

Ex-husband Goes Money Comes Chapter 209

"I see. I will go to the Caffrey Group after breakfast."

After breakfast, she got herself together after her bad mood for many days and went out with light makeup.

In the CEO's office of the Caffrey Group.

Richard was shouting, "Why does she hide from others every day? My nephew is dead, and she pretends to be sad. Does she think that she can avoid the problem of the management right of the Caffrey Group in this way?"

"Call her out as soon as possible. We must solve the problem today!"

Lucille felt helpless and wanted to slap him to force him to shut up.

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But she told herself to calm down.

"Mr. Caffrey, Ms. Zumthor is sick. Why are you so aggressive?"

Before she could finish her words, the door of the CEO's office opened.

Viola wore a tight black dress and light make-up. Her face was enchanting but abstinent, and her cold eyes were as arrogant as before.

She didn't even look at Richard. With a cold face, she walked to the CEO's chair and sat down.

"What do you want?"

Her emotionless words made Richard change his attitude in an instant.

Smiling, he walked to the chair opposite Viola and sat down. Last time he was forced to drink a total of thirty bottles, and he had been tortured in all kinds of painful ways for the whole ten days. Now he still remembered it and could only shout when Viola wasn't here,

Viola really showed up. He said in a low voice, "Ms. Zumtior, my nephew died at an early age. I'm sad. I didn't know what to do these days, but we have to put it together..."

"Get to the point."

Viola frowned and felt unhappy.

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"He's gone. I'm the only one who owns the Caffrey family's shares in the Caffrey Group. So should his shares belong to me?"

"Who said that?"

Viola glanced at him and said, "Are you out of your mind? You're just his father's younger brother, and his mother is a direct family. Even if the shares are given to Whitney, it's not your turn."

“But...”

Being mocked, Richard didn't get angry. “My sister-in-law is not good at managing the group. Look at what she has done to the Caffrey group before. Giving her the shares is useless. Moreover, she treated you like that before. Are you willing to do that? I'm different. I can help you. Besides, I've already regretted what I have done to you before. I won't do anything against you in the future!”

Viola sneered. “That sounds great. You are the biggest shareholder of the company after you get the shares. You just want the management right of the Caffrey Group, right?”

Richard didn't answer.

He was determined to take the management right. After all, he couldn't watch the Caffrey family fall into the hands of an outsider.

But he knew that Viola was not easy to deal with, so he had planned to take a roundabout approach step by step.

Viola didn't want to listen to him. She said straightforwardly, “If you want to say it, just say it. Don't give me nonsense. Whether you can get the management right from me or not depends on your ability.”

Richard kept silent for a while with a long face.

He knew Viola was shrewd. Now that she knew his plan, she would be warier of him in

the future.

“How about this, Ms. Zumthor? Since you also said that Whitney should get the shares of my nephew, let her come here to sign the share transfer today in front of the lawyer?”

Even if Viola gave the shares to Whitney, sooner or later, he would be able to get the Chapter 209 Ha
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shares back to himself. As long as the shares didn't fall into the hands of Viola, everything would be fine.

Viola sneered.

When she was about to answer, the door of the CEO's office was pushed open.

Whitney was not as depressed as she was a few days ago. She walked into the office elegantly as usual.

Richard was very happy to see her. "We just wanna ask you to come here to sign the transfer of shares.
What a coincidence!"

Viola put her hands behind her back, leaned against the chair, and remained silent.

She would like to see what the two of them were going to do.

Seeing Whitney coming over, Richard stood up and made way for her.

Whitney sat down elegantly and said to Richard, "It's not up to us how to allocate my son's shares."

"Whitney, what do you mean?" Richard's face froze.

"I've brought the lawyer, Tom Kayfetz, here. My son made a will before he passed away. Since everyone is here today, let Tom read it to us officially."

Tom stepped forward and put a sealed kraft paper bag on Viola's white and clean desk.

Viola took a look.

Did Orlando make a will?

"I'm no longer a member of the Caffrey family. Since it's a will, it's unnecessary for me to sit here and listen. You can continue."

When she was about to stand up, Whitney stopped her. "Sit down. My son's will mentioned you. You have to be present."

Viola was stunned. How could he mention her in his will?

She tried her best to hold back the bitterness in her eyes and sat back on the sofa with a cold face.
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Seeing her sitting tight, Whitney looked at the lawyer behind her and said, "Let's start."

Tom nodded. Under the gaze of the three people, he opened the kraft paper bag and took out the will inside.

“I am Orlando Caffrey. In order to deal with the personal property distribution after my death, I have made a will as follows...”

Hearing the beginning of the will, Viola felt that her heart began to ache, and her eyes turned red uncontrollably.

She clenched her fists and listened quietly.

Tears welled up in Whitney’s eyes, and Richard also pretended to look sad.

In this extremely suppressing atmosphere, Tom continued to announce, “I will deal with all the property, including my real estate and shares as follows: Vist Villa of the Cloud Street, Westvine Courtyard House of the Crane District, Golden Harbor Apartment on the Happy Spring Road and other real estates, all of which belong to my ex–wife, Ms. Viola Zumthor. In addition, 45% of the shares of the Caffrey Group in my name belong to my ex–wife, Ms. Viola Zumthor...”

After Tom announced, Whitney wiped her tears with a tissue. Hearing that, Viola felt as if her heart was wrenching. All the property had been given to her. Was he showing no mercy except to her? He didn’t even care about Whitney and Alisha?

Richard, however, was pissed off.

“What? I don’t agree!”

He protested in a deep voice.

“He wants to give all the houses to his ex–wife. I have no objection. But how can he give 45% of the shares of the Caffrey Group to an outsider? The Caffrey Group is the fruit of Nash’s lifetime efforts. He is unfilial! Nasli wouldn’t agree if he was here!”

If 45% of the shares were really given to Viola, then she would hold 85% of the shares in the future. It was difficult for him to take the rights from her.

Viola kept her head down and neither resuted nor spoke.

She was not good at the real estate industry. A few days ago, she had been dealing with the Caffrey Group and the Angle Group at the same time. She was exhausted. When she

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was about to give the Caffrey Group out, Orlando wanted her to take full responsibility for the Caffrey Group.

Hearing Richard’s question, Whitney wiped her tears and said with a heavy heart.

“It’s my son’s right to make a will. Since he has decided, as his mother, I respect his choice.”

“Whitney, are you out of your mind? Shares are not a small matter!”

Richard was pissed off.

However, Whitney was indifferent to him. "Richard, don't fight for it anymore. It's not yours. Even if you fight for it, you won't get it."

"You!"

Richard was pissed off. "Bitch! I'll see how you explain it to Nash and my brother in hell after you go there too!"

He snorted and left angrily.

Whitney didn't get angry at all.

Viola looked at her curiously.

Since the funeral of Orlando, Whitney seemed to have changed a lot. Not only did she always speak for her, but she was also calmer than before.

"If you hide this will today and don't announce it in public, his shares will be yours. That's 45% of the shares. Don't you want that at all?"

Whitney smiled faintly.

"I really don't have the ability to run the company. It's better for you to take charge of the Caffrey Group."

Viola narrowed her eyes and stared at her quietly. "Mrs. Caffrey, you've changed a lot. You've never spoken to me calmly before. Did Orlando say something to you in his letter at the funeral?"