

Forgive My Ex-husband Chapter 135

Kent instinctively stepped in front of Melinda, his body protectively shielding her. He felt that Jonas had completely lost his control and was afraid that he would harm Melinda.

However, Melinda remained unaffected. She crossed her arms across her chest and smirked at Jonas.

Her eyes darted towards Emily and she shook her head. She felt that Jonas was being a hypocrite. He was annoyed to see Kent with Melinda but he didn't bother stepping away from Emily who was practically hugging him.

Kent glared at Jonas, his eyes fixed on Emily's arms that linked around Jonas's.

Jonas immediately withdrew his arm. Emily lost her balance, staggered, and almost fell to the ground.

She scowled at Melinda almost as if she wanted to skin her alive.

Emily was making use of her sprained ankle to hold Jonas but Melinda's one look was all it took for him to push her away.

Anger was simmering in the pit of Melinda's stomach but she managed to maintain her composure.

That was how Melinda had always been. She was great at concealing her true feelings and Jonas couldn't see the anger and disappointment behind the smile.

His anger spiked when he saw her serene face. How could she remain calm after seeing him with Emily? Was she not hurt to see him with another woman?

Jonas couldn't help but wonder if she loved him or not.

If she truly loved him, wouldn't she be as angry as he was?

Jonas's body was shaking and he felt that his head was about to explode because of Melinda's arrogance.

Melinda ignored Jonas and smiled at Kent. "Kent, that's our table. Let's go inside,"

she said casually as if nothing had happened.

Kent was bewildered. But Melinda walked towards the table before he could question her.

The waiter breathed a sigh of relief. He was scared that Kent and Jonas were going to get into a fight; now he was glad to see them part ways.

Once Melinda left, Emily decided to take advantage of this opportunity to aggravate the issue to break them up.

"Jonas, looks like Melinda has plans with her friend, so why don't we go to our seats? You know it's hard to book a table in this restaurant. It took a lot of effort for me to do it. Please don't ruin this dinner for me." Emily pouted.

Her seductive voice brought Jonas back to his senses. But his eyes were fixed on Melinda.

Their seats weren't too far from each other. Melinda's table was right behind Jonas's and it was separated by green plants. The restaurant had no doors but the tables were separated from each other to ensure the privacy of the diners.

The waiter led Emily and Jonas to their seats. The thick bushes and plants hid Jonas's view and he couldn't see what Melinda and Kent were doing.

Jonas grew frustrated with every passing minute. Emily hated to see his concern for Melinda, so she fisted her palm to suppress her anger.

She understood the power Melinda had over him. Jonas hated to see Melinda with another man because she was important to him. Emily could see that Jonas was slowly drifting away from her.

had she done to win

front of Jonas's eyes. But he didn't

what would you

but had never been here before.

she decided to leave it up to him. She didn't want to order something random and annoy

order some bottles

see that Melinda treated him like a stranger. His heart was asking him to confront her and ask if she cared about him or not but the

rice wine, and home-made wine..." The waiter

one of each

waving his hand. His mind was a complete mess and his body was screaming for

was stunned and

alcohol content in wine is high in this restaurant and it's not advisable to drink

bring what I

intensity of Jonas's face scared the waiter,

see Jonas behave like a

that she needed to do

alcohol as he was

his throat, leaving a burning sensation. Jonas knew that it was harmful to drink on an empty stomach but he loved pain. It took his mind off the things that were bothering him. He felt as if his entire system was on

face flashed in his eyes and he lost

losing his self, Melinda was surprisingly calm. She was behaving as if

"Melinda,"

this was all an act. Melinda usually said a word or two to

and suggested the

were different from the others. She had personally tasted the dishes before, so she knew

"What's wrong?"

she saw Kent looking at her with inquiring

mouth to say something but he didn't know what to say. He could, to

a reflection of his love for Melinda but she couldn't see it. If

incredibly stupid. If it were him, he would have immediately kissed

Melinda's quarrel had attracted the attention of several

you want to

asked. She had ordered an array of dishes and a bowl of soup to

ordered some tofu pudding, and plum

menu, and returned it to Melinda. "Umm...

"Okay, that's all."

the menu and the pen to the waiter. The owner of the restaurant was Melinda's friend, so the waiter was kind

and swallow it down with a sip of wine. It's a divine combination.

as she filled Kent's glass with

sip of it. He finally cleared his throat and asked what was bothering him for too long. "Melinda, don't you want to say hello to

"To him?"

scoffed. Kent knitted his eyebrows