

Ex-husband Goes Money Comes by Yvone Zabielski Chapter 124

Viola?

Viola was horrified. Did Orlando drink fair wine?

She did not say anything when Stanley heard Orlando me

confession, Stanley grew angry.

As the wine locked in, Stanley got up froth the ground, rushed onwar, grabbet Orlando's clothes, and clenched his other hand into a fist, ready to punch Orlando's face

"You injured her two days ago Wha t do youth

to the powdeft in front of her!"

Orlando didn't move, nor did he platt He triatlocked wito tal

e t, showing no weakness

Stanley was so angry that he was about to throw oedt a punch

"Vincent Shanel" Viola shouted

Vincent and Shane immediately jumped in from the open window and separated the two men who were at loggerheads

*Viola, why didn't you let me teach him a lesson?" Stanley asked gloomily,

Viola gave Vincent and Shane a look, saying, "Mr. Falcon is drunk Drive him back"

"I'm not drunk. Really, Viola, I'm not drunk..."

Stanley muttered, his legs limp as he was carried away by the two bodyguards. Stanley's voice faded.

Finally, it was quiet. Orlando stopped pretending to have a stomachache and regained his composure.

"Why aren't you pretending anymore?" Viola looked at him mockingly.

Orlando pursed his lips tightly and silently walked to Viola. He then steadily knelt in front of her.

This time, Orlando took the initiative to kneel.

Stanley had just knelt on one knee to express his love.

Now Orlando was kneeling to ask for forgiveness.

"What are you doing?" Viola didn't understand his actions.

Orlando looked up at her firmly. "There is something that has troubled me for many years. Can you tell me the truth tonight?"

“What is it?”

“On March 14th 13 years ago, did you go to Pinewood Street and save a little boy?”

Viola was about to deny it.

Orlando beat her to it, “If you choose to lie to me again. I will continue to investigate. I will not rest until I get the final result!”

Viola didn’t take it seriously. “Is the truth important? Why do you have to get this result?”

“It’s important.”

When their eyes met, Viola saw that his dark eyes were filled with anticipation and sincerity, as well as a desire for her to tell the truth.

“If you get my answer, won’t you continue to investigate?”

“Yes.”

Orlando’s tone was firm.

Well, saving that boy was just an accident, and it was just a trivial matter for her. It was fine to tell him. “Yes, I have been there. I seem to save a boy from the car accident that day, but I can’t remember anything else.”

Orlando’s eyes turned red, and his deep voice trembled a little. “This is enough.”

These years, he had been ridiculously wrong! Extremely wrong!

The girl whom he liked and felt grateful for was actually the same person. He used to have her but hadn't cherished

her...

Orlando felt a sharp pain in his heart.

He took a step towards Viola and shouted at her with red eyes, "Viola, ..."

"Stop!"

Viola was horrified. Every time he used a gentle tone, it always seemed like there was a conspiracy. Couldn't he speak normally?

He said her name so softly.

She couldn't take it.

"I'll give you two choices. Do you want to call me Master or Viola?" Viola said with a serious face.

Orlando's face paled, and he struggled within himself. "Viola is better."

He continued with a trembling voice, "These days, I finally understand my feelings. I realize how ridiculously wrong I was before... Viola, it turns out that the one I have always admired, loved, and appreciated is you. From beginning to end, it has always been you! I was so stupid. I..."

Without waiting for him to finish, Viola lifted his chin with her fingertips.

When she noticed the regret on his face and eyes, she felt he was putting on a good show.

"Let me guess. Have you thought it through? what has been done cannot be undone."

Her lips curled into a smile, and her eyes were filled with undisguised ridicule.

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Other than mockery and coldness, there was no other emotion in her eyes.

Orlando's heart lurched.

He was not surprised that Whitney's words had been heard by the bodyguards and conveyed to Viola that day. However, he would never do such a despicable thing.

will never force you. From now on, I will not lie to you or put on any show. Whether you believe it or not, I will prove it to you. I will make it up to you any way you want. I am willing to pay anything, as long as you can give me another chance."

"Another chance?"

Get Bopters

Viola laughed, "I don't care if you took the wrong medicine today or if you're crazy. There's one thing I'll make clear to you! I'll never turn back and marry you again. It's impossible unless you die!"

Unless he died?

Orlando smiled bitterly. He understood her personality, but he still refused to give up. Orlando wanted to give it a try and make his heart hurt again...

"I hurt you too deeply. I don't deserve your forgiveness. Then let me stay by your side for the rest of my life as a servant to atone for my sins."

A lifetime?

Viola raised her eyebrows and sneered, "in that case, if I marry another man in the future, can you bear to watch me and him show affection to each other every day?"

Orlando's back froze, and his face turned pale.

When Viola noticed his reaction, she sneered, loosened her grip on his chin, and went upstairs.

"Orlando, your life is too long. Who knows what will happen? Let's talk about it after you can survive this year."

Orlando kept kneeling on the ground, and Viola's words echoed in his head for a long time.

Could he really bear to watch her be intimate with another man every day?

The answer was, he couldn't do it!

He stayed in the living room for a long time and gradually figured it out.

Viola didn't believe his confession, so he would prove it to her with actions!

He tidied up the table before returning to his room to take a shower.

Just as he entered the bathroom and took off his trousers, some things suddenly fell to the ground with light clicks.

Orlando bent down to pick them up and found three packs of sugar for coffee.

He didn't take them seriously. Maybe he had put them in his pocket during the day when he had made coffee. He put them on the bedside table and continued to take a shower.

After taking a shower, he came out wearing a bathrobe. He had just dried his hair when Viola's voice came from upstairs, "Orlando, come to the study."

He immediately changed his clothes and went upstairs. He opened the door of the study and saw that Viola was working overtime in front of her computer.

Because she drank red wine, her cheeks were red, which was intoxicating, but her eyes were clear.

"Make a cup of coffee," Viola ordered when she saw him come in.

Drinking coffee this late at night?

Orlando frowned and tried to persuade her, "You drank wine tonight. You should rest early. Drinking coffee at night and staying up late can hurt your body."

Viola frowned and glared at him. "Go."

The talent show was coming to an end the day after tomorrow, and she planned to make the last show live.

Therefore, she had to finalize the project plan in the next two days, and she didn't want to hand it over to others.

Get Boys

Orlando noticed the determination in her eyes. She rarely changed her decisions once she believed in them.

"How long do you want to work? i'll stay with you."

Orlando turned and went downstairs to the kitchen.

After making the coffee, he found that there were no sugar packets left.

Thinking of the few packets in his room, Orlando returned there, picked a packet, and placed it on the coffee tray.

Viola was extremely focused in front of the computer. Orlando placed the coffee by her hand and turned to leave. After closing the door, he leaned against it and stayed up late with her.

After about half an hour, a strange gasp suddenly came from the study.