

The Ugly Wife Returns: She's Gone Viral Chapter 18

Chapter 18

Back in Mallory Suites, Chloe looked at the table full of food, but she was so upset that her entire body trembled.

In fact, she was not good at cooking. She was the eldest daughter of the Cooper family. Why would she do such a low-level task by herself?

However, it was all she could think of. It was the only thing she could do for him.

There was nothing that George Grieg lacked.

He was fabulously wealthy, and with his powerful background, every five-star chef in the city would serve him willingly.

Chloe specially watched cooking videos and paid attention to cooking programs so that she could cook some soup for him.

However, he said that he would not eat. It caused her to be depressed.

"Chloe, someone else will take care of kind of thing. You don't have to do it," George said.

"That's different!"

"What's the difference?"

"What I do is different from what those chefs do!"

"For me, it's all the same."

George's tone was particularly cold amid the noisy background sound.

Chloe was utterly stunned. Holding the phone, she mumbled, "Georgie..."

"That's it. The driver will arrive in ten minutes, and he will take you back."

After speaking, George hung up the phone.

After a long time, Chloe came back to her senses. She looked at the back of her hand, which was full of blisters caused by the hot oil, and aggrieved tears fell from her face.

The driver arrived five minutes later. He stood at the door and said respectfully, "Ms. Cooper, Mr. Grieg ordered me to bring you home."

Chloe clenched her fists tightly and rushed out the door without looking back.

"Ms. Cooper!"

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At the bar, Yvonne leaned lazily in George's arms, playing with his tie.

"Chloe Cooper?"

George was silent.

Yvonne added, "I didn't expect that the dignified daughter of the Cooper family would cook for one person. I wonder how it tastes?"

She was a little curious. In the past, she was very good at cooking.

She grew up in the Grieg family, and there were chefs with superb cooking skills. However, Grandpa Grieg was not in the house, so she was not qualified to eat at the table.

The Grieg family had rejected her. If Grandpa Grieg had not protected her, she would have been sent out of the house long ago.

However, she did not dare to expect too much. She was used to eating simple meals. Sometimes, she would yearn for the big meals made by those chefs.

Hence, she secretly learned it and taught herself about eighty percent of the chef's craftsmanship.

Once, she sneaked into the kitchen and made three dishes and a pot of soup. Before she could eat it, her dishes were served as dinner by the chef.

It was said that that night, George's appetite was immense.

At that time, she had been in love with George for a long time, and when she saw that the person she loved liked the food she cooked, she was naturally overjoyed.

However, since the fire five years ago, she had never cooked again.

She was afraid of fire. The boundless sea of volcanic fire left a deep trauma in her mind.

When filming on weekdays, no matter how hard the scenes were, she would do it herself, but she was afraid of fire.

Whenever it involved fire, she would definitely ask for a stunt double.

Yvonne picked up the wine glass, gently swayed the liquid in it, pursed her red lips, and drank it all.

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The limousine stopped at the entrance of the bar.

The driver opened the rear door and looked at George. "Mr. Grieg, please."

George turned to look at Yvonne. "Get in the car."

Yvonne replied, "Mr. Grieg, you don't have to. I'll ask another driver to pick me up."

The man grabbed her wrist and pushed her into the back seat. "It's not up to you."

Yvonne fell into the back seat unexpectedly, and the next second, George got into the car, and the door was closed.

She was shocked for a second, but she quickly calmed down.

"Mr. Grieg, you want to take me home?"

George stared straight ahead without speaking.

"Since you want to take me home, why are you so indifferent to me? If you took me home and bumped into Chloe, what would be your explanation?"

George raised his eyebrows. "What? Are you afraid of her?"

After speaking, he instructed the driver, "Take us to Mallory Suites."

"Yes."

The driver stepped on the accelerator after responding to George's instruction.

Before Yvonne could sit down, she felt a strong push on her back, and she almost fell off the back seat.

George pulled her back into his arms. "Be a good girl and sit still."

Bringing her back to Mallory Suites, he wanted to confirm one more thing.

He was not one to give up.

Yvonne closed her eyes, and her thoughts turned back and forth.

Mallory Suites?

That bungalow was where George lived on weekdays. He always liked peace and quiet. He did not like being disturbed by anyone, and he rarely took anyone back home.

Yvonne's hand slowly hugged his waist.

...

After half an hour, the car stopped steadily in the basement of Mallory Suites.

After half an hour's drive, Yvonne was already drowsy.

The door opened, and George looked at her coldly. "Get out of the car. Do you want me to invite you in?"

Yvonne replied, "Why are you so rude? Can't you be gentle with women?"

"I've never been gentle with women."

"How can that be? Does Mr. Grieg not even have a basic gentleman's spirit towards women?"

Yvonne raised her hand gently. "Help me out of the car, will you?"

George frowned and looked at her slender hand in the air. It stretched out naturally. It was so beautiful, as if it was carved out of jade.

He stretched out his hand instinctively and slowly spread out his palm to hold her hand.

With his support, Yvonne slowly landed on her legs and stood firm. George suddenly grabbed her wrist and walked toward the elevator.

He seemed to be eager to do something and became more impatient. Yvonne could hardly keep up with him.

"George! What are you doing?"

The man dragged her into the elevator. The elevator was the only VIP elevator in the whole house, and it was used by George personally.

He pressed the button on the elevator and clenched her hand.

Soon, they reached the floor.

George grabbed her hand and came to the door. Then, he grabbed two of her fingers, one thumb, and one index finger, and opened the fingerprint panel.

Yvonne was shocked!

Could it be... Did George bring her back to Mallory Suites to verify her fingerprints?

Previously, when George bought Mallory Suites, a total of three unique fingerprints could be recorded.

Two of the three fingerprints were hers.

With such a delicate mind, the man even thought of using fingerprints to verify her?

Yvonne retracted her hand nervously, but George locked her wrist, and a suspicious look fell on his face.

“What’s the matter?”

Yvonne chuckled. “What are you doing? Mr. Grieg, this is your fingerprint lock. What are you doing with my finger?”

“How would you know if you don’t try?”

There was a hint of anger in Yvonne’s laugh. “Do you want to try this? I’ve never been to this place. How could I have fingerprint access here?”

Sensing her timidity, George provocatively said, “What are you hiding? Are you feeling guilty?”

“Oh...”

Yvonne pondered for a few seconds with a smile in her eyes.

“Mr. Grieg, you won’t give up, will you? Are you still doubting that I’m that woman?”

George’s lips curved into an arch. “Then you might as well let me give up completely.”

Saying that, he grabbed her finger forcefully and pressed it towards the panel!

Yvonne struggled desperately and exclaimed coldly, “Does it matter if I am that person or not?”

George interrupted her impatiently, "It's not up to you to decide whether it's important or not!"

"If it's important, why didn't you choose her five years ago! She could have survived, right?"

She was a little agitated.

When Yvonne came back to her senses and calmed down, she instantly noticed that the man looked at her with a bit of playfulness.

"Showing the fox's tail, eh?"

Her emotions were agitated, but she basically confirmed her identity from her actions. Otherwise, why would she get so agitated?

"I don't understand what you're talking about. I didn't expect you to bring me here for such a boring thing. Mr. Grieg!"

She then shook off his hand. "I'm going home."

As she was about to leave, she was dragged back by George and slammed against the wall.

The man lowered his head close to her face and pinned her against the wall. "I said, it's not up to you!"

After saying that, he squeezed her hand again and forcibly pressed her index finger on the fingerprint panel.

The machine scanned her finger for two seconds.

Chapter 19 [Input error.] George furrowed his eyebrows and pressed her thumb again. After another two seconds...

(input error.) Yvonne looked at him indifferently. "Is it enough?"

George ignored her. He kept trying her fingerprints over and over again.

Yvonne finally ran out of patience. "Enough! No matter how many times you try, you won't be right!"

Yvonne pushed him hard with all her strength, but the man in front of her was motionless.

(Input error.) (Input error.)

[Input error.] Yvonne stared at him suddenly. “George Grieg! How long are you going to keep trying?” The man interrupted her. “Shut your mouth!” “I’ve said it before. I’m not that woman. I can never be her! Never!”

She struggled fiercely, and George suddenly let go of her hand and clasped her shoulders tightly. She felt the man’s cold fingertips. George closed his eyes and opened them again. They were a little red.

His cool eyes were buried in the shadow of light, and it was dull.

“Why aren’t you that woman? Huh?” The man asked coldly.

Yvonne was stunned. Without waiting for her to respond, the man slammed her into her arms as if the last hope was utterly shattered. His voice was a bit hoarse.

“Why are you not her?”

There was a shocking affection in the broken voice, but she would not be confused by the man.

Love? That man did not know love.

Did she still expect the cold man to be sad because of her injuries? Yvonne gently stretched her fingers into his palm. No matter how George tried to verify it, it was impossible to enter the correct input. She applied a layer of nail polish on her fingertips to cover up her fingerprint. Fortunately, she had expected this to happen.

That man had caused her misfortunes. Would she repeat the same mistakes?

Not anymore!

However, she asked him to fall in love with her, drown in her, fall into her, and finally, she would abandon him.

Yvonne chuckled, “Mr. Grieg... I can be her. I don’t mind being a substitute for another woman.

Having said that, she gently held the man’s handsome face. Then, she stood on her toes slightly and kissed his thin lips gently.

He did not refuse. Her lip shape seemed like hers and felt like hers.

Suddenly, George instinctively clasped her waist, turned his body, and flipped open the fingerprint panel.

There was a ‘beep’ sound, and the door opened.

George pushed her waist, pushed her into the door, and followed closely. Yvonne did not have the time to stand still before being kissed again. Naturally, she did not retreat and gently hooked his shoulders. George held her on the door panel. His long fingers gently aroused her shoulder, and he asked, "Have you ever had a man?"

Yvonne smiled. "I've had a few men. Is that important? In the future, I will only be yours, Mr Grieg."

After speaking, she kissed his neck gently. Rather than a kiss, it was better to bite.

Her white teeth quickly left a hickey on his neck. Bright red, eye-catching, red to purple.

How dare that woman bite him?

George curled his lips. "Very good." He hugged her in his arms, walked to the living room, and threw her on the sofa.

His heavy body was pressed down against hers....

George carried her into the bathtub, and the warm water soon surrounded her. Yvonne leaned in his arms. When the man carried her into the bathroom, she was powerless to refuse.

Since the afternoon, she did not eat anything except a bit of wine. How could she withstand his strength?

George grabbed a bath ball, squeezed some bath cream, rubbed the foam, and held up her hand. Next, he spread the foam evenly on her arms and shoulders. It was her first time enjoying George's personal service. She enjoyed it, but when the foam ball was about to wipe her shoulders, she suddenly became nervous and pressed down on his hand.

"No."

That was where her crescent birthmark was.

She applied concealer and sprayed makeup setting spray, but it would inevitably show up if he used a little force. George's eyes fell on her shoulder. "What's the matter? I can't touch you?"

"You hurt me!" Yvonne exclaimed, snatching the bath ball from his hand.

If her identity as 'Yvette' was revealed, all her efforts would be in vain!

Thinking of that, she stood up to step out of the bath. Behind her, a pair of arms suddenly wrapped around her waist, pulling her back into his arms.

Crash!

The water splashed everywhere.

In an instant, George backhanded her and pressed her down with his weight.

She had no room for resistance.

The man's handsome and innocent face was close at hand, and those deep eyes seemed to capture her soul.

George instructed her quietly, "Be my woman. Listen to me and do as I say."

After speaking, he lowered his eyes and kissed her elegant swan neck with his thin and cold lips.

After a brief kiss, his teeth clenched down on her neck the next second..

"Don't!" Yvonne exclaimed in shock. That position... It was impossible!