

Pampered by My Ex-husband (Penny and Orlando)

Chapter 12 She's Not My Wife

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Ryder was less than one yard behind her.

And there were his bodyguards outside.

Orlando wore a set of black sportswear and put his left hand in the trouser pocket. He was tall, and his legs were long. When he moved, he looked elegant and refined.

Orlando was standing at the door to the changing room for men. It seemed that he was going inside.

Ryder licked his lips and gazed at Penny's back blatantly, saying in a low voice that only the two of them could hear, "Your husband has come. Why don't you go say hello to him?"

Penny took a deep breath and hurried over without hesitation.

Orlando put his hand on the doorknob and turned it. When the door opened a crack, there came a flurry of footsteps behind him. Following that, a woman threw her soft and fragrant body into his arms.

Without giving him the chance to refuse, the woman pushed him into the lounge.

Orlando's eyes turned cold, and he said sternly, "Get out."

Penny swiftly locked the door and turned around, leaning against the door and saying pleadingly, "Mr. Fletcher, I didn't mean to disturb you. Can I stay here for a while?"

Orlando didn't say a word, glancing at her knee.

Penny followed his gaze and found that the red mark on her knee got redder after being washed by the hot water.

It seemed that she was hurt because of some posture...

"I knocked my knee on the car..."

After Penny spoke, she got embarrassed and blushed, not knowing what to do.

Orlando didn't ask her about that. Why did she explain it to him?

Orlando asked with aloofness, "What do you come here for?"

"For work."

A silence fell upon them.

Orlando took a deep look at her with a complicated expression. He turned to the bathroom without driving her out.

Hearing the water running in the bathroom, Penny looked away, but she caught a glimpse of the shadow on the frosted glass.

Orlando was lean and muscular, and the water dripped from his strong chest to the secret place...

Penny knew well the warmth and strength under the skin of it.

She closed her eyes and turned her back to the bathroom.

Ryder and his men were gone.

Since she was safe now, Penny didn't plan to stay here.

It embarrassed her to sleep with Orlando by accident.

Now that they were going to divorce, she should stay away from him.

After Orlando put on a new suit and came out, he didn't see Penny.

Suddenly, someone knocked on the door. Orlando opened the door and saw a waiter holding a tray, on which was a cup of iced coffee. "Mr. Fletcher, this is for you."

Orlando didn't say a word, and the waiter left after putting the tray on the table.

Orlando saw a post-it note in a conspicuous place.

[Mr. Fletcher, thank you for helping me.]

It was left by Penny, who didn't even sign her name.

Orlando was rooted to the ground. For a second time, he felt like he was used and abandoned.

Coincidentally, it was the same woman who did that to him twice.

After getting dressed, Orlando went to the VIP lounge prepared by Prosperity Bank.

Ryder was there. It puzzled him to see Orlando come without Penny.

Grant rose and shook hands with Orlando, flattering, "Mr. Fletcher, you're outstanding at golf. It seems I have a coach for free today."

"Mr. Cain, you've flattered me."

Orlando shook Grant's hand calmly and sat down slowly.

Grant patted his son and said, "This is my son Ryder. I hope we can cooperate well in the future."

Ryder took a step forward. Overwhelmed by Orlando's imposing presence, he instinctively stretched out his hand.

"Mr. Fletcher, why doesn't your wife come with you?"

"My wife?"

A trace of confusion flashed across Orlando's eyes.

"Didn't you go into the changing room with her?" Ryder got suspicious, but he said flatteringly, "I've been admiring Ms. Stuart. I didn't expect her to be your..."

Realizing who Ryder was talking about, Orlando turned sullen, his eyes darkening, and his face turning icy.

He thought, "She claimed she didn't want to get involved with me, but she scammed others in the name of my wife."

Orlando said coldly with an impassive face, "She's not my wife."