

Ex-husband Goes Money Comes by Yvone Zabielski Chapter 178

As soon as Todd finished speaking, Todd received a cold glare from Orlando.

Todd knew that he was too anxious and said the wrong thing. Todd consciously slapped his face twice and bowed his head to admit his mistake. "I'm sorry, Mr. Caffrey. I was too excited and I didn't mean to curse you."

Todd used all his strength in these two slaps, and the corner of his mouth was bleeding.

Although Todd's eyes were red, his face was filled with displeasure, and he was not convinced.

Orlando eased the pain in his body and did not want to affiliate with him. His voice was low and weak.

"I will go back, but I have to deal with Viola first. Ask Taven to go back first and ask if there is any medicine that can temporarily suppress Super 404. Also, find the special effect ointment for removing scars."

Todd was upset. "What time is it now? Mr. Caffrey, are you still thinking about whether the wound will leave a scar? What matters is your life!"

Orlando glared at him and said in a cold tone, "Talking bullshit again? slap yourself!"

Todd sucked in a breath of cold air. He did not dare to delay and slapped himself again, causing his face to swell even

more.

Orlando did not tell Todd to stop. Todd was about to continue, but Orlando stopped him.

Todd rubbed his face, which was full of pain.

Orlando was so heartless!

Orlando only wanted to chase after his wife.

Orlando cared nothing about his brothers who had fought with him through hell!

Orlando couldn't hear the unspoken criticism, and his pale face was expressionless.

Orlando had spoken too much just now, so he was a little weak. He lay back on the bed and rested with the help of

Todd.

Orlando wanted to remove the scars because he found that Viola seemed to like to admire the man's figure. She was particularly fond of abs and back muscles. If Orlando became ugly because of the scars on his back, then he would lose the advantage.

Thereafter, the ward was exceptionally quiet.

Todd stood straight and rubbed his wounds.

Orlando lay on his side and slept with frowning eyebrows.

It was only when Jimmy came in that the silence was broken.

“Oh, when did Todd come?” Jimmy was slightly surprised to see that Todd was also there. Jimmy placed the packed breakfast at the head of the bed and asked.

Todd did not speak

Jimmy approached Todd and glanced at him.

Jimmy was shocked when he saw Todd.

“What happened to your face? How did you get injured like this? Who did it?”

Jimmy looked at Orlando in disbelief. The latter was a patient with a weak body, and it was impossible for Orlando to beat someone like this.

“It’s nothing. I slapped myself!” said Todd, who was holding back his anger. He took the tissue from the bedside table and wiped the blood from his mouth.

Jimmy swallowed his saliva.

He thought, this ruthless guy even hits himself.

Incredible!

Jimmy felt apprehensive and consciously lowered his head to help Orlando open the takeout box.

Orlando sat up and cast a cold glance at Todd. "What are you standing here for? Do you have nothing to do?"

"Oh, right, I still have something to do, so I'll be leaving first. Have a good rest, Mr. Caffrey. Jimmy, take good care of Mt. Caffrey,"

"Okay," Jimmy replied briskly.

Half an hour later, Brian personally went to the luxury room to call Viola out.

"Ms. Zumthor, thanks for your cooperation last night. You can leave now."

Looking at his fawning smile, Viola felt a little strange. "You aren't taking a statement this time?"

Brian said with a chuckle.

"No, it has been investigated clearly. It was self-defense. Although the self-defense method is a bit extreme, you just need to pay some money."

Brian didn't expect that early in the morning, the National Bureau of Investigation and Bobby both asked to protect Viola. Brian was once again amazed by Viola's background.

As expected, Viola didn't say anything and leisurely walked out of the room.

Brian followed behind her, suddenly remembering something and hurriedly added.

“By the way, the National Bureau of Investigation said that if you want to interrogate the criminal Corey Wight last night, you can do it at any time. We will cooperate with you.”

Viola suddenly stopped in her tracks and frowned.

“National Bureau of Investigation?”

Brian nodded. “That’s right. You’re so powerful. The big shots with the highest authority on both sides of the country are supporting you. A lackey like me who follows you, if you have the time, please help me say some nice words.”

Viola pursed her lips. Her expression was grim.

She was sure that she did not know anyone from the National Investigation Bureau. Why would they help her?

However, since Viola was given the privilege of interrogation, she could not waste it.

“You said that the person who committed the crime last night was called Corey? Where is he? Take me to see him.”

“Yes, this way.”

Brian led her to change directions and walked to the innermost part.

Viola didn’t stay idle as she walked along the aisle.

She casually asked Brian, "Who is the current boss of the National Investigation Bureau? Why haven't I heard of him? Is he very low-key?"

Brian replied respectfully, "If you don't know, how would I know? This boss has never shown up before, and there is no detailed information about his identity. All of his orders are to be executed by his subordinates." !

Brian paused and continued, "Rumor has it that because he is too ugly, he usually wears a mask to complete missions. As for his identity, it is even more mysterious. I reckon that such a big shot must be someone from one of the big families in Salt Lake City!"

Viola didn't say anything. Her beautiful eyes were deep as she pondered over Brian's words.

As they chatted, they unconsciously walked to the door that detained Corey.

Brian ordered the police to unlock the door.

Because Corey was going to be interrogated the next day, he was locked up in a small cell.

The door opened and he was curled up in a damp corner of the cell with his back to the door. He was motionless, as if he was asleep.

"Corey, get up!"

A policeman stepped forward and gently kicked him twice with his toes.

There was no reaction.

Viola felt that something was wrong. Just as she was about to go in and check, she heard the policeman inside shouting, "Mr. Townsend, he's dead!"

"What? Why did he suddenly die? Didn't you treat his wounds well with medicine and bandages?"

Brian muttered as he quickly walked forward to check on Corey on the ground. "His body was still warm. He had just died and his body had no obvious injuries. There was a suspected pinhole wound on his neck. Not sure if he had been injected with drugs. Inform the medical examiner to prepare for the autopsy!"

Brian pondered and asked, "Who else came this morning?"

The policeman answered, "No, except for the police, no one passed by here.",

Viola stood at the door and listened carefully. She suddenly realized something. "Lock down the entire police station. No one is allowed to leave!"

Brian quickly pressed the alarm and blocked the police station.

The alarm rang loudly. The sound was extremely ear-piercing,

Viola bit her lower lip as she stared at Corey's corpse in the corner.

They didn't kill him last night, but they killed him after knowing that she would be interrogating him this morning.

Was this a deliberate show of force to her?

Brian checked all the police officers, including the outsiders. There were no suspicious people, and then he checked the surveillance camera.

But on the surveillance video, Brian saw a strange and arrogant scene.