

Ex-husband Goes Money Comes by Yvone Zabielski Chapter 127

Hearing the growl inside, Viola clenched her fists more tightly.

But when Viola looked at Jimmy, her face was still cold. "Do you think I have gone too far?"

Jimmy knelt on the spot. "I didn't mean that. Ms. Zumthor, you were drugged last night. It's reasonable for you to return the pain today, but I know that Ms. Zumthor doesn't really want to kill Mr. Caffrey."

Hearing what he said, Viola felt much better.

Viola thought for a while and looked at Vincent. "Go to the old house and bring Whitney here. Hurry up."

"Yes, Ms. Zumthor."

Vincent set out quickly.

The rest of the people were still listening at the entrance of the basement. The low roar and struggle were getting stronger and stronger as Orlando was on the verge of despair.

Even the tall and strong bodyguards couldn't stand it. They even felt that it was cruel torture to their ears.

Ten minutes later, Viola finally spoke.

"Open the door and get a bucket of ice water from the fridge to help Orlando extinguish the fire."

The bodyguards were first stunned, and then obediently followed Viola's order to get some ice cubes and a bucket of water mixed.

Creak

The door of the basement was opened, and some light penetrated in. The light left a long and narrow shadow of Orlando

Orlando curled up on the floor, just like a baby in his mother's belly.

The floor under Orlando's body was wet with sweat, and his hair was also wet with sweat, drooping before his forehead, like a helpless and pitiful dog after being injured. .

In the past hour, Orlando had been struggling to get rid of his grip. He couldn't help trembling violently, and his face was scarlet red.

Feeling the dazzling light on his eyelids, Orlando struggled to raise his eyes.

In the blurry light, Orlando saw a slender and familiar figure in the backlight.

Without any hesitation, Orlando shook his hands and looked at the figure with eager eyes. In a hoarse voice, he said, "Viola... I... I'm so... uncomfortable..."

He also felt sorry for Viola, who was suffering from the same pain last night.

Today, he paid for his debt and he wondered if she would feel better.

Could it make up for her hatred for me?

His hand was shaking fiercely, and he still wanted to touch her face stubbornly. Her face seemed to be very close, and he could feel it as long as he stretched out his hand.

But he felt it was so far away as if the distance between two people could never be gone.

Because of the reverse light, Orlando could not see Viola's expression but could feel her coldness.

The strong coldness made his heartache, a hundred times worse than when the medicine took effect.

Viola looked at Orlando from a distance, motionless.

She noticed that Orlando's eyes had never left her since he opened his eyes. Her eyes trembled slightly, but she said

nothing

Orlando was waiting for Viola to say something, and it would make him feel better even if she could just say something with a little pity.

However, Orlando did not expect him to get cold water pouring on his head instead.

Orlando's dry and hot body could not bear the sudden coldness. The bucket of ice water made his bones freeze. He trembled even more violently, his teeth chattering with cold, and his consciousness began to fall apart.

“Shane, why did you pour the water on his head?”

Viola tightened her grip on the armrest of the chair.

“Ah, isn’t that what you told me to do, Ms. Zumthor?”

Shane was stunned by Viola’s words. He shook his hand and accidentally poured the remaining half barrel of water on Orlando

The huge impact caused Orlando to cough violently.

Orlando’s heart-wrenching cough echoed in the basement as if his lungs were about to be coughed out. It sounded very terrifying.

Viola was almost pissed off by Shane’s immature behavior. When she was about to stand up to check on Orlando, a woman’s scream came from behind her.

“Ah! Orlando! My Orlando!”

Hearing the voice, Viola loosened her grip on the armrest.

Viola sat back on the chair, her face regaining her usual arrogance.

Whitney was still in plaster, lying in a private ward of the old house.

When Vincent came to Whitney’s house, he looked sullen. With a quick guess, Whitney knew that something bad had happened. She didn’t want to come here.

In the end, she was dragged over by Vincent.

At the sight of the exhausted Orlando in the basement, Whitney didn't have the time to pretend to be lame. Her legs covered in plaster were running fast toward his son.

She fell on the side of Orlando and felt that her son's body was so cold and his whole body was shaking violently. She panicked.

"Where is the doctor? Go and find a doctor! My son is dying! He can't die! He can't die!"

Whitney had been proud for most of her life, but it was the first time that she cried in front of Viola regardless of her image. "Viola, please save him. He didn't do anything wrong. Why did you do this to him? You are husband and wife. Why are you so cruel?"

Husband and wife?

Viola sneered, "I haven't felt any kindness since I married into the Caffrey family. People said that a daughter-in-law

should be treated like a daughter, but you didn't do that. Instead, you said that I was inferior to your pet dog. Now seeing your dearest son being tortured by the woman you despised most, how are you feeling?"

Whitney was stunned for two seconds and suddenly burst into tears in despair.

"I'm so sad! It's all my fault. I was mean to you, but my son is a good person. Please save him! Please, Viola!"

Viola sighed helplessly. "I can't save him. Only you can save him."

Whitney stopped crying and was stunned for a few seconds. "What do you mean?"

"The reason why Orlando ended up like this is that he took the drug you gave him to put into my coffee, and you..."

Before Viola could finish her words, Whitney shouted in a hurry, "No! It has nothing to do with him! He turned me down when I proposed to him. I secretly gave it to him when he was not noticing. It really has nothing to do with him. He doesn't know it! Really!"

"Oh? Really?"

Viola stood up and walked up to Whitney. She looked down at Whitney and asked, "Then who gave you the drug? Who helped you find a way to pretend to be sick?"

Whitney was stunned and didn't answer.

Viola smiled and said, "You're not smart enough to come up with ideas more than having your son have sex with me. The person who instigates you to cause so much trouble is here to watch a play. You don't know that you are used. You

are so stupid."

It was the first time that Whitney had been scolded like this, but this time, she felt that Viola was right.

"Yes, I'm used! It's Richard. He said that as long as Orlando and you get back together, the Caffrey family can be like the past. I really shouldn't believe his nonsense!"

Richard?

It is really that cunning old fox!

How shameless he is to use these dirty tricks at such an old age..

Holding Orlando in her arms, Whitney was still crying, "Waah, Viola, he's getting colder and colder. Please save him! He's my sweetheart. He can't die!"