

Orions Stunning Billionaire Ex-Wife Chapter 36

Chapter 36 Orian Intervene

The waiter bit his lower lip and asked sceptically “Ms. Lane, if I’m not mistaken, isn’t that Mr. Dros’s ex–wife?”

“Hmph, you’re not mistaken. It’s her.”

“How dare Mr. Marx try anything with Mr. Dros ex–wife? Isn’t he afraid?” The waiter didn’t dare to speak further, but he regretted it deeply, fearing the trouble he might get into.

“As an ex–wife, how important could she be? She has clung to other men in an attempt to climb the social ladder. Do you believe that Orion even looks at her? Haha, she’s sleeping with men anyway; does it matter who she sleeps with? Can’t she sleep with Mr. Marx?”

The waiter kept his head down and said, “Yes. I’ll be going now.”

“Get lost! If you breathe a word about this, you’ll regret it!”

Julia clicked her high heels and headed to the ladies to touch up her makeup. She failed to notice the tall, slender figure standing stiffly in the hallway.

Orion’s expression was cold and grim. His eyes filled with a menacing intensity as he grabbed the passing waiter. He questioned, “Which room is Seraphina in?”

“Oh, Mr. Dros?”

Only the wealthy and influential mingled in this private club. Recognising them was part of the staff’s basic training. The waiter recognised Orion immediately, and his face turned pale with fear.

“Speak!”

“In ... in room 3888.” He blurted it out. The waiter knew Mr. Marx was formidable, but Orion was even more so.

Orion turned and strode away, emanating an icy chill.

Inside room 3888.

Mr. Marx wore a lecherous smile. He reached out to touch Seraphina’s hand on the table, but his hand met only air. She suddenly picked up her wine glass and swung it. Her slender, fair fingers looked like works of art.

That old man pulled out a slightly worn car key from his bag and tossed it on the table. He said, "Seraphina, this car is yours."

Seraphina stared at the key for a moment, then coldly laughed. "Julia got more than this, didn't she?"

Mr. Marx eyed her greedily and revealed, "Julia can't compare with your look. Once this deal concludes, you'll receive even bigger surprises."

Seraphina had stepped on their vulnerable spot. She finally realised how Julia had risen to her current status.

It was great. She'd deal with her in due time.

"Let's have a drink to celebrate!" Mr. Marx eagerly raised his glass.

The next moment, Seraphina's phone on the coffee table fell to the floor. Mr. Marx quickly bent down to pick it up, showing off his gentlemanliness. Seraphina raised her glass, clinking it lightly with his. Mr. Marx drank eagerly.

The glass barely touched her lips. Under his eager gaze, she deliberately hesitated for a moment before drinking it all. The red wine stained her lips, adding a touch of allure.

Mr. Marx smiled with satisfaction, ogling Seraphina's beauty after she drank. He placed the Audi key in her hand and coaxed, "If this goes well, I'll get you a brand new Audi."

Seraphina's face darkened. Before she could lash out, he suddenly cried out and fell to the ground. Someone had kicked him over.

A strong grip seized her wrist while holding the wine glass. A deep, cold voice said, "There's a drug in the wine. Did you drink it?"

The tall, handsome figure standing before her was none other than the man Seraphina had been infatuated with for three years. Orion was there.

For a moment, Seraphina was stunned, but she quickly regained her composure.

What was he doing here?

It must be a coincidence.

Surely she wasn't deluding herself into thinking he had been watching over her and waiting to play the hero?

"Mr. Dros?" Mr. Marx scrambled to his feet, trembling with fear and servitude.

Orions Stunning Billionaire Ex-Wife Chapter 37

Chapter 37 He Made a Fool of Himself

Orion's expression was grim; his eyes locked onto Mars's face, and he asked, "Do you want to die? I'll grant your wish!"

At that moment, an unnamed rage surged from his chest. His eyes were cold and intimidating.

Just as he was about to step forward and teach Marx a lesson, a figure suddenly appeared behind him. One swift kick sent Marx sprawling back to the ground, and barrage of punches fell on his face and body. Marx was left bruised and battered.

"Hansen!" Seraphina called out, stopping the man.

The man who was beating the crap out of Mr. Marx paused briefly and turned around. His icy eyes instantly warmed. Hansen said, "I went to your office to look for you. They said you came here, so I thought I'd surprise you."

Hansen quietly walked over and ignored Orion's presence. He picked up the flowers he had brought, which were left at the door for Seraphina, and asked, "Do you like them?"

Seraphina sighed helplessly. Her plan was disrupted, but she had already gotten what she wanted, so it wasn't a complete failure.

"Thanks, but you should stop. If this goes on, he'll die. I don't want any trouble."

"As you wish, My Queen." Hansen grinned and said, "I'll spare his miserable life."

Mr. Marx looked in terror at the men in front of him, as he couldn't afford to offend either of them. Wasn't Seraphina dumped by Orion?

Why would his ex-husband still meddle in her business?

Hearing that his life was spared, Mr. Marx forced himself to endure the dizziness and panic, escaping as fast as he could. He didn't want to mess up with these two formidable men.

Before he could crawl out of the private room, something hard hit his head, followed by his car keys falling to the ground.

Hansen sneered coldly and said, "Take it and get out of my girlfriend's sight."

"Yes, yes," Marx stammered, fleeing in a hurry.

Seraphina rolled her eyes and chided, "Don't spew nonsense."

Girlfriend? What was he talking about?

She glanced at Orion and found him odd. That man was watching her with a cold, sinister gaze.

"Mr. Dros, what's brought you here?"

"Yes, I'm curious too. What brings you here, Mr. Dros?" Hansen's gaze was one of scrutiny.

"Seraphina, didn't you realise there was something wrong with the wine? Do you have to attend every business gathering? Is this the life you want?"

Orion's sarcasm was evident. She was dining with others, completely unaware that she had taken drugs. Was this the life she wanted after the divorce?

At that moment, for some reason, the fury in his chest erupted uncontrollably.

Seraphina lowered her lace and smiled to herself. Seraphina simply requested another round of humiliation. Did this man think he was being kind? I just wanted an excuse to lecture her.

She looked up at him. Her makeup was delicate, her eyes bright, and her sharpness hidden.

Under his stunned gaze, she picked up a glass of wine from the table and downed it in one go. Then she stood up

and said with a smile, "Thank you for your chivalrous intervention, Mr. Dros. The drinks have already been switched. As for the life I want, it's none of your business."

It wasn't his place to lecture her.

As she was about to leave, Orion grabbed her arm, and his gaze was icy. He asked, "What do you mean? You didn't answer my question."

Seraphina smiled and said seriously, "Some things are left unsaid to save dignity for both parties, Mr. Dros. I'm here for work. It's better than being a lowly servant at your house. What's the difference between your family and Mr. Marx?"

With a cold laugh, Seraphina didn't look at him again. She picked up her phone and bag, then walked out decisively in her high heels. Her slender figure exudes strength and grace.

Hansen raised an eyebrow and immediately followed her out.

Orion stood there, his eyes as cold as frost. Seraphina's words were like a thorn, pricking him uncomfortably.

She was treated as a servant at his house.

Was his wife being treated like a servant before?

It seemed there were many things he didn't know.

As soon as he stepped outside, he saw Mr. Marx and Julia in a passionate embrace. They were rolling on the ground, his face flushed and his eyes dazed.

So, she had known all along and was prepared.

Does that mean my intervention meant nothing?

Haha! I'm a joke!

Orion's Stunning Billionaire Ex-Wife Chapter 38

Chapter 38 Leverage

Seraphina got into the car and left. Orion's misunderstanding offended her. After three years of marriage, he still didn't know what kind of person she was.

Despite this, she quickly regained her composure, and there wasn't much emotional fluctuation.

She wouldn't walk down that road again. Orion had nothing to do with her anymore.

Hansen hummed a tune as he glanced at her, asking, "saved you today. How are you going to thank me?"

"What do you want? A gift? Or a bank transfer?"

Hansen looked at her with a half-smile and said, "It's the first time a woman has tried to buy me off! But I'd rather you offer yourself."

Seraphina shot him a sidelong glance and chided, "Dream on!"

"Why not? How could you reject me just like that? I deserve a chance!" Hansen snorted.

Seraphina coldly gave him a look and said, "I've always thought of you as a sister."

Darn it!

Hansen's mouth twitched, and he said, "Anyway, I'll prove that I'm the most suitable man out there for you."

Not sure where his confidence came from, Seraphina couldn't help but smile. "Alright, suit yourself."

Hansen's enthusiasm usually didn't last longer than a month.

Seeing her smile, Hansen felt a pang in his chest. He wouldn't let anyone else take this chance from him.

Back home.

Olivia eagerly called to check on the progress.

Seraphina had to tell the truth. When she mentioned Orion, she paused briefly, glossing over it lightly.

"Julia is like a pimp; she's more professional than any madam. She is wasting her talent working at my company; she should be working at a nightclub instead!"

Seraphina lowered her gaze and chuckled. "Uprooting her will expose others who are corrupt. Julia is capable, but morally corrupt. She's just a clown. As long as she doesn't cause trouble, she can stay for now."

The next morning.

Seraphina noticed that Thomas had replaced her old office chair as soon as she arrived at the office. She was pleased with Thomas's efficiency. Just as she was making herself a cup of coffee, she heard a loud noise as the door banged open.

"Seraphina, are you trying to mess with me? I asked you to have dinner with Mr. Marx, and you just left me there."

hide them with a scarf, but Mr. Marx's peculiar tastes were truly unsettling, almost too much for her to handle

She thought it over and concluded that Seraphina must have backed out. Otherwise, Mr. Marx wouldn't have let go of such an easy catch.

Seraphina waved Thomas out, then let out a strained spile at Julia.

Julia felt guilty under Seraphina's gaze. She quickly lost her momentum.

“Fine, as long as you sign this contract, we can put this behind us.”

She tossed the contract onto Seraphina’s desk.

Without looking up, Seraphina tapped a few times on her phone and played back the recording of last night’s dinner conversation.

“What’s the point for you to rely on Sivr? You need more people backing you up. Sivr obviously wants to set you up by placing you in this position without support. What can you gain from him? He can’t make you his wife.”

“Look at your clothes; they’re brandless and probably bought online, right? How do you get to work? By taxi?”

“I’ve been around; I wouldn’t lie to you. Stick with Mr. Marx, and you won’t regret it. He’s got a used Audi ready for you. With his help on projects, you’ll secure your position.”

Julia’s face turned ashen. Her body trembled slightly.

Seraphina smiled and said, “Julia, if I release this, the company will investigate all the projects you’ve handled. This industry will blacklist you, and you could potentially face jail time. Are you really willing to give up your career for Gaia Group?”

Of course, she would not.

Julia’s face was pale, and there was a flash of terror in her eyes. She quickly spoke with a respectful tone.

“I acted impulsively, Ms. Seraphina. Gaia Group isn’t that great. The company is just a shell.”

Seraphina nodded with satisfaction and said, “Then we’ll drop the business cooperation with Gaia Group. I acknowledge your capability, but focus on your job here. Stop worrying about other companies.”

“Yes, Ms. Seraphina,” Julia stiffened slightly and agreed.

Orions Stunning Billionaire Ex-Wife Chapter 39

Chapter 39 Rejection

Seraphina had just finished dealing with Julia and now had to focus on the Giant Group project. Securing this project was a must. Besides Dros Company, no other company had a financial background as solid as Cross Groups and was capable of competing at this level.

According to what she knew. Dros Company had no plans to venture into the AI field, which gave her a lot of confidence.

As the evening approached, Thomas walked into her office with some documents. "The dinner with Gianit Group has transformed into a business banquet," he reported. "They've invited a lot of people, and they plan to announce their project partners on the company's anniversary. We received a VIP invitation. Should I reach out to them?"

Seraphina massaged the centre of her eyebrows and said. "Giant Group has all the resources they need and knows they have a lucrative opportunity. There's no need to reach out to them beforehand. Our terms are the best. Just attend the event on time."

Thomas nodded and said, "Understood. Should I arrange for a car to take you home?"

Seraphina glanced at the time. It was indeed late. Just as she was about to wrap up, there was a knock on the door. Hansen stood there with a charming smile. He looked stunningly handsome and captivating. asking. "Do I have the honour of inviting you to dinner?"

Seraphina couldn't help but smile at the sight of him. She said, "Of course, when you extend an invite, I can't refuse."

Thomas discreetly exited the room.

Hansen walked over and gentlemanly draped a coat over her shoulders. He helped her grab her bag and said, "I've gotten rid of the biggest third wheel between us. Tonight, it'll be just the two of us."

Seraphina rolled her eyes. Hansen was always carefree and playful, flirting with every woman in his vicinity. Seraphina never took him seriously.

"I am hungry. What do we have tonight?"

"There's a new couple's restaurant opened in Southvale..." Hansen barely started; he stopped when Seraphina's gaze fell on him. He quickly corrected himself and said, "I opened it. You have to come to support my business."

Seraphina walked out in her high heels, with Hansen swaggering behind her, and overcame with delight.

The restaurant was on the top floor of a skyscraper. It offered a breathtaking view of the city's beauty. The exquisite neon lights that adorned the night sky exuded luxury and charm.

On the west side, couples danced gracefully to the music; the irresistible romantic atmosphere was hard to resist.

Once they started to relax, Seraphina found the music quite moving; it was one of her favourite tunes. She closed her eyes briefly and smelled the rich scent of flowers in the air. When she opened her eyes, she saw Hansen standing before her with a bouquet. His smile was captivating.

“This is for you. It’s your favourite Uchea lilies.”

Music and flowers were the perfect match for a couple restaurant. However, Seraphina felt nothing romantic with Hansen sitting across from her.

She smiled, took the flowers, and set them aside. “Thank you. This place is worthy of being a couple’s restaurant. The service here is top-notch.”

Hansen’s gaze hardened. Did she believe this was part of the restaurant’s service?

The flowers were freshly flown in from Uchea, and even the soil was still moist. Such an expensive service wasn’t for everyone.

He shook his head in resignation. Forget it! I had plenty of patience.

After the food arrived, Seraphina showed little interest in the surroundings or the music. She focused solely on her meal. Hansen eagerly explained each dish’s preparation and origin, maintaining a pleasant atmosphere.

Seraphina wasn’t particular about food. Hansen’s excitement grew as he watched her eat.

“Did you get the flowers I sent?” he asked.

Seraphina grunted and said, “I did. Thank you.”

Hansen’s face stiffened, and he asked, “That’s it? Aren’t you curious why?”

“Why?” Seraphina asked, genuinely puzzled. Wasn’t it just a whim of his?

“I want to date you!” he exclaimed, frustrated by her obliviousness.

Seraphina calmly wiped her mouth and grunted in response. She said, “I can’t accept your offer. Don’t waste your time and energy on me.”

Hansen fumed. Such a blunt rejection!

But what about his pride?

He looked at her solemnly and announced, “From now on, we’re no longer friends. I’m your suitor.”

Seraphina blinked and said, "Fine. Let's just sever ties."

Orions Stunning Billionaire Ex-Wife Chapter 40

Chapter 40 Jealous

to a nearby corner, luctus scoffed, "Look at those two flirting. What does Hansen see in a woman like that

Orton dood opposite him, his gaze cold as he returned his focus to the food in front of him. He found it tasteless.

This restaurant had opened just above Lucius's, and it was all the rage. Lucius insisted on checking it out, and he dragged Orion along.

The waiter repeatedly emphasised that it was a restaurant meant for couples.

Lucius batted his eyelashes suggestively, raised his pinky finger, and clung to Orion's arm. He asked, "Don't we look like a couple?"

"Hey, Lucius, Orion, what a coincidence!"

A couple approached from their opposite sides. It was Aron Reynot, the heir of the Reynots. He had the demeanour of a playboy. The woman, clinging to his arm, appeared to be an internet celebrity who had recently gained fame. She had a triangle face and big eyes, which was typical for an internet celebrity. At this time, that woman was obediently clinging to Aron's arms.

Lucius snorted and asked, "What brings you here?"

"Lily said this place is nice, so we're here to check it out. Isn't this a couple's restaurant?" Aron covered his mouth and tried not to laugh as he realised something.

They had been friends since their youth and had no need for pretense. Orion's complexion was dark as he glared at Lucius.

Enjoying the spectacle, Aron wasn't about to leave. He sat down with them, and his date took a seat opposite Orion. When she looked up, she saw his chiselled face and tried hard to suppress her excitement, not daring to speak in front of Aron.

"Hey, Orion, isn't that the scheming girl?" Aron gestured with his chin towards the dance floor.

The pleasant music played softly in the background as Hansen led Seraphina to the dance floor. He said playfully, "Let's have a dance. We're here, so why not enjoy the dance floor?"

Before Seraphina could reply, the music started to play. If she turned him down, they would attract attention. Fine, let's dance, then.

The lively music began. After a brief hesitation, their steps quickly synchronised. Gradually, they became the centre of attention on the dance floor. Everyone around them stopped to watch. Hansen's striking looks and Seraphina's beauty made them stand out. As her skirt twirled, they captured all the eyes in the room.

Hansen's eyes gleamed as he suddenly noticed someone in a corner. Just as the music ended, he pulled Seraphina into his arms, spun her around, and positioned her back against the crowd. He lowered his head and pulled her into his arms. For everyone watching, it looked like they were sharing a passionate kiss.

Suddenly, the room erupted in applause.

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Orion remained silent, and his expression was catet.

Lucius scoffed at their retreating figures and mocked. "That's it?"

Clearly, they danced at a professional level, but Lucius would never admit that Seraphina danced well

"Exactly. That scheming girl has already found herself a new target. Aron sneered coldly.

As he swept through Aron, Orion's eyes darkened. He asked, "Scheming girl? Is that what you call her behind her back?"

"What else should I call her? She went all out to marry you for money. We all know it. As your buddies, we were so glad when you divorced her and finally got rid of that gold-digger."

Aron thought about it and was oblivious to Orion's darkening expression. He started to recount a memory as if it were a joke.

"Do you remember when we went out drinking right after you got married? And you went to the gents? And she called in the middle of the night to check on you. I answered

the phone for you and warned her to know her place. She doesn't get it; that woman should've realised marrying you was the best thing that ever happened to her."

The glass slammed on the table hard. The joyous atmosphere around them contrasts sharply with the cold tension at their table.