

Ex-husband Goes Money Comes by Yvone Zabielski Chapter 123

“Mr. Caffrey, I cottoned up to the bodyguard that Viola brought. I knocked him out when he wasn’t paying attention. But he looks strong and will probably wake up soon. Let’s make a long story short!” Todd said in a low voice, looking

cautious.

“Orlando, who is at the door?” Whitney heard something and sat up to look over.

Orlando blocked Whitney’s view, answering seriously, “Mom, I should go back to the Bay Villa now. You have to speak and act cautiously. Don’t mention that thing again. Remember what I said.”

“Got it!”

Whitney was a little impatient. However, thinking of her plan, Whitney waved at Orlando with a smile. “Hurry up. It’s getting late. Just leave now.”

Orlando was too hasty to care about Whitney’s abnormality. Instead, Orlando went out with Todd to the rooftop of the old mansion to talk.

Todd said, “Mr. Caffrey, I found someone in the McGraw family who has a similar experience to Ms. Zumthor in the timeline. And the person is the only daughter of Willard McGraw, the head of the McGraw family, and she is the youngest heiress of the McGraw family. However, she hasn’t been missing before. Instead, she was suddenly declared dead by the McGraw family six years ago. And the cause of her death is still unknown.”

Hearing Todd’s words, Orlando frowned.

Orlando thought, there must be a big secret since the McGraw family tried so hard to hide it.

“Can you find the young lady in the database?” Orlando asked.

“No. There is no photo of the lady and no record of her name in the database. I even heard that the McGraw family had arranged a simple funeral for her. But there is no information about where the tombstone is. Mr. Caffrey, do you think the girl is dead or not?”

Orlando pursed his lips as he pondered.

After thinking for a while, Orlando shook his head. “It seems that the McGraw family cares little about the daughter and doesn’t value her on the surface. In fact, it proves that the McGraw family cherishes her so much, sparing no effort to protect her safety.”

After pondering a little, Todd agreed with Orland, “Could this lady be Ms. Zumthor...”

“I’m not entirely sure, but my answer is yes,” Orlando answered.

At the same time, Orlando’s beady eyes gleamed with a burning light.

In addition; Orlando became rapturous inside.

Orlando recalled how Russell had massaged Viola’s leg and warmed Viola’s palm and how Viola had messed around with Russell...

Orlando finally realized everything that had happened was only the interaction between siblings.

Therefore, Orland regretted having suspected that Viola was cheating on him.

However...

Orlando had a serious expression again.

Orlando thought, since Viola is the daughter of the McGraw family, why did she end up in Washington's orphanage? [Chambre 172 tanlov Tries to Win Viola's Heart](#)

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What happened to her?

Perhaps, that's the reason why the McGraw family wants to protect her

"If Ms. Zumthor were the daughter of the McGraw Group, then..."

Todd hurriedly took out his phone from his pocket as something flashed into his mind. After confirming, something on his phone, Todd widened his eyes in surprise,

"Mr. Caffrey, Nick found out that the daughter of the McGraw family came to Washington on a private plane thirteen years ago! The airport belonged to Nick's family, so he accidentally found this record. But we didn't care about it as we knew she had died.

"If Ms. Zumthor were the daughter of the McGraw Group, then she would be the girl you are looking for!"

Todd handed his phone to Orlando as he spoke.

Orlando looked through it seriously. "I'll confirm the information again."

Orlando was a little overwhelmed by the sheer quantity of information that night.

At the same time, Orlando thought, what if Viola were the little girl who saved him thirteen years ago? I hate myself for having hurt her...

I wrongly believed in Anaya and hurt Viola for so many years. Viola used to love me. However, I cast her love aside And now, Viola only has indifference and revenge on me.

Orlando's heart ached.

Will it be late for me to make it up to Viola now? Orlando said in his mind.

After communicating with Todd, Orlando went downstairs to the hall on the first floor with mixed feelings.

Jimmy was lying on the sofa in the hall after Todd had carried him there. And it seemed Jimmy wouldn't wake up too

soon.

Orlando quietly walked to Jimmy and sat down next to him.

Only two minutes later, Jimmy slowly woke up. The moment Jimmy opened his eyes, he saw Orlando's expressionless

face.

Orlando said, "I didn't expect you to fall asleep."

Jimmy was dumbfounded.

"How could I fall asleep!"

Orlando said seriously, "I saw you lying and sleeping here after some talk with others. You were alone. I'd waited for you for five whole minutes before you woke up. What would happen if Viola knew your story then? But don't worry, I won't tell her about it."

Jimmy scratched his head with dizziness.

Orlando got up to walk out before Jimmy could realize what had happened.

"Let's go. We've already wasted five minutes because of your sleep."

Jimmy was trying to recall what had happened.

Jimmy remembered that a male servant had come to him to chat, but he had ignored the servant...

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Get Bogus

“Let’s go! Viola will be unhappy if we go back too late!”

Jimmy was collecting memories but was interrupted by Orlando, so he could only follow Orlando to the car resentfully.

It was already dark when Orlando and Jimmy returned to the Bay Villa,

Orlando stood outside the window of the living room on the ground floor and looked:

Russell had left at some point in time, leaving Stanley and Viola at the dining table.

It was in the living room.

Stanley was drinking liquor, one cup after another. He looked a little drunk, looking sulky. “Viola, people say liquor can drown one’s sorrows? But why do I feel even more heartbroken after drinking so much?”

Viola was a good drinker and never got drunk.

Viola only smiled. “Don’t believe those words. And don’t you know that liquor can add more sorrow to people? Stanley, you are drunk. I’ll ask Vincent and Shane to send you home.”

“No! Viola, I’m not drunk! I have something to say to you...”

Stanley shook his head, reaching out to touch Viola’s hand.

Viola calmly withdrew her hand, looking indifferent.

"I'm not interested in what you want to say. It's late. Go home now."

Stanley's tender eyes were full of rejection. The next second, Stanley got up, staggered towards Viola, and knelt on one knee in front of Viola with a solemn expression as usual.

Stanley said, "Viola, I understand you have a grudge against me because of Rebecca. When I return to Salt Lake City, I will rebuke her. And I do fancy you. Orlando once let you down and hurt you, but I will never do that. What I can only do is cherish you. Can you give me a chance to love you?"

Viola looked unmoved without any words.

Instead, Viola poured a glass of red wine and gulped it down...

The dark red wine started to slip down Viola's red lips.

Viola raised her hand and gently wiped it off in an exceedingly elegant way.

Stanley was deeply touched by Viola's action. "Viola, if you still can't make decisions, we can get engaged first or start dating."

At that moment, Orlando, who had just walked to the door and opened the door, heard each word of Stanley.

Orlando clenched his fists, his face turning dark with anger.

What a bastard, Stanley. You deliberately asked Russell to leave so that you could create a chance to win Viola's heart, right? Orlando thought.

Viola was about to answer Stanley's question.

Seeing that, Orlando covered his stomach, bent his waist, and pinched his thigh. As a result, Orlando's face immediately turned pale, and he started to break out in a cold sweat.

The next second, Orlando leaned weakly against the door. "Viola, I have a pain in my stomach..."