

## Forgive My Ex-husband Chapter 102

Melinda was cold to her husband the whole night, and it wore on his already fragile state. He wanted to vent his emotions somewhere; they were becoming too heavy for him to carry for much longer.

But every time he felt like he could no longer bear it, every time he moved to do something, the memory of the past afternoon reared its head like a glowering beast ready to devour him.

Then he would grow somber, and become dispirited, and would always end up retreating back into his own room.

The place had been his bedroom not so long ago.

But as he stood there, he had the vague sense that it didn't belong to him anymore, didn't welcome in the way it always did in the past. The walls were painted a light of slate gray, and gave off a cool, sort of emotionless atmosphere to the room.

He had few personal belongings left here; he had brought most of them with him to Melinda's room. In fact, this room had been rather empty for a while now. Only servants would come up regularly to clean.

Jonas sat at the edge of the bed and ran his hands down his face. Then he flung his body back on the covers, arms out, and stared at the ceiling.

The room felt cold. Was it always this cold in here? He hadn't felt this cold since he started sharing a room with his wife.

He missed the warm, cozy feeling he would always have once he stepped in there. A faint scent of her shampoo or her lotion would always linger in the air, in the pillows she slept on. The sight of her cluttered desk always brought him comfort, despite the disarray.

He closed his eyes and sighed heavily. Emily's parting words echoed in his mind. Jonas hesitated for a moment, then took out his phone and dialed a sequence of numbers.

"Jonas." Emily answered his call almost immediately.

"Are you free right now?"

Although his tone was still cold and a little hostile, Emily took it as a good sign. She honestly doubted he would ever call her at all, but there it was.

She would be stupid if she didn't take advantage of that opportunity. Maybe she could worm her way into his heart again.

She knew all too well how badly her presence could strain Jonas's marriage; if she played her cards right, she could widen the rift between the couple, and Yulia could land the finishing blow.

"Yes of course," she answered hurriedly, afraid that he might change his mind. Realizing she might come off as desperate, she changed her tone and tried to sound coy. "Would you like to meet up?"

"Yes." Jonas's answer was curt, and his voice terse.

He couldn't get anything done even if he wanted to anyway. The documents were sent over from his office, but he wasn't in the right state of mind to be dealing with business at the moment.

He was consumed by yesterday's events, and since he could not distract himself from those horrid thoughts, he decided he might as well dive into it.

And his muddled brain inferred that in order to understand the inner workings of a woman's mind, perhaps he needed to speak with a woman.

It was just that the woman he needed to be communicating with had shut herself off from him.

"I'm guessing you're in a bad mood," Emily said carefully. "What do you say we go to a bar? I know somewhere that's really cozy and private. You can unwind and relax there without worrying about a thing."

capable of thinking straight anyway. Emily then gave him the name

as he was out on the hall, his feet took him straight to Melinda's door. He stood there for a few moments, hesitating, wanting to call out to

he turned without doing anything and left the villa, the tires of his black sports car screeching as he

was "private," it was packed with what looked

bar counter. Women in various groups

Iced Tea," he ordered as soon as he

silver strapless dress sidled next

invitation. Stay Out Tonight was, in fact,

alone was enough to make the weaker ones dizzy. It had a dangerously

and then ignored her. The bartender said nothing as he prepared the drink that was ordered

aiming at, so he motioned for the

as it went down, but Jonas just kept

some point that he may not be able to pay

well past his meeting time with Emily, but the woman still wasn't in sight. Not that

feel numb against all the angst he was holding inside. He slammed his glass on the

'Can he handle some

the bartender had indeed seen many such scenes throughout his years—there were few who had

drink alone," came a woman's soft voice. "Let me drink with you." Vaguely, Jonas saw a hand shoot out

heard a choking sound, and then there was endless coughing. He finally opened his eyes

throat was on

asked her as she kept on coughing, and then handed her a glass of water which she downed in a couple of gulps. She was gasping for air when Jonas

"Hey, here you are!"

prompt with his refill, no longer worried. Company had come for the drunk customer, after

leaned over the counter as she asked. "Please arrange a

and they were soon ushered into one of the VIP rooms. Emily gave out her order, and a platter of fruit

out of consciousness. They had a perfect view of what was going on down on the floor, where a performance of some sort went on, but he didn't

Emily said in a

which was exponentially milder than the whiskey, and felt a little better after her awful coughing fit. The truth was that she had been in the bar

Jonas asked, his senses

repeated herself calmly. She didn't stop him from downing more drinks, either,

to lean closer to each other to hear

his

pulled Jonas, who staggered to his feet. They moved into the crowded dance floor. Jonas's ears were ringing with all the noise. His head was aching, and the room was spinning. He struggled to get his bearings, and moved to leave the dance floor, but Emily quickly clutched at his sleeves and pulled

of dancers came between them, and in the blink of an eye they were separated practically by a sea of people. Several girls immediately

handsome, let's dance!" One of the girls curled her arm around Jonas's and tugged, but

of scenes, with all the people and the loud noise. With great difficulty, she made her way

tiptoe to once again whisper in his ear. "Jonas, there are

only looked around once, and reluctantly let Emily hold on to his arm. At that, her grin only grew wider,

began to play some fiery beat,