

Ex-husband Goes Money Comes by Yvone Zabielski Chapter 77

“It’s been a few days since we last met, Viola, but you’re still so arrogant. Everything has to be based on evidence. Since you said I’m lying, show me the evidence!” Anaya didn’t back down.

“I’m the evidence!”

A weak and slender voice suddenly sounded from outside the venue.

Then, a bodyguard pushed a wheelchair and walked in.

The woman in the wheelchair had a pale face, and people could tell that she had recovered from a serious illness from her tired face.

Viola timely moved to the side so that everyone present could see who it was.

“Breenda? Aren’t you dead? How... What’s going on?”

Anaya was on the verge of losing control of the expression on her face.

Originally, she was so happy that she couldn’t sleep for a few nights because of the death of Breenda and Viola.

But now, not only did these two bitches not die, they even publicly appeared at the venue to expose Anaya’s lie!

Anaya was so angry that she almost vomited blood on the spot!

“Breenda! My daughter!”

Audrey ran to Breenda’s side and squatted in front of her. Her hand trembled as she gently caressed her face.

It was a daughter who could smile and blink Breenda was alive!

“My baby... I knew you were lucky. You will be safe. You will definitely be fine...”

Audrey hugged Breenda tightly and leaned her head on Breenda’s shoulder, sobbing.

Joans, who was following closely behind Audrey, also had his eyes turn red. “It’s good that you’re awake. It’s good that you’re awake! Thank God you’re alive!”

Anaya, who was standing on the stage, looked at the harmonious atmosphere of the family in front of her in a daze.

Hearing Audrey’s words, Anaya couldn’t react for a long time to react. Audrey knew that Breenda was not dead.

So, everything yesterday morning was just a show?

Even Rebecca was lying?

Anaya was completely unable to accept this fact.

Why? Why did everyone have to side with this slut, Viola!

Anaya was so angry that her eyes turned red. While everyone's attention was focused on the family, she cleared her throat and coughed,

"Even if my sister comes back safe and sound, you can't get rid of your guilt!" She looked at Viola sharply.

Viola pulled out a chair and sat down. She propped up her chin with one hand and asked with interest, "Then tell me, what crime have I committed?"

"You bribed ten thugs to trick me into a small house in the suburbs and let them hurt me. I was seriously injured and hospitalized. The evidence is conclusive. How can you explain this?"

Sweat popped out on Anaya's clenched palm.

Under the cover of the stage, Anaya clenched her fists even tighter.

"It seems that you're getting better at making up lies."

A hint of disdain and playfulness flashed across Viola's face. "I will give you the explanation you want now!"

With that, Viola raised her hand.

Before Anaya understood Viola's words, a group of policemen suddenly rushed into the venue.

And they surrounded Anaya.

“What are you doing?”

Anaya’s face turned pale. She held onto the stage and stabilized herself.

“Ms. Anaya Callis, we suspect that you are involved in creating Breenda Callis’ car accident, kidnapping Sherlyn Ayre, and deliberately framing Viola Zumthor. Please come with us and cooperate with the investigation.”

The leader of the police officers showed his police ID and held Anaya down.

“It’s not like that! Listen to my explanation! You can’t catch me!” Anaya collapsed and shouted.

The policemen handcuffed Anaya. “We’ll know if you are innocent after the investigation.”

The reporters were so shocked that they couldn’t close their mouths, and the cameras in their hands were not on. All the reporters and onlookers were bewildered by this sudden reversal.

The police’s words had proved that Anaya was lying.

Many cameras were aimed at the mess on Anaya’s face, and the sound of the shutter clicking was heard.

“She is the one who harmed Breenda! I knew that she did not have good intentions ever since she came back!” Audrey accused Anaya excitedly.

Joans was also extremely angry. He picked up the microphone on the stage and announced loudly.

“My family has produced such a scumbag. Everyone must be watching a joke, I will not tolerate such a scumbag in my family. I solemnly announce to the public that from now on, I will remove Anaya’s status as the successor of the Callis family and break all ties with her forever. She will never be a member of the Callis family!”

Even the only bloodline in the world had chosen to abandon Anaya.

Anaya, who had originally been crying in despair, gradually turned into a burst of laughter.

The laughter sounded somewhat horrifying.

Under everyone’s gaze, she was dragged into the police car.

In the Callis family’s villa, Lawson slowly opened his eyes. He narrowed his eyes and looked at the sunlight coming in through the window for a while before sitting up with great difficulty.

When he escaped last night, he was seriously injured. After Anaya settled him in a remote and isolated room, he couldn’t resist the exhaustion and sleepiness and fell asleep.

It was almost noon, and the other servants of the Callis family were busy, so no one noticed that there was a man living in this room that had been deserted for so long.

Lawson crossed his hands and sat on the sofa in contemplation.

Staying in the Callis family was not a long-term solution. He had to find a new place as soon as possible, and it was best to leave Washington.

Lawson didn’t know what had happened outside and was still foolishly reluctant to leave Anaya.

He sighed and laid back on the bed again, staring at the ceiling in a daze.

Suddenly, the door opened.

He raised his head and looked at the door, only to find a doctor in a white coat and a mask walking in.

Last night, he heard Anaya say that she would help him find a doctor to treat him, but he didn't take it seriously.

He didn't expect Anaya to care so much about him.

Lawson was very touched, so he sat up and asked politely, "Is it Ms. Callis who asked you to come here? Please take a seat."

"Yes, it's me."

The doctor pushed up his glasses and lowered his head. Lawson couldn't see his face clearly.

"Thank you for your hard work." Lawson let go of his guard and nodded politely.

"Of course. Since I took Ms. Callis' money, I should make things right."

After the doctor gave Lawson a simple examination, the doctor took out a syringe.

"What is this for? Don't you need to prescribe something else?"

Lawson frowned slightly, but he still stretched out his arm.

“This is the medicine for rehabilitation. After giving you this injection, I will tell you what to do next.”
The doctor picked up a piece of cotton with tweezers, dipped it in iodine, and wiped it on Lawson’s skin.

Looking at his unskilled movements, Lawson became more and more suspicious.

Although he was seriously injured, his wounds just needed to be disinfected to stop the bleeding and some medicine.

When he was Orlando’s assistant, he also helped seriously injured people. There was no need for such a complicated injection.

The moment the needle was about to pierce into Lawson’s skin, he flipped the doctor’s wrist.

Lawson grabbed the doctor’s hand and pushed him away. “You are not a doctor! Who are you?”