

Ex-husband Goes Money Comes by Yvone Zabielski Chapter 82

"There is no need to mention the past."

Viola's expression was indifferent as she raised her glass and drank another mouthful of wine.

Stanley knew that he had asked something he shouldn't have asked, so he quickly smiled and changed the topic.

"That's right. Let the past go. I heard that Carlos has arranged a task for you. How about it? Are you confident to complete it?"

"Of course, I am determined to win."

At the mention of her career, Viola was confident. "I recently launched a new female group talent show. I am very confident about this. I believe that it will make Angle Group popular."

"That's great. However, I have one more thing to ask you this time..."

Stanley looked straight into Viola's eyes. There was a bit of hesitation on his drunken face.

"You..."

After thinking about it for a while, Stanley still chose to hide his true thoughts and smiled. "I intend to cooperate with Angle Group. What do you think?"

"Of course, I will agree. I won't reject a business partner who asks for cooperation actively."

Right now, it was time for Angle Group to bring in a large number of resources and talents. Stanley's active cooperation would undoubtedly bring Viola more benefits.

"Then it's settled." Viola smiled slyly and took the initiative to drink the wine.

"Deal."

Stanley laughed heartily, and he also drank the wine.

It was already late at night. They ended the dinner and returned to their rooms to rest.

Viola wasn't drunk. Instead, she was more sober than usual.

If Viola wanted to defeat the Caffrey Group, she had to quickly accumulate strength in a short period.

Viola pulled out a chair and sat down in front of the table, preparing to make a preliminary plan about how to make Caffrey Group go bankrupt.

Caffrey Group was now mainly involved in real estate. If Viola wanted to defeat it, she must have a foothold in this industry.

However, vjola was not familiar with real estate. After thinking about it, she still felt that it was the most reliable to ask Stanley for advice.

"Are you asleep? I have something to ask you." Viola quickly edited a Line message and sent it over.

"No, I'm in the corridor."

Viola gently opened the door and Stanley stood by the window at the end of the corridor, enjoying the breeze,

Stanley looked at Viola quietly,

“I want to enter real estate, but I don’t know much about this. I need your help. This matter is very important to me, so please.” Viola leaned against the window and closed the window.

Stanley frowned but did not ask Viola what she wanted to do. “I do know a little about this. I will study it tomorrow and make it into a file for you to see.”

Viola received his promise, thanked him, and returned to her room in satisfaction.

With the help of the people in the industry, Viola’s plan would be much easier to implement.

Viola fell into a deep sleep in satisfaction.

However, at this time, in the mountain range of the intersection between Washington and Philadelphia, someone was still suffering from insomnia due to complicated thoughts.

Orlando sat in the car, smoking one cigarette after another. He stared out of the window.

Orlando had been looking for Viola here for two days and two nights.

There was still no news.

Orlando did not believe that Viola would die here. Orlando believed that he would find Viola and take her back to Washington.

“Mr. Caffrey, when can we go back?” Orlando’s subordinate yawned and asked drowsily.

Orlando glanced at him coldly.

“When you find Viola, we will go back.”

The man tactfully shut his mouth, and the other subordinate boldly asked, “It has been a few days since Ms. Zumthor jumped off the plane. This vast mountain range is full of wild wolves and wild boars. What if she...”

“There is no ‘what if’. Even if there is only left a skeleton of her, I must bring it back. If anyone dares to ask this kind of question again, don’t blame me for being cruel.”

Orlando said calmly, but his tone was cold and ruthless.

The rest of the people were frightened. They went to the side to rest.

When everyone gradually fell asleep, Orlando was still awake. He was staring out the window.

It was in the Caffrey’s house.

The lights were still on.

“This is so infuriating!”

Crack!

Whitney fiercely threw the cup to the ground, and the crystal cup instantly shattered into pieces.

“How dare Anaya opened a press conference in the name of Orlando’s fiancée? She embarrassed the Caffrey family! Since the Callis family drove her away, why are we still admitting her identity? Tomorrow, we will announce to the outside world that Orlando and her engagement are canceled!”

Whitney leaned angrily on the sofa,

Whitney said, “Besides, it’s shameful for the Callis family to raise such a daughter! How dare Audrey asks me to change the engagement to Brenda! In her dreams!”

She continued, “My son is more than enough to marry the daughter of the richest family. How dare a small family like the Callis family has the nerve to beg for engagement! I didn’t agree with this marriage at the beginning. If it wasn’t

for Orlando’s insistence, there wouldn’t be such a terrible thing! I am so angry!”

When Alisha saw this, she hurriedly came over to calm Whitney down and gave her an idea.

“I saw that Anaya was pretending to be decent. I didn’t expect that she would do such an immoral thing! It was even exposed in front of the public media! This engagement should indeed be canceled! But is it alright for us to do this behind Orlando’s back?”

“Why can’t?”

Whitney frowned. She was even angrier. "I am his mother! What's more, if Anaya did something like this, would Orlando still want to marry her?"

"But Orlando isn't here, and Caffrey Group needs him." Alisha sat down beside Whitney in frustration.

"That is a problem." Whitney fell silent.

"But since Orlando is not here, we can also teach that bitch a lesson!"

Alisha couldn't wait to take action and teach Viola a lesson.

The phone suddenly rang. Alisha looked at Whitney and immediately picked up the phone.

"Hello, Alisha. Long time no see! Are you and Whitney well?" The laughter of the woman on the other side of the line rang in Alisha's ears.

"You are ... Jaylin? Are you back?" Alisha asked in surprise.

Alisha immediately handed her phone to Whitney and gave her a meaningful look, allowing them to talk directly.

Jaylin was a powerful branch of the Caffrey family and was also the heir to the Haworth family. Jaylin had been studying abroad. She was very good at business.

Whitney immediately understood and took the phone to greet Jaylin.

"Jaylin, when did you return? Are you preparing to return to Washington?"

Jaylin replied, "Whitney, I'll be in Washington in the afternoon. I'll visit you when I have time. It's been so long since we last met. I miss you so much."

"How about this? I'll bring Alisha to pick you up as a welcome. Do you have any other arrangements? If not, you can stay in the Caffrey's house for a few days." Whitney said in one breath.

"I ... I don't have any other arrangements. Let's do as you say." Jaylin agreed.

Whitney hung up the phone, and the sad expression disappeared from her face.

Alisha, who was listening from the side, also became proud.

"Mom, that's great. Jaylin is back. If she is willing to help us, I don't believe that Viola, that little slut who grew up in the orphanage, can defeat us! Russell is also not able to protect her every time!"

Whitney did not speak again, but the expression on her face showed what she was thinking.