

## Ex-husband Goes Money Comes Chapter 207

Todd restrained his swollen eyes from crying and continued.

“He was the captain of the 14th team of the National Bureau of Investigation. That day, there was an emergency order from the bureau. This order was recalled only after something big happened. However, he didn’t want to leave without saying goodbye and wanted to finish the last thing for you. So he requested to postpone it for three days. The injuries on his body were punishment for disobeying orders.”

The internal strife of the family was no small matter. Even a day later, they would face the danger of having their power stolen. It was not a simple matter at all.

But for Viola, Orlando would rather be punished than postpone it for three days.

Todd said sadly, “Thirty whips. He was beaten until he vomited blood. In the end, the executioner became merciful and only hit him twenty times.”

Viola looked at the bloody shirt in her hand and did not understand.

“What kind of whip can be so powerful? Twenty whips and he even vomited blood?”

“It was not an ordinary whip. It was a black whip with golden threads. The whip was covered with tiny barbs. Blood can be seen with just a light whip, not to mention the executor was experienced. The whip could even penetrate his muscles. Because of the burn, there are few parts that can resist the punishment on the back. The last five whips even hit the back of the waist...”

Todd couldn’t continue speaking, and he was angry and distressed at the same.

Viola couldn’t imagine it at all. She felt pain all over.

He was already injured in his back. How did he survive such a heavy punishment?

No wonder something had happened to him this time. He had to kill someone for her with such a serious injury. What risky behavior!

Viola clutched the shirt that was soaked in blood tightly. Her knuckles turned white, and she was about to cry.

However, in front of Todd, she forced back her tears.

Viola knew the truth, although she looked sad, she did not shed a single tear. Deep in

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Todd's heart, he felt sorry for Orlando.

To fall in love with such a heartless woman was a tragedy for Orlando.

But as a subordinate and bystander, Todd had no right to accuse Viola.

Todd sighed and tried to speak in a steady tone.

“Actually, I came here today to say goodbye to Ms. Zumthor. I’m leaving. I’m Mr. Caffrey’s subordinate. Now that he’s dead, I have to work with my new superior. I’m afraid I won’t return to Washington. Ms. Zumthor, take care.”

Viola just looked at Todd and said nothing.

Todd lowered his sorrowful eyes. He turned around and walked toward the door.

Todd just walked two steps, but he stopped and looked back at Viola. “No one knows how to love when they are born. Mr. Caffrey thought Anaya had saved him, so he forced himself to love her, but he didn’t know that he actually fell in love with you three years ago. Even though Anaya came close to him, he never touched her.”

Todd paused and lowered his head. “The time you jumped off the plane, it was Lawson who used his name to do it. Mr. Caffrey didn’t know about it. He even searched for you in the mountains for half a month and was chased by Bobby. What he got in return was your revenge, humiliation, and torture.”

Todd continued to ask Viola, “Every time you were in danger, he would risk his life to save you. He was bullied and abused by you, but he never complained. He put down his pride as a man and atoned for his sins. Don’t you feel ... touched?”

Todd’s words were like thousands of steel needles that pierced Viola’s heart.

The pain was overflowing, and there was not a single part of her body that did not hurt.

She bit her lower lip until there were blood marks. The strong guilt and self-blame had almost drowned her.

“I... I am sorry...”

Her voice was hoarse as she said these three words.

Todd sighed again. He suppressed his emotions and walked out, closing the door for her.

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When Todd left, Viola held the bloody shirt in her arms, her tears surging as she cried.

She suddenly remembered what happened on the day she came back from the abandoned factory.

Orlando was sitting properly in the car, and it turned out that he was in so much pain that he could not lean on the back cushion.

When Orlando went up the stairs, he held the railing and walked step by step. There were injuries on his waist. With every step he took, his injuries would hurt.

For the first time he didn't cook when he came back, he used the excuse of being sleepy. It turned out that his pain was at the limit at that time.

Viola pounded her chest in frustration. Every tear that fell to the floor was filled with unspeakable pain and grief.

Heavens!

If it wasn't for the unbearable pain, how could Orlando have revealed so many flaws, but Viola didn't notice...

That night, he endured the pain and boldly lay in her arms, obsessed with the warmth of her body.

But what did she do?

Not only did Viola push him away coldly, she even said some hurtful words...

Todd was right. Orlando had never complained about her cruelty.

He would let go of all his pride and beg her even more humbly.

Orlando said, "Don't... Just let me hug you for a while, just a little while..."

He said, "Don't, please..."

Even though it was so painful that his breath was trembling, he still greedily clung to her embrace, unwilling to let go.

Why didn't Orlando tell Viola that he was injured so badly?

Was it because Orlando was afraid that she would feel guilty? Afraid that she would cancel the employment contract because of it?

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What a fool.

Viola curled up on the lounge chair, her emotions completely collapsing. Her entire body was in pain.

“Orlando...”

Her throat was hoarse from crying, so she couldn't make a sound.

You envied me for calling Jerry so cutely before. From now on, I will only do that to you, okay?

Can you hear me...

Viola locked herself in Orlando's bedroom for three days, not eating, drinking, or sleeping.

No matter how Jimmy and others knocked on the door or tried to persuade her, Viola ignored them.

No matter how tough Viola was, she would not be able to withstand such torment.

Jimmy and the bodyguards were very worried, so they had no choice but to call Russell.

Russell forcefully kicked open the door to the room on the second floor, but the room was empty, and there was the sound of water in the bathroom.

Russell came to the bathroom, and as soon as he turned on the light, the empty wine bottles were scattered all over the floor. They were all strong liquor.

When did Viola take all the wine from the wine cabinet? Did Jimmy and the others not

even know?

Russell's gaze finally fixed on the delicate person.

Viola leaned against the wall under the shower. She was still wearing the black dress from the funeral that day. Her whole body was wet, and her eyes were swollen. Obviously, she cried so much that her tears were about to dry. Her little face was red and very haggard.

How was she so drunk?

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Russell was well aware of his sister's capacity for liquor. It was not easy for her to get drunk.

Russell was so distressed that his eyes were red. He went forward and pulled Viola into his arms, only to find that her body was hot.

Was Viola having a fever?

“Viola!”

Russell gently patted her cheek and prepared to carry her out.

Viola woke up.

Feeling herself lying in a broad embrace, she subconsciously grabbed the man’s sleeve. Her hazy eyes suddenly saw a familiar face.

“Orlando, is it you? You are not dead, are you? You lied to me again, right?”

Russell felt a pain in his heart, and he gently coaxed, “Viola, I am not Orlando. I am Russell.”

Not Orlando?

Viola rubbed her eyes, and her vision gradually became clear.

When Viola saw clearly that it was Russell, tears once again welled up in her eyes. She broke down and cried.

“Russell! He died! He died for me... He had to risk his life for me even though he was badly injured. And I even pushed him away again and again to hurt him. It was all my fault. I harmed him. What should I do? How should I repay him...”