

Ex-husband Goes Money Comes by Yvone Zabielski Chapter 173

Tyler took a look at Nell and was a little worried. He wanted to say something but stopped on second thought. "Ms. Zumthor..."

Viola waved her hand lazily and said, "You may leave now."

As soon as the two of them left, she received a call from Russell

"Viola, I've checked it carefully. There is no man who looks like him in the McGraw family."

Pursing her lips tightly, Viola was lost in thought.

Russell continued, "It's possible that your new recruit, Nell, lied to you, or that he has been hiding it from you for a long time. Anyway, you can't trust him all the time. And you should be careful with Nell."

"Okay, Russell. Don't worry. I know what I'm doing."

After hanging up the phone, she took out the sketchbook from the drawer and turned to the page with the portrait of the man in black. She read it carefully for a while before continuing to work

She didn't leave for Color World with Nell until it was almost time to get off work.

Nell drove the car and Viola sat in the back seat.

It was quiet in the car. Nell looked at her through the rearview mirror from time to time.

Viola noticed his gaze.

“What do you want to say?”

Nell hesitated for a while and then said. “Ms. Zumthor, I was sent to kill you before. The people around you have always been suspicious of me. Why do you trust me? Why do you only take me to protect you tonight? Aren’t you afraid that I will really do something to you on the way?”

Viola smiled sweetly.

“Now that you work for me, of course, I will absolutely trust you. Besides, I am not bad at martial arts. I can beat you alone.”

Nell also smiled.

He liked her straightforwardness.

The two of them chatted happily. Suddenly, Nell wanted to lease her. “What if I collude with them and I’m not the only one to kill you?”

Viola lowered her eyes and looked out of the window casually.

“Can you?”

Before Nell could answer, they arrived at Color World

Viola told him to hide in the dark if there was nothing else.

After that, she went into the bar by herself.

Because she was wearing a gracious and classical black velvet gauze dress tonight. As soon as she entered, she looked a little out of place with the men and women in the bar.

But Viola didn't care about that. She just looked straight at the private room that Jerry booked.

In the corridor, a tall man with sunglasses brushed past her.

She suddenly stopped and her expression suddenly became very serious.

Because just now, she seemed to have faintly seen the man's temple under the sunglasses. There was a black mole, which looked a little familiar.

"Sir."

She turned around and looked at the man with bright eyes.

The man stopped and turned back slowly.

Under the sunglasses was a handsome face. He was tall and burly, and it seemed that he was over 6 feet tall.

Seeing that Viola was staring at him with a smile, the man was a little confused and said in a calm voice.

“Is Ms. Zumthor calling me?”

Viola smiled gracefully and walked two steps toward him. “Yes, sir. May I know how to get to room VIP69?”

The man remained calm. “I’m not familiar with this place. Ms. Zumthor, you can ask an employee of the bar.”

“Judging from your accent, you seem not to be a native of Washington. Are you traveling from another city?” Viola’s voice was soft and her beautiful eyes were gentle.

The man’s eyes under the sunglasses looked at her, and his face was cold. “Ms. Zumthor, if you want to ask the way, find the staff; if you want to have a chat, I have something else to do, so I’m leaving now.”

Viola smiled and nodded, watching the man’s figure completely disappear in the corridor.

It was not until she turned around that her eyes gradually turned cold.

When she opened the door of the private room, she found that it was very quiet inside. Only Jerry was sitting on the

sofa and tasting the red wine alone.

“Did Mr. Felton lie to me that you have an old friend?”

Jerry poured a glass of wine for her and smiled bitterly. “Viola, do you think I’m that kind of person? It’s true that my old friend’s coming, but my friend hasn’t arrived yet. Let’s have a drink and chat.”

He pushed the full glass of wine to the table in front of her.

Viola went straight in and sat down, but she didn't take the glass of wine.

Seeing that she didn't want to drink it, Jerry smiled and said, "Just a toast to see me off. Viola, you won't refuse me, will you?"

After saying that, he drank a glass of bitter wine with a melancholy face. His blue eyes lost their usual coolness, but it seemed that he was not reconciled. He filled another glass of wine for himself and raised it to Viola.

Viola picked up the glass, gracefully shook the red wine, and sniffed it.

She asked tentatively, "I have known Mr. Felton for so many years. Mr. Felton shouldn't play tricks, right?"

Jerry's expression became serious. "Do you suspect that I put something in the wine?"

Viola didn't say anything or deny it, with a faint smile in her beautiful eyes.

Jerry suddenly stood up from the sofa, walked up to her, picked up her glass, and drank it up.

Viola's eyelashes quivered slightly, but her expression didn't change.

Irritated by the distrust in her eyes, Jerry picked up the remaining half bottle of wine on the table and gulped it down.

Because he drank too fast, a lot of wine fell from his lips and slid down his neck, wetting his white shirt.

After the whole bottle of wine was drunk, he threw it to the opposite wall.

With a loud sound, it broke into pieces.

“Can you trust me now?”

He staggered two steps and stared at Viola with his sad eyes.

As it feeling hot in his heart, he ripped open two buttons on his chest, and his nice clavicle was faintly exposed. He looked sexy in this way.

Unfortunately, Viola had no time to appreciate that.

She smiled happily and said in a soft voice.

“I was just kidding. Mr. Felton, I made you unhappy. It’s my fault. Since it’s a farewell, I certainly have to drink this glass of wine.”

She stood up, opened a bottle of red wine again, filled a new glass, elegantly toasted to Jerry, drank the whole glass without hesitation, and showed him her empty glass after drinking it.

She didn’t pay attention to him at all. Jerry’s heart sank Was it because of Orlando that she had no interest in other men’s bodies anymore?

Thinking of this, he sat back on the sofa dejectedly. As if he was unwilling to give up, he asked the last question.

“Viola, is it really ... impossible for us?”

“Yes.”

Viola said indifferently without any hesitation.

Jerry lowered his head.

Viola couldn't see his expression, but she could clearly feel a strong sense of frustration and disappointment all over his body.

She could see her sadness and disappointment, but she couldn't say anything to comfort Jerry, let alone give him a chance.

Just when the atmosphere in the private room was getting strange, the door was gently opened.

In high heels, a slender figure walked in.

Viola turned her eyes subconsciously

When she saw the woman's face clearly, she was slightly shocked.