

The Substitute Bride Doted by My Billionaire Husband Chapter 1 - 10

Chapter 1 Marriage

In the winter of 2015, Olive Hart sat on a train from an orphanage in the suburbs and was headed for Los Angeles.

When she was nine year old, she was taken to the suburbs. And today, she's being brought back to LA. And not for any reason other than the marriage between the Hart's family and the Augustine's family.

A daughter from the Hart's family is to marry into the Augustine's family. But, with the rumours of the groom being terminally ill, neither of Hart's two sisters consented to the marriage.

Olive was sitting on the bunk with a book in her hand. The door of the train was suddenly pushed open. The cold wind was accompanied by a sweet and fishy smell of blood.

Raising her eyes, she sighted a tall figure collapsing from the outside into the train. In split. seconds, some men clothed in black rushed in.

"Boss, there's no one here. Let's just send him to hell." One of them roared. The scariest of them all, who also happened to be their boss, diverted his gaze toward Olive.

Olive instantly felt a surge of heat engulfing her. The man's eyes passed a message of strong murderous intent. Glancing at the weapons calmly and silently in their hands, Olive immediately chose to act panicked and begged for mercy, "Don't hurt me please. I saw nothing."

Their leader stepped forward and stared at Olive's small face. Her eyes were incomparably. bright, whenever she glanced around, her eyes swayed.

The man was struck by such dazzling eyes, and he had seen nothing of such prior.

"Little beauty, we don't have to hurt you, you just have to please my brothers."

Olive's slender eyelash trembled, and she said pitifully, "I don't want to die, please. As long as you don't hurt me, I'll definitely serve you all satisfactorily.

Olive's soft and gentle pleas ignited the urge of consummation in the leader's body. He pounced on Olive and tried submerging her slender body under his.

"Boss, you go first. We'll send this dk to hell first. Then we'll all have a good time with her." One of the men suggested.

Already manipulated by the desire, the leader followed the speech of advice, dropped his weapon on the floor and had reached out to pull the buttons of Olive's clothes.

But in splits seconds, a small white hand had halted his hand. The man raised his head to meet Olive's bright eyes. The panics and weakness which were visible in her eyes had now disappeared. A cold look was now evident.

"You.." The man made to speak, but Olive immediately kicked him on the loins.

"F**k" The man man muttered and came crashing to the ground.

"Boss!" The men had chorused in shock. The men were startled and wanted going to assist, but the man who had collapsed on the ground suddenly opened his eyes, and he s****d

the

weapon from one of the men in black. The men then fell to the ground one by one almost in a split second.

Olive sat up. She knew the man was only playing unconscious. Her eyes met with his. He had a pair of extremely narrow eyes, sharp as a falcon, and there were like two small abyss in the bottom of them. Anyone who looked at them was bound to be sucked in.

"Master, we're late." The rescuers arrived and began to clean up in an orderly fashion.

One of the men, probably his confidant, handed the man a clean patch of cloth. He wiped his hands elegantly, then walked towards olive with steady steps. His bony fingers clenched her small jaw.

With squinted eyes, he look at her playfully. His voice was low and magnetic, "What do

you think I'll do with you?"

Olive was forced to look up at him. The man was tall and handsome. His aura was powerful and cold as the night.

Although he had wiped his hands, she could still smell blood. She knew she had witnessed everything. And it would be difficult to get away.

She knocked down the man's hand and uttered sternly, "I'm the bride who's about to marry into the Red Villa."

The man raised his eyebrows. It was quite interesting. She's... his bride?

"Aren't you from Los Angeles? You should know that the daughter of the Hart's family is the one to marry into the Red Villa."

"Yes, I'm fully aware of that. And I am the bride. If something sinister happens to me, don't you think that'll be big trouble for you? Just let me go, I saw saw nothing, and would say nothing!"

At this point, Olive really owed her stepmother, Monica, a vote of thanks, she thought sarcastically. Monica has sent the money which she used in taking the train to LA.

However, it wasn't due to the fact that she loved Olive, but because the marriage was important to

Monica.

The marriage between the Hart's family and The Augustine's family (The Red Villa.) Was the biggest gossip in the whole of LA.

Olive's words seem to have caught the man's attention. He stared at her with interest. Today, he was set up by a business opponent who wanted him dead. It was indeed an accident meeting this girl.

Looking intensively at her, he estimated her age to be about twenty. Although her face was pale and her clothes, messy. Her eyes were clear and intelligent, and they Shone brightly.

The man moved back and took his men away. Olive's fingertips slowly loosened. The man turned his head and spoke slowly in lips she could understand "I'll see you soon."

Cambridge hotel and suites. The Hart's family's wedding was held today.

In the bridal lounge, Gabriella Hart stared at her half-sister (they shared the same father), Olive and said, "Olive, your mother died when you were nine. You later pushed our

grandfather down the stairs with your own hands. Hence, you were sent to the orphanage by dad. Now that you're back, I'm certain you know the reason. So you need to comply. Otherwise, you'll be sent back to the suburbs where you came from." She paused to take a breathe and added, "To the Hart's family, you're nothing more than a sacrificial lamb. So, you better behave like one."

Olive twisted her lips and replied coldly, "Of course, I do understand. I have no time for this now. You can stop barking."

Gabriella was too furious to talk back and stared at Olive's bright eyes. Her eyes were indeed stunning. You could tell she's a beauty simply from that pair of eyes. Gabriella went extremely jealous. She felt as though she should dig out her pair of eyes. 'She should be nothing but an ugly redneck!'

"Olive, the time has come, we should move!" Patrick's deep voice sounded as he walked in with Monica and a group of guests.

The Substitute Bride: Doted by My billionaire Husband by Sumpto Midway

Chapter 2 The Newlywed Husband

Monica was a popular actress in the entertainment industry when she was young. Even after having two daughters, she still took care of her body. Just like a beautiful charming young woman.

She was a mistress, but her skills were extremely high. Not only did she successfully dethrone the real wife. She also moved herself to the position of Matriarch in the Hart's family.

Monica had indeed made the wedding glamorous. Even Olive's wedding dress had been customized from Paris at a very huge cost. Everyone did praise her for a job well done.

Olive pretended as though she was devoid of knowledge. She looked through the door

expectantly, “Why isn’t the groom here?”

Immediately she was done speaking, Monica’s expression changed greatly. Everyone stared at one another in awe.

“Isn’t she aware that she’s about marrying an ill man?” questioning look showed on faces of the guests.

Patrick stepped forward, his eyes a little guilty and dodgy, “Olive, the groom isn’t feeling too well. So he can’t come. But you’ll meet him once we’re done here.”

An obedient smile arched on her lips. “Okay dad. I should be heading to meet him.”

Olive was led by Patrick into a luxury G-wagon which parked in the hotel’s garage. She waved at him and he nodded in response, as the car sped off.

They guests were sympathetic that she wasn’t aware of her husband’s condition. They all looked at Monica and began to whisper sarcastic words.

Although Monica was quite stunning, she was a stepmother who made another woman’s child marry a sick man.

Monica cheeks fluttered in embarrassment. The wedding was originally under her control, but Olive had to ask such question in a bid to stymie her plans.

Monica let it slide as she knew perfectly how to get back at her in the future.

Olive arrived at the Red Villa and was ushered into her room. The lights were not turned on, thus it was pitch dark and the atmosphere was a bit cold.

Olive’s dark eyes shone in a gleam of vigilance. She walked over to the bed and saw a man lying on the big, soft bed.

This must be her new husband!

Olive reached out to give him a pulse, she stretched out her index finger towards him, but in the next second, her slender waist was clasped by few thin fingers. She felt as though the world was spinning, and before saying jack, he was already on top of her. Olive was galvanized. She was informed that her husband was a sick man. But the fingers that had just grabbed her waist were strong and clearly that of a healthy man.

“Who is he?”

Olive quickly bent her knees and pressed against his crotch. But the man was even faster. He easily dodged her attacks and bent his knees, causing her to be unable to move.

He was quick, accurate and ruthless.

“Who are you? Let me go!” Olive struggled hard as their bodies rubbed through the thin fabric.

“The bride is enthusiastic, do you want to have s*x?” A deep magnetic voice sounded. Degenerate!

Olive suddenly pondered on the possibility of the man in the room being her husband.

The man's slender fingers had already landed on the zip of her dress, and was slowly unzipping it.

Olive quickly grabbed his hands, "What are you doing?"

"Just moan. Can you do that?"

Moan?

At this moment, Olive heard a sneaky voice form outside the room. It was a maid who was beckoning on the Old madam Samantha. "Madam, this isn't good. We had better go back..."

"Shh." The old lady hushed angrily, "I'll listen with my ears, not with my eyes!"

Olive wanted to see what was going on, but Elvis pressed her shoulder with one hand and pushed her back, "Hurry up and

Olive guessed that he needed to put up a show for the old lady and needed her cooperation.

"I can't do that."

Elvis stared at the girl beneath him. She's only twenty years old or odd. now showing a frown, and her eyes reserved and shy. Elvis two big hands came to her dress and pulled it off.

Olive felt her skin turned cold, she wrapped her hands around her slim shoulders.

"Can you moan now?" Elvis asked again, but in a more calmer tone.

Elvis propped his hands on her side, trapping her in his arms and initiating some extreme intimate movements. In such dark room, the big bed was rattled by him.

"Continue to yell, or I'll be serious." He threatened in a low voice. Olive shivered. She didn't doubt his words one bit. So she closed her eyes and moaned as he ordered.

Outside the room, old Mrs Samantha clasped her hands together and muttered, "Great, my grandson is neither gay nor incompetent. He had s*x! Creator bless me. I'm going to have a great-grandson!"

Old Mrs Samantha danced happily and quickly left to say the rosary.

Olive hastily reached out and pushed the man off her body. This time, Elvis was also cooperative and had let go of her. With a bang, he turned on the wall lamp.

Olive sat up. She zipped her dress, covering her shiny shoulders and her delicate milk muscles.

She raised her eyes and looked at the man. He had already gotten out of bed, his handsome face was revealed. The muscles on his face were carved perfectly.

But Olive had no time to admire the man's beauty. Her eyes had widened in shock, "It's you!"

He was the man on the train!

He was her new husband!

Olive knew she was going to marry a sick man, and had prepared for it. But she never thought that it would be him.

She reminisced on how she yelled at him on the train. Plausibly saying that she was the bride who was marrying into the Red Villa. She was convinced that he must have been laughing inwardly while listening to her petty threats.

Elvis's reddish lips cracked into a smile, "You recognized me. I did say we were gonna meet soon."

There was some trace of playfulness in his eyes. He was informed by the butler that the Hart's family were giving up their abandoned daughter for marriage.

All he cared about was to marry in order to please his grandmother.

But he was still impressed that she happened to be the bride, especially after the incident on the train.

Chapter 3 Squeeze Her Neck

A knock was heard on the door. "Young master." Henry, the butler called from outside.

"Come in." Elvis lightly raised his thin lips. Henry pushed open the door and walked in.

"Young master, young mistress, anything you would like me to do?"

Elvis stood beside the bed. He was wearing a simple white trousers with a black T-shirt. One could tell the fabric was expensive, which looked like a handmade version.

They made him look tall and handsome, with a magnificent temperament.

Elvis lowered his eyes and skillfully flipped the silver button on his shirt with his fingers.

He glanced at Olive and said. "Do you wish to eat anything?"

Olive heart tensed. The marriage was planned by the older generation of the four most powerful family in Los Angeles. The Augustines. The Blues. The Heavens and The Dominos.

Elvis, the young master of the Augustine's family, ruled the country with the dominant place. He was the youngest and the most Handsome of business leaders. However, he stayed anonymous and no one knew what he truly looked like.

The Red Villa was situated in a remote location. At first glance, one would think that they weren't a wealthy family.

Monica's biggest wish was to marry both her daughters into the four major families in

Los Angeles. With the news of the son of the Augustine's family being sick, Monica really wanted to go against the contract by not giving any of her daughter to the marriage.

But Patrick Hart was a feudal and filial person and was unwilling to violate the marriage contract made by the older generation.

Monica had then thought of Olive, so she brought her back as the bride.

To Olive's prior understanding, the man she was being married to was nothing to write home about, but at this moment, she was puzzled.

The man in front of her was arrogant and condescending. People could not help but worship.

Olive wanted to say something, but at this moment, the man suddenly put both of his hands on the table. He narrowed his handsome eyes and groaned.

The butler's expression became that of fright, he said hastily, "Young master, I'll call the doctor now!"

Olive's bright eyes moved down. The hands that were propped up in the table were already bruising, like a sign of illness.

Is he sick?

Olive's eyes met his. He turned abruptly and said to the butler, "Get her out of here!"

Olive knew that she couldn't leave at the moment. She had left the Hart's family for a purpose and needed to take hold of the identity as the bride of the Red Villa.

Olive stared at Elvis fixedly, "You're sick, what is it? I know a little about medicines and acupuncture, I can treat you."

"Get out!" Elvis growled.

Not only did Olive not get away, she even walked closer to him. "I smell some precious medicinal herbs such as Lily Poria cocos, and gastrodia elata. If my guess is correct, you have insomnia."

The butler stared at Olive in shock, "Young mistress, you....."

Olive's eyes fell on Elvis's handsome face, "What's the extent of your sleep disorder?"

Once the sleep disorder progresses, it will seriously affect a person's mental state. You should rest and relax."

The corners of Elvis's long and narrow eyes grew redder and gloomier. He reached out and grabbed Olive's neck.

Olive's neck was very delicate. As long as he continued choking her, she was bound to be dead in no time.

"Young master please let go of her!" The butler pleaded.

The air that she could breathe was getting thinner and thinner. Olive's small face reddened, but she quickly pulled out a silver needle from her hair and stabbed Elvis let go and sat on the sofa.

Elvis's hand

Olive gasped for breath. The man in front of her was way too dangerous. Just a sleep disorder could turn him from an elegant and noble man into a monster at any time.

At this stage, she had no choice but surge ahead. She moved behind him. Then, she raised her slim white fingers and placed them on his temples in a bid to massage him.

Elvis closed his handsome eyes, and covered the scarlet colour in them. "Your treatment is to massage me?"

"Be happy. You're the first man I'm giving a massage."

"It seems you ain't the first woman who has been lucky enough to give me a massage."

"I'll help you act in front of grandma, and I could also help you treat your insomnia. How about that?" Olive questioned as she massaged his shoulder slowly.

Elvis said nothing.

Olive took out another needle from her hair and pushed it into Elvis's neck. Elvis closed his eyes and fell into the sofa.

Olive quickly reached out and gently caught his handsome face with her hands.

He had fallen asleep.

The butler was already dripping in sweat. No one didn't know the identity of his young

master. He's the young master of Lu family, the favored son of heaven, the teenage regarding business as a game, and using few effort, he created the myth of Lu family. No one had ever dared to negotiate with him, let alone a girl.

All the girls who had been fortunate enough to see Elvis over the years, were desperate to get his love.

But Olive was special. Even in front of the sick young master, she was calm and intelligent.

What was even more surprising was that the young master had fallen sleep.

Elvis hadn't slept for a long time!

The doctors who treated Elvis's insomnia were all world's best doctors, but none could make it.

"Young mistress..." The butler initiated.

Olive pressed her fingers on her lips and made a shush gesture, "Don't worry, you can go. I'll be with him."

For some reason, the butler felt that Olive carried a reassuring force. So he obediently withdrew.

The room was silent.

Olive allowed him rest on her for a moment. When he fell into a deep sleep, she put him on the sofa and covered him with a blanket.

When she done putting him to sleep, Olive climbed on the bed and fell asleep.

At this moment, Elvis slowly opened his eyes and woke up. He stood up and walked to the bed. Stretching out his long fingers, he caressed Olive's smooth face gently.

Chapter 4 Feed him with a spoon

Elvis's finger halted. He stared at the Olive who had already fallen asleep.

He glanced at her neck and sighted a visible mark. Her skin was fragile.

Elvis turned around and returned to the sofa.

His sleep disorder was getting worse by the day. It definitely was not something her

silver needles could cure. However, she was skilled in medicine. Just now, he really did take a nap on her.

Elvis gaze was focused on her slender figure on the bed. He wondered how she could be so tiny and soft.

The following morning. Olive sat in the dining room, she was eating a pastrami sandwich and a glass of smoothie laid on her table.

“Olly, I liked you as soon as I saw you. If ever Elvis dares to bully you, tell grandma, grandma will help you beat him up.” Old Mrs Samantha teased with a smile on her face.

“Don’t stop Olly, drink some more smoothie.” Old Mrs Samantha beckoned.

“I will grandma.” Olive replied and drank from her glass.

“Good morning young master.” The maids voice sounded.

Elvis descended the stairs without responding to them.

Olive raised her eyes and stared at him. Elvis was clothed in a white shirt and black trousers. Every step he took was magnetic. He was indeed alluring.

Behind him, an older nanny came down holding a piece of white beddings in her hands. There was some blood stains on it.

She walked up to Olive and said. “Congratulations madam.”

When Olive saw it, she had questions in her mind. Because she was certain that she and Elvis had done nothing the previous night.

At this moment. Elvis stopped beside her. He tucked his long hands into the pocket of his trousers and lowered his long body and whispered into her ears. “I did that.”

Olive breath a sigh of relief and was happy that nothing had really happened. But Elvis wasn’t done, he bent more further and asked. “Are you still...a virgin?”

His question was way too straightforward. Olive had never been in a relationship.

Their posture was a little intimate, they were like lovebirds whispering to each other.

Old Mrs Samantha immediately covered her eyes with her hands, “I saw nothing. I ain’t looking. You guys can continue.”

Mrs Samantha slightly opened her fingers and peeped secretly at them..

Elvis gazed at Olive's earlobe which was a bit reddish, and his heroic eyebrows were slightly raised, showing the evil charm of a mature man. "Your twentieth birthday is yet to arrive. You're nineteen years old. You've never had sex with a man, right?"

Olive was still very young. But Elvis was twenty seven years old. He was handsome and mature.

Olive felt his warm breath flow across her body, sending cold shivers down her spine. "Do you wanna eat? Here have some." Olive turned and fed him the pastrami sandwich. He took a bite and chewed slowly.

She took her glass of smoothie and made him drink from it.

The butler who stood close by immediately shouted, "Young mistress, that's your glass!" Elvis had a strict cleanliness addiction. He never shared a spoon or glass. The housekeeper had quickly left to get him a mouthwash.

Olive's eyelash shivered. Elvis stood up straight. His face ached in a frown. He grabbed the glass and drank half of the content.

The butler was surprised at Elvis's action. Old Mrs Samantha nodded in satisfaction. She was over seventy. She did like Olive. And was convinced that Elvis and her were destined for each other.

"It looks like my great-grandson will soon be in Olive's stomach." Mrs Samantha squealed like a child.

Olive held the glass of smoothie in her hands. Contemplating whether to drink from it or not.

Elvis sat on the seat beside her. He looked at her with concern and said. "Why did you stop eating? Go on and eat."

To her, drinking from it would be them indirectly kissing.

"Yea Olly, go ahead and have your meal. I'll give you another glass later." Old Mrs Samantha added.

Olive quickly ate half of her sandwich and emptied her glass. "I'm full Grandma. I won't eat anymore."

H

Elvis stared at her cute and naive look, a sweet chuckle escaped his lips.

After breakfast, Old Mrs Samantha asked Olive, “Olly, do you want to go out later?”

Olive nodded, “Yes grandma. I want to go to my parent’s house.”

“Oh, that’s right. You should visit your parents. Elvis, how about you take Olly to her parent’s house, and take some gifts with you. Our son-in-law’s etiquette shouldn’t be ignored.” Old Mrs Samantha spoke to Elvis.

Olive was about retorting, but Elvis muttered, “It’s fine grandma. I’ll take her.”

Elvis and Olive walked out of the front door into the lawn. Elvis opened the front passenger’s door for her and muttered, “Get in.”

Olive waved her hand in a bid to dissuade him, “Grandma can’t see from here. No need for the pretence. I’ll take a taxi to my parent’s house.”

Elvis furrowed his eyebrows. “Didn’t you say, that you were gonna cooperate with me and act in the presence of grandma? Get in the car, and don’t let me say it the third time.”

Olive’s heart s****d a beat. He really had agreed to the deal she offered the previous night!

Without any further resilient. Olive got into the luxurious car.

The ferrari sport car sped along the road. Neither of them spoke to each other. Olive simply turned her face to the window. Elvis’s shadow reflected on the car’s black window. He drove insanelly. Olive sighted the precious steel watch on his sturdy wrist. It worth tens of millions.

Olive did not know whom he truly was. She only knew that the two families had reached a peaceful agreement, and she was the lamb of sacrifice.

Olive focused her gaze on the scenery outside the window.

Half an hour later, the voluptuous car halted in front of Olive’s house. Olive lowered her eyes and made to unfasten her seat belt. However, she had difficulties and couldn’t get it done.

“Let me help you.” Elvis stretched his body to help her unfasten it.

Elvis had scented the fragrance from Olive’s body the previous night. Now that he leaned against her, what lingered in his nose is the pleasant fragrance which emanated from her.

Chapter 5 Give Her To Another Man

Elvis had scented all kinds of perfumes on women. The smell of artificial spices left him disgusted.

But Olive scented really good.

Elvis unfastened her seat belt and asked in a low voice, “What perfume did you sprinkle?”

Olive shook her head, “I didn’t use any perfume.”

“Then why do you scent so good?” Elvis looked up, but he was stunned for a second.

His lips had gently touched her round, reddish lips.

Olive’s body trembled. It was first kiss!

Elvis backed away. He glanced at her red lips and said. “I’m sorry, but I should let you kiss me back.”

Olive looked at him. “Definitely not!”

A magnetic and pleasant laughter rolled out of his throat.

Olive opened the passenger door, “I’ll go ahead.”

“My name is Elvis Augustine.”

Olive nodded. At the moment, she really didn’t care about his name. She just wanted to see her grandfather.

“Thank you Mr. Augustine. I’ll go ahead. Olive waved her small hand to Elvis from outside the car.”

Olive was wearing a red crop top. When she waved her hand, the top jumped up, revealing her small waist.

“I have a meeting later. I’ll pick you up, once I’m done.”

“No need...” Olive muttered, but Elvis had already sped off.

Gabriella stood by her window side and watched Olive. She shook her head disappointedly. “Olive just got married last night. and today she’s already ho**ked up with another man.”

The luxurious car had caught her attention. How could the wild man that Olive h***ked up with drive such?

Gabriella convinced herself that she had indeed thought wrong. She rubbed her eyes and looked again, but the car had already left.

She quickly ran downstairs and met Olive. She let out a loud laughter, “Olive, who was that man that just dropped you off a moment ago? I didn’t expect you to be so lonely to the point of getting a young gigolo!”

”

A young gigolo?”

“Elvis Augustine?”

Elvis perfectly crafted handsome face had appeared in Olive’s mind, as well as his mature and restrained style.

“Where’s grandpa? I want to see him.” Olive b***d Gabriella and went upstairs.

Upstairs, Old Mr. Hart laid on the bed. He had been in coma for over ten years.

In the Hart’s family, apart from Olive’s mother, Old Mr. Hart was the only person who loved Olive.

Ten years ago when she was just nine, her mother was diagnosed with a certain sickness and had passed away. One day, she woke to finding herself on the upper side of the staircase, and Old Mr. Hart had already rolled down and crashed to the ground, drenching in a pool of blood. At the time, her father, Patrick and se***ts had arrived the scene, and no matter how she claimed that she had nothing to do with it, no one seemed to believe her.

Patrick had found a fortune teller. The fortune teller claimed she was a disaster.

Hence the reason why Patrick had sent her to orphanage. And hadn’t cared about her

since then.

It was after her mother's death that Olive realized that her father had been cheating on her for a long time with Monica. And she had given birth to two daughters for him, one was even older than Olive.

Olive checked old Mr. Hart's pulse, then took out a silver needle and stabbed it into his arm.

After putting away the needles, Olive covered the old man with a blanket and said softly, "Grandfather, don't worry, I'll definitely cure you, soon you'll wake up."

In the kitchen.

Gabriella met Monica standing over the oven, she wore a thick kitchen gloves.

"Mom, do you know what just happened? Olive was dropped off by a man. The man's Olive's gigolo"

Monica turned surprisingly and stared at Gabriella, "Olive is actually keeping a gigolo? How shameless of her!"

"What are you baking mum?" Gabriella inquired when the oven had started to beep, alerting them that whatsoever was in there was done and needed to be taken out.

"It's a pizza. For olive." Monica replied and took out the tray of hot pizza out of the oven.

"What? Mom, did I just hear you right?"

Monica took out a knife from the kitchen's cabinet, she sliced out a portion and placed it in the white breakable plate that she held.

She took out a substance from her pocket. She unwrapped it and sprinkled some amount on the pizza. "Yesterday, at the wedding, President Ronald took a liking on Olive. I think that girl has a nice figure. She literally married a trash, but she could still be a plaything for these presidents. So, I'll make her eat this, and then take some nudes of her. I'm sure she'll consent to doing our biddings."

A smile arched on Gabriella's face and she gave Monica a thumbs up, "Mom, you really are smart. Let me go get a cake from the cake shop, I'll be back in a moment." She

walked out of the kitchen heading for the entrance door.

Monica took the plate of pizza and kept it on the dining table. “Olive. I just made you a pizza, come eat.”

Olive walked over to the table, sat down and used her fork and knife in eating the pizza..

She took a few slice and smiled seemingly sweetly, “Thank you ma. It’s delicious.”

“No need to thank me, go on and finish it if it’s delicious.” Monica smiled happily on the face and thought her s****d secretly.

Olive made to take another slice, but her vision became blurry, “What did you give to me?” She asked and collapsed on the table.

A satisfactory sneer appeared on Monica’s face. She ordered the s****ts to take her upstairs.

Soon, a middle-aged pot bellied man came out from a room downstairs, he met Monica and asked excitedly. “Where’s she? Did you succeed?”

“Mr. Ronald, Olive’s upstairs. The medicine is enough to make her sleep for two hours. You can go on and enjoy her as much as you want.” Monica muttered and let out a soft laugh..

“You did a beautiful job Mrs Hart. Me Ronald made to head upstairs but was stopped by Monica, “Mr Ronald. You promise to inject capital into Hart’s corporation...”

Yesterday at the wedding’s banquet. Mr. Ronald’s eyes were itching to see Olive’s slender and beautiful body. So he had stroke a deal with her.

In the room, Mr. Ronald almost drooled when he saw Olive lying on the bed. He hastily took off his clothes and rushed over to her, “Little beauty, I’m here!”

Chapter 6

Her To Another Man

Elvis had scented all kinds of perfumes on women. The smell of artificial spices left him disgusted.

But Olive scented really good.

Elvis unfastened her seat belt and asked in a low voice, "What perfume did you sprinkle?"

Olive shook her head, "I didn't use any perfume."

"Then why do you scent so good?" Elvis looked up, but he was stunned for a second.

His lips had gently touched her round, reddish lips.

Olive's body trembled. It was first kiss!

Elvis backed away. He glanced at her red lips and said, "I'm sorry, but I should let you kiss me back."

Olive looked at him. "Definitely not!"

A magnetic and pleasant laughter rolled out of his throat.

Olive opened the passenger door, "I'll go ahead."

"My name is Elvis Augustine."

Olive nodded. At the moment, she really didn't care about his name. She just wanted to see her grandfather.

"Thank you Mr. Augustine. I'll go ahead. Olive waved her small hand to Elvis from outside the car."

Olive was wearing a red crop top. When she waved her hand, the top jumped up, revealing her small waist.

"I have a meeting later. I'll pick you up, once I'm done."

"No need..." Olive muttered, but Elvis had already sped off.

Gabriella stood by her window side and watched Olive. She shook her head disappointedly. "Olive just got married last night. and today she's already hooked up with another man."

The luxurious car had caught her attention. How could the wild man that Olive hooked

up with drive such?

Gabriella convinced herself that she had indeed thought wrong. She rubbed her eyes and looked again, but the car had already left.

She quickly ran downstairs and met Olive. She let out a loud laughter, “Olive, who was that man that just dropped you off a moment ago? I didn’t expect you to be so lonely to the point of getting a young gigolo!”

”

A young gigolo?”

“Elvis Augustine?”

Elvis perfectly crafted handsome face had appeared in Olive’s mind, as well as his mature and restrained style.

“Where’s grandpa? I want to see him.” Olive bypassed Gabriella and went upstairs.

Upstairs, Old Mr. Hart laid on the bed. He had been in coma for over ten years.

In the Hart’s family, apart from Olive’s mother, Old Mr. Hart was the only person who loved Olive.

Ten years ago when she was just nine, her mother was diagnosed with a certain sickness and had passed away. One day, she woke to finding herself on the upper side of the staircase, and Old Mr. Hart had already rolled down and crashed to the ground, drenching in a pool of blood. At the time, her father, Patrick and servants had arrived the scene, and no matter how she claimed that she had nothing to do with it, no one seemed to believe her.

Patrick had found a fortune teller. The fortune teller claimed she was a disaster.

Hence the reason why Patrick had sent her to orphanage. And hadn’t cared about her since then.

It was after her mother’s death that Olive realized that her father had been cheating on her for a long time with Monica. And she had given birth to two daughters for him, one was even older than Olive.

Olive checked old Mr. Hart’s pulse, then took out a silver needle and stabbed it into his

arm.

After putting away the needles, Olive covered the old man with a blanket and said softly, “Grandfather, don’t worry, I’ll definitely cure you, soon you’ll wake up.”

In the kitchen.

Gabriella met Monica standing over the oven, she wore a thick kitchen gloves.

“Mom, do you know what just happened? Olive was dropped off by a man. The man’s Olive’s gigolor”

Monica turned surprisingly and stared at Gabriella, “Olive is actually keeping a gigolo? How shameless of her!”

“What are you baking mum?” Gabriella inquired when the oven had started to beep, alerting them that whatsoever was in there was done and needed to be taken out.

“It’s a pizza. For olive.” Monica replied and took out the tray of hot pizza out of the oven.

“What? Mom, did I just hear you right?”

Monica took out a knife from the kitchen’s cabinet, she sliced out a portion and placed it in the white breakable plate that she

held.

She took out a substance from her pocket. She unwrapped it and sprinkled some amount on the pizza. “Yesterday, at the wedding, President Ronald took a liking on Olive. I think that girl has a nice figure. She literally married a trash, but she could still be a plaything for these presidents. So, I’ll make her eat this, and then take some nudes of her. I’m sure she’ll consent to doing our biddings.”

A smile arched on Gabriella’s face and she gave Monica a thumbs up, “Mom, you really are smart. Let me go get a cake from the cake shop, I’ll be back in a moment.” She walked out of the kitchen heading for the entrance door.

Monica took the plate of pizza and kept it on the dinning table. “Olive. I just made you a pizza, come eat.”

Olive walked over to the table, sat down and used her fork and knife in eating the pizza..

She took a few slice and smiled seemingly sweetly, “Thank you ma. It’s delicious.”

“No need to thank me, go on and finish it if it’s delicious.” Monica smiled happily on the face and thought her stupid secretly.

Olive made to take another slice, but her vision became blurry, “What did you give to me?” She asked and collapsed on the table.

A satisfactory sneer appeared on Monica’s face. She ordered the servants to take her upstairs.

Soon, a middle-aged pot bellied man came out from a room downstairs, he met Monica and asked excitedly. “Where’s she? Did you succeed?”

“Mr. Ronald, Olive’s upstairs. The medicine is enough to make her sleep for two hours. You can go on and enjoy her as much as you want.” Monica muttered and let out a soft laugh..

“You did a beautiful job Mrs Hart. Me Ronald made to head upstairs but was stopped by Monica, “Mr Ronald. You promise to inject capital into Hart’s corporation...”

Yesterday at the wedding’s banquet. Mr. Ronald’s eyes were itching to see Olive’s slender and beautiful body. So he had stroke a deal with her.

In the room, Mr. Ronald almost drooled when he saw Olive lying on the bed. He hastily took off his clothes and rushed over to her, “Little beauty, I’m here!”

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.

Chapter 8 Pushing Her to Wrestle

Gabriella and Pearl were stunned. It turned out that this man was really Olive's gigolo.

Gabriella felt a slap in the face.

The store manager walked out of the kitchen with a cake. Elvis took the cake from him and walked out of the shop.

Olive followed suit without bidding farewell to Gabriella.

Gabriella was astounded. She didn't expect Olive to hire such high-quality gigolo.

"Gabriella, it looks like you really will be calling Olive Boss." Pearl muttered in a daze.

Gabriella gazed fiercely at her with eyes. Pearl immediately laughed and said."

Gabriella, what I mean is, Olive's gigolo is so handsome. How much does it cost to hire him?"

Pearl's words quickly reminded her that if Olive could afford to hire him, so could she.

With this thought hovering over her mind. Gabriella became excited.

"Manager, can I please have the cake I bought. We'll be leaving now." Gabriella said over the counter to the manager.

"I'm sorry young ladies. I'll give back your money. I can even double the compensation. I just can't let you have the cake."

"Why?" Gabriella and Pearl questioned in unison.

"The cake is for my dog now." The manager responded.

"What the heck do you mean? You're humiliating us!" Gabriella tapped the counter angrily.

"I haven't humiliated you guys enough. You both offended a big man. The cake is no longer for you..."

The car arrived at the Red Villa. Elvis handed the black and gold card to Olive. "You

should have this.”

Olive’s eyes lash shivered. “Why is he giving me a card?”

“I don’t want it.” She rejected it.

“You can’t afford to support me, but I can support you, my Mrs. Augustine.”

My Mrs. Augustine?

Olive’s felt her heart skip a beat. She collected the card and quickly opened the passenger’s door and got out of the car with the cake.

Olive carefully placed the card in her bag which she held. She entered the living room and sighted old Mrs. Samantha watching the TV and greeted her..

“Olly, you’re back. Hope it went well?” Old Mrs Samantha responded with a smile.

“Yes grandma. it went well. Elvis bought a cake on our way back, come let’s eat it together.”

“Oh my. Yes please.” Old Mrs Samantha’s face has lit up, she stood and walked with Olive to the dining room.

Elvis walked in. He headed upstairs, but had paused when his eyes fell on Old Mrs Samantha. “Grandma, remember that your BP is high, just one bite of the cake is enough.”

Old Mrs Samantha paid zero attention to him and shoved the ninth fork into her mouth, “I know what I have Elvis. The cake really is yummy.”

Olive was amused by Old Mrs Samantha’s attitude, she chuckled and looked up to Elvis, “Do you want some?”

“No, thanks. I don’t eat sugary food.”

“Oh.”

“There’s a stain on the corner of your mouth.” Elvis said to Olive. Olive stretched out her tongue and licked the milk stain off her lips.

When she raised her eyes to look at him again, he had already proceeded to the study room.

Olive took a serviette and wiped her lips properly.

The butler led an old man upstairs.

“Grandma, who’s that man?”

“Oh, that’s Mr. Gregory Aiden, he comes here once a month.”

Olive heart skipped a beat. Mr. Aiden was a world, renowned hypnotist. She studied medicine and was familiar with his name.

Mr. Aiden must be treating Elvis of his insomnia. It seemed that his sleep disorder was more serious than she thought.

Olive was restless, hence she headed to the study door.

The study was messy, all the documents on the desk fell on the tiles ground, and the clock in Mr. Aiden’s hand was shattered.

Elvis stood in front of the desk with his hands on the table. Hearing the door crack open, Elvis raised his head and Olive’s narrow, deep eyes met hers.

He looked like a different person entirely.

Although she had just met him the previous night, she could decipher the difference.

The two of them stared at each other. Elvis’s lips arched his lips and said solemnly, “Get out!”

Olive turned around and left the study. But she stood outside the door.

The butler picked up the broken clock and walked out with Mr. Aiden. As they shut the door behind them.

“Mr. Aiden. how’s he?”

Mr. Aiden shook his head, “At the early stage, I could hypnotize Sir Elvis and he could sleep for a day, but his mental state deteriorated too quickly. Sir Elvis became extremely vigilant, and his defense line became terrifying strong, so it became impossible to hypnotize him.”

Olive was not surprised. Elvis was a mature, deep and restrained man.

Olive gently reached for the doorknob, wanting to go in..

“Young mistress, no, it’s very dangerous for you to go in now. Have you forgotten what

transpired last night?” Butler Henry dissuaded her.

“The memory is still fresh in my mind sir. But once his sleep disorder develops into a mental illness, he won’t be able to control the gloomy, irritable, pathological creature in his body.” Olive tutored Henry who stood pale.

Olive pushed open the door and entered.

In the study, Elvis glanced at Olive who was returning. He furrowed his brow and yelled, “Get out, don’t let me say it the third time!”

Olive stepped forward, her dark eyes overflowing with a bright smile, “Mr Hart, what if you say it the third time?”

Elvis felt some heat engulfing him. The veins on his forehead were bulging. His body was losing control. He did not want to hurt her!

Reaching out and clasping Olive’s arm, he yelled, “Get the fuck out!”

He let go of her. She lost her balance and went crashing on the ground, with her forehead hitting the sharp edge of the table. Olive groaned in pain and covered the wound with her hands as her blood flowed through her fingers.

Chapter 9 Sleeping With Her

Elvis’s pupils shrank. He quietly took out a first aid box which was in a drawer. He brought out a cotton wool and dipped in the methylated spirit. He used it to cleanse her wound. “See, this is the consequence of telling me to say it the third time.”

Olive glazed at his cold jaw,” Mr. Augustine’s consequence is domestic abuse?”

Elvis tied the bandage around her arm. In a soothing tone he said, “You knew I’d be violent, but you still dared to come in. Are you that brave?”

“Mr. Augustine, others maybe afraid if you, but I’m not.”

Elvis paused to look at her pitiful little face. “Go out and leave me to myself.”

With that. Elvis helped up her.

Olive quickly stretched out her arms and directly hugged his muscular waist.

Elvis’s body froze. Olive’s body was as soft as though she had no bone.

Elvis scented the pleasant fragrance of her body. And his nerves were slowly seduced.

Olive whispered in his embrace, “Mr. Augustine, you don’t need to be alone. Let me

keep you company.”

Elvis’s sinister veins tardily disappeared. Even the terrifying gloom in his eyes had vanished. He wrapped his hands around her.

He pressed his handsome face into her soft hair. The scent on her body made him feel as though he had just eaten a strawberry jam. She scented a bit like dessert.

Olive quietly hugged him for a moment, then moved her hands around his waist and caressed his shoulders. “If you still feel uncomfortable, you can go ahead and bite.”

Appropriate emotional release is necessary.

“Bite you? Aren’t you afraid of pain?”

“What I’m saying is…” Olive stood on her tiptoe and bit deep into his shoulder.

She bit so fast and ruthlessly. It was unpredictable, and blood quickly seeped out from the white shirt on his body.

She had almost ripped off his flesh.

The sudden pain made Elvis’s muscles tense. He hugged tighter to Olive and took a few steps back. And she fell on the sofa.

“Mrs. Augustine, are you seeking revenge?” Elvis pressed her to the sofa.

“You did hurt me a while ago. Now that I’ve bitten you, we’re even.” She made to stand up, but Elvis pinned her back.

Their current posture was a little ambiguous.

Elvis stared at her as though he was staring at a delicious prey.

“Mr Augustine, what are you doing?”

“You smell very good. The last I asked. you didn’t tell me the brand of perfume you wear.”

“I already said that I do not make use of perfumes. You keep pestering me with this question. So I do suspect that you’re flirting with me. Could it be that you’re trying to hit on me?”

Elvis found her eyes more charming. She was very smart. She closed his handsome eyes and kissed her forehead gently. “Does it hurt? I’m sorry.”

“We’re already even, so no need for the apology. Mr. Augustine, I should be leaving.”

Olive placed her hands on his chest, trying to push him away.

But Elvis didn’t move. He reached out and cupped her face.

His hands slid down her cheeks and into her black hair. His lips moved around her forehead.

Olive’s body trembled as she didn’t dare move a muscle.

What was he trying to do?

Their breathes entangled.

As he got closer, Olive's silver needle quickly and neatly pierced his arm.

Elvis shut his eyes and collapsed beside her.

Olive gazed at the dazzling crystal chandelier above her head and closed her eyes forcefully. He wanted to kiss her...

Olive's eyes fluttered open.

She needed to keep herself in check. their relationship was nothing more than a contract. And she was there for a reason, and needed not get fascinated by him.

Olive wanted getting up, but a strong arm reached up and wrapped her arms around her shoulder.

Olive gazed at him, but he still wasn't awake.

Olive wanted breaking free from his grip, but his fingers were strong, and she was afraid that she might awaken him. Hence, she laid back quietly.

The sofa in the study room was not big, so it was a little crowded for the two of them. After a while. Olive's phone which was in her pocket rang. She hastily reached for it. Initially, she didn't want to take the call. but after checking the caller ID she found out that it was her dad, she went ahead and answered it.

"Hello, Dad."

"Olive, what happened today? President Ronald had promised to inject capital into our medical center. But I heard you offended him. You have to apologize to him, else you'll have me to contend with." Patrick reprimanded.

"Dad, didn't Monica inform you about what happened today? If you knew that his capital injection was by raping your daughter, would you still be interested in it?" Olive questioned.

When Monica heard what Olive said, she quickly chipped in. "Patrick, it's true that I sent Olive to Mr. Ronald today. But Hart's medical has a short supply chain and urgently needs a capital injection. Olive is part of the Hart's family, thus I thought she would do us all the honour by pleasing Mr. Ronald."

Olive found Monica's words disgusting, she sneered, "Ma, you have two daughters right? Apart from Gabriella, you also have your eldest daughter Pamela. They're all daughters of the Hart's family, right? Why don't you let them do the favour?"

When it came to Pamela, Monica became proud and complacent.

The Hart's family were a family of scholars and medical practitioners. Pamela had a passion for medicine since she was a child. And was most valued and cherished by Patrick.

Pamela was also very beautiful. She was magnificently alluring. She was known as the number one socialite in Los Angeles. She was a combination of beauty and brain.

This was also the biggest reason why Monica held a prominent position in the Hart's

family.

When they were younger, Olive and Pamela were best of friends. And Olive was extremely intelligent, she surpassed Pamela in all ways. However, after ten years of being away. Olive lost all her momentum, and had nothing to use in competing with her. “Patrick, did you hear what Olive just said? How could she humiliate our Pamela like this?”

Patrick was undoubtedly unhappy. He said solemnly, “Olive, at Kiss Land bar tomorrow by 7:30 pm, make sure you’re there to see Mr. Ronald.”

Chapter 10 Gritting his teeth on his shoulder

Olive was sent to the orphanage when she was nine. She had no more expectations for her so called father, Patrick.

He was still the Patrick that she knew. He was obsessed with medicine and loved money and fame the most.

Currently, Pamela was the daughter that he was most proud of. And Olive was just a tool to him.

“Okay, dad.”

“Olive your marriage is a thing of joy to us. Your sick husband will soon pass away. And we’ll find a better one for you gain.” Patrick’s tone was softer than before.

“Okay dad. Thank you.” Olive hung up the call and turned off her phone. She shut her eyes and held tightly to Elvis.

She felt really sad. She was an orphan. She wished she was like a normal child, who was loved by her parents and had a simple and peaceful life.

She curled up in his arms. His embrace was firm and warm, and could shield any woman from the wind and storm.

Her head rested on his chest. The Rhythm from his chest made her feel very secure.

Olive thought she wouldn’t be able to sleep, but in Elvis’s arms, she slept until it was dawn.

Elvis opened his eyes slowly. His eyes were filled with questions. For years he had not

slept naturally till dawn.

Elvis blinked his eyes and tried to get Olive in his arms. He knew that she had slept in his arms all night, for there was still scents of her fragrance and tenderness in his arms.

But Olive was already gone.

Elvis suddenly felt drowsiness's cleared away, and he lifted the quilt and got up.

The study door was pushed open, and Henry the butler stepped in with a beaming expression, "Young master, are you awake? I didn't want to disturb you when young mistress was leaving. I thought to let you sleep for a while. It's been so many years. young master, you even woke up naturally. Even Mr. Aiden couldn't do it, but ma'am Olive did it. What kind of powers does she possesses?"

Mr. Henry thought it was unbelievable. He knew his young master's condition. He was worried when Olive had entered into the study. But now, he could only thank her.

"Where's Olive?" Elvis inquired.

"Young master, Ma'am Olive said that she went to deal with some things and would come back in the evening."

"Did she mention where she went?"

"No Sir, she didn't."

"It's fine."

Elvis returned to his bedroom and went into the bathroom to take a shower. When he took off his white shirt, he sighted the small deep tooth mark on his shoulder in the mirror.

Elvis reminisce on how hard she had bitten at that time.

Elvis didn't go to the company today. He was working in the study. In the evening, he glanced at his watch. It was seven o'clock and she still hadn't returned.

He took out his phone from his pocket and went through it. She neither called nor message him.

Elvis felt a little unhappy and wondered where she was at. His phone rang in his hands and disrupted his thoughts.

“Hello?” Elvis said into the phone.

“Second bro, it’s been a while since we chilled out together.” Harry Heavens voice sounded over the other end of the phone. I heard Grandma married you a bride, are you addicted to her already?” Harry leased.

Elvis frowned and said impatiently. “I’ll hang up if you continue talking nonsense.”

“No, no don’t bro. Come let’s chill out okay? Raven will there as well. Kiss Land bar, we’ll be awaiting you.

Kiss Land bar.

Elvis sat on the sofa in the VIP, a cigarette was stuck between his fingers. The smoke obscured his handsome face.

Harry Heavens poured a wine into his glass, “Bro, what’s up with you? Why did you come out just to smoke? I think you’re upset about something.”

Harry pushed a beautiful woman besides him, “Bro, this is the top one in KissLand. She’s clean. I reserved her for you. Krystal, could you pour my bro some wine?”

The bar had always been a place for men to pick any lady of their choices. There was no shortage of beautiful women. The men who came here were of the first class. As money were splashed freely.

Krystal’s pure and beautiful little face suddenly fluttered in a smile. Tonight, Elvis was clothed in a simple back shirt and black pants. His face was charming, she was willing to spend the night with him, even if he didn’t want to give her a cent. Krystal picked up the glass and smiled sweetly. “Sir Augustine. Would you like me to pour you some wine?”

Elvis scented her fragrance and was disgusted by it. He gazed at her and muttered, “Stay away from me.”

Krystal’s pretty face instantly turned red.

Without any further hesitation. Harry chased Krystal away. Once she was gone, Harry said, “Bro, you really don’t have any interest in women.”

“Elvis. I heard that the Hart’s family’s married their daughter to you. Her name’s Olive

Hart, right?” Raven spoke as he sipped. from his glass of wine.

Hearing the name. Elvis raised his eyes and stared at Raven.

Raven was also handsome. He wore a pair of golden glasses. He sipped the red wine in his hand and got his eyes fixated on a particular direction. “Who’s that?”

Elvis turned and quickly sighted a figure which he recognized to be Olive.

There was another man beside her, the potbellied CEO Ronald.

“Shit!” Harry tapped the table angrily and stood up “Bro, why the heck is Olive drinking with an old man? She actually dares to cuckold you!”

Henry grabbed a bottle of wine. The heaven’s family crown prince was Los Angeles’s biggest bully.

“Don’t worry bro. I’ll teach them not to ever mess with you!”