

Ex-husband Goes Money Comes by Yvone Zabielski Chapter 61

“What’s the matter?”

“Where were you on the 14th of March 13 years ago? Did you pass by Pinewood Street in Washington

that day?”

“I can’t remember.” Viola turned her head away impatiently.

She thought, it’s been such a long time. How could I remember it?

“Alright, I have another question for you.”,

Orlando didn’t give up. He asked patiently, “Do you remember that there was a car accident on that day? Three people died on the spot. Only a little boy in the back row of the car survived. A girl saved him.”

Viola wondered, why would he ask me this question?

Is he that little boy in the back row?

Viola met his gaze. Some of her fragmented memories were aroused.

On that day, she happened to save a boy.

But she did not take it to heart.

Viola came to Washington that year because of a very important thing. It was related to the privacy of the McGraw family. She did not want to tell Orlando about it. Orlando shouldn't keep investigating.

It was too dangerous, and Viola did not want anyone to get hurt.

"No, I don't know," Viola replied coldly. "If you don't have any other questions, I'll leave now!"

Orlando reached out to stop her, but he was hurt by her cold gaze. Orlando withdrew his hand.

"Mr. Caffrey, you are Anaya's fiancé. You should pay more attention to Anaya. She is still in the hospital."

Viola taunted Orlando, unlocked the door, and went out.

The moment Viola turned around, she saw a sense of loss flash through Orlando's eyes.

Such emotions faded in the next second, but Viola still caught it.

She thought, why would he feel disappointed?

Viola was puzzled, but she didn't care about it.

Orlando was not important to her now. He could not affect her moods anymore.

Viola collected her thoughts and elegantly ran her fingers through her hair. Orlando did not stop her. She pushed open the door of the private room.

As soon as Viola stepped out of the door, she met Lawson. Lawson gave her an unfriendly gaze.

Lawson said with a face full of hatred.

“Mr. Caffrey has collected all the evidence. Everyone will know that it was you who bullied Ms. Callis! Mr. Caffrey will not spare you!”

“Are you done?”

Viola glanced at Lawson with a provocative smile. “I’ll wait and see.”

Viola was of very small stature, but she said it in a confident way.

Lawson looked straight into her smiling eyes and took a few steps back.

Viola left quickly in her high heels.

Her footsteps echoed in the huge restaurant.

“How strange.”

Lawson was very puzzled. He didn’t know why he felt scared just now.

Orlando had promised to tell everyone the truth in five days. And two days had passed.

All the media paid close attention to this matter and kept making all kinds of guesses.

Viola completely ignored those negative comments about her. She focused on preparing for the talent show.

“Ms. Zumthor, these are the documents about the shooting base. Please do the last review.” Rayna placed an archive bag beside her hand.

“Got it. I’ll call you when I’m done.”

Viola fixed her eyes on the computer screen. Her fingers danced nimbly on the keyboard.

Rayna looked at Viola hesitantly and interrupted her, “Ms. Zumthor, haven’t you read the negative comments on the Internet?”

“I read some of them.”

Viola glanced at Rayna and got back to her work.

“Then why are you still...” Rayna was confused.

“Why am I still so calm?”

Viola turned off the computer and leaned back in her chair.

She explained, “Mr. Caffrey told so many reporters that he would give an explanation to the public. Let’s see what he’ll do. Although many people are talking about my things, I am not affected in any

way, right?”

“But...”

“Stop. Go on with your work. The talent show is about to start, and you need to work hard recently.”

Rayna knew that her boss was different, so she shut up and continued to do her work.

Viola was busy fighting for her career.

In the hospital dozens of miles away from Angle Group, Anaya was lying on the hospital bed, browsing the latest news in boredom.

Anaya had recovered a lot. For the past two days, she had been watching the negative comments on Viola from various social platforms. Anaya even hired some paid posters to add fuel to the fire.

Most people supported Anaya, while few people defended Viola. Anaya felt extremely happy about that.

She was surfing Twitter when a message popped up. Anaya’s smile froze.

“Ms. Callis, Mr. Caffrey hasn’t done anything special these days, and he hasn’t asked me to do anything for him. I don’t know what he wants to do.”

Ever since Lawson agreed to help Anaya, he had been doing his best to watch Orlando's every move.

As long as Orlando did anything, Lawson would immediately report it to her.

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However, Orlando did not make a move. It made Anaya suspicious.

"Got it. Thank you, Lawson." She sent a voice message to Lawson in a sweet tone.

When Lawson heard her voice, he felt flattered. Lawson felt that he had to help Anaya and let Viola get the punishment she deserved.

Anaya impatiently turned off her phone and leaned against the bed. After thinking for a while, she turned on her phone and made a call.

"Hey, how are you?"

Rebecca's lazy voice came from the other side of the line.

"Thanks to you, I'm still lying in the hospital. What should we do now?" Anaya said coldly.

Rebecca admired her freshly decorated nails for a while and said lazily, "Don't worry. I've found Anaya's weakness. She will die tonight."

"Really?"

Anaya asked uncertainly, "I've lost to her twice. With the previous lesson, you must be careful."

"Last time you failed because you were stupid," Rebecca raised her voice. "You have made such a big mistake, and you deserve it."

Anaya was furious, but she couldn't say anything. She gritted her teeth and hung up the phone, secretly putting the blame on Viola.

"Wait and see."

Anaya threw her phone on the bed. She was burning with anger.

The preparation for the girls' talent show was nearing its end.

In the afternoon, Viola put the finishing touches on the program. Through long-range connections, she supervised the first day of the shooting.

Everything went smoothly. Viola nodded with satisfaction and turned off the computer.

Viola had arranged supervisory personnel at the recording site, and if any accidents happened, she would be notified at once.

Her phone suddenly rang. It was a call from the person in charge.

"Ms. Zumthor, Sherlyn is missing!"