

Ex-husband Goes Money Comes Chapter 233

He raised his voice. He was in a particularly good mood.

It was as if he was a piece of art meticulously carved by Viola

And the look in his eyes seemed to say, "Look! This was done by my wife. Isn't it great?"

"It's beautiful!" Todd swallowed his saliva and nodded sincerely. "Ms. Zurnthor is indeed good at it!"

Ormand buttoned up his clothes in satisfaction to cover up the hickeys that carried all the intimacy.

Seeing that he was in such a good mood, Todd quickly took credit for it. "Mr. Hobson, I contributed to your success in getting Ms. Zumthor's agreement, right? My speech at night was so emotional that Ms. Zumthor was moved. Can this make up for my mistake?"

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His salary had been deducted for two years and one month!

"Very good."

Ormand curved his lips, his eyes filled with an extremely noble arrogance. "You can get the salary for the coming two years and one month I mentioned before, plus another six months of bonus."

Todd was overjoyed in his heart.

Wow, Mr. Hobson is the best and most considerate leader in the world!

However, Todd still worried about his body.

“But Mr. Hobson, don’t play this kind of trick next time! Although I already knew that you weren’t hit in the heart by the bullet, I am worried, as losing too much blood will also be life-threatening.”

“Are you saying that there will be a next time? It seems like you want me to quarrel with Viola.” Ormand glared at Todd coldly.

Todd was so scared that her face changed.

“No! I was just spouting nonsense. Mr. Hobson, don’t deduct my salary. I just re-got it a

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minute ago!”

What a man!

Todd thought that he shouldn’t have said that Ormand was considerate!

Ormand was clearly moody, uncertain, and unreasonable!

Ormand couldn't read the feelings in Todd's heart. His face returned to its former seriousness.

Todd also became serious. "Tonight, Ms. Zumthor secretly took me to the Hobson's place and helped you get some interest from Mr. Sammy."

After he learned that Viola hadn't left, Ormand's gaze softened. "What did she do?"

"She..." Todd was thinking about how he should describe it. "She stabbed Mr. Sammy in the chest, tied him up, and sprinkled itching powder all over his body, even including that area. What a move!"

Ormand frowned and asked in a cold tone, "That area? Did she personally spill it

there?"

"No! I did it!"

Todd waved his hands. He felt it necessary to flatter Ormand. "Mr. Hobson, you have such a good figure. Why would Ms. Zumthor want to see Mr. Sammy's skinny body?"

Ormand's expression finally returned to normal.

Todd continued, "However, this is not a small matter. Mr. Sammy's family would not suffer a loss. They definitely won't let this matter go. I reckon that there will be trouble tomorrow morning!"

“No big deal. Let them make a scene, but they are only allowed to make a scene in the Hobson family’s ancestral hall. Send someone to guard them. Don’t let them make a scene in the McGraw’s place.”

“Got it, Mr. Hobson.”

“Go do it. I’ll go back to accompany Viola.”

He waved his hand and went back to the ward without waiting for a reply. Chapter 233 Vila’s Waist Needs a Stroke

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Todd looked at his back and clicked his tongue.

Ormand had waited a long time before he could have sex. Judging from the way he walked, he was especially happy.

The next morning,

Ormand did not like to let the female nurse do the intravenous drip for him, so he asked for a male nurse. The male nurse entered the ward with a plate of medical tools.

As soon as he opened the door, he was stunned by the scene in front of him.

Ormand, who was wearing a hospital gown, sat beside the bed and very considerately helped Viola have food, who had just woken up on the bed.

The nurse was shocked.

Who on earth was the patient?

He stood there and stared for a long time. Looking at Ormand's tall and straight back, he silently expressed his admiration.

Ormand loved his wife so much!

Ormand didn't care if anyone saw it. He only knew that Viola was tired last night and had to make up for it.

Moreover, it was not easy for him to finally persuade Viola back.

Of course, he would do everything for her!

Every trifle thing in her life! If he could do it, he would not let her do it herself.

However, Viola cared. She noticed the dazed look in the nurse's eyes, and so asked Ormand to stop helping her eat. "Are you coming to do the drip? Bring it over."

The nurse walked over with the plate, and Ormand consciously stretched out his left hand to let her insert the needle tubing.

Viola was about to get out of bed and leave the bed for Ormand to take a drip.

"You worked hard last night. Lie down a little longer. Does your waist still hurt? I'll

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stroke it for you later," Ormand said in a doting tone.

Viola instantly blushed.

There was a third person there!

How could Ormand say these words that might be embarrassing and let others imagine?

"Stop it!"

Viola gently pushed his shoulder. Her little face became redder and redder, like an angry carrot. She simply buried her face in the quilt like an ostrich.

Ormand thought that she was very cute. He couldn't stop smiling.

But there was an embarrassing third wheel next to them.

"Hurry up," Ormand said coldly as he glared at the nurse.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Hobson."

After the nurse quickly finished doing the IV drip and left, Ormand looked at Viola, who was still covered in the quilt. His free right hand reached into the quilt, and his fingertips gently rubbed her slender waist.

“Do you feel better now? Now you know that it is not easy to be a man.”

His deep voice was attractive.

Viola, who was covered by the blanket, didn't say anything. But in her heart, she was very much in agreement with what Ormand had said. Last night, her slender waist was almost exhausted. Even now, her legs were still trembling.

However, she would not give in. After all, it was sex!

She lifted the quilt and sat up immediately. Her small mouth pouted like a little goldfish, “Bullshit! Wait after you get better! Moreover, I was very active last night!”

The smile on Ormand's face grew wider. He stretched out his arms and held her in front of him. The tip of his nose rubbed against hers. He gently acted like a child.

“Since you are active, how about we get some more after breakfast? I want it...” Chapter 233-Viola's Waist Needs a Stroke

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Viola pushed his face away. “Stop saying these obscene and indecent things!”

Ormand did not care. He wantonly buried his head into her arms and gently rubbed against her.

How could he get his wife had he not been “obscene”?

His ashes would have been scattered!

When Viola saw that he was pushing his luck, she ruffled his soft short hair violently, made it a mess, and helped him straighten it out, again and again, never tired of it.

Just as the two were doing intimate things, someone suddenly knocked on the door of the ward.

The person who came in was Gregory’s bodyguard, Kael Frost. His tone was serious. “Mr. Hobson, last night, Mr. Sammy was injured. He accused Ms. McGraw of doing it. Ms. McGraw is your fiancée. Naturally, you have to be responsible for it. Please return to the ancestral hall as soon as possible.”

Ormand didn’t respond, as if he hadn’t heard anything. His head was still stuck in Viola’s arms, and he didn’t get up.

Viola, however, had a cold expression on her face as she glared at Kael coldly. “Don’t you have eyes? Can’t you see that Orin is the one who is seriously injured? How dare Sammy send you to ask Ormand over? Is he tired of living?

“Moreover, who is in charge of the Hobson family now? Is this how you speak to the person in charge?”