

Ex-husband Goes Money Comes by Yvone Zabielski Chapter 205

The rain was heavy, and the bodyguard helped Whitney hold the umbrella.

Whitney walked alone to the side to look at the letter.

Suddenly, Whitney's expression changed greatly because of the shock, but no one saw this scene.

Whitney gripped the letter tightly, and the emotions in her eyes were complicated. After struggling in her heart for a few minutes, Whitney put away the letter and walked back to Orlando's grave.

"Mom, what did Orlando say in the letter?" Alisha asked.

Whitney was in a daze and ignored Alisha as if she couldn't hear Alisha's question.

"Mom, what's wrong? Don't scare me! What did Orlando say to you?"

Alisha reached out and wanted to take the letter in Whitney's hand. But Whitney dodged it. Alisha felt it was very strange and wanted to snatch the letter.

Whitney panicked. Unexpectedly, she tore the letter to pieces in front of everyone, stuffed the pieces into her mouth, and swallowed them.

"Mom, what are you doing?" Alisha shouted.

"Mrs. Caffrey!"

Everyone was stunned by Whitney's behavior.

Whitney did not explain. Instead, she rushed into the rain and hugged Orlando's cold tombstone, crying desperately, "Orlando! My son! You were still so young. How could you leave me and your sister alone..."

Whitney was wailing so hard that her voice almost became hoarse. The grief on her face moved everyone, making them also want to cry.

As the wife of a wealthy family, Whitney had always behaved as a noble lady. This was the first time she cried so desperately in front of so many people. But no one felt that Whitney's behavior was inappropriate.

Even the behavior of Whitney swallowing the whole letter was understandable now. Chapter 205
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Whitney was a mother who had just lost her child. And the one who died was the most promising child in the Caffrey family.

Whitney must be very sad and desperate!

Viola watched this scene from afar. Other than her eyes that were red, there was not a single tear in them. Her expression was also very calm.

No one saw her fingertips were fiercely embedded in the palm of her hand under Russell's jacket. It felt like her heart was already numb, and she could not feel pain now.

In the cemetery, Whitney almost fainted from crying. Fortunately, Alisha supported Whitney and comforted her to let her calm down.

The funeral finally came to an end. Those Orlando's business partners and friends left one after another in a low mood.

Some people sighed, lamenting the death of a young business genius.

Some people pitied the Caffrey family as only two women had left in the family. Richard, who was like a vicious predator, wouldn't let Whitney and Alisha have good days.

Alisha waited for everyone to leave. Then, she helped Whitney walk out of the cemetery.

Alisha raised her eyes and saw Viola under the tree. Anger suddenly rose in Alisha's heart, and she shouted, "It's all because of you! My brother died all because of you! If it weren't for you, he wouldn't have died! How dare you still show up here?"

Viola didn't refute. She just lowered her eyes.

But Russell couldn't bear to see her younger sister being bullied. He said to Alisha with a cold face, "Watch your language. Viola didn't know anything about this matter before. This was Orlando's own decision."

"She didn't know anything?"

Alisha walked forward and glared at Viola. "Can she really walk away from it by saying she didn't know anything about it? Orlando sacrificed his life for her! But look at her, She didn't even shed a single tear for him. She's just a cold blooded bitch..."

"Alisha!"

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Before Alisha could finish her words, Whitney stopped her.

Alisia looked back at his mother in disbelief. "Mom! She is the murderer who killed Orlando! Why did you stop me from scolding: her? Don't you hatcher? What happened to you? Why are you speaking up for her?"

Viola kept hier head down and didn't say anything.

Tears still hung on Whitney's face. She slowly walked up to Viola and bowed slightly.

Alisha was stunned, "Mom, do you know what you are doing? Why did you lower your head in front of her?"

Whitney ignored Alisha and looked at Viola, saying in a heavy tone, "I apologize to you for my daughter's words. She was so sad, and she said those harsh words out of sadness. I hope you can forgive her."

Viola was also a bit confused.

Whitney had always been mean to Viola. Why was Whitney different today?

"Alisha is right. I am responsible for his death. Don't you hate me?" Viola asked.

Two drops of tears fell from Whitney's face. She smiled bitterly and wiped her tears. "Mr. McGraw is right. Since Orlando has chosen you, he must love you very much. I respect his decision."

The words "he must love you very much" caused Viola's heart to ache. She wanted to cry again.

Viola clenched her fists tightly to prevent her tears from falling.

Whitney took out the blank envelope from her bag and handed it to Viola. "This is what he wanted to give you. He wanted you to read it alone. Don't worry. I haven't opened it."

Viola's fingers trembled as she took the envelope.

Whitney added, "Don't read it here. After we get back, you can sit down and read it carefully."

After saying that, Whitney and Alisha supported each other and left the cemetery.

Viola carefully put the letter into her bag. After all the relatives and friends who came to

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the funeral had left, Viola slowly walked to Orlando's tombstone.

There was a small photo on the tombstone.

Under the heavy rain, the photo was also stained with water droplets.

However, Viola still recognized that familiar, cold, and indifferent handsome face at a glance.

It was Orlando.

Viola had searched through her phone and villa but could not find a single photo of Orlando. She did not expect that she could only see Orlando's face on the tombstone in the future.

Viola stroked off the water droplets on the photo over and over again, gentle and patient.

Orlando was the only man Viola truly loved. From now on, Viola could no longer see him acting like a spoiled child in front of her.

Viola held back her tears and patiently wiped the water stains off the photo.

Russell felt his heart begin to ache when he saw this. "Viola, the rain is very heavy. You won't wipe it clean."

But Viola's eyes were very firm, and she said, "He's afraid of the cold and doesn't like the rain. I have to do the last thing for him."

Russell sighed helplessly and handed over the black umbrella.

Viola took the umbrella and opened it to cover Orlando's tombstone. Then, she took out a handkerchief and carefully wiped away every drop of water on the tombstone.

“Viola, you still love him very much, don’t you?”

Viola did not answer.

Viola had once thought that she would be able to put down her love for Orlando without hesitation and walk away decisively.

If he was still alive, if they no longer crossed paths after their divorce, perhaps they would be able to live happily together again.

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But...

Fate played a joke on Viola again and again.

Orlando died for Viola.

The sufferings Viola had experienced before suddenly became insignificant. She felt like her heart was about to explode due to guilt.

Viola took a deep breath, trying to suppress the surging sadness in her heart.

People who died would never come back. What was the point of talking about love?

“Let’s go,” Viola said softly.

Russell helped Viola up, held her shoulders, and left the cemetery together.

After Viola was sent back to the Bay Villa, she entered Orlando's room and sat on the recliner that Orlando had laid down before. Then, Viola looked around Orlando's room silently.

Remembering that Orlando wanted her to read the letter alone, Viola opened her bag and gently stroked the texture of the envelope with her fingertips.

A few days ago, Viola thought that Orlando had left nothing to her. But now, it seemed that Orlando was still worried about Viola.

Viola opened the envelope and took out the letter.

The first line of this letter read...

Viola's hand trembled in disbelief as she saw her real name in the letter.

Orlando... He knew Viola's true identity from the very beginning!