

Ex-husband Goes Money Comes by Yvone Zabielski Chapter 183

His heart wrenched with pain. He felt like he couldn't breathe.

He wondered desperately, what should I do to get her back?

Viola turned around and took a footstool from the small sofa in the room. She sat opposite him with a serious look.

"I didn't mean to force you to cancel the agreement. I just think you seem to be in constant pain recently. And the special drug 023 can intensify the pain. You saved me, and I help you relieve the pain. It's fair."

Orlando stared at her and did not reply.

Viola continued to explain, "As for the employment contract, since it has been settled last time, and I recorded your promise, I won't mention it again."

Orlando thought, does what she said mean she starts to trust me?

And does this mean that everything I have done recently makes me a little closer to her?

"Aren't you afraid that with your antidote, I will bully you and hurt you since you're not stronger than me?"

Viola smiled in a charming way.

"Will you?" she asked.

"I will not," Orlando replied firmly with a weak smile.

Viola suddenly narrowed her eyes and chuckled. "Aren't you afraid that what I'm giving you isn't the antidote for 023, but a worse and more torturous medicine?"

"No."

He thought, even if she was ruthless as she said, I would not hesitate to inject it.

"That's right. So this is the real antidote. It's yours. Inject it," Viola said calmly.

Now?

Orlando looked down at the box in his hand.

At this moment, he was already pushing himself to the limit and was extremely exhausted.

He thought, if I inject it now, Viola is so smart that she will definitely discover something is wrong with me.

She doesn't like owing people. If she knew that night at the bar, the thing was not sulfuric acid but Super 404, she would probably be guilty.

However, guilt does not mean love...

He did not speak or move.

"What? You don't believe me?"

Orlando shook his head and said weakly in a low voice, "I injected it on my own. This time... Can you help me?"

He handed her the black-gold box, and his voice carried a little sweetness.

Viola didn't take it. She gazed at him.

"Just this time," he added.

Viola accepted it, but she found he had no intention of taking off his clothes. Instead, he leaned back and lay back on the chair.

"What are you doing? Take off your clothes and stretch your arm."

Orlando tilted his head, revealing his neck which was as pale as paper. His sexy Adam's apple moved. "Inject into the vein in my neck, please."

Viola glanced at him and didn't hesitate. She directly injected the needle into the vein. Her actions were not gentle at all.

The neck vein injection was very painful.

was

However, Orlando only frowned slightly and kept a calm look.

With the thumb-sized bottle of the drug, it only took her ten seconds to finish the injection.

Viola casually threw it into the trash can. When she looked back, she saw Orlando looking at the sunset again, motionless.

He looked relaxed but dull.

Viola still thought there was something wrong with him. Just as she was about to ask, Orlando spoke to her, "Viola, if I die, will you remember me for the rest of your life?"

His voice was not serious at all. It seemed the question he asked was not important. "No, I won't."

Viola raised her eyebrows and sneered. "If you die, I will soon forget you and continue my life. But it is said that bad people live longer. I'm afraid a bad man like you probably won't die easily."

Orlando laughed, complaining in an amused voice, "'You really are a ... ruthless bad woman."

He thought, what is ridiculous is that I like her badness, her ruthlessness, and her everything

He was so obsessed with her that he couldn't stop himself.

"I never said I was good," Viola didn't deny.

Orlando merely smiled. That smile was faint. His lips were pale, and his long curly eyelashes trembled weakly.

He stared at the sky with his gloomy eyes, which used to be charming.

He was like a dying sickly person.

The more Viola observed him, the more she felt strange,

He looked too terrible.

She thought, the sulfuric acid won't hurt him badly, not to mention I have given him the antidote of 023

"Is it because that hospital was not good enough to find out your problem? Let's go to the best hospital in Washington and get you checked again."

She was about to pull Orlando up when Nell knocked on the door and came in.

"Ms. Zumthor, you didn't answer the call, so Mr. Felton came over. His car is now parked at the entrance of the villa. He said he wanted to pick you up for dinner tonight."

Viola hesitated for a moment before deciding to bring Orlando to the hospital first. "Let's go get a check-up now."

"I'm fine. I just need to rest for two days. Go eat. Don't let him wait too long," Orlando said in a low voice.

Viola frowned slightly.

When Jerry had invited her to dinner, he fussed around in front of so many people at the entrance of the police station.

But he not only didn't stop her this time, he even encouraged her to go out for dinner with Jerry.

At the door, Nell was still cautiously asking, "Ms. Zumthor, are you going?"

Viola didn't say anything. She just stared at Orlando, frowning.

Orlando did not look at her. Instead, he continued to lie down and look at the horizon. He looked relaxed and aloof.

Viola wondered, what happened to him?

Viola was puzzled, but now she had something important to do.

"Orlando, tell me the truth. Are you sure you're alright?" she asked cautiously.

"I'll be just sleepy. I'll take a nap after you leave. I'll be fine after a nap." Orlando nodded lightly with a calm look.

Viola stared at him for a while, then looked at Jerry's car parked outside the villa. She hesitated and sighed.

"Okay, go sleep. I'll ask Jimmy and the others to guard the villa and not disturb you."

Then, she turned around, about to go.

Orlando suddenly grabbed her wrist. He looked serious as he said, "Viola, Jerry is not a simple person. There might be a very bad secret behind him. You must be careful of him.

Viola didn't think too much about it. She nodded and left the room.

The sun fell down.

The breeze blew the delicate silk curtains, which occasionally fell on the man sitting on the recliner by the window.

Orlando didn't move as he looked out of the villa. Viola got into Jerry's car and took Tyler and Nell out.

He didn't stop looking until the car completely disappeared.

car COD

He held the handle in pain, and the dull pain in his chest could no longer be suppressed. He felt blood in his throat, and quickly covered his mouth.

He coughed badly.

Blood dripped down the corner of his lips, and the blood in his palm also dripped through his fingers onto the ground.

He looked down at the blood in his palm.

It was black and red.

The color of his blood went darker, and he spat out much more blood.

This meant that Super 404 in his body had completely started attacking.

He remembered that when Jake from the War Lab had just developed this biochemical weapon, he had gone to visit it. During the experiment, the small animal died soon.

Even the large animal could not last more than three days after it got infected with Super 404.

He counted the days.

Tonight was the third day after he got poisoned...