

Ex-husband Goes Money Comes by Yvone Zabielski Chapter 59

At the Angle Group.

The company was crowded with reporters and emotionally agitated people, and there were also a lot of onlookers.

Viola locked the door of the car and strode towards the front door of the company.

Viola had a very powerful vibe as if there were fifty people following behind her.

The reporters had been waiting for a long time. Now that they saw the heroine, Viola, appear, they would not let go of this opportunity and rushed to her.

One by one, the microphones were handed over to Viola, while the reporters kept shooting her. The scene was much larger than Anaya had experienced in the ward.

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Reporters kept asking, "Ms. Viola, may I ask if you have watched this morning's news broadcast? What do you want to comment on Ms. Callis?"

"May I ask if what Ms. Callis said is true? She claimed that she was not the home wrecker. Then what is the reason for your divorce from Mr. Caffrey? I heard that you left a marriage without any possessions or property. Did you cheat on Mr. Caffrey?"

"Also, is Ms. Callis's death related to you?"

Those reporters didn't want to let go of such big news, so they asked Viola many questions,

Viola walked toward the gate without fear of the crowd.

The large sunglasses covered most of her face, but they could not stop her momentum.

“Ms. Viola, can you answer me? We are all waiting for your response!” One of the reporters shouted.

The crowd almost took the roof off, and many onlookers talked loudly about the inside scoop of the events,

Viola frowned and casually took a reporter’s microphone, saying in a neutral tone, “Since you want to know, then calm down and listen to me.”

The reporters were shocked for a few seconds and immediately asked questions.

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“May I ask what your relationship with Mr. Caffrey is?” A reporter took his position advantage and pushed the microphone to Viola, afraid that his question would not be heard.

“I’ve already said it on Twitter. I’ll repeat it. We’ve already divorced and have nothing to do with each other.” Viola unhappily pushed the microphone away.

Despite being blocked by sunglasses, the rest of the people felt Viola's sharp gaze and consciously retreated a few steps.

Then they went on and asked, "It is said that Ms. Callis ruined your marriage with Mr. Caffrey, but you were forced to leave without anything after divorce. Is that true?"

"Sorry, I have no comment."

Viola shrugged. "Do you have any other questions? If not, then I should leave. Don't waste my time."

"Wait a minute!" A few reporters pushed forward again and asked, "We heard that you are Mr. McGraw's mistress, so you got your current job. Is that true?"

"My job is not attained by improper transactions. As for my work ability, time will tell," replied Viola,

Her words were loud and clear, echoing in the crowd, but she did not suppress the commotion.

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"Then why did you ask someone to insult Ms. Callis the other day? Was it because she humiliated you at the banquet?"

Viola asked rhetorically, "Haven't you already watched her live broadcast? Who is the one behind all this? Evidence will tell the truth. I have something important to deal with. Please excuse me."

Hearing that, the reporters became anxious and tried to stop Viola.

“You haven’t told us all yet. You can’t just leave like this! Or are you hiding any secrets in your heart?”

The onlookers shouted, blocking the company door tightly, and some even wanted to take advantage of the chaos to attack Viola.

Before Viola could speak, a familiar low and magnetic male voice sounded behind her.

“Even cooking up a story and spreading it around do not need to pay a price, but can you insult her like this? If you don’t have professional ethics, you’d better quit your job as soon as possible.”

Orlando walked over unhurriedly, his brows slightly furrowed as he swept his gaze over everyone with disgust and indifference.

“It’s Mr. Caffrey! Mr. Caffrey comes to support her!”

Someone recognized Orlando and shouted.

Everyone was extremely shocked by Orlando’s sudden appearance, and they gabbled about his purpose for coming there.

“I’m also investigating the matters about Ms. Callis.”

Orlando said simply as he took the microphone from Viola and added, “In five days, I’ll give you an explanation.”

The reporters who had asked the questions before were so scared that they even held their breath, but the chaos in the crowd didn’t subside for a long time.

“What are you waiting for?”

Orlando turned his head and said to Lawson with a cold face.

Lawson understood. He raised his arm and gestured to a few bodyguards wearing sunglasses and black clothes to drive away the crowd.,

Most people were bystanders and did not want to make any trouble. They were even more afraid of provoking Orlando, so they scattered in a short time.

“Thanks.”

Viola calmly thanked Orlando and walked toward the company.

Orlando grabbed her wrist and said in a low voice, “Is it a bit perfunctory, isn’t it? Shall we talk?”

Viola wanted to refuse Orlando, but when she was about to reply, she saw his serious expression.

Viola said, “Okay, but let’s cut to the chase.”

Orlando chose a restaurant that was closer to Angle Group and booked a private room to treat Viola to a meal.

“Here you are.”

Orlando spread the menu and unfolded it in front of Viola.

"I have already eaten it in the morning." Viola frowned as if she had remembered something and added, "And I remember that you don't like to eat too much early in the morning. Why do you change your living habits so fast after you are reunited with Ms. Callis?"

"Don't beat around the bush, and just say what you want. Don't waste my time."

Orlando looked bad immediately.

Orlando looked at the impatient look on Viola and asked, "When you were eating with Russell or Jason, did you treat them the same way?"

Even Orlando himself did not realize that his tone was full of jealousy.

"As an ex-husband, I hope you can mind your own business."

Viola gave Orlando a cold glare and continued, "We have nothing to do with each other anymore. Do I need to tell you what kind of attitude I have when eating with other men? Do I need to tell you

about this? What's more, I do not believe that you and they are in any way equivalent."

By the way, your fiancée is still lying on the bed. You should take care of her now, not ask about my attitude."

"You have changed a lot."

Orlando stared into her eyes as if he wanted to see through everything he could not understand.

Viola picked up her bag and stood up from her seat. She said, "If you just want to say these to me, please forgive me. I shall leave now."

"Sit down. Wait a moment."

Orlando stepped forward and locked the door.

Viola frowned and stared at him, wondering, "What do you want?"

"Don't worry, I won't do anything to you. This time, I'm looking for you because I want to ask you something." Orlando sighed slightly.