

## Forgive My Ex-husband Chapter 52

The dress looked even more alluring as the light hit hundreds of the tiny crystals sewn into the fabric. It looked like the Milky Way was glittering all over Melinda's body.

It hugged her every curve, the skirt flaring out at the bottom and swaying at her every step. Her figure gave a sensuous edge to the dress, which was perfectly tempered by her naturally gentle demeanor.

She looked like an accidental temptress who was completely unaware of her lethal beauty.

Jonas was smiling when she walked out of the fitting room, but his eyes had a dangerous, hungry glint to them.

"It's so beautiful!" Melinda ran a hand over the bodice of the dress as she checked herself in the mirror.

It truly was a piece of art, and as she gazed at her reflection, she briefly fantasized that she was a goddess who had descended upon the mortal world. This was without a doubt even more luxurious than the previous dress.

When the couple returned hand in hand to the banquet hall, all eyes immediately fell on Melinda. Women, in particular, eyed her with venomous envy, Yulia included.

She had fancied this very dress when she saw it on display, but she couldn't afford it. It was, after all, the only one of its kind.

She had not lamented the loss of the dress since she couldn't help letting it go, but now the damn dress was on Melinda, and so was everyone's attention.

Melinda, on the other hand, was squirming inside. She wasn't used to being the focus of such massive and rapt attention. She felt awkward and embarrassed, and moved a little closer to Jonas.

He gave her hand a little squeeze. "Chin up, chest out, and smile."

His words lent Melinda some confidence, and she heeded his words. When they stood side by side, they were the picture of a perfect couple.

To those who didn't know Melinda personally, she had been nothing but a wife who was unloved by her husband. But now people were doubting their presumptions, since there was no mistaking the dotting tenderness in Jonas's eyes.

At this point all of the invited guests had already arrived, and the couple walked up to Nelson. The elder was wearing a traditional red suit, which only served to emphasize his festive mood.

He was mostly pleased with the obvious affection between the young couple. Nelson took Melinda's hand and guided her around the room, taking his time in introducing her, with no small amount of pride, to those in attendance.

By the time the evening was over, nobody would ever mistake Melinda as anything else but a beloved member of the Gu family.

As the evening progressed, Melinda took Nelson aside. "Grandpa, Jonas and I have prepared a little present for you."

She gave the old man a little secret smile, which only made him curious. Jonas nodded to a couple of servants, and a painting was brought into the room. "It is but a small thing, Grandpa, we hope you wouldn't mind."

When the painting was unveiled, it arrested the attention of everyone in the room. Nelson himself was wearing a pleased grin, and Jonas was beaming at Melinda.

It was clear that she painted it herself. The people milling around the painting began to praise her talents, while the two men in her life were nodding contentedly behind her.

In a far corner of the room, Yulia was seething. She happened to also have prepared a painting for her grandfather, only she bought the damn thing.

If she were to present it in the wake of Melinda's ridiculous display, then she would only embarrass herself. She couldn't stand how things were turning out; even now that bitch was surrounded by everyone.

without any warning she forcefully pushed the man near the front. The man lost

subtle movement, he swept Melinda to the

raised his head to try to get up,

the man shouted as he looked back to where he stood only moments ago. The people in that area only looked at each other;

all tried to cajole him until his mood improved, and that small incident luckily didn't dampen the fun

someone who knew who the culprit was. Jonas saw

who might have pushed that man. There were very few people who would love to see her make a fool of herself in

around her

further mess, there were still a good

wife among the throng, and this arrangement

was a brief respite, however, because it was soon time for them to dance the first dance. Melinda's nerves began to spiral again; she didn't want to make any mistakes and drag Jonas

to worry about at all. Jonas was a splendid dancer, and he led Melinda with ease. They were a sight to behold, a beautiful man and woman swaying with grace and

edge since earlier that night. Now that Melinda

all the stares from their audience. By the end of the dance her face was blushing a furious red in the midst of everyone's

hadn't let go of her yet, and she grabbed the opportunity to bury her face

quiet laughter. He perched his chin on top of

knew he would only tease her about, so she immediately stepped back even though her face was still burning. "No,

pouting lips. His grandfather's laughter thankfully pulled him back to his senses, and he offered his hand to Melinda and walked her off the

people flocked to them yet again, gushing about how perfectly suited they were with each other.

mansion, Yulia stormed into her bedroom. After that failed fiasco, she made a few brief greetings

all scurried away when they caught sight of her thunderous face. They were

moment her bedroom door shut she started throwing things, her muffled screams still audible through

Her pillows and doll

consumed with envy and fury. Tonight was supposed to be the time she knocked that

was in the limelight, and she was again brushed off to the side, where she had been all her life. She grabbed one of her pillows and smacked it with her fist. "Melinda that bitch! She has

in front of others was long gone. Her hair was a mess from where she

firmer and tighter as she fantasized about making Melinda disappear, when a sudden knock on the door pulled

is it?"

male voice answered. "I am someone who has known about you for a while now, Miss Gu. I was hoping I might finally make a friend

voice, and Yulia hesitated only for a moment before clearing out a path in her whirlwind of a room and making a

all that had transpired that evening, she was no longer expecting anyone to notice her, let

his figure and straight posture very well. He had a gentle smile,

hand, and as he turned to Yulia, she noticed a hint of shrewdness dancing in his eyes, hidden

accommodate me under

Yulia, grinning as the girl's eyes lit

lashes in an effort to appear timid and reserved. In truth she was itching to snatch

in synch with the little game the girl was playing. "Well I got it especially for you. If you will not accept it then I fear I wouldn't know what I'm to do

flattered, and a little blush crept onto her cheeks as she reached for the