

Ex-husband Goes Money Comes by Yvone Zabielski Chapter 158

This was an order.

There was no room for negotiation or bargaining

Did Viola want to draw a clear line with him so badly but no matter how hard she tried, she refused to accept him

So was she really determined to be a stranger to him for the rest of her life?

Orlando's lowered eyelashes trembled, and tears gradually appeared in his eyes.

His eyes were no longer filled with the violence and viciousness he had felt before.

He felt that his heart was being rubbed by someone, and he was in so much pain.

His pale, handsome face couldn't hide his weakness

Viola saw the expression on his face

But there was not the slightest change in the coldness on her face, and she raised the document a little higher.

Orlando held his breath, his fingertips trembling as he took the document. His heart was extremely complicated.

Just as Viola turned to pick up the pen on the coffee table, she heard a hissing sound behind her.

Orlando's eyes were cold as he tore the document into pieces without hesitation.

And this time, he even went too far to directly throw it over Viola's head!

The white scraps of paper fell on her head.

Provocation?

Viola was really angry.

Her anger was surging, rolling, and roaring, rubbing up to the top of her head,

Viola ground her teeth and said word by word, "Are you courting death?"

The man in front of her was not afraid at all. When Orlando looked at her, his deep and dark eyes were extremely

gloomy.

His well-defined hands slid to the belt around his waist and he untied the buckle neatly, as if he was about to pull it

out.

“What are you doing?”

Viola stood still

Was Orlando so angry that he wanted to hit her?

With his current strength, did he really think he could beat me!

Viola stared at Orlando angrily and gritted her teeth, waiting for him to attack

The next second, Orlando folded his belt and stuffed it into her hands.

Then Orlando turned around and knelt on one knee. His broad back, which was only wearing a thin white shirt, was exceptionally straight.

He said, “I won’t obey this order. I even made you angry. I accept my punishment. You can whip me! You can beat me until you feel better!”

Viola was confused.

What is that?

Her anger was about to burst out. But all of a sudden, Orlando made her laugh in anger!

“Is there something wrong with your brain? What special hobby is it? Are you a masochist?”

Orlando bit his lower lip and his eyes turned red.

He was not a masochist.

Even though Orlando had suffered in the army and was injured, he was still afraid of pain.

But compared to the pain, Orlando didn't want to lose Viola. He didn't want to be a stranger to her. That would make him more uncomfortable and suffocating

"I only do this to you! I tried my best to repay the debt I owed you, not for the sake of being a stranger to you, but because I wanted you to give me a chance to start over with you. I really like you!"

Orlando spoke too much at one time, and his throat was dry. He coughed until his shoulders trembled, and his back was still straight

"Like?"

Viola pursed her red lips and looked down at him quietly.

Her eyes were like deathly stillness, and her tone was cold and emotionless.

Viola said, "You should have said this three years ago. I don't want it anymore. To me, late love is worthless.

"You want to start over again? Impossible."

Orlando suddenly felt a sharp pain in his breath. "I'm sorry..."

He clenched his fists, sniffed, accepted his fate, and closed his eyes. "Then you can beat me. It's impossible for me to

sign it anyway."

Viola furrowed her brows. "Is there something wrong with your brain because of the fever in the past two days? With your weak body that has just recovered, how many times can you withstand my ruthless blows?"

She also knew that he had just recovered from his fever...

Orlando felt awkward and wronged in his heart, more tears welling up in his dark eyes.

"Even if I can't take it, you can beat me until you cool down," Orlando said stubbornly.

Viola thought, interesting

He is so stubborn.

Does he ask for a beating?

she grabbed the two ends of the belt that had been snapped in half and suddenly straightened it, making a crisp sound.

Orlando did not move at all. He gritted his teeth and prepared for the pain to come at any time.

When Viola saw how annoying he was, she suddenly had the thought of teasing him. She smiled mischievously, "That's not funny to have your shirt on. If your shirt is damaged, you still have to buy a new one. Moreover, you won't feel much pain if you have your shirt on, right?"

Orlando swallowed hard and immediately took off his thin shirt and threw it on the coffee table in a

unrestrained manner.

Then, his posture remained unchanged, and he straightened his back, waiting for Viola to make a move.

Viola was not in a hurry. She quietly stood behind Orlando and feasted her eyes on him.

Although Orlando had been injected with a special medicine, the medicine would not have any effect on his own body and even made his skin a little fairer. It looked much better than before.

In addition, Orlando had broad back muscles, and his muscles were perfect.

Just by looking at it, it was very pleasing to the eyes.

After that, Viola used the tip of the belt to gently stroke every muscle on his back

She was slow and patient.

Orlando couldn't help but tremble slightly. Viola was clearly teasing him!

It really turned him on and made him feel itchy.

Just as Orlando was being teased to the point that he couldn't take it anymore, Viola loosened the end of the belt and gripped the end of the metal buckle.

She raised it up high, used it as a whip, and swung it with all her strength.

A crisp sound was heard!

The belt swept the strong wind and whistled.

With his eyes closed, Orlando trembled almost reflexively.

But... It didn't hurt.

Viola slapped the marble floor.

She threw the belt away and snorted, "What a coward!"

Viola thought Orlando was a tough guy, but he still trembled.

Even if Orlando was a masochist, she was not an unreasonable brute.

"Put on your clothes. Since you don't want to sign it, you can stay until you want to sign it."

After saying this coldly, Viola turned around to leave.

Orlando quickly got up and turned around to prabher wrisi, "ii's already might. Where are you going?"

"I don't feel like staying in this place. I'll change to another place."

This seemed to be said casually, but it was actually cold and ruthless.

Orlando held her wrist tightly.

From her words, it seemed that Viola did not intend to return to Bay Villa anymore and wanted to leave him here alone.

al she want to force him to sign with cold violence?

"Let go." Viola frowned and mercilessly pried his hand away.

Orlando was stunned for a moment and finally compromised.

"Just one year! You married me and cooked for me for three years, and I used this year to return it all to you. When my debt is completely cleared, I will take the initiative to leave and never come to disturb your life again, okay?"

"Is it true?"

Viola confirmed again, "You have to leave forever"

With a dull breath, a bitter smile appeared on his pale handsome face. "Yes, I mean it."

“Alright.” Viola raised her eyebrows and used her phone to record the promise Orlando had just made.
“Remember what you said.”

With a gloomy look on his face, Orlando nodded. Nobody knew what he was thinking about.

After a while, he said, “The food is still warm. Would you like to have some?”

Viola didn’t refuse. Since it was the last year, she would do as the agreement said.

Orlando’s cooking skills were much better than before, Viola was full and went to the study to deal with some work before returning to her room to take a shower and rest.

The next morning, she went to Angle Group as usual.

Before she walked out of the gate of Bay Villa, a group of uniformed police officers with solemn expressions walked toward her

The head policeman showed her his ID.

“Hello, Ms. Zumthor. This is Brian Townsend, the captain of the third division of Washington Police Station. You have been accused of trespassing, intentional wounding, and intentional damage to private property. Please come with us.”