

Ex-husband Goes Money Comes Chapter 260

Sherlyn bowed twice in a row and eagerly walked back to the bed. "I'm sorry, Mr. McGraw! I've slept on the bed sheets and blankets. You probably don't like it, right?"

Russell seemed to understand what she meant and got out of bed.

"I'm really sorry to disturb you..."

As Sherlyn continued to apologize repeatedly, she quickly took the bed sheets and blankets before bowing and leaving.

Russell looked at the big bed that had been swept clean in an instant. He smiled helplessly and took out the spare cotton quilt from the cabinet and laid it on himself.

It had only been a few minutes, but Sherlyn had actually apologized fifteen times and bowed twelve times!

Why was she so silly and cute?

This girl was a little interesting.

In the morning, the soft sunlight shone through the thin floor-to-ceiling window.

And it shone onto the simple bed in the bedroom.

When Ormand awoke, Viola had already woken up. She was leaning against the bed, playing with her phone, looking extremely focused.

“Playing with your phone early in the morning? Have you been addicted to it recently?” he asked, puzzled.

“No, I’m buying something for you.”

Viola actually wanted to give him a present? The gift should be normal, right? Chapter 260 Re You Really Weak?

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“What are you buying? Let me take a look.”

Viola didn’t think there was anything wrong with it, so she casually explained, “Just some tonics...”

Tonics?

Ormand felt it was strange. He looked at her gloomily. “Why are you buying these things? Didn’t I satisfy you?”

“No, no, no!”

Viola shook her head hard and replied, “You are strong, but last night, you said you could do at least 300 single-handed push-ups, but in the end, you could only do 100...”

Had she tired him out?

His body was weak?

It was a big problem. She had to buy tonics for his kidney and make some soup for him!

Ormand looked at her in shock.

Could only do 100?

No!

No!

The thing he was most proud of was actually questioned by his most beloved woman after a night!

As a man, his pride was hurt!

It was like the calm surface of a lake suddenly had monstrous waves.

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The anger in his chest was boiling as he shouted. Chapter 260 &1e You Really Weak?

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It was more violent than the explosion of an atomic bomb!

“Viola, I will show you again if I can do it!”

“Orin!”

Viola struggled to no avail.

Both of them greatly regretted it!

Russell was awakened by the fragrance of food drifting in from outside the window.

It was the smell of fried eggs.

Sherlyn was cooking in the kitchen?

He got out of bed, washed up, and changed into a suit. Then he slowly went downstairs.

A beautiful figure rushed out of the kitchen. The dining table was filled with hot milk, toast, fried eggs, and fruits.

Sherlyn filled two bowls of shredded chicken porridge, and when she came out, her eyes met Russell's.

“Good morning, Mr. McGraw.”

She placed the bowls of porridge on the table and pulled the seat for him. “I don't know if my cooking suits your taste. Would you like to try it?”

Russell wanted to go to Willard's place to eat breakfast. Sherlyn was just a stranger to him, and he was wary of strangers.

However, looking at Sherlyn's innocent smile, he strode over and sat down.

The chicken porridge was soft and sticky, and the eggs were fried perfectly. It

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was surprisingly delicious.

"In fact, you don't have to do this. If you want to stay here for a while longer, I can arrange for two servants to take care of you."

Sherlyn was slightly shocked, her face full of flattery. "No need, Mr. McGraw. I have disturbed you by staying here. I am great at doing housework and cooking. I have to do something to make myself feel better."

Russell looked at her sincere and determined expression. She was a rather independent girl. So, he did not say anything else.

Russell didn't go out immediately after the meal. Instead, he sat on the sofa and read the newspaper.

When Sherlyn cleaned up the kitchen and was about to leave, he said, "Are you going to Warlyn Building to shoot for the front pages today?"

“Yes, how do you know?” Sherlyn held her bag in her hand and stood there awkwardly.

Russell put down the newspaper. “I just checked your schedule. Let’s go. I’ll drive you there.”

“What? No need to trouble you, Mr. McGraw. I can walk down the mountain myself. My manager’s van will pick me up at the foot of the mountain later.”

Russell stood up. His handsome eyes were gentle, and his low-pitched voice was steady. “I’m going out, too. I’m just driving you down the mountain. When you reach the foot of the mountain, you can take the van.”

“Then... thank you, Mr. McGraw.”

Adain Mountain was quite big, and the driveways were surrounding the mountains. It would take at least an hour to walk down, and it was time-consuming and laborious.

When they reached the foot of the mountain, Sherlyn got out of the car and

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bowed to Russell again. “Thank you for sending me off, Mr. McGraw. Will you come back for dinner tonight? I’ll cook dinner for you in advance. If I don’t make it up to you, I feel like I owe you.”

Russell saw that she began to bow again. She looked cautious, and the sense of alienation was thick around her.

He frowned and wanted to say that she didn’t need to take it to heart, but he didn’t know how to say it.

Russell had investigated Rex's affair this morning, and he was quite distressed that a pure and kind girl like Sherlyn would be hurt by such a jerk.

"Well, if you are willing to cook, do it. I may finish work at seven o'clock in the afternoon at the latest."

"Okay, Mr. McGraw, take care."

Another bowed again.

Russell saw it and did not say anything, silently rolling up the window.

Russell's assistant, Warren, glanced at his boss' face in the front passenger

seat.

"Mr. Caffrey, don't you have a mission for the embassy this afternoon? Can you make it back at 7:30?"

Russell had forgotten about this. "Then inform the embassy that I have something to do tonight. Tell them to either hold it early or change the date."

Why didn't Russell inform Sherlyn that he wouldn't come back for dinner?

Warren looked into the mirror and saw Sherlyn still standing by the side of the road. He pursed his lips and snickered, "Looks like she is quite special to you."

Russell glanced at him and said indifferently, "She is a good friend of Viola. She helped Viola a lot in the orphanage. She is good to Viola, and I am just

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protecting Sherlyn."

"So, that's how it is." Warren nodded.

After Russell left, Sherlyn quickly got into the van and set off. She did not notice that at the opposite corner, an extremely fast figure slashed by.

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At the Hobson Group, Todd knocked on the door of the president's office.

He had the data book in his hand.

When he came in, he saw Orlando sitting at his desk, staring at his right hand.

"Sir, what are you looking at?"

"Recently, I have been feeling that something is wrong with my body. It seems that my physical strength is much worse than before," Ormand said.

“It can’t be?”

Todd put down the data book seriously and sat on the chair opposite him, observing his skin color and mental state.

“Have you been exercising with Ms. Zumthor recently?”

“Last night, the night before last night, and this morning.”

Todd swallowed his saliva.

Orlando... was really diligent!

“Sir, are you feeling weak? Could it be ... that you’ve been tired out by Ms. Zumthor?” Todd asked in shock as he looked at Ormand.