

Ex-husband Goes Money Comes by Yvone Zabielski Chapter 175

Viola turned around and glared at the person.

It was Jerry who had stopped her.

“Viola, you can’t lynch him for this. Since I’llal the scene, I should take him back to Washington Police Station for interrogation.” Jerry narrowed his eyes.

“He wants to hurt my face with sulfuric acid, I’m just lighting back, can’t I?”

Viola’s voice was cold and she tried to withdraw her hand,

“He should be punished for hurting someone. But if you hurt him again, you will be punished, too. Don’t forget that you are in a bar. Even if you clear out the customers, there are staff watching. All of them are witnesses.”

Viola was slightly startled, and she sneered.

“But what’s done is done. What are you going to do?”

Jerry was stunned for a long time before he said, “I can pretend that I didn’t see it and help you clean up the scene, but you have to stop. Orlando is just your servant and your pet. You don’t have to get yourself into trouble for him.”

Jerry’s words shocked Viola greatly.

"If Orlando didn't go in front of me, it would be my face to be hurt, and you still want to say that?"

Jerry was choked.

Viola forcefully shook off his hand and stared at him in disbelief. "Jerry Felton, I don't think I know you anymore."

Jerry's pupils trembled. He felt hurt. He silently took a step back, no longer stopping Viola.

"Come on, let's carry on," Viola said as she squatted in front of that man with a cold smile on her face.

"No... Don't..."

Viola ignored his begging and once again aimed at the back of his left hand and raised the bottle high.

"Stop!"

Just as she was about to smash it down, someone at the door called her to stop again.

It was Brian, captain of Division 3. He rushed over with a team of policemen.

"Hello, Mr. Felton."

Brian first saw Jerry when he rushed in and greeted him. Jerry was expressionless and then Brian stepped forward to snatch the bottle from Viola.

He let out a hiss when he saw the miserable man on the ground.

What a ruthless woman, he thought.

Brian observed Jerry and found that Jerry's face was ugly green and had no intention of helping. "Ms. Zumthor, we received a call saying that someone was causing trouble in the bar. Please go with us," Brian said.

Viola smiled and said in a soft voice, "He poured sulfuric acid on me and hurt my person. I'm just paying him back I didn't mean to do it this hard."

Brian looked at the man's half face that was scratched by the glass bottle and swallowed subconsciously.

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She says she didn't mean it?

Brian said in a serious tone, "Ms. Zumthor, you have to go to the police station with us first no matter what the exact situation is. Just come with us."

Viola blinked her beautiful eyes. "I'm fine with the investigating and questioning. But how long will it take?"

"I'm not sure," Brian replied as he handcuffed her. "It depends on whether you have committed any crime."

The other policemen stepped forward and handcuffed Toby and Vincent.

“Jerry, they are taking Viola away! You can’t just sit by and watch! Jerry!” Jennifer ran out when she heard the sound and pulled Jerry.

Jerry didn’t speak, and he stared at Viola’s back as she was taken away.

Jennifer couldn’t get Jerry to move. She wanted to step forward to stop the policemen but was stopped by Jerry’s men. In the end, she could only watch as Viola got into the police car.

Orlando woke up after a few hours of unconsciousness due to the exhaustion of his body.

The wound on his back had already been bandaged and treated. The doctor felt sorry seeing Orlando’s muscular body get so weak so in addition to the anti-inflammatory, a bag of nutrient fluids was added to Orlando’s IV.

When Orlando woke up in the ward, it was already late at night. Jimmy and Tyler had fallen asleep on the accompanying bed beside him.

He looked around the room and didn’t see the person that could reassure him.

Orlando subconsciously panicked and woke Jimmy up.

“Where is Viola?”

Jimmy yawned and said, “Ms. Falcon is cleaning up the mess at that bar. She should’ve already finished it. Maybe she is resting in the villa.”

Orlando frowned slightly, and his deep voice trembled slightly. “She... never came?”

“No, she asked me and Tyler to send you here.”

Orlando’s dark eyes gradually dimmed, and his heart ached.

It even hurt more than being splashed on the back by sulfuric acid.

“Don’t worry, Mr. Caffrey. It’s late now. Ms. Falcon must be tired after all that. She will probably come tomorrow morning”

Orlando’s pale lips pursed into a straight line. Without saying anything, he turned over and closed his eyes to pretend to sleep.

But he knew very well that Viola probably wouldn’t come tomorrow, either

Orlando had a sleepless night.

in Washington Police Station.

The cops happened to see the scene of Viola hurting people when they arrived at the bar. But it was too late. They had

to wait until tomorrow morning before they could officially investigate the case. Viola had no choice but to spend the night in the station.

When Brian learned about who Viola truly was from Jerry, his legs went soft.

Oh my goodness!

She's the youngest daughter of the McGraw family, the richest man in Salt Lake City, and Bobby McGraw's baby

sister...

And I nearly locke her up in the detention room last time?

Brian felt a chill on the back of his neck just thinking of it.

Since this case was still under investigation, Brian arranged for Viola to live in the luxurious single room in the station. And Toby and Vincent were arranged in a double room.

It was late fall, and the residences provided by the police station to prisoners were basically all separated empty rooms. There were no bed sheets or quilts, not even a chair, and no place to wash up. And prisoners had to make a report before they used the toilet.

The floor was damp, and some prisoners chose to squat and sleep at night.

However, Viola's room was different. It had all the bedding and a flannel crystal carpet was spread all over the room to keep her away from the cold. Even the table and computer were provided.

The computer could only connect to the station's internal network

But it was enough to play games on it.

Occasionally, there would be policemen coming over and asking if Viola needed some supper. They could help her pack up the food from the five-star restaurant next door if she wanted.

The only bad thing was that because of the control requirements, Viola's phone was confiscated.

Viola lay on the small bed, bored. She sorted out everything that had happened the entire day from beginning to end.

She also noticed that Nell was missing at the bar, but since Orlando had sent Todd for him, it should be fine.

But what happened tonight was too strange. She remembered the man that she met who matched all of Nell's descriptions. If it was really that man who wanted to cause trouble, he should do much more than just splashing sulfuric acid seemed.

Or could it be that Orlando's sudden appearance interrupted their plans?

What would they do next?

Viola pondered and fell asleep unconsciously.

Early in the morning the next day.

Orlando woke up to find no one in the ward.

Loneliness and desolation filled the ward.

And as expected, Viola did not come.

He felt bitter in his heart. He pulled out the IV and got out of bed. As soon as he opened the ward door, he saw Jimmy secretly answering the phone in the corner of the aisle.

“Whar! Ms. Falcon is at the police station? Wasn’t Mr. Felton at the scene last night? How could he let them take away Ms. Falcon... Alright, I know. I won’t tell Mr. Caffrey.”

Before Jimmy could hang up, liis phone was suddenly snatched away.