

The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband Chapter 7

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The Substitute Bride: Doted by My billionaire Husband by Sumpto Midway
Chapter 7 Feeding You, My Mrs. Augustine.

His gaze on her lips was already hinting on something. He implied that the best way to thank a man was to blow a kiss.

Olive heart s***d a beat. Her earlobe had already turned red. "I don't understand."

She turned and focused her gaze on the scenery outside the window in a bid to ignore him.

Elvis looked at her and knew she was avoiding him. She had a smart, agile and independent personality.

The car halted at the traffic light. Olive sighted the most famous cake shop in Los Angeles.

"Want some cakes?" Elvis's low pitched voice sounded in her ear.

Her eyes revealed a bit of sentimentality, she said softly. "My mother used to take me to there to buy cakes."

Elvis turned the steering and stopped on the side of the road. "If you want some. Let's go get it."

The cake shop was a big time brand in Los Angeles. It was especially popular in the circle of celebrities. It was sold in limited quantities each day.

Olive had had a liking for cakes since she was a child. Her mother frequent brought her here to purchase them. It was the best time in her memory.

It's been ten years since Olive had been here. Her eyes itched and tears had welled up in it. She didn't want Elvis to see her cry, so she said to him. "Ill be at the washroom."

Elvis stared at her as she exited the car. He had just seen her cry. She was still very tender at heart.

He opened the car door and walked into the cake's shop. Coincidentally, Gabriella was also in the cake shop along with her best friend Pearl Wright.

Pearl pulled Gabriella, "Gabriella, you said just now that, that your half-sister, Olive has a young gigolo, how true is that?"

Gabriella scoffed. "Of course it's true. I witnessed it myself. She was dropped off by a

man.”

“Getting a gigolo is quite expensive though, and Olive just returned from the orphanage. Where did she get the money to hire one from?” Pearl questioned doubtfully.

“You do know that everything are in classes. Some gigolos who are handsome and good-looking may earn about a thousand dollars. But those who aren’t, it wouldn’t be that costly though.” Gabriella explained.

“I need a cake.” A deep charismatic voice sounded.

The voice was way too good.

Gabriella and Pearl turned their gazes to the direction where the voice came from.

Elvis was standing by the counter. He was tall and very alluring.

He was incredibly gorgeous.

Pearl was already fascinated, she quietly pulled Gabriella’s sleeve, “Gabriella, isn’t this man just lovely?”

Gabriella had never seen such a handsome man. The best combination for a man was said to be power and wealth. But Elvis’s elegance made him stand out.

Gabriella felt her heart racing. Pearl whispered again. “Do you think Olive’s gigolo is as handsome as this man?”

“What nonsense are you talking about!” Gabriella glared at Pearl, “For a poor brat like Olive, the gigolo she hired must be fat and ugly. If she ever afford this handsome, breathtaking man, I’ll definitely call her boss.”

Gabriella could never believe that the gigolo Olive hired was up to the standard of the man before her.

“I’m sorry sir, the two young ladies have already bought the last cake. Today’s cake is sold out. You can come back early tomorrow.” The store manager apologized to Elvis. The last cake was bought by Gabriella.

Gabriella’s heart pounded faster. She quickly stepped forward and looked ecstatically at Elvis, “Sir, do you wanna buy a cake? I can give you my cake, but you have to follow me on my social media.”

Gabriella had already fallen in love with Elvis, hence she didn’t hesitate to take the initiative.

She was a high level girl. She was young and beautiful, and there were lots of boys chasing after her. But with Elvis, she had let go of her pride like a hot potato.

Elvis paid zero attention to her. He took out his black and gold card and handed it over

to the store manager. "Then ask the chef to work overtime to make me one."

The store manager glanced at the card. The word 'Augustine' was written boldly. Augustine was a well-known surname in Los Angeles.

It didn't take another second before the manager could guess the identity of Elvis. The hot sweat on his forehead had dripped down. Who would believe a man who had such huge power would unexpectedly show up in their small cake shop.

"Sir, a moment please. I'll ask the chef to customize one for you." With this, the manager returned his card and ran into the kitchen.

Gabriella and Pearl were a little confused. Why did the store manager customize him a cake?

Elvis picked up a newspaper and read it.

He completely ignored Gabriella. This made her cheeks reddened from embarrassment. She reached out and pulled the upper part of her skirt, deliberately revealing the attractive curves on her thighs.

"Oh. I'm dizzy." Gabriella pretended to be dizzy and fell into Elvis's arm.

She closed her eyes and hoped that she would fall into the embrace of Elvis.

But in the next second, with a bang, she fell directly to the ground.

It turned out that Elvis had adjusted backwards unknown to her.

"Gabriella, How I deserve a greet like this from you?" A soft feminine voice muttered. Gabriella raised her eyes and saw Olive.

Olive's bright eyes stared at her. She even gave her a playful wink.

Gabriella's suddenly felt sick. She quickly crawled up in confusion, "Olive, why are you here?"

Gabriella gazed unbelievably at Olive. How could Olive be in the cake shop? She was certain that her mother had sprinkled some substance on her pizza.

"What happened?"

At this moment, Elvis stepped forward and wrapped his strong arm around Olive's slender waist. "What took you so long? Gabriella and Pearl's gasps were heard.

Olive and this man?

Olive, who is he?" Gabriella quickly questioned.

Didn't you say he was my gigolo?" Olive replied with a smile.

