

The Ugly Wife Returns: She's Gone Viral Chapter 7

Louise was nervous. The wine had been spiked!

If George had drank it...

She watched as she held her breath. She saw George playing with the glass, and he did not say anything, nor did he react. He had no emotion on his face. His eyes merely glanced down, looking intrigued.

Yvonne asked flirtatiously, "Mr. Grieg, you won't drink it?"

George curled up his lips coldly. With that, he finished the wine.

Louise cried out silently. She fell by the side and felt her head exploding.

She quickly texted Chloe.

[Louise: Oh, no. Chloe... Mr. Greig drank the spiked wine!]

John exclaimed, "Yvonne, you made a toast to Mr. Grieg. You should make a toast to us, too!"

Yvonne smiled and pretended as if she was about to stand up. However, George put his hand around her waist and pulled her back to him.

He was showing everyone that she was his. Nobody could touch her.

The group fell silent.

Louise continued, "Yvonne, I need to warn you, Mr. Grieg has a family. You should know what you're doing."

"If you don't tell, nobody outside will know. Men are men!" John chirped in.

Meanwhile...

Someone suddenly whined, "I'm so hot..."

John heard that and replied, "Take off your clothes if you're hot!"

With that said, he asked his assistant to get him his bag. He had a stack of cash inside. He tossed it onto the table.

"Take off one item of clothing and get fifty thousand dollars."

With that said, he looked at Yvonne with desire in his eyes.

Louise could tell that John did that for Yvonne.

Taking off one item of clothing could earn them fifty thousand dollars!? Every female celebrity in the room was tempted, so they exchanged looks.

They were not the top artists in the industry. Although they were not as famous as Louise, people would know them by their names.

Since they had made it so far, of course, they were not as innocent.

A woman stood up first. "Since we're all here, why are we still acting so polite? We'll make sure everyone has fun tonight! This is real money!"

She removed her jacket and took fifty thousand dollars.

Since someone started, the rest followed.

Louise stood up as well. She was not wearing much. She had a dress and a wool jumper.

She glared at the cash on the table and took off her jacket to take away fifty thousand.

Gradually, more women stood up. Some who wore only a dress took it off completely.

It did not take long before all the money was taken away. In the room, everyone but Yvonne had stripped off.

Louise had to care for her appearance, so she only had a tight dress left.

John asked, "Is nobody else taking off any clothes?"

He was still looking at Yvonne, seeing that she did not intend to make a move.

Louise replied, "Mr. Thwaite, the money's all gone. Why would we take anything else off?"

"Hahaha! All you see is money now? This month, I'm discussing a new movie with a producer. I will consider the first person who takes off a piece now to be the female lead!"

"Hey, Mr. Thwaite. You're bullying us!" An actress said with a blush, "We have nothing left. The female lead will be Louise, no doubt!"

Louise pursed her lips. Seeing that this opportunity was rare, she had to seize it.

She stood up and removed her dress. She then clung to John. "Mr. Thwaite, is this okay?"

John replied, "What do you think? One dress is not enough for the female lead role!"

Louise was perplexed.

John looked at Yvonne and asked, "Yvonne, aren't you interested in being the female lead in the big production with Felix Price?"

Yvonne replied, "Mr. Thwaite, it's not that I'm not interested. Unfortunately, I have too many movies coming up. I don't even have time to read the script. Even a production with Felix Price will have to wait."

John's face stiffened. He felt awkward.

Louise felt a flame burning in her. She was furious.

It was Felix Price's production, yet Yvonne would have to make it wait? Did she look down on it?

Suddenly, George stood up with a sunken face.

His hand moved past Yvonne's shoulder, and she sensed that his finger was burning. Yvonne held onto his arms, and his skin was shockingly hot.

Something was not right with the wine.

The man's breathing fastened. In the dim light, his jaw seemed tightened.

Yvonne stood up and held on to his hand. "Mr. Grieg, are you not feeling well? I'll go up with you."

There were rooms upstairs.

John was shocked. "What happened, Mr. Grieg? Didn't you only have a few glasses? Are you drunk already?"

George glanced at him, and John instantly shut up for good.

George was not feeling well, but he remained calm. He held Yvonne's wrist tightly.

Yvonne could not help but add, "Mr. Grieg, you're hurting me. Please be gentle."

George smiled coldly. He grabbed her wrist and pulled her out of the room.

“What are you doing?”

Yvonne almost fell over.

George walked toward her and grabbed her small face. He looked at her with his eyes fixed on her.

“Was it you?”

“What?”

George sensed that the wine tasted strange. “Did you drug my drink?”

Not long after he drank it, he felt strange reactions in him.

It was not a normal drink.

Yvonne smiled, but she did not deny it. “Didn’t you want to play? Do you like the game so far?”

George’s handsome brows furrowed, and his tall figure almost covered all the light.

She looked up and saw that his elegant neck had red stripes as if they were burning. The lines were spread out all over his chest.

George looked at her from above, and his face was terrifying. His eyes were chilly and dangerous.

A moment later, the man curled up his lips and smiled. However, his smile sent chills to her bones.

“Okay. If you insist on playing, I’ll play with you.”

“George Grieg, you...”

...

In a room on the third floor.

Click!

The card unlocked the door, and the door was slammed open.

Yvonne tried to get rid of his hand. “George Grieg, are you insane?”

She backed away. Under the moonlight, only half of his elegant face was shown with a vague curl on his lips.

It was said that men with thin lips were merciless.

Yvonne looked at his cold eyes and recalled what he did to her and how cruel he was to her.

“You can’t touch me!”

The next second, the man came forward like a shadow. He gripped her hand and pushed her against the door with his burning body.

The man whispered in her ears with dark desire in his eyes.

“Didn’t you want to play? Why? You’re backing down?”