

Ex-husband Goes Money Comes by Yvone Zabielski Chapter 142

Thinking of this, he didn't feel so sad.

These were the experiences she had experienced in the Caffrey family. Now he just repeated them all.

When it's all over and I don't owe you anything, will everything go back to the starting point?

Thinking of this, he clenched his fists, tried to stay conscious, and maintained a standard posture.

It rained heavily at night.

Orlando had been kneeling in the garden for two hours, during which time, Viola had been standing by the window.

Since Viola was drugged last time, the bodyguards took turns to guard at night.

Jimmy was on duty tonight. He hid in the dark and looked at the people in the garden.

Because of the specific drug, Orlando was weak. In the beginning, he knelt there with a strong will. Gradually his body shook, but his waist was still straight.

Jimmy really admired him.

Even if he was kneeling, he still looked noble. No one would look down upon him.

Jimmy couldn't bear to see such a proud man being destroyed.

Thinking of this, he managed to sneak into the villa and knocked on Viola's door.

"Come in."

Jimmy went straight in and stood not far behind Viola.

Viola didn't turn around. Her eyes were fixed on the man kneeling in the garden. She asked expressionlessly, "What's wrong?"

Jimmy swallowed and said, "Ms. Zumthor, I'm afraid that Mr. Caffrey can't go on like this."

Viola sneered, "So what? I didn't force him to kneel this time. He likes to lie to me in the name of paying off what he

owes me, so just let him."

"Ms. Zumthor..."

"Get out."

Viola closed the curtains and went to the bathroom to wash up.

Jimmy sighed and left, back to his duty.

The rain lasted the whole night. It didn't stop until the morning.

Orlando didn't know how long he had knelt. He only knew that his knees and legs were so numb that he couldn't feel any warmth.

Although the rain stopped, the wind was still blowing on his face, as if he was cut by a knife.

When Jimmy came out, he was surprised to see that Orlando was still holding on.

"Mr. Caffrey, time is up. Get up."

Is that enough?

Orlando's pale lips curled up unconsciously. Did it mean that she could get over it? Could he pay off what he owed her?

He tried to stand up, but his mind began to go blank uncontrollably, and his sight gradually blurred.

"Mr. Caffrey? Mr. Caffrey!"

Jimmy touched his forehead. It was so hot. Orlando couldn't help shivering even if he fainted.

He had been soaked in the rain all night and had a high fever!

Jimmy immediately took him back to his room and went upstairs to ask for Viola's permission.

Viola just got up and was sitting in front of the dresser to comb her hair.

Knowing that he had fainted on his knees, Viola paused for a moment. With no expression on her face, she continued to comb her hair. "I see. Go and call a doctor to check on him."

"Yes."

The doctor came and prescribed antipyretics and injections.

An hour later, Viola guessed that Orlando would wake up soon. She went downstairs to the second floor and entered

Orlando's room.

Then she asked the bodyguard to bring a stool. She sat beside Orlando's bed, waiting expressionlessly. Her eyes were very deep. No one knew what she was thinking.

Orlando woke up in a daze. His vision was still blurry, but when he turned his head, he saw a familiar figure by the bed. He grabbed her wrist subconsciously.

"Viola, have you ... forgiven me?"

His fever hadn't completely gone. When he held Viola's hand, his palm was hot.

Viola frowned and didn't push his hand away, but her eyes were filled with strong disgust. "I'll ask you for the last

time. Where did you take that person?"

Orlando's hand slowly loosened.

It seemed that he was also angry. He turned over with his back to her, closed his eyes, and pretended to be asleep as if

he could not hear her at all.

Viola's patience had been completely used up.

"Since you don't want to say anything, then I don't need to waste my time. Since you sent that person away, I must make you pay the price. Why don't you suffer for that person?"

Then she called, "Jimmy, Toby, come in!"

The two of them walked into the room.

Viola said with a cruel smile, "Send him to prison. Tell them to take special care of him!"

Jimmy immediately stepped forward to plead for mercy.

"Mc Zumthor no way! Mr Caffrey is in noor health now. He will die in less than three days if you send him there!"

Viola gave him a cold look and said, "Okay, then you can go in for him. I will take care of you."

Jimmy was rendered speechless.

Jimmy's sympathy was suddenly suppressed. He had no choice but to follow Toby to pull Orlando out of bed.

Orlando was still having a high fever.

When he fell asleep with his back to Viola, he vaguely heard what she said about going to prison.

When Jimmy and Toby came over, he broke free from the two and refused to get out of bed. He looked at Viola in confusion. "I just sent Stanley abroad, not put him in jail. Who should I go to jail for him?"

Viola chuckled.

"What does it have to do with Stanley? Do you think this matter can be over if you speak nonsense with me? Take him away!"

Orlando was stunned for a second and quickly realized that he might have misunderstood something last night.

Just as Jimmy and Toby were ordered to forcefully pull him out of the bed, he took the opportunity to fall in the direction of Viola and fell at her feet.

Viola subconsciously stepped back.

Orlando failed. Raising his face, he said seriously, "Although I don't know what you are talking about, I really didn't do anything except send Stanley away!"

Viola bit her teeth and pinched his cheek, reminding him word by word.

“You admitted that you took away Anaya last night, and now you deny it. Don’t you think it’s too late?”

Anaya?

Orlando was stunned and said with certainty. “Anaya? She’s in prison now!”

Pursing her lips, Viola didn’t answer. She still looked at him coldly, as if she wanted to see how long he could play dumb.

Orlando knew that she didn’t believe it at all. “Viola, I really didn’t do it. The reason why I wanted to divorce you before is that I always thought that the girl who saved me thirteen years ago was Anaya. Later I found out that Anaya wasn’t. I even asked you once. Do you remember?”

Viola thought for a while. It seemed that it was when Anaya was seriously injured and hospitalized. He defended her in front of the media and asked about the old story.

“What do you want to say?”

There were tears in Orlando’s eyes. He stared at her tightly. “From that time on, I knew that Anaya lied to me. Not long ago, I knew that you were the girl who saved me, so believe me, Viola. Everything I have done these days is true.”

He coughed.

He continued, “I just don’t like Stanley’s proposal to you last night, so I secretly took him away. I really didn’t know

anything about Anaya!"

Looking at his sincere face, Viola thought of what happened to Stanley last night. It was indeed a little strange.

How could it be such a coincidence?