



## Chapter 11 An Exchange

As a familiar voice rang in Melody's ears, the warmth of the man's chest and the faint scent of his white dress shirt enveloped her five senses.

Lifting her head, she saw the man's sharp jawline. Under the bright light, it looked even more defined. There was a dashing smile on his face.

In that very moment, the figure in her memory slowly merged with the man before her...

She smiled, surprised. "Albert! What brings you here?"

The young boy had already grown into a tall, handsome man. Now, she had to lift her head just to look him in the eye.

Albert was practically the embodiment of elegance and youth. Melody couldn't help but caress his face. However, her gesture served to enrage Christopher even more.

"Don't worry, Mel. I'm here. No one can hurt you now." Albert shot Christopher a dirty glare, looking cautious as he held her closer to him.

"Aww! You really have grown a lot!" Melody cooed.

She was a bit tipsy, so she was acting differently from her usual calm self. She smiled brightly as she leaned into

Albert's embrace, feeling rather safe in his arms.

Seeing how affectionate the two were to each other, Christopher boiled with rage. He clenched his fists.

"Melody Nolan! You come over here right now!" Christopher ordered loudly. He was trembling, close to losing his composure. 1

Hearing this, Albert's warm smile faded in an instant—as if he was no longer the same person from before.

"Sir," he warned, "if you continue harassing her, I'm going to have to call the cops."

Silence filled the air as the two men met eyes.

Christopher scowled deeply. "And who are you to her?"

"That's none of your business. But I'm warning you: don't approach Mel ever again. Or else, I'll have to step in." Albert stared Christopher up and down, and his heart bubbled with anger. "Hah! What a waste of good looks. You don't deserve her at all!"

Melody was about to look around, but she felt a sudden wave of warmth on the back of her head. Albert's protective embrace tightened, and the sensation was oddly comforting for her.

"Mel, let's stop talking to such a violent piece of shit. I'll be taking you home."

Albert spoke to her in a voice filled with adoration. Right in front of Christopher, he swooped Melody up and carried her in his arms.

Christopher watched as they left. He stopped himself from chasing after them, and punched the light post next to him instead.

'Good. Just great! I thought she was just spouting nonsense because she's drunk, but she really was telling the truth! She was two-timing me all along!

'Hell, she was probably pretending to be nice back when we were still married!

'Damn it! What else has this woman done behind my back?'

Christopher's gaze turned frosty, his fists still clenched at his sides, his nails digging into his skin.

Ethan and Gabriel noticed that he had been away for quite some time, so they came out looking for him.

"Chris, why are you standing here all alo—"

Both of them stopped, shocked to see a red slap mark on Christopher's face as soon as he turned around.

Ethan couldn't hold back his laughter, despite his attempts.

"Didn't think our almighty Mr. Bolton could end up in such a state! This is rare! Hahaha...! Oh, man. This slap probably came from a woman, huh? Who is it? Don't tell me it's

Melody?"

They had been friends for over a decade, but this was the first time Ethan had seen Christopher like this. He couldn't possibly let this opportunity go to waste.

"That reminds me, Melody's like a wild little kitty now. I like it!" Ethan nudged Gabriel, and smiled cheekily. "You'd support me, right? I've always loved these types of girls! I might not be as charming as our lovely Mr. Bolton here, but I'm not that bad either! Once I win her over, his ex-wife will become my girl! It's like an exchange! Isn't that exciting?"

If eyes could kill, Ethan would have been slaughtered over thousands of times by now.

"Do you want to die?" Christopher snarled. He gritted his teeth and walked away, trying his best not to lose his temper in front of his best friends.

He got into his car, looking deeply upset. The air turned ice cold.

Luke dared not utter a single word. His hands trembled as he gripped the steering wheel, worried he would get caught in the crossfire.

'What's going on? I've never seen him so pissed.'

Looking at the various colored luxury cars outside Fairyland, Christopher's frown deepened. His eyebrows furrowed, burying into his skin.

Although Albert was wearing a white shirt with no logo, the tailoring indicated that it was no ordinary brand.

'How is a peasant like Melody acquainted with so many of the rich? Besides, I can tell they're definitely much closer than just mere acquaintances! She didn't even go out much during the three years of our marriage!' 1

The more Christopher thought about it, the more he was certain they were very close. Their relationship was evident from the way they spoke to each other—especially with how Melody greeted Albert.

As her sweet tone towards that man echoed in his mind, Christopher punched the car door with all his might.

'That shameless woman! How dare she cheat on me?! I was such a fool for letting her get away with it for so long. I knew our marriage was a mistake to begin with!'

Luke couldn't help but shiver. He glanced at Christopher through the rearview mirror, and silently increased the speed of the car in silence. Even his breathing was controlled, for fear that the noise might attract Christopher's wrath.

On the other hand, Melody was experiencing something entirely different as Albert carried her all the way to the car. They even gathered quite a few jealous stares.

Since she had been drinking earlier, Albert decided to dismiss the driver and drive himself. He made sure to go

steady. He couldn't hide the faint smile on his face as he glanced at Melody in the passenger seat.

Speaking of which, he had never seen Melody drunk. In her inebriated state, she was less of an assertive heiress and instead had a bit of a charming and playful demeanor.

This was also the first time he had seen Melody drunk. The tough demeanor she normally put up had been shed away, leaving only her cuteness. 1

"Albert, didn't you say you'd only be back in a few days?" Melody tilted her head, trying her best to stay awake. She wanted to get a good look at this man.

The lights in the car were dim, as a faint shadow formed under Albert's eyelids. His features had softened quite a bit, with two of his buttons undone. His beautiful collarbone was revealed, together with the defined arms under his rolled up sleeves.

'He seems a lot more mature now.' Melody thought to herself, feeling somewhat pleased.

Albert glanced at her with a sweet smile. "I missed you, Mel, so I came back earlier. It's been three years, after all. Where have you been all this time?"

Despite his smile, Albert felt a lump in his throat. No one could possibly fathom how he spent the past three years.

Ever since Melody handed him to Victor, they lost contact completely. He nearly lost his mind when he saw that the

cruise ship she boarded had gotten into an accident.

He refused to believe that Melody had met her demise.

Hence, he had been looking for her every single day. As long as he hadn't seen her corpse, he wouldn't stop looking...

He worked hard to become stronger, putting in all the effort to put himself in the best light, hoping that she could someday return and see how far he had come.

"Mel...?"

Realizing that he hadn't received a response, Albert turned to look at her, only to realize she had fallen into a deep sleep.

The soft breeze outside the window stroked her soft hair gently. A light smile lay on her flushed face, and she looked just like an adorable little child. 1

Albert couldn't help but stare, the affection in his eyes growing all the more. He brushed some strands of hair away from her cheeks, his expression filled with a hidden love for her.

"Maybe... It's good that she lost her memory..."