

Reborn To Remarry My Ex Husband Chapter 2

Chapter 2 Melody's Proposal

Melody's eyes snapped open, and she sucked in a sharp breath.

She surveyed her surroundings and noted the vibrant red bed against a backdrop of somber black and gray hues.

The chilling air conditioning sent shivers down her spine, reminiscent of the cold embrace of a morgue!

It all felt eerily familiar—the unmistakable aura of the Moore family's estate.

But wait—she could see? Her corneas had returned!

Melody reached up and pinched her own face, wincing as the pain confirmed her reality!

She had been reborn!

Back to the day six years ago when she had assumed Suzanna's identity to marry Edward, the rumored disfigured and disabled young master of the Moore family.

Rumors had swirled about Edward, painting him as possessing a bloodthirsty and violent temperament. Two years prior, the mystery surrounding his plane crash only deepened these perceptions, further exacerbating his sick and terrifying nature. Doctors had grimly predicted that he would not live past twenty-nine.

Any woman who wed him was doomed to become a widow.

The Moore family had handpicked six prospective brides for him, all of whom were either driven to madness or fled in terror!

Coincidentally, the Moore family's interest in Suzanna's horoscope led them to choose her for the marriage.

Unable to bear seeing Suzanna wed Edward yet powerless against the influential Moore family, the Shields had pushed Melody, Suzanna's fraternal twin, into taking her sister's place at the altar.

Outside the room, the familiar sound of a wheelchair rolling across the floor reverberated, followed by the sudden creak of the door swinging open.

Melody shifted her gaze and caught sight of Edward seated in a wheelchair, his head slightly bowed, his tousled fringe naturally falling over his forehead, partially obscuring

his dark and narrow eyes. His skin looked almost pallid under the harsh, cold light of the room.

Numerous scars, reminiscent of centipedes, stretched from the corners of his eyes to his angular jawline, defacing his once flawless, god-like visage and imparting upon him the likeness of a hellish demon.

With his long, bony fingers tapping rhythmically against the wheelchair's armrest, the veins beneath his skin stood out in stark relief.

Edward's brows furrowed as he sensed an unwelcome presence on the bed, and with a sudden motion, he knocked over an antique vase beside him. "Get out!"

In her former life, Melody endured the horrors of Edward's violent outbursts, escaping only to be intentionally tripped, narrowly avoiding a fatal outcome.

In Maycrest, whispers spoke of Edward's doomed marriages and his fabricated bride who brought forth calamity and deception.

One disfigured and disabled, the other a supposed calamity, a match seemingly forged in hell!

Despite being officially wed to Edward, Melody constantly feared his unpredictable temper, avoiding him whenever possible.

Manipulated by the Shield family, she even stole his seal, leading to billions in losses for the Moore family.

Throughout it all, Edward never blamed her, lavishing her with endless jewels and opulent garments, all in pursuit of her smile.

Regrettably, Melody remained fixated on her first love, Kenrick Payne, rejecting Edward's advances and cursing him for her misfortunes.

She rejected his advances with disdain as though discarding worn-out shoes.

She even went so far as to trample and obliterate his affections.

Cursing him for ruining her life, she compelled him to divorce her and leave the country brokenhearted.

After their divorce, she fell victim to the Shield family's deceit, leading to a five-year prison sentence and her eventual demise behind bars.

Now, with memories flooding back, Melody was overwhelmed with heartache.

Only Edward had cherished her deeply in her former life, remaining steadfastly loyal even unto death!

Watching the man she once knew, now broken and alone, struggling with illness while loved ones kept their distance, leaving him isolated.

But in this life, Edward, you have me by your side!

Therefore, Melody lifted her delicate porcelain-like visage towards the door, her long eyelashes fluttering like butterfly wings, her fragrant lips and fair complexion radiating confidence despite the fears of her past, as she approached him with a gentle and sweet voice.

“Mr. Moore, as tonight marks our wedding night, do you wish me to leave? Or do you imply that we should retire together... in bed?”

“Regrettably, the six brides preceding you and your father may not be aware of your condition... impotence.”

Melody reminisced about her previous life when Edward’s plane crashed, leaving him with injuries, disfigurement, and loss of bodily functions.

It took him to recover until the second year of their marriage, rendering him incapable of consummating the marriage.

Essentially, Edward was indeed unable to fulfill the marital obligations now.

With these words, Edward’s expression darkened.

“You are not Suzanna!”

“Who are you?”

Edward’s knuckles clenched around the wheelchair armrest, his sharp eyes growing cold and indifferent.

Yet, a hint of suspicion began to creep into his gaze.

Wasn’t this woman standing before him afraid of him?

Melody gracefully rose from the bed, her bare feet padding softly against the floor as she made her way to the door. Draped in a red, enchanting nightgown meticulously chosen by the Moore family, she radiated elegance and allure.

Despite the sparkling gleam in her eyes, her beauty was marred by red pimples, a subtle imperfection amidst her charm.

Leaning down, she positioned herself beside Edward's wheelchair, her wrists resting lightly on its sides. Her eyes shimmered like the moon, their depths holding a hint of determination. With faint dimples gracing her cheeks, she introduced herself, "My name is Melody Tucker, the elder sister of Suzanna, your wife."

"The festivities outside continue unabated. Should you dare to dismiss me again, I shall make our situation known to all," she declared calmly, her voice unwavering.

"And as for Mr. Moore... He has impotence," she added boldly, her words causing a flicker of discomfort across Edward's forehead.

A sardonic smile played on his lips as he responded, "Are you threatening me?"

Suddenly, Melody's fragrant and supple form nestled into his lap, her delicate hand reaching up to his shoulder as she uttered, "No, it's seduction, Mr. Moore!"

Edward froze, his eyes betraying a flash of hostility amidst their usual indifference.

With a harsh press of his knuckles against her waist, he coldly ordered, "Leave. I have no use for it."

And with a swift, unceremonious motion, he forcefully expelled the soft, delicate girl from his embrace.

He did not need a woman by his side, especially not one who appeared to have hidden agendas.

Thrown aside, Melody landed on the carpet, experiencing no physical pain, but her heart skipped.

She knew well that this man before her was not the same Edward who had once been willing to sacrifice everything for her.

This encounter marked their first meeting in this life, strangers bound by a tangled web of fate.

Given Edward's current condition, Melody couldn't anticipate him holding any deep affection for her.

However, in her previous life, he had laid her to rest with care, pursued retribution on her behalf, and harbored profound love for her.

Consequently, she couldn't turn her back on him now.

"Is that the case? What if I could remedy your hidden ailment?" Melody suggested, her voice composed yet resolute.

“Mr. Moore, let’s make a pact. Surely, you don’t wish to endure life as an abnormal man indefinitely, do you?”

Standing up, Melody approached Edward, discreetly holding an electrode between her fingers.

Tonight, she faced an unknown fear, so she had surreptitiously concealed an electrode in her skirt for safety.

In a swift move, Melody approached Edward and, taking him by surprise, applied the electrode to a pressure point on his leg.

Meanwhile, a gun was aimed directly at her head.

“What have you done to my master, Ms. Shield?”

Bernard Sacher, the bodyguard, wore a grave expression as he held the gun poised above the girl’s head, the dark barrel glinting ominously in the dim light after an unknown duration of hiding.

A gentle pull of the trigger would lead to a fate even more tragic than that of the previous six substitute brides.

However, Edward’s eyebrows twitched slightly, and he quickly pulled the thin blanket Melody had disturbed on his knee to cover his lower body, his expression souring.

“Wait.”

Edward’s demeanor shifted, his expression betraying a mixture of emotions, his breathing slightly uneven as he coldly instructed Bernard to halt.

Bernard’s eyes darted between Edward in the wheelchair and Melody, widening suddenly.

He turned to her with an animated expression, a mix of surprise and curiosity evident on his face.

Lowering the gun, he positioned himself obediently behind Edward.

“Does Mr. Moore now trust me?” Melody’s fingertips curled, a faint smile tugging at the corner of her lips, although cold sweat trickled from her forehead to her jaw.

She remained in shock, her heart quivering uncontrollably.

In this new life, she had no desire to meet her end so abruptly at the barrel of a gun.

“Edward, I have the capability to not only cure your hidden ailment but also address your leg condition. However, it will require some time to prepare the necessary medications,” Melody assured him.

“I was forced into marriage in place of Suzanna by the Shield family, with no concern for my well-being. Now, I seek refuge here,” she explained, addressing Mr. Moore.

“Rest assured, Mr. Moore. Once I have earned enough to support myself, I will promptly seek a divorce and won’t trouble you any further,” Melody added, assuring him of her intentions.

“So, in exchange for treatment, my condition is that I must remain in the Moore family for the time being,” Melody clarified.

In her previous life, Melody had successfully healed her brother’s leg. Just now, as she sat in Edward’s arms, she discreetly pinched his leg.

The leg muscles had not atrophied, meaning there were still chances of recovery!

Seizing the opportunity, Melody gazed at him with determination shining in her eyes, reminiscent of stars in the night sky.

As the conversation turned to the Shield family, Melody couldn’t help but feel a pang of sorrow, causing a hint of redness at the corners of her eyes. However, she refused to shed a tear, displaying her resilience.

Despite appearing petite and fragile, as if she could be easily overwhelmed, the determination and stubbornness in her eyes were unmistakable and striking.

With just one look, Edward felt a sense of familiarity, as if something deep within him had been stirred.

He avoided her gaze as his Adam’s apple bobbed slightly while he took the electrode from his leg and handed it to Melody. Without another word, he turned his wheelchair and left, leaving her with the parting words, “The choice is yours.”

Bernard, the bodyguard, looked on in astonishment.

Had Mr. Moore really agreed to retain this “disastrous” girl?