## Author: Wealth Wanderer

Revenge on My Ex-husband

## In a dimly lit room, Melody Nolan's head was buried in the soft covers of her bed. Her tense

room, and returned with a cake she had carefully prepared.

**Chapter 1: Let's Divorce, Christopher!** 

neck was flushed, and she swallowed the painful moans from escaping her throat. The room temperature rose slightly. In the next moment, someone pushed her away.

Having been married for three years, Melody had long grown accustomed to the cold

treatment. There was little else she could do. She was the one who had gone and fallen madly in love with the man before her, after all. Ignoring the pain racking through her body, she casually slipped into a thin shirt. She left the

"Chris, today's your birthday. Grandpa insisted you take at least one bite of the cake."

With a click, the man fastened his belt. He only turned to look at her after a long time had passed.

"Melody, do you think using Grandpa as an excuse will make me listen to you?"

Under the dim light, Christopher Bolton exuded a cold and aloof demeanor. His well-tailored

suit wrapped his tall figure perfectly. His slightly chilly voice revealed impatience, and the cold gleam in his eyes sent shivers down Melody's spine.

In contrast, Melody's worn-out loungewear made her look like an ugly duckling. "No..."

Due to her nervousness, Melody's voice grew quieter. "I just wanted to say... We've been

married for three years, but you've never spent a birthday at home..."

She and Christopher had been married for three years. Apart from fulfilling physical needs or visiting the manor where his grandfather stayed with her, he never came home to her.

She had always been left alone in the empty villa, abandoned like a lost soul. "I won't eat it!"

The more Melody spoke, the softer her voice became.

Christopher threw the cake to the floor, his voice cold and devoid of warmth.

would've married that person just the same!" From a pauper in the slums to the person she had become now, he knew all too well about Melody's intentions.

"Melody, did you really think marrying me would elevate your status? I'm warning you, I

married you just to make Grandpa happy. If someone else had saved Grandpa back then, I

"Talia's back. I'm going to pick her up."

Christopher's expression was cold and mocking.

Christopher's deep, seductive voice was a sharp blade that pierced Melody's heart.

At that moment, the pain in Melody's heart was more intense than any physical pain.

Melody stiffened. Before she could retort, she heard another shocking news.

That name had been Melody's nightmare for three years.

He would always promise her, "I'll definitely marry you."

Talia Stewart...

ice.

wife!

Bang!

She had never seen Christopher be so gentle with anyone.

Christopher gave her one final glance before turning to leave the room. As soon as he stepped out, Melody returned to her senses and hurriedly followed after him.

For three years, she lost count how often she heard Talia's sobs through Christopher's phone.

"Chris, please don't go."

"Just let me celebrate your birthday with you once, Chris. Aren't I your wife? Why are you treating me like this?"

She caught his sleeve anxiously, her pleading eyes filled with despair.

She didn't know what she had said wrong, but it instantly infuriated him. He grabbed her chin. His eyes were so cold, it couldn't be described as anything other than

"I've never acknowledged you as my wife!"

To him, Melody was just a girl from the slums who happened to save his grandfather, Jonathan Bolton. She succeeded in deceiving the old man into thinking she should be his granddaughter-in-law. She even obtained a marriage certificate without Christopher's knowledge.

She was a scheming wench with hidden motives. She was nowhere near deserving to be his

her last shred of hope. Melody had only grabbed a tiny bit of his clothing, but he suddenly shoved her away so

Under Melody's submissive gaze, Christopher's impatience and manhandling of her shattered

roughly. Not expecting his violent reaction, she stumbled and slammed into the edge of a table.

The muffled impact was accompanied by sharp pain.

Melody's head felt warm. When her gaze met the fresh red stain seeping out her head, something seemed to unlock in her mind. Familiar yet unfamiliar fragments of memories rushed into her like a tidal wave, filling a missing piece of her memory.

She was the daughter of the prestigious Nolan family, the pampered and cherished young heiress who had grown up in luxury and privilege!

arm.

What was she doing here?

But what did that matter?

underestimated you..."

His voice dripped with sarcasm.

had vanished entirely, leaving only indifference.

"Christopher Bolton, let's get a divorce!"

Christopher was sure he had seen it wrongly.

She remembered it all.

Everything came flooding back.

The bright and arrogant young heiress of the Nolan family, who had lost her memory, reduced herself to serving a heartless man?!

Christopher instinctively wanted to bend down and help her up, but he never did move his

He admitted, Melody had been docile and obedient over these three years. She was as humble as a servant, never causing him any trouble. As a wife, she could even be considered perfect.

The dim lighting obscured the momentary astonishment in Christopher's eyes.

Melody was pale as she sat on the ground, a crimson trail on her head.

She was after his money. Even then, she wanted him to give her his heart? The more he thought about it, the darker his expression became.

"What?" he spat. "Now you're pretending to be weak and helpless? Melody, I really

His harsh words were hurtful and jarring as it rang in Melody's ears. Without waiting for Christopher to finish, Melody stood up. The usual tenderness in her eyes

Ever since he came from downstairs, this was Christopher's first time taking Melody seriously. She didn't seem to be feigning the seriousness in her eyes. In fact, he even detected a hint of...disdain?

"Melody, do you really consider yourself part of the Bolton family just because they call you

Mrs. Bolton?" He furrowed his brows, his sharp gaze fixed on her. "Do you think you can afford the cost of a divorce?"

His tone was cold and full of contempt.

Immediately, Melody's anger surged. She wiped the blood off her face with a quick motion. Then, she stood up swiftly and retorted, "You don't have to concern yourself with whether I can afford it, Mr. Bolton."

So, he thought she couldn't survive without him?

"Once you sign this, we'll both go our separate ways forever!"

She slammed it on the table in front of Christopher.

Perhaps that might have been the case in the past. Now, who between them had more money was still up for debate! Melody stormed upstairs. A few minutes later, she returned with a piece of paper still warm from freshly printed words.