

Ex-husband Goes Money Comes Chapter 327

Bentley didn't speak. He was still angry.

He didn't know those things that happened in Washington, but he knew that Viola had suffered a lot in her three years in the

Caffrey family.

When Bentley found out that Ormand was Viola's ex-husband, he was very opposed to their getting back together. Even though Viola later made Ormand pay for what he had done, Bentley still hated this brother-in-law-to-be of his.

Bentley was willing to stay to treat Ormand's eyes because he wanted Viola happier.

Although Bentley was angry, he was a reticent person and didn't like to say much, so he turned and went out.

A few minutes later, Bentley returned with some pills and capsules he had made, placed them on the bedside table, poured a glass of water for Ormand, and left again.

Russell watched Bentley leave. He knew Bentley and could only

sigh silently.

It was time to take the medicine. So Russell had to wake up

Ormand.

“Viola!”

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Ormand, who had just woken up, called out to Viola before he could even regain his senses.

Russell was a little moved. Ormand really loved Viola.

“Ormand, it’s time to take the medicine.” Russell softened his tone and raised the glass.

By the way, Ormand was three years older than Russell. But

since Ormand was Viola’s man and would be Russell’s

brother-in-law, calling Ormand by his name was the best

Russell could do for the time being.

Ormand struggled to get up and found that his hands and feet

were bound, and anger raged across his frightening cold face.

“Let me go! I have to see Viola!” Ormand said unrelentingly and angrily.

Russell sighed. “I told you. She is not here. Could you please take the medicine? Don’t move! Russell tied you to the bed

very tightly. The harder you struggle, the more painful it is!”

Ormand couldn’t be reasoned with at all for the time being.

Ormand’s eyes were burning with anger that had washed over him. He clenched his fists, the veins on his arms bulging, and his wrists and ankles rubbed red.

Russell watched Ormand go berserk and felt helpless. “Are you

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mad? Give me a break! If you continue this, my patience will run out, and I will get Russell here and force the medicine. down your throat! Try me!”

“Call Viola and put her on the speaker. I want to hear it from

her!”

Call?

Russell looked at his watch. At this time, Viola was still on the plane and could not get through.

“If I don’t see Viola, I would rather die than take the medicine!”

Ormand roared angrily. His wrists were rubbed raw, and blood stained the rope.

Russell saw the blood around Ormand’s wrists and was so depressed that he gasped.

This was only the beginning, and Ormand was already so uncooperative. They couldn’t tie Ormand up every day. Otherwise, when Viola came back and saw Ormand’s injuries...

Russell felt troubled and patted his head a few times to vent his frustration.

So torturing!

“Ormand, I fucking beg you. Viola is on the plane. How can she

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Get Bonus

answer your call? Besides, you made yourself injured. If Viola knows about it, she will be distressed! Could you fucking be good, please?”

“Why is Viola on the plane? Where is she going?”

“You want to know?” Russell suddenly had an idea. “As long as

you be good, I will untie the rope and tell you where Viola is.

How about it?”

The angry man on the bed almost quieted down instantly. His chest was heaving violently, proof of his craziness just now.

Russell heaved a sigh of relief.

As expected, only Viola’s things worked on him.

“Don’t move. Don’t move! I’ll help you untie the rope. If you

dare to go crazy after you’re untied or fight with me, I won’t tell you where Viola is going!”

After Russell’s threat, Ormand was obedient.

When Ormand was quiet, his empty eyes were lowered and

hidden behind his long curly eyelashes, and his pale,

handsome face seemed to hint at illness.

Russell untied the rope around Ormand and disinfected his

wounds with alcohol.

The alcohol on the wound gave Ormand excruciating pain. In

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addition, Ormand could not see, so the pain was magnified

several times.

But Ormand only frowned and did not make a sound. If his fingertips weren't trembling uncontrollably, Russell would have thought that the virus had paralyzed Ormand's pain-sensing nerves.

"Does it hurt? If it hurts, it means you are still alive. You're a patient, please act like one."

Russell said in a low voice. He bandaged Ormand's wounds

when scolding Ormand.

Ormand kept an expressionless face and did not refute. He only asked, "Where is Viola going?"

"Abroad."

Russell said concisely.

"Abroad?" Ormand sat up and leaned against the head of the

bed. "Why is she going abroad? Why does she go so far away?

What does she want to do?"

"You want to know?" Russell raised his eyebrows.

Ormand nodded. He gradually regained his rationality, and

coldness returned to his face.

Russell used the same trick. "If you want to know, take the

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medicine. If you be good all day, I will tell you."

Russell put the pills and capsules on the bedside table onto the palm of Ormand's left hand, and the glass was stuffed into his right hand.

"Hold it well. Don't spill the water."

Without any hesitation, Ormand put more than ten pills into

his mouth and swallowed them with water.

Strong bitterness filled his mouth. It was so bitter that Ormand's face turned white, and he resisted the urge to retch

several times.

Russell frowned when he saw Ormand looking unwell. "Too

bitter?"

Russell realized something as soon as he said this.

It was Bentley.

Bentley was quiet, introverted, and proud, and was a big geek. He was even more difficult than Bobby and excelled in

torturing people.

Russell felt a little guilty. He remembered Viola's words before

she left, and he took out a piece of milk candy from his suit

pocket and stuffed it into Ormand's hand.

"This is from Viola. She said that this flavor of milk candy was

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your favorite. She has bought you a lot of it and told me to give you one piece after you take your medicine. Anyway, I have done my job. It's up to you whether to eat it or not."

Russell actually did not understand this. Ormand was twenty-eight-year-old and was a ruthless and decisive person who was in charge of the entire Hobson family. He was not a child. Would he like milk candy?

It was simply uncanny.

Ormand took the milk candy and gently stroked the wrapper

with his slim fingers. His expression gradually softened, and

viciousness disappeared from his face.

Ormand found the edge of the wrapper, tore it open, and put

the candy into his mouth. He ate the candy silently.

The familiar sweetness slowly filled his mouth, bringing him

back the memories of the nights when Viola fed him medicine

mouth to mouth and every other sweet night.

Russell noticed that the corners of Ormand's eyes were red.

"What is it now? Do you not like the candy or do you feel pain

somewhere?"

Ormand did not explain. His eyelids drooped weakly, and he

looked depressed.

Russell said to him, "The injury on your wrists was your own

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fault. When Viola comes back, don't try to blame me for it. Besides, I was beaten by you today. My right shoulder still

hurts."

"I want to be alone for a while." Ormand got back under the quilt and had his back to Russell.

Russell stood up. "Sure. What do you want to eat for breakfast? I'll get someone to make it. I'll come back in an hour."

"I'm not eating.

Ormand lay on his side and closed his eyes.

“That won’t do. You have to eat if you want to know Viola’s

whereabouts.”