

The Abandoned Husband Dominates

Chapter 7

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“Damn it!”

Jordan realized it was a trap laid by the Camdens to lure him over.

Ryan walked straight towards Jordan and hollered at him.

“Take off the clothes and hat that you’re wearing!”

With a look of bewilderment, Jordan asked, “What do you mean?”

At this moment, Drew, who was grinning, walked over.

“What do you mean? Do you know who he is? He is your boss! He’s Ryan Dunn, the general agent of Ubereats in Orlando!”

Ryan humphed coldly. “If you don’t believe me, I’ll get the manager, Claire, to call you.”

Soon, Claire called Jordan.

“Jordan, what did you do to provoke Mr. Dunn? He has already fired you!”

Jordan sneered, as he didn’t expect his career as a takeout deliverer to end like that.

To be honest, he enjoyed delivering takeout as it allowed him to meet people from all walks of life and train one’s temper and character.

He wanted to end his career as a takeout deliverer perfectly, but that bastard Ryan ruined his plan!

Ryan started hollering at Jordan, “Hurry up and remove your clothes! I have already fired you!”

His clothes, hat, and motorbike all belonged to Ubereats. Since Jordan had been fired, he was no longer qualified to use them.

“Sure.”

With a grim expression, he removed the yellow takeout deliverer's uniform in front of everyone.

"Hahahaha, he's just like a dog!" Drew laughed and leaned backward.

Herman hollered, "Good-for-nothing! Weren't you very arrogant just now? You even had the guts to hit my son! Try doing that now!"

Jordan was Ryan's employee now and had no choice but to obey him.

He took off his uniform and tossed it onto the motorbike.

"Mr. Dunn, I heard that your proxy for Uber eats ends this year, right?"

Ryan was stunned for a moment as he asked, "What does that have to do with you?"

Jordan chuckled and said, "You don't have to go to the capital to discuss the contract renewal anymore. You will no longer be the general agent."

Jordan remembered who the owner of Uber eats was. Jordan's grandfather had rejected his attempt to get acquainted with the Steeles a few years ago.

With a single call from Jordan, Ryan would vanish in Orlando!

Ryan still hoped to earn more money as the general agent, so he got furious.

"Who do you think you are!?! Am I going to stop being the proxy agent just because you said so? Do you know how close I am to the boss of Uber eats?"

"Back then, no one was optimistic about takeout delivery, but I forked over the cash to save him! This time, I'm going to spend a million dollars!"

Jordan sneered and said, "No matter how much money you fork out, you can't become the general agent anymore. You can try if you don't believe me."

Ryan said, "You..."

At this point, Old Mrs. Camden suddenly spoke up.

"Jordan, you good-for-nothing, don't brag!"

"You first cheated on Hailey, and then you beat up my grandson. Today, I'm going to punish you by using the family rules!"

"Do you dare come in!?!"

Jordan humphed. "Why not!?!"

Jordan glanced at the Marriott Hotel's entrance.

Apart from the prestigious Camdens, there were many other guests who were there to attend the banquet.

Jordan knew those guests were all distinguished figures in Orlando!

They were all government officials, mafia bosses, businessmen, and artists whose strength was unimaginable to ordinary people!

However, Jordan did not feel the slightest fear in the face of these bigwigs!

They were only so in the tiny Orlando city!

Those who lose their advantages or power will be belittled!

Jordan followed the Camdens to the lobby of the hotel at a steady gait.

They had booked the entire hotel for Old Mrs. Camden's birthday banquet, and hence, there were no outsiders in the lobby except for the servers.

After Jordan entered, even the servers avoided them.

Old Mrs. Camden was sitting in a chair in the middle of the living room. Despite her height of 1.6 meters, she looked dignified and majestic!

"Bastard! Kneel right now!"

Jordan looked around and asked, "Why should I do that?"

Old Mrs. Camden asked, "Three years ago, when you became a son-in-law of the Camdens. You promised you would be punished according to our family's laws once you let us down. Does that promise still stand?"

Jordan straightened his back and exclaimed, "Of course it does!"

"Okay, bring my Dragon Ruler here!"

Old Mrs. Camden ordered, and Herman immediately handed over the "Dragon Ruler" he had prepared long ago.

The metal Dragon Ruler, which was left behind by the ancestors of the Camdens, was larger than an ordinary ruler.

In the beginning, it was used as a measuring tool, but later it became a tool for enforcing family punishment.

After being hit by the ruler, the pain would last for at least three days.

Grasping the giant Dragon Ruler, Old Mrs. Camden said, "Good that you admit to it. Someone, slap him twenty times!"

"Yes!"

Herman had long wanted to stand up for his son and hence was the first to walk forward.

However, Benedict snatched the Dragon Ruler from him with one hand.

"Mom, I failed to take my son-in-law in hand, so I'll teach him a lesson myself!"

As soon as Benedict held onto the ruler, Sylvie snatched it from him.

"I've always been the one to slap him. Let me do it!"

The few of them vied to hit Jordan.

Jordan, however, did not expect Hailey to speak up as well.

"He's my husband. I'll do it!"

Hailey picked up the Dragon Ruler with her slender hand that Jordan had never held in the past three years.