

## Forgive My Ex-husband Chapter 73

"Jonas, this is our baby." Holley had both hands on her belly in a protective gesture. She backed away a few steps, wary of the dark expression on Jonas's face. She could feel the force of his intent across that small distance.

"I will never acknowledge that child. Get rid of it."

"Jonas, how could you say that? This is your baby!" Holley immediately regretted her sudden outburst. There was a ruthless glint on Jonas's eyes, and it frightened her.

"One million," Jonas barked each word succinctly. "Get rid of that child."

Holley felt a momentary elation the moment she heard the amount of money that was coming her way. She had initially planned on using her baby as leverage to extort some money.

But then Jonas's continuous denial and his vehement demands to get an abortion were starting to get to her. It was then that it dawned on her: she wanted both the money and the child.

Besides, if she could get Jonas to accept them, she might even have a shot at becoming his wife. That was all the motivation she needed. "Jonas, this is a human life you want to eliminate!"

"Do you think I care?" A sardonic smile was on his face. If he wanted a child he could always have one with his wife, and no one else.

At that point Holley knew resistance was futile, and no amount of her dramatics would make him change his mind. This was the rumored tyrant, after all, the man whose emotions no one could seem to stir.

"Jonas. Jonas, please, I really want to keep the baby. Please give us a chance, okay? Please? For old times' sake?" She needed the baby alive if she wanted a trump card in the future.

She started to go down on her knees and knelt her way towards Jonas, begging and crying as she grabbed his hand.

Jonas only slapped her hand away, and shot her a look of utter irritation. It looked like he would forcefully throw her out at any given moment.

"One million," he repeated. "I will personally take care of the arrangements for the abortion. The doctor has to be someone I trust." He moved away from where Holley crouched on the ground.

"You had better accept this proposition, Holley, while I'm still being patient and telling you nicely. If you don't, I'll make sure you lose everything you have."

Holley rose and touched her belly, the tears flowing down her face now turning genuine. "Jonas, please." All she could do was beg. She knew Jonas would do exactly as he said. She'd seen him trample on other people to get things done the way he wanted.

She was having seconds now. She truly wanted to keep her baby, not just to use it for whatever greedy plans she might hatch. But at the same time she harbored a great fear at what Jonas might do to her. To say she was regretting ever coming here today would be a gross understatement. Jonas smoothed his shirt from when Holley tried to maul him, and adjusted his collar with cold indifference. "I will give you three days to make a decision. I know you're not stupid, Holley. I trust you know what choice would be good for you." With that Jonas turned away and called for Gavin. He ordered for Holley to be escorted out of the premises, and returned to the villa to pour himself a stiff drink.

Melinda was at the pavilion at that time, and she saw Holley leaving through the gates. Although she couldn't see the woman's face clearly, she got the impression that the model was being sent away.

Melinda remained in the pavilion for a few minutes more, expecting Jonas to come to her. When he didn't show up after a while, she went looking for him.

She scoured the main villa, but her husband seemed to have shut himself out somewhere. Deciding not to dwell on it, Melinda retired to her own villa.

The moment she opened the door to her foyer, she was assaulted by the pungent smell of alcohol and cigarette smoke. Jonas was sprawled on one of the large chairs in her parlor.

smoke and drink yourself to death, kindly do it somewhere

air the room. Then she walked over and stood in

lover you're indulging yourself with your vices?" She was careful to keep her

finally looked at her. His eyes were hooded and his voice sounded tired. "Do I look glad to you? You must

Melinda muttered to herself as she picked up the empty bottle rolling on the

Jonas must not be drunk. He certainly looked

to yourself?" he asked with a frown,

her

almost sure it wasn't "nothing" at all, but he was

shut Holley up. He didn't want anyone to know why she came here today, especially Melinda. He was admittedly worried what she might do if she found out. He had no doubt he'd hate it. Thinking about this possibility only soured his mood

all the alcohol

no move to have an

he did not anticipate, however, was that Holley contacted the press and leaked

ears through one of his business partners, and it came to him as a shock. He almost had a heart attack on the spot. People rushed over to calm their

everyone scurried on his trail as he stormed to the main offices. They

told him his grandson was in the middle of a meeting. Without mincing his words, Nelson ordered the poor secretary to barge into the conference room and

room. As soon as it was just Nelson and Jonas left, William shut the

early that morning, and was yet unaware of the ugly

his grandfather's sudden visit,

you even really my grandson?! How could you do this!

had only been a few days ago when he made a promise to Leonard that he

Holley. He didn't know the extent of the damage yet, but he knew that woman

a hand over his face, and his eyes

Nelson shouted in anger and frustration. "Do you even realize just how deep in shit you are? Now everyone knows what you've done. What will Melinda think? Oh God, what will people think of

his grandson. To think

hollowed Jonas's mind of every thought except for his wife.

kept on with his miserable tirade, and the whole time all Jonas could think of was "no." 'No, no, no, no,

his grandfather cried at last. He was shaking with emotion, and finally seated himself on one

his silence the entire time, absorbed in his own dark thoughts. For a brief,

then, when he angered his grandfather, the old man would beat him. But now his grandfather was slumped in defeat, and it brought Jonas shame upon shame to

pushed for Jonas

happy. His grandson was the kind of man who would

thoughts. It was William, saying that something urgent had come up, and they needed

was quick on his grandfather's