

Ex-husband Goes Money Comes Chapter 401

Viola had not been so indifferent to Ormand for a long time.

She did not say anything.

Viola was still in fear because of the thing.

If Leia had not told her in time, if she had not let the driver run the red lights all the way to come back, Ormand would have been punished.

If Ormand had really been whipped 80 times by the Discipline Whip, Viola couldn't even imagine how badly Ormand would be injured.

She still remembered Sammy's miserable condition when Sammy was punished the last time.

If Viola came back a little later and Ormand was whipped, she would be heartbroken. Viola was angry that Ormand didn't take care of himself.

Viola thought, did he forget that he had promised me before?

If I didn't teach him a serious lesson this time, he would still lie to me when he got injured again!

Viola pondered seriously and held Ormand's hand, walking upstairs.

Ormand felt the coldness from Viola and followed her into the room without saying a word.

"Stand here."

Viola pointed to the carpet at the end of the bed.

Although he didn't know what she wanted to do, Ormand still obediently stood there and looked at her.

Viola walked to the bedside table and opened the first drawer.

Seeing that, Ormand knew what would happen next. He lowered his long eyelashes and waited silently for his wife to lecture him.

But this time, Viola took out the ferule inside and didn't walk to him.

Instead, she stood at the head of the bed and rolled up the sleeve of her left hand, revealing her slender and fair wrist.

Viola's clear and bright eyes suddenly turned fierce. Viola raised her right hand and swung it down toward the inside of her left wrist.

There was a muffled bang.

Ormand instantly looked up and saw Viola's self-torturing behavior. His heart instantly skipped a beat.

"What are you doing?"

Ormand rushed over and snatched the thick ferule from Viola's hand, checking her injury.

Viola's skin was fair and tender, and it was also more delicate than Ormand's skin. Being hit by the ferule once, her wrist immediately swelled up.

Ormand gently rubbed her wound with his fingers. He was so worried that his eyes turned red.

"Do you know what you just did? Viola, you are pregnant! How could you hurt yourself? If you are unhappy, you can vent your anger at me. I will not resist, but you cannot hurt yourself!"

Ormand was really angry, his eyes glowing with water. He regretted that he had not noticed Viola's intention earlier.

Viola stared at him and chuckled. "It's just a ferule. You feel so distressed because I got hurt.

"Ormand, if you really got whipped today, I would be more distressed than you are now.

"The punishment would almost kill you.

“The pain in my heart would be no less than the pain in your body. If you really love me, protect yourself, and don’t get hurt easily!”

Ormand carried Viola to the bed and sat down. He took out the ointment for swelling and helped her apply it while apologizing seriously, “It was my fault. I shouldn’t have lied to you. No matter what happens, I will discuss it with you.”

“I want you to swear,” Viola said in a solemn tone.

Ormand immediately raised three fingers and swore in a well-behaved manner, “I promise I won’t lie to you anymore. I will protect myself well and no longer get hurt, and will tell you everything.”

Viola stared at Ormand, not satisfied. “That’s not serious enough. If you can’t keep your promise,

your wife and the babies will die.”

“Are you crazy? Is there a need to be so cruel to yourself?” Ormand asked and glared at her in disbelief, his eyes trembling.

“An oath should be that serious. So, you can remember this lesson.”

Viola only had Ormand now. She couldn’t let him be hurt and wouldn’t let this happen again.

“That’s impossible. I won’t swear on your life or the babies’ lives, never,” Ormand said as he retracted his fingers.

There was no room for negotiation on this matter. Ormand would not compromise.

However, he knew that Viola would not give in either until she got what she wanted.

So, Ormand changed his tactics.

He buried his head into Viola's arms and acted like a baby, talking sweetly and pretending to cry to

let Viola soften.

"I'm sorry. This won't happen again."

Viola lowered her head to look at him, not being swayed at all.

Ormand kept rubbing his head against Viola and said in a sad tone, "Actually, I didn't think I could go through the 80 whips today. I'm still afraid. Viola, I need your comfort."

Viola speechlessly thought, he should be glad that I didn't hit him after coming back. My comfort?

No way!

"Viola, I don't want you to be sad, so I won't get hurt again. I promise! But if you want me to swear on your life, then you are killing me.

"I just escaped from the hall. Don't scold me. Be nice to me, please!"

His eyes were red, and his voice was soft. Ormand carefully moved closer to Viola's lips and kissed

her.

Viola was silent.

Seeing that she did not refuse, Ormand boldly lifted the quilt and gently covered her under the quilt as if she was a treasure. Then, he followed into the quilt.

The next day.

Viola was woken up by the phone ringing.

Drowsily, she took the phone from the bedside table. Viola glanced at it and saw that it was an

unfamiliar number. She thought that it was the wrong call, so she did not pick it up but put it back.

After another half a minute, the phone rang again, and Viola received a message.

It was still that strange number.

“Viola, it will be my welcome party in two days. Today, I’m going to Mico to choose a dress for the

party. Will you come?”

Seeing this message, Viola became sober instantly. She stared at the message with a deep gaze.

Although there wasn’t the sender’s name, Viola was sure it was Max.

Half a minute later, Max sent another two messages.

“I know you have been asking about me recently. Why don’t you come and ask me in person? I will definitely tell you everything you want to know.”

“And Russell will also be with me. I hope you can also come and help me choose a dress!”

Viola looked at the three messages once again and again. A cold smile appeared on her face.

Max invited her so warmly, so how could Viola refuse?

Viola replied with a message, saying, “Okay.”

Ormand hadn’t woken up yet. Viola didn’t want to wake him up. She gently kissed him on the forehead and quietly got out of bed to wash up. Then, Viola went out.

An hour later, she appeared at the door of the Mico shop, the highest–end custom–made luxury dress shop in Salt Lake City.

Russell was sitting on the leather sofa in the shop, casually looking at Max opposite him. Max was being shown around by the salesgirl to pick a dress.

Out of the corner of his eye, Russell saw a familiar figure walking in from the door. The moment he looked over, he stood up instantly.

“Viola, what are you doing here?”

Viola smiled, but her eyes were cold. "Max personally invited me over. Two days later, it'll be her big day. How could I say no?"

Russell's eyes were filled with worry. He secretly winked at Viola. "You are pregnant. You don't have to be here. It's tiring. Go back."

Viola was unmoved by Russell's hint.

When Max, who was picking dresses in the inner room, heard the noise, she immediately came out and warmly held Viola's wrist.

"You finally came. I just saw a few dresses I like. I can't make up my mind. Viola, come and help me."

While holding Viola's arm and walking in, Max looked at Russell. "Don't worry, Russell. I only need Viola to choose the clothes for me. She won't be tired."

Russell looked at their backs and remembered Viola's cold gaze at him. He sighed to himself and walked to the front desk to ask for a pen and paper secretly.