

## Ex-husband Goes Money Comes by Yvone Zabielski Chapter 186

Viola didn't waste words with Orlando and tied his hands with a belt.

Orlando subconsciously wanted to break free, but he was weakened by the pain when they applied medicine to his back.

In the end, Orlando could only give up.

Viola quickly pushed Orlando onto the bed and put his hands above his head. Then Viola pressed his hands on the bed with one hand and ripped open Orlando's silk shirt with the other.

Viola stood by the bed and pressed her right knee against Orlando's lower back to keep him still.

Orlando's ears turned red as he asked in a hoarse voice, "Viola... You, what are you doing?"

This posture was strange...

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Moreover, those two bastards were probably still hanging there outside the window.

His prestige!

Indeed, Todd and Taven were still hanging there outside the window. They heard the noise in the room and sneaked a peek inside.

Gee!

They didn't expect that there would be a day when their boss would be held down on the bed and couldn't break free at all.

And Orlando was even a bottom.

This trip was really worth it!

As the two were enjoying the show, Orlando narrowed his eyes and shot a fierce glance at the window.

Todd and Taven were instantly scared. They had no choice but to obey orders and move to the pipe next to the window. Then, they climbed over the back door and left.

Inside the room, Viola was carefully examining Orlando's back injury.

The bandage was indeed new, and there was a faint trace of blood.

However, Viola did not intend to let him off so easily. She gently lifted a corner of the bandage, intending to see the wound.

Orlando deliberately hissed and grimaced. "Viola, it hurts..."

Viola paused for a moment.

After hesitating for a few seconds. Viola withdrew her hand. "Who helped you bind up? When I came in, I saw that Jimmy and the others were all lying there unconscious in the garden. What happened?"

"I did it myself."

Orlando's expression did not change. He was held down on the bed and could only answer her question with one side of his face on the bed. "Jimmy and the others were unconscious? I was here the entire time and did not know about it."

"Is that so?" Viola looked at him coldly and raised her eyebrows, smiling.

"Yes."

Liar.

He was full of lies. She could never hear a word of truth from him.

Viola pressed her knee harder against his waist and exposed his lie.

"Orlando, before I left, you were so sick that even your fingers were shaking when you raised your hand. I've only been out for about ten minutes, then you were vigorous and could even change the dressing and bandages by yourself. Don't tell me it's terminal lucidity?"

Orlando pursed his lips and did not speak or move.

Viola continued, "My bodyguards were knocked out in the yard, but you were alright and even got better. They were your men, right? Do you think I would believe you are innocent? Or you were feigning illness from the very beginning?"

Viola paused, her eyes cold. "You want to lie to me or hide things from me? Think about it carefully before you choose!"

Orlando swallowed nervously and fell silent.

If he told Viola he was hiding things from her and then told her the truth, Viola would feel guilty and stop picking on him. But he knew Viola. Viola would definitely help him find the cure for the virus and

terminate the employment contract out of guilt.

But if he told Viola he was lying to her... Viola had said that she hated lies. Viola would be angry, and he would only be pushing Viola further away from him.

Orlando wanted neither.

“Well?”

Viola waited for a long time and got no answer, and her expression turned even colder. She pinched Orlando on his lower back. “Are you trying to figure out which story would sound more convincing?”

Orlando was seen through, but he didn’t change his expression. He explained in a heavy tone,

“It was Todd. I didn’t want scars, so I asked him to bring some scar removing ointment. It is in the first drawer of the bedside table.

“As for my back injury, it was also Todd who helped me apply the medicine to it. I got a lot better because the medicine you gave me helped me recover a lot of strength.”

Hearing this, Viola smiled coldly.

“It’s just some scar-removing ointment. Todd could ask Jimmy to give it to you. As for your injury, Jimmy could help you apply medicine, couldn’t he? Do you expect me to believe Todd knocked out my bodyguards and broke into the house just to help you with these little things?”

Orlando remained calm and continued to explain, “Indeed, he shouldn’t have broken in, Next time, I’ll have him apologize to Jimmy and the others.”

Meanwhile, Todd, who was leisurely leaving the villa area, sneezed twice and did not know that he had been made a scapegoat.

Viola chuckled. What a flawless story and decent acting.

Orlando’s words were probably half-true and half-lie.

But he was so stubborn and wouldn’t be honest with her, so Viola could only uncover the truth by herself...

Viola leaned over slightly, her red lips close to his ear, and softly teased, “So from what you said, not only did you hide things from me, but you also lied to me. You did both?”

Did she have to be so perceptive?

Viola's soft breath tickled Orlando's ears, making his already burning ears crimson.

Orlando buried his face into the blanket and said in a muffled voice, "Yes. You can punish me."

Viola laughed. He was quick to plead guilty.

The floor-to-ceiling windows were still open, and the night breeze blew in.

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Orlando was only wearing a thin shirt, and his hands, feet, and back were all cold.

Viola noticed it and gently put down his shirt. And she subconsciously took the blanket on the other side and covered Orlando's back with it.

But Viola was in no hurry to untie his hands. She asked playfully, "Then how do you like to be punished? Let me hear it."

Orlando's ears turned even redder.

Did she have to make him say such shameful and humiliating things?

She was so bad

Orlando awkwardly asked, "Any options?"

"Let me think."

Viola sat on the edge of his bed with her hands crossed. She raised her eyebrows playfully. "Since you are alright now, you should be able to take some physical punishment. Kneel in the garden for a whole night or let Tyler whip you two hundred times. Which one do you prefer?"

Orlando swallowed hard.

He felt bitter

Viola was so cruel to him...

Viola smiled slyly, "Have you made up your mind?"

Orlando bit his thin lip and pondered for a long time before asking in a soft tone, "Is there a third option? I'll choose that."

"Of course."

Viola smiled wickedly and said, "That is kneeling all night plus two hundred whips. The combination of the first two options. You've made a good choice!"

Orlando gasped as his back heaved up and down, his heart aching.

Seeing his reaction, Viola pursed her lips to suppress her laughter. She got up to take the belt off Orlando's wrists. "Let's go to the garden."

Orlando moved his hands away to prevent Viola from untying him. He asked in a soft and low voice.

"Viola... Can you give me a lighter punishment since I've not completely recovered