

## Forgive My Ex-husband Chapter 113

Melinda took a breath of fresh air. 'Peace and quiet at last.'

She lifted the hem of her dress as she cautiously sat down on a sofa in the patio. This dress was rented, after all, so she had to be careful to return it in pristine condition.

She was alone out here, but still had a good view of the banquet hall and the dance floor. A lot of young couples were twirling around, her sister-in-law included.

Yulia was obviously in her element, lost in the dance and the crowd. People were even starting to notice her, finally.

Melinda wasn't at all surprised. Yulia had always been a party girl.

Once the song ended, however, her dance partner only thanked her and then walked away. No one else approached her after that.

Yulia was feeling indignant. In her eyes, this was all Melinda's fault. The men's mortifying lack of interest in her was all because of her brother's wife.

She looked around for her nemesis and finally found her sitting alone on the patio, casually watching the other guests. Yulia strode over to the banquet table and grabbed two glasses of wine, and then stomped over to where her sister-in-law was.

As she neared, she became aware just how Melinda's radiance seemed to occupy the little space. It only pissed her further.

"Melinda," she spat out as soon as she stepped out into the patio. "What are you doing here by yourself?"

Without waiting for an invitation, Yulia sat herself down on a nearby chair, making a point of sitting as far away as the other woman as possible. In truth, Yulia's feet had been killing her all night.

She had decided to wear stilettos in an attempt to look taller than she actually was, hoping that her added height would gain people's attention. She was regretting her choice of footwear now, not that she would ever admit it.

"It's quieter here," Melinda answered. She wasn't expecting Yulia to find her so soon, much less come and sit with her.

Still holding the glasses of wine, Yulia handed one towards Melinda. The latter took on a wary expression, and did not take the drink.

Melinda was not stupid. In light of recent events, she had grown vigilant of her sister-in-law. There was no way she would ever consume something that had passed through Yulia's hands.

As if she read her mind, Yulia gave her a reassuring smile. Melinda's guard only rose even more.

"I wanted to propose a toast to you, for a pulling of a successful social appearance." When Melinda only looked at her, Yulia's tone grew stern, although the smile was still in place. "Don't make me lose face, Melinda. A lot of people are watching."

Melinda looked around and found Yulia's words to be false. There were few people around them, even fewer watching them.

Yulia was a little embarrassed by her movements, but she did not budge. Melinda flashed a regal smile and said, "You know I'm not a drinker." She had already drunk a glass of champagne earlier, and had no plans to take any more alcohol tonight.

Still, Yulia's outstretched hand did not waver, and Melinda narrowed her eyes at the younger woman. The proper response would have been to not insist on making the other person drink, yet Yulia was still pushing.

fact, Yulia wanted to get Melinda drunk. She expected the

content." The two women were still smiling at each other, but the looks they were

family, you must know that you'll be attending such occasions in the future. Don't you think you should get used to getting

quite certain she wouldn't be attending any social engagement in the future. Queena obviously wouldn't want that, and she highly doubted Jonas would even bother

would never take that drink. They kept staring at each other in a stalemate when a male voice broke in.

wearing a navy blue suit, and his hair was mussed in a way

magnetic energy surrounding him, and his eyes held

feel an intense blush creeping into her face. That was,

hope?" His question seemed to pull Melinda back to her

anger. 'Why? Why

thought about how people only cared about appearances, but acknowledging that

or extremely hideous. Since she was

rose from her seat, and thrust the wineglass in front of Melinda's face. "This is a toast to you, so naturally,

interjected, stepping in between them and effectively blocking Yulia. "Drinking at events is not something that should be

seen her refuse it. Still you insisted, and so I stepped in to

and persist yet again on forcing her to take it against her wishes. Let me ask you,

How dare this man mock her? And

Despite her efforts, she found out the hard way that in the eyes of the truly rich, she would always be a bastard child born from a woman of lowly background. And now some stranger just waltzed up and taunted her, poking fun at

grip, the liquid splashing loudly on the man's suit. A

jacket, making a dark stain. He calmly

and it looked

what the man was doing, she quickly put down the glasses and reached

my balance. I didn't mean for this

touch his jacket, the man sidestepped to avoid her, and shot her a look of disdain. "I don't think I need any help from you," he said

now rose from the sofa, and tried to step between the man and Yulia, hoping to settle the matter

off, glaring at Melinda with unmistakable fury. Melinda could only stare back

the other hand, frowned even deeper, and looked back and forth

similarly, but while one looked like a regal socialite, the other

city girl now turned back to him. "As I was saying, let me

gathered nearby, and people were watching them shamelessly. Perhaps it was

because the man who joined them was undeniably attractive. Either way, Yulia knew she was

like I said," the man said coldly, "there's no need for your assistance at all. Since this beautiful lady was so kind to apologize on your behalf, even though her efforts

an effort to learn social etiquette. It would most certainly be of use to you." Then he smiled at her, but Yulia recognized

only did he imply that she was ungrateful, he also emphasized how she was out of place at such a high