

## Ex-husband Goes Money Comes by Yvone Zabielski Chapter 58

“Well done.” Although it was a compliment, Orlando looked extremely reticent.

He flipped through the investigation information as Lawson explained it to him.

“You asked me to investigate what happened that year, and my investigation revealed that Ms. Callis’s itinerary back then was consistent with the timeline of your car accident, so there is no doubt that Ms. Cailis was the person who saved your life thirteen years ago.”

Lawson looked at him in certain.

Orlando looked through the information carefully and frowned slightly. It’s uneasy to tell from his dark eyes how he felt.

“There is one more thing.”

Lawson said hesitantly.

“Go ahead.” Orlando glanced at him and signed him to continue.

“You asked me to investigate about There’s been some progress on the matter of Ms. Callis being beaten, which you asked me to investigate before. I attached the results to the end of the file,” Lawson said.

According to his words, Orlando flipped through a few pages and saw a few photos.

He looked at it carefully and became serious gradually again.

He knew this green Santana in the photo too well, new or scrapped, even if it turned to ashes, he would recognize it.

At the thought of this, Orlando fumed with anger. He continued to look down distractedly.

The rest of the photos were similar, but the last one was somewhat different.

was

In the photo, several figures could be vaguely seen in the darkness. He tried to identify them and recognized one of them was Viola.

“According to these photos, as well as information about Miss Zumthor’s itinerary that day. She did appear at the place where Ms. Callis was beaten. And look at this one.”

Lawson pointed at one of the photos and said, “Viola seems to be making a deal with someone.”

“The person standing behind her seems to be Russell’s assistant, Warren. There’s a good chance that Viola asked Russell to do this. Anyway, no matter what the result is, Viola must have something to do with this.”

It’s difficult to tell from Orlando’s face how he felt. He just continued to stare at the photos.

“Ms. Callis is such a gentle and kind person. How could she be treated like this? I had no idea Viola

was so vicious!”

Lawson clenched his fists and continued to persuade Orlando, "You must do something for Ms.

Callis and teach Viola a lesson!"

Orlando looked at his indignant expression and nodded.

"Okay, we'll talk about it after getting back."

He recovered his indifference, and he seems so unpredictable.

The next morning

The hospital was bustling again.

Anaya was well prepared, leaning against her bed for a public interview.

"I know that by giving an interview at this juncture, people might speculate about my intentions, or even push me to the cusp of public opinion."

Anaya pretended to be strong and continued, "But I still have to clarify that Mr. Caffrey, President of Caffrey Group, and I were childhood sweethearts. We have admired each other since we were young, but fate has forced us to part later."

"I don't know what happened while I was gone, but I can I say with absolute certainty that I am not his mistress, let alone destroy his marriage with Viola!"

Tears welled up in Anaya's eyes, but she gritted her teeth and refused to let them fall.

There was the sound of the reporters pressing the shutter, and the flash sparkled one after another. She felt so dazzling that she could hardly maintain her expression.

But she didn't dare to relax a bit.

She had to pretend to be pathetic for winning the public's sympathy.

"Ms. Callis, we have some questions. Is that convenient for you?" The reporter handed her the microphone

Anaya nodded, trying her best to appear natural and graceful. "Go ahead. I'll tell you everything."

"You just said that you and Mr. Caffrey were in love. Why didn't you marry him that year? What happened in between? Where were you when Viola and Mr. Caffrey got married? Why didn't you show up to stop them?"

"In addition, how did you get hurt? Are you being retaliated against for being a mistress? Are you being revenged for being a mistress? Would you mind telling us?"

"Another thing is that..." The reporters kept asking.

"That's enough!" Anaya interrupted her, displeased.

These reporters were too stubborn. They did not care that she was injured at all.

She was furious!

However, after realizing that she had lost her composure, she coughed lightly. "Sorry, I'm not feeling well. That's all for today's interview."

With that, she closed her eyes and put on a gesture of refusal to be disturbed.

"Anaya had enough talk today, and she needs to rest. If you have any questions, please ask me."

Audrey left the ward with the reporters and stood in the corridor, answering the reporters' sharp questions alone.

"The questions that you asked just now are personal to our family and are private between my daughter and Mr. Caffrey. We refuse to answer these questions. I hope you can understand." Audrey's attitude was cold.

"What about Ms. Callis's injury this time?" One of the reporters asked.

"We've found evidence that strongly implicates that it has something to do with Viola."

Audrey took the microphone and said firmly, "If anyone dares to hurt the heir of the Callis Group, we will make her pay!"

"Would it be convenient for you to reveal some evidence?" The reporters kept asking.

Audrey frowned and rejected firmly. "We've already handed it over to the police. I believe that the truth will be revealed soon."

The reporter realized that she did not want to talk too much, so the interview ended hastily.

Viola drove a new car and sped along the road to work. After listening to the whole live broadcast of the news, she couldn't help but sneer.

This couple of mother and daughter, who acted to be hypocritical, was making her disgusting.

However, she would fight to the end.

As soon as she turned the intersection, Viola saw Rayna standing under the road sign, looking anxiously at the road.

"Do you need a ride?"

Viola braked suddenly in front of her, rolled down the window, and raised her eyebrow at Viola.

"No, thanks. Ms. Zumthor, I was waiting for you on your way to work."

Rayna acted so worriedly. "It has become a trending topic. The netizens are talking about you tirelessly. Some journalists and overly passionate masses have blocked the company's gate. They are asking you to explain."

"The situation this time is much more serious than last time. You'd better not go to the company. Go home and stay away from trouble, and come back when you are safe," Rayna said.

"No, it's not my style to be timid."

Viola started the engine again, and Rayna was even more nervous.

“Ms. Zumthor, what are you going to do?” Rayna desperately knocked on the window, trying to stop Viola.

“Give the explanation they want.” /

As soon as Viola finished speaking, she stepped on the accelerator and the car rushed out like an arrow.

Her words came with the wind, and the dust flew as the car passed, making Rayna cough to tears.

By the time she came back to her senses, Viola’s car had already disappeared.

“It’s over now. Ms. Zumthor is going there alone. What should I do?” Rayna shouted in despair, not knowing what to do.