

## Ex-husband Goes Money Comes Chapter 259

Half an hour?

She had ignored him yesterday, and he had knelt for nearly an hour in the end!

However, Ormand would not tell her that.

He just shook his head with an honest look. "You applied ointment to my hand. I thought you didn't allow me to apply medicine to my knees."

He quickly added, afraid Viola would realize he was pretending to be pitiful. "It's also because I exercised too late last night and forgot about it."

Viola didn't pay attention to his tricks at all, because Max's words echoed in her ears.

Viola had mixed feelings.

"Does your hand still hurt? Show me."

Ormand obediently opened his left hand and extended it to her.

Even though he had applied ointment to it last night, his palm was still

swollen and purplish-red.

"You were so seriously injured last night?"

“No, maybe it became like this during the late-night push-ups. My hands were propped up, and my palms were pressed down. The blood was not flowing, so it was swollen, but it did not hurt anymore.”

Now that it didn't hurt anymore, it was clear that it had hurt last night.

How had she been able to do it back then...?

Viola's heart felt sad. It was very uncomfortable and suffocating.

There was an unprecedented sense of frustration that made her eyes redden. Chapter 259. Viola is Jealous and Possessive

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“I'm sorry. She was right. I haven't treated you well at all. We've agreed that I will dote on you, but I've brought you pain.”

Although Ormand did not know who Viola was referring to, he was keenly aware that her voice was slightly choked up.

He listed her chin with his right hand and met her eyes that were sparkling

with tears.

He only wanted to avoid being beaten up. He didn't intend to use the ruse to make her cry.

Looking at her guilty and sad expression, he felt guilty and tenderly caressed her little face.

“Little fool, it doesn’t hurt even if I’m hit by your small fists. You’ve underestimated your man. Moreover, it is natural that you beat me. This is some fun between husband and wife!”

Viola turned her body away and didn’t feel comforted. “You are just trying to make me happy. I know it!”

Ormand straightened her body and let her look into his eyes. He said to her seriously and affectionately,

“It wasn’t intentional. Tonight, you are angry because you are jealous. You are possessive toward me. In fact, I am quite happy. Even if my hands are crippled by you, I still think it is sweet.

“Moreover, you have brought me unprecedented happiness and warmth. It is satisfactory to be forgiven by you, to hug you to sleep at night, to hear you call my name, and to have sex with you.

“Because Viola, I love you. I love you!”

“Then do you...?” Do you love me the same?

Ormand couldn’t say the last sentence.

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He did not ask.

Max's words were stuck in his mind. He thought about everything that had happened recently. She was willing to give him a chance and be with him, but she hadn't said she loved him.

He was suddenly afraid.

He was afraid that if he asked, Viola's answer would extinguish his hope...

"What?" Viola asked.

Ormand restrained the emotions in his eyes.

"It's nothing. In short, I just want to be hugged, kissed, wanted, and beaten by you. As long as it is you, I will gladly enjoy it."

Viola's heart warmed up a little, and she went to get the ointment in the drawer last night.

As she helped him apply the ointment, she muttered to him, "You are the fool, a big fool!"

Ormand just smiled. He was satisfied when he watched her focus on applying ointment to him. Her movements were careful and gentle, and she even blew air on him.

"Viola, are you not angry about what happened at the charity party?"

"There won't be a next time," Viola said as she pinched his cheek.

Ormand's dark eyes were wreathed in smiles, and there was joy and gentleness in them.

He picked her up from the bed.

“What are you doing!”

“Since you don’t punish me, shouldn’t you massage me before I go to bed?”

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“Wait!” Viola stopped him, confused. “Aren’t we in the bedroom? Where are you taking me?”

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“This is the second bedroom. I prefer to sleep in the master bedroom. It’s spacious, so I can do what I want with you!” His thin lips curled into a wicked smile, and his dark eyes swirled with an evil charm.

“Wait!”

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Ormand, who was about to walk out of the room, paused again. “What is it now?”

Viola, who was quietly staying in his arms, looked up at him. “You can’t press your left hand anymore. Otherwise, your injury won’t heal. You can’t do it on one hand, right? Tonight... Why don’t we skip it?”

He couldn't do it?

Ormand furrowed his brows. His expression was getting darker and darker. His tone was cold and arrogant. "I can do 300 push-ups with one hand. I wouldn't even pant. I'll show you tonight!"

"What?"

Viola still wanted to say something, but Ormand kissed her lips and stopped her from speaking

The moonlight was tender.

And the night was serene.

Early in the morning, Russell went off the plane back to Salt Lake City overnight

Because it was too late, he drove back to the McGraw family's small villa.

He rarely came back and did not arrange for servants to stay in the villa, but

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Joseph would have the house cleaned from time to time, so the rooms were clean.

Russell went upstairs and took a shower.

Because he was too tired, he did not notice the strange scent on the bed.

He quickly turned off the lights, lay down, and closed his eyes.

Something next to him suddenly turned over, and a smooth and fair arm rested on his chest.

Someone was sleeping on his bed.

He immediately woke up and quickly sat up. He ruthlessly and accurately grabbed the person's neck with his large hand.

"Who gave you the courage to come in!"

The person coughed.

Sherlyn, who was in a deep sleep, was woken up.

Russell was ruthless. Her face was red and she could not say a word. She could only struggle.

The moonlight through the windows enabled Russell to vaguely see that it was a woman, and his grip loosened a bit.

"I am Sherlyn..."

Sherlyn?

Was she the female artist in Angle Group and Viola's friend from the orphanage?

Russell turned on the light suspiciously. Only when she saw Sherlyn's face did he withdraw the hand that was squeezing her neck.

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"Why are you in my bed?"

Sherlyn held her neck and coughed, tears welling up in her eyes.

She eased the pain and got off the bed. She bowed and explained.

"I'm sorry. I didn't know you would come back tonight. Recently, I have been chased by the media, and my apartment has been surrounded. Viola arranged for me to stay in your villa for the time being. I'm sorry to disturb you."

Russell looked at the marks on her neck and felt a little guilty. "Since Viola arranged it, you can stay here if you want."

"Thank you, Mr. McGraw. Don't worry. I promise I won't cause you any trouble." She bowed again.

Russell nodded lightly, and his expression softened. He continued, "However, this room is the master bedroom. Other than this, you can choose any other guest room."



Sherlyn bit her lower lip awkwardly and bowed again. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry! I have never lived in such a big house before. I don't know the rules. Please have a good rest!"

She flinched and left with small steps. She turned back just as she walked to the door.

Russell, who was preparing to continue sleeping, said, "What?"