

## Ex-husband Goes Money Comes by Yvone Zabielski Chapter 152

With an order, more than forty men rushed out.

Viola grabbed the hands of Jimny and Tyler and whispered in all seriousness, "I've already

informed Russell. You are not allowed to risk your lives. Both of you must be alive!"

While talking to the killers, Viola secretly sent a message. Russell's men would arrive in ten

minutes.

Hearing this, Jimmy and Tyler made up their minds to protect her. They punched those killers with all their might

It was inconvenient for Viola to lift her legs because she was in a tight dress.

She stripped a piece of cloth from her dress to bandage the wound on her right shoulder.

While doing this, a killer rushed up to her with a knife.

She dodged to the side and kicked the man between his legs with her high heels. The man was so hurt that his face turned pale. Before he could react, Viola ruthlessly knocked him out.

Forty against three. It was very chaotic.

In the wooden house.

There was also a bloody battle.

Todd and Nolan were very strong, but Jaylin's men were not weak. This chaos lasted for five minutes.

It hurt Orlando to think of what Jaylin had just said.

He couldn't stay here any longer. The longer he stayed, the more dangerous Viola's situation was.

"Todd, come with me to find Viola. The rest cover us. Retreat!"

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Crane Bridge was covered by blood.

Jimmy and Tyler took the knives from their rivals, their eyes red with killing intent.

There were too many rivals sushing wave after wave. In just a few minutes, their strength was running out and they could barely protect themselves. Their backs and legs had been stabbed. But they were gritting their teeth to fight.

Viola was already injured. Her strength had run out. She was distracted for a moment, and her arm was slashed again.

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Her fair and thin arm was stained with a long bloodstain. The huge pain made her entire arm tremble uncontrollably.

She covered the bleeding wound, bit her lower lip, endured the pain, and quickly observed the situation.

Jimmy and Tyler got wounded but still insisted on fighting.

If this continued, they three would all die here before Russell arrived!

When looking at the flying blood, Viola felt a surge of anger.

What she had suffered today, she would return it a thousand times over!

Viola stepped on a stone pillar on Crane Bridge. The wind messed up the hair in front of her forehead.

Her face, stained with blood, was still breathtakingly beautiful when she smiled.

She looked down from above with her cold eyes. Even though she was injured, her noble and cold aura seemed to have been carved into her bones. Her dominating air did not lose out at all.

“If they want to kill me, I can’t escape. But I’ll choose my own way to die!”

After roaring, she jumped down from the 33-foot Crane Bridge.

“Ms. Zumthor, no!”

Before falling into the water, Viola heard Jimmy’s desperate roar.

She could see nothing in the water at dusk. The dim yellow light from the streetlights on the bridge

was the only light in her eyes.

As the light gradually disappeared, she suddenly felt a strong pain in her head. Unclear images flashed through her eyes.

A tender and crisp voice sounded.

“Miss, buy a bouquet. You are as beautiful as the flowers!”

“Miss, why don’t I have a father but you do? Can you give me your father?”

“Miss, I like you so much. But I can only choose one between you and dad.

“Miss, Miss...”

Who was it?

Who exactly was it?

Viola felt a sharp pain in her brain. A small girl stared at her with a smile. That girl kept smiling...

Viola could hear nothing but laughter.

Nothing could be seen except for the little girl's blurry face.

Viola forgot to struggle. She continued to sink into the bottom of the lake due to weightlessness.

Was she going to die?

Her consciousness became vaguer and vaguer.

Before she passed out, she felt wrapped by a force, and oxygen was sent into her mouth. Someone was desperately pulling her back from death.

When Viola woke up in a daze, the first thing she saw was the white ceiling.

"Viola, are you feeling better?"

It was Russell's low voice.

Viola turned her head and Russell's handsome face became more and more clear in her eyes.

She shouted in a hoarse voice, "Russell..."

"Don't talk. Your fever is just reduced. Don't hurt your throat."

Russell lovingly caressed her head with tears in his eyes. Although he was very depressed, he only dared to gently scold her.

“It’s almost winter. The water is icy. Besides, you are injured. What if your wound is infected? Do you really want to die?”

The corners of Viola’s pale mouth curled into a smile. She tried to reassure Russell. “How are

Jimmy and others?” she asked.

Russell was quite unhappy because Viola cared about others when she just woke up.

But he still answered in a soft voice, “They are fine. Although there are many cuts, they are not serious. They will be fine after a while.”

Viola heaved a sigh of relief and was about to continue asking when Russell stopped her.

“You just woke up. Why are there so many questions? Could you just sleep longer?”

Viola looked pale. She just stared at Russell quietly.

Russell was defeated under her gaze. “Alright, you win. I know what you want to ask. I’ll tell you in

detail while you drink the soup, okay?”

Viola smiled with satisfaction.

Russell sighed and helped Viola adjust the pillow so that she could lean against the bed and drink the soup.

“As soon as I received your message, I immediately rushed over with my men. Before I got close, I heard the words you shouted at the bridehead. I was so scared that I broke out in a cold sweat. Don’t do that again!”

Viola smiled and nodded obediently.

Russell continued, “I have checked the identities of those killers. There is no information about them. They are all raised by some underground organization. There is no way to investigate them. No one but the McGraw family could take great pains to deal with you. Besides, you are always a thorn in their side.”

Russell had investigated privately with his brothers and father, but they had never found any clues. Bobby even used the underground influence to investigate this. They found nothing.

Viola took a sip of soup and said in a weak voice, “There is more than one member of the McGraw family who wants me to die. Their plans are so thoughtful because they have discussed them thoroughly.”

Russell said with a frown, “But why do they only aim at you?”

Viola thought for a moment and shook her head. “I don’t know. Maybe it has something to do with the inheritance of the McGraw family.”

Viola was the youngest and only daughter in the family. Willard had found a lawyer to draw up a will a long time ago. All the property of the McGraw family would be inherited by Viola. It was a great fortune that could attract anyone.

Russell felt that it made sense. If that was the case, it must be related to those old bastards from the branches of the McGraw family. It would only be a matter of time before they got the goods on those bastards.

These were just conjectures. Viola remembered the little girl's face that flashed through her mind before she fainted.

Those words repeated in her head again and again, as if they were all that had happened before.

Although she had lost her memory, Viola had gotten her memory back.

How could this happen?

"Russell, does dad have another daughter?"