

Ex-husband Goes Money Comes by Yvone Zabielski

Chapter 7

Chapter 7 Can I Keep My Job?

The receptionist sized Viola again and confirmed that Viola did not look like a famous socialite, but someone who wanted to usele: beautiful face,

“You think you can be considered a guest? You want to see the president. Do you know that our president is worth hundreds of millions? You are just a poor bumpkin. How *can* you be able to get a hold of him?”

Viola, who was called a poor bumpkin,” was so angry.

As rich as Viola was, she was probably hundreds of times richer than the president of Angle Group. The receptionist was such a snob.

Viola didn't bother to talk nonsense with such useless employee. Her expression was serious. “Contact the higher-ups and tell them that I'm here. If the higher-ups don't want to see me, I'll bear all the consequences.”

The receptionist wanted to continue scolding Viola. But just as she was about to speak, she was frightened by Viola's cold and sharp gaze.

“That's what you said! You have to bear the consequences!”

The receptionist snorted and told the story to the higher-ups. She looked at Viola more arrogantly.

She couldn't wait to see Viola being thrown out by the security guard.

However...

The receptionist's smile gradually froze on her face. When she looked at Viola, there was disbelief and astonishment.

Viola saw her expression and guessed what the one on the other end of the line said.

Viola sneered and asked, “Which floor?”

“27th floor, the top floor...”

After getting the exact number, Viola pushed her suitcase and took the elevator upstairs without looking back.

The receptionist, who was left dumbfounded, stared at Viola's back.

The receptionist wondered, *who is this woman?*

Warren Cahill is the president's special assistant. He even speaks so respectfully.

Is she ... the president's lover?

No, I have to send this shocking news to the group!

Chapter 7 Can I Keep My Job?

Viola went all the way to the top floor

She pushed open the door to the president's office, and the man sitting on the sofa got up and

walked to her.

The man was in a blue suit, looking noble and aloof. When he looked at Viola, the smile on his face was bright

"Viola, long time no see. Congratulations on your divorce."

"Russell?"

Viola's eyes instantly turned red. She was filled with surprise. She never thought that the president of the Ange Group would be her third brother, Russell McGraw!

Viola threw away her luggage almost instantly and rushed up to hug Russell.

"Russell, did you miss me?"

Viola leaned against Russell's chest.

"It's good that you have divorced. The whole family dotes on you. How can we allow the Caffrey family to bully you?"

Seeing Russell's expression turn cold, Viola quickly changed the topic.

"Russell, I signed an agreement with Dad. He wants me to raise Angel Group's profits by five points in a year! You have to help me."

Russell put five fingers out and waved her hand in front of Russell.

Russell brought her to the sofa and sat down before replying. "Five points is a little difficult for you, but Dad ordered me not to help you cheat I can only give you some suggestions. But you have decision-making power."

Viola's face instantly turned gloomy.

Who was Russell? He controlled most of the entertainment industry, so he was quite influential in the industry. The business under his name was extended overseas.

Russell only needed to make a phone call, and then he could help Angle Group, a company to develop artists, immediately grow by ten points.

But Viola's dad even predicted that she would cheat!

Viola's dad was so strict.

Russell saw Viola's bitter face and pinched her soft cheeks with a smile. "Silly girl, it's good to gain more experience. I'm just the temporary president. Since you are here, I should go."

"Don't be in such a hurry." Viola stopped Russell.

Russell was puzzled. "Why?"

Viola rubbed her chin, looking like she was thinking carefully.

After a while, she winked at Russell. "I have a great suggestion. Russell, do you want to listen?"

Russell stared at Viola's cunning expression and was fascinated.

An hour later, they reached a consensus.

In less than five minutes, all the employees in the company received an emergency notification.

It said that a new mysterious managing director was coming.

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Chapter 8 Who Is His Beloved wife?

It caused quite a stir in the company

The receptionist, Becky Kane, had just said that she received a woman who was suspected to be Russell's lover, and a managing director appeared from nowhere!

Everyone guessed that this managing director was the same person as Russell's lover.

However, they didn't know that they had a new boss.

Viola gave this matter a good name and said that she was visiting the company in private.

On one hand, it was because Viola had never dealt with the entertainment industry and was not clear about the business process. She needed Russell to help her with some formality.

Secondly, Viola didn't know much about the company's staff. If she hid inside the staff and became

their colleague, it would be easier for her to understand the situation of the staff more quickly. She then would clean up the staff!

Just as everyone was filled with suspicion, Becky, who was in front of the service desk at the bottom of the building, was watching Warren walk towards her with affection.

Becky thought, *ah, Warren is so cute. Is he smiling at me?*

Becky forcefully suppressed her excitement and brushed away the hair behind her ears. She looked up and revealed a smile that she thought was beautiful.

"Mr. Cahill, what can I do for you?"

Becky's heart was in her mouth. Warren looked at her with such an affectionate expression. Was he

going to ask her out?

The next second, Warren's face turned cold, and his voice did not carry a trace of emotion. "You are fired. Pack your things and get lost!"

"What?"

Becky's hope was shattered, and her heart sank.

Becky wondered, *I'm finished. I lose my job! Who did I offend?*

As if she had thought of something, Becky's tear-stained face instantly froze.

Becky thought, *is it because of that woman?*

Becky wore a sinister look, and she quickly dialed a number.

