

# Ex-husband Goes Money Comes by Yvone Zabielski

## Chapter 20

### Chapter 20 Provoked (1)

"Why didn't he buy you a good can."

A cold and familiar deep voice came from behind her.

When Viola heard this voice, she subconsciously frowned.

The moment she tried ground, she met Orlando's eyes.

"This is Aigle Group's underground garage. What are you doing here, Mr. Caffrey?"

Orlando's lips curled into a faint smile. "I'm here to talk about cooperation with Mr. McGraw. What? Is there a rule that prevents me from appearing here?"

Viola laughed.

What lousy reason was this?

"Caffrey Group focuses on the real estate market. It has nothing to do with showbiz. Are you here to sell houses to our celebrities, Mr. Caffrey?"

She looked him in the eye, the irony in her eyes was obvious, and her aura was also powerful.

Orlando found her gaze dazzling, and his expression suddenly turned cold. He pressed her shoulder and pushed her back so that her back was completely covered by the car door, and her whole body was wrapped in the crook of his arm.

"What are you doing?"

Viola's thighs were pressed against his knees, and she could not move.

This posture looked strange.

Feeling the close distance and the ambiguous atmosphere, Viola blushed subconsciously.

She struggled as she glared fiercely at him.

"Orlando, are you out of your mind? Are you mad?"

His deep, ink-like eyes stared at her as if he was looking at his disobedient prey.

“What do you mean by taking this new car? Green? You found Russell as a backer. Are you very proud? So you’re trying to insult me, aren’t you?”

What was wrong with green?

Was it color discrimination?

She complained in her heart but did not speak.

“You forcefully divorced me because of him. But it seems that he is not as good as you have

imagined.” The man’s eyes were full of sarcasm.

What the hell was this?

He thought their divorce was because she wanted to be with Russell? So he specifically came here to

question her?

Wasn’t it too ridiculous?

Viola looked at him. “Mr. Caffrey, are you mistaken? We divorced because you don’t love me, and

I’m tired I don’t want to be nice to you without receiving any return any more. It has nothing to do with others.

“But...”

She

paused, her eyes full of provocation, “Mr. McGraw is indeed a good man! He won’t lose his temper like you. He is even more outstanding and handsome than you. You are nothing when compared to him!”

He had mocked her before with similar lines.

Blue veins popped upon Orlando’s forehead, and his body was filled with hostility as he lifted her chin hard.

“Are you trying to provoke me? Are you trying to make me have sex with you here?”

Viola was also furious!

She was his ex-wife, not his wife! Everything she had now had nothing to do with him!

He was not even qualified to be angry! Nor could he threaten her!

“Orlando, I will say it again. Get out of my way!”

He didn't move.

Viola was furious. Fine!

She could only use the ultimate move!

She quickly made her move, about to knock him down via jujitsu.

But unexpectedly, he was faster than her!

Viola was stunned.

Almost in an instant, her hands were caught by Orlando. Then he raised them above her head and

pressed them against the roof of the car.

Moreover, he was *SO* longer than her, so she was

able to break free at all

“Orlando!”

Viola was furious, and her face was as red as a shrimp.

Orlando pursed his lips into a smile, his eyes filled with the pleasure of revenge. He seemed to be very happy to see her fustered, exasperated, but helpless expression.

When she was angry, she looked like a little lion. Her eyes were still stubborn and clear, her teeth biting her red lips unwillingly, looking charming and beautiful.

*Orlando* couldn't help but think of the night before yesterday when he had been drugged. In a daze, he saw that her eyes resembled Anaya's when she was little.

At that moment, he was really completely in it. “Orlando, you damn pervert! You scum! If you don't let go, I will die together with you!”

Her *bold* words interrupted Orlando's train of thought.

He snapped back to his senses and curled his lips maliciously. "I haven't done anything yet. How could I be a *perverted* or a scum? Looks like I have to do something to be worthy of the title you gave *me!*"