

## Ex husband Goes Money Comes Chapter 426

Late at night.

From time to time, the sounds of a leather belt being waved and someone groaning came out of Viorin, accompanied

by a woman's soft and pleasant laughter.

In the quiet night, these sounds were clear.

They made others imagine wildly and curious.

Ormand experienced an unforgettable wedding night.

He was so embarrassed by Viola's whipping and was then rewarded with wonderful sex.

This night was also a wedding night that Viola would never forget.

She had not had sex for a long time since she was pregnant.

Tonight, she rode a "horse", and her belt was used as a horsewhip. She swung it recklessly.

Well, it was very fun.

The intense amusement made Viola feel happy and comfortable, but Ormand's experience was very bad.

In the early morning, the sunlight shone through the half-closed curtains into the bedroom on Viola's and Ormand's delicate faces.

Ormand was sleeping on his stomach.

He wrapped his arms around Viola's chest. Even in his sleep, he had already developed a habit of avoiding Viola's belly.

Last night was their wedding night. The two of them played until late at night. Now, they were exhausted. They slept deeply and did not wake up.

Viola's phone rang on the bedside table.

In a daze, she reached out to take it. It was Tyler again.

But this time, it was indeed Tyler calling.

The negligence of Tyler and Toby led to Max's escape. Tyler admitted his mistake sincerely.

"I'm sorry, Ms. McGraw. I saw her behave herself a while ago, so I let my guard down. I didn't expect her to make trouble again. She colluded with Tim, Nina's son, and drugged the three of us. We are willing to be punished."

Viola ignored the punishment and asked casually, "Where is she? Did you find her?"

“Yesterday, we searched the river for an entire day. We didn’t see anyone. We even went to several villages downstream to look for her, but there was no news at all. She was shot, and the river was cold that day. Could it be that... she already died?”

“Even if she dies, I have to see her corpse.”

Viola’s voice turned icy as she ordered, “Continue to look for her. Search the villages downstream a few more times. She can’t run far. She must still be in a village.”

Yes.”

Viola hung up the phone. After this incident, she had completely woken up and sat up at the head of the bed.

Behind her, Ormand felt that cold air had suddenly rushed in and that Viola had slipped away from his hug. His eyebrows were tightly furrowed, and he unconsciously grabbed the corner of Viola’s clothes.

Under the blanket, Viola’s nightgown was tightly gripped by his large hands.

She lowered her eyes and noticed that Ormand was sleeping on his stomach.

Was his lower back hurt from being sat on by her last night? Or...

Viola leaned over, played with Ormand’s hair with her fingertips, and deliberately bent down to blow his ear.

“Darling, why are you sleeping like this? Do you need me to massage your waist?”

Ormand narrowed his sleepy eyes and said yes softly.

Viola lay back in bed and massaged his back with her fingers and palms.

However, as she rubbed it, the cunning smile on her face broadened.

His fingertips silently moved down and stopped at Ormand's sexy butt.

Through the thin silk pajamas, she carefully rubbed his skin. She could feel the swelling on his butt.

Just as she was about to massage him, her wrists were held.

"Stop it. I'm still sleepy," Ormand said as he raised his long eyelashes and looked at her lovingly.

Viola let go of him.

"Alright, you worked hard last night. Go back to sleep. I'll go to the McGraw's house."

She leaned over and kissed him on the forehead.

Then Viola got out of bed, quickly freshened up, and left Viorin.

Half an hour later, a luxury car stopped in front of Willard's villa on Adain Mountain.

Viola walked in. When she passed by the hall, she heard a man's faint and hoarse voice coming from inside.

It was already morning, and Bobby was still reading.

Viola walked over and opened the door to the hall. She watched quietly for a while.

Bobby was swaying, and he knelt with great difficulty. His voice was just a little less hoarse than before, and he began

to read again.

If he repeated this a few more times, his throat would be destroyed.

Viola frowned slightly, and her eyes were grim.

This time, she did not quietly walk away. Instead, she pushed the door open and entered.

Squeak.

The voice of the door interrupted Bobby's reading.

However, he did not turn around. His voice was husky and casual. "Why did you bring breakfast again? I'm not hungry yet. I'll eat after reading,"

Viola stood by the door far away from him and did not move.

Bobby waited for a while but did not hear a reply. Then he turned around and looked over suspiciously.

The moment he saw Viola, he was stunned and fell silent.

Viola was expressionless and indifferent. "If you think doing this can make me forgive you and forget your indulgence toward Max, you can stop it right now.

"Even if you make yourself a mute, I won't feel sad for you," she said coldly with a firm look.

Bobby's Adam's apple bobbed slightly, his long eyelashes hanging down to cover the disappointment in his eyes.

He didn't say anything. He withdrew his gaze and knelt in a standard posture, continuing to read.

Viola furrowed her brows, her face turning colder and colder. She felt that he was stubborn.

Recalling how Jimmy had reported to her about Max in the morning, Viola said, "Max's drugged my bodyguards and

ran away. Do you know about this?"

"This time, I don't know." Bobby stopped reading and turned back to look at her seriously.

Viola had no expression on her face as she continued, "The day before yesterday, it was raining heavily. She ran to a

river, got shot, and fell into the river. Now no one knows whether she is dead."

Bobby narrowed his eyes and said nothing.

Viola stared at him and saw all of his expressions. She asked in doubt, "You always protect her to repay her mother. Now that she is in danger, aren't you worried?"

Bobby lowered his eyes and said in a hoarse voice, "Since no one knows whether she is dead, maybe she is still alive."

"Then don't you want to save her?" Viola raised an eyebrow, her eyes cold.

Bobby calmly withdrew his gaze and looked at the scripture in his hand again.

He said extremely seriously, "These days, I have been reading the scripture and copying it. Suddenly, I understood many things. I have protected her many times. Now that I have quit my position in the National Affairs Bureau, I no longer have that great power.

"In the future, she has to rely on herself. Whether she is dead or alive, it's her fate. She has to save herself. I can't protect her. And I will not protect her anymore."

Viola listened quietly and understood every expression on his face.

After a while, she chuckled, "It seems that you have not read this book for nothing. You're indeed much calmer than before, and you have improved a little."

These were the mildest words that Viola had ever said to Bobby.

Bobby's pale lips curved into a smile. He moved his swollen knees to face her.

He lowered his voice and apologized sincerely.

“Viola, I was wrong in the past. Only now do I understand how ridiculous I was and how much I hurt you. These days, I have sincerely repented my sins. Can you forgive me?”