

Ex-husband Goes Money Comes by Yvone Zabielski Chapter 108

So, this was all that she had done in three years?

Orlando didn't know what to say.

He knew Whitney was harsh to her daughter-in-law. Could it be that Whitney fired the servants in the villa and handed all the household chores to her?

At that time, every time he went home from work, he saw that the house was clean and the food was steaming, and he never cared about the details.

Because he was mad at Nash for forcing him to marry Viola, he always chose to ignore her. When Orlando was in a bad mood, he would mock her...

Viola noticed he was lost in thought and waved her hand in front of his eyes before continuing.

"However, you'd better be mentally prepared. If you want it to be one year instead of three years, the things you need to do will double."

Orlando shook his head and sneered.

She wouldn't suffer any losses.

Viola walked in front and didn't pay attention to his expression. She thought of something and said, "Oh right, I forgot to buy the washing machine. You will dry the clothes with your hands. Some clothes are made of different materials. Split them up. Don't make a mistake."

Orlando stared at her back and mercilessly exposed her lame excuse.

“You will buy a washing machine? When I transferred the house to you, I remember a woman named Rayna was busy and changed the furniture and appliances in the house.”

After being exposed, Viola turned around and gave him a cold glance, not intending to hide it.

Yes, she deliberately gave the washing machine to the welfare home.

The children in the welfare home needed washing machines more than he did.

The two silently entered the hall.

Viola groped around the wall for a bit, and with the movement of muscle memory, she turned on the lights instantly.

The living room was bright, and the house was still the original structure, but the furniture and the matching style were not the same black and white.

Viola walked directly to the kitchen, while Orlando followed her quietly.

Coming to the kitchen, she look out a thick book from the storage cabinet and handed it to Orlando.

“This is a cookbook in the future, you have to follow the instructions in the book. Every meal should have meat, vegetable, and soup. But it can’t be the same dishes every day.”

Orlando took it and flipped through it.

He didn't object, and Viola looked at the time. It was already half past eight. She hadn't eaten dinner yet,

"Let's start cooking tonight when it's done, call me. If you sleep in the room tonight, you can choose a room on the second floor, not the third floor."

After that, she went upstairs to the study. She had a lot of work to do.

Orlando watched her figure disappear into the stairwell and finally relaxed. It hurt so much that he arched his back and held the table to barely stand.

The blood on his white shirt had long dried up and stuck to the wound. He was unable to tear it off.

After he soaked the shirt with hot water, he used a towel to warm it for a few minutes before separating the shirt and flesh bit by bit.

In order to avoid being discovered by Viola, he quickly took off his shirt and washed the blood clean.

Normally, he could almost wring his clothes dry. Today, because he had been injected with the medicine, he was so tired that he could only wring the shirt half dry.

He had no choice but to put on the wet shirt that was barely dripping and put on the dark suit jacket. If one did not look carefully, he would not notice anything out of the ordinary.

After doing all this, he felt he had exhausted all his strength and was extremely tired.

This special medicine was indeed powerful

It had taken up more than half an hour before Orlando started cooking. He had to grit his teeth and start studying recipes.

He opened the refrigerator and saw there were all kinds of vegetables and meat. They were all the freshest.

It was obvious that she planned everything today.

Orlando's eyes darkened, but no one knew what he was thinking

In the study upstairs, Viola sat in front of the computer.

She was concentrated.

The female talent show that she created was in its third season, and it was still popular.

As for her friend from the welfare house, Sherlyn, she had gone back to continue recording after recovering from her injuries. Sherlyn did not seem to be affected and quickly got into her stride. She had always been in the top fifteen. If there was no accident, she should be able to enter the finals.

It seemed everything was going in the right direction.

After getting the updates on the talent show, Viola called Aisha who was at the family house.

"I arranged for them to wipe the floor tonight. Alisha was very loud and cursed you, so I locked them up in the basement again. Is there a problem with what I did?"

“No,” Viola said in all seriousness. “Since they’ve become servants, you should restrain them according to the request of the servants. If they don’t listen, you can punish them however you want. But there’s one thing. Discipline the male Servants in the family house. They can’t have dirty thoughts!”

“Yes, Ms. Zurnthior, don’t worry. I’ll handle it well...”

Aisha was making promises. The window was not closed, Viola suddenly smelled a burning scent in the air.

It seemed to be... coming from downstairs,

Viola hung up the phone in horror and ran downstairs, only to see the kitchen full of smoke.

Orlando coughed as he tried to fan away the smoke.

“I asked you to make a meal. Are you going to burn the house?” Viola was disappointed.

She covered her nose and entered the kitchen, turned off the fire on the stove, and opened the exhaust fan.

After a long while, the choking smell almost dispersed.

She pointed at something in the pot that had been burned black like charcoal and asked, “What is this?”

“Braised pork ribs,” Orlando replied honestly.

Viola glanced at it again. It was hard to look at.

“Did you put a pound of soy sauce? And it was burnt. Even the recipe couldn’t save you. How bad a cook are you?”

Orlando expressed his innocence, “I made it according to the recipe. It says it should be stewed with a small fire for an hour and a half. I thought it was too slow and turned up the heat, thus...”

“Thus the disaster, right?”

He did not speak

Why did it feel like she wasn’t just talking about this dish, but also mocking him?

“Are you planning to let me eat this for dinner?” Viola siglied.

“I also cooked a side dish.”

“Where’s the food?”

Orlando led her to the table.

Although the side dish looked plain and bland, the color was normal, and the heat should be fine. It should be edible.

Alright, she had to make do.

Noticing she wanted to have a taste, Orlando pulled the dining chair for her and went to the kitchen to get a bowl and a fork

Viola looked at him strangely as he walked in and out.

An hour ago, he had felt humiliated because he had to work, but he adapted so quickly?

Orlando, who finally finished, stood quietly to the side, extremely obedient.

So attentive?

Viola felt something was off.

As she tried to pick up a vegetable leaf, she caught a glimpse of an imperceptible glimmer in his eyes.

There was a problem

She frowned and brought the vegetable leaf to her mouth, intending to eat.

Orlando raised his eyebrows slightly as if looking forward to it.

However, when she looked over, he regained his cold expression.

"You eat first," Viola said as she put down her fork

"I don't dare," Orlando lowered his head.

Although his head was lowered, his attitude was not respectful. So, I was just an act.

She smiled slyly and looked at him with sharp eyes.

“Now, in this villa, I am the master and you are the servant, so this is an order, Come here now! Sit down!”