

Ex-husband Goes Money Comes Chapter 386

“Ah! I’m sorry!”

Rayna quickly turned around and covered her eyes, her heart

thumping.

Genus

What had she just seen?

Ormand, a well-known man in charge of the Hobson family in Salt Lake City, had always been cold and unapproachable.

But he actually obediently let Viola pinch his butt.

Viola, who was on the sofa, blushed when she heard the noise.

She immediately got up but was pulled back into Ormand’s

arms.

Ormand smiled in ridicule. He complained in a low and

magnetic voice, “Someone bumped into you bullying me.

Viola, what should we do?"

What a bastard!

Viola's gaze instantly darkened. She ground her teeth and said, "How shameless you are, Mr. Hobson!"

"I was doing nothing."

Ormand furrowed his brows in dissatisfaction. He leaned over

again and kissed her on the lips.

Rayna, who was still standing at the door, was flustered.

She just saw the intimate interaction between Viola and

Ormand. Would she be fired tomorrow?

"I... I didn't see anything! I won't disturb you guys. Just go

on."

As the office door closed, intimacy was growing between them.

Viola sensed that Ormand's kiss grew more and more

passionate and pushed him away in time.

She panted and adjusted her breathing. "Byron is waiting for

us. Let's go to have dinner."

"Alright."

Ormand did not procrastinate. He always did things quickly. He turned over and stood up. Then he squatted on the carpet and gently held her little feet in cotton socks.

It was approaching spring, but the weather was still very cold.

Because Viola went to sign the contract, Orinand stayed alone in the office in the afternoon. He didn't turn on the heater, so

Viola's feet were a bit cold.

Ormand immediately unbuttoned his suit and stuffed her cold feet into his arms. He wrapped his suit tightly around

Ormand's feet and warmed her up.

Viola quietly watched his every move. His handsome face and

serious look were imprinted on her heart.

When her feet warmed up, he picked up Viola's flats and helped her put them on.

Then, Ormand held Viola's hands, clasped her fingers, and said in a gentle voice, "Let's go."

"Orin, how long will you pamper me like this?" Viola didn't

move and just stared at him.

Ormand gently stroked her little face and said, "In this life, no one will be able to share with you a single bit of my love for you." His eyes were filled with deep affection and seriousness.

"But if..." She looked at her stomach. "What if I give birth to a daughter? Everyone says that a father will always pamper his daughters. Will I share your love with my daughter?"

Ormand's eyes were firm as he said, "No, our daughter will have her own life in the future, and you mean everything to

me."

Ormand's magnetic voice was soft and sexy. He held her firmly in his arms and walked out steadily.

Byron, who was waiting outside the corridor, was stunned when he saw Ormand carrying Viola out intimately.

Ormand entered the elevator without looking at Byron, but

when he saw that Byron didn't follow him, Ormand turned his

head and asked, "Don't you come with us?"

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"Yes." Byron came to his senses and immediately followed

them.

Byron ate the meal in a low mood.

Ormand, who was sitting on the opposite side, seemed to treat Byron as a third wheel. He fed Viola food with gentleness and affection, treating Byron as air.

Viola was a little embarrassed.

When Ormand fed her the seventh time, Viola pushed it back and whispered, "No. I'll eat it myself."

Without successfully feeding her, Ormand did not insist and stuffed the delicious food into his mouth, chewing carefully.

Byron saw the loving interaction between them.

"Mr. Hobson, I wasn't thoughtful last night and was sorry for what happened last night. Let me give you a toast to express my apology," Byron said, raising his glass to Ormand.

Ormand put down his spoon, raised the red wine glass beside him, and toasted Byron. He replied to Byron with politeness and conventional remarks.

Viola couldn't drink, so she lowered her head to eat. From time to time, she would look for topics and ask Byron if he liked the

food.

After the meal, Ormand got up and walked toward Viola, preparing to carry her up.

"I just ate my fill. I want to go by myself to digest the food."

Viola refused him.

Ormand pursed his lips into a smile and touched her nose lightly. "Alright."

Then he grabbed Viola's hand and walked out of the box with

her.

From beginning to end, Byron was silently watching their

intimate interaction.

Ormand and Viola only had each other in their eyes. Byron was

envious of them being in love with each other and blessed

them from the bottom of his heart.

The three of them walked along the aisle of the restaurant, and

Byron finally chose to quietly leave, not wanting to destroy the

beautiful and harmonious atmosphere between Ormand and

Viola.

However, at the corner of the aisle, someone was watching

them.

A petite figure stood in place, her beautiful eyes quietly watching Viola's back as a hint of coldness appeared in her

eyes.

Viola, who was walking in front, felt a little uncomfortable, as if someone was looking at her with unfriendly eyes.

She stopped and turned around.

There was no one in the long corridor.

“Viola, what’s wrong?” Ormand tightened his grip on her hand.

“Nothing. Let’s go home.”

Viola looked back and left with Ormand without looking back.

Late into the night.

Ever since she was pregnant, Viola had always liked to sleep, and the quality of her sleep was always good.

And she had the same dream.

But ever since she agreed to go back to the house on the weekend to sign the inheritance contract, she was always in a dream for the past few days.

In Viola’s dream, there was a little girl whose appearance could not be seen clearly. She held Viola’s hand and sweetly called

her name.

“Viola, I really like you!

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“But I also envy you. You have your father and brothers who

love you, but I have nothing...

“I have no family, no home... How good it would be if you could give me your father and brothers! I’m sorry, Viola!”

At the end of the words, the little girl’s sweet and soft voice

suddenly became gloomy.

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Her innocent face with a smile gradually became a bloody devil.

Then, Viola suddenly lost her weight, and bone–chilling cold

water spread over her body.

She sank uncontrollably, and a strong sense of suffocation wrapped around her.

“Who are you?”

Although she was awake, the uncomfortable feeling of drowning in her dream seemed to really exist.

Chapter 386 You Mean Everything to Me

Viola suddenly opened her eyes and sat up.

Viola subconsciously looked down at herself and found that she was wearing a white nightgown. Lying on the familiar and soft bed, she was shocked to find that she had another nightmare.

However, Viola knew how to swim, so how could she drown?

Ormand had a shallow sleep, so he woke up when Viola woke

up.

He turned on the lamp on the bedside table and hugged her

shoulder from behind. Then he took a tissue to wipe the cold sweat on her forehead with his eyes full of worry.

“Viola, are you dreaming again? Is it a problem with your mental state recently? I’ll go to the hospital with you

tomorrow.”

Viola inhaled and held his hands that were holding her.

When she thought of the same dream that lasted for two to three days, Viola said seriously, “Orin, I have a feeling that those are not dreams. Those things really existed before. They were the things that happened when I was fifteen years old!”

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