

The Ugly Wife Returns: She's Gone Viral Chapter 8

Yvonne gritted her teeth.

George asked, "Where do you think you are? This is the Wigmore Club."

Where was the Wigmore Club? It was a place where predators hunted and where rich men had fun.

Many wealthy men liked to visit the Wigmore Club to have fun with the women. Of course, they would be pleased, and the business negotiations would go well.

The women were merely entertainment there.

Did she not want to play with him?

"George Grieg!"

George clasped her small face. "I permit you to call me by my name. If you like it, say it a few more times."

A few seconds later, the man went on top of her. His thin lips pressed against hers and took her breath away.

Subconsciously, she tried to turn away. However, George's long fingers held on to her small face, and she had to open her mouth.

With an opening, he deepened his kiss. Every vein in his body was filled with burning blood.

By then, she had nowhere to back away.

Suddenly, Yvonne bit him hard. A taste of blood exploded between his teeth.

George frowned and retreated. Yvonne quickly retreated into a safe place, and she glared at him cautiously.

The other half of his body blended in with the darkness. His eyes were filled with a deadly glare.

"Get out!"

Yvonne pushed the coffee table over. She grabbed the crystal glass and tossed it at him.

Crack!

The crystal glass fell on him and then onto the floor. It broke into pieces.

The man's face remained unchanged as if it was the surface of still water. He walked over the broken glasses on the floor. Instantly, he was closer to her.

His deep and chilling voice pressed above her head. "Where are you trying to go?"

George's big hands grabbed her clothes and pressed her onto the wall.

Yvonne's face blushed red, she pushed him away instinctively, but the man's body was heavy like a mountain. He remained unmoved.

She was furious as she bit his neck.

"Ouch!"

George frowned in pain. He looked at her blushed face.

How dare she bite him?

The woman bit him hard. Instantly, there were bloodstains around the teeth mark.

George threw a punch right onto the wall beside her ear. "Do you think you can really leave?"

Yvonne was shocked.

The man gritted his teeth and asked, "Who are you, really?"

Yvonne was speechless.

George smirked coldly. "Yvonne? Yvette? Is that you?"

Yvonne was speechless.

"Why are you still hiding?"

Yvonne replied, "Mr. Grieg, Yvette is dead, isn't she? Why do you look for her in me?"

"You have a crescent mole on your shoulder," George responded as he lifted his hands to clasp her neck.

Yvonne stiffened but laughed, "What? Mr. Grieg, are you going to check my body now? Go ahead, help yourself!"

She seemed like she was telling the truth. It made George perplexed.

Indeed, he heavily suspected that the woman before him was that woman.

He was uncertain of Yvette's death. He did not show up to her funeral. Even until the woman was burned to ashes, he did not once visit her grave.

Five years ago, Duncan Fieldman went abroad and went missing. Duncan knew Yvette very well.

George did a background check on Yvonne. When she first entered the entertainment industry, she was supported by the Fieldman family. There were even rumors of her potentially being an in-law in the Fieldman family.

What a coincidence!

He had enough evidence to suspect that Yvette did not die and that Yvonne was Yvette!

As for the significant change in her appearance, she looked completely different. It was either plastic surgery or...

George looked at her shoulder. Her skin was fair with no imperfections.

He even rubbed her skin, yet the mole was nowhere to be seen.

The man looked at Yvonne suspiciously. He saw her smirking, and she asked, "What is it? Did you get your answer?"

George was speechless.

Yvonne mocked, "Yvette is dead. Didn't you make that choice, Mr. Grieg?"

George's eyes were instantly filled with bloodthirsty rage.

His eyes were still fixated on that patch of skin. It was fair and showed no scar or concealment.

His constant rubbing made her skin red.

Yvonne asked coldly, "Are you done? Aren't you pleased that she is dead?"

George looked at her in confusion. "What are you saying?"

"Everyone in Dreston called that ugly woman an embarrassment to the Grieg family. You're an all-rounded man. How could that ugly thing ever get married to you? Wasn't it an embarrassment to the Grieg family?"

“Shut up!”

“I can’t imagine that you’d sleep with that ugly woman. George Grieg, a woman like her, should’ve been dumped. You didn’t even want the babies in her, didn’t you?”

George was about to explode when his phone rang.

He went quiet and pulled on his tie in annoyance. Then, he picked up his phone to hear Chloe’s voice.

“Georgie, where are you?”

“I’m at…”

Yvonne’s eyes flickered. She jumped onto George’s lap and put her hands on his shoulders. “Mr. Grieg, who’s calling you?”

George glared at her.

On the other end of the line, Chloe tensed up. “Who’s speaking?”

Yvonne flirted, “Mr. Grieg, I’m so hot… Didn’t you say you’re staying with me tonight? You’re mine tonight…”

“Georgie…”

George clasped Yvonne’s hands and asked, “Are you done messing around?”

Yvonne’s voice trembled as she spoke. “Mr. Grieg, don’t rush. You’re almost tearing my shirt…”

With that said, she snatched his phone away and hung up. She turned off his phone and threw it into the bin.

George narrowed his eyes.

Suddenly, he unclasped his belt and removed it. He then tied both of her hands above her head on the lamplight.

“You want to play with me? Fine.”

He removed his buttons nonchalantly.

The next second, his perfect shoulders came into sight.

She was covered in darkness. She was pulled into an abyss by a shapeless hand…

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On the other end, Chloe looked at her phone and felt a tight feeling in her chest.

She quickly called again, but the phone was turned off.

She could tell that the voice from the phone belonged to... Yvonne!

George was with Yvonne!?

She called again, but she dialed Chris. It was picked up very quickly.

"Ms. Cooper?"

"Where is Georgie?"

"He's at the Wigmore Club."

Chloe bit her lip. "Wigmore Club...I'll be there!"

Chris warned, "Ms. Cooper, it's best that you don't come."

"Why?"

"There are reporters here," Chris continued, "They seemed to have gained some insights. Unfortunately, they've blocked the entrances."

Chloe was speechless.

Chris added, "If you come now... It might get complicated."

Chloe was furious. "Who is he with now?"

"I don't know. I don't have the right to know Mr. Greig's whereabouts."