

Ex-husband Goes Money Comes by Yvone Zabielski Chapter 143

If it weren't for him, this wouldn't be a simple thing

Viola narrowed her cold eyes slightly looking doubtful when she gazed at Orlando

she pinched his cheeks harder.

if this month was filled with food. His ridy eyebrows furrowed, and he

Orlando's cheeks bulged because of that looked like a poot dog with bright eye

"I will believe you this time 11 1 find cont that you are still lying to me, I will immediately throw you into prison. I'll see how long you can hold out before your subordinated get you out."

After she finished speaking, she withdrew her hand in anger.

Orlando fell to the floor weakly

He was about to speak when he tasted the blood surging up his throat. He choked and coughed violently.

It was as if he was going to cough up everything he had eaten.

He wasn't afraid of going to jail. Even if Viola threw him in, few people dared to do anything to him there. However, he didn't want Viola to continue misunderstanding him.

“Well, if I lied to you, I would die a painful death.

Viola tilted her head and looked down at him again.

His face turned pale as he coughed with a fever. When he frowned, he looked miserable.

Perhaps it was because of the specific medicine that he seemed to suffer from a long illness.

Even Jimmy and Toby felt sympathetic when seeing his pitiful look.

But Viola was expressionless as she stared at Orlando, seeming to be thinking about something

After a while, she looked at Jimmy and Toby and said, “Who can go cook him some porridge?”

Jimmy and Toby looked at each other in confusion.

“Ms. Zumthor, I can fight for you, but I don’t know how to make porridge. I’ve never learned it before...”

Toby also said, “I don’t know either!”

Viola was at a loss for words.

She thought she might consider hiring a few bodyguards who could cook.

She looked at Orlando on the ground again and wondered if she should ask him to make it himself.

But he seemed to have noticed her gaze and suddenly coughed even harder, looking quite pitiful in Viola's eyes.

She pursed her lips.

"Alright, you help him back to the bed. I'll go cook."

"Yes."

After saying that, Viola got up and went downstairs. She found the ingredients in the cupboard and began to make porridge.

Toby helped Orlando back to the bed and then went downstairs to find her in the kitchen.

"Ms. Zumthor, do you believe Mr. Caffrey's words?"

"Yes, but not all. I only believe in the final evidence. If it's really not him, I'll find out about it."

She thought for a moment and continued to say, "Since he said that he sent Stanley away, you go investigate this

again and see if he lied."

"Okay."

Toby nodded and added, "Actually, I believe Mr. Caffrey."

“Tell me why.” Viola was cooking porridge when her hand froze for a moment.

“Since he was able to get Lawson out of prison and bring him back without being noticed by anyone, he must be backed up by a great power, and it was easy for him to take Anaya away. If he really wanted to take her away, he would have done it long ago.

“He could go to a small country with her by sea, and nobody could find them. He didn’t need to take the risk of being discovered by you and continue to stay in the villa after doing that.”

Viola didn’t speak.

She was angry yesterday, and Orlando had misunderstood what she meant. Since he admitted it directly, she didn’t think too much about it.

Now thinking about it carefully, she thought there were indeed many loopholes in the details of the matter.

If it weren’t him, then who could it be?

An idea popped up in Viola’s mind.

Could be the one in the McGraw family who harmed me?

But if it’s that person, when did he find out that I’m still alive and currently in Washington?

Why did he want to get Anaya out of prison?

What is he trying to do next?

Just as Viola was thinking about these, Toby was suddenly shocked.

“Ms. Zumthor, the porridge!”

Well, what’s wrong?

“It’s burnt! Ms. Zumthor, the porridge is burnt!”

Viola suddenly smelled something burning. She reacted and quickly turned off the heat.

Fortunately, only the bottom stuck to the pot, and the top wasn’t burnt.

She asked Toby to investigate according to her instructions and then took a small bowl from the cupboard to put the porridge in it.

She went upstairs and found that the door of Orlando’s room was not completely closed with a crack.

She was about to push the door open and enter when she saw him rolling up his trousers and applying medicine to his knees through the crack in the door.

His skin became fragile, so after kneeling last night, his entire knees and lower legs were covered with bruises. It could be seen that he was seriously injured.

Viola frowned. Although he had been kneeling for about the same time as her, his injuries were much more serious than hers.

Ever since he signed the agreement with her, she couldn't remember how many times he had knelt, voluntarily or being forced by her, and the injuries on his body seemed to have never disappeared.

It seemed that the fierce and arrogant man had been tamed by her.

But why didn't she feel very happy?

Viola thought back, feeling that he had done enough to make it up to her.

She collected her thoughts, pushed open the door, and entered,

Seeing her, Orlando put down his trousers, covered himself with the quilt, and lay on the bed to wait for her.

Viola sat down on the chair next to his bed, holding a bowl of porridge and stirring it with a spoon as she gently blew it on. She had an elegant and gentle manner.

Orlando looked at her with burning eyes, feeling quite excited.

He licked his pale lips with an expectant face, obediently waiting for her to feed him.

Viola noticed his gaze but continued to blow the porridge on without a glance at him. She looked quite indifferent.

Feeling that the porridge went cool, she handed the bowl and spoon to him.

Orlando was stunned and didn't reach out to take them.

"Take them and eat. I won't feed you." Viola's tone was very cold.

This broke Orlando's heart a little, and he suddenly felt a great sense of loss and grievance.

"It hurts. I can't eat it myself," he said, looking at her with red eyes.

"Your knees are injured, not your hands. Why can't you eat the porridge yourself?" Viola exposed his pretense of being

weak

Orlando explained.

"But I have a fever. I feel dizzy."

"You speak so clearly. It looks like you can still think. If you continue to be like this, then don't eat it." Viola's face was

cold."

She pretended to get up and take the porridge away.

Orlando quickly snatched the bowl from her hands. Although she didn't want to feed him, she had cooked the porridge herself. He thought he'd better have a taste.

But when he had a mouthful of porridge, he almost vomited it on the spot.

"Why ... does it taste burnt?"

Viola was a little embarrassed.

She wouldn't say that she forgot to turn off the heat when thinking about Anaya.

Goed Bopita.

"Don't eat if you don't like it. You can cook it yourself later," she stretched out her hand to get the bowl.

Orlando moved away and didn't want her to take it away, looking very protective of the food,

After that, under Viola's gaze, he drank up the entire bowl of porridge.

Because it was burnt, it didn't taste good. Orlando resisted the urge to throw up and showed her the empty bowl.

Viola knew that it was not delicious. Seeing him like this, she curled her lips subconsciously.

Since Orlando had finished the food, it was time to proceed with the next step.

Viola took out a piece of paper that she had Jimmy print and handed it over with a calm expression.

“Take a look and sign it.”

Orlando took it unknowingly.

After seeing the words on it, he became angry.

“Do you want to cancel the employment contract with me?”