

Forgive My Ex-husband Chapter 127

The silence between the women came to a comforting lull, and the atmosphere recovered a modicum of peace.

"I have been in the Gu family for nearly six years now," Melinda said gently, breaking the quiet. There was no emotion to her voice, no hint of nostalgia, or even a semblance of joy. She said it as though she was about to tell a story that belonged to another person, a story that wasn't hers.

"In the eyes of most people, I was a living Cinderella, a poor girl who managed to marry into a rich family. Many girls were jealous of me, and they often made their feelings known one way or another."

Melinda had wasted five years being tied to Jonas in a loveless marriage. For the first four years she had been chasing him, and then she had finally realized the truth for what it was: the man she had loved in her best years could never be hers. "A Cinderella," she murmured, and a self-deprecating smile crept into her face. "I was the object of everyone's envy, but what was there to be envious of? What kind of life have I been living all these years? I have become a lesser person than I used to be, shackled to circumstances that only serve me misery."

Even the servants in the main villa, while not all, seemed to be looking down on her. A mistress who was beneath her servants. Such was the life her husband gave her.

"In truth, I was no different from all those other girls." Melinda took a deep breath. She was about to relive all the time she wasted on Jonas, and Queena found herself listening attentively, much to the older woman's chagrin.

"I fell in love with Jonas at first sight. I kept thinking to myself how nice it must be if I were to earn the love of such a man. He was... perfect, practically. He had all the qualifications most girls our age were looking for in a romantic partner.

Except, perhaps, that he is a little aloof. But that only added to his appeal. He was so out of my league—out of anyone's, really—so I strove to become better and worked hard in hopes that I might catch his eye."

A sliver of emotion had laced her tone, and a light little smile played on her lips. Even her eyes had curved into little rainbows.

Regardless of everything else, that part of her youth was among her most treasured memories. And in spite of the pain that followed, the emotions she harbored at that time made her feel more alive than ever in her life.

"I did so many stupid things just to try to get close to him. I got myself into a lot of minor troubles, made a lot of questionable decisions... Just so I could keep him in my sight.

That was all it was, at the time. At first, I thought I would be content just watching him from afar, he was just so out of reach. I never expected that our grandfathers had such a connection, and that I would end up getting married to Jonas after all."

She had thought then that life had given her the most glorious surprise. She had thought of little else during that phase, wrapped as she was in blissful oblivion. The only thing that mattered was the fact that she was going to have a place in Jonas's life.

Her own grandfather had voiced out his reservations, but she plowed on willfully and all but thrown herself into the marriage.

Back then, if she had possessed even a third of the sanity she now had, she would never have been so hasty to dive into a world that was so different from the one that she had known before.

Jonas was like an irresistible, magnetic beacon to her young and naive self. She loved him too much, and couldn't bear even the thought of being apart from him.

She had soon been violently awakened to the cold and bitter reality of where she stood in his life, though. It had always been a source of pain for Melinda to recall those days.

Although she had resigned herself to the sad truth, she always regretted the way her younger self threw away her best years for a man.

Even now, while she nurtured a deep sense of calm, she couldn't help the strong emotions that seemed to claw their way up to the surface, demanding to be acknowledged.

At that point, Queena had already been listening to her daughter-in-law rather intently. Melinda was a storyteller, after all; she had a gift for capturing people's attention with words and immersing them into the stories.

Feeling somewhat gratified, Melinda told her mother-in-law everything. She held nothing back, feeling as though her burdens were being eased as she gave voice to all that she had bottled up for the past decade.

her son out of pure love and sheer perseverance. There was no glamour to her actions and

clerk in one of the family's subsidiaries, and no one had known his identity. Moreover, he wasn't qualified to hold any high position, and wasn't even being considered a candidate to

yet this slip of a girl had already been following him around, hoping to

If his grandfather had not asked Jonas to marry Melinda, Jonas would not have been so quick to get to the

for Jonas to learn the ropes in their business sooner than anyone would have had intended, and now he was more than capable to take the reins and

the one who had nothing—nothing that mattered significantly anyway—and Melinda came

she couldn't help chuckling at Melinda's antics when she was young. "You really were seeing

Melinda laughed along with her. She regretted the decisions that sprang from her emotions,

she had always been hopeful, and never desperate. And she was rather

your Grandpa Nelson tell you all about me?" Queena asked, her

had developed the belief that love was a fleeting emotion, and always treated it as something dispensable. She had her

when

a little," Melinda said softly, looking at her mother-in-law's lowered head. The older

this woman before her from the

breath and leaned against the wall. Her eyes took on

and her demeanor always gave the impression that the speaker had all of her attention. Queena found herself speaking of parts in

confidante, not in these matters anyway. But there she was, sitting on the floor, pouring her heart out to the daughter-in-law she had always kept in contempt—for no real reason, it now

was finally done, Melinda reached out to rub the older woman's shoulder in a gesture of comfort. Queena had led

Melinda's baby, on the

she waved it off as she spoke, her words

endless opportunities to devote your passions to your family, or

proud of him." He had grown into an excellent man,

recalled all the things she had done to antagonize her son, and a sob escaped her

be something to Jonas's upbringing that made

is cold, and so is the wall. The blanket wouldn't do much, Mom. Let

struggling to navigate around her relationship with Melinda. Their whole interaction that night was

so, as soon as she sank into the bed, she fell into a

next morning, Melinda rose early and went downstairs to the kitchen to prepare some breakfast. Last night had been a heavy episode in their lives, and was sure to

lighten the

just as everything was bubbling on the

A few servants were nearby, and helped with the trifle tasks, but all in all it

the garden after that to go over his morning exercises, humming to himself with pleasure at the sight of Melinda being the

having woken up

joking with each other. It was as if the previous night did not happen, and all parties involved were

Queena asked out of the

kitchen, Melinda preparing a pot of tea for Nelson after giving instructions to set aside some