

## Forgive My Ex-husband Chapter 120

"Mellie, did I upset you?" Jonas called out as he strode behind his marching wife. It was a spur of the moment gesture; he didn't expect her to react the way that she did. He had already been unsettled to begin with, and now that he was seeing his wife obviously displeased with something, he teetered on the edge of panic.

For a brief moment he wondered when he started to fear the instances when his wife just walked away without a single word.

He finally caught up to her, and reached out for her hand and held it tightly. "I'm sorry," he whispered, his voice low and heavy with some unnamed emotion.

Melinda turned to look at him, and said with utter indifference, "I hope this doesn't happen again."

Jonas felt his breath hitch. There was no mistaking his wife's disgust, nor the object of such emotion.

The fact that he had no idea how to salvage the situation only made him further disheartened. "I... Yes, I will be more careful in the future."

Melinda turned away from him and looked ahead. His grip was still tight around her hand. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath to steady herself

She needed to harden her heart, to separate her emotions from the circumstances. She had been burnt many times before, and she would only continue to take painful hits if she revealed her true feelings to this man. "In the future," she repeated his words, saying each one crisply, "we will be divorcing. Just as soon as you get the right to inheritance. Like we agreed to."

She knew, despite being buried deep in her own personal affairs, that Aron and Rey had been more involved in business matters in recent days.

They were no doubt establishing their foothold in the company, making sure Nelson acknowledged their existence and contributions to the family enterprise.

Jonas's hold on her finally slackened. It seemed to him that the place grew colder as soon as the word "divorce" came out of her mouth.

He felt tight on his chest and found it hard to breathe, so he tugged at the collar of his shirt in an attempt to loosen it, with no small amount of irritation. "It's up to you," he said, his voice cold and hard.

To his wife, however, his answer sounded noncommittal somehow, and it didn't satisfy her. Well. Enough with this farce. "Let's go home." She matched his cold tone, not bothering to look back even once.

He didn't reach for her again.

It was already eight o'clock when they arrived back at the mansion. It was well past dinner time, but the main villa was still lively.

Emily sat lounging on the sofa with Queena, reading fashion magazines. Across the living room table, Yulia was peacefully nibbling on a bowl of fruit while browsing the internet as per her usual hobby.

Attuned as she was to the dynamics of the household, she could sense something wrong as soon as her brother and his wife entered the foyer. 'Did they have a fight?'

She decided to prod. With fake cheer, she called out to her brother. "Oh, Jonas, you're back. Aunt Queena had some dinner prepared for you in the kitchen."

At that, the other two women raised their heads from their magazines to look at the young couple. Emily, in particular, looked at them with an innocent expression on her face.

The truth was that all evening her attention had been towards the driveway, anticipating Jonas's arrival the entire time. She had known they were back the moment their car drove through the gates.

have you been?" Queena said in a reprimanding voice. "Did you really have to miss dinner for your little trip

put down the magazine she was reading, and directed a hostile look at her daughter-in-law. Melinda

He scrambled for an excuse. "I had something

didn't buy it, and wanted to say as much, but held herself back. She never really wanted

asked this of you, but you really went ahead and left the mansion. Didn't you already know we have a guest in the residence? Don't you even know the basics of

yelling at Melinda. She could never bring herself to be angry at her darling boy, so naturally she vented her

said nothing, in spite of being insulted by her mother-in-law in front of other people—a sister-in-law that despised her, and her husband's old flame. And lest anyone forget—in front

bounding in her seat with glee. She always loved witnessing Melinda being thrust into such humiliating positions, and she jumped at this chance to further fuel the

that the thing between Emily and my brother was all in the past," she said to Melinda in a fake, cajoling tone.

too well that Queena had a mind to set her son up with Emily, after all. It was no secret that if the older

immediately. It was Emily's turn to step in and manipulate the conversation. "Yulia is still  
the two conniving women under  
she say such things to her? It was as if Emily was  
couldn't help the haughty edge to it. She tilted her chin slightly upward, as if to emphasize that  
wasn't then, she probably wouldn't have such scheming  
regal smile that didn't  
no names, and  
the ugly emotions she felt at the moment. Beside her, Queena's displeasure at Melinda's attitude  
hospitality to an esteemed guest. Don't you dare change the subject! It seems like you really are lacking  
in proper manners.  
of such blatant bullying, and her response was classy and  
than capable of entertaining your esteemed  
indeed starting to throb at her temples, and  
earlier warning seemingly thrown out the window. "If you were feeling so  
out her accusations. She was disappointed to see the other woman unbothered by her words; she  
brother's wife didn't even look at her, and only continued to rub at her temples. "Your brother knows  
a weary glance. "Miss Bai, I do apologize. You can come visit the Gu's mansion some other day, and I will  
she turned to the stairs and walked to her room, leaving her husband to deal with the aftermath  
say another word, he called for  
Her fingernails dug into the palm of her hand, and  
"I'll ask Gavin to arrange a  
faltered. This was his way of asking her—politely—to leave. Despite his manner, she was mortified at  
being

Queena interjected. "I'm still enjoying my time with Emily." She sniffed at her son, and then looked at their guest warmly. "There are

heavy single-word warning. Queena knew that tone. And she knew her son well enough to keep

and decided to let the matter go this time around. "It's all right, Aunt Queena. I'm so sorry for

older woman beamed. "What a good girl you are! Well it isn't safe for a girl going

end of his tether, and the smiles among the women faded