

Ex-husband Goes Money Comes by Yvone Zabielski Chapter 120

It was nine o'clock in the evening.

Orlando was awakened by two crisp bird sounds

Enduring the excruciating pain in his back, he gritted his teeth and struggled to stand up

He still had business to do at night, and he had to be sober.

He held the rail and went back to the room on the second floor. He went directly into the bathroom and adjusted the shower temperature to the hottest.

Because the shirt on his back was stained with blood, and he fainted for six hours without changing the shirt in time, the blood of the wound and the fabric of the shirt were stuck together. If he forcibly changed his clothes, he could peel off a layer of skin on the spot. Only by using hot water could he quickly take off his clothes,

But putting the hot water on the wound was no different from being tortured a second time as if millions of needles were pricking his back

Orlando was trembling in pain.

He gritted his teeth, and under the washing of hot water, although he was in great pain, his mind became more and more clear.

After taking the shower for a few minutes, he changed into clean clothes and turned off the lights. Taking advantage of the limited vision of the bodyguard, he pretended to lie on the bed and sleep. He quietly stuffed the extra bedding he had prepared in advance under the quilt, pretending that it was him who was sleeping.

Then he quietly rolled from the other side of the bed to the foot of the bed. When his back accidentally touched the ground, he trembled in pain and felt dizzy.

After two minutes, he went out of the room, went into the room on the other side, which was the blind spot for bodyguards, and went down to the first floor through the pipe next to the window.

He happened to arrive at the back door.

Todd had heard it, so he came out and reported in a low voice through the iron door.

“Mr. Caffrey, there was only one daughter missed in the Felton family six years ago, but that girl has been found three years ago. Moreover, her photo could be found online. It must not be Ms. Zumthor. Other than that, there is no one else who is more similar to Ms. Zumthor in terms of the timeline.

After Orlando heard this, his eyes gradually dimmed.

Todd continued, “But when I went to visit, I found out that Ms. Zumthor flew to Philadelphia to personally bring back a doctor to treat Breenda. I worked with all my subordinates to investigate and finally found that the doctor she was looking for was... Bentley.”

Bentley?

Orlando was stunned on the spot.

Bentley was an influential figure in the medical field, and his status was high, but it was rumored that he was aloof and arrogant, and he was also a medical maniac and had never had any women around him.

Viola could actually invite such a figure?

The only three sons of the McGraw family actually all had unspeakable relationships with Viola, and they were even

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willing to help her!

The Barnett family seemed to be a distant relative of the McGraw family, which was why she dared to show off in Washington.

Her relationship with the McGraw family wasn't simple...

He wondered, could she be a member of the McGraw family as well

Orlando's expression became darker and colder. "Investigate the McGraw family! Whether it is the branch of the McGraw family or the distant relative of the McGraw family, as long as it can match Viola's timeline, report everything to me!"

"Mr. Caffrey, do you remember that six years ago, the youngest daughter of the McGraw family seemed to be..."

The next moment...

Before he finished speaking, a car light suddenly flashed.

Viola was back!

Orlando wondered why she suddenly came back at that time.

“Mr. Caffrey, be careful when you go back. Take care of yourself! I will definitely investigate thoroughly!”

Todd looked at Orlando worriedly, then turned, and quickly disappeared into the darkness.

Todd left pretty fast.

Orlando immediately turned around. He wanted to enter through the main entrance of the garden leading to the living room, but Viola had already gotten out of the car. There was a light in the garden, so he would definitely be exposed!

Orlando had no choice but to look at the pipe. This was the only way.

He ignored the pain in his back and immediately began to climb up.

Viola was entering the hall from the garden. As she walked, she asked her bodyguard, Vincent, “Has he been good these days?”

Vincent answered honestly, “There were two times when Mr. Caffrey wanted to go out. After we rejected him, he didn’t ask again. He has already gone to bed.”

Viola frowned.

Viola checked the time and found it was only half past nine. She wondered, would he slap so early?

"I don't believe that he is so obedient!"

Viola said as she went upstairs. Vincent and Share followed her.

The door to Orlando's room wasn't closed. Viola.. was a bit curious, but she didn't think too much about it.

She pushed open the door and, under the light in the corridor, saw Orlando lying on the bed with his back to the door. He was indeed sleeping.

She might be overthinking

Viola closed the door again. When Vincent and Shane saw that she didn't notice anything, they secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

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However, Viola had only taken two steps before she suddenly stopped

When she opened the door just now, she seem

to see that the color of Orlando's shirt collar was a little deep...

She wondern, is ir ne?

He is sweating?

There is a problem!

Viola immediately went back. This time, she turned on the light without hesitation and clearly saw the man curled up on the bed with his back to the side

she walked to the side of the bed and continued that the back collar of his shirt was indeed wet, and she sneered.

“Orlando, it’s really hard for you to sleep. You’re actually sweating from exhaustion.”

The man on the bed closed his eyes and did not answer her.

“Stop acting. I know you haven’t slept yet. Why are you sweating so much? What were you doing just now?” Viola was a little angry

He was exposed.

Orlando remained silent and suddenly frowned.

He murmured in a low voice, “It hurts...”

“Hurt? Why are you acting again?”

As Viola spoke, her hand inadvertently pushed his back

Ouch....”

The man let out a miserable scream through his teeth. Suddenly, he was drenched in a cold sweat. His facial features were twisted tightly, and his expression was miserable.

Vincent and Shane stood behind Viola with confusion.

During the day, when they were outside, they listened to the whistling of the rattan hitting his flesh again and again, and they were frightened.

However, Orlando managed to hold on and did not make a sound!

He was quite brave during the day, but now he was screaming, deliberately pretending to be weak

His acting was so awesome that he could win an Oscar!

Even the best actor could not win over him!

Obviously, he was trying to mess with Russell!

Vincent and Shane were so npry, but they couldn't show it in front of Viol.

Viola, who was standing in front, didn't notice itici moods.

Orlando's condition was indeed a bit bad, and it didn't seem like he wiis pretending

She unbuttoned the two buttons on his shirt and gently pulled it back

What she saw were crossed purple wounds. There was not a single piece of intact flesh. There were several places that

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had been severely beaten. The wounds had already turned into black and purple blood clots. There were even 'broken skin and blood spots on the wounds.

Vincent and Shane saw that her face was contorting, and they were ready for her to be furious in the next second, and they were ready to kneel on the spot.

However, Viola's tone was very calm. "Who did this?"

The two of them couldn't figure out whether she was angry or not, so they had to answer honestly

"It's Mt. Russell."

"What did Russell use to hit him?"

"Rattan. A total of ninety whips. Ms. McGraw, Mr. Russell was just worried that you were injured and couldn't take it anymore, so..."

"Got it. Since it was Mr. Russell, Orlando deserved it."

Hearing this, Orlando clenched his fists under the quilt.