

Ex-husband Goes Money Comes by Yvone Zabielski Chapter 68

"In Russell's villa?"

Rebecca was completely awake and sat up from the bed in shock

"Tell me clearly. How could Breenda have anything to do with Russell?"

"Have you forgotten it? Ever since Viola and Orlando divorced, she and Russell have been very close. Although Orlando gave her the Bay Villa, she didn't move in, and we haven't been able to find where she lived."

"What do you mean?" Rebecca frowned.

"Is my meaning not obvious enough?" Anaya rolled her eyes. "This means that she's very likely to be living together with Russell! There's no trace of Breenda in entire Washington. It's very likely that Viola hid her in Russell's villa!"

After thinking for a while, Rebecca felt that what Anaya said made sense and immediately sent someone to investigate.

After hanging up, Anaya threw her phone to the side irritably and leaned against the bed to wait for messages.

Breenda did not die and had been in a vegetative state. Like a thorn in her heart, it troubled Anaya's heart all the time.

No matter how proud she was in front of others, Breenda's existence always reminded Anaya that she was an illegitimate daughter.

After becoming the heir of the Callis Group, she had been looking for an opportunity to deal with Brenda, but because Audrey had been protecting Brenda closely and almost stayed in Brenda's ward every day. Anaya could not find an opportunity to make a move.

But as long as Brenda was still alive in this world, Anaya's position as the heir of the Callis Group would not be stable.

It was inevitable that the others would compare the two of them.

This time, Brenda's disappearance was a rare opportunity, and Anaya had to take advantage of it to get rid of the two enemies that might ruin all her plans!

It was gradually getting light, and the morning sunlight shone in every corner, gently waking up the city.

Anaya looked at the increasingly bright sky outside the window and became increasingly anxious.

The phone rang. She took the phone and quickly unlocked the phone. "How is it? Any news?"

"Although we can't be sure that Brenda must be in Russell villa, the people I sent over said that the number of bodyguards in the villa has increased by nearly two times, and the security is very tight. This matter is very suspicious."

"Then what should we do now? No matter how powerful the Callis family and the Falcon family are, we can't provoke Russell. Moreover, it is in his territory."

Anaya heaved a sigh.

She was in a daze right now and had no idea of what to do.

“I have a plan. You don’t have to worry about it.”

Without waiting for Anaya to reply, Rebecca hung up the phone and threw the phone aside.

Russell’s attitude towards her had always been very cold, but he was nice to Viola and protected her in every possible way. Rebecca was unhappy about that.

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At the thought that Breenda might be at Russell’s home, Rebecca felt a sharp pang of jealousy.

The more Rebecca thought about it, the angrier she became, and she decided to personally go to Russell’s villa to find out the truth while Russell went out.

“Don’t sleep. Get up!”

Rebecca called Roger, who was still in his sleep.

“I have to make a trip to Russell’s villa this morning. Arrange it for me immediately. If anything goes wrong, I will hold you responsible.”

Roger rubbed his sleepy eyes. He really wanted to say that Rebecca should let her assistant do these things as he was a bodyguard. But in the end, he still answered resentfully, “Yes.”

Lawson completed the task given to him by Anaya. After the flight arrived, he immediately took the morning flight from Philadelphia and returned to Washington.

In order to avoid Orlando's notice, he turned back to his apartment and decided to take a shower first before going to the company.

He parked his car in the garage and gently opened the door. Before he could close the door, he saw a figure sitting on the sofa smoking.

Turning his head, he saw that it was Orlando.

Under the rising smoke, his face clouded with anger.

The two of them looked at each other, and Lawson felt a burst of panic in his heart. He tried his best to look calm on the surface.

As Orlando's assistant, Orlando had personally arranged this apartment for Lawson. He naturally knew the password of the door.

"Mr. Caffrey, do you need me for something?"

Lawson tried his best to maintain his composure, put down the bag in his hand, and said, "If you have something to say, you can call me directly. There is no need to come here personally. It is still early, you haven't had breakfast yet, right? Do you need me to prepare it for you?"

"Where were you?"

Orlando ignored the series of questions Lawson threw. The cigarette between his slender fingers was put out in the ashtray, and his cold eyes were like a sharp sword that was about to penetrate Lawson.

Lawson replied in a relaxed manner, "I don't think I should always stay in the office. I want to exercise more. But I usually don't have time, and I'm afraid of delaying work, so I took the time to take a walk in the morning."

"Really?"

Orlando's sharp gaze fell on Lawson. He stretched out his long legs and crossed them. His fingers on the back of the sofa tapped on the painted wooden decoration,

It was just a casual move, but Lawson was scared.

He bit the bullet and said, "It's like this, Mr. Caffrey. I'm just going to do my morning exercise. Don't think too much about it."

"Lawson, you disappointed me."

A trace of exhaustion flashed across Orlando's face. "Do you really think I don't know anything?"

Lawson subconsciously shook his head. "I do not know what you are talking about."

"Anaya's phone tap has been canceled. It was you who did it in my name. What did you do when you left Washington last night?"

Orlando no longer talked nonsense with him, his eagle-like eyes staring straight at Lawson.

“Don’t tell me ... that you have been wary of me!”

Orlando’s words were like a bolt of lightning and they threw a chill of fear down Lawson’s spine.

Lawson kneeled in front of him. “Mr. Caffrey, I deserve to die. I should not have crossed the line. Please punish me!”

“Where did you go after leaving Washington last night? What did you do? Answer me truthfully.”

Orlando suppressed his anger, stood up, and walked in front of Lawson, looking down at Lawson with a warning in his eyes.

“This is your last chance. You know the consequences of disobeying me.”

Lawson fell silent.

A moment later, he gritted his teeth and gathered his courage to look up at Orlando.

“Mr. Caffrey, don’t you think you’re going too far? Ms. Callis is your fiancée, but you don’t care about her at all.”

Orlando didn’t expect that Lawson would accuse him.

“You’re so protective of Viola, but you don’t even care about your fiancée. You gave the villa to Viola and let Ms. Callis live in a different apartment. Is it what a fiancé should do? Ms. Callis was framed by Viola and was seriously injured, but you actually didn’t avenge her?”

Lawson said in one breath, staring straight at Orlando's cold face.

"Are you done?"

"Let me ask you one last time. Why did you leave Washington? Is it related to Viola?" Orlando touched his watch. He ignored Lawson's words.

Lawson had worked for Orlando for many years, so he was very clear about his habits.

He knew that Orlando was restraining his anger.

Even if he kept his mouth shut and didn't say anything, Orlando would still send people to investigate it, so he simply took all the responsibility onto himself.

"Viola, she's dead! Last night, I took people to hijack the plane she took. She jumped off the plane halfway. She hurt Ms. Callis. You can forgive her, but I can't!"