

## Ex-husband Goes Money Comes Chapter 285

Voila quietly patted Ormand's back and comforted him.

After comforting Ormand for a few minutes, Viola said, "Do you feel better now?"

Ormand's face still looked sickly, but Ormand pretended to be strong and nodded.

"I feel better with you being around."

Viola secretly admired how good Ormand was at pretending. She helped him to lie on the bed, put up the pillow, and covered him with the duvet.

"You haven't taken your medicine tonight. We've delayed it for half an hour. Wait for me for a while. I'll get it for you."

"Okay."

Two minutes later, Viola put the water and pill on the bedside table. She closed the door, locked it, and sit down by the bed.

Ormand gazed at the pile of pills, looking a little painful, "Can you still help me take medicine tonight?"

Viola's expression was calm as she handed Ormand the water and asked, "What do you think of your performance tonight? Is it worth the reward?"

Ormand lowered his head immediately, knowing that Viola had a point.

If Ormand was lucky enough not to get beaten up tonight, he would be very grateful. How would he dare to ask for a reward?

After taking the criticism, Ormand took the water from Viola and, as if in a fit of pique, took a mouthful of dozens of pills. Because he drank too quickly, he choked coughing

Viola quickly patted his back to calm him down and scolded in a low voice,

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"Idiot, you should take every two to three pills with the water. It must be bitter if you take it all at once."

Viola took out a bag of candy from her pocket, which she bought for Ormand today.

After tearing open the packaging, she took out one and placed the rest on the bedside table.

Viola tore off the wrapper and put the candy into Ormand's mouth. "Don't ruin your body like this in the future. If you feel that the medicine is bitter, just have a piece of candy. It is unrealistic to relieve the bitterness by smoking, which will also hurt your body. You can't have such thoughts anymore, do you hear me?"

"Got it."

Ormand licked the candy in his mouth, his voice a little muffled.

He carefully savored its taste. It was sweet and reeked of milk, but it wouldn't be too sweet.

Especially since Viola bought this candy and fed it to him, his heart felt warm.

While eating the candy, Ormand opened his arms to Viola and wanted a hug.

His cold, dark, sparkling eyes seemed completely harmless in front of Viola. Because he had candy in his mouth, his cheeks were bulging, and he was even a little cute like this.

Viola laughed and shook her head. She gently flicked his forehead. "You are five years older than me, but you eat candy like a three-year-old child. Is it so delicious?"

Ormand nodded.

"Then I'll have one too."

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Viola turned around to get a piece of candy from the bedside table. Ormand grabbed her arm and pulled her to his side. His thin lips leaned on hers.

The tip of their tongues intertwined.

The sweet milk fragrance lingered in the air between the two of them.

“Is it delicious?” Ormand asked.

Viola curved her lips into a smile. “Not bad,” she said with a sense of sexiness.

Her fingertips once again touched Ormand’s face, and her smile gradually became a little playful. She joked, “Since the medicine and the candy have been taken, should we deal with the next thing?”

“What?”

Ormand frowned. He could faintly sense from her expression that something was wrong

Viola didn’t want to give him a chance to react. She got up and quickly opened the first drawer of the bedside table, taking out the mahogany ruler inside. 1

Viola had a playful smile on her face and seemed overbearing. She held the ruler in her right hand and tapped it repeatedly.

Ormand stared at the ruler in her hand in shock. His face instantly paled, and the candy in his mouth suddenly became less sweet.

After going around for a long time, he still had to get beaten up.

In the last second he still felt like he was in heaven, and the next second it became a nightmare!

“Viola...”

"I was wrong..." Ormand clenched his fists and his heart sank.

"Since you know you're wrong, you should accept your punishment. Then you

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can learn your lesson."

Ormand frowned and inhaled. He did not move. He knew that he would not be able to escape it. He should not have had any hope of getting lucky. He was just happy for nothing.

"Huh?" Viola said in a higher pitch.

Under her gaze, Ormand slowly stretched out his left hand. The end of the ruler was immediately on his palm, but he was not in a hurry to make a move.

Viola said, "You hid cigarettes. I won't find out since I have too many things to do during the day. And you lied to me that the cigarettes belong to Todd. Just now, you didn't care that I would be worried and tried to avoid punishment by pretending. Tell me, how many times should I hit you?"

Ormand's heart sank even lower.

It turned out that Viola had long seen that he was pretending.

Viola knew clearly what Ormand has done. She criticized his misbehaviors one by one today.

“Speak, how many times?”

Viola lightly tapped his palm with the ruler, bringing Ormand’s attention back.

Ormand bit the corner of his lips, his tone shrinking as he probed, “Then... Once?”

Viola’s expression darkened. She said coldly and mercilessly, “100 times!”

Ormand’s heart trembled, and he was forced to increase the number. “Then 5 times?”

Viola’s expression didn’t change.

Half of it was lost at once, and Ormand seemed to have found the pattern.

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“10 times?” he continued to probe.

Viola took two seconds before replying, “20 times.”

“Alright, 20 it is. I’ll take it,” Ormand said, barely able to accept the result.

Viola didn’t move. She raised her eyebrows slightly, a wicked smile on her face.

“You are mistaken. My rule is that your report number plus my report number, so it is 40 times together.” She pretended to be surprised. “What a coincidence. I just happened to notice that you have four mistakes. We really have a tacit understanding!”

“What?”

Ormand looked at her in a daze, and he was shocked!

“Why didn’t she play by the rules?”.

“How hard are you going to hit me?” Ormand asked weakly, his chest stifled.

If Viola were going to be as ruthless as the last time, Ormand’s left hand would be crippled after forty hits!

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“This is a punishment. If I let you off easily, will you be able to learn your lesson next time?” Viola asked seriously.

Ormand was desperate.

The end of the ruler was still on the center of his left palm as if it could set off a sharp pain in the next moment. It was extremely intimidating.

Ormand lowered his head dejectedly. He felt like he was going to cry.

“Viola didn’t dote on him anymore. She didn’t dote on him at all...”

He was feeling stifled and then the ruler left his hand.

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The next second, the ruler quickly hit his palm over and over again, not giving him a chance to react.

Ormand’s fingertips trembled and his lower jaw tightened. He resisted the urge to retract his hand.

Although he felt wronged, he still obediently took the punishment.

The night was exceptionally quiet.

The continuous sound of the ruler hitting Ormand’s hand seemed a bit horrifying

Viola said that she wouldn’t go easy, but she instinctively used only half of her strength.

Although each strike was painful, it was far less hard than the last time.

After the punishment, Ormand’s left palm was swollen and slightly purplish red. It was really 40 times, but it was not as painful as the previous 5 times.



Ormand knew that Viola did not beat him hard this time, but when he thought of how she had scared him before, he complained, "I thought you really didn't care about me anymore."

Viola held his left hand, her soft lips kissing his hot palm gently and patiently.

She was using her own method to erase all the pain in his heart.