

Ex-husband Goes Money Comes by Yvone Zabielski Chapter 174

She recalled something and asked uncertainly, "Are you ... Jennifer?"

Seeing that she still remembered her, Jennifer happily held her arm.

"Viola, you are so beautiful. We haven't seen each other for so many years. Do you miss me? Jerry said that you are in Washington, so I can't wait to come."

Jennifer and Jerry were half-siblings and Jennifer was the seventh child in the Felton family. Like Viola, she was also the youngest daughter. She was three years younger than Viola. She used to like to stay with Viola since childhood. She was an innocent but a little arrogant princess.

With a smile, she looked Jennifer's nose and joked, "You've grown up, but you're still as clingy as before."

Jennifer grabbed her arm and shook it gently. "Viola, you're laughing at me. I like you so much. I won't let anyone else touch you. It's not easy for me to come here this time. Viola, hang out with me."

Viola thought, hang out with her?

Isn't this looking for trouble for myself?

Jerry said, "Viola, I just received a notice from the Secret Bureau of Investigation this morning. She came secretly last night. I will leave Washington tomorrow morning. Please take care of her for a period of time."

Viola frowned slightly.

When she was about to refuse, Jennifer rested her head on her arm and pouted, "Viola, I haven't seen your house in Washington yet. Please take me in for half a month. I promise I won't cause you any trouble."

How could half a month be possible? Jennifer would drive her crazy. "Three days at most."

"Three days! OK!" Jennifer pursed her lips. At worst, she could rent a small place here by herself.

They heard loud music from the dancing floor outside.

After Viola agreed to let her live in Viola's place, Jennifer warmly invited her, "Viola, go out with me to dance. I usually stay at home and my parents are very strict with me. It's my first time coming to a bar."

Outside

Viola thought of the man in a suit she had just met in the corridor, and a faint suspicion arose in her heart.

She looked at Jerry subconsciously.

Jerry was pouring wine for himself. His side lace was attractive. His blue eyes were deep and long, without any superfluous expression.

However, Jennifer was still begging her.

If Jennifer had something to hide from her, her eyes would tell her.

Seeing that Viola didn't answer, Jennifer said, "Viola, come on."

Viola gently pinched her face.

"Okay."

Bay Villa.

Orlando was preparing dinner in the kitchen.

Sitting in the living room, Todd had to use his laptop to investigate Nell.

Taven and Ruby were still playing cards in the backyard happily.

"Mr. Caffrey, please come here and have a look."

Todd said in a serious tone. When Orlando came out of the kitchen, he turned the laptop in his hand to show the screen to Orlando.

"Look, Mr. Caffrey. I checked the footage of the Caffrey Group today. I remember that on the day of the accident at Crane Bridge, Nell was taken away by Russell, and he was also sent to kill Ms. Zumthor that day,"

After a pause, Todd continued, "And I can't find any information about this man on the Internet. I guess he is a killer from the black market."

Orlando looked at that face carefully and found that things were getting more and more serious.

It was impossible that Viola didn't know the man's previous identity. She knew that he was a dangerous man, but she was still willing to keep such a dangerous person by her side. What was she doing?

While Orlando was thinking, Tyler came back. Hearing the sound in the backyard, Orlando walked over from the window of the living room.

Upon seeing Tyler, Orlando opened the door and found that only Tyler went back to Bay Villa.

He had a bad feeling and asked Tyler in a low voice, "Where is Viola?"

"Ms. Zumthor seems to have met someone in Color World this evening. She asked me to come back." Tyler felt depressed at the mention of this.

Orlando frowned tightly. If Tyler came back, it meant that Viola only brought Nell with her.

Realizing something, Orlando went straight to the backyard and left with the people who were playing cards.

In the Color World

The lights on the dance floor were dazzling and colorful.

Viola leaned gracefully against a pillar and looked at Jennifer, who was dancing happily with the music like others on the dance floor

Viola disdained such a noisy place.

So she just watched on the side and clapped her hands to encourage Jennifer from time to time.

She occasionally observed all kinds of people around the dance floor,

Jerry was leaning against the railing at the door of the private room on the second floor.

Because of the relatively large distance and all the colorful spotlights surrounding the dance floor, Viola could not see his face clearly, she only knew that he seemed to be looking at her.

When she looked away, Nell suddenly appeared beside her quietly,

With a grim expression, he approached her and whispered, "Something's wrong here. Be careful."

Viola replied in a low voice, "I see." But she didn't show it on her face. "Before I entered the room, did you see a man who looks like the portrait?"

"Yes, I did." Nell nodded honestly.

"Is that him?"

Nell thought for a while and shook his head cautiously. "Although I'm not completely sure, it's very strange in the bar tonight. Ms. Zumthor, you only brought me with you, so we have to be very careful."

As soon as he finished his words, a handsome red-faced man approached Viola.

Viola glanced at him and found that he was a good looking gentleman). So she asked, "What's up?"

The man was a little shy, as if he had summoned up great courage. He pointed at the group of men and women in the opposite cubicle, and his eyes were beseeching.

"Miss... I lost in a game. They asked me to flirt with you. Only when you accept my toast can I pass. Can you help me?"

Viola looked at him but didn't say anything. Her beautiful eyes were smiling, but she wasn't happy.

The man didn't get her positive answer, and he was not discouraged. He took the empty glass in her hand and poured her a small glass of red wine.

"Miss, okay?"

Viola didn't answer or move,

Nell reminded her in a low voice, "Ms. Zumthor, don't drink the wine from strangers in the bar."

The man lowered his head shyly and continued, "Miss, I saw you in the crowd just now. You are different from all the girls here. You won't refuse to help me, will you?"

Nell said again, "No, don't take it. Ms. Zumthor."

Viola raised her eyebrows and smiled charmingly, "Okay."

The man was surprised to see her agree and handed her the red wine.

Viola was about to pick it up.

As soon as she touched it, a pair of hands suddenly blocked the red wine.

Viola turned her head and saw cold eyes staring at the man who handed the wine to her angrily.

“She doesn’t even take my toast. Do you think you deserve it?”