

Ex-husband Goes Money Comes by Yvone Zabielski Chapter 32

After seeing who it was, Brenton widened his eyes in fear.

“Mr. Caffrey... why are you here?”

Orlando’s face was frighteningly dark, and the veins on his forehead bulged. He tightened his grip on Brenton’s collar. “Which private room is she in? What are you doing to her?”

Brenton was freaked out by Orlando’s terrifying gaze. His lips trembled, and he confessed everything

Paula’s face turned pale in fear. She was quietly looking for an opportunity to slip away.

Yet Lawson, who had just rushed over, immediately stopped her.

Orlando handed both of them to Lawson. “Tie them up, find a room and lock them up. I’ll handle them later.”

With that, he ran to the private room with a vicious aura.

He had a bad feeling.

Brenton said that Viola had already drunk the red wine with the drug. It had already been fifteen

minutes. Maybe she had already been...

His scarlet eyes gradually filled with killing intent.

He pushed open the door to the room.

The first thing he saw was a bloody mess. The blood extended all the way to the small bathroom in the room.

In the bathroom, the voices of men were constantly heard.

Two men!

Orlando was furious. He strode towards the bathroom, but he glanced at a figure nearby.

He took a closer look.

It was Viola!

She had light makeup on her face, and she was leaning elegantly on the chair. Her slender fingers tapped on the broken legs of the stool beside her hand.

There were a few screws on the legs of the stool. Blood was falling to the ground. There must have been a fierce battle.

Orlando carefully sized her up.

“Are you ... really alright?”

What? Me? Caffrey, are you disappointed to see that I am fine?" Viola tilted her head and smiled playfully.

Of course not.

Just as he was about to retort, Viola added, "But Mr. Caffrey, you got the information quickly. Are you here to watch the show?"

"What?"

Orlando was confused.

The door of the bathroom suddenly opened, and two men wriggled towards them.

He took a closer look.

They were two men who had been harshly beaten.

One of them had a frighteningly swollen face. He seemed to have been drugged. His hands covered his groin, blood flowing out from between his fingers. He looked painful.

The other person covered his back in grief. His face was also stained with blood. He was suffering so much pain that his face was distorted.

Orlando was slightly startled, but he heaved a sigh of relief.

Last time, he found out that Viola was good at fighting.

He should have known that she would not let herself suffer.

Rodrigo and Jagger crawled to Viola and knelt down a few steps away from her. Then, they began to cry.

“Ms. Zumthor, it’s all Brenton and Paula’s fault. Those two bastards urged me to do it! I was forced!”

“Yes, yes! We are sorry. Please let us go. We won’t do it again....”

Viola sneered as she took out her phone and opened the information about them that she had asked people to gather.

“Rodrigo Owlton, the director of Glory Group, has a peculiar taste. He likes to torture women. Many women, famous and non-famous, have been abused by him. He has five lives on his hands.

“Jagger Heatley, the director of Glory Group, goes even further, with 11 lives on his hands. Tell me, should I let you guys off easily?”

After hearing her words, the two cried even more bitterly.

Their legs were shaking terribly.

“Ms, Zuinthor, please spare us. We know we did something bad. We swear that we won’t do it again.

God will punish us.”

Viola gracefully poured a glass of red wine and shook it in her hand.

“Well, since you know your mistake, then send the video that was recorded in the bathroom to Twitter, announce your crimes, and apologize to the victims. You must tell the public how bad you are! How infuriating your crimes are!”

When the two of them heard this, their expressions changed.

Jagger shook his head. “No... no! This way, I will be removed from the board of directors. The whole nation will spit at me, and the police will arrest me. I will die!”

“Ms. Zumthor, please forgive us. We will do whatever you ask!” Rodrigo echoed.

If they got convicted, they would be beaten and humiliated by the other prisoners in prison before the death penalty. Just thinking about it made them scared...

Orlando stood quietly by the side and listened with a slight smile.

Viola was straightforward, fierce, and ruthless. She had many ways to punish them.

It was similar to his style of doing things.

Without waiting for Viola to speak, his dark eyes swept over the two people on the ground. “Do as Ms. Zumthor says.”

The two of them looked at him in a humble manner.

Before they begged for mercy, Orlando continued, "Or do you want to be taken away by me and have a taste of my torture?"

Viola was confused.

Being threatened, the two people trembled.

They had heard of Orlando's methods of dealing with people. He would make them wish they were dead.

He would probably peel them alive.

The two were even more afraid.

"We'll do it! We'll do it right away!"

The two shook their hands and posted the tweet under Viola's cold gaze.

Seeing that things were almost done, Viola rubbed her wrist, got up, and left the room without even

looking at Orlando.

Orlando called Lawson and followed her out.

Only Rodrigo and Jagger were left in the room, snuggling against each other, wailing in despair.

In less than five minutes, things went viral on the Internet.

Lawson informed the police to arrest them. Soon, they were taken away by the police,

They didn't even have time to see how people scolded them on the Internet before they were carried out of the restaurant by the police. They cried to the point of collapse.

Viola walked quickly. Orlando failed to catch up.

He searched all the way from the restaurant and finally saw Viola at the entrance of the restaurant.

It was already dark, but the lights at the entrance of the restaurant were bright.

He saw Viola lowering her head, her gaze satisfied as she looked at the man squatting by her feet, gently rubbing her sore legs.

Russell looked up lovingly, "Does it hurt? If you want to hit someone next time, let me know in advance. Why do you have to do it yourself?"

Viola chuckled, "It's been a long time since I hit someone, and I'm out of practice. This time, I've exercised enough, which is quite refreshing."

Orlando was stunned on the spot.

He was hurt by what he saw.

Russell finished massaging her calf. Then he took off his suit jacket and wrapped it around her. Then they went into the car.

When Russell closed the car door, he turned around and stared at Orlando, his cold gaze sending the message of warning.

Then, the Rolls-Royce left.

Orlando stared in the direction in which they left with a mixed feeling.

The scene of Russell massaging Viola's calf flashed in front of his eyes. He could not let it go for a long time.

Lawson came out of the restaurant and saw Orlando standing alone in a daze, thinking about something

"Mr. Caffrey?"

"What is it?" Orlando returned to his senses, his gaze still cold.

"Rodrigo and Jagger have been taken away. As for Brenton and Paula, how do you plan to deal with them?"

He pondered for a moment, and that scene flashed before his eyes once more. His tone was icy. "Let them go."

“Let them go?”

Lawson was stunned. He had taken a lot of effort dragging them into the room.