

## Chapter 9 Ask Her Out

Gabriel looked at Ethan with a raised brow.

"Ex-wife," he corrected Ethan.

Christopher had a disbelieving look on his face and looked towards the dance floor. The back view of a woman grabbed his attention.

She was swaying to the music; from the back, she looked like a goddess.

The tempo of the music quickened, and she turned around.

The neckline of her blue dress was lowered into a straight collar, revealing her perfect collarbone. She was holding her dress with both hands; her smooth calves exposed, her thighs also faintly visible.

Christopher stood up in surprise.

He grew angrier and angrier, his face as dark as the clouds roaring down before a storm.

Ethan was shocked. "Oh my god, that's Melody? Look at her figure and her face... She's pretty enough without makeup, but with makeup, she's...hot. Man, what a rare beauty! I've been struck by Cupid's arrow! Chris, do you mind if I ask her out?"

Ethan rubbed his hands. He was wrong—Melody wasn't

boring in the slightest. In fact, she was a charming goddess!

Unfortunately, his passion was extinguished instantly after meeting Christopher's glare.

Oh, okay, her ex-husband disagreed. 1

Christopher frowned deeply, watching Melody surrounded by a group of men who were just like hungry wolves watching their prey. They would eat her up if they found an opportunity.

Now, Christopher was certain that Melody really was trouble.

She was the reason he was forced into both marriage and divorce!

Not only had she brought another man with her to the City Hall, but she also had the gall to come to a nightclub and cuckold him in front of his friends!

The more Christopher thought about it, the more infuriated he was. He clenched his hands into fists, and clicked his tongue.

At the same time, the music ended. The audience cheered and screamed nonstop.

Irwin stood and approached Melody. He put his coat on Melody, and used his body to separate the men who tried to approach her.

He glared at them, then praised Melody.

"You're amazing, Ms. Nolan! You're the most beautiful goddess to descend to Earth! You're always the focus no matter where you go. Look at them—you fascinated them all!"

The drunkenness gradually came over Melody, and she rubbed her temples.

"Beauty is useless without love," she muttered.

Melody smiled sadly, and sat at the bar.

Although she had lost her memory as Melody Nolan for three years, she loved Christopher Bolton wholeheartedly as Melody Bolton.

She truly thought that she was born in the slums. Even if Jonathan Bolton approved their marriage, she never stopped trying her best to be a good wife. She felt sorry for Christopher, who was wealthy and powerful, to be stuck with a nobody like her.

Even though she knew Christopher disliked her and never loved her, she still loved him.

She was naïve to believe that he would fall in love with her one day.

After she regained her memories, she realized that no matter how affectionate or devoted she was, she could never make Christopher love her.



Now, she had figured it all out.

It wasn't too late to withdraw. Their relationship was over.

Melody decided to love herself as much as she loved Christopher in the past. She didn't need a man to feel loved!

She stopped herself from thinking about her tragic marriage, and to start enjoying her new life. She was still the charming fairy on the dance floor.

"Bartender, another shot!" she said.

Melody's charm had ensnared the bartender, and the blush had yet to fade from his face.

"This is a high-proof one, so drink slowly," he said.

The bartender turned away, his face still red. Melody smiled, and savored the drink slowly.

At that moment, Irwin received a phone call. He turned to Melody, and saw her drinking while holding her head. He left silently to pick up the call.

Melody waited while drinking and watching people dancing in the distance.

The lights in front of her eyes were flickering, and the people illuminated by them looked distorted and wobbly. She smiled and raised her glass. Before the glass could touch her lips, she felt a sudden sharp pain on her wrist.



She frowned in displeasure. Raising her eyes, she saw an angry face.

Melody tilted her head. Under the influence of alcohol, she couldn't react properly. She stared at the man.

"C-Christopher?" she mumbled.

As soon as the name escaped her lips, she shook her head. There was no way she'd find Christopher in a nightclub, of all places! <sup>1</sup>

The man in front of her seemed to be a little different from the one in her memory. His handsome face was filled with gloom, and his lips were tightly pursed. It was a far cry from Christopher's usual indifferent expression. He looked like a demon crawling out of hell.

And so, Melody concluded this man was a hallucination.

After staring for a while, she raised her foot and slammed it fiercely on Christopher's luxurious leather shoes.



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## Chapter 10 She Slapped Him

Melody was dissatisfied with doing it just once, so she stepped on his feet a few more times.

"Shit! You're so fucking annoying! Why do I have to see this disgusting man now? Get lost!" she roared, exerting more force in her foot and stepping even harder.

Christopher's muffled groan was buried in the loud music.

Melody raised her chin, and gave Christopher the middle finger. Even if it was just a hallucination, she would never let Christopher push her around.

Then, she raised her feet and stormed away. However, a large hand clamped her wrist and stopped her. Its temperature was real, and its warmth caused her to shiver. She was so surprised, she sobered up.

"Christopher?" she asked, doubtful.

Christopher looked angrier after Melody called his name. He dragged her to the terrace.

There was a couple there, and they were shocked silly when Christopher opened the door to the terrace. They were in a heated embrace, their clothes disheveled. The woman's face was pale, while the man looked at them in surprise.

"Get lost!" Christopher commanded coldly. Immediately, the

couple ran away in fright.

The terrace grew quiet, but the woman's perfume lingered. It annoyed Christopher.

Christopher grabbed Melody's hand roughly, and pushed her against the wall.

The coolness on her back reminded Melody that the man in front of her was real.

Her vision was blurred. She spent a few seconds stunned, then shook off Christopher's hand and shouted, "Christopher, are you crazy? Did you follow me here? Why aren't you taking care of your beloved Talia in the hospital?"

Christopher stared coldly at Melody.

After the divorce, he realized she had become different. Just now, she looked so attractive as she danced. He couldn't relate her to the innocent-looking woman in his memory.

He was amazed by her effort in pretending to be a good wife this whole time.

After getting herself a new partner, she finally revealed her true self—a shameless whore. Apparently, one man wasn't enough for her; she wanted attention from many more.

"Melody, aren't you ashamed of yourself?" he snarled.

His anger rose, and he pushed Melody until she was pressed

against the balcony railing.

"Look at the way you dress and your makeup. I warned you, don't tarnish the Bolton name! Never cheat on me!"

Melody could feel the heavy oppression Christopher was forcing upon her. She studied him carefully. She could only see anger and disgust on his face.

Desolation welled up from the bottom of her heart, mocking her.

Of course. It was always her fault, every single time.

Melody sneered.

"Allow me to remind you, Mr. Bolton. We're divorced, remember? What do you think you're doing? Don't tell me you've fallen in love with me now. You're nobody to me! You have no right to force me to succumb to your demand! I'll live my life my way, so stay the hell away from me!"

Melody stabbed Christopher's chest with her finger, drawing a distance between them.

He could smell the alcohol from her, and that made him angrier. "Have you been pretending these past three years?"

"What do you think?" Melody snorted. "Too bad, you don't have the right to know!"

A small gust of wind blew by, and Melody felt dizzy from the light pressure of it. She wanted to go home and rest.



However, Christopher wouldn't let her. He could see she wanted to leave, and subconsciously grabbed her again. He was so violent, it made her unsteady and she was forced to take a few steps back. Fortunately, she managed to stand still by holding on to the wall.

Melody snapped. Furious, she whirled around and slapped Christopher hard.

Even as a child, she wasn't meek. Were it not for the fact that she loved Christopher, she wouldn't have spoken to him at all. 1

As she slapped Christopher, she mustered all the strength she had and slammed her palm against his cheek.

A red mark appeared on Christopher's face.

"Enough, Christopher! All you have going for you is your face and your money. I've grown tired of playing with you for three years. You can't satisfy me in bed one bit with your terrible skills! You don't have the stamina to even keep up with me! I'm going to have fun with younger, hotter men," she spat.

Her hand felt numb. She shook it, smiling disdainfully.

Christopher was stunned. In his rage, he subconsciously tightened his grip on Melody's arm.

Melody had slapped him! How dare she! What was more, she actually had the nerve to mock his sexual prowess.



"Let me go!" Melody snarled.

She refused to be entangled with Christopher anymore. She resisted with all her strength, but in the end, she was too weak. As she struggled to free herself, her wrists turned red and swollen.

"How dare you slap me!" roared Christopher. 1

He was somewhat a gentleman, but now, he couldn't hold his anger any longer. Melody was the first person who dared to slap him. If not for his principle of never hitting a woman, he would've punched Melody.

"Let her go. You're hurting her!"

Suddenly, a strong hand appeared from thin air and struck Christopher's wrist. Christopher's grip on Melody loosened, as a man pulled Melody into his arms.



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