

Ex-husband Goes Money Comes Chapter 224

Ormand held his breath and turned around.

Get Bott

Viola was sitting on the sofa by the window with her back to him, drinking red wine.

He clenched his fists so tightly that his palms were sweating. In his heart, he was

thinking, is it possible that she's drunk again tonight?

Maybe she will be gentle to me like the past two days.

"Mr. Hobson, I thought I didn't know you, but you wanted to get engaged to me. Don't you think you should give me an explanation for this?"

Ormand held the door handle in despair.

Because Viola sounded clear and reasonable when she talked. It was clear that she was still sober since she had only drunk two glasses of wine.

He was finished tonight!

But he had not thought of how to face her...

He quickly walked to the window and tried to escape from the window.

“Your grandfather had someone lock the window in advance. I heard that the window is made of bulletproof glass that can’t be smashed. We are just chatting. What are you afraid of, Mr. Hobson?”

There was no way for him to escape this time.

Ormand subconsciously touched his face. He was still wearing the ghost mask, so Viola shouldn’t be able to recognize him so easily.

He cleared his throat and said, “Ms. McGraw, you must be joking. I don’t know you. I chose to get engaged to you because I think we are suitable for each other.”

Viola put down her red wine glass and turned to look at him as she said, “Mr. Hobson, last time, I told you that I like...”

She suddenly stopped.

Ormand was standing upright by the window, looking noble and elegant.

Viola found him familiar though he was only standing there.

Her expression gradually turned serious. She carefully sized up the man by the window

from top to bottom.

Ormand noticed the change in her expression and his Adam’s apple rolled. He felt

extremely nervous in his heart.

“Mr. Hobson, you’re like someone I know.”

Viola got up, her brows furrowed as she slowly walked towards Ormand.

“Ms. McGraw, you must have made a mistake. We have never seen each other before.”

His eyes were cold and his voice was hoarse.

Get Bo

Viola looked at the familiar pair of black eyes and her eyes gradually reddened.

She suddenly grabbed his suit collar and pressed him against the window.

“Why are you still acting? Orlando, do you think I can’t recognize you just because you’re wearing a mask? I can recognize you from your eyes and your every small movement. Maybe you can deceive others, but not me.”

Ormand was shocked..

Should he confess?

Would Viola think that he was lying to her from the start?

She hated being deceived the most. She didn't like him in the first place. Wouldn't she hate him even more in the future and be even more unwilling to forgive him...

"Why didn't you come to me since you are not dead? Why did you become Ormand? What exactly happened in the middle? Orlando! Give me a reasonable explanation!"

Viola gripped his collar tightly, her eyes filled with shock, doubt, and anger.

"Ms. McGraw, I..."

"What did you call me?"

Viola raised her other hand, bent her elbow, and mercilessly hit him in the abdomen.

Ce vepo

"Ouch..."

Ormand was in so much pain that his face was twisted. He couldn't help but bend over, but Viola grabbed his collar and pushed him back against the window glass.

He could fight back, but he was afraid that he would hurt Viola since he was much stronger.

But Viola didn't care about it.

Every time she attacked, she used all her strength.

She glared at him angrily. She could no longer stay rational.

She could only think about one thing. Orlando is still alive.

But why doesn't he come to me?

Why doesn't he admit it?

"You refuse to admit you are Orlando? Alright! I'll do it myself!"

She reached out to remove his mask.

"Ms. McGraw, this is our first official meeting tonight. Isn't it inappropriate for you to do this to me?"
Ormand held his face tightly.

"You are my fiancé. What's wrong with me touching you? Why don't you dare to let me see your face? If you are really Ormand and not Orlando, why are you so nervous?"

Viola didn't give him the chance to argue back. She exerted force with her elbow and hit his abdomen again.

While he was in extreme pain, Viola quickly took off his mask.

As their eyes met, the air seemed to freeze for two seconds.

Viola looked at his face in shock.

Except for the eyes, Ormand's facial features were not the same as Orlando's at all. The face was only fifty or sixty percent similar to Orlando's. She could tell it wasn't Orlando with a closer look.

However, his eyes and those little movements were the same as Orlando's. He couldn't deceive her.

He was clearly Orlando!

"Why is your face different? You're wearing another mask, right?" She grabbed his face and tried to remove his disguise.

Ormand held her hand and said in a serious tone, "I look different because I am Ormand.

I have always been Ormand!"

"I don't believe it! Did you fix your face? Do you think I don't know you just because you changed your face? Why don't you dig your eyeballs out and change them? So that I

won't recognize you at all."

She gnashed her teeth in anger.

However, she could only say they looked similar, but not the same.

She remembered that before the accident, Orlando's back had been severely burned and whipped. She broke free from Ormand's control and directly lifted his clothes.

Ormand said, "Ms. McGraw, it seems a little too fast? We've just met but you are trying
clothes."

to take off

my

"Shut up! Turn around! If you don't feel guilty, let me check!"

"Alright, go ahead and check."

Ormand raised his hands and allowed her to check him violently.

Although Viola was suspicious, she still held back.

Instead of taking off his clothes one by one, she pulled his shirt out from under his belt and lifted it up along with his suit.

Ormand's muscular back had beautiful lines. The middle of his back was smooth. Under the light, his honey-colored skin was extremely beautiful.

There was no trace of injury. Back then, when Orlando went to look for her in the mountains, he was hit by Bobby's men and there was a deep scar on his waist. But no scar could be seen on Ormand's waist.

Viola slowly loosened her grip and tears were about to fall. She slowly retreated to the side of the bed.

She sat on the bed in a daze. Her excitement was replaced by disappointment.

Her rationality was gradually restored.

Orlando was dead. She witnessed his ashes being buried.

Moreover, there was a huge difference in the family background of Orlando and Ormand. It was indeed impossible for them to be the same one.

Her heart ached. A sense of despair appeared in her heart. For a moment, she thought that the man he loved was back, but it turned out he didn't.

However, in front of Ormand, she forcefully held back her tears.

Get Bett

"I made a mistake."

Ormand secretly heaved a sigh of relief. When he turned around, he saw Viola lowering her eyes. She was completely dejected.

He asked tentatively, "Ms. McGraw, did you just recognize me as your ex-husband? It seems that you still have feelings for him?"

Viola pursed her lips and ignored him.

She got up, sat back on the sofa, picked up the half bottle of red wine on the table, and directly poured the wine into her mouth.

"Ms. McGraw!"

"You won't be able to take it when drinking like this." Ormand said as he snatched the

bottle from her."

"Our engagement will be canceled sooner or later. Mr. Hobson, you should take care of yourself."

Her expression was cold and her tone was emotionless as she opened another bottle of

red wine.

Once again, it was snatched away by Ormand.

"Ms. McGraw, since you want to drink, I will drink with you."

Ormand sat down on the sofa opposite her and filled up two glasses of red wine. Just as he filled them up, Viola directly drank both glasses of wine.

It seemed that she was not satisfied. She picked up the bottle and drank the whole bottle in a domineering manner.

Then she was drunk again.

Ormand was distressed to see her walk in unsteady steps. He walked around the coffee table to her side and took the wine away from her hands.

“Don’t drink anymore. I’ll carry you to bed to rest.”

Viola did not struggle and let him hold her.

It was because the smell of Ormand was too familiar.

The smell was slowly eroding her rationality, making her unable to calm down and think

“Orin...”

Ormand was about to go to the bathroom and get a towel to wipe her face. Suddenly, he heard her call him like this. He froze there still.

After being stunned for a few seconds, he turned back. He looked at Viola, who was asleep, in disbelief.

“You... What did you just call me?”