

The Ugly Wife Returns: She's Gone Viral Chapter 16

Chapter 16

Yvonne heard his words loud and clear. How could she not hear it? Caleb tried to act tough.

It was because George Grieg was not there. Would Caleb still have the confidence to say those words if George was there?

Caleb seemed impatient. "Name your price! Is five million dollars enough?"

"Five million dollars?" Yvonne was stunned when she heard that number.

"One night with you. Isn't it enough?"

Yvonne smirked. Before she could speak, Caleb interjected, "Ten million dollars!"

"Ten million dollars..."

Caleb was obviously anxious. "Yvonne, you should be glad that I'm very interested in you. Otherwise, you aren't worth the price. The entertainment industry is filled with a bunch of sluts. In ancient times, a low-level actor like you would kneel in front of me before you're allowed to speak."

Caleb's words implied that Yvonne was a low-level actor and he was a royal aristocrat. Relying on his family background, he humiliated and trampled on other people's dignity.

However, Yvonne was from Mollywood.

Mollywood was not a place to be trifled with. She had seen all sorts of people and all sorts of capitalists. She had dealt with countless people like Caleb.

Telling lies in front of her? To hell with it.

"You want me to entertain you and drink with you, Caleb? That's fine."

Yvonne pointed to the ground lightly and said, "Why don't you kneel in front of me, bow down to me a few times, and beg me to drink. Maybe, I'll drink with you if I'm in a good mood."

Caleb choked. The humiliation destroyed his patience.

She was obviously toying with him!

He immediately stood up. His eyes seemed to be spitting fire, and he gritted his teeth.

“Stinky b*tch, are you playing with me?! Don’t think I don’t know that George Grieg played with you a long time ago! No? Is it just money? Do you have anything but money? You can play with George, so why can’t you play with me! Who do you think you are?!”

Yvonne refuted his threat. “You know that I belong to George? You know that I belong to him, and you still think you’re worthy of talking to me!?”

“George Grieg can play with you, so why can’t I?! I’ll teach you who has the final say in the capital!”

With that said, Caleb pointed at Yvonne. “Bring her to me! Take off her clothes!”

In Caleb’s eyes, she seemed to be nothing but a rag.

Yvonne was startled. She did not expect to make Caleb so anxious.

The two bodyguards who stood on Caleb’s left and right immediately walked to Yvonne.

Yvonne frowned, and at the same time, when her hands touched her arm, she raised her hand suddenly, and she stabbed them with a hairpin in her hand.

One of the bodyguards who was stabbed retreated half a step backward.

“B*tch!”

The bodyguard grabbed her hairpin from her hand, threw it aside, grabbed her by the hair, and threw her on the low table.

Boom!

Yvonne knocked over the wine glass and wine on the low table, and her arms were held down by someone.

Caleb stood up, walked in front of her, and scanned her from top to bottom. The greed in his eyes was about to leak out.

“Do you think I don’t have the guts to touch you? Aren’t you stubborn? Be honest, be good, will you suffer like this?”

Yvonne warned him. “Caleb Sanders, I’m warning you. Don’t touch me!”

“What? You’re warning me? Hah!”

He stretched out his hand and reached toward her neckline as he spoke.

At that moment, a voice was heard.

“Mr. Sanders.”

Caleb turned his head abruptly and saw a group of men in suits standing outside the booth, all with stern expressions and a threatening aura.

“Who are you?”

The man replied, “Let’s invite Ms. Palmer upstairs.”

“Who are you!? This woman is mine! F*ck off!”

“The Master sent us.”

Caleb was stunned when he heard that.

Master? How many people were addressed as ‘Master’ in the capital?

Caleb looked to the second floor and saw a group of people standing in a row outside a booth, with a man sitting in the booth. It was impossible to see his face in the flickering light.

However, the aura of a man sitting upright was noble, arrogant, and invincible.

With that aura, who else could it be besides that Master?

It was him!

Caleb’s face instantly turned pale.

“Mr. Sanders, tell your subordinates to be gentle and let go of her.”

Before Caleb could speak, the two bodyguards withdrew their hands.

“Ms. Palmer, Master invites you to the second floor.”

Yvonne stood up, still graceful and unchanging. She straightened her slightly messy hair, suppressed her anger, and followed them to the second floor.

George Grieg...

He just came!?

Did she not ask him to come half an hour ago?

It was not that she could not settle the matter herself.

Could it be that the man had already arrived long ago, and he just watched as she embarrassed herself?

Ah.

Yvonne sneered and walked up to the second floor.

The curtain of the booth on the second floor opened. George lifted his eyes, and his gaze landed on her casually, with a bit of scrutiny.

She was hurt a little.

Although it wasn't serious, the wounds looked like flaws on a beautiful vase.

It was an eyesore.

"Come here," the man said suddenly. His tone was not very good.

Hearing his displeased tone, Yvonne pursed her lips and walked toward him. She then sat beside him.

George played with the goblet in his hand. It seemed to be an understatement.

"What are you doing here?"

"Mr. Sanders invited me to drink."

George's hand froze. His eyes turned to her, and the woman had a somewhat successful smile in her eyes. "What's wrong?"

"He invited you to drink, so you came to such a place?"

"Mr. Grieg invited me upstairs, and I went upstairs, right?"

The man was finally provoked. He clasped his jaw violently and asked coldly, "Are you comparing me to him?"

Yvonne snorted and took his arm, "You won't be jealous, will you? That was why I texted you, okay? Why are you late?"

George stared blankly at her. "Who do you think I am?"

Was he a person who was always on-call for her?

“Mr. Grieg,” someone said outside the curtain.

Immediately afterward, Caleb’s panicked voice came.

“What are you doing? Let go! Let me go!”

The curtain opened, and Caleb was pushed in.

He staggered to his knees on the ground, struggling to stand up, but when he raised his head and saw George Grieg sitting on the sofa, he silently knelt back on his knees.

In front of the man, Caleb restrained his previous arrogant behavior.

“Mr. Grieg—”

“Let me ask you, who has the final say in the capital?” George interrupted him quietly.

Caleb’s eyes widened, and cold sweat immediately began to drip.

George was obviously impatient, and his gloomy eyes seemed to radiate with murderous intent. “Who was the one who wanted to play with my woman?”

After a pause, the man’s gaze locked fiercely onto Caleb. “Was it you?”