

The Abandoned Husband Dominates

Chapter 6

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Jordan looked like he was at a disadvantage in the narrow stairwell because he was much smaller than them.

However, Jordan dodged their punches easily and leaped up onto the staircase's railing effortlessly. He then kicked one of them in his face.

"Damn! This bastard's kick hurts so much!"

The person who had been kicked immediately started bleeding from his nose.

Jordan smiled and said, "I'm a fourth-degree black belt."

"I'm a ninth-degree black belt!"

Jordan's attacker became angry and tried to kick him as well.

Jordan leaped down from the railing, and he punched again before shaking his head and mocking the other party.

Jordan was indeed a fourth-degree black belt. The average age of fourth-degree black-belt-holders was at least 55 years old and above. Clearly, he didn't know about that.

Jordan had been practicing martial arts for many years, and Taekwondo was not the only sport he learned.

Bang!

Jordan beat his opponents up to the point of vomiting acid with Bruce-Lee-style punches.

Boom!

With an over-the-shoulder throw, Jordan slammed him hard on the ground!

The two professional fighters were trounced by Jordan!

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At Old Mrs. Camden's birthday banquet in Orlando's Marriott Hotel...

Herman said to Old Mrs. Camden with a look of embarrassment, "Mom, the professional fighters I hired got crippled by Jordan!"

"What?"

Everyone was shocked. 'Is this wastrel a professional fighter too?'

"Isn't there anyone who can deal with this beast!?"

Old Mrs. Camden slapped the table furiously.

At this moment, Ryan Dunn, the general agent of Ubereats, came over with a birthday gift for Old Mrs. Camden.

Upon sight of Ryan, Herman suddenly smiled.

Ryan was a nobody in Orlando. A few years ago, when takeout delivery services were not well-received, he spent only 30,000 dollars to become the general agent of Ubereats for Orlando.

It would probably be hard to do that now even if the price was increased by ten times.

Ever since he earned a reasonable sum of money from Ubereats, Ryan had been trying to blend in with the upper-class society of Orlando.

As it was Old Mrs. Camden's 80th birthday today, Ryan decided to take the opportunity to become acquainted with the Camdens.

"Mr. Dunn, welcome, welcome, have you been well lately?"

Herman walked up to greet him with a smile.

Ryan held onto a bottle of red wine with one hand and shook Herman's hand with the other. "Thank you for your concern, Mr. Camden. I'm doing very well."

He then walked towards Old Mrs. Camden and handed the bottle of red wine over to her.

"Old Mrs. Camden, I heard you enjoy drinking. This is a bottle of 1990 Domaine de la Romanee-Conti wine. I wish you a happy birthday and longevity!"

Old Mrs. Camden got up and thanked him, "Thank you, Mr. Dunn, that's very thoughtful of you."

After that, Ryan asked, "How have you been, Old Mrs. Camden?"

Old Mrs. Camden sighed.

Seeing this, Ryan immediately asked Herman, "Mr. Camden, Old Mrs. Camden doesn't seem to be in a good mood."

Herman sighed and said, "I'm not afraid of being mocked by you, but we're really unlucky! Do you still remember that live-in son-in-law of mine, Jordan Steele?"

Ryan nodded. Three years ago, Hailey, known for her stunning beauty in Orlando, married a mediocre man. Her marriage caused quite a stir in Orlando.

Back then, Ryan also wished he was in Jordan's place!

Just like Jordan, he was a nobody who came from a humble background. He wanted to marry a wealthy girl too!

Herman said, "Not only did that bastard cheat, he even hit my son. You saw how my son got beaten up!"

Only then did Ryan notice the injury on Drew's face.

However, at this moment, Ryan was also put in a tough spot.

He was just a nobody. How could he be fit to meddle in the family affairs of others?

Ryan said, "It's a pity that I don't have any connections in Orlando. If you can't solve the matter, Mr. Camden, I doubt I can help you either. Otherwise, I'd definitely teach this ungrateful good-for-nothing a lesson!"

Herman patted Ryan's shoulder and said, "Mr. Dunn, you're too modest. You're indeed able to help me with this."

"That punk is your employee. He delivers takeout under Ubereats!" Drew couldn't help but speak up.

Hearing his words, Ryan was immediately overjoyed. "Jordan is an employee of Ubereats? Mr. Camden, leave it to me to handle this!"

Ryan was the general agent of Ubereats in Orlando and had the absolute authority to fire Jordan. In fact, he was also thoroughly informed of Jordan's whereabouts.

Ryan immediately made a phone call to someone. "Hello, Claire. Check up on Jordan Steele's employee number and his current location."

"Okay, assign an order to Jordan now, make him deliver it to Marriott Hotel."

After making the call, Ryan said to Old Mrs. Camden respectfully,

"Old Mrs. Camden, that sponger will be here right away. I'll stand up for you later!"

Old Mrs. Camden, Herman, and Drew all started grinning.

Fifteen minutes later, Jordan arrived at the entrance of the Marriott Hotel on his motorbike.

Jordan dialed the customer's phone number and said, "Mr. Dunn, your takeout has arrived. I'm at the entrance of the Marriott Hotel. Please come out to collect it."

Ryan was chatting with Old Mrs. Camden and the others in the hotel's lobby.

Ryan ordered, "Send it in!"

Jordan looked up at the luxurious banner at the hotel entrance, which read, "Happy 80th Birthday, Old Mrs. Camden."

Besides, Marriott Hotel was the best hotel in Orlando for birthday banquets. Hence, he reckoned Hailey's family was there.

Jordan said, "Takeout deliveries are not allowed to enter the hotel. Please come out to collect it."

Ryan covered the microphone of the cell phone and asked for instructions from Old Mrs. Camden, "Alright, wait for me at the door!"

Two minutes later, Ryan and the Camdens walked out!