

The Ugly Wife Returns: She's Gone Viral Chapter 19

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!

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Chapter 20

"Ah!"

Yvonne screamed in pain. It hurt! Was this man a dog? He was never like this previously!

George, who had always been aloof and abstained from desire, had transformed into a wolf dog. It was as if he was going to devour her alive!

“George! You bastard!”

“It’s called tit-for-tat.”

“Are you a dog?”

Yvonne instinctively raised her hand and was about to give him a slap on the face, but the man seemed to have expected it. Instead, he blocked her hand and locked her hands behind her back with his backhand.

George smiled with his thin lips. “Do you still want to resist? Do you still have the qualifications to resist?”

“Let me go!”

“If I don’t let go, what can you do?” The man raised the corners of his lips, and his smile seemed slightly evil and it seemed to be provocative.

Yvonne wrinkled her eyebrow and shrieked. George suddenly buried his handsome face in her neck.

“Yvette...”

He missed her so much...

He missed her to death...

The woman in front of him was similar to the woman in his memory, but she was not her. He thought she was back, but he knew... How could a dead person come back?

Yvonne was stunned for a while, and it took a long time for her to react.

The man was calling her name. The name she used to have.

How ridiculous.

Was she going to become her stand-in? Was she going to be a stand-in for her past self?

However, Yvonne was no longer the silly and innocent woman she was five years ago. Could it be that she would still be shaken by this man's hypocritical short-term affection? He shed the tears of a crocodile!

Yvonne gently held up his face and said with a smile, "You took me as a substitute for that

woman, didn't you?"

George replied impatiently, "Shut up!" "Mr. Grieg, whether you take me as that woman, or whoever's stand-in, I'm willing to be yours, and I am willing to be your Yvette."

Saying that, she lightly kissed his thin lips and whispered against his lips. "I want you to fall in love with me."

George thought it was ridiculous. "Love? Do you think I would fall in love with a superficial woman like you?"

How much affection could a woman in the entertainment circle be worth?

Love? He would never fall in love with anyone ever again in his life. Yvonne asked, "How do you know if you'll fall in love with me? Love is hard to control. Love is love. No reason is needed." "I will never love anyone again." "Then, do you love Chloe Cooper?" George seemed impatient. "This is not a question you should be asking." Yvonne gazed at him. "What about Yvette? Do you love her?"

George was suddenly silent.

"Do you love her? Then, I want you to love me as you loved her." The man was suddenly sullen and pinched her face. "Are you worthy of being compared with her?"

"She's dead, so why can't I compare to her? I'll make you love me more than you love her." George chuckled. "I hate self-righteous women like you the most." "What if you really fell in love with me? Love is very dangerous. Falling in love with a 'self righteous' woman like me is even more dangerous. Will this game defeat the mighty Mr. Grieg?"

George was stunned, and he looked into her eyes with some scrutiny Suddenly... He could not see this woman clearly anymore. She wanted to play the game of love with him. She wanted him to never be saved. Yvonne slowly stood up from the bathtub, took the bathrobe from the side, and wrapped it tightly around her.

She yawned. "I'm sleepy, and I'm so hungry. I heard that your fiancée is cooking and preparing some soup for you. I wonder how it tastes?" After she finished speaking, she walked out of the bathroom. George Washed the foam off his body and walked out of the bathroom.

As soon as the man walked into the living room, he saw that Yvonne was already sitting at the

dining table, holding chopsticks and picking the green peppers on the plate as if nothing had happened. She did not seem to like green peppers.

Unlike her.

Yvette liked to eat green peppers. She said she liked the spicy and slightly sweet taste of green peppers.

Yvonne glanced at him and then took care of the movements of her hands.

She did it on purpose. She deliberately picked out all the green peppers she liked the most.

Yvonne complained and looked at George. "I hate green peppers the most. Why does your fiancée add so many green peppers? Do you like green peppers very much?" George sat down expressionlessly. "I don't like it." He looked at Yvonne and said, "Don't play with your food."

It was not that he did not like it.

Initially, he also hated green peppers, but because Yvette liked them, she forced him to eat them.

He used to suffer from a minor case of anorexia. The chefs in the house were all outstanding five-star chefs who racked their brains every day to please him.

Unexpectedly, Yvette cured him with a simple green pepper.

However, five years ago, he did not like it anymore.

In order to please him, Chloe deliberately put a lot of green peppers.

Yvonne sneered in her heart. "Since we both don't like it, can't I just pick out all the green

peppers?"

"Do you understand the rules?" Without rules, order could not be achieved. Therefore, the Grieg family had always been strict in etiquette. "It's not like we're in a 5-star restaurant. It's only the two of us. Mr. Grieg, you're so particular. Do we still need rules when we're eating together?" She took a piece of pork belly and tasted it. "It's unpalatable." She tried other dishes. "Too salty."

"It's too bitter."

"Too spicy." "Your fiancée's cooking isn't that good," Yvonne commented while tasting it. George said, "Shut up." "I cook better than her."

George's eyes were somewhat dismissive, obviously not believing her words.

Yvonne read the thoughts hidden behind his eyes and snorted, "Why? Don't you believe me? Could it be that you want me to cook for you?"

Before George could express his opinion, Yvonne arrogantly replied, "Do you deserve it?"

The man's face immediately turned ashen.

He dropped his chopsticks with a 'pop', and his sword eyebrows were twisted together, condensing a bit of anger. Yvonne put the chopsticks on the table willfully. "It's not delicious. I'm not eating any more of this. If you overeat at night, you'll gain weight."

George watched her walk towards the bedroom, feeling a little bit upset.

The bungalow was huge, but she knew the layout of the house very well.

Apart from a few servants, the nanny, the housekeeper, and Chloe, he had only brought Yvette here.

Yvonne turned her head and saw the doubt in his eyes. She asked, "What's wrong?" "You seem to have a good understanding of the layout here."