

Ex-husband Goes Money Comes Chapter 220

Stanley felt wronged, and he was very unhappy with Ormand's questioning and his actions of forcibly snatching Viola away.

"Mr. Hobson, are you suspecting me of drugging her? I disdain to do such despicable things. It's because Viola is in a bad mood. I'm just drinking with her. She's drunk, so I'm taking her back to rest."

He stepped forward and tried to snatch Viola back, but Ormand dodged to the side and hugged Viola tightly.

"There's no need to trouble you. I will take good care of her."

Stanley's expression gradually turned serious. "Do you also love Viola?"

"Yes."

Stanley was annoyed.

He had to compete with Orlando, and now it was Ormand who was his rival in love.

"It's not good for you to hug her like this. Moreover, Viola has just returned to Salt Lake City. She doesn't seem to be familiar with you, while we have been good friends since we were kids, so I should take care of her."

When Stanley tried to take Viola back, Todd stopped him. "Mr. Falcon, please behave yourself. Ms. Zumthor and Mr. Hobson are engaged. It's reasonable for him to take care of Ms. Zumthor."

"Engaged?"

Stanley couldn't help wondering, when does this happen? Why don't I hear any news about it?

Todd seemed to read his mind, saying, "Last night, the grandfather of Mr. Hobson went to the McGraw family to discuss it. The news will be made public at Ms. Zumthor's welcoming banquet. Mr. Falcon, you're the outsider here."

Stanley's face turned pale. He did not expect the Hobson family to act so quickly, and Willard would agree!

Ormand was Viola's fiancé, and he was just a friend. He did not have the upper hand in

this aspect.

Seeing that Stanley didn't try to stop him, Ormand carried Viola in his arms and turned to leave.

Viola leaned against his strong chest. She smelled the familiar scent of tobacco on his body and subconsciously lugged his neck tightly. "Don't leave me. You just said ... you won't leave me..."

Stanley heard her words and said with a smug smile, "Mr. Hobson, it seems that Viola still wants to go with me."

Ormand's body stiffened as he looked down at Viola, who was drunk and unconscious in his arms but still had a wronged expression on her face.

Viola said she loved a man this morning. Could it be Stanley?

She even came to Honey Bar with Stanley to drink alone.

She was a good drinker and vigilant, but this time, she was drunk without any defense. It seemed that she did take Stanley to heart.

But why was Stanley...

Ormand suppressed the pain in his heart and ordered with a deep voice, "Todd, please ask Mr. Falcon to leave now."

Todd then came forward to drive Stanley away.

"Mr. Hobson, you should respect Viola's choice and let me take her to rest." Stanley was very unwilling to leave.

"She is my fiancée. I'm the proper one to take care of her!" Ormand turned around and glared at Stanley coldly.

After saying the words, Ormand held Viola firmly and left.

"Mr. Hobson, you have only known her for a short time. She will not love you! If you dare to touch her, she won't let go of you when she wakes up!"

Stanley was very worried and he shouted behind Ormand.

Ormand just ignored him and carried Viola to the nearby hotel.

As soon as he arrived at the entrance of the hotel, he bumped into Toby and Vincent who had just ordered a room and were rushing back to the bar.

They first noticed Todd. Ormand was wearing a ghost mask, so they didn't recognize him, but they saw Viola in his arms.

"Why is Ms. Zumthor in your arms? Where is Mr. Falcon?"

Seeing the tense atmosphere, Todd explained hurriedly, "This is Mr. Hobson, my new superior. Ms. Zumthor got drunk, so Mr. Hobson is going to order a room for her."

"But Ms. Zumthor will not be happy when she wakes up..."

Todd added, "The engagement was set by the elders of the two families. It is only a matter of time before they get married. Ms. Zumthor is drunk. Do you think there is a more suitable person than Mr. Hobson to take care of her? Is it you two or me?"

Toby and Vincent looked at each other and said nothing.

Todd noticed the room card in Toby's hand, and he snatched the room card and followed Ormand into the hotel while Toby was still in a state of hesitation.

Toby and Vincent quickly followed and stood guard at the door of the room.

When Todd came out of the room, he patted them on the shoulder, saying, "I haven't seen you for half a year. Why don't we have a drink tonight?"

"It isn't proper," Toby said with hesitation, "Ms. Zumthor is still at the hotel. We have to watch over her."

Vincent nodded.

“With Mr. Hobson here, you don’t have to be worried. He will protect Ms. Zumthor. Let’s find a place to drink and play together.”

“Wait a minute...”

The two of them left with Todd reluctantly.

In the hotel room...

Ormand carried Viola onto the bed and helped her take off her coat and high heels. After covering her with the quilt, he went to the bathroom to get a basin of warm water,

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wiping her face carefully.

He did it very gently to avoid waking her up.

The lamp on the bedside table was dim, adding a romantic atmosphere to the room.

Ormand’s gaze lingered on her delicate facial features as if he wanted to engrave her

face into his mind.

Even if he could only quietly watch her sleep, he felt satisfied.

Viola was the woman he wanted to love deeply for the rest of his life.

But the man she loved was Stanley...

It had only been half a year and she seemed to have completely forgotten him.

Well, as her ex-husband, he was still taken to be a scapegoat.

The more he thought of it, the more heartbroken Ormand felt. He was so sad that he even felt it was hard to breathe.

Ormand sat dejectedly at the head of the bed, quietly watching Viola with tearful eyes.

Viola was asleep peacefully, and her sexy lips were slightly open, making her look extremely attractive.

Ormand wondered whether he could kiss her secretly.

Anyway, she wouldn't remember it when she woke up tomorrow.

But wasn't it too improper to do that?

With conflicting thoughts in his mind, he leaned closer to her nervously...

Viola was already drunk. This was the first time she had drunk so much since her

stomach was hurt by alcohol.

She suddenly opened her eyes in a trance, then she saw an extremely terrifying ghost face approaching her.

Her hand reacted instinctively and slapped the terrifying ghost's face.

"What the hell are you? How dare you approach me?"

Ormand let out a deep scream.

It just happened when he was off guard.

Ormand did not expect that she would suddenly wake up and attack him. The bridge of the nose in the mask was almost crushed by this heavy blow.

He wanted to rub the bridge of his nose to see if it was bleeding, but since Viola had woken up, he did not dare to take off the ghost mask. Then he could only restrain the pain.

Although Viola was awake, she was still drunk.

Her vision was blurry and her head was dizzy.

The ghost's face seemed to be revolving in front of her face.

With her hands on the bed, Viola retreated and sat up. Her whole body curled up at the head of the bed, her hands swaying in a defensive posture.

“You ugly thing, stay away from me!”

Ormand could only let out a sigh.

Seeing that Viola seemed to be still drunk, he cleared his throat and said hoarsely, “Ms. McGraw, I am Ormand.”

Ormand?

Viola repeated the name in her heart.

For the past few days, this was the name she had heard the most.

She hated the word to the extreme!

Then she ruthlessly kicked him, then grabbed the things on the bedside table as a weapon, and fiercely scolded him.

“You bastard! Do you want to marry me? No way!”