

Forgive My Ex-husband Chapter 143

"Yulia, I'm not feeling well." Melinda's tone was cold. "I'm afraid I can't accompany you any further."

Yulia knew the reason, of course. She didn't really need Melinda's help anyway.

Her purpose was an entirely different matter, and she had accomplished that already.

She didn't protest, but she could see that the encounter had a physical effect on the other woman.

If they came back to mansion and the rest of the family saw the state Melinda was in, they would no doubt blame it on Yulia. "Let me take you back home."

"There's no need for that," Melinda's reply was swift. "You need to continue checking out your shop."

She needed a moment of peace. The bustle of the city was giving her a headache, and she was feeling close to suffocating.

She wanted to explode.

Yulia bit her lip and examined the situation. Her main concern was the certainty that Nelson and Queena would think she had done something to Melinda if she returned like this. She couldn't let that happen.

"No, it would be better if I stayed with you," she tried again, her intent genuine this time, albeit somehow two-faced.

It gave Melinda pause. 'It looks like Yulia really cares about me,' she mused.

But she had suffered enough in the hands of this girl to let herself be fooled over repeatedly. 'She's only putting up appearances.'

"I want to be left alone," she told Yulia firmly. The younger girl was too embarrassed to insist any further after such an absolute denial, so she said nothing. Melinda walked away and Yulia let her.

As she passed by the spot where she saw her husband and another woman earlier, Melinda was assaulted by the pungent smell of tobacco and the cloying scent of Emily's perfume.

The pounding on her temples grew stronger. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath.

When she opened her eyes again, she raised her chin, and walked to the parking lot with her head held high.

As soon as she was seated inside her car, however, her facade cracked, and the dam broke. She hunched over the steering wheel and sobbed quietly.

How many times had she told herself that her husband was never worth crying her heart out? Countless times. Too many times.

And yet there she was, her tears falling uncontrollably as she let her heart be wrenched and gutted yet again.

She allowed herself a good cry, and it took her the better part of the hour before the tears subsided.

The seat beside her was littered with dirty tissues, and the tissue box on her dashboard was almost empty.

She pulled out a couple more sheets, and took a final dab at her eyes. They felt swollen and puffy, and they no doubt looked just how they felt.

She glanced at her reflection on the rearview mirror, and could see that her cheeks were red as well.

She took a sip of water from the tumbler she always packed in her car, and then rummaged for her makeup kit. After a couple of beats, she realized she hadn't brought it with her, which was a total bummer.

came home looking like this, Grandpa Nelson would definitely question her. She really didn't have any more energy

so despite her worry, she started her engine

when she arrived. She sped up the stairs, locked the

on the table. She picked it up, and froze as she saw her husband's

took a long,

felt like forever. He had dialed her number several times already, but

his wife was supposed to be out

contemplating on dialing Yulia's number next when his ongoing call was finally

hoarse from all her crying, but

been calling you so

was feeling a tad too sensitive at the moment. And in light of

glued to the phone all the time, and my time so free and flexible that I have to answer it every

he realized something was wrong.

all right, Mellie? Are you unwell?" His mind was already racing with the possibilities. 'What happened? Wasn't she all right this morning? Did something happen when

was weary and cold. She sounded as if the past

scrambled for something to say. "Mellie, I... I've made a clean break with Emily

always had something to do with the actress. Perhaps such was the case now. He'd better go ahead and say

part of the reasons he had been trying to reach his wife in the first place anyway. He had considered it quite

face to face, Jonas would have known what an utterly terrible idea it was. It was exactly the wrong thing to say at the

anything?" she shot back over the phone. 'So

of confused silence over the line, but before Jonas could say anything more,

face. To

shouldn't have been. She had been in this situation more times than she cared to count. It had

the point in hanging on to Jonas any longer.

but

office and still holding the phone, Jonas came to the unmistakable

to see his wife immediately. He made a grab for his car keys and strode out

reception area with a pile of documents in his arms, meant to be delivered to his boss' table, when he saw the man himself all but sprint

and his secretary could only stare as

boss had been pleased

usually took one hour, but Jonas managed to

mid-afternoon, so everyone at the residence

come back herself, and was in the living room being served some snacks by Gavin. She had mixed feelings about having to face his brother at the

and she could not help the terror she felt at the prospect of

wanted to see her scheme to the end, and wanted to be present to deal the final blow

guilt became useful in doubling as innocence to the incident she had plotted

my wife?" Jonas demanded, his face

young madam..." Gavin drifted off as he looked to Yulia. He knew the two women went out earlier, but what was with this recent

about to accuse her of some thing or

at her brother. Everyone, including the servants who were quietly minding their tasks nearby, paused and stared at her

darkening. "What the hell are you talking about?"

travel up her spine, but she gritted her teeth. "We know you met with Emily