

Ex-husband Goes Money Comes by Yvone Zabielski Chapter 72

Viola's deer-like eyes lit up as she asked eagerly, "Bentley, how confident are you about the surgery?"

"This surgery is called the Brain Deep Election Technique. We must open the patient's brain and chest. The risk is quite high. Even I only have a 40 chance of success. Are you sure you want to take the risk to try?"

Even Bentley, an elite in the medical field, only had a 40 chance of success. The difficulty was not small.

If the surgery failed...

Viola thought for a moment and then looked up firmly. "Yes! No matter what, I believe in you! Bentley, go prepare for it. We'll start later."

Russell knocked on the door and poked his head in. "Is there anything I can help with?"

"You came just in time."

Bentley coughed, asking, "Is there a room suitable for operating the surgery in your villa?"

"My private doctor used to live in my villa. His room should be suitable. I'll get the servants to clean it up." Russell understood Bentley.

Bentley nodded calmly and put all his instruments, then followed Russell out.

"Bentley, let me be your assistant."

Viola chased after them. They walked into the private doctor's room.

Bentley looked around the room, feeling satisfied. "Very good, it has all the equipment here. Let the servants clean it up and disinfect it before bringing the patient in."

Chana came in with a few servants and quickly cleaned up the entire room.

The servants gently placed Brenda on the operating table. Bentley calmly aimed the instrument at Brenda's head, ready to take the first step.

"Viola, check the power."

He checked the instrument one last time to make sure that nothing was wrong.

"Everything is ready, no problem."

Viola stood quietly behind Bentley, watching him concentrate on his operation.

After nearly five hours, Bentley was still holding the scalpel steadily. sweat covered his forehead.

Viola, standing aside, occasionally wiped the sweat off Bentley's forehead with a handkerchief.

"Tweezers."

Bentley freed up a hand and reached over.

Viola immediately picked up the tweezers and handed them to him.

The intensity of the operation was extremely high, and Bentley seemed to be tireless, controlling the operation instrument steadily.

Looking at his focused appearance, Viola praised Bentley in her heart. Bentley was indeed a genius of surgery as everybody called him.

“Viola, disinfect the apparatus again. We’re about to open the chest. Any minor mistakes could get the patient infected,” Bentley warned with a serious face.

“Alright!”

Viola crisply replied.

Russell stood outside the door, looking at his watch.

The operation had been going on for nearly ten hours, but the two still had not come out of the room.

He was extremely anxious in his heart, but he didn’t dare to rashly enter, afraid that it would interrupt them.

The butler went upstairs and said in a low voice, “Mr. McGraw, there is news from the Falcon family.”

“What did they say?”

Russell frowned, waiting for the answer with interest.

“Mr. Falcon locked Ms. Falcon up. She is not allowed to go out without his orders.” The butler replied respectfully.

Russell snorted, “That’s good. That way, she won’t be able to come to Washington and I’ll have some peaceful days to enjoy.”

He waved his hand, indicating for the butler to leave, and then focused back on the closed doors.

At the Falcon’s place in Salt Lake City.

Rebecca was furious in her room.

“Dad is going too far! How can he lock me in the room and not even let me walk out of this door!”

“Ms. Falcon, don’t be too sad. You are just grounded. You just need to stay at home for a while. It will be over.” The servant came over timidly to comfort her.

“You know nothing! Get the hell out of here!”

Rebecca pulled out all the flowers in the vase and threw them at the servant. “Get lost at once! Don’t annoy me!”

Angry still, she grabbed the vase and smashed it on the ground.

“Ms. Falcon, you can’t do this! This is a crystal vase that Mrs. Falcon brought back from France. It’s priceless. You can’t smash it!”

The servant felt heartbroken looking at the vase with a broken corner, but she didn't dare to stop Rebecca.

"These things all belong to my family. I can do whatever I want! You are just a servant. How dare you order me? Do you want to be fired?"

Rebecca then pushed down all the cosmetics on the table, causing a crackling sound that wasn't pleasant to hear.

The servant knew that Rebecca wouldn't listen to her. So, she shut up and left.

John and Melinda naturally heard the noise that Rebecca had made upstairs. John threw the cigarette butt into the ashtray with a dark face.

"Look at your good daughter!"

"What are you saying?"

Melinda was dissatisfied. "Is she not your daughter? Why do you sound like you have nothing to do with her? Do you

want to get rid of the responsibility?"

"If you hadn't pampered her all this time, would she have become like this? Now, Russell wants to break off the engagement. No matter how hard I try, he wouldn't change his mind. If she continues to act like this, she will destroy the Falcon family!" John was furious.

“You!”

Melinda was just about to retort when Stanley, who came down from upstairs, came out to smooth things over.

“Dad, Mom, Rebecca has been locked up. It’s normal for her to be in a bad mood. Just let her be!”

“She can’t throw temper like this! Listen, soon, all the world-class treasures in the house will be ruined!”

John pointed upstairs and sighed helplessly.

The sound of something smashing was still faintly audible. Stanley thought for a while and decided to go upstairs to comfort Rebecca personally.

Upstairs, Rebecca was about to smash an antique decorative plate on the ground.

“Who made you so angry, Ms. Falcon?” Stanley took the plate from her hands and pulled her to sit down on the sofa.

“Stanley!”

Rebecca held Stanley’s arm, feeling sad. “Russell is going to break off the engagement with me for a divorced woman!”

Stanley pinched her face.

“I’m afraid it’s not that simple. I know you too well.”

“Russell kept the woman in the villa ever since she divorced. He is so gentle and considerate to her. How can I swallow this anger?”

Rebecca continued with a resentful look.

“Stanley, you love the best in the world. Can you kill Viola for me?” she asked coquettishly, shaking her arm. “Can you stand watching your sister’s most beloved man snatched away by another woman?”

“Rebecca, say it again. What’s the name of that woman?” Stanley asked.

Rebecca was a little confused, but she repeated the name. “Viola. She is an orphan from Washington’s orphanage. Who does she think she is to compete with me? Stanley, do you know her?”

Stanley thought to himself, Viola...

What a familiar name!

Is it her

But how could she be an orphan...

Stanley let go of Rebecca’s hand and turned around, thinking about her words. Suspicion rose in his heart.

“Stanley, what’s wrong?”

Rebecca asked doubtfully, sensing there was something wrong with him.

“Do you have any photos of Viola?”

She was on a trending search some time ago. There are probably photos of her face on the Internet. Don't you know

her?”

Stanley shook his head.

He never paid attention to stuff online, but there was no news of what Rebecca said in Salt Lake City. It seemed that the news was blocked by someone from the big families.

Could it be the McGraw family?

But why did the McGraw family block the news about this woman in Salt Lake City?

The doubts grew deeper in his heart.

Rebecca sat down on the sofa and angrily took out her phone. She found a photo of Viola that she had asked someone to secretly take and handed it to Stanley.

“Stanley, you must help me. As long as this bitch dies, no one will steal Russell from me...”

Rebecca was still chattering. Yet Stanley's eyes were full of excitement when he saw the photo.

“Stanley? Did you hear that?”

Rebecca’s roar brought Stanley back from his trance.

“Do you hate her so much?”

Rebecca’s eyes were firm as she said, “Yes!”

Stanley knocked her on the head helplessly.

“What should I call you? The more you target her, the more you push Russell out!”

“Stanley, what do you mean?”

Rebecca dodged his hand in dissatisfaction.

“If you kill his only sister, don’t you think he will distance himself from you and hate you?”

“What? Sister!”

Rebecca was extremely shocked.

Viola is Russell’s sister? What the hell!

“Wasn’t Ms. McGraw announced dead six years ago? Although I haven’t seen her before, I have checked Viola’s background. She is an orphan!”

Stanley sighed, "If the McGraw family wants to hide it, do you think people can find any traces? As for why the McGraw family did this, maybe it was to protect her."

In just a few minutes, Stanley told Rebecca everything.

Rebecca was stunned and speechless.

Stanley glanced at the messy room. "If you still want to maintain this engagement with Russell, stop thinking about killing Viola. Instead, you should stay at home and think about how to apologize to her."

He patted Rebecca on the shoulder and left her bedroom,

Six years ago, when Viola disappeared and the McGraw family announced her death, Stanley had been heartbroken.

Although his parents had arranged a lot of girls from the upper class for him to date, he never forget Viola.

Now he found out that Viola was still alive and that she was in Washington. He wished he could fly to her side right

away.

After Stanley left, Rebecca was still stunned on the spot. It took her a long time to come back to her senses.

Everything she did not understand now made sense.

She now understood why Viola ate with Russell in his office, why Russell cared for Viola in every way possible, and why Viola became the managing director of Angle Group soon after she joined it.

So, Rebecca had almost harmed her future sister-in-law...