

## Ex-husband Goes Money Comes by Yvone Zabielski Chapter 116

Viola had been furious but was amused by his reaction.

Seeing that he still had a proud expression, she shorted coldly and scolded, "What are you waiting for? Put the dressing on my palms!"

Orlando quickly opened the medicine box and began to apply medicine in the wound in her palm seriously.

The knife wound was not deep, but it almost covered the entire palm.

As a result, her fair and tender hand became a little ferocious because of the laceration.

Orlando suddenly felt a pain in his heart, and his movements became a little lighter.

Viola looked coldly at the man kneeling at her feet and asked, "You knew you can't kill me, but why are you so stupid?"

Orlando lowered his head and pursed his lips.

"Is it that you wanted to help Alisha vent her anger, or is it that you believed Richard's words and thought that I killed Nash?"

Orlando still did not speak and concentrated on applying the medicine to her palm.

"Nash shouldn't be the reason. He developed cancer before he died, so there was no need for me to put in so much effort to kill an old man who is about to die. You know this very well, so you did it for the sake of Alisha, right?"

Orlando remained silent.

Viola used her uninjured left hand to hook the man's chin, forcing him to raise his head and look into her eyes.

"You should know my character. My hand is injured. Alisha may be very happy, but you will have to pay the price. Was it worth it to do that?"

"It was not worth it, so I regret it," Orlando said, his eyes turning red.

Viola lowered her head and looked at him. She keenly noticed that his eyes were red and his expression was quite sincere.

Was it because he felt guilty when he saw that she was injured?

Or was he acting?

She narrowed her eyes and inadvertently saw his swollen right cheek.

"That's good. This time, your two cheeks are the same."

She paused and continued, "Do you still remember not long ago when you blocked me in the women's restroom, I said that one day, I would make you kneel at my feet and pay the price. I really didn't expect this day to come so quickly."

Orlando felt very awkward when he felt her hand on his cheek and lowered his head to continue putting the dressing on her wound,

He did it orderly and did not hurt her at all. He also wrapped her with a bandage very well

Viola looked at his skillful movements and asked tentatively, "As a spoiled child of the Caffrey family, you should have been pampered since you were young, right? Whitney would definitely be heartbroken if you were slightly injured. How can you be so skillful in applying medicine and bandaging?"

Orlando paused and explained with a natural expression, "Because I was a little naughty when I was a child, I often

got injured. Later, I learned to take care of myself."

Viola knew that he was just being perfunctory and hiding, so she didn't bother asking:

The room became silent for a while.

The atmosphere was strangely quiet.

Orlando did not get up after putting the dressin: on lier wound.

Viola coldly glanced at him, then looked at the blood on the bed. "Wash the quilt with your hands tonight in the backyard. You are not allowed to sleep until you finish washing it."

Orlando did not hesitate.

He lowered his eyes, looking obedient.

However, when Viola thought about how he had snuck into her room with a knife tonight, she was furious.

This man was too good at pretending!

Every time he pretended to be good, it always seemed like he was suppressing something.

Viola was annoyed.

She had to slowly grind away all of Orlando's dignity and pride!

"Looks like I won't be able to sleep!"

She said as she walked out the door.

"Where are you going?" Orlando quickly grabbed her wrist.

"I'll stay for a few nights at Mr. McGraw's place," said she coldly.

"You can't!"

He blurted out subconsciously.

After receiving Viola's angry gaze, he softened his tone and said, "What I can do is, it's already so late. It's not good for you to trouble him. Moreover, it's not suitable for you guys to be alone."

Orlando hated Russell, Russell also hated him.

Perhaps it was because of the possessive nature of a man, Orlando knew that he was not qualified to stop Viola, but he just could not accept that she was going to find Russell.

“Let go of me.”

Viola looked resolute as she took another step forward. Orlando walked one step forward and tightened his grip on her wrist.

“Don’t go! I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have hurt you. I won’t do it again. Don’t go to find Russell.”

Viola looked at him curiously.

After knowing him for so many years, this was the first time she had heard him apologize.

Back then, he did not apologize when he wrongly accused her of drugging him because of Anaya.

He did not apologize when he knew that he owed her three years of debt.

Even when he had just hurt her with a knife, he did not apologize except for feeling regretful.

Now he finally remembered to apologize.

“It is too late. I don’t accept it. Get lost!”

She roared and shook off his land.

Orlando's current physical strength was no longer as good as before, and she flipped him to the ground easily.

Viola didn't give him another glance and turned to leave the villa.

Orlando did not follow her.

He sat on the ground in silence for a while, thinking

It wasn't until the engine started that he got up and walked to the window to look

Several bodyguards also got in the car, following Viola.

Two minutes later, with the rear of the two cars, they sped away in the moonlight.

After Viola left, the entire villa became strangely quiet.

Orlando quickly recovered from his jealousy and looked around Viola's room.

She left and took away all the bodyguards. Would any clues in her room verify her true identity?

He didn't know if she would come back hallway, but if he searched now, it was the best time!

Orlando stared at the window for a while with a complicated look in his eyes.

At this time, at the intersection 656 feet away from Bay Villa, there was a crossroad.

The two cars stopped, and Viola sat in the car waiting quietly.

It was very quiet nearby, so quiet that one could hear his own heartbeats.

She looked straight ahead expressionlessly, lost in thought.

About half an hour later...

She called the bodyguard hiding in the dark in the villa observing secretively.

“Did he search my room when I left?”

The bodyguard replied, “He changed a new sheet for you. He went to the backyard to wash the dirty sheet that he had replaced. He hasn’t finished washing, yet. The sheet got very licky after getting wet. It seems that he is trying hard to wring out it.”

“Did he touch anything else in the room other than the bedsheet?”

“No. When you left, he only stood by the window and watched for a while,” said the bodyguard after thinking for a while.

Viola pursed her lips and pondered.

DELL

LAT.

ALL

Just now when he went to get the medicine box, she clearly heard the bird cry again.

She couldn't guess what he was trying to do, but it was hard not to suspect his abnormal behavior.

He signed the agreement so quickly. Was it because he just wanted to repay the debt?