

Ex-husband Goes Money Comes by Yvone Zabielski Chapter 154

Orlando's voice was hoarse, and he didn't want to speak. He turned over and continued sleeping.

When he arrived last night, he happened to hear Viola's roar and watched her jump into the river.

The feeling of losing control and going crazy was really uncomfortable.

Just thinking about it made his heart ache.

He would never let that happen again!

Getting no reply, Todd knew that Orlando was not listening.

After following Orlando for so many years, this was the first time Todd had seen him risk his life for someone.

"Mr. Caffrey, have a good rest. Call me if you need anything. Don't hold on by yourself."

Todd sighed helplessly. He poured him a cup of water and placed it on the bed. He went out and closed the door.

Orlando still had a fever and was already dizzy, so he quickly fell asleep again.

The villa was silent and dark at night.

Todd went downstairs all the way to the basement with a gloomy face.

Nolan and others were standing guard at the door of the basement.

Toby and Vincent woke up a long time ago. They were very angry about being locked up, and they kept knocking on the door and shouting

“How is it? Is Mr. Caffrey feeling better?” asked Nolan.

Todd nodded.

Nolan heaved a sigh of relief and gritted his teeth as he continued, “Can these two guys be slaughtered? They’ve been cursing since they woke up. I can’t stand it anymore!”

Todd was also flummoxed. Although he couldn’t hurt Russell, couldn’t he vent his anger on the two guards?

In any case, it would be fine as long as he kept them alive.

“Open the door. I’ll do it.”

The door of the basement was opened. Toby and Vincent tried to run out the moment Todd opened the door, but they failed. Instead, they were tied up and thrown back to the floor.

Vincent was about to shout when his mouth was blocked by a rag

Because Toby had managed to put in a good word for Orlando, thinking about that, Todd did not forcefully shut his mouth.

In addition, Toby was much quieter, but Vincent had a quick temper.

The sound of Vincent's muffled voice was annoying. Todd pulled out a knife. His eyes were fierce as he stabbed it into the floor between Vincent's legs. It almost cut his flesh.

Vincent was so frightened that he opened his eyes wide.

He was almost incapable for the rest of his life.

Vincent thought, what a ruthless person!

Seeing Vincent calm down, Todd smiled, "Can you listen to me seriously?"

Toby remained silent, and Vincent nodded wildly.

"Our master saved Ms. Zumthor, but Russell not only did not thank him but also confined him and made him have a high fever. Isn't that a bit too much? We are not happy about that."

Toby and Vincent didn't know what he wanted to do, so they didn't speak.

"You two get the salary of the McGraw family and work for Russell. You should also help him suffer this."

The two of them felt the threat.

"I'm sorry," said Todd with an evil smile as he patted the two men's arms. "Let my people punch you to vent their anger, and we'll let you two go."

Toby and Vincent were shocked as they thought, vent their anger?

Are they going to bear us?

Toby knew that he couldn't escape, so he braced himself and said, "Don't hit me in the face!"

Todd smiled, "Alright, I'll do as you say."

Todd thought, if his face was hurt, we have to explain to Ms. Zumthor.

"Our master doesn't know about this. Keep it a secret. Can you do it?" asked Todd, leaning against the door and adding

When Toby learned that Orlando had a high fever when he was locked up, he felt a little guilty and did not hesitate. "Alright, but... Can you be gentler?"

Todd did not speak He turned around and walked out of the basement. Soon, a tragic wail came from behind him.

After lying in the hospital for two days, Viola was discharged.

The first thing she did was to go and see the two killers that Russell had captured alive.

The weather gradually became cold. She wore a black windbreaker and a long red velvet dress. With red lips, she looked valiant and charming. Her aura was like a queen.

The two killers were locked in the basement of Russell's villa. They were tied to chairs with iron chains. Their faces and bodies were injured. They should have been tortured a few times before. Their mouths were slightly open with strips of cloth wrapped around them to prevent them from biting their tongues.

The bodyguard brought Viola a chair, and she sat 10 feet away from the two killers.

Seeing the face of one of the killers, she was slightly surprised, and her red lips curled into a smile.

"Oh, it's you. The only man who answered my question that day."

The man's eyes were cold as he looked away.

Viola had always been very patient.

Viola held her chin in her hand as she smiled brightly, "Others may not know the inside story, but you must know it. If you tell me the secret. I can let them release you and give you money to live a rarefree life How about it?"

Her voice was soft.

It made the person tremble. He subconsciously glanced at her and was almost attracted by her bright eyes.

She was so attractive.

The man turned his head angrily and closed his eyes to ignore her.

Their rules were extremely strict. If they revealed their secrets, they would only die a miserable death. If they kept the secret, they might be able to survive.

“Aren’t you going to say something?”

Viola pouted and ordered the people next to her, “Let them go.”

“Ms. Zumthor, they haven’t said anything yet. Are you really going to release them?”

Viola nodded seriously.

The two killers were dumbfounded. They were directly covered with black cloth and brought out of Russell’s villa.

After the killers left, Russell came in to ask, “Viola, what are you doing?”

“Find a few people to follow them. If someone comes to silence them, save them if necessary.”

They let the killers go. The person behind the killers would definitely think that the killers had already leaked the secret and would rather kill them than let them go. They would definitely find trouble with them.

The more times the mastermind attacked, the more likely the mastermind would give them away, and it would be easier for Viola to investigate thoroughly.

Russell was a smart person and immediately understood what she meant and had someone do it.

Seeing that the arrangements were almost done, Viola prepared to return to the Bay Villa.

Russell asked, "Viola, why don't you stay with me for a few days? You've always loved to eat the food that Chana cooked. I'll ask her to make more soup for you."

"No need, I'm almost healed."

She smiled and got up to leave.

When Toby and Vincent heard that she was coming back, they came out to welcome her with a smile.

"Hello, Ms. Zumthor"

"Well."

Viola glanced at the two of them.

Even though the two of them hid it well, she still keenly discovered that something was wrong

Vincent was beaten a bit harder, and the edge of his neck under his shiri collar was slightly bruised.

"What happened to your neck?"

Vincent clutched his neck and exchanged glances with Toby.

"T accidentally fell."

That was obviously a lie.

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The two lowered their heads and didn't speak.

Viola narrowed her cold eyes and didn't say anything else. She entered the living room.

Just as she opened the door, Orlando walked down from the second floor.

Their eyes met from afar.

Orlando's fever had already subsided, and he was still a little weak. His handsome face was pale, and his usually dark and deep eyes were dull today.

Viola noticed that his thin lips were a little dry and pale.

She wondered why he looked pale.

She frowned and stood at the door, motionless.

Orlando saw that her face was gloomy, so he sped up and went downstairs. He silently helped her take out slippers from the shoe cabinet and placed them in front of her feet.

Viola was even more curious.

She wondered, why didn't he talk?

He wants to play cool?

Why is everyone in the room so strange?