

Ex-husband Goes Money Comes Chapter 377

Hearing Ormand's words, the other three men in the room thought highly of him.

It was quite admirable for him to have such an idea.

He was indeed a good man.

At this time, Ormand's mind was occupied with the pain and the codes, leaving no attention to their expressions.

He took deep breaths, trying to get used to this persistent pain.

But when he wrote, every stroke was shaking, like a little tadpole wagging its tail.

Silence descended on the room.

Ormand's heavy breathing was the only sound in the room.

Bentley saw that he finished the first line with his shaking hands and judged that he had adapted to the 7th-grade pain, so he increased the pain to 8th-grade without warning Ormand.

The pain in Ormand's stomach suddenly intensified and spread throughout his body.

He trembled all over, shaking even more violently. The word he wrote was immediately crooked.

His trembling right hand was almost unable to hold the pen.

He raised his eyes and looked at Bentley, who was sitting next to the

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pain simulator.

Bentley felt his gaze and ridiculed him. "Mr. Hobson, you can't take it anymore, right? You are welcome to quit if you want."

Bobby and Russell sat quietly with pale eyes on the opposite.

They were worried that Ormand couldn't keep his promise. After all, anyone could boast, but not everyone could survive the real torture.

When the room was filled with disappointment, Ormand shook his head and spat, "I just want to ask, do you have any requirements for the handwriting? My handwriting... is ugly. If it's not acceptable...I will...rewrite it."

Bentley was stunned, staring at him for a while. Apparently, Bentley did not expect him to ask this question. "The handwriting is not important. Just finish it."

After all, with this pain, Ormand's handwriting could not possibly be neat and tidy.

Although Bentley had steeled his heart to test Ormand, he wasn't so inhuman.

With his answer, Ormand breathed a sigh of relief, bit his lower lip, and continued writing.

His whole body was drenched in a cold sweat. The sweat on the tip of his nose gathered and dripped on the paper, blurring a lot of words.

As time went by, Russell watched quietly.

Ormand's right hand was shaking more and more, and writing Chapter 377 This is the Family Rule for Ormand

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am Benusa became more and more difficult. Russell couldn't bear to see it, so he looked at Bentley with pleading eyes.

"Bentley..."

Bentley frowned but ignored Russell. Instead, he said to Ormand, "When the pain reaches the 10th grade, it is equivalent to the pain of twenty ribs breaking at the same time. I am going to increase the pain."

This time, he did not do it without warning like before.

Instead, he had given Ormand a warning beforehand so that he could mentally prepare himself.

Also, he increased the pain level bit by bit, giving Ormand some time to adapt.

However, when the pain gradually reached its peak level, it was wrenching Ormand's heart.

Ormand's face twisted in pain, and every eyelash was trembling. The pain spread through his entire body, as he groaned and gradually lost consciousness. Under this circumstance, he could not hold the pen, let alone write.

Viola and Lainey were still in the hall downstairs.

Viola was in a panic and couldn't calm down to do anything. "Why haven't they come down yet? Did they knock out Orin?"

Lainey comforted, "That won't happen. Besides, Bentley is there.

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Don't worry. After today, you will have your brothers' blessings for your marriage. You should trust Ormand and your brothers."

Viola sighed helplessly.

Then, Lainey started to chat with her to divert her attention.

The sky outside gradually darkened as snow fell in the garden.

Viola checked the time. It had been nearly two hours since they went upstairs.

They still haven't come down! Something was wrong!

Anxiety came over her.

Viola ignored Lainey's obstruction and rushed upstairs to the door of Bentley's room.

Just as she was about to knock on the door, the doorknob turned, and the door opened from the inside.

Bobby walked out first.

His broad figure blocked everything in the room, and he closed the door after he came out. Viola tried to look inside but did not see anything, so she had to ask him.

"Bobby, what are you doing inside? Did you hit him?"

"No, we didn't hit him."

Bobby spoke with a calm tone.

Viola was confused about the situation. "Then did he pass the test or

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not?"

“Tell Ormand to come to my villa tomorrow and we will discuss your wedding. Let’s set a date after the new year.”

He touched Viola’s head as he spoke and then went downstairs.

Viola was stunned for a moment before she finally realized that Ormand had passed their tests!

With surprise in her eyes, she shouted to Bobby’s back.

“Thank you, Bobby!”

Before she could enter the room to see Ormand, Bentley came out with his icy face that never had any emotions. He also closed the door.

“Bentley, Bobby just talked about the wedding date. Ormand has passed your test, right?”

Bentley didn’t explain but handed her the notebook. “Look, how is

it?”

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Doubtfully, Viola opened the notebook. It was the Code of Ethics for Men that Ormand copied. Her eyebrows furrowed tightly when she saw the crooked handwriting.

“The handwriting is too ugly. Did you ask Ormand to write them?”

Many words on the paper were tilted, and many were blurred. The whole paper was messy and looked annoying.

"I also find it ugly," Bentley added.

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Cell Bonus He pinched Viola's little face and said, "This will be the family rule for Ormand after your marriage." Then, he coldly turned around and left.

Since he said "after your marriage", it looked like Ormand had passed his test.

But...

Viola keenly realized something. She looked at the words on the notebook again and complained at Bentley's back.

"The three of you are too mean! What did you do to him to make him write like this? I remember his handwriting is beautiful!"

Just now, when they were downstairs, Bobby claimed he would break Ormand's arms and legs. Did this happen?

She was increasingly worried about Ormand.

Russell then came out.

He smilingly patted Viola on her shoulder. Lowering his voice, he said two simple words, "Not bad."
Then he left.

Viola confusingly glanced at his figure and quickly pushed the door

open.

"Viola."

Ormand's held the door with his bony, pale hand.

Viola looked at his arm and turned her eyes to Ormand's warm but weak eyes.

He was obviously uncomfortable. Viola quickly held him and opened his palm to check on his injuries.

However, she found that his palm was white and clean with no trace of injury.

"Didn't my brothers hit your hand? Why did you write so ugly? How did they torture you?"

"He didn't torture me."

Ormand didn't explain. Instead, he leaned his head on her shoulder like a puppy dog.

"Viola, I want to go back to Viorin. I want to hug your waist in the bed until I fall asleep."

