

Reborn To Remarry My Ex Husband Chapter 21

Chapter 21 Calm Before Storm

Andrew observed Melody's graceful approach with a flicker of surprise crossing his eyes before settling into calmness. As he handed her a card, he spoke, "Melody, there is one million inside. Consider it my investment in Martin's business. Andrew, hailing from a wealthy background, had initially co-founded the financial company with Martin to pursue his dreams. However, his support for YM Capital persisted out of sentimentality. He admired Melody's determination, which was reminiscent of Martin's.

Melody reached out to decline, Professor Woodman, I can't...

"Melody, has our family ever lacked money for you to spend?" Carson interjected, his eyebrows furrowing as he strode forward, grabbing Melody's wrist. Standing before her, tall and imposing, Carson's black shirt was partially unbuttoned, revealing his well-built physique. His dark eyes bore into Melody coldly.

"Why are you borrowing money from outsiders? We have enough money as it is, he spoke, questioning her decision to seek help from outsiders rather than her own family.

Even though she may be wild and unruly, she was still a member of the Shield family, and they had appearances to keep.

After all, the Shield family had always provided for her material needs. Why bother to pretend otherwise?

Melody recoiled from Carson's arms, her demeanor frosty despite the polite smile she mustered. "Do we know each other, sir?" she inquired with a detached air.

Carson's gaze hardened, a flicker of embarrassment crossing his features before he steeled himself. He couldn't bear to continue their confrontation in such a public setting. "Melody, don't come to me for help in the future," he retorted, his tone icy as he turned to leave.

For a moment, Carson's steps faltered, a silent plea lingering in the air as if he anticipated Melody to chase after him, seeking reconciliation. But she remained rooted to the spot, her resolve unyielding as she watched him depart to the other end of the banquet hall, frustration evident in his every movement,

Gary, still nearby, approached Melody with a pallid face, concern etched in his features. "Mel, what's going on?" he asked, his voice laden with guilt.

"Carson is just worried about you," he added. He was haunted by the specter of his fears regarding her safety.

Night after night, Gary had been tormented by nightmares, each one leaving him physically and mentally drained. He longed to bridge the gap between them, but Melody stepped back, her expression resolute as she rebuffed him. "Worried? I don't need your false concerns," she stated firmly. Leave. I have no desire to see you."

The belated affection Gary harbored could dissipate easily like dandelion seeds scattered by the wind.

Did he truly believe himself blameless? He merely misses the power to control and blame me one at his whim!

Stentily, Gary departed, a hollow ache gnawing at his heart.

Observing the scene, Suzanna approached Melody with gentle concern. "Mel, though I never agreed with this arranged marriage, you're already wedded. It's not right to depend on someone else's finances, she admonished softly, though a hint of sarcasm tinged her words.

In Suzanna's eyes, Melody had been cast aside by the Moore family, with only Andrew to turn to. The designer clothes she wore might be borrowed, high-quality imitations. Suzanna extended a card bearing two thousand, expecting gratitude in return.

Melody glanced at the card with a wry chuckle. "Two thousand wouldn't even cover Miss Shield's afternoon tea on a normal day," she remarked dryly.

"Suzie's indeed generous to her sister," she added, noting Suzanna's monthly expenses totaling three hundred thousand, supplemented by her brothers' contributions.

Her eldest brother, Timothy, would provide her with half the earnings whenever he had a successful financial project.

Meanwhile, Melody received a mere one thousand five hundred monthly from Mrs. Ingrid. Suzanna, on the other hand, boasted a savings account with at least seven figures. She also received extra pocket money every month from the family members.

Giving her two thousand was not only an insult but also a blatant lack of respect.

Elana, daughter of the Summers, interjected condescendingly, asserting her family's authority. "Who do you think you are, speaking to Suzie like that?" she admonished Melody, her tone dripping with disdain.

What, the cripple can't satisfy you, so you have to sell yourself to entertain someone?"

Elana stepped forward like a peacock trying to show off its feathers.

As the precious daughter of the Summers, she had gotten everything she wanted in life without having to work for it. Fame, money, and respect. There was no one in the capital who'd dare to trample on her in fear of offending her father.

Melody is just a dispensable bride to the Moore family.

She is merely an unrecognized commodity, yet she dares to act arrogantly on my territory and bully my best friend?

Suzanna, while secretly pleased by the exchange, intervened weakly to restrain Elana "Lana, calm down. Mel might just be desperate for money," she suggested, though Elana's sneer suggested otherwise.

"If you're desperate," Elana taunted, "just sell yourself."

Melody stood her ground against their barbs, her pride unyielding even in the face of their scorn

"Melody, it seems like the sponsor you found isn't that great. Why don't I introduce you to some even wealthier ones?"