

# Reborn To Remarry My Ex Husband Chapter 11

## Chapter 11 Deliberately Teasing Him

In recent days, Melody had devoted herself to a meticulous skincare routine, diligently applying ointments and eye creams. With the addition of ample rest, her beauty had reached its zenith.

With an air of confidence, she entered the living room, her steps unhurried. Softly arched eyebrows framed her face, honeyed lips caught the light with a subtle glimmer, and her complexion boasted a clarity and translucency that spoke of meticulous care.

Like a peach blossom bud on the cusp of blooming in early spring, a delicate pink blush graced her cheeks, evoking the image of a flower nurtured with tender care.

Her almond-shaped eyes held a captivating moisture, simultaneously alluring and innocent, endearing in their purity.

Felicity's attention was immediately drawn to Melody's leisurely stroll. She cast an admiring gaze over Melody's figure, struck by her undeniable beauty.

Such complexion, such grace... truly irresistible to all!

But why is a stranger here!

Her brother's volatile temper had driven everyone away, leaving only Bernard to weather his mood swings. And the revolving door of brides, each departing as quickly as they came, was another testament to Edward's unpredictable nature.

The latest bride, whom Felicity had glimpsed in a photograph, was far from attractive, her face marred by, unsightly sores—a clear indication that she wouldn't last long.

Was this the beauty aesthetician I hired?

After a moment of contemplation, Felicity gestured for Melody to approach. "Why linger there? Come, take a look at my face."

Melody remained composed as she drew near.

With practiced ease, she crouched down to examine Felicity's allergic symptoms—a once beautiful face now marred by festering wounds.

"Miss Moore, what triggers your allergies?" Melody inquired, her voice cool yet oddly reassuring

“Willow catkins, mangoes, eggs... just those,” Felicity replied, feeling the itch on her face intensified. Her hand instinctively reached to scratch the spot before Melody gently restrained her wrist.

“Your allergic reactions seem to extend beyond the usual suspects, Melody remarked, her tone carrying a note of concern. “It’s already autumn, yet cottonwood and mango allergies are quite unusual. Improper treatment could lead to scarring.”

Cottonwood typically only appears in spring, suggesting that Felicity was being deliberately targeted.

Melody vividly recalled from her past life how Felicity’s pride as a beauty was wounded by severe allergies. The once—haughty young lady caused daily trouble until Edward eventually expelled her from the Moore Residence.

Sensing Melody’s insinuation, Felicity’s eyes flashed with a dark glimmer as she commanded, “Bernard! Investigate who dares to harm me!”

“The fact that my face is breaking out while my brother is welcoming a new bride is ominous enough,” Felicity continued, her displeasure palpable. “And now my grandmother insists I accompany him, making matters worse. It’s as if she’s determined to ruin my happiness!”

With plain disdain evident, Felicity glanced at a photo of Melody on her wedding day, her expression filled with contempt.

Feeling beleaguered by misfortune, she grumbled, “Not only does she have a face full of sores, but her status as an adopted child also makes me a laughingstock in society. When I see her, I’ll put her in her place!”

In the socialite circle, the Shield family had never publicly acknowledged Melody’s identity, nor had they altered her household registration or name. She remained merely known as the foster daughter of the Shields among the wealthy elite.

Standing behind the two mistresses, Bernard wiped the sweat dripping from his chin, silently praying for Mr. Moore’s intervention. He felt as if he were caught in the crossfire of a battlefield.

Melody arched an eyebrow and offered a gentle smile. “Oh, am I truly that unattractive?”

“You’re indeed a beauty, unlike this woman...” Felicity’s words trailed off as she glanced at the photo, then back at Melody, blinking her eyes repeatedly as the realization set in.

Suddenly, Felicity reached out and touched Melody’s smooth, snow—white skin, marveling at its texture.

Wait, why is her skin so smooth, white, and tender?

"I'm Melody, Just a few days ago, I resembled that photo. I applied some of my own developed beauty creams, and my acne cleared up," Melody explained.

"Beauty cream? How much for a bottle? I'll buy it!" Felicity's eyes sparkled with desperation for a solution.

"You're my sister-in-law; how can I take your money?" Melody replied convincingly, subtly asserting her position in the Moore family.

By referring to Felicity as her sister-in-law, Melody subtly declared herself Edward's wife, aiming to gain Felicity's favor rather than merely earning her money.

Moreover, Melody recognized that beauty and skincare were lifelong pursuits for women, and she believed that Felicity would eventually succumb to her charms.

Felicity's "If you trust me, I'll start by treating your allergy and swelling," Melody continued, appealing to desires. "And as for the scars, I have a formula for scar removal and skin regeneration. It just needs some time to develop."

Satisfied with Melody's reassurances, Felicity nodded repeatedly as Melody went upstairs to retrieve the allergy and swelling ointment.

Meanwhile, downstairs, Felicity's demeanor shifted. She frowned and tossed the ointment to her personal bodyguard, her tone cold and devoid of flirtation. "Go check if the formula is safe."

"And nstitit standart perdure is discreetly mormor ter movements" flat continent, her wr  
commet.

th concom. Ela Ed loc his mind: Clovane sontine with an unknown bathgermane Mom  
Rendence and be worned that the mytir be. „Jeinry's îngers capped rhythmmcally on  
tuer sabie the sound alling the mom as her shadow Inament large the tim light

As the fireshold of the muddy Melody rappert luty on the door

iliumon

would

Ste tumored an ilus thur Feiery wind tactly emo her healingconcoction

But that was of an concern patience was a stimuue the processes in abundance.

With the study Ectivard's patt bore into die computer acted with e' muttuny.

Upon the monitor Felicity's fingers delicately powd Metty s visage, tracing the amoniti contour di ben simin supple silence poing

A potomull instinct surged within Edward an urge to quel Felicity's restes ouch with an iron gro

le

Hs eve darkenet to laste dinering with a mix of sterse and intrigue at the menury of the suce

Upen mengmizing the unor at the door, Edward swifth diverted his atemon he me chillingt come as he inquired. "Who is it?

The muty doce mood stgirly gar affording Melody the anonmunity prod through the crack. almont-shaperturrowed as crescent moon With an affectation acte de chimet. W Mar timC

voice and

"Your personal firusion therapist um gathers the added her ware lieut of sweetness aut four survete.

Edward's brow furrowed imperepubly

me and foliit

We not on her such antic

Meine adept at pauring the immosphere pressed on putalizing on Etiwards he of saneer

În stime days, she had scout for employment oppomumnes while using her senings from a sticine ve-acting on replenish the deplete ingrediens her legalment peament

in

for the lame Retab, the poruble electierapy device she had left at the Shest residence was th from-ber grandfather upon ter return. Cathed by the master artisam. Master jone unly two-ett-cused

and bets had ann an untimet demise

Frotte echnique remained stated in mytery, necessitating a state supply of athave

Lasting replacements as the moment. Well, if you are to an intimate version of the Tone Shehal pronging the process significantly

“And isn’t it standard procedure to discreetly monitor her movements?” Felicity continued, her voice tinged with concern. “Has Ed lost his mind? Allowing someone with an unknown background into the Moore Residence... Isn’t he worried that she might be... Felicity’s fingers tapped rhythmically on the table, the sound filling the room as her shadow loomed large in the dim light.

At the threshold of the study, Melody rapped lightly on the door.

She harbored no illusions that Felicity would hastily employ her healing concoction.

But that was of no concern; patience was a virtue she possessed in abundance.

Within the study, Edward’s gaze bore into the computer screen with icy intensity.

Upon the monitor, Felicity’s fingers delicately grazed Melody’s visage, tracing the smooth contours of her skin, its supple resilience captivating.

A primal instinct surged within Edward, an urge to quell Felicity’s restless touch with an iron grip.

His eyes darkened, his lashes fluttering with a mix of surprise and intrigue at the intensity of his burgeoning desires.

Upon recognizing the visitor at the door, Edward swiftly diverted his attention, his tone chillingly composed as he inquired, “Who is it?”

The study door stood slightly ajar, affording Melody the opportunity to peek through the crack, her almond-shaped eyes narrowed to crescent moons. With an affectation of innocence, she chimed, “Mr. Moore, it’s me.”

“Your personal flirtation therapist... um, physiotherapist she added, her voice a blend of sweetness and faux naiveté.

Edward’s brow furrowed imperceptibly.

Rowdy and foolish

Who had taught her such antics?

Melody, adept at gauging the atmosphere, pressed on, capitalizing on Edward’s lack of resistance.

In recent days, she had scoured for employment opportunities while using her earnings from a sideline voice-acting gig to replenish the depleted ingredients in her leg ailment treatment kit.

As for the Ionic Rehab, the portable electrotherapy device she had left at the Shield residence was a gift from her grandfather upon her return. Crafted by the master artisan, Master Jose, only two sets existed, and hers had met an untimely demise.

Her electrotherapy technique remained shrouded in mystery, necessitating a steady supply of adhesive electrode pads.

Lacking replacements at the moment, Melody had to resort to an inferior version of the Ionic Rehab, prolonging the process significantly.

“If you have something to say, speak now. Otherwise, refrain from disturbing me,” Edward said, his thumb fidgeting nervously. He felt a slight uncage at her unwavering presence, as if she harbored a weighty matter to discuss.

His fingers idly manipulated the mouse, yet the computer screen remained blank.

In a swift motion, Melody advanced toward Edward, catching him off guard. Startled, he inadvertently double-clicked a video with his finger.

Edward’s hand froze on the mouse as if scorched by sudden heat, and he quickly released it.

“It appears the reason Mr. Moore wishes not to be disturbed is because he’s diligently striving for his recovery, Melody remarked, a sly grin dancing at the corners of her lips.

“So, how about it? Do you feel anything after seeing it? A flicker of mischief glinted through her eyes.

As Melody leaned in, seemingly to peer at the screen, Edward’s temple throbbed fiercely. He seized the girl by the nape of her neck, pulling her away with a firm grip.

His hand obscured her eyes, and through gritted teeth, he admonished, “Melody, have you no shame?”

For the first time, Edward felt flustered, sweat trickling down his forehead as the incessant hum of the -Computer filled the air.

Tension simmered in the study, palpable and suffocating

At Melody’s teasing words, her grin widened, “Is this your first encounter with such content, Mr. Moore?”

Perched on the edge of the wheelchair like a playful bird, Melody knelt on the ground, her laughter ringing mischievously through the room.

Started by the commotion emanating from the study. Bernard hastened inside. “Mr. Moore, what’s happening?” he inquired urgently.

But it was too late.

The room fell into silence, save for the muted sounds within, with Melody half-kneeling before the wheelchair, her gaze obscured by Edward’s hand.

Edward’s cheeks flushed crimson as he cast his gaze downward, his expression pinched with embarrassment,

In the next moment, his voice rang out in anger, “Bernard, who placed those items on my computer! Remove them at once!”

I can’t believe Mr. Moore is actually panicking

Old Madam Moore, may your wishes be fulfilled in this thriving world!

## **Reborn To Remarry My Ex Husband Chapter 12**

### **Chapter 12 Scars I Hide**

Bernard swiftly intervened to clear the contents on the computer, bringing an abrupt end to the mysterious sounds resonating in the study. Nonetheless, an uneasy tension lingered in the air.

“Mr. Moore, it seems the treatment has been effective lately,” Melody observed, noting the quickening of his heartbeat.

Capitalizing on the moment, Melody extricated herself from Edward’s grasp. Though mischief danced in her almond eyes, a flicker of uncertainty passed through them as well.

Her gaze met Edward’s; his expression was inscrutable yet tinged with a hint of embarrassment. Despite facing his scarred visage head-on, Melody remained unfazed.

“Leave,” Edward growled, his posture rigid as he shifted in his wheelchair. Releasing Melody, he turned away, his jaw clenched with the force of his command.

Undeterred, Melody firmly gripped the wheelchair as Edward attempted to move it. Squatting before him, she met his gaze with determination, her tone serious.

“Since the treatment is showing results, we must act swiftly,” she urged. “Return to the bedroom. I need to administer the massage and apply the essential oils immediately.”

With her physiotherapy kit in hand, Melody rose to her feet, ready to proceed.

A look of fear flashed across Bernard’s face as he interjected, “Madam, are you certain you’re not overstepping?”

She ignored him. Having nearly depleted her savings to procure the essential oils, Melody was resolute in her determination to apply them to Edward that very night.

In the bedroom, Bernard lingered on the sidelines, working late into the evening.

Edward relied on his arm strength to settle onto the bed, automatically rolling up his pant leg.

A delicate hand halted his movement abruptly.

Melody positioned the oil bottles near the head of the bed, arching an eyebrow as she addressed Edward. “Mr. Moore, this time... you’ll need to remove your pants.”

A muffled sound escaped Bernard, struggling to contain his laughter as he hastily covered his mouth.

My, the new wife certainly isn’t lacking in boldness!

Edward’s expression darkened, irritation now directed at Bernard. With a gravelly voice, he retorted, “Do you need to see an otolaryngologist for your throat?”

Bernard swallowed nervously, his eyes darting away.

“Bernie, are you lingering here to admire Mr. Moore’s long legs or his pert rear?” Melody’s words were cutting, leaving Bernard feeling even more feeble and helpless.

“Mr. Moore, I’ll take my post outside now, Bernard stammered, eager to escape the uncomfortable situation. “Feel free to continue as you were.”

With hurried steps, Bernard exited the room, promptly donning his earphones to drown out any further conversation.

Inside the master bedroom, Edward maintained a cold and distant demeanor. He glanced sideways at Melody, a restrained smile touching his lips, while his dark eyes simmered with a dangerous intensity.

“Melody, you had better ensure your treatment works, be cautioned, his tone laced with a veiled threat.



Observing his noble yet defiant stance, Melody leaned forward impatiently, her hands poised on either side of his body.

“Mr. Moore, would you prefer to undress yourself, or shall I assist you?” Her tone was cool and indifferent, a teasing smile dancing on her lips.

Edward’s eyes twitched for a second before he proceeded to unfasten his belt and remove his pants. As the fabric pooled around his ankles, his scarred legs were exposed to Melody’s scrutiny.

Furrowing her brows at the sight, her gaze traveled through his body, gazing at the scars that had adorned it. Yet there was no judgment within her eyes; it was only filled with a quiet intensity. With trembling fingers, she reached out to touch his leg.

No wonder he had kept his scars hidden from her in her previous life. Even on the night of their marriage consummation, she had hesitated to explore his body in the darkness.

Edward’s uneven breath whispered against Melody’s neck as he shielded her eyes, his voice strained and low. “Mel, don’t look,” he urged, his tone carrying a mix of concern and vulnerability.

It’s too unsightly

You’ll be frightened; you’ll be repulsed.

And I can’t bear to see that look in your eyes.

But as Edward’s icy gaze met Melody’s warm, compassionate eyes, a pang of something unfamiliar stirred within him. It was as if her empathy had pierced through his defenses, momentarily melting the facade of indifference he so carefully maintained.

In the next instant, however, his expression hardened, a mask of bitterness settling over his features. He was a mockery—his broken body, even his own family recoiled in horror at the sight of him. No one could possibly feel sorrier for themselves than he did.

After all, what was Melody’s true motive? Was she feigning pity to gain his trust, only to betray him in the end?

He wouldn’t be fooled.

Have you seen enough? Edward’s voice cut through Melody’s thoughts, his hand moving to gently remove hers.

Melody snapped back to reality, masking her emotions behind a calm facade. She knew that anything she said now would only deepen Edward’s suspicions.

It was best to proceed with caution, to wait and watch.

“Seen enough. I’ll start touching you. Oops, I mean, I’ll start the massage,” she replied, injecting a playful tone into her words to ease the tension.

Edward sighed inwardly, his frustration mounting.

This girl is incorrigible.

As Melody’s fingers worked their magic. Edward couldn’t help but notice her skilled technique. Her touch was both gentle and firm, her hands betraying a surprising strength and dexterity.

“Have you worked as a masseuse before?” Edward inquired, his curiosity piqued by her proficiency.

“Your technique is quite impressive.”

Bernard inadvertently caught wind of the conversation from within the room just as he removed his earphones. A sheepish smile danced on his lips as he mused to himself, Mr. Moore, I may be mute for now, silence is golden

With a shrug. Bernard slipped his earphones back on, choosing to maintain his silence.

but

Meanwhile, inside the room, upon receiving Edward’s compliment, Melody offered a modest smile before sharing a glimpse into her past.

“My second older brother suffers from a leg disability, she explained. “In my efforts to aid him, I delved into research to prevent muscle atrophy and honed my finger strength by practicing on a wooden puppet”

“He takes great pride in his strength, so every night, after he falls asleep, I massage his tendons, bones, and muscles,” she added, her voice carrying a hint of fatigue, hinting at the burdens she bore despite her youthful appearance.

“Practice makes perfect, I suppose.”

Edward’s scrutiny intensified as he absorbed Melody’s revelations. “Has his condition shown any improvement?” he ventured cautiously, his focus shifting to the reliability of Melody’s medical expertise.

“Not yet,” Melody admitted with candor. “I’m ceasing my efforts to continue with his treatment, but that’s a topic for another day.”

After a moment of silence passed, she said, “Edward, I’m determined to see you recover and regain the admiration of those around you. It’s what you deserve

Reflecting on her past observations of Edward’s demeanor, Melody proceeded to apply medicinal herbs with practiced efficiency. She recalled that he had never regained the ability to stand up after experiencing the plane crash horror. It was a pity, she thought. He had always been the pride of the heavens, the eldest son of the Moore family—the rightful heir.

Despite her matter-of-fact tone, her words ignited a flicker of hope within Edward’s heart

“Enough with the idle chatter. Edward interjected, his expression clouded with thought. His pallid complexion contrasted starkly with the white silk shirt draping his chiseled frame, emanating an aura of chilling resolve.

The Shield family.

“Suzie, I heard you went to Greenfield with Gary again and had a heartache?” Carson approached Suzanna, noticing her pallid complexion upon her return home,

In the Shield family, Carson and Suzanna were the sole artists in the entertainment industry, fostering a natural bond between them.

With her lips pressed together, Suzanna inadvertently revealed marks left by electrode pads on her wrist, betraying her discomfort. “Carson, don’t worry. Mel administered therapy to me earlier, I’m fine now...”

Observing the marks, Carson’s throat tightened with concern “With her mediocre physiotherapy skills, she must have intentionally caused you pain with those electric wires.”

“Gary, did you defend Suzie? Was Melody truly that malicious towards you?” Carson’s accusation weighed heavily on Gary, snapping him out of his absent-minded state.

Meeting Carson’s gaze squarely, Gary spoke earnestly. “Carson, Melody is also our sister!”

“The physiotherapy skills she possesses were personally passed down by our grandfather. How could she harm Suzie?”

Carson recoiled, surprised by Gary’s staunch defense of Melody.

He hesitated, then he put his arms on his hips, narrowing his eyes at his brother. “Gary, have you been influenced by her?”

“Don’t forget, since she returned home, Suzie has lost so much—half of her possessions and family affection. Furthermore, her health is still at risk.”

“Melody is lively and spirited. What’s the harm in accommodating Suzie?” Carson challenged.

Gary’s expression turned incredulous, his tone resolute. “Carson, isn’t that the half that Mel should naturally be given?”

“Suzie’s heart condition wasn’t caused by Mel. It’s a genetic ailment present since birth...” he explained, defending Melody against Carson’s accusations,

Gary couldn’t quite comprehend why Melody was being treated so harshly by the Shield family.

What had she done wrong to deserve such animosity?

Carson was left speechless, surprised by the unexpected clarity and eloquence displayed by the seemingly unremarkable youngest son of the Shield family.

Suddenly, Mrs. Shield emerged, her cane tapping against the floor as she approached the trio. Her gaze was cold as it swept over them before softening with affection as she looked at Suzanna.

Her voice was stern as she addressed them, “That was also the nourishment that Melody stole from my Suzie in the womb. Otherwise, why didn’t this genetic condition manifest in Melody?”

“Gary, you have caused your sister to fall ill. Now go and kneel to reflect on your mistakes!” she commanded, her tone leaving no room for argument.

## **Reborn To Remarry My Ex Husband Chapter 13**

### **Chapter 13 No Longer Home**

Suzanna, witnessing the scene, took the initiative to grasp Mrs. Shield’s wrist and implored, “Nanny, Gary isn’t to blame for this. Please, don’t punish him.”

Mrs. Shield’s countenance softened, her hand reaching out affectionately to stroke Suzanna’s head. “You always coddle Gary.”

Turning her gaze sharply to Gary, she remarked, “In light of your sister’s plea, you shall kneel for only an hour.”

“You still won’t thank your sister?”

In times past, Gary would have surely cracked a joke and endeavored to persuade Suzanna to continue pleading to avoid punishment. But this time, he merely glanced at Suzanna's pale, fragile form, his brows lowered together.

He was facing punishment because of Suzanna. Why should he express gratitude for a lighter sentence?

"I will kneel alone for two hours," Gary declared, his voice devoid of warmth, his tall figure seeming slightly defeated as he walked away.

Suzanna bit her lower lip, her brow furrowing as she observed Gary's uncharacteristic behavior. Gritting her teeth, she hurried to seize Gary's arm, her eyes wide and watery. "Gary, don't kneel."

"Nanny, it's my weakness that caused this. If you must punish someone, then punish me alongside him."

"Gary, I'll kneel with you, let's go."

Suzanna's sincerity was palpable, despite her frailty, she clung firmly to Gary, prepared to face the punishment together,

Gary's expression flickered with bewilderment at her sudden change in demeanor. Memories of Suzie's kindness over the years flooded his mind. He had already disappointed Mel; he couldn't bear to let Suzie down as well. He resolved to make amends and show them both even greater kindness.

With this realization, he gently reclaimed Suzanna's hand and comforted her, "Suzie, go rest with Carson; don't worry about me."

Though Suzie's actions contradicted Mrs. Shield's orders, there was no trace of displeasure on the older woman's face. Instead, a smile tugged at the corners of her mouth as she commended Suzanna. "Let it be. None of you need to kneel."

"Suzie's sensibility shines through. Compared to Melody's blatant disrespect for her elders and ingratitude, it's like night and day!"

"When she returns home, I will have her kneel for three days and nights as punishment!"

Mrs. Shield's words were delivered with such vehemence that her own frame trembled with anger.

Gary and Carson exchanged alarmed glances, taken aback by their grandmother's reaction.

When would Melody come home? Was this still her home? She had severed ties so completely that she no longer recognized them.

After completing the massage and treatment, Edward succumbed to sleep under Melody's skilled hands and the soothing effects of the intense. Melody gazed out the window, where the first rays of orange- yellow sunlight painted the pale blue sky, signaling the start of a new day.

Exhaustion washed over her, and she sat on the edge of the bed, instinctively grasping Edward's slender fingers in her palm and closing her eyes. As the birds began to chirp outside and the sunlight intensified, Edward stirred from his slumber, feeling the soft pressure of Melody's touch on his fingers.

Turning his gaze toward her, he saw Melody curled up on the edge of the bed. Her complexion was porcelain, with a delicate blush gracing her sweet features, making her look utterly enchanting.

Edward studied Melody's sleeping form for a long moment, his eyes deep and inscrutable. Something stirred within him, hidden in the depths of his gaze....

His gaze traveled to her slender neck

If she harbored ill intentions, it would be easy to twist them...

Melody awoke with a start, feeling sore and fatigued from her uncomfortable position. Her clear and transparent almond eyes fluttered open, and she blinked several times in a stupor. When she finally realized the person staring back at her was Edward, a bewildered look swept across her face.

Surprised, she retreated slightly, and Edward's gaze withdrew, returning to its calm demeanor.

Her body seemed to shiver as Edward coldly retracted his fingers from her palm.

Raising her head, she offered a smile. "Mr. Moore, your fingers are remarkably elegant. It's a pity I can't admire them."

Edward narrowed his eyes at her. "Melody, are you still half-asleep?"

"If you persist with this banter, you may find yourself relegated to the corridor for the night."

It was regrettable that such a young girl possessed such a fatuous tongue!

Others would surely be at a loss for words upon hearing her remarks.

Is this my punishment?

Ed, you've truly met your match!

"Mr. Moore, you've misunderstood."

"I simply meant it's a shame you aren't a hand model!"

## **Reborn To Remarry My Ex Husband Chapter 14**

### **Chapter 14 Love Bites**

Melody regarded him with wide almond-shaped eyes, displaying no hint of embarrassment at her playful antics.

Rubbing her eyes, she rose to prepare for her morning ablutions. The prolonged sitting had left her feet numb, prompting an instinctive leap onto the bed.

Edward's firm palms swiftly supported her delicate waist as she rose, his brow furrowing slightly as he remarked, "You're quite the young trickster, aren't you?"

His suspicions of her remained intact.

Melody nestled into his embrace, her supple form melding against his sturdy frame.

Edward tensed at her closeness, his grip on her waist tightening unconsciously.

A mischievous spark ignited within Melody as she leaned in to nibble at his neck, her tone playful and teasing. "Mr. Moore, we're just beginning. I have many more tricks up my sleeve."

"I assure you, each one will render you powerless!"

Her grin stretched from ear to ear, a blend of allure and defiance in her demeanor.

Edward's eyes widened in alarm, a fleeting uncertainty flickering in their depths. The slight discomfort and numbness from her bite monopolized his thoughts.

Melody's bold, seductive words lingered in his mind, darkening his expression visibly.

Abruptly releasing her, he pushed her away, causing her to tumble onto the carpet.

Her almond-shaped eyes met his, a hint of reproach in their depths.

"You're my husband. I can hug and nibble without drawing blood."

“Besides, Mr. Moore, did you not feel it?”

“I felt your reaction when I nibbled.”

Though subtle, he did feel a response.

His long, dormant senses seemed stirred by Melody’s touch, a sensation both unsettling and unfamiliar.

Yet, he acknowledged her medical expertise, deeming valuable.

A tinge of embarrassment crossed Edward’s features as he retrieved a card from the bedside table, extending it to Melody. “As a member of the Moore Family, you mustn’t dress poorly. People may misconstrue it as mistreatment.”

Melody accepted the card, her eyes alight with curiosity. “Is this your supplementary card? Can I use it freely?”

In her previous life, she had never availed herself of Edward’s wealth. But in this life, determined to win him over, she resolved to spend his money unreservedly.

“You’re mistaken.”

“There’s a monthly limit of one million.”

Edward’s gaze was frosty, silently implying. “Though small in stature, your appetite is grand”

Melody chuckled nervously. Mr. Moore was certainly deceptive!

Aren’t wives of big shots given both a supplementary card and a black card?

Following her usual routine order, Melody departed.

Seated in his wheelchair, Edward watched her leave through the panoramic window on the second floor.

With her hair tied in a high ponytail, clad in a white t-shirt and fitted jeans, and sporting sneakers, she exuded an air of youthful confidence.

It was the epitome of youthfulness and vitality.

After Melody’s departure, Edward reached to touch the scar extending from his eye to his jawline.



Bernard, his ever-watchful aide, appeared silently, admiring Edward's flawless countenance.

Mr. Moore, akin to a radiant sun god, was beyond the reach of ordinary mortals.

Edward paused his idle play with a walnut, turning to Bernard. "How is the progress of our Middle Eastern trade?"

Following a discussion of business matters, Edward paused once more, querying, 'Has Melody utilized the supplementary card?"

Though he had provided her with a supplementary card, he had intentionally imposed a limit.

Bernard, taken aback, noted the row of small pink marks adorning Edward's neck.

Oh no! Had Mr. Moore and his wife shared a passionate night

Though moments of intimacy were permissible, duty always took precedence.

Getting back into his working mindset, Bernard hurriedly consulted his phone, attempting to conceal the flush creeping up his neck.

Edward raised an eyebrow, prompting Bernard to continue.

"Mr. Moore, your wife just transferred fifty thousand to eighteen male college students..."

Wow, with a million-dollar limit, she had spent ninety thousand within minutes!

Madam, a daring wildcat indeed, leaving bite marks on Mr. Moore's neck!

## **Reborn To Remarry My Ex Husband Chapter 15**

### **Chapter 15 Quelling the Skeptics**

Felicity found herself grappling with escalating facial allergies, each day worsening the discomfort. She idly played with the ointment that Melody had sent her way, stealing glances at the vigilant bodyguard stationed nearby. "So, you're saying that not only is this ointment safe, but the venerable minds in the lab have scrutinized its composition?"

"Melody's resourcefulness knows no bounds."

With a newfound sense of reassurance, she gingerly applied the ointment, a tingling sense of curiosity stirring within her.

The fiery itch that had plagued her face and neck was swiftly supplanted by a cool, invigorating sensation,

She couldn't help but let out a small exclamation, "This ointment is remarkably soothing."

A thought tiptoed into her mind. If this ointment proved so efficacious, what wonders might Melody's touted beauty cream hold?

In her mind's eye danced visions of Melody's flawless, luminescent complexion.

White, delicate, velvety, and supple!

It was an allure even she couldn't resist.

An hour later, Felicity stood before her reflection in the mirror.

A startled cry reverberated from the bedroom, "Oh my, the swelling has vanished!"

Not only had the inflammation diminished, but the angry redness of her allergic reaction had also ebbed away.

She observed that the once-afflicted skin now bore a newfound softness and fairness...

What sort of miraculous cream was this?

Felicity was overjoyed; unable to contain her smile, she decided to snap a picture to share with the elite socialite group in the capital.

Felicity bubbled over with delight; unable to contain her joy, she resolved to capture a snapshot to share with the capital's elite social circle.

She wanted those vultures to know that Felicity, renowned for her beauty, stood as immovable as the mightiest of mountains.

Melody graced the halls of YM Capital.

With open-handed generosity, she extended funds to high-achieving employees for the purchase of cutting-edge computers.

Martin, erstwhile president of the student union at Greenfield University and founder of YM Capital, had amassed his initial fortune in the millions.

The reserves left within the company following the incident had kept YM Capital afloat for four years, earning Martin near-deific reverence from many Greenfield graduates.

Melody, appearing perpetually youthful and guileless, faced skepticism from the proud graduates who doubted her mettle.

Under Andrew's current leadership, none dared openly question her authority, at least for the time being.

Yet Melody knew that to truly cement her dominion over YM Capital, she must establish her credibility.

Within the confines of the boardroom:

"Melody, have you taken leave of your senses?"

"I understand the urgency, but haste may lead to folly."

"With YM Capital holding less than a million in liquid assets, we can scarcely secure an invitation to the Golden Financial Summit in the capital.

"And you propose to vie with Orton Finance and devise a financial blueprint for Morgan Group within five years. They're a publicly traded entity with a daily turnover exceeding a million."

Andrew furrowed his brow and delicately adjusted his spectacles, a hint of disquiet flickering across his countenance.

He hadn't expected Melody to exhibit even greater audacity than Martin in days gone by.

The apple truly doesn't fall far from the tree; both siblings possess a ferocious tenacity.

The market valuation of Morgan Group soared into the billions, and they stood as pivotal figures in the imminent Golden Financial Summit to be held in the capital.

Whispers insinuated that Orton Finance had already begun negotiations with Morgan Group. Rumors suggested that Orton Finance was already in talks with Morgan Group.

All that remained was a compelling financial strategy to sway Morgan Group toward collaboration.

"Melody, the world of commerce is akin to a battleground. You lack experience and harbor naivety, adept only at theoretical discourse. Your downfall seems inevitable."

"Despite holding the legal mantle of YM Capital, you've been absent from any decision-making over the past four years, and you lack the credentials of a college graduate. Why should we heed your counsel?"

“Furthermore, do you, a fragile young woman, truly believe that by leveraging Martin, you can wield boundless power? Will you shoulder the burden if YM faces insolvency?”

“If you persist in spouting such nonsense, vacate YM. We have no need for an unseasoned child meddling in our affairs.

The doctoral candidates hammered their points upon the table, a chorus of skepticism ringing out one after the other.

The derision and condescension directed toward Melody were razor-edged, as the titans of academia remained impervious to mere monetary inducements.

Only through aptitude and prowess can we be won over!

For a fleeting moment, the boardroom descended into a tumult of discordant voices.

Any other young woman might have quailed beneath such scrutiny.

But Melody retained her composure at the head of the table, idly toying with a string of beads left behind by Martin.

After the dissatisfied murmurs and skeptical challenges had been voiced, Melody surveyed the room.

A sly smirk curled her lips as she twirled the beads between her fingers.

The dangerous half-lidded almond eyes of the girl gleamed with keenness and arrogance. “Martin founded YM at the tender age of twenty, securing million-dollar ventures and etching his name into industry lore.”

“Now, 1. Melody, shall lead YM Capital at the age of twenty!”

So what if I’m a woman? Talent knows no gender constraints.

“In the realm of business, it is skill and strategy alone that holds sway.”

“No matter how gifted or haughty you may be, you find yourselves under the authority of a young woman such as myself.”