

## Forgive My Ex-husband Chapter 80

Jonas wasn't too drunk to completely pass out. All he took was a short nap. Then he went to take a shower so he could be himself again.

His mind kept coming back to his impromptu love confession back at the police station, and he couldn't help but laugh at his own awkwardness. Before his grandfather could send for him, Jonas sauntered into the older man's study.

"You idiot grandson!" His grandfather held nothing back, and showed just how upset he was. "How much stupider are you willing to become, just to cater to the whims of that girl, Emily?"

Nonetheless, Nelson found consolation in his grandson's apparent obedience and his submission to a good scolding. He even took it upon himself to come here on his own, and was now sitting quietly as he listened to his grandfather's tirade.

Nelson's anger eased, and his tone softened a little. This was his darling grandson, after all, no matter what an idiot he may be. He'd watched him grow up into a man; he didn't have the heart to be truly cruel to him.

"Grandpa," Jonas said when Nelson was finally done. "I've already explained to Melinda. It was all just a misunderstanding."

"A misunderstanding you say?" Nelson was a little doubtful, not about the whole fiasco being a mistake, but more about Jonas claiming to have bothered to explain himself to anyone.

"Yes," Jonas said earnestly. "I talked to Melinda and laid it out properly, but I don't think she believed me. She was being rather cross and would cut me off several times while I talked."

"Ha! Serves you right." In spite of his words, Nelson was beaming at his grandson. It may not be too obvious to either youngster, but their relationship had vastly improved with this development. If it were up to him, he would have preferred that Melinda torture her idiot husband even further.

Jonas scratched his chin. He was slightly annoyed as he recalled what happened hours ago, but one thought stood out: his wife had come running the moment she heard something had happened to him. He was pleased with this.

"To think that she would brush off my confession just like that." He was murmuring to himself, but Nelson was quick to catch his words.

"What did you just say?" he blurted out, leaning forward on his huge desk in his excitement. "You confessed to Melinda? A love confession?"

He had always hoped for this, after all. Deep down he had his suspicions that Jonas might have been growing fonder of Melinda, but then something would always happen that alluded to opposite being true.

Although he remained hopeful, Nelson had grown wary of the possibilities, and had resolved not too expect too much too soon. Even now he had his doubts.

Jonas had a vague idea of what was going on in his grandfather's mind. He gave the older man a gentle smile. "Listen, Grandpa. I'm in love with Melinda. I will work hard from now on to be the man she deserves."

He had a solemn air about him as he spoke. He swallowed several times after that, as if it took a great deal out of him to say those words out loud.

Nelson realized that his grandson was telling the truth, and he promptly teared up. He had waited so long for this day to come. "Oh, finally! You finally figured it out."

Jonas never thought his grandfather to be one for theatrics, but he now he was seeing the old man raise both hands and look to the ceiling as he exclaimed his joy. His mood lightened at that.

But then the old man's face suddenly grew stern, and his tone became firm. "Now cut off all your ties with that Emily girl and make sure to beg for your wife's forgiveness! You have to attend to Melinda hand and foot, do you understand?"

He was all too aware of what a thorn Emily was to his grandson's marriage. Whether they were romantically involved or not, he knew that Emily would keep at her efforts to destroy what Jonas and Melinda had.

He refused to overlook everything that evil girl had done in the past. He would stand his ground on this matter; it would be in the best interest of the young couple to nip it in the bud and get rid of Emily.

Jonas had to laugh at his grandfather's earnest outburst. "Don't worry Grandpa, I know what to do. I already have it all planned out." And he meant it.

and their marriage, all because of Emily's whims. He would never make the same mistakes in the future. Melinda deserved a devoted

expressing their thoughts and their shared fondness of Melinda. They

conversation when Gavin knocked on the study

join them. According to the servants, the young madam excused herself saying she was uncomfortable to dine in the main villa, and had dinner brought

to his wife's villa. He

lips. "You must never let me go after this. Not

been confident in himself, but he always found himself at a loss when it came to his wife. He already had his work cut out for him, so he was fervently hoping that he could get Melinda

Although he did stay for a few more minutes just

to get a good night's sleep after all that happened, but

talking amicably, even laughing together, or just sitting in companionable silence. Every now and then the unpleasant memories would intrude, but the happy ones always stood out, more vividly than the

do something about that woman immediately. He looked back on the

to be so cruel to Emily, given their background. He tossed and turned and brooded as he lay in bed. It wasn't until dawn that he finally

was too tired of their marriage. She kept telling him to

Melinda would push him away every time, and tell him that Emily could undoubtedly make him happier, since he always came to

memory in the light of day, but the alarm and urgency pumping in his veins were very real. He made a decision right there and then. He couldn't

was going to help Emily, but this would be the last time. He'd even allow some excess with the favor she was

down for breakfast, he found Melinda already seated and silently eating some porridge. She cast him a brief glance as he pulled out a chair, saying nothing. A sense of guilt assaulted him but he pushed it down. It was time to act with full intent. He pulled his chair right next to hers and sat on it, purposely

me." He brought his face closer to hers as he whispered,

was calm and curt, but deep down her nerves were a wreck, and she struggled

of his cologne brought up memories of the night at the police station, his sudden confession, and that brief peck on

cool facade didn't fool Jonas, however. Well, even if he believed her to be unaffected, he would never shrink back

prepare the same breakfast, and cheerfully ate beside his wife. He was quick with it, and they ended up finishing the

her napkin, and Jonas grabbed the opportunity before she could rise and flee to her room. "Mellie, everything I said last night—none of it was a joke. I'll prove it to you later, and in the coming days, or weeks or years,

out with his napkin to wipe a spot in the

could feel her cheeks start to heat up. Jonas watched in fascination as he made his wife blush. Ever since he became

for work, and told Melinda as much. He could tell she was relieved to be rid of him as she hurried back to her room. Nevertheless, he was certain it wasn't due to any negative feelings, and he left the mansion with a spring

necessary arrangements, which included pouring funds amounting to five million dollars

vine, and people from the entertainment industry, who wanted the chance to cozy up to a conglomerate heir, started to invest on Emily as a celebrity, offering her various

a few hours, countless projects had landed on her lap. Despite this,

chosen her over his own wife. Little did

headed for the shower. He knew Melinda hated the smell of alcohol and tobacco, and he had every intention to spend

done cleaning up, and he knew Melinda would probably be watching television or reading magazines at this hour. He made a beeline for

doorway, trying to decipher the complicated mix of emotions he was feeling. Mostly, he was

down and asked the servants where the young madam was. He was told his grandfather took her out for a visit to an old friend; Jonas

wasn't such a big deal. He would simply wait up for his wife. His good mood restored, Jonas walked to

from his desk, it was well past nine o'clock. His wife still wasn't home. Miffed, he gave his

a visit and dragging Melinda along. He wasn't exempt to the grapevine of his own company, and news of what Jonas did today for Emily also reached him. He felt he earned the right to be pissed at his grandson, what with this apparent

come home with Melinda—immediately, Nelson felt a vindictive gratification. Nope, they weren't coming home anytime soon, he was regretful to