word. She looked down at Elvis for some seconds, then she asked.

"Now that Olive is gone, what are you going to do?"

Elvis took in his pale lips into his mouth, and released them almost immediately.

"Life has just returned to the way it used to be. I'm already accustomed to it." Elvis's low, weak and self-deprecating voice replied.

Old Mrs. Samantha was in tears as she touched Elvis's short hair tenderly. She really couldn't conclude if he had made the right decision. The marriage had ended hastily, and in addition to the scars in his heart, he also suffered physical injuries.

"Okay, grandma is promising you that she won't go in search of Olive. Olive is a good girl, but since you both have chosen to let go, grandma has nothing else to say. Starting from today, you must actively cooperate with the treatment. Be it that of the injury, sleep disorder, or mental illness, Elvis, please promise me that you'll take them seriously."

Mrs. Samantha was already old, and it was obvious that her years left on earth weren't lengthy. She could only stay with Elvis for a few more years. Hence she had to make sure that he was fine before she finally left earth.

"Okay." Elvis responded, and gently closed his eyes.

North quickly opened the door of her apartment.

"Olive, what's wrong? Come in." North pulled the crying Olive into the house.

“Olive, why are your hands so cold? Your body is as cold as ice, what happened?” North inquired as she scrutinized Olive’s body.

In the past, Olive had a really good blood which always kept her warm. North was fond of hugging her, and it was the first time that she had felt Olive’s body being so cold.

Olive had cried until her eyes were swollen. She looked at North, and her weak voice replied,

“North, I’m homeless now. Can you please allow me stay here for some days?”

“What are you talking about? This is your home. You’re free to stay here as long as you want. Tell me what’s going on. Did you run out this late because you quarreled with Mr. Augustine?” North probed inquisitively.

Olive’s bright pupils became watery, and the tears in her eyes were about to fall.

“No, Mr. Augustine and I are divorced.”

“What?” North felt as if she didn’t hear Olive correctly. She couldn’t believe her ears.

“You and Mr. Augustine have divorced? Don’t worry, come have dinner first, okay? We’ll talk about this once you’ve eaten.”

North’s chef had already prepared a meal, and had packed it into the refrigerator. North heated the

Chapter 220 The Civil Affairs Bureau

dishes in the microwave and took it to Olive with a glass of warm milk.

After eating, Olive narrated what had transpired at the Hart’s villa to North.

North slapped the table angrily and hastily stood up.

“Damn! I really wanna tear that bitch to pieces. But I also didn’t expect Mr. Augustine to do such, gosh!” North expressed her irritation.

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Olive lowered her head slowly, and didn't say anything.

"If you want to go ahead with the divorce, then do. It's no big deal. A man that can't control his lower body will perpetually bring embarrassment to you. And I think that it's best to allow him give you some shares of his income. It's your right, girl."

– I don't want his money." Olive responded.

–

What? Olive, are you kidding me? If you don't spend his money, are you waiting for him to give it

all to Pamela?"

Tears fell from Olive's eyes. She just lowered her head and began to cry.

North quickly reached out and hugged her. She patted her on her back and comforted.

"Olive, why are you crying again? Don't cry anymore. We don't need his stinky money. From now on, I'll curse him everyday, and I'll see how he will be happy with other women."

North gritted her teeth angrily and used a tissue to wipe Olive's tears. But the tears could not be wiped away. Olive cried non-stop and her body began to throb.

North was extremely distressed seeing Olive this way. She grew up with Olive and was familiar with Olive's personality, Olive was strong, independent and brave. Even when she was sent to the orphanage at the age of nine, Olive still didn't cry the way she did now.

"Olive, stop crying, okay?" A scumbag like him isn't worth your tears. Pamela and her mother will laugh at

you." North said softly.

Olive raised her hand and wiped the tears from her face, but the more she wiped away the tears, the more the tears rolled down.

Olive looked at North and muttered soberly,

“I know, but I’m still very sad. I really like him. He’s the first man that I like. I really don’t want to divorce him, not at all.”

North stretched out her hands and hugged Olive, as she allowed her cry on her chest.

Olive had lost Mr. Augustine.

Dawn the next day.

When Olive arrived at the Civil Affairs Bureau, Elvis had already arrived. Today, Elvis was clothed in a dark blue coat and a black sweater with a thin high collar.

Even so, his face wasn’t very bright. He wasn’t able to sleep and his face was pale.

As expected, Olive wasn’t in a good state either. She had cried the entire night. North had massaged.

11:53

The Substitute finder Boted by My Billionaire Husband

Chapter 22041 The Civil Affairs Barran

Olive’s eyes with a warm water, however, Olive’s eyes were still very swollen.

Olive didn’t spare Elvis a glance..

“Let’s go in. She had muttered and headed inside.

They both walked inside and sat on the seats that were offered to them.

The staff handed the divorce agreement to them.

“Mr. Augustine, Mrs. Augustine, have you two given this a final thought? If yes, please kindly sign below. Then you two will be officially divorced.”

Olive picked up a pen and signed her name at the designated place..

Elvis watched her sign, then he picked up the pen and also signed his name.

The divorce certificates were soon handed over to them. Olive walked out as soon as the procedure

was over.

Olive had lost some weight in the past few hours. Her face was pale and one could instantly decipher that she wasn't happy.

"Where are you headed? I'll drop you off." Elvis offered.

Olive shook her head, and rejected his offer.

"Thank you. But there'll be no need for that."

They had both gone silent. The once lovey-dovey couples had become estranged.

"Mr. Augustine." North called as she walked over and pulled Olive behind her.

"You and Olive are now divorced, so you don't have to offer to drop her off any more. As an ex that you are, I hope that you can disappear from her life gracefully without causing any trouble for Olive. Olive, let's go.

The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband Novel Full Episode

Score 9.2