

## Ex-husband Goes Money Comes by Yvone Zabielski Chapter 167

He lay on the sofa, staring at Orlando with his blue eyes with a faint smile.

He looked carefree and dangerous.

He had checked the people around Orlando and found that they were not simple. He couldn't find too much about Orlando and that made him have to doubt Orlando.

"I'm just an average person. That's all."

Orlando's eyes narrowed. He walked to the sofa next to Jerry and sat straight.

He took a slight glance at Jerry's muscles exposed from his black shirt and collarbone and had a glance at Jerry's blue eyes. He thought this man was really sexy.

Even he, a man, thought so. Viola should also think the same, wouldn't she?

All of a sudden, Orlando remembered what Jerry had said to Viola. He said that they had been together for many years. And in the police station, when Viola saw Jerry, her eyes were full of complex emotions.

Did Viola like him? Orlando wondered.

Noticing that Orlando was staring at him, Jerry said with an evil smile, "I'm a man of my word. If anyone dares to get in my way, I'll ruin that guy and take my stuff back. Do you understand what I mean?"

Orlando smiled.

He was not afraid of that at all.

He poured himself another glass of wine and finished it. His tone was very provocative.

“You can have a try. I’ll enjoy it, but...”

After a pause, he looked serious and cautious. “Viola is not someone’s personal belonging. I’ve learned my lesson. She has always been independent and has her own thoughts. No one else can affect her decisions.”

“Of course, but I can guide her to make a choice, just like last night.”

Speaking of last night, Orlando’s eyes narrowed, with rage and coldness bursting out.

Jerry sat up and looked into his eyes. “I taught her how to shoot. She is very smart and learned quickly. Last night, I was behind her and saw clearly what she did.”

Realizing what he wanted to say, Orlando frowned.

He continued, “If she doesn’t want to hurt you, she has the ability to make you completely

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Det bor unharmed, so she is angry with you, and even wants to kill you. For her, you are just a pet. If you are obedient, you will be rewarded; if you are disobedient, you will be punished. She doesn’t love you

anymore.

“Think about her expression when she first saw me. She has feelings for me. When the misunderstandings between me and her are solved, a pet will be useful to her. Can you

understand?”

Orlando bit his lips, and his eyes were slightly trembling. His eyes were deep and cold.

Jerry appreciated his expression and laughed wildly.

But the next second, Orlando also smiled.

“No wonder you are the Secret Bureau of Investigation’s boss. You are good at alienation and scheming. He can figure out people’s weaknesses, and hit them where it hurts the most.”

Hearing this, Jerry stared at him cautiously.

Jerry realized that Orlando was not as simple as he appeared to be.

Orlando continued, “You don’t just want to say that to me as you meet me secretly today, right?”

Jerry smiled again.

“Don’t you want to know how much she cares about you? Does she care more about you or me?”

The two men looked at each other from afar.

One looked cold and mysterious.

One was evil and arrogant.

Viola and Lucille were having a meeting. In the middle of the meeting, a noise came from the

corridor outside

The voice was loud.

Viola and Lucille looked at each other and opened the door

Outside the door, a man in a suit and leather shoes was arguing with a female assistant

“What’s wrong?” Viola asked.

The assistant hurried over and said, “Ms. Zumthor, I’ve told this gentleman that you are having a meeting with Lucille and it’s not convenient for you to meet a guest. But he just wanted to break in and I almost couldn’t stop him!”

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The man turned around and bowed respectfully to Viola. "Ms. Zurnthor."

Viola looked at him up and down. She seemed to have met him somewhere before. "Are you with

Jerry?"

The man was very happy to be recognized.

"Yes. I work for Mr. Feiton. I'm sorry to bother you. It's really urpent. Mr. Felton and Mr. Caffrey are

going to play a gaine and the losers will die!"

"Die?"

Viola squinted her cold eyes and said, "What trick does Jerry want to play again!"

"They are in the private room of Color World now. Please go and persuade them. If it's late, someone might die!"

Viola's face darkened.

She turned to Lucille, who was standing at the door, and said, "You can go back to your work, and let's continue the meeting tomorrow."

After that, she rushed to Color World.

When she opened the door of the VIP private room, she saw two men sitting opposite each other on the annular leather sofa across a table.

On the table, there were parts of guns placed in an order.

They had a strong desire to win.

Noticing Viola came in, Orlando quickly stood up and blocked her sight.

Viola looked at him coldly and said in an unfriendly tone, "What are you doing?"

Orlando looked back slightly and said to Jerry, "Put on your clothes."

Jerry raised his eyebrows and slowly buttoned up the two buttons that were loosened at his collarbone.

Seeing that he was dressed neatly. Orlando moved aside and let Viola sit on the sofa first.

Sitting in the middle, Viola crossed her hands and glanced coldly at the gun parts on the table.

With a sheer on her red lips, she said, "You want to see who's faster to assemble a gun and kill the other? Whose idea?"

The two men were silent at the same time.

Viola turned to look at Orlando and said, "He is the Secret Bureau of Investigation's leader. He has

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used this thing since he was a child, but you actually agreed to play this game with him. Do you know how to use a gun?"

She was trying to ask something from him.

With a faint smile in his eyes, Orlando said, "I was lucky enough to use it several times before. Although I'm not familiar with it, he provoked me. As a man, of course, I have to try."

Jerry said, "Viola, this is a game between men."

Viola snorted, crossed her arms, and leaned back against the sofa. Her expression was cold and

arrogant, and her tone was ruthless.

"Since you don't care about your own lives, I won't stop you. Let me see who will die later."

Jerry's men were dumbfounded.

"Aren't you here to stop them?"

Viola's expression was cold, as if she was here to see something interesting.

Jerry looked at his subordinates and said, "Get out. No matter what you hear or what happens later, don't come in."

"Yes, sir."

As soon as the men left, it got intense in the room as the door was closed.

Jerry looked at Orlando and said with a smile, "We have signed the agreement. The one who's faster can shoot the other to death. Are you really going to do it?"

There was a faint smile on Orlando's face.

"No regret."

Viola clenched his fists and took a deep breath.

Jerry was more ruthless than Orlando. If he won, he would definitely shoot.

But since Orlando dared to bet, he must be well prepared.

Orlando said that he had used guns several times.

She would like to see how well Orlando knew about using a gun and how fast he could be.

While she was thinking, the men on both sides of the table were sitting straight with a strong  
murderous will.

A few seconds later, Jerry said.

Set Bonus

“The game begins.”