

Ex-husband Goes Money Comes by Yvone Zabielski Chapter 182

He had expected that Viola wouldn't suffer any losses.

He shook his head, deciding he would not offend this tough girl in the future.

Bobby on the phone did not know that he had been tricked by Viola. He said seriously, "I heard from

Russell that you have been looking for evidence related to the Haworth family in Washington recently. I happened to get some. Tomorrow I will let Russell fax it to your company computer."

Viola sneered silently.

She didn't think he just "happened to" help her.

She thought it seemed that he had planned this and deliberately brought it up after she got punished.

She felt he tricked her.

She was a little unhappy. Then she thought of Bobby's promise of being beaten by her.

She thought she didn't lose!

Furthermore, there was no reason for her to reject the thing that was put in her hands.

Viola sweetly agreed and complimented him greatly before ending the call.

Because Orlando was in the hospital, Viola, who found it late after she stood up, just picked a room, cleaned it, and let Russell stay there for the night.

The next morning, Viola went to Caffrey Group as usual.

The file Bobby had promised was quickly sent to her through fax. She printed it and read it carefully.

As expected, Bobby meant efficiency.

The file of evidence was so detailed that it was enough for Jaylin to stay in jail for the rest of her life.

She decided to let tomorrow be the Haworth family's doomsday!

She called for Lucille to have a meeting, and they didn't stop working until the afternoon.

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Thinking of Orlando, who was still in the hospital, she pondered for a while and asked Toby to find an object.

When it was time to get off work, Viola packed up and returned to the Bay Villa.

When she had just arrived at the villa, she unexpectedly saw Jimmy.

“Why are you here instead of staying in the hospital?” she asked with a frown.

Jimmy explained, “Mr. Caffrey said he didn’t want to stay in the hospital, so he asked the doctor to check on him and get him discharged.”

She thought, he left the hospital so soon.

Viola was silent. Then she had planned to go to the hospital to see him tonight.

She thought, since he was back, it seemed that his injuries were almost healed.

She was about to enter when Jimmy leaned close to her and whispered, “Ms. Zumthor, I feel Mr. Caffrey is ... weird.”

“Even you feel that way.” She thought it seemed that he was really strange.

Viola frowned, deep in thought.

Jimmy nodded. “Mr. Caffrey went straight into the room as soon as he came back. He never came out after that.”

“Alright, I know.”

Viola looked grim. She entered the villa and went up to the second floor.

The door of Orlando’s room was closed, but not locked.

Viola pushed open the door and entered. The bedsheet was flat with no traces of anyone lying down.

Orlando was lying quietly on a chair by the window. He was in an exquisite dark suit. He looked relaxed, admiring the sunset outside the window.

Because it was late autumn, the sun failed to give warmth to him when it shone on his body.

But it cast a faint glow on his handsome face, making him as handsome and dignified as a deity.

However, when she got closer, Viola noticed that his thin lips were dry and his face was so pale.

“Don’t lie down. You may press on the wound on your back.”

Orlando was lost in thought as he looked at the setting sun. He didn’t notice it until she got so close

to him.

“Viola.”

He instantly propped himself up and tried to stand up. “I was lost in the scenery and forgot the time. Are you hungry? I’ll go cook now.”

“No. If you are not feeling well, I’ll give you a day off...”

Viola held his shoulder and let him sit back.

When she touched him, she just realized that he was so cold, like ice.

Viola frowned. “Why are you so cold? And your face is pale. Is the wound on your back still painful?”

Orlando forced a smile to comfort her. “It doesn’t hurt anymore. I’ve been lying down for a long time. I guess that’s why my hands and feet are cold. But it’s fine. I’ll be okay after resting for two days.”

Viola did not believe it at all.

He spoke weakly, and his eyelashes trembled. She felt he was pretending.

“Sit down and let me see your injury,” she said and was about to take off his suit jacket.

Orlando grabbed his collar tightly and refused to let her take it off. “It’s okay. It is almost healed and it’s wrapped in gauze. Even if you strip my clothes, you won’t be able to see it.”

Viola admitted what he said was true.

She had to let him go.

After losing her support, Orlando slightly trembled, and he immediately stretched back to support himself.

Noticing Viola’s gaze, he curled his pale lips and looked relaxed. “It’s good to see you care so much about me. That doesn’t happen frequently.”

Viola rolled her eyes.

But thinking that he had indeed saved her this time, she did not mock him. Instead, she wore a serious look.

She said, “You know, I don’t like owing people. You saved me, and I allow you to make a request. What do you want?”

“Can I really ask for anything?”

Orlando raised his head and looked her in the eye. His eyes lit up slightly.

"I'll try my best to satisfy all your requests except for remarrying you and other relationship things. Tell me," Viola added.

Orlando just smiled.

He thought, she knew I only want that...

Forget it. I don't have much time anyway.

"Alright, stay there and don't move."

Viola nodded and stood there.

Orlando took back his hands from the lounge chair and sat up straight. He boldly passed his hands through her coat and put them around her slender waist tightly. "Then let me hug you for a while.

Just a little while."

Viola was warm, and Orlando was cold.

With this hug, he felt his heart melt.

"Just this?"

Viola was a little startled.

She was surprised that his request was so simple.

"Yes..."

Viola didn't move. She stood straight and stiff, allowing him to stick his head to her belly with his hands around her waist.

But after standing in silence for a while, she suddenly found it weird with her hands down instead of holding something.

Since it was his request, she thought she needed to hug him back.

Thus, she subconsciously stretched towards his back, planning to give him a 'fake hug'.

She stopped midway.

Thinking of the injury on his back, her fingers became stiff for a minute. She finally decided to stroke his head.

His dark black short hair was clean and soft. It felt very good.

Viola touched it and liked it.

She couldn't stop.

Orlando, whose head was stroked, frowned.

He thought, why do I feel like... Viola is stroking a dog?

He, who had been in Viola's arms and unwilling to let her go, realized that, and relaxed his hold.

He smiled, "Alright, my request has been met. You don't owe me anything."

Viola stopped stroking his head.

After some thought, she took out a delicate black-gold gift box from the pocket of her coat and gave it to him.

"This is my gift for you."

Orlando looked at her suspiciously. He thought, is it a test when she asked me to make a request?

Does she want to see whether I would make an unreasonable one?

He took the gift and opened it with his trembling fingers.

It was a bottle of a drug, as thin as a thumb. It was very similar to the specific medicine he had been injected with

He wondered what that was.

Orlando frowned and gave her a complicated gaze.

Viola explained calmly, "The specific medicine you were injected with is called special drug 023. This is the antidote for 023. It doesn't hurt. After the injection, you will quickly return to normal."

"Why... Why?"

Orlando bit his lower lip and suppressed his depression.

He asked, "Didn't we agree to end the employment after the end of the term? You still want to ... draw a line between us?"