

Ex-husband Goes Money Comes by Yvone Zabielski

Chapter 10

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Alisha covered her face. When she looked at Viola, her eyes widened in disbelief. "How dare you hit

me!"

"I just did. You are so much of a bitch." Viola rubbed her palms casually with a hint of ridicule on her lips. "Looks like the Caffrey family didn't raise the children well. You can't utter decent language.

"Also, what if I was married? Is there a rule saying that those who are married are *not* allowed to come? Wasn't your brother married? what you said just now *was* an insult to me. I can sue *you*."

"You!" Alisha was furious. She was humiliated in public and accused of not being raised well. She and the Caffrey family were disgraced.

The most important thing was that the one who hit her was Viola. Alisha used to bully Viola, and the latter didn't dare to say anything!

That was simply a great humiliation!

"Bitch, I'll kill you!"

She rushed over with a ferocious expression and reached out to grab Viola's hair.

Russell quickly pulled Viola into his arms and turned his back to Alisha.

Orlando

Orlando also shielded Viola with his body.

He frowned and looked at Alisha, saying, "How long do you want to fool around? Apologize."

"I am your sister. That bitch hit me. You didn't help me deal with her, but you helped her? And you want me to apologize?"

Orlando's face darkened completely as he warned, "I have eyes. I can see who is right and who is wrong. One last time. Apologize!"

Alisha was intimidated.

But what was wrong with her scolding Viola? She just wanted to reveal that slut's true colors!

How was she wrong?

The more she thought about it, the more she felt wronged and wanted to argue back, but Anaya hugged her shoulders.

Anaya comforted her in a low voice, "Alisha, Orlando is really angry. He is doing this for your own good. You can't let Viola sue you, can you? Revenge is a dish best served cold."

The last four words were meaningful.

Alisha finally calmed down after being comforted by Anaya. "I'm sorry," Alisha said in a thin voice.

After that, she blushed and quickly ran away. Anaya gave Orlando a reassuring look and immediately chased after him.

The farce finally ended.

Although everyone had a desire to gossip because of Alisha's words, they all knew neither Russell nor Orlando could be trifled with.

As a result, peace was finally restored in the banquet hall, and no one dared to discuss what had just

happened.

Russell looked in the direction that Alisha had left and asked with a frown, "You let her off just like that? Do you want me to find someone to beat her up to help you vent your anger?"

Viola couldn't help but laugh. She pushed him lightly on the shoulder and said, "Vent my anger? I'm not angry at all. She only said a few words. I gave her a hard slap. I made a profit."

Russell didn't know how to reply.

Why did he suddenly feel his little princess was a little tough?

Orlando, who was in the crowd, was absent-minded. He kept glancing in Viola's direction from the corner of his eyes. When he saw her give a flirtish expression to Russell, he suddenly felt unhappy.

As for why he was unhappy, he did not understand. Perhaps it was the first time he felt like he had been played by a woman!

Ten minutes later, Anaya brought Alisha back to the banquet hall.

Alisha seemed to have put on some makeup to cover the red mark on her left face. She quietly

followed Anaya and stood behind Orlando. She was so well-behaved.

It was just that she would occasionally glance at Viola, who was glowing in the crowd.

Halfway through the banquet, the dance floor was open. Many rich men danced with their female companions to the music.

Anaya was also excited. She looked at Orlando expectantly, waiting for him to hold her hand and invite her to dance.

Orlando stood up as expected.

The excitement in Anaya's eyes grew stronger and stronger as if she had seen herself becoming the

focus of the dance floor in the next moment.

However, in the next second...

Orlando walked to another table with the red wine in his hand.

Viola listened to the melodious music from the dance floor and tasted the chocolate mousse made by a seven-star chef.

Then she saw a man's broad palm.

"Ms., may I have the honor to invite you to a dance?"

She looked up and saw Orlando's cold face.