

## Ex-husband Goes Money Comes by Yvone Zabielski Chapter 50

After thinking of this, Anaya became worried. She quickly changed into a set of dark clothes, put on a mask, and went out to take a taxi straight to the place.

Orlando came out of the bathroom after taking a shower, and what he couldn't forget was Viola's

dance,

He was a little upset. If he had known that he would be the one tired in the end, he wouldn't have helped Viola.

Orlando lay on the bed. Viola's face still appeared whether he opened or closed his eyes, especially Viola's starry eyes, which were clear and stubborn. One couldn't forget the pair of eyes with just a glance.

And the eyes also seemed familiar to Orlando.

Orlando seemed to have thought of something. After a moment of hesitation, he called Viola.

There were some things that he wanted to ask clearly.

No one answered his first call.

As for the second call, it directly prompted that the number wasn't available.

The missed two calls made Orlando think that Viola didn't like him.

Orlando was inexplicably irritated. He casually threw his cell phone aside and fell asleep.

Anaya took a taxi to the abandoned house in the suburbs.

Nancy was waiting for her at the door.

When Anaya approached and saw the injuries on Nancy's face and body, she was shocked.

"What happened to you? How did you get injured like this?"

Nancy lowered her head to hide the emotions in her eyes. "On the way here, the woman fought desperately. In the end, there was a small car accident. I failed to control the dosage, she..."

"I'll go in and take a look."

"Does Ms. Falcon know that you came here alone tonight?" Nancy stopped her.

Anaya was instantly agitated. She was extremely unhappy.

Usually, Rebecca relied on her status to pretend to be superior to Anaya. Finally, Rebecca went to Salt Lake City. But the people who worked for Rebecca didn't want to listen to Anaya.

Anaya and Rebecca were only in a cooperative relationship rather than a relationship between a superior and a subordinate. Why did Anaya have to report everything to Rebecca?

The more Anaya thought about it, the angrier she became. She glared at Nancy fiercely. "You are the person she brought here to handle matters. She is not in Washington. You only need to follow my orders. Understand?"

"Yes." Nancy lowered her head even more.

"Now that your mission has been completed, get lost."

"Yes."

After Nancy responded, she still stood there without moving.

Outside the abandoned hut, there was only a flickering kerosene lamp, and it was impossible to see what expression Nancy had on her face that was covered in blood.

Anaya saw that Nancy was still standing there, so she was extremely displeased. "You don't understand English, do you?"

"Okay." Before leaving, Nancy took out a mobile phone from her pocket and handed it to Anaya with both hands. "This is her mobile phone. Someone just called her. I was afraid that it would affect your plan, so I transferred the mobile phone to airplane mode."

"Got it." Anaya arrogantly took it.

After Nancy left, Anaya turned on Viola's cell phone and looked at the number Viola received a call

from.

As soon as Anaya saw it, her eyes instantly turned red with hatred.

Although it just showed numbers without a note, she knew who it was,

It was Orlando. Anaya wondered why Orlando took the initiative to call Viola at this hour.

Anaya had been back from abroad for so long. And every time, she was the one who took the initiative to find Orlando, Orlando had never valued her like this.

Anaya wondered the reason.

She was the one Orlando was going to marry. And she thought that Viola was a mistress who was involved in their relationship.

The more Anaya thought about it, the angrier she became. And the viciousness in her eyes couldn't be concealed.

She angrily raised Viola's cell phone and was about to smash it.

But her hand suddenly stopped midway.

A superb idea flashed through her mind.

She opened Viola's cell phone and sent a message to Orlando's number.

After doing all of this, she threw the cell phone to the ground. As if she was still angry, she mercilessly stomped on it a few more times with her high heels until the screen was completely broken. Then, she stopped.

She withdrew her gaze and looked at the abandoned hut again. Tonight, she wanted this slut to never be able to come back.

After thinking of this, Anaya reached out and pushed open the door of the hut, which was dark and without any light

She couldn't help but curse Nancy. And she thought Nancy should leave a kerosene lamp after placing Viola here.

She suspiciously took two steps inside. The thick smell of dust in the room made her cough.

It was too dark to see anything.

Anaya suddenly felt a burst of panic and was about to go out to find Nancy to bring in a lamp.

The door suddenly slammed shut.

After realizing that something was wrong, Anaya followed the sound and ran to the door. And she slammed the door hard. "Who is it? Who is outside? Nancy? Are you there? Open the door."

It was silent outside the hut.

It was so quiet that one would be frightened.

Anaya took two deep breaths and tried her best to calm herself down. Then, she turned around and tentatively asked, "Viola? Viola, are you here?"

No matter how she shouted, the only response to her was a deathly silence.

Anaya finally realized that she might be the only one in the hut. And her toughness was gradually on the verge of collapse

Was Viola playing tricks?

But Nancy worked for Rebecca. How could Nancy help Viola harm her?

Anaya wondered if Rebecca and Viola had joined forces.

"Impossible... This is impossible..."

Anaya felt nervous. She covered her head with her hands and crouched on the ground in fear while

trembling

The fear the boundless darkness brought made her despair.

Until the sudden sounds of footsteps came from outside the hut...

"Who's out there? Let me out. Open the door." Anaya's hope recovered instantly as she stood up and slammed the door furiously.

The door opened in response.

A tall figure walked in against the light. And the second, the third...

It was the men Anaya called over to deal with Viola.

Anaya wanted to run towards the door, but she was stopped by the strong man in the lead.

“You guys got the wrong person. It’s not me. I’m not Viola,” Anaya shouted.

There was a slapping sound.

What responded to her was a heavy slap.

She couldn’t take the force at all, so she was thrown to the ground. Half of her face quickly swelled up, and two of her teeth loosened.

It hurt.

Anaya lay on the ground and spat out a mouthful of blood on the spot. She still insisted on explaining, “It isn’t me. Listen to me. I was the one who told you to come. How could you treat me like this...”

SSO

Before she could finish her words, her hair was grabbed by the man from behind. The force was so strong that she felt that her scalp was about to be lifted off. It was so painful that her tears fell. Anaya screamed pitifully.

“Trust me... No... I...”

The man slapped her face again and laughed, “I’ve seen people begging for mercy, but I’ve never seen a pretentious bitch like you. I’ll give you a top-notch torture tonight.”

The door was completely closed and locked, and dozens of men were surrounding Anaya.

Not long after, miserable beating sounds came from the hut. Anaya kept screaming painfully.

Viola leaned against a tree in the distance. Nancy stood quietly to the side without saying a word.

Viola looked up at the starry sky.

The starry sky today was beautiful.

Unfortunately, the heart-wrenching howl beside her ears was a bit disturbing.

When she was almost done listening to the scream, Viola was ready to return home and let Anaya enjoy the top-notch torture that was originally meant for Viola.

“Mr. Caffrey, it’s over there.”

The voice of Lawson suddenly came from the path. And it was followed by the sound of running.

After hearing that the voice was getting closer, Viola quickly hid.

She observed the movement in front of the hut from behind the big tree and saw that the person who rushed'over was Orlando.