

## Forgive My Ex-husband Chapter 108

"How about next time? I'll take you to your favorite restaurant then." Despite his words, Jonas's tone sounded noncommittal, and it irked Emily.

She pasted a smile on her face and tried to temper her simmering anger. "I'm sorry. I realize I must have taken too much of your time lately. Please go ahead and deal with whatever you need to deal with. I can handle myself."

Jonas could see that her smile was a little forced, and he felt a small pang of guilt. It soon disappeared in a flash, however, and he hurried out of the room.

Emily walked to the window and watched as his car zoomed out of the garage and disappeared in the hot sun.

"Miss Bai, are we continuing with your practice?" It was the coach, who had been in the room for a few moments now. When he first entered, he had found Miss Bai all by herself. He had looked around, confused and unsure what to do, and finally broke the silence when it seemed like his client had no plans to play any more billiards that day.

"No, I'm feeling rather unwell. Maybe next time." Emily had a hard, cold expression on her face, and she didn't bother to look at the coach as she addressed him.

The poor man briefly wondered at the stark contrast between the image of this actress onscreen and the way she was acting in person. Oh well, she did say she wasn't feeling well; perhaps that was all there was to it.

"Understood, Miss Bai. Next time you come here, please look for me." With that, the coach left the room, and thought nothing more of his encounter with Emily.

Jonas drove home at full speed, and his tires screeched on the mansion's driveway as he stepped on the brakes. He got out of the car in a hurry and stalked into his wife's villa.

Melinda was lounging on the couch watching a show, and she glanced at him only briefly as he entered the living room. He paused in the act of taking off his coat. 'That's it? Not even a greeting?'

He rushed back home eager to see his wife; it never occurred to him that she might not share his excitement at finally being together. A heavy lump of disappointment lodged at his throat, but he swallowed it down.

"What are you watching?" he asked casually as he plopped beside her on the couch. The moment he came close, though, Melinda's face wrinkled into a frown.

She turned to give him a look, sniffed once, and then pushed him away with force. "Get away from me."

He could only gape at her in confusion. He could see the anger flashing in her eyes, but could find no explanation to it. He had done nothing but sit next to her, and he was sure there was nothing wrong with that.

Seeing his puzzled face, Melinda correctly assumed that her husband thought himself without fault whatsoever. It only served to fuel her anger even further.

She knew that scent. It was so overpowering that it made a mark in her memory. Besides, it was associated with one of the top candidates as the bane of her existence, so of course she would know that scent anywhere.

It was Emily's perfume.

Even after pushing her husband away, with several feet separating them, the cloying scent of the other woman permeated the space.

"You were with Emily today," Melinda stated with conviction. She wasn't asking him anything; she was citing facts out loud. "And you have been with her these past few days."

A flicker of surprise rose in Jonas's eyes, but he didn't seem much bothered by what she said. In his mind, he remained innocent—he had done nothing wrong with Emily after all.

words only showed that she cared enough about him to know such things. He felt a ridiculous tingle of excitement at the prospect. He would consider this a victory of sorts, no matter how little

break out in a sudden, smug smile as he replied to her in a calm manner. "Yes, I

much?!" The warmth in his voice did not escape Melinda, and she immediately assumed it was because

a deep breath. As much as she wanted to lash out at Jonas, she was very tired. These scenarios were becoming frequent,

over Jonas's head. He was enjoying being the sudden object of all her attention. But then her face

him, and in spite of her soft, homey clothes, she looked every

After a beat of silence, she flashed him a mocking smirk. "Well it seems that you really have

declare such

of course. How could he forget anything when he obviously remembered much from his sweet, joyful childhood with

unsure, but Melinda was beyond angry now, and she was done excusing him for all the pain he continued to cause

always found himself caught between countless contradicting opinions when it came to Emily. He could see that his wife

to stop at that? Besides, you said you would cut all ties between you, and yet you still keep seeing her. You made a promise, Jonas!

too loudly. Her mouth felt dry after her

of water. He handed it to her and she accepted it without a word, downing the whole drink in

after that, but as she looked at her empty glass, she realized she accepted something her husband offered even though she was still angry

kept staring at the glass in her hands. Mary had noticed the raised voices, and immediately approached the living room to stop the couple from fighting.

a deep breath. "I think what you're misunderstanding is

hesitant to breach this talk with his wife, but in recent days, as he met with Emily, he found her to be simple and positive. There were no signs at all of her being

truthful, he would have admitted that there was a part of him that refused to accept that his childhood playmate had

That was the last straw. She felt her hands growing cold as the color left

she felt an urge to bash the glass in her hands against Jonas's head in hopes that he might wake up from the delusions that Emily spun around

clarity. And one thing has

past, but the past few days proved to him that his previous judgment about

the scandal, over and over, and would praise Melinda. On the other hand, when Emily was brought up between husband and wife, everything that came out of Melinda's mouth was accusations

could not deny that the scales in his heart were tipped against his wife. He could not let her know

isn't as bad as you think. It's true that she had done you wrong before, but she's not

very hard not to flinch at his every word. If they dragged this conversation out any further, things were

it's my fault I wasn't there to help you with your business problems? Am I being a burden to

her last question, and her rage was bubbling on the surface once again. If he managed to push the right buttons, she

what I meant. I'm just saying that she's been of help to me. If I

just acknowledged Emily's insignificance in the big picture. But it was true that Emily somehow saved him from a pinch,

can't look bad in front of other people. Right now, I must be the one acting in extremely bad form. It must have always been me acting irrationally, especially when I tried to

beat of silence after that, with Melinda glaring at him and breathing heavily. Jonas, on the other hand, looked frustrated and

in from the yard, rustling the curtains. Melinda sighed and walked over to

let all the fight in her go. She was so, so tired of this. She turned back to Jonas and asked in a

simplicity, that one question was loaded with heavy and complex emotions.