

## Ex-husband Goes Money Comes by Yvone Zabielski Chapter 37

Seeing Orlando's gloomy face, Lawson asked.

Orlando returned to his senses and ordered in a low voice, "The transfer of the villa must be done by the lawyer today. Then contact Viola to sign it."

"Yes, I'll urge them immediately."

in the Angle Group.

Ever since Paula was sent to prison, Viola had lost a helper. Now she had to focus on planning the talent show, so she decided to pick a substitute from the agents and assistants.

At the moment, in her small office, seven female employees of different heights stood in two rows.

Most of the female employees in the first row were pretty good-looking. They were not upright when they stood and they were fidgety and had a deliberate posture.

Viola only glanced at them and didn't have a good impression of these coquettish women.

She looked around and she was attracted to the girl standing furthest in the second row.

"You, come to the front."

The girl did not expect to be called. She was surprised and happy. She timidly took two steps forward. "Hello, Ms. Zumthor. My name is Rayna Halton."

Viola found this girl's information.

She was a rookie born in a rural area and her family background was clean.

What she wanted was precisely such a person.

"Then it's you. You can start with an assistant."

Rayna was overwhelmed by the favor.

The other employees were a little unhappy. "Ms. Zumthor, she has only been here for a month and is still in the probation period. Isn't it inappropriate for you to do this?"

Viola glanced over indifferently.

"I am the rule."

Everyone was choked by her words and could only leave resentfully,

The newcomer, Rayna, was very excited. She kept bending down to express her gratitude. "Thank you for giving me this opportunity. I will do my best to do every task you give me. I promise..."

"Alright, I understand, but action speaks louder than words." She gave Rayna a look of affirmation and handed over a pile of documents. "Get familiar with these matters as soon as possible."

"Yes, Ms. Zumthor."

Rayna went out with the documents.

As soon as she left, Viola turned her office chair and turned to look at the scenery outside the floor-to-ceiling windows. She rubbed her shoulders tiredly.

The Angle Group was not a very famous big entertainment company in Washington. Previously, it was all thanks to the cooperation benefits brought by Russell.

And if she wanted to break through five profit points this year, she would have to make innovations

and some big moves.

Although it was very risky, she would also overcome the difficulties, which was in line with her character.

Just as she was thinking, Rayna knocked on the door again and came in.

“Ms. Zumthor, there was a call from you just now. That person said he was Roland Joyce from Finley Kumble. He asked you to sign the transfer of property ownership.”

“What house?” Viola was suspicious.

“He said it was a small villa in Los Angeles.”

Was it the wedding house when she was with Orlando back then?

They had been divorced for so long. Why did Orlando suddenly want to transfer the house to her?

For the sake of compensation or guilt?

It was ridiculous.

“Okay, I’ll be there after work.”

Viola didn’t refuse. Although she didn’t lack money, there was no reason for her to refuse the money that was sent to her.

What was more, the house might be useful in the future.

In the café.

Anaya wore a pair of sunglasses and walked to a guest table with two roses on it according to the agreement.

When she looked at the delicate woman in front of her, she took off her sunglasses and put on a fake smile. “Ms. Falcon, you’re looking for me?”

Rebecca sized her up.

“You are the illegitimate daughter of the Callis family, Anaya? You are good-looking, but your bearing is indeed a bit different from a real young miss.”

Rebecca revealed the difference in status and wanted to suppress Anaya at the beginning?

Anaya frowned slightly. She was secretly unhappy in her heart, but she still held back her anger and smiled, “If you only want to humiliate me, then it is needless.”

Anaya wanted to leave but Rebecca held her hand. “Don’t worry. Let’s get down to business. You hate your fiancé’s ex-wife, don’t you?”

When Anaya heard that it had something to do with Viola, her body froze. “What do you want to say?”

“Because I don’t like that bitch either, I can help you get rid of her.”

Anaya hesitated for a moment.

The Falcon family was indeed powerful. She was indeed a little tempted, but Rebecca spoke too arrogantly and she disliked it very much.

If she could not get substantial help from Rebecca, she would only be pinched in the nose by

Rebecca.

After thinking it through, Anaya sighed, "I'm sorry, Ms. Falcon. I'm just an insignificant illegitimate daughter of the Callis family. I have no power or influence. I almost lost to her a few times before. I'm afraid I can't win against her. I can't help you," she said.

She rolled her eyes at Rebecca and got up to leave.

"So what? As long as you are willing to join hands with me, I will help you become the only heir to the Callis family."

Anaya's eyes lit up, and a trace of success flashed through her eyes.

"Deal."

When it was time to get off work, Viola drove her Santana to the small villa at the bay.

She looked at the scenery outside the gate numbly. She was shocked to find that there was still a slight pain in her heart.

The security guard knew that she would come and did not stop her.

She went straight through the garden and pushed the door in.

There was no lawyer in the hall, only Orlando, who was wearing a black suit from BOL. His slender legs were crossed, and he sat on the sofa, drinking black coffee.

Viola was not surprised to see him in the villa.

But...

She stepped on her high heels and strode inside.

It was only when she got closer that she could see that Orlando's originally handsome face wasn't too good. In particular, the two faintly dark shadows under his eyes were obvious.

She chuckled.

Although the shadows didn't affect his good look, it was the first time she had seen him like this

after knowing Orlando for so many years.

"It seems that Mr. Caffrey has had a good sex life these past few days. It was really toilsome."

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Orlando's face darkened even more as he looked up at her. "Ms. Zumthor, you have a sharp

tongue."

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"Of course." She crossed her arms, and her eyes suddenly turned cold. "It depends on the right person, but you are not worthy of my good attitude."

Orlando frowned, got up directly, and crossed the tea table, his long legs quickly approaching her.

Viola was already prepared. She struck out with her hand but was dodged by Orlando.

Then, a broad hand reached out to grab her shoulder. Viola took a step back and a cold light flashed

in her eyes. She raised her fair leg to kick the man in the middle of his legs. She wore high heels

today.

Orlando had a bad feeling. He took a step back and accurately grabbed her slender ankle.

When Lawson, who was standing guard in the garden, heard some movement in the room, he quietly looked around and saw them fighting.

What was going on?

Wasn't it just for signing? If Viola didn't like this house, she could refuse to sign it. Why were they fighting?

Lawson was dumbfounded. He saw that Viola's eyes were fierce, and almost every time she attacked, she would hit Orlando in a deadly place.

Orlando only defended and did not attack. The situation was dangerous.

He let out a slight hiss.



What a ruthless woman!

He was really afraid that the next second, he would see his boss bleeding.

Lawson resisted the urge to go in and mediate the fight. He blocked his ears and hid far away,