

Ex-husband Goes Money Comes by Yvone Zabielski Chapter 171

Viola had known him for a long time. Although Orlando had acted hurt several times before, this was the first time Viola had seen him cry so sadly.

Was he really hurt?

Viola sighed helplessly, and her tone softened a little. "We agreed it was only an act, You took it seriously?"

Orlando didn't reply. He lowered his eyes, and he looked fragile.

Yes, he took it seriously. And he took her seriously.

But in the end, reality slapped him in the face and broke his heart.

Viola had nothing to say. She must always keep her head clear so she wouldn't make wrong decisions.

A show was only a show. The fake would remain fake. She never confused the real with the fake.

Besides, was Orlando trying to make her comfort him?

Impossible.

Moreover, she didn't know how to comfort people.

Viola turned and left after she coldly said, "Hurry up and clean. I'm going to sleep."

However, right after Viola took one step forward, her wrist was grabbed by Orlando from behind.

With exhaustion on her face, Viola said, "Let go of me. I'm tired. I want to sleep."

Orlando did not move. He looked at Viola with red puppy eyes.

"Viola... Could you please give me some love and care occasionally... My heart hurts."

Orlando said in a trembling and pleading voice. He swallowed and gripped Viola's wrist tightly.

Viola stiffened, and she stood still.

Would it hurt?

The answer was positive.

But when these words came out of Orlando's mouth, they sounded strange.

"Funny. I've been hurt and disappointed countless times. That's why I choose to let go. I've experienced your pain. Since you feel hurt, you should let go of me as soon as possible. What I said to Jerry today is also for you."

With that, Viola forced open Orlando's hand and entered the villa without looking back

But Viola did not close the door this time, Orlando watched her walk up to the third floor and finally disappear around the corner.

Viola was right. He broke her heart first.

Now he was only suffering what Viola had suffered.

He deserved it.

Orlando wasted no more time. He got a broom from the back garden and carefully swept the fallen leaves off the garden.

The night in late autumn was biting cold.

Orlando was only wearing a thin white shirt, and his face was expressionless and pale. Even though he was doing chores with a wooden broom, Orlando still looked dignified.

In the room on the third floor, Viola didn't turn on the lights.

She stood quietly behind the window and watched coldly and thoughtfully,

After watching for a few minutes, Viola looked away indifferently and went to sleep.

When Orlando finished cleaning the yard, it was already two in the morning.

Because he had been staying in the cold wind for hours with only a thin shirt on, he had a cold the next day.

The moment Viola woke up, she heard a cough from downstairs.

After washing up and putting on makeup, Viola went downstairs and saw the tall man bustling in the kitchen and the steaming breakfast on the table.

Orlando knew that Viola usually woke up at this time, so he would cover his mouth with his fist before he coughed.

Viola stood on the stairs and saw his thoughtful actions. She pursed her lips and did not say anything. She quietly walked down the stairs.

Orlando heard footsteps and turned around. He saw Viola only wearing a black velvet long-sleeve shirt and a snow-white gauze dress. With her narrow shoulders, she looked so fragile.

Orlando hurriedly took the trench coat from the coat rack at the door and put it on her.

“It’s getting cold. Keep yourself warm even when you are indoors. You’re in good shape, and you look the same pretty with more clothes on.”

Viola didn’t refuse and raised her face to look at Orlando.

Orlando was helping her put on the trench coat. He looked calm but a little unwell. His handsome face was a little pale, and his thin lips had little color.

“If you’re ill, just take the day off. You don’t have to force yourself to go to work.”

Orlando paused for a second before answering, “Okay.”

After putting the coat on Viola, Orlando pulled out the chair for her. Viola sat down and ate breakfast silently.

Halfway through the breakfast, they heard several guards talking and laughing outside the house.

The knife wounds on Jimity and Tyler were almost healed. They were just discharged today. The newcomer, Nell, had also recovered except for some bruises on his face.

Viola told them to come in. And the three walked in and stood in the living room.

They were about the same height. All of them were tall and sturdy and had long legs and narrow waists. They were pleasant to look at except that Nell might be a little too lanned.

Viola took a sip of soup and smiled with satisfaction. "It's good. Everyone is back. This will be a lively place in the future."

Orlando stood there silently and sized up the bodyguards one by one. Then he fixed his eyes on Nell's face.

"Who are you?" Orlando asked with a frown.

Nell replied with his head lowered, "Mr. Caffrey, I'm a new bodyguard. I'm Nell."

Orlando had some memories of what had happened on the Crane Bridge that day. Somehow, he found Nell's face familiar, so he stared at Nell vigilantly.

After Viola finished eating, she elegantly wiped her mouth with a napkin and calmly told them plans for the day, "Tyler and Nell will go to the company with me. The other three will stay and guard the house."

"Yes, Miss," the bodyguards said in unison.

Viola went to the Caffrey Group. Although Orlando had taken the day off, he did not just do nothing

Though he didn't need to go to work, he could do housework.

Orlando took two cold pills and kept himself busy until the afternoon when he suddenly heard two crisp bird sounds with codes.

It Was Todd again.

Orlando went downstairs to the living room. As soon as he opened the door, he saw Todd swaggering over from the garden, followed by Taven, who had just arrived from Salt Lake City.

Orlando looked at Todd helplessly.

Todd came and left as he liked, as if Bay Villa was his.

And when did he and the bodyguards of the McGraw family get so familiar?

As Orlando thought about it, Todd chuckled and walked towards him. When Todd saw Orlando look unwell, Todd instantly became serious. "Mr. Caffrey, it's only been a few days. Why are you sick again? You are so weak."

Orlando's eyes darkened, and he gritted his teeth. "I'm fine."

Todd realized that he had said something wrong. He slapped himself softly and smiled apologetically. "I brought Taven here. Mr. Caffrey, talk to him. I will take care of the bodyguards of the McGraw family and make sure they will not listen in or sell us out."

Orlando shot him a warning look.

"I promise I won't use force. I'll talk to them nicely."

Orlando withdrew his gaze and took Taven to a room on the second floor. Orlando closed the window and sat down on the armchair beside the bed, looking cold.

Taven stood obediently in front of him. Seeing Orlando's solemn expression, Taven hurriedly asked, "Mr. Caffrey, do you have some urgent task for me?"

Orlando gently touched his wristwatch. He had something to say but was hesitant. He looked glum and troubled.

Taven couldn't help but become serious too.

Orlando asked, "You... How did you win your wife's heart?"

"Huh?"

Taven was stunned.

What kind of question was this?