

Ex-husband Goes Money Comes by Yvone Zabielski Chapter 204

At that moment, Viola couldn't even think straight. She looked down at the blue and white porcelain jar in her hand, and her hands suddenly trembled uncontrollably.

Viola handed the jar of ashes back to Todd, biting her lower lip and shaking her head with a sneer.

"I don't believe it. If you want me to believe it, get him to tell me personally!"

"Ms. Zumthor..."

"Go away!"

Viola roared and took a step back. Then, she closed the door heavily, shutting everyone outside.

Viola took a deep breath to calm herself down, trying to regain her senses.

As soon as Viola sat down on the sofa, she saw a pile of sticky notes she had just taken down.

Viola picked them up again and looked at them seriously.

Also, Viola remembered that before Orlando got into the car that day, he pulled her into his arms and hugged her very tightly. At that time, Viola did not notice anything wrong. Now, when Viola recalled it carefully, she remembered that Orlando's eyes seemed to be a little red that day...

So, Orlando had long known that this day would come. Thus, before Viola left Washington, Orlando prepared to meet her for the last time.

But...

Viola hadn't seen Orlando's body yet.

So Viola didn't believe it! She didn't believe that Orlando had died!

The reason why Nell was not in the villa was that he had gone to the crematorium with Todd and the others. And he just got back at this time.

When Nell was called in by Viola, there was still a trace of sadness on his face.

Viola sat on the sofa in a daze. There was no sorrow or tears on her face. She looked

indifferent at that moment.

When Nell walked in front of Viola, Viola suddenly stood up and threw a vicious slap at

Nell's face.

"Ah..."

Nell was caught off guard. He took a step back, and the corner of his mouth broke. Blood seeped out.

Nell didn't dare to wipe the blood off. He sipped the blood in his mouth and stood properly, enduring Viola's anger.

Nell said, "Ms. Zumthor, if this can make you feel better, then it's fine if you want to beat me to death. Mr. Caffrey died because of me. I feel like I am almost drowned in guilt! If I can die in your hands, I will feel better."

Viola looked at Nell. Seeing that Nell was crying so sadly, Viola slowly retracted her hand and sat back on the sofa.

"What the hell has happened?"

"I was actually sent there to monitor you, Ms. Zumthor. But I couldn't do anything to you because of my heart. Those people didn't want to let me go. Three days ago, they gave me an ultimatum. They wanted me to lure you to the abandoned warehouse in the east suburb woods outside the city. When Mr. Caffrey found out about this, he told me not to tell you. He said he would go for you."

The more Nell spoke, the sadder he was. He cried and continued, "I didn't expect that ... he would never be able to come back. Ms. Zumthor, I'm sorry!"

"He... Before the accident, did he have anything to say to me?"

Nell thought for a few seconds and said, "No."

Viola pursed her lips and lowered her eyes slightly. She was a little dazed and dejected.

Seeing Viola like this, Nell felt very sorry. He said, "It's all my fault. Ms. Zumthor, you can hit me! Don't hold it back. If you feel uncomfortable, just vent it out!"

“Get out.”

“Ms. Zumthor...”

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“Get out!”

Nell knew he couldn’t do anything to make Viola feel better now, so he chose to let her calm down alone.

The window in the living room was open, and it was a little cold when the wind blew in. Viola felt cold.

Viola stared at the stack of sticky notes on the table. Orlando’s handsome and lively face suddenly appeared in her mind.

In the past, Orlando was always cold and indifferent.

But when Viola began to recall it, she always remembered various Orlando’s pitiful expressions. Now, Viola couldn’t even remember what Orlando used to be like.

Thinking of this, Viola rushed up to the third floor and took off the sealed box placed on the top of the cabinet in the room.

“Where’s the photo? Where’s our wedding photo? It was clearly here!”

Viola turned the room into a mess and finally found only half of the wedding photo under the box. Viola was smiling brightly in the photo, but she was also the only one left in the photo.

The other half of the photo that had Orlando in it was cut off by Viola when she decided to take revenge on the Caffrey family.

Viola's knuckles turned white as she held the photo tightly. Then, her hands trembled as she opened her album on her phone. She searched for a long time.

However, Viola could not find any of Orlando's photos at all. The dramatic thing was that Orlando and Viola had been married for three years, and Viola had loved Orlando for six years...

The only thing left was a recording,

Viola clicked to play the recording.

Then, Orlando's magnetic and deep voice sounded, "I'm Orlando. I promise that I will disappear from your world forever after the end of this year's term of employment."

Viola leaned against the end of the bed, slowly sliding to the ground. Tears gradually

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welled up in her eyes.

Orlando disappeared before a year had passed.

Viola didn't even have the time to say goodbye.

The night was very long for Viola,

Viola stayed up all night and stared blankly out the window. Her eyes were a little dry and swollen.

Suddenly, Viola heard a sound.

It was a knock on the door.

Viola wiped her tears and tried to ask in a calm tone, "What is it?"

It was Toby who was outside the door.

"Ms. Zumthor, Todd has sent Mr. Caffrey's ashes back to the old house. The date of Mr. Caffrey's funeral has been set. It will be on 4th November."

Viola frowned slightly.

4th November?

There were only three days left. Viola thought it was a little fast.

Russell and Todd helped Whitney arrange Orlando's funeral.

Russell had heard about this thing when he returned from Salt Lake City.

After all, Orlando had lost his life for Viola. Russell also felt very sorry. Russell knew that Viola could not accept this result, so he wanted to help Viola take the burden and relieve her guilt.

With Russell's help, no media dared to report the death of Orlando. Even the big families who knew the truth did not dare to gossip around.

Russell would make Orlando's funeral low-key.

The weather in Washington had been very bad these past three days.

It was always raining. When people were walking on the road, the cold wind could even freeze them.

On the day of the funeral, there was a cold shower, and the weather was gloomy

and cold.

The rain was very heavy, enveloping Washington with a gloomy atmosphere,

In front of the cemetery, there were people in black suits holding black umbrellas. Looking from afar, this scene was cold and terrifying,

There were not many people here. They were some relatives of the Caffrey family and some business partners who were very close to Orlando. People came forward to mourn one by one.

Whitney held her son's ashes and cried sadly. Her tears had almost dried up in the past three days. If Whitney had not been holding on to her last breath in order to complete her son's funeral, she would have already collapsed.

Alisha was also crying and sobbing sadly. She kept calling Orlando's name again and again.

This place was filled with a heavy and sorrowful atmosphere.

Under the tree outside the cemetery, Viola was dressed in a black dress. She did not put on any makeup. Her eyes were red but calm. She just watched the situation in the cemetery closely.

A few bodyguards went in to mourn for Orlando.

Viola didn't hold an umbrella. Even though she was standing under the tree, her entire body was still drenched because of the heavy rain. Her slender figure was lonely but straight. She was not in a sorry state because she refused to become like that.

Russell noticed Viola and walked over with his black umbrella.

Russell saw that Viola's lips were pale because of the cold, and he felt very worried. He took off his suit jacket and put it on Viola.

But Viola stopped Russell's action and refused to put on Russell's jacket.

"Viola, he has already gone. Why are you torturing yourself? If you continue being like this, you will get sick. Put on the jacket, OK? If he is still alive, he definitely does not

want to see you feel guilty and blame yourself.”

Viola only put down her hand when she heard Russell’s last sentence. Then, she allowed Russell to put his jacket on her.

Russell helped Viola stroke away the wet hair on her cheeks. He sighed, “He will be buried soon. Do you want to go to say a few last words to him?”

Viola lowered her eyes. She didn’t speak or move.

In the cemetery, Orlando’s ashes were officially buried.

A lawyer in a suit suddenly appeared and handed two envelopes to Whitney.

The lawyer said to Whitney, “Mrs. Caffrey, this is what your son said before he died. He said that these had to be given to you on the day he was buried. Please open it immediately and read it alone.”

Tears were still streaming down Whitney’s face. Her fingers trembled as she took the two envelopes. One was given to her, and the other one didn’t have a signature.

Whitney opened the first envelope.

However, Whitney’s grief gradually froze after she saw the contents of the letter.