

Ex-husband Goes Money Comes by Yvone Zabielski Chapter 190

They were at loggerheads and glared at each other for a few minutes.

Viola stood between Jerry and Orlando and looked at them.

Since the effect of special drug 023 had worn off, Orlando looked more powerful than Jerry, and his eyes were even colder.

Viola was lost for words.

They were in such a state when they first met. She could not imagine what would happen later.

Viola coughed loudly to distract them.

She motioned to Jerry to look at the dining room and said in a soft voice, "Jerry, look, I've prepared the dishes and two bottles of red wine. We haven't had a drink together for a long time. Let's enjoy ourselves tonight."

"Alright."

Jerry stopped glaring at Orlando and looked at Viola tenderly, walking to the dining room with her.

"Viola, you are really a good cook! The dishes smell so nice! I wasn't hungry at first. But now, it makes me hungry!"

"I'm glad that you like it."

Orlando was still standing on the stairs, watching them talking and laughing.

Viola had told him about tonight's plan in advance.

But when he saw her smiling so happily and sweetly calling Jerry, Orlando still felt pain.

When would she be so kind to him?

Viola and Jerry in the dining room were talking and laughing, and no one paid attention to

Orlando's annoyed face at all.

At the dining table, Viola pursed her lips and smiled. She took the initiative to take the prepared red wine on the table, trying to serve it to Jerry.

Jerry reached out his hand and stopped her. "Viola, since there is a servant here, he should play his role. You don't have to do it yourself."

Viola froze for a moment before she quickly smiled again.

She put down the red wine and looked in the direction of the stairs.

“Orlando, come here.”

Jerry smiled smugly. He sat up straight and seemed to have been used to it for many years. He looked steadily forward, waiting for Orlando to serve him a cup of wine.

Seeing that Orlando was walking over, Jerry looked at Viola’s face and said in an amazing tone, “Viola, there seems to be something dirty on your face. Let me wipe it for you.”

Viola sat still.

Jerry’s eyes were filled with tenderness as he gently extended his hand toward Viola’s face.

Before Jerry could touch Viola, his wrist was gripped by another hand.

Orlando’s face was gloomy. He gritted his teeth and said in anger, “Mr. Felton, please behave yourself. Don’t try to touch those who you should not offend.”

Jerry looked up at Orlando and sneered, “It’s not up to you to tell me what I should do!”

The more he spoke, the heavier Jerry’s tone became. He wanted to shake off Orlando’s hand in disgust

Orlando tightened his grip, and his eyes were filled with hostility when he met Jerry’s eyes.

Jerry tried to break free twice but failed. He was a little annoyed.

“Viola, look how he treats his master! How arrogant! You should throw this ungrateful man out as soon as possible!”

Just as Viola was about to speak, Orlando snorted, “My master is only Viola. Who are you?”

Their gazes met once again. They were also secretly competing.

The air was heavy.

Viola sighed and held her forehead.

As long as Orlando was here, she would see two men fighting each other anywhere. Why?

She coughed twice again and glared at Orlando with a warning look.

“Enough! Let him go.”

With this order, Orlando obediently let go of Jerry.

But he was standing still between Viola and Jerry, like a moving camera that was monitoring if Jerry had done anything,

Jerry took out a napkin that he carried with him and elegantly wiped his sleeves before speaking with displeasure.

“Viola, I think that as long as he is here tonight, we cannot enjoy this meal.”

Viola understood what he meant. She looked up at Orlando and seriously reprimanded, “Mr. Felton is my guest. You offended him when you came here. Are you deliberately annoying me? It seems that I spoiled you too much and made you forget who the master is.”

She looked outside the villa and spoke up, “Toby, Vincent, come in!”

Toby and Vincent quickly entered the living room and stood there.

Viola was cold and didn’t even look at Orlando. “Lock him up in the basement and ask him to reflect on himself. Don’t let him out without my orders.”

Tohy and Vincent looked at each other and did not move.

Orlando frowned. His face was cold, and he looked sad. “You want to punish me for him?”

Only then did Viola look at him and smile coldly.

“Is there anything wrong with that? Jerry and I are childhood sweethearts. I have admired him since I was a child. I was angry with him before. But now, I have figured it out. Let bygones be bygones. I still love him.

“As for you, I have given you the chance to remove the contract. You refused to leave. If you can’t stand it, then go away! Do you really think you are important in my heart?”

Her words were so sharp and ruthless, stabbing Orlando’s heart.

It hurt so much that Orlando found it hard to breathe.

He clearly knew Viola’s plan. But when he heard these harsh words, he still felt pain and wronged.

He knew that Viola did not love him anymore.

So, she was deliberately taking this chance to tell him her real thoughts?

His eyes were a little red and he sobbed, “I know I’ve done a lot wrong before. But aren’t you touched by what I have done for you now?”

Viola did not say anything.

Because she noticed that Orlando’s eyes were misted, and he looked sad.

Viola was shocked.

Orlando was indeed an excellent actor!

He could cry immediately!

He looked so serious and sad that even Viola froze for two seconds before she could react.

Viola looked away, cold and expressionless.

“You got injured for me. So, I’ve been putting up with you all this time. But you are getting more and more objectionable and even offend my Jerry now. I won’t spare you! Toby, Vincent, take him away and lock him up!”

Since Viola had given this order for the second time, Toby and Vincent had no choice but to go forward to take Orlando away.

Orlando pushed the two men away and growled, “I will never accept the punishment! You just want me to go away, right? OK! I’ll go!”

He turned around and walked out of the villa without looking back. His red eyes were full of anger.

“Ms. Zumthor... What should we do?” Toby and Vincent were dumbfounded

“Let him go away!”

“Yes.”

The two of them left tactfully, leaving Viola and Jerry alone.

The annoying fellow had finally left. Jerry took the initiative to take the red wine on the table and poured it for Viola.

“Viola, I’m really happy that you can be on my side.”

When she looked at Jerry, the coldness on Viola’s face disappeared and she smiled gently again

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“Sure. How can he compare to you? After all, the most important person in my heart is you, Jerry. Come on. Let’s forget about the annoying trifle just now and have a good drink.”

The two glasses clinked.

After clinking glasses, Viola didn’t hesitate and drank it all in one gulp.

Jerry sniffed the wine and shook his glass, not drinking the wine.

He looked at the dark red wine in the glass and smiled.

“Viola, I remember the last time we were in the bar. You liked him very much and were very close to him. It made me so sad that day.”

He paused, his tone becoming more and more serious. “This time he was injured for you. You should spoil him more, right? But you used me to anger him and drive him out tonight. Why?”

Viola froze.

“Don’t tell me you guys are deliberately acting in front of me!” Jerry looked at her and the smile in his eyes deepened.