

Ex-husband Goes Money Comes Chapter 251

Viola grabbed Ormand's fingertips to prevent him from subconsciously shrinking back in pain. She raised her right hand high, and the ruler whistled, causing a wind. She hit Ormand three times.

This time, she didn't go easy on him. With her jujitsu skills, she swung the ruler down with all her strength.

Ormand gasped with his jaw tightened, and his arms trembled uncontrollably.

His big palm quickly swelled up, blood flowing out from it, and purple wounds could be seen.

His palm was as big as his back. So the ruler always hit the same place. Ormand hated this kind of pain very much.

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Because his palm was weak, the pain was sharp.

Ormand failed to deter Viola and was instead beaten by her. He was in pain and depression.

He shouldn't have listened to Todd.

Todd told Ormand to use a ruler to deter Viola. However, Ormand gave Viola a

convenient weapon and a proper reason to beat him.

Viola saw the pain in his eyes and still asked the same question.

“Does it hurt?”

Ormand understood, and he said aggrievedly. “Yes.”

Viola looked at the wounds on his palm. His palm was swollen.

She put down the ruler, let go of his fingertips, and gently massaged his palm with her thumb to relieve his pain. Meanwhile, she softly educated him. “You know that it will hurt, and if you hit me, I may feel more pain than you. Then why did you want to bully me with this thing?”

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Ormand felt wronged. “I didn’t. I was just trying to scare you. How could I be

willing to use this to hit you?”

But Viola was willing to hit him with this.

Not only did she hit him, but she also hit him extremely ruthlessly.

After hitting him, she massaged his wounds to comfort him. This made him. unable to vent his anger.

He felt even more wronged, and his eyes turned slightly red.

Viola had a serious expression on her face as she lectured him. "You can't do

that either! How can you scare me with it? What if my heart is weak? You

fiercely rushed in and roared at me. What if I had fainted in fear? Moreover, shouldn't you love and protect your wife?"

Ormand did not speak. She continued, "A man should be indomitable. You

should use your skills to deal with those bad people outside instead of your

girlfriend. This kind of man is the most useless. Orin, do you want to be a man.

like that?"

Ormand was completely brainwashed by her and forgot that he had never

wanted to hit her.

"Were you wrong?" Viola asked coldly.

Give Boy

"Yes."

“Then should you be hit tonight?”

“Yes.”

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Viola caught his fingertips again, picked up the ruler, and hit his palm hard

twice in a row.

Ormand pursed his thin lips and watched the ruler lash at his palm violently until his palm turned white. It quickly swelled up, and the prints became dark

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red.

“I hit you twice because you called me fiercely twice. Do you accept it?”

“Yes.”

Seeing that he was quite sincere, Viola put down her ruler and said, “Wait. Don’t get up.” Then she stood up and went to the living room. She quickly

came back with the ointment from the medicine box.

Get Bog

The ointment was applied to the swollen wounds on his palm, which made his palm sting.

“You should blow it.” Ormand gasped softly.

Viola frowned, her little face fierce. “Serves you right! Endure it.”

Even though she said this, she carefully blew his swollen palm.

As she helped him apply the ointment, she felt something a little strange. “Why are you suddenly so bold tonight? Did someone tell you something?”

Ormand thought for a moment. Willard was an elder and Viola’s beloved

father. Ormand couldn’t blame Willard.

So he could only...

“It was Todd’s bad idea.”

Ormand mercilessly pinned the blame on Todd and even reported every single

word Todd had said to him that day.

Unexpectedly, after Viola heard this, she didn't have any intention of teaching Todd a lesson. Instead, she thought about it for a while.

“Todd is right. If a man is disobedient, he should be properly disciplined. However, you have given me the ruler and have been punished. As for the family rules, I will think carefully and make a few rules for you. What do you say?”

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Ormand lowered his eyes and didn't speak. He felt rather depressed.

Why did he confess? He had asked for trouble.

Before he could reply, Viola wiped the ointment off her hands with a tissue, and then she raised his chin with her fingertip. “Are you mute?”

He didn't think it was a good idea.

“I'll listen to you,” he said with a bitter smile, being threatened by Viola with

the ruler in her hand.

Get Bo

Viola was content. "OK, I think you've confessed almost everything. Let's forget about what happened tonight."

Ormand was keenly aware that she had used "tonight".

In other words, she hadn't started to settle the accounts from a few days ago.

His Adam's apple bobbed as he stared uneasily at Viola's pretty face.

Seeing this, Viola smiled and gently stroked his cheek. "Don't be afraid, Orin. I have a big gift for you on this good night. You must be very surprised!"

Ormand swallowed his saliva.

A surprise?

It must be more like a scare.

Every time she gave him a gift, nothing good would happen.

Earlier, her gifts were the Caffrey family's bankruptcy, the employment contract, and the special drug 023. What would it be this time?

Under his suspicious gaze, Viola got up, opened the wardrobe, and took out a

washboard.

“Yoo–hoo! To make it worthy of your identity, I got someone to customize

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Get Bop

this washboard. It is made of a piece of thousand–year–old precious wood. It is hard and fragrant. I guarantee that it will give your knees the best service.”

Ormand looked at the expensive washboard in her hand. His back stiffened, and his face turned pale.

“Orin, do you like it?” Viola raised an eyebrow with a smirk.

Ormand gritted his teeth and nodded. He was so sad as he said in a heavy tone, “Viola, you’re so ‘good’ to me.”

“Of course.” Viola gave him the washboard. “Try it.”

Ormand’s fingertips trembled as he took it. He placed the expensive washboard on the carpet beside the bed and slowly moved his knees.

Just as he knelt on it, Ormand’s face tightened, and he took a deep breath.

It was indeed made of a good piece of wood. It was hard enough.

His knees hurt a lot!

The sharp edges of the washboard sunk into his knees. He unconsciously bent his back and boldly wrapped his arms around Viola's calves. He buried his face into her thighs and groaned softly.

He was like a wounded little beast seeking comfort.

Viola gently rubbed the back of his head. His aggrieved look made her heart ache.

However, she was deterring him and punishing him for his mistakes a few days ago.

The injuries on his body had mostly healed, and this was the least harmful and gentlest method.

If she was soft-hearted at the beginning, then she would fail, and her previous teachings would be in vain.

Thinking of this, she hardened her heart and patted him on the shoulder. "How can you be punished like this? Straighten your back and thighs. Be good! Kneel for 30 minutes first."