

Ex-husband Goes Money Comes by Yvone Zabielski Chapter 80

Viola looked at the shattered screen and shook her head.

“It’s been a long time since we last met. Your temper hasn’t changed at all, but it’s a pity that you have a big temper and can’t vent your anger.”

After she finished speaking, she gently released her hand, and a few more cracks appeared on Whitney’s already cracked screen.

“Why are you here again?”

Whitney came out of the hall. Although it was still fresh in her memory about the last time when Viola asked for her debt, her noble personality never allowed her to be timid.

“You bring bad luck to us. You are already divorced, yet you still cause trouble for my son. My son is unlucky.”

“Yes, your son is unlucky. He will be even more unlucky in the future. So tell me, where did Orlando go?”
Viola asked with a cold face.

“How would I know? Stop pestering my son. On one hand, you keep saying that you want to leave him, and on the other hand, you are still chasing after him. What a good move. You are cheap, aren’t you?”

Whitney rolled her eyes.

Viola was amused.

Just as she was about to retort, Alisha came down from upstairs and glared at her.

“Do you even deserve to know where my brother is? My brother already has Anaya. Why are you still so shameless?”

Alisha still remembered the humiliation she had suffered from Viola twice.

So she didn't dare to walk over and only dared stand on the stairs while gritting her teeth and glaring at Viola. She wanted to tear Viola to pieces, but she could only say it.

“If you weren't kept by Russell, how could you be so arrogant? You look like a coquette, and you are cheap. You are not as good as Anaya.

“I'm telling you. Anaya will soon marry into the Caffrey family. Don't humiliate yourself here. Get out.”

Viola leaned against the wall and quietly listened to her.

“When you have time, check on your cell phone that you threw away and take a good look at today's news. Your precious Anaya seems to be in a bad situation.”

Whitney and Alisha didn't check the news today and were confused by Viola's words.

Viola smoothed her hair beyond her ears, raised her head slightly, and looked around the Caffrey's house before continuing

“Although Orlando isn't here, it doesn't matter. I came to inform you of something. You have been living too comfortably, which makes me feel uncomfortable.”

“You... What do you mean?”

Alisha was startled by the cold aura around Viola.

The previous few miserable experiences made her subconsciously look out of the gate to see if there were any bodyguards.

Viola's lips curled into a gentle smile.

"Which means the Caffrey family will go bankrupt."

When Viola said this, she looked relaxed, as if she was just narrating an ordinary matter.

with that, she got into the car, stepped on the gas pedal, and left the Caffrey's house.

Alisha and Whitney were angry and constantly cursed at Viola.

"Mom. Did you hear that? This bitch is so crazy." Alisha was so angry that her hands trembled.

Whitney's face was also very ugly.

"Mom, Russell won't help her destroy our family, right?"

Whitney shook her head without hesitation. "How is that possible? Russell is powerful, but Caffrey Group isn't to be trifled with. No matter how much Russell likes her, Russell won't provoke our family for her."

Even though Whitney said this, she didn't expect that Viola would come to her house to provoke her family.

Whitney was so angry.

She made up her mind to teach Viola, whom she regarded as a bitch, a lesson.

As Viola drove on the road, she came up with a plan in her mind.

The best way to make the Caffrey family bankrupt was to start with Caffrey Group, but Caffrey Group was a famous big company in Washington, and it wasn't easy to take it down in a short time with her strength.

And she still had the task her father had given her.

With something on her mind, she returned to the villa.

Russell was waiting for her at the door just as she entered the garden. When Russell saw Viola coming over, he had a mysterious look on his face.

"What's wrong?"

Viola was confused, and she was going to enter the villa. "Russell, I still have something to deal with. Just say what you want to say."

"An old friend is waiting for you inside. Guess who it is?"

Viola looked at Russell's mysterious expression and walked up the stairs with a puzzled expression.

A tall and thin man with a refined temperament stood in the living room. When he heard Viola's footsteps, he suddenly turned around and met Viola's clear eyes.

"Stanley?" Viola asked in surprise.

"Viola. It's been six years since we last met. You look different. I never thought I would see you again. What happened six years ago? Why did you end up in Washington?" Stanley asked excitedly.

"It's all in the past."

Viola smiled at him.

"How long have you waited? Have a seat?"

Viola asked Stanley to sit on the main couch while she sat on the couch on the side. Her slender fingers picked up the glass and poured a glass of water for Stanley.

Stanley saw that Viola's every movement was still extremely elegant. Six years ago, that young and delicate face of hers had become mature and alluring. Stanley's heart was filled with emotions.

"You have changed a lot these years."

"I am no longer a child, of course, I will change."

Viola smiled and changed the topic, "It's been so many years since we last met. Why don't we have dinner here before leaving?"

"Of course, why don't we drink and reminisce tonight?" Stanley asked.

"Stanley, don't get drunk today. She will make fun of you."

Russell came in from outside and patted Stanley on the shoulder with familiarity. "I still remember this. A few years ago when we were drinking together, you got drunk after drinking a glass of wine. At that time, I was shocked and almost sent you to the hospital."

"Come on, I am different now from a few years ago. I am a good drinker now. If you don't believe me, let's compete."

Viola silently followed behind the two. While looking at their backs, she thought of a lot.

It seemed that it had been a long time since she had talked to her old friends about the past.

The three years she spent with Orlando almost made her forget about her original confident, enthusiastic, and cheerful self.

It was time to celebrate the meeting of old friends for many years.

Russell specially opened a bottle of good wine that had been treasured for a long time to liven things up.

"Are you looking down on my alcohol tolerance? Just a bottle of wine? Come on. I'm better than that." Stanley half-jokingly punched Russell on the shoulder.

“Don’t look down on this bottle of wine. When I went to France two years ago, I specially visited Chateau Latour and brought the bottle of wine back. The alcohol content isn’t low. Even when Viola came back, I didn’t take it out to drink. Hurry up and try it.”

Russell took out three crystal goblets, poured a little wine, and handed it to Stanley.

Stanley took the goblet and sniffed it before slowly taking a sip.

“It is good.”

The three drank the wine in one gulp after clinking glasses.

It was already late at night.

Stanley was already a little drunk. He looked at Viola’s slightly flushed face and hesitated for a long time.

“Viola, when I came over, I heard Russell talk about you. These past few years... How have you been? That man, he...”