

## Ex-husband Goes Money Comes Chapter 360

Sherlyn kept silent with no expression.

The assistant gave a dirty look at Rex and sneered, "Mr. Johnson, you are too confident and have a good idea. Did you come because Ms. Ayre has won the prize and thus you can benefit a lot?"

Rex ignored her and continued to look at Sherlyn. "Sherlyn, I know I was wrong. Please give me another chance! Without you, I would rather die. Come back to me, okay?"

Sherlyn laughed. When Rex cheated on her before, she had already seen who he truly was.

Now, Sherlyn would not believe anything he said. She only felt that it was ironic.

She remembered Viola's ruthlessness towards such kind of people and slowly took out an exquisite small knife from the drawer. It was a souvenir that she had kept after filming her last drama.

Rex saw her playing with it in her hand and said worriedly, "Watch out, don't get hurt. Or I would feel heartbroken."

Sherlyn felt disgusting and handed the knife over to him.

Sherlyn changed from her usual appearance. She was soft and innocent before. But now she said calmly, "Since you said that you would rather die without me, why not kill yourself with this knife now? Then I will believe that you indeed love me."

Rex got a pale face and looked at her in shock.

Why was it not easy to fool Sherlyn this time?

He took the knife in her hand but was afraid that the knife would cut him a little.

“Sherlyn, if I died, I would never be able to be with you. Are you willing to see me dead?”

“But if you don’t kill yourself, how can you prove that you indeed love me and regret what you did?”

Rex forced himself to press the blade on his wrist, not daring to make a move for a long time.

Sherlyn reminded him, “You have to cut the artery and make yourself bleed. Only then can I believe you.”

Rex felt pain when he just thought about it. He could not help shivering and the knife fell to the ground.

He grabbed Sherlyn’s dress and berred her, “Sherlyn. never mind, okay? Let us be the same as before. No! I will treat you better than before! Look at me again!”

Sherlyn raised her high heels and gave him a hard kick.

“Get away! I won’t believe what you said! In the future, you’d better avoid me when you see me. If you dare to shamelessly pester me again, I will fight against you to the end! I will make you bankrupt! You would not be able to afford a simple life at that moment!”

Rex was shocked to death when he heard it. He stared blankly at Sherlyn who was now tough and aggressive.

Was she still the Sherlyn he had known before?

“Sherlyn, ...”

“Get away!”

“If you continue to pester me, I will report it as sexual harassment!” Sherlyn did not want to listen to his nonsense.

Her manager and her assistant immediately put on fierce expressions and chased Rex away.

Sherlyn chased Rex away and regained her good mood. She took out her phone to take a photo of the trophy and sent it to Russell.

Sherlyn: “Thank you for your guidance, Mr. McGraw. It is the answer for this semester. Are you satisfied with it?”

Russell replied in less than a minute.

Russell: “Hope you will make me more satisfied tonight.”

Sherlyn instantly blushed.

Russell was getting more and more...

Sherlyn put down her phone and continued to do the inake-up work because Russell would secretly pick her up later. She was not to take the bus back, so her manager and her assistant left.

The entire lounge was soon quiet.

Sherlyn heard someone trying to open the door from outside. She glanced out of the corner of her eye and saw a pair of men's leather shoes standing not far from her, thinking that Rex had come

again

Her tone was disgusting and impatient, "Rex, couldn't you understand what I said?"

The man standing at the door did not reply and did not move.

Sherlyn found it strange and turned to look back. It was a stranre face she had never seen before.

"Who are you?"

The man greeted her respectfully, "Nice to meet you, Ms. Ayre. Mr. Felton wants to see you. Please come with me."

"Ronian?"

The awards ceremony had ended for nearly half an hour, and it was silent at the spot.

Russell drove the car and secretly came over to pick Sherlyn up.

After sending Sherlyn a message, he waited in the parking lot for a while. Five minutes later, Sherlyn still did not come downstairs.

Russell called but found Sherlyn's phone turned off.

Russell frowned and put on his mask. Then he went upstairs to look for Sherlyn.

Russell saw the room specially prepared for Sherlyn by a notice. He opened the door and found no one inside.

He immediately called Warren, Sherlyn's assistant. "Check the surveillance. Sherlyn is missing!"

Sherlyn was forced to the Felton's hall by the bodyguards.

It was very dark, and Sherlyn felt puzzled when arriving at the house.

"Why did Ronian send you to force me here? What is he going to do?"

The bodyguard did not explain and gave her a gesture to invite her in.

Sherlyn did not move and wanted to send a message to Russell. But the moment she took out her phone, it was snatched away by the bodyguard.

"Ms. Ayre, don't worry. He won't hurt you. He works in the bureau and helps people uphold justice. He won't do anything that goes against the law. Besides, you are a celebrity and you are famous."

Sherlyn followed the bodyguard into the house doubtfully.

Finally, at the entrance of the hall, the bodyguard opened the small door and said, "Mr. Felton is waiting inside. Please go in."

Sherlyn did not understand what Ronian was up to, but in a solemn and respectful place like the hall, Ronian could not do anything bad.

She walked in and turned on the lights in the larpeliall. The candles in front of the portraits

fluttered, and the whole room was filled with the faint smell of sandalwood. It was fresh and

pleasant.

Ronian had a cushion under his knees. His eyes were slightly narrowed to cover his amber-colored

pupils, and he was memorizing his ancestors.

Hearing the sound of footsteps, Ronian finished the gesture the last time before he stood up. He looked back at Sherlyn, who was standing by the door!

He smiled faintly and said in an easy-going voice, "Ms. Ayre, do you remember it when we met last time?"

"If you have words for me, just tell me. I am very busy." Sherlyn was expressionless.

"Alright, I won't waste your time. Let's make it short."

He walked over to Sherlyn and took out a photo from his pocket, handing it to her. "Look at it."

Sherlyn took it in confusion.

In the photo was a lady who looked to be in her early thirties. She stared at the camera and smiled gently.

She was not shockingly beautiful, but she was pure and elegant. The most important thing was that she looked similar to Sherlyn.

But Sherlyn was sure that she had not worn such clothes in the photo before, nor had she ever filmed a modern drama.

The lady in the photo couldn't be Sherlyn.

"What do you mean?" Sherlyn asked curiously, raising her head to look at Ronian.

Ronian felt sorry and looked at Sherlyn with guilty. "I'm sorry. It's my fault. I'm not a good brother. I've been too busy with work all these years, and I usually don't pay attention to the entertainment industry. If I didn't recognize you in the Hobson's house that day, I'm afraid I wouldn't even have a clue. It's me who made you suffer for over twenty years outside for no reason."

"What?"

Sherlyn got a faster heartbeat. She looked at the photo in her hand, then at Ronian. She found it hard to believe.

"You must have mistaken it. I've been in the orphanage in Washington since I was a child. I can't have anything to do with the Felton family, let alone have an elder brother."

With his hands behind his back, Ronian looked at the ancestral tablet again and calmly began to tell her the story.

“When you were born, the Felton family was in a mess. I was only eight years old at that time. My father went to Portugal on a business trip. When he came back, he had brought back a one-year-old illegitimate son, Jerry.”

Sherlyn was puzzled and asked, “What does Jerry have to do with ine?”