

Ex-husband Goes Money Comes by Yvone Zabielski Chapter 63

Orlando did not speak and looked at Anaya with an ashen face.

“Orlando, here’s the thing...” Anaya explained in panic, “Don’t overthink it. It’s only girls’ talk.”

Anaya’s forehead beaded with sweat. Anaya did not know how much Orlando had heard about her conversation with Rebecca, so she decided to play dumb.

“What are you planning to do?” Orlando ignored her explanation, and a fierce look appeared in his eyes.

Anaya wondered, his gaze and his indifferent tone are sort of strange. Did he hear everything?

Anaya’s right hand subconsciously clenched the corner of the quilt.

“What are you talking about? I was just chatting with a friend. You don’t believe me?”

Orlando ignored Anaya’s pitiful eyes and looked at her with a piercing look in his eyes. “You should know that even if you don’t say it, I can send someone to investigate, but at that time, you will lose the chance.”

Orlando rubbed his watch. His expression was calm, not revealing joy or anger. However, Anaya was even more scared.

Anaya nibbled her lip. She was aware that this conspiracy could not escape his interrogation. Her eyes with tears suddenly, and she began to sob.

“Orlando! I am just not convinced. Viola has divorced you, yet you still care so much about her! I haven’t even been to the Bay Villa a few times, let alone lived there. However, you had it transferred into her name.

“Last time, she humiliated me at the Callis Group’s banquet. This time she even had someone beat me and almost destroyed my reputation!”

The more Anaya said, the angrier she was. “Orlando, I hate her, and I meant it! I just wanted her to be taught a little lesson. What was my fault?”

Anaya threw herself into Orlando’s arms and tried to muddle through with an air of pity. However, Orlando frowned and helped Anaya straighten up.

“I’ll ask you one last time. Where is Viola?”

His brows were furrowed, and his tone was filled with determination that did not allow any resistance.

“Orlando, I have had feelings for you for so many years. Am I inferior to that woman who has had nothing to do with

you?”

Anaya sobbed, with her tears streaming down her face. “I am your fiancée. Why are you so ruthless? She caused me to suffer so much that I have to stay in the hospital until now. Can you bear to see me suffer like this?”

Orlando puy on a long face and got up. A trace of imperceptible tiredness flashed through his deep eyes.

“You weren’t like this before. You really let me down.”

With that, Orlando strode out of the ward without mercy, leaving a tear-stained Anaya crying out on the bed.

The corridor was very quiet. Occasionally, a few nurses passed by. They would walk lightly and quickly.

Orlando walked to an empty corner and took out his phone to make a call.

“Nick, find out Viola’s location and send it to me in ten minutes. Hurry up.”

Viola drove out of downtown and took a shortcut, heading to Shattered Mountain.

She deliberately picked a path where there were no surveillance or traffic lights and sped as fast as she could.

Viola opened the car window. The wind whistled past her ears, making her feel extremely delighted and excited.

Unfortunately, this was not an outing. Viola had important things to do, and she was not in the mood to enjoy the beautiful scenery in the suburbs.

Viola stepped on the accelerator hard, and the engine roared to rush out.

When the phone rang, Viola glanced at the screen and answered with a quick tap of her Bluetooth headset.

“Ms. Zumthor, I think you will arrive here soon. I’d like to remind you to turn right after driving out of the tunnel. I will wait for you in the deserted cabin on the mountainside of Shattered Mountain.” The kidnapper deliberately lowered his voice.

Viola glanced at the GPS and turned right.

A car with a counterfeit plate parked at the foot of the mountain. Viola carefully compared it with the picture that she received from the Dark Bell. Then she confirmed that this was the car that the kidnapper had taken Sherlyn away.

Viola hid her Magotan in a bush. Then she climbed up the mountain alone.

The log cabin was hidden in the depths of the forest. From a distance, it looked very shabby. It was more like a shed.

Viola quickened her pace over there and abruptly pushed open the door of the cabin.

“Good. You came very quickly.”

The head of the kidnappers, Zavier Osborn, was wearing a thick black mask, and the expression on his face could not be seen.

Sherlyn fell by the man’s feet, with her body covered with bruises. She had lost consciousness.

Viola took a look at Sherlyn’s injuries. A cold glint flashed across her eyes.

“Let her go, and then we can talk.”

Viola looked around the cabin, pulled out a chair, and sat down, looking at the man casually.

Zavier was enraged by Viola's turning the tables on him. He pulled up the unconscious Sherlyn and placed the knife on her neck

"You are here to save her, but how dare you negotiate with me? Believe it or not, I will kill her now?"

"You don't dare."

Viola looked into Zavier's eyes fearlessly, causing him to panic for no reason.

Viola looked very vulnerable, but she had the composure of having hundreds of her people standing behind her.

Zavier was shocked at Viola's aura.

At the same time, Rebecca and her personal bodyguard, Roger Quast, were hiding in the woods outside the cabin and observing the inside through a telescope.

Rebecca had prepared a bug beforehand and placed it on Zavier's hat. So she could hear everything in the conversation between Viola and Zavier,

"Do you want to get her back just like that? What a pipe dream!"

Rebecca rolled her eyes in contempt and instructed through her micro-Bluetooth headset, "Don't agree to it/ Who knows what tricks she is going to play? Just keep wasting time with her. We can't let her friend go."

After receiving the order, Xavier looked at Viola with a smile.

“Hot girl, I can’t bear to refuse you, but I can’t let your friend go. Sorry.”

“If you say something nice to make me happy, I might consider it.” The way Xavier looked at Viola was up to no good gradually.

Seeing Viola’s hot figure that couldn’t be concealed under her sportswear, Xavier looked at Viola up and down brazenly.

Under Xavier’s greedy gaze, Viola realized that she couldn’t waste time talking to Xavier. So she gave Xavier a direct kick.

“It depends if you can beat me down.”

Xavier hurriedly stretched out his right arm to block this kick. Then Viola’s fist was approaching him.

Xavier was completely enraged and shouted out.

“How dare you! You don’t know what is good for you! Guys, you don’t have to hide. All of you, come out and attack!”

The moment his voice fell, the broken door of the cabin was violently pushed open.

Four black-masked men broke in and rushed toward Viola eagerly.

“You came just in time. I haven’t exercised for a long time.”

Viola rapidly rushed over and performed a series of quick kicks in the air.

Within five minutes, all five of the strong men fell to the ground.

Rebecca had been holding the telescope triumphantly, but when he saw the tragic end of the five people, she was slack-jawed.

“This... How could this be? How can she beat down five men by herself? Did your men throw the game for her?”

“Ms. Falcon, I am sure that Viola isn’t an ordinary person.”

Roger had a solemn expression. “The fighting skills she used were very similar to the world’s famous master, Elena Henderson’s self-created moves. In addition, it looked like an improved and innovative combat method that was more suitable for her.

Roger paused for a moment and then continued, “Ms. Henderson has a strange character. She only accepts one disciple in her life¹ heard that it’s a man. However, based on Viola’s movements, it’s very likely that she is Ms. Henderson’s disciple. The rumors might not be true.”

Rebecca did not give up. She asked, “If you go attack her, can you beat her down?”