

Ex-husband Goes Money Comes by Yvone Zabielski Chapter 107

Orlando laughed sarcastically.

This so-called right to choose was actually not a choice at all.

Because he had been standing for a long time, the wound on Lois's waist had cracked, and blood was streaming out of the wound, causing him to be dizzy from the pain.

The white shirt in the innermost part was soaked and stuck to the wound. He felt very uncomfortable.

Fortunately, the black suit jacket covered the wound, and Viola didn't see it.

He bit his thin lips, trying to steady his breathing so that no one could see anything strange.

Just a year, he could afford it.

He picked up the syringe and rolled up his suit and shirt sleeves. Then he aimed at his arm and injected it as if he was venting something.

Viola looked at him without saying a word. When she saw that he seemed to be abusing himself, she frowned.

He was really arrogant. She heard that the medicine would make people extremely painful when injected. She wanted to see how long he could endure.

In just a few seconds, a tube of medicine that was as long as a pinky finger was used out.

Clack..

Then, the syringe dropped to the ground.

Orlando bit his lips so hard that there was a row of blood marks on his lower lip. A strong pain rushed into his whole body, and he soon broke out in cold sweat.

There was not a single part of his body that did not hurt. In addition, he already had waist injuries. This kind of deadly pain lasted for nearly two minutes before it slowly weakened.

Then, it was followed by a sense of powerlessness that was so deep that it reached the bones.

Orlando was so weak that he couldn't even stand steadily. He fell to the ground like a leaf in the wind.

When he closed his eyes, his ears buzzed.

Once the buzzing ended, he heard Viola's clear and pleasant voice.

"When you inject this medicine, the reaction will be stronger. Please bear with it."

Orlando lowered his head weakly, his pale lips pursed.

When he closed his eyes, his long eyelashes trembled slightly, as if he was suffering a great deal of pain.

When he finally felt a little better, he heard the sound of high heels approaching from afar,

Viola looked down at him from above, then she crouched down and lifted his chin to observe him seriously.

He was different from his usual overbearing appearance.

At that inoment, his face was handsome but pale. This weak appearance made people want to bully him.

When he opened his eyes slightly, there was actually a trace of imperceptible Tragility in his eyes, which looked domineering before,

How rare!

Viola admired his look, which seemed an Ill and delicate beauty, and siniled in satisfaction. She said, "Be good. Call me

master."

The teasing words made Orlando very unhappy, and a strong sense of humiliation surped into his heart.

Heclared at her angrily and used all his strength to break free from her hand. He then stubbornly turned his face

away.

He was like a furious tiger.

Viola didn't continue to force him.

He had been arrogant for the first half of his life, so it was normal that he could not adapt to it for a while.

She had to slow down and teach him. She was patient.

Viola got up and ignored the weak Orlando on the floor. She gave him time to adapt to the medicine alone.

Then, she returned to her desk and started to deal with work

Right then, other than the chores at Angle Group, she still had to deal with the Caffrey Group that she had just taken

over.

Almost half of the Caffrey Group had been harmed by Jaylin, and almost all of the core employees should be changed.

It was estimated that he would be busy every day for the next few days.

The sky outside the floor-to-ceiling window gradually darkened. Viola had been busy with work until eight o'clock in the evening

Apart from the sound of her typing, the office was very quiet.

She turned off the computer and rubbed her sore neck. She suddenly remembered that it had been more than an hour. Why was there no news from Orlando?

What tricks was he playing?

She went around the desk to check Orlando was lying on the floor on his side. His slender legs were slightly bent, his eyes were closed, and his eyebrows were knitted together. It seemed that he was suffering a lot in his sleep.

Viola didn't believe it and called, "Orlando, stop pretending. Get up quickly."

Orlando furrowed his brows even tighter, not reacting at all.

This state was just right.

Although his reaction was strong when he was injected, it would only hurt for half an hour.

Viola frowned. She reached out to take off Orlando's suit jacket and accidentally touched his waist.

Orlando groaned in pain.

His brows furrowed even deeper.

Was there a wound on his waist?

Just as Viola was about to remove his coat, a pair of big hands suddenly grabbed her wrist.

Orlando was awake

Even though his head was dizzy from the pain, he almost subconsciously reacted.

“What are you doing?”

Viola asked indifferently as she retracted her hand, “Are you hurt?”

“I’m fine.”

Their tone was very cold.

After this sentence, there was a long silence.

Viola was just asking casually and caring about her little manservant.

Since he didn’t appreciate it, she wouldn’t say too much.

“Since you are fine and have rested enough, then get up and leave.”

After Viola finished speaking, she picked up her bag without looking back and pushed the door open.

“Where are you going?”

“If you don’t keep up, you can walk home barefoot when it’s late.”

Go home?

Her words caused Orlando to be stunned for a few seconds.

He looked up and saw that Viola had already walked far away.

After more than an hour of rest, his physical condition had been better. He quickly got up from the ground and followed Viola.

Music took him back to the bay villa that carried three years of bad memories.

When she had agreed to accept Orlando's house, she had only upheld the mentality of picking it up for free and that one could not litter money for no reason.

She didn't expect that one day she would come back there.

They were still the same as before.

However, the status was the complete opposite, and her state of mind had changed.

Viola stood in front of the villa, not in a hurry to enter.

Instead, she looked at Orlando and said, "From now on, you are the only manservant here. The three meals a day must be prepared before I come back. Regardless of whether I eat or not, you must cook and serve.

"When I'm not at home, you need to clean up the entire house. Remember, it must be spotless,

“Every day when I get off work and return home, you must stand at the door to welcome me. You should put my slippers on, and say, ‘You’ve done a good job today!’”

The more she spoke, Viola smiled even more lappily.

On the other hand, Orlando’s lace became darker and darker. It was so dark that it almost blended into the night.

Those things were not what a man should do. It was clearly malicious revenge.

It was simply humiliating!

“You are trampling on my dignity.” Orlando said with a low voice, and he almost inashed his teeth.

Viola burst out laughing and said, “What else do you think a manservant should do? Do I have to raise you for nothing? You should have thought of it when you signed the agreement. Now you want to go back on your word? Then SOITV, it’s too late.”

Orlando’s face was black, and his cagle-like sharp eyes locked onto lier.

Viola was amused by his expression.

Did he think it was in the past?

Now, no matter how fierce his expression was, in her eyes, he was just a husky wliose teeth had been pulled out.

“Humiliating? Is it natural for a woman to do housework, wash clothes, and cook? if it was a man, it meant to trample on dignity?”

She snorted coldly and continued, “Then I will break the rules! You must do everything that I did three years ago!”