

Ex-husband Goes Money Comes Chapter 332

When Bobby came in with a feather duster, Bentley glanced at the terrible weapon with a poker face. It seemed that Bentley supported Bobby.

Russell, sitting on the bed, was frightened and immediately stood up to stop Bobby.

“Bobby, don’t! Don’t beat him! He is pretty weak with a fever. You are in a fit of anger, and you don’t hold back. If you kill him, how will you explain it to Viola when she comes back?”

It always worked to mention Viola at this time.

Bobby’s senses came back.

However, before he could put down the feather duster, Ormand, who was on the bed, suddenly spoke.

“With the old grudge between us, what’s the use of beating me up to vent your anger? If you have the guts, just beat me to death.”

This was a blatant provocation!

Bobby was getting angrier and angrier.

“Alright, I’ll fulfill your wish. If I can’t beat you to death today, I’m not worthy of a McGraw!”

“Bobby, don’t hit him! Calm down! He is a patient. He’s raving with his fever. Don’t lower yourself to his level!”

Russell tried his best to stop Bobby. He turned around and glared at Ormand. "Could you just shut up? I wanna kick your ass!"

Ormand remained silent.

There was competition and hostility between Bobby and Ormand.

Bobby had previously sent people to kill Ormand in the mountains of Philadelphia, causing Ormand to return late after being seriously injured. When Ormand returned, Viola had already taken over the Caffrey Group.

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Ormand didn't want to put Viola in an embarrassing position. Otherwise, he would have already had a serious fight with Bobby.

When Ormand was sick, Bobby came over to mock him. Since Viola was not here, he didn't need to be polite to Bobby!

With Russell's stop, Bobby waved a few times above the bed but failed to hit Ormand.

The terrifying sound of the wind continued. The feather on the duster was sent flying everywhere.

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It was such a mess. But no one got beaten.

Ormand covered his mouth with his hand and kept coughing. There was no fear on his pale face as he waited.

Bobby couldn't beat Ormand. He knew that beating a sick man was not glorious.

Bobby couldn't vent his anger. Thus, he raised his hand and hit Russell's arm with a duster.

Russell was stunned and rubbed his arm with grief.

"Ouch! It hurts! Aim at Ormand! You hit me!"

"I am aiming at you! You have only taken care of him for a few days. Now you turn your back on me! Since you are protecting him, then you will suffer for him!"

Russell was confused.

He felt wronged.

However, the fear of being beaten up by Bobby since childhood made Russell not dare to hide. Thus, he protected his head with

his arms.

Hearing that Bobby wanted to hit Russell, though coughing, Ormand weakly stood up to step forward by following the sound in order to protect Russell.

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Before Bobby's feather duster fell again, Bentley grabbed it from behind.

"Stop messing around. Don't be a joke."

Bentley snorted and said in a low voice, "It's easy to deal with Ormand. My medicine can make people suffer from endless pain so that they can't even stand up. Besides, it won't hurt them. Do you wanna give it a try?"

Ormand just stood up. When he heard Bentley's words, he broke out in a cold sweat but tried to be as calm as possible.

He was so weak that he fell back to bed.

Bobby let go of that duster, and Bentley took it. Since Ormand stopped provoking him, Bobby's anger seemed to have subsided a lot.

He agreed with Bentley's suggestion. "That's a good idea! A mad dog is aggressive but pretends to be tough. It should be treated in that way!"

Bentley put that duster on the bedside table, turned around silently, returned to the dressing table, and continued to make medicine.

Russell walked around Bobby and asked in a low voice, "Bentley, do you really want to drug him? If we pick on a patient and words go out, it's so embarrassing. Just let him

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go.”

Bentley didn't say anything and focused on the medicine.

Russell couldn't persuade Bentley, so he could only turn to Bobby.

“Bobby, you know how bad Bentley's idea is. Think about Viola. She is an unforgiving girl. If she finds out that we are torturing Ormand, she will definitely be unhappy!”

“Just don't let her know,” Bobby said with a snort.

“But Ormand has a mouth. If he complains, Viola will know.”

This time, Bentley said immediately, “My medicine can make him dumb.”

Bobby said, “That's good. I'll explain it to Viola in a good opportunity and tell her that his sickness causes his dumbness. There will be no problem.”

“But...” Russell was speechless. He looked at Ormand sympathetically. “But he has hands. He can write and tell Viola!”

Bentley's cold voice continued. “Then I will drug him and make him cripple.”

Bobby nodded in agreement, "It's annoying to take care of a cripple for a long time. When the time comes, Viola will Chapter 337 Bobby and Berithey Pid on Ormand

abandon him. It's good to welcome another brother-in-law!"

Russell didn't know what to say.

He looked at Ormand, who was lying on the bed, and wished Ormand good luck.

Ormand's face was very stiff. He had no response. He was so sick that his breath was weak.

He endured his coughing and tore off the fever sticker on his forehead. He shrank into the quilt and wrapped himself tightly.

After a while, he said in a weak voice, "I want to sleep for a while. Leave me alone."

As soon as he finished speaking, Bentley had already made small medicinal pills and used tweezers to put them into a capsule. Then he handed it to Russell.

Russell looked at the capsule in his hand and then looked at Bentley. "Bentley?"

"Watch him take it. Then make him take the medicine I made yesterday in half an hour."

Then Bentley turned to leave the bedroom. Even his back was full of indifference.

Hearing this, Russell heaved a sigh of relief and poured Ormand a glass of water before walking to the bed.

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'Take your medicine first and then go to sleep. I will call you in half an hour.'

Ormand frowned and subconsciously covered his mouth with the quilt. He refused decisively, "No."

Bobby sat beside him and sneered with contempt. Wasn't he quite strong-willed just now? Now he dares not eat it?

Just as he was about to mock Ormand, someone from the National Bureau of Investigation came and waited at the door, saying that they wanted to report to Ormand.

Bobby had no choice but to get up and help Ormand send away his subordinates.

When Bobby's footsteps completely disappeared, Ormand asked Russell in a low voice, "What medicine is this?"

Russell held back his laughter, "Don't worry. It's just a fever reducer. With Viola, Bentley won't drug you."

Russell believed Bentley. He sat up straight and spread out his hands, waiting for Russell to hand him that medicine and cup.

It was just a capsule pill. After putting it in his mouth, it melted immediately.

The bitter taste instantly filled his entire mouth. Ormand's stomach was a mess. He couldn't help but retch by the bedside.

However, he couldn't spit out anything. His entire body was wrapped by the thick smell of that bitter medicine. It was the bitterest medicine he had ever taken.

Russell saw that his face was pale.

Bentley's medicine must be bitter to a certain extent.

Russell held back his laughter and gloated. "No matter who you provoke, you can never provoke a doctor. They have plenty of ways to deal with you!"