

Forgive My Ex-husband

Chapter 14 Writing

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Both of them stayed late at night. The news about the couple having a romantic stay in the hotel was exposed by the reporters.

Nelson couldn't be happier and he was slowly getting stronger and stronger.

The next morning, Melinda woke up to an unfamiliar environment. She hadn't slept well and was distracted the entire night. She had been in a daze, wool-gathering about her life, and didn't know when she fell asleep.

Jonas was already awake when Melinda opened her eyes. He was leaning against the bed. A half-burned cigarette was clasped between his fingers as he stared at a distance, lost in thought. The wisps of smoke were whirling around him.

The contrast between the delicate rose petals strewn all over the bed and Jonas's tight face was almost comical.

"Are you awake?"

Jonas's deep voice reverberated across the silent room. Melinda looked up at him. She knew that his flat, emotionless voice was

only meant for her. Melinda had seen him speak in a different, happier tone when he was with Emily.

"Yes," Melinda said. She felt weird that Jonas had taken the initiative to talk with her. She quickly shook the thoughts away and

decided to stop overthinking about this. She had spent five years, trying to find out what kind of a person her husband was.

Jonas was an enigma and she still couldn't figure out his true personality.

"There will be reporters when we leave the hotel. What do we do?"

Jonas smashed his cigarette on the ashtray and put it out.

Melinda stopped rubbing her arms and went to the bathroom to take a shower.

When the two of them walked out of the hotel, Melinda held Jonas's hand and blushed for the camera. She was an effortless actor and the paparazzi believed her act.

The reporters standing by the gate began to take pictures of the couple as they walked out. Nelson had arranged a car to pick them up. The happy couple immediately parted ways as soon as they stepped inside the car. They didn't have to pretend behind closed doors.

"When will this be over?" Melinda frowned. If it hadn't been for Nelson, she wouldn't have agreed to do this for Jonas.

"You need to understand that I want this to end as much as you do," Jonas muttered and closed his eyes. The netizens were used to changing opinions with time. With the news column flooding with new information, people seemed to forget the past quickly. However, that wasn't the case with Jonas's reputation. After the rumors about his probable affair with Holley, it took a lot of effort and time to prove his innocence. Melinda and Jonas stayed together, plotting different scenarios to make people believe that they were really happy together. The public opinion gradually changed. Holley tried her best to destroy their plans and bring the truth to light, but she had failed every single time.

"Damn you, Melinda!" Holley grunted. Melinda was the perfect wife in the eyes of people and people were thrashing and abusing Holley because of her. Her one night of popularity had crumbled down and people began to spread their hatred for her. Holley went to the hotel in which Melinda and Jonas had stayed together.

The hotel room was tidy and romantic. There was a small table in the balcony that had several bottles of red wine and a fruit basket that she had arranged.

Holley took a quick shower and walked to the balcony in her bathrobe. She was a model and had a beautiful figure and flawless skin.

Holley was someone who made the most of her advantages.

She was depressed and didn't care about how much she drank. She wanted to drink as much wine as she could to forget her

problems. She ran out of alcohol in no time. Holley shook the bottle and licked the final drop of wine.

Her face turned red with

anger, and she needed more alcohol. That was when she heard a soft knock on the door. She staggered to her feet and shambled towards the door.

When Holley opened the door, her gaze fell on a tall man who was smiling at her. He was wearing a suit that was tailored for

him. A smile tugged at the corners of Holley's mouth as she raked her eyes across his body. She stepped forward and wrapped

her arms across his neck. She smiled and kissed the base of his throat, gently nibbling on his Adam's apple.

The man inched forward and pressed his lips against hers. The kiss soon turned passionate and wild as their tongues danced in rhythm. They walked into the bedroom as they continued to ravage each other's body. They knocked out everything on their way.

Neither of them were aware of the camera that was capturing them making out in the corridor.

The detective looked at the photos and an evil smile crept on his lips. "Wow! You really are a slut," he muttered.

He immediately mailed the pictures to Holley. Holley let out a moan of pleasure as her body slumped on the bed next to the man. She was lazing on the bed and skimming through her phone. The contented smile on her face fell as panic surged through her veins when she checked her e-mail.

"What happened?" the man asked. Holley turned to look at him. He was looking at her with curious eyes.

"What's wrong, honey?"

"I want you to leave right now," Holley said and quickly sent a message to the sender.

She didn't know what the person wanted from her. But Holley felt that it was best to send the man away. Her life would be ruined if the reporters were waiting outside the hotel. Holley's phone chimed with a message. "Transfer the money to this account."

Holley's jaw dropped in shock. The message was from the detective.

"Stop acting smart. This is a lesson for you. Don't repeat the mistake," the detective said.

Holley didn't want her reputation to be destroyed. The detective was a powerful man and didn't rest without making Holley pay for her mistakes.

Without Holley's interruption, the PR department of Soaring Group functioned without a hitch. Melinda felt that it was time to end the show and Jonas's actions proved that she was right.

As time went by, Jonas and Melinda rarely showed up in public. Finally the PR department gave out a message saying Melinda was recuperating at home. They also sent pictures of Melinda resting at home to prove their statement. Melinda continued to stay in the Gu's mansion. Nelson ordered all the maids to take good care of her. Attending to the need of

Jonas was the only thing Melinda knew. Since she had decided to break all ties with him, she was confused about what she needed to do next.

"Melinda, have you ever considered writing literature? I remember you were always fond of writing," Kent suggested. Melinda shared her worries with Kent who was always empathetic and gave her the best advice at the right time.

Melinda remembered her school days and the romantic dreams she had when she was young. Unfortunately, her life turned into a nightmare after she got married to Jonas.

"I think I know what I need to do. Thank you, Kent." Melinda smiled gratefully. Kent also hoped that writing would keep her mind off the things that were bothering her. He didn't want her to wallow in self-pity about her failed marriage. Melinda seemed to have attained a new sense of peace. She wasn't the stubborn girl anymore and Nelson finally got to see her smile a lot, which made him happy. "Melinda, is there any good news?" Nelson asked. "Look at your face bubbling with joy."

"Grandpa, I'm going to write a novel," Melinda answered. When Nelson opened his mouth to say something, Yulia mocked at

her.

"Novel? You think too much of yourself, don't you, Melinda?"

Yulia loved to read novels, especially romantic ones. She often imagined that she was a famous star with a handsome, rich boyfriend.

"It's a wonderful idea. I'm on your side," Nelson said, stroking Melinda's hair.

He glared at Yulia and instructed the butler to look for books that would be of use to Melinda. He also ordered Soaring Group to extend their support to Melinda.

Melinda was a woman of action. She had already written the first draft of the book five years ago. She decided to polish her work and turn it into a winning novel.

Melinda was a good writer and even her first draft was eye catching. She was full of youth and life when she had written it.

Melinda closed her eyes and blew out a loud breath. Nelson was kind to Melinda and he had arranged a special room for her to work peacefully. The room was filled with books, pens, stationery, and absolutely everything that she would need to work on her book.

Melinda was writing after a long hiatus and didn't know where to begin with. She quickly made notes of the information and ideas before she started writing.

Nelson loved and cared for Melinda, which made Yulia hate her even more. She didn't want Melinda to live a better life. Yulia knew that her grandfather wouldn't stop praising Melinda if she successfully completed her novel. She wanted to somehow ruin Melinda's plans and stop her from completing the novel. She wouldn't let her become a famous writer.

"Who let you in?" Melinda asked when she saw Yulia walk into her room without her permission. She was writing the character sketch and didn't want to be interrupted.

"This is my house. I can go wherever I want," Yulia growled. Melinda rolled her eyes and went back to writing. She wasn't in the mood to argue with her.

"Do you want to go shopping with me?" Yulia asked. Melinda looked at Yulia in disbelief. She wondered why Yulia wanted her to join her and looked at Yulia with suspicion.

"What? Are you afraid of me?" Yulia asked provocatively as Melinda didn't respond. Melinda suppressed her urge to laugh at her.

She quickly changed her expression and said, "Let's go." She also wanted to buy something. Melinda saved her work and closed the laptop. She grabbed her phone and stood up to leave.

"Are you going shopping like this?" Yulia asked, scrunching her nose in distaste.

Melinda was wearing a pair of jeans and a white shirt. Her hair was tied into a messy bun.

"No wonder my brother doesn't like you. You have no grace," Yulia said.

But Melinda was least bothered. She and Yulia were poles apart. Yulia went to her room and changed her clothes. She applied a delicate coat of makeup, styled her hair, and put on a pair of nice shoes. Yulia paid attention to every detail from head to toe.

Melinda was wandering in the mall with nothing but her phone, while Yulia picked clothes of famous designers and flaunted them on purpose.

Yulia continued to rave about the history of the famous brands. She wanted to show off but didn't expect that Melinda would know more information than she did.

"Miss, all of these are tailor-made clothes. You can't try them on." Melinda turned around when she heard the gentle voice of the

saleslady. She was aware of the brand and their rules.

But Yulia was quarreling with the lady.

Melinda put down the painting that she was looking at and went to sort the problem out. She was appalled by Yulia's behavior.

"I'm sorry, my friend love Joey's works. She's dying to try them out. The new design looks ravishing. He's a pure visionary."

Melinda changed the topic and continued to praise Joey. She took one of the designs and asked Yulia to request the saleslady to arrange a dress for her.

"Joey is flattered by your kind words. He appreciates you for taking an interest in his work. So he wants to offer this dress for half the price." The saleslady winked at Melinda. Yulia was fuming with rage. She wondered how Melinda managed to cast a spell on everyone.

Yulia had brought Melinda to the shop with the intention of humiliating her, but now she fell into the pit which she made.

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