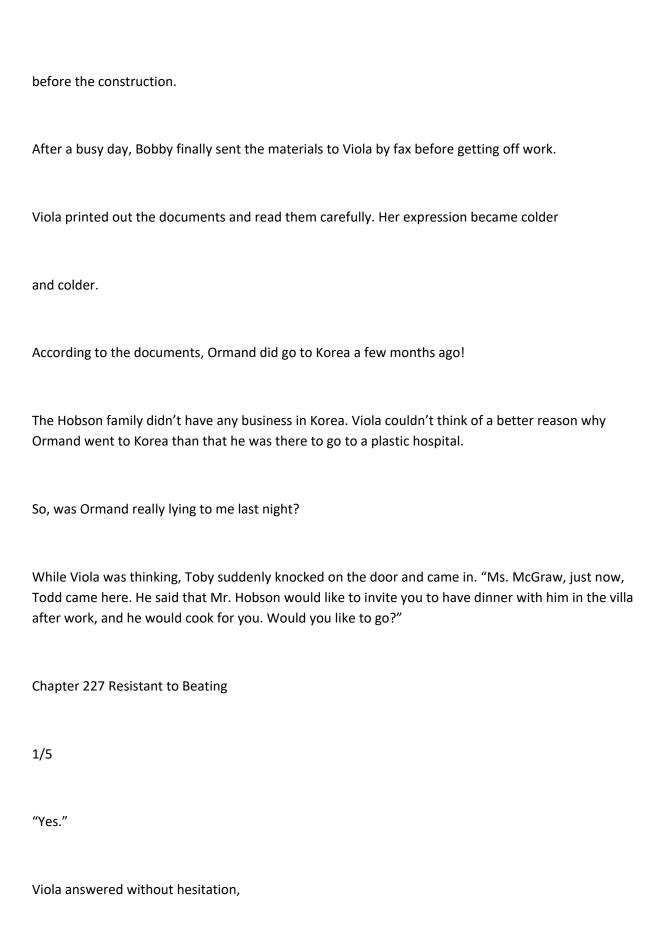
Ex-husband Goes Money Comes Chapter 227

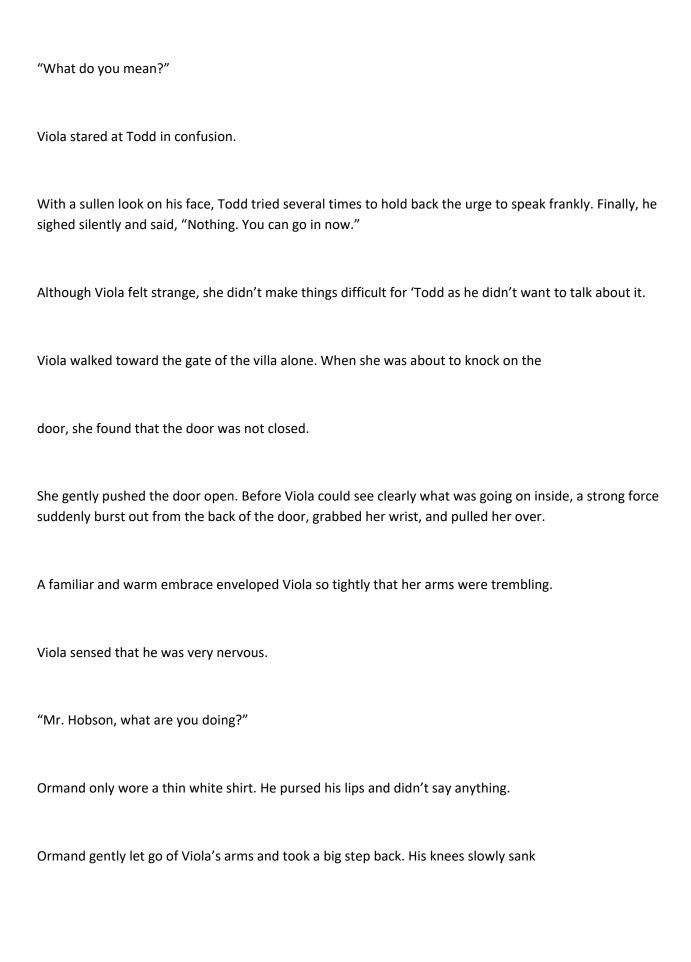
The next day, at the Hobson Group. Depressed, Todd walked into the CEO's office. Yesterday, he ran all over the racetrack of Salt Lake City, and finally found a whip that was especially used to tame wild horses and put it on Ormand's desk. "This whip is very rough. Mr. Hobson, be careful." Ormand thought for a while and put it away. Todd was worried and reminded Ormand again, "Mr. Hobson, if Ms. Zumthor really slashes you tonight, just cry out loud. Squeeze out some tears to make her feel sorry for you." Ormand nodded and didn't say anything. He was still thinking about how to explain it to Viola tonight. Noticing that Ormand didn't take his words seriously, Todd was anxious! But on second thought, since Ormand didn't fear being beaten, why should Todd be so anxious that he

Viola went to the Angle Group as usual during the day and continued the preparation

stamped his feet?



Since it was hard for Viola to find out the truth, she decided to test Ormand.
Viola cleaned up the table and put the documents into lier bag. Then she took the coat from the rack and glanced at Toby. "My job is clone. I'm leaving now."
Toby was stunned. Seeing that Viola had gone far, he quickly followed her.
When they arrived at the Hobson's villa, Viola couldn't remember the detours in the yard of the villa, so she asked Eason to lead her way again.
When they arrived at Ormand's house, Todd and several bodyguards were already waiting in front of the gate.
Seeing Viola come over, Todd bowed slightly to Viola respectfully. "Ms. Zumthor, it's been a long time."
"Come on. When I came to Ormand's villa the last time, I met you."
"Umınm"
Embarrassed, Todd quickly changed the topic. "Mr. Hobson is inside. Ms. Zumthor, come in."
Viola looked away indifferently and walked toward the house alone.
After taking only two steps, Todd added in a low voice, "There is an emergency task tonight. After dinner, Mr. Hobson has to leave the city for a task immediately. It will be really combat."







irony in her eyes was even greater.
"I don't care who you are, Ormand or Orlando. I hate it the most when people lie to me! I can't forgive you for deceiving me with your faked death! It's too much!"
Ormand raised his head, trying to hold back his tears. "I didn't lie to you. Let me explain it to you, okay?"
"I don't want to hear it! I don't want to see you again!"
Viola shook off Ormand's hand and turned to leave.
"Don't leave, Viola!"
Ormand walked a couple of steps on his knees, trying to put his arms around Viola's
waist.
"Fuck off!"
Viola slapped Ormand in the face with a little strength.
Half of Ormand's face turned slightly red.
But Viola stopped because she found that although Ormand was beaten, he was still
smiling.

Ormand's black eyes lit up, and he said in a soft voice, "Is only one slap enough to cool you down? If it's not enough, you can continue to beat me. My skin is rough and thick, and it's very resistant to beating!"
Viola cast a cold glance at Ormand.
Viola's eyes were as cold as ice as if she wanted to see what Ormand was trying to do.
Ormand continued, "But don't hit me with your hand. Your hand will hurt. Use this until you feel better."
As Ormand spoke, he took out a whip from his back and handed it to Viola with both hands.
Viola neither took it nor spoke.
Ormand placed the handle of the whip in Viola's hand.
Ormand then straightened his back and looked up at Viola expectantly, waiting for her to beat him.
In front of Viola, Ormand looked like a humble slave.
However, the more Viola looked at him, the angrier she became. She glanced at the whip in her hand, and suddenly remembered what Todd had said when she came in. It was not until now that she understood what Todd meant.
He is going to carry out a mission later, and he deliberately made an apology to me before he goes.

Well, his acting skill still sucks. And the script is awful too. On the one hand, he was trying to take my whips willingly, but on the other hand, he was afraid of pain. Otherwise, he wouldn't have asked Todd to remind me not to hit him too hard!

If I don't whip him enough, I would feel sorry for his dedicated preparation!

Resistant to Beating