

Forgive My Ex-husband Chapter 134

"Who the hell are you people?" Daniel demanded aggressively. "I could report you to the police for suddenly showing up and raising a racket."

"You're very welcome to involve the police," Kent said with a faint smile. "I'm sure they would be very interested in the case of this car, and would no doubt take the matter into their hands."

He had barely finished speaking when the couple's heads swiveled to look at each other nervously. The woman's lips trembled in visible fear.

Kent only continued to look at them, his gaze swinging back and forth between the man and woman, his smile still in place.

Daniel cleared his throat. He never expected the prank to be so serious; the instructions he was given were rather straightforward. He took the money and did as he was told.

Nobody said anything about a dangerous prank that could possibly qualify as a crime and would bring the authorities to their doorstep.

"I don't know anything," the man said to Kent, although his eyes shifted suspiciously. "I was only told to rent a car."

They were at a stalemate. Daniel and his wife were given a hundred thousand in cash to keep silent on the matter.

It was such a huge amount that even if he, or any of his lot, were to work for the rest of their lives, they would never amass such wealth.

But now that they were faced with the threat of being imprisoned, the money didn't seem enough. Daniel was suddenly thankful that the person who hired him didn't deem him worthy of the details to the transaction.

"Is that so?" Kent said slowly, a cold glint to his eye.

Daniel and his wife stuttered their denials, swearing they had no direct involvement whatsoever to the accident, and repeatedly begged Kent not to call the police.

"What should we do, Sir?" his assistant finally asked. They could both tell that the couple knew more than they were letting on, but obviously less than what Kent required.

As he looked around the surroundings and the living conditions within the area, he felt slightly sorry for the members of this community.

Still, that was no reason for them to risk what little they had by hanging on to the edge of a knife's blade.

"Forget it," Kent exhaled. "Let's just go." Any method of polite query was clearly just a waste of time. If the couple was unwilling to divulge what they knew, then he couldn't do anything to force them.

Besides, he was sure that if the Gu family were really determined to look into the matter, they certainly would have the necessary connections and would definitely nail the culprit in no time.

He only walked the extra mile in hopes that he could provide some sort of explanation to Melinda sooner.

He called her later that night to relay what little he uncovered, and asked her if she wanted him to dig into it any further.

"Never mind. I don't have a lot of enemies anyway. I'm sure that whoever is behind this is now on the run, and can't possibly be hanging around for another scheme. I'll be careful in the future."

She had, in fact, spent a great deal of the day pondering over the possible culprits. She had the usual suspects of course: the women who so openly despised her. But she had no proof, and could come up with no rational explanation behind the deed.

Well, whoever it was, Melinda concluded that the person didn't have enough guts to inflict their actions directly on her. The car probably only served as an outlet for their anger. As long as her life wasn't threatened, she wouldn't waste her precious time worrying over the matter.

"In order to thank you for your help," she told Kent over the phone. "Why don't we have dinner this weekend?" Kent's concern and kindness really touched her.

hadn't really had a proper chance to get together ever since Kent returned

office was busy these days, the weekends were a required

settled for Sunday, which was the day after tomorrow, and decided on the time and place

the appointment was on such short notice that it slipped from Melinda's mind to mention it to Jonas. Kent's return had a lasting effect on Jonas, and his temper ran short over the littlest things. At home

just that he was floundering, clueless on how to

Melinda's outing was never brought up in

pulled Melinda into her painting studio. She had discovered a few days ago that Melinda

Grandpa is exaggerating," Melinda kept saying, embarrassed at the whole turn of events. Queena seemed keen on sharing

truly discovered her painting skills... well, it didn't even bear

supplies and telling Melinda the best spot to paint at any given time of day, as if she were sharing a very valuable treasure. "How is it?" the

their craft, and being inside Queena's studio gave her

was by all the paint and heaps of blank canvases and a shower of natural

so long since she had drawn

ask Gavin for a spare key to this room." Melinda swung her head to look at her mother-in-law in surprise. The older woman only smiled. "You're welcome to it any

with... anything she could, really. And if you let your guard down,

that room, and Melinda finally gave in and

into another blank canvas, humming to herself as she painted the day away. Perhaps it was because she was in such a good mood; perhaps

on canvas. She was still reeling from a myriad of heavy emotions, emotions that were a little too fragile and

later huffed as she looked at Melinda's canvas. "You are too modest for your

brilliant, to be honest, just a hazy mix of colors, but she could tell that her

patriarch didn't fall short with his praises. It seemed like Queena's good mood had translated well to picture. "I'll probably be able to finish it tomorrow," she smiled contentedly. "I'll frame it once the

she could do a

draw?" he commented absentmindedly, thinking back on a painting they had both made

in the right headspace today," Melinda muttered,

thought. 'Not in the right headspace? Is she saying that

himself was distracted all through

morning, Melinda left early. She had breezed through breakfast, and left the mansion as soon as she was done.

thought it best to let you know that the younger madam drove herself out in her

the... She's still driving even after that incident?" A thunderous expression took over

took a step back at his young master's words; the younger man's tone sent

rather violent reaction was a testament to his affections for his wife. The

none of the elders in the family stepped in to

an opportunity for him to redeem himself in

and to say that they were irked was

was all a ruse to frighten her, but look

at all possible, but Jonas's face darkened even further after he heard his words. The butler was quite pleased with himself, totally unaware of

the threats? Is it Kent?' Jonas was aware that these days, all his negative thoughts and feelings always

he couldn't help it. And knowing that he couldn't only fueled

had the phone to his ear for only a beat when he ended the call and tossed it back

floor with yet another painfully loud bang.

it clearly, the name "Emily." Keeping his eyes down, he picked up the mobile device and handed it gingerly to