

Ex-husband Goes Money Comes by Yvone Zabielski Chapter 109

Orlando continued to refuse, Obviously, something was wrong.

Orlando went to the kitchen with a cold face and took out another fork.

Under Viola's cold gaze, he picked up a piece of vegetable and stuffed it into his mouth without hesitation. He chewed it expressionlessly and swallowed it.

He did it smoothly.

Orlando said, "It's just the taste of ordinary vegetables. Try it?"

Viola propped up her chin with one hand and pointed at the dish with the other as she spoke in a low voice like a demon, "Finish the entire dish."

Orlando's expression changed slightly, and then he smiled. "You said you were the master here, so this is for you. How can I eat it?"

"If you don't want to eat it, I'll call my bodyguards in and ask them to help you."

"You!"

Orlando narrowed his eyes and looked at her fearlessly. "Are you trying to use your power to suppress me?"

She did not deny it.

– “That’s right, to deal with a disobedient servant, of course, I have to take tough measures. Do you want to eat it

yourself, or do you want me to let them come in and feed you?”

Orlando didn’t have a choice.

His face darkened bit by bit under her gaze.

The pride he had over the past few years had been dampened four times by this woman in front of him in just a few hours in the afternoon!

She was so hateful!

However, when Viola stared at him, her eyes curved sweetly. She looked harmless as if she hadn’t been threatening

him

She made it look like he was petty.

He could not refuse.

Orlando picked up his fork again and went for the plate of vegetables on the table. Even he did not notice that his arm was trembling slightly.

He held his breath and ate a mouthful of the dish. It was really difficult to swallow. His entire mouth was rejecting this Strange taste.

To mess with Viola and vent his anger, he almost put in all the ingredients in the mixer bottle that was not obvious in color

Who knew she was so vigilant and did not eat a single bite? Her faint smile seemed to show she saw him through.

He didn't give up and wanted to pretend to be calm and enjoy the delicious food, but his stomach acid was coming up.

Unable to hold on, he rushed to the kitchen and vomited.

Viola laughed and clapped her hands. She really admired his tolerance for being able to take a third bite before vomiting,

Did he want to trick her?

He was so childish.

"Mr. Caffrey, it is wrong to waste food. You are not allowed to eat tonight."

Orlando vomited everything in his stomach, but he still couldn't help but retch.

He heard Viola's words, but he didn't want to respond.

Orlando's stomach acid burned his throat. He was fine with not eating anything tonight.

But Viola still had to eat dinner,

After the farce, it was already past nine, and she was indeed a little hungry.

Viola couldn't expect Orlando to cook decent food tonight.

She chose to cook a simple bowl of noodles herself.

The pot on the stove was burnt, and Viola could only take out another pot from the cupboard.

She boiled water and put in the noodles, all in one go.

Orlando stood quietly by the door and watched.

Watching her serious and unhurried back, he was suddenly dazed for a moment.

If he could go back in time to three years ago when they first got married, would everything be different?

If he hadn't agreed to divorce her at that time, it would be good to enjoy life with her like this...

He stopped his conjectures and laughed at himself. If Viola knew what he was thinking, she would probably say, "Jerk, do you deserve to have me back?"

He was just a servant who had signed the agreement. He was indeed unworthy.

Just as he was thinking about this, Viola made delicious noodles.

It was only enough for herself.

Not a drop remained in the pot.

She was such a ruthless woman. She really didn't plan on letting him eat tonight.

He felt awkward. Watching Viola enjoying her meal, he had nothing to do. He prepared to go to a guest room on the second floor to drain up and sleep.

*Stop!"

"Come over and stand in front of me, Watch

I finish the food."

Orlando had a cold expression as he did what was asked

He did not understand what she meant until the aroma of the noodles entered his nostrils without mercy.

It smelled so good...

She ate so happily...

Orlando's Aam's apple babbed, but he sill stood there with a straight lacc.

The impact of the fragrance was deadly. He had just vomited, and his stomach was empty.

It was no different from Torture to let him watch her cat.

Orlando finally understood Viola's way of punisliing him.

Alter eating tlie noodles, Viola was full. She elepantly wiped her mouth with a tissue and looked at the man whose face

Was soll.

"Remember to clean up the kitchen before you go to sleep. Make the kitchen as clean as before you went in. Don't slack off."

After she finished speaking, she got up and prepared to go upstairs.

Out of the corner of her eyes, she noticed there was something wrong with Orlando's white shirt...

She frowned and walked over. She gently lifted his shirt collar and saw a faint pink on it.

It seemed to be a blood stain.

Orlando saw the dangerous look in her eyes and explained, "The blood is from the ribs. I got it by accident when I cleaned the ribs."

she didn't believe him at all. She pinched the collar hard, and her hand got wet. She looked up again to examine Orlando.

She even showed him the water stains on her hand,

"Because it was dirty, I washed it," Orlando said calmly.

Viola didn't understand why he was lying so seriously.

He was obviously injured. Why did he hide it?

Did Orlando think that not only would she not feel distressed, but she would mock him?

Hilarious.

But indeed, if he provoked her, she couldn't guarantee that she wouldn't do so.

Since Orlando didn't want to say more, Viola didn't intend to pursue the matter. She turned and walked upstairs.

When she passed by the storage cabinet in the living room, she stopped, took out the medicine box, and placed it where Orlando couldn't easily notice. Then, she returned to her room without looking back.

Orlando saw her actions, and his pupils trembled slightly.

Had she guessed he was injured, or ... had she known it long ago?

Did the people whom Bobby had sent to murder Orlando know Viola?

Who exactly was she?

How many secrets did she have that he did not know?

Orlando raised his head and looked upstairs, full of doubts. His deep, dark eyes gradually became unfathomable. No one knew what he was thinking,

Viola went upstairs to take a shower and heard a knock on the door.

There were only two people living in the villa. She knew it must be Orlando, Viola could only quickly change into pajamas.

The knock on the door was still ringing and the noise was very disturbing. Viola went to open the door with a bad

expression.

"What do you want?"

Orlando, who was outside the door, was shocked. He did not expect her to change her clothes so quickly

The pink cartoon pajamas, coupled with her wet hair made her skin look even more delicate without makeup. Her lips were pink and soft, but she was staring at him with hostility.

She was unexpectedly ... cute?

He looked down and stopped that thought, saying, "All my stuff is in Vist Villa. I lived there before. I want to go out for a while."

Viola frowned and looked at the time.

It was already eleven.o'clock at night.

It was so late. Why was he going to get his luggage?

She would not believe it!