

## Ex-husband Goes Money Comes by Yvone Zabielski Chapter 168

The two men started quickly and orderly. Their movements were so fast and each step was followed immediately by another step.

Viola didn't know how to assemble guns, so she was dazzled by their moves.

Her gaze had been on Orlando all the time.

He was calm and modest. He claimed that he had only touched guns a few times, but his practiced movements revealed that he already had muscle memory.

Orlando was almost on a par with Jerry in speed, which was impossible without touching guns for years

When Viola stared at Orlando, her expression became grimmer and grimmer.

Jerry keenly sensed that Viola had not noticed him for even a second. Instead, her focus had been on Orlando

When he was assembling the last part, he deliberately paused for half a second.

In this half a second, Orlando finished assembling his gun. He coldly raised his gun and aimed at Jerry's forehead, his eyes filled with killing intent.

Orlando's well-defined hand was about to pull the trigger

Viola noticed his actions and said instantly, "Orlando, don't!"

Orlando was stunned. His black eyes suddenly dilated uncontrollably, but he did not move.

"Put it down, this is an order!"

On the other side, Jerry's gaze was provocative.

Orlando bit his lower lip, for the command made his heart tremble and left his entire body in pain.

After insisting for two seconds, he finally put down the gun with a pale face.

However, Jerry smiled, "Congratulations. You won the game, but you lost to her. I've told you that you are just a pet to her. You should quit now."

Orlando stood there, with slightly lowered eyelashes, empty dark eyes, and cold limbs.

Jerry looked at Viola. "Viola, I knew it. You said you don't want me, but I know that, deep down, you care about me! Let's make up. Don't ever quarrel with me anymore, alright?"

Viola glanced at Orlando, and then looked at Jerry, who did not assemble the last part of the gun.

She instantly understood that Jerry had just played a trick.

She looked at Jerry and said coldly, "You're wrong. I just don't want to see blood. If you had assembled and loaded the gun first, I would have stopped you from killing him."

Jerry's expression gradually froze.

Viola continued to say, "If you want me to choose between you and him. I'll choose Orlando."

After the expiry of one year's employment, she would never cross paths with Orlando again, which was Orlando's promise. She had recorded it on her phone.

But it would be different if she chose Jerry

Jerry could not stop being possessive of her, so it would be a disaster for her.

Jerry was more difficult to deal with than Orlando!

"Viola, I know you're still angry with me..."

Viola interrupted, "I'm no longer angry about what happened so many years ago, but it's just impossible for us to be together."

She looked at Orlando and smiled sexily, with her slender fingers waving at him. "Come and sit on me."

The two men were both stunned.

Under her bewitching gaze, Orlando got up and walked over.

Viola pulled him into her arms and let him sit on her lap.

She was shorter than the two men, but her aura was sharper than theirs.

She had coquettish eyes, as if she was the playboy who came to enjoy himself.

Orlando was stiff all over, his mind was blank, and his heart was pounding. He couldn't understand

what she was trying to do.

She actually took the initiative to let him sit on her?

Viola saw his puzzled gaze and gently rubbed his short hair. Her eyes curved as she smiled. When she spoke, her voice was soft and extremely charming

"Hug me."

Orlando's fingers were stiff. He was stunned for two seconds before he tentatively wrapped his

arms around her waist.

Just as he got closer, Viola whispered into his ear in a voice that only the two of them could hear, "Act with me."

Orlando frowned and didn't move. His head was pressed against her shoulder.

From Jerry's point of view, Orlando had his back bowed and nestled against Viola's chest like a little

bird.

He saw her expression. I looked like she was used to it.

The scene hurt Jerry so much that his eyes narrowed and he spoke word by word, "Viola, are you provoking me on purpose?"

Viola smirked lazily, "Jerry, what you like is something that whistles in your arms. I have

money and war. Why should be this kind of money like to live

in to dole on. We will

never be together."

Viola continued to say, "Also, I remember that you have mysophobia. Once, I put your coat on the flower terrace, and you never wore it and you don't like that I put your coat there, and you don't

like anyone touching your stuff. But you have to know that I never belong to you. I belong to myself, so I will touch other men."

Jerry gritted his teeth. 'You are too young, so you like to play roles. I can also do this with you, and you can play as long as you want. Who doesn't do something absurd when they are young? I don't care about your past at all. I just want you!'

As long as he found an opportunity to kill Orlando, she would still belong to him.

Viola sighed to herself.

Jerry was really stubborn. It seemed that what she did was not enough.

She gently patted Orlando on the back, signaling him to sit on her and face her.

Orlando obeyed without saying a word.

Viola gently caressed his handsome face. "Orlando, you've played games with Jerry, but I'm very tired of it. Don't you think you should do something for me?" Her voice was coquettish with a hint of fatigue

Orlando stared at her blankly. Although he didn't understand, he didn't stop her.

No matter what Viola wanted to do, he would unconditionally obey her.

Even if he knew that her gentle smile was just acting, it was enough

Just now, when he was in her arms and wrapped around her slender waist, he was drowned with the

pleasant smell of her body, as if he was dreaming

If it was a dream, he would rather live in the dream forever.

He stared at her in a daze, so Viola lifted her eyebrows and reminded him, pinching his chin, "Give

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me your belt."

Orlando did not hesitate at all. He quickly untied the metal buckle, pulled out the belt, and handed it to her.

Viola said, "Your Hand."

Was she going to slap him to vent her anger?

He stretched out his left hand, his palm facing up and spreading out.

"Both hands."

Orlando obediently followed her instructions.

Viola wrapped her belt around his wrist, and then tilted and buckled it.

Then, she raised both of his hands and asked him to keep them above his head.

She pulled out his white shirt from the waistband, lifted it up, and placed it in front of his thin lips.

“Bite it.”

Orlando obediently bit it with his teeth.

His shirt was lifted, and under the dim light in the room, his skin was sickly white as if he was drugged.

Completely exposed in front of Viola were the perfect abdominal muscles, exquisite and clear.

It was especially pleasing to her eyes.

She gently stroked his abdominal muscles with her cool fingertips, as if she was slowly tasting a

delicious delicacy.

She smiled evilly.

“Do you like it?”

Orlando’s heart was itching from her leaching, and he couldn’t help but groan softly.

As Jerry watched them, his teeth wereaching, and his lower jaw was tight.



This scene intensely stimulated his nerves.

“Viola...” Jerry’s eyes were red.

Viola just ignored him.

She felt that it was not enough.

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