

Reborn To Remarry My Ex Husband Chapter 22

Chapter 22 Confrontation

“Drake Crawford, the esteemed scion of the Crawford Group, and Harry Lincoln, proprietor of Lincoln Designs, a man who, having recently lost his wife, now contemplates a second marriage...

“I daresay either of these gentlemen might suit you admirably.”

There were whispers about Drake, whispers laden with the weight of his reputation as a notorious playboy in the capital, whose exploits involved mistreatment of numerous women and indulgence in debauchery.

Similarly, Harry wasn't devoid of rumors either; his penchant for ostentation in public contrasted starkly with reports of domestic discord, with some suggesting a grim fate befell his previous wife by his hand.

By mentioning them, Elana implied a dire fate for Melody, akin to the unfortunate women associated with Drake and Harry.

Elana scrutinized Melody's exclusive custom-made red Chanel dress with a discerning eye, though the longer she examined it, the more unease crept into her demeanor.

Her keen gaze swiftly discerned its authenticity.

The simmering anger within her erupted into a blazing fury, her eyes alight with indignation.

Why should someone who commodifies her body adorn herself in opulent attire beyond her means?

With a glass of crimson wine in hand, she leaned forward, feigned a stumble, and deliberately spilled the wine onto Melody's luxurious dress.

“What a pity, Melody, wasting a glass of my wine,”

Elana's smirk dripped with malice, her mastery of sarcasm honed within the echelons of high society.

She sought to diminish Melody intentionally, to impress upon her the notion of her undeserving status.

Andrew, observing quietly from the sidelines, hesitated to intrude upon Melody's familial affairs. Yet, he could remain silent no longer, delivering a stern rebuke, “Miss Summer, this is a distinguished gathering. yet you comport yourself with such lack of decorum!”

Elana's smile turned more haughty as she lifted her chin, a gesture of disdain. "And what of it?"

"Dare Melody retaliate against me?"

Upon the Summer family grounds, she believed none would challenge her authority, no matter her

arrogance.

Unnoticed by many, a coldness descended upon Melody's countenance, a glimmer of resolve in her eyes.

The smile upon her lips turned saccharine, sickeningly sweet. "Elana, has your countenance undergone alteration through surgical means?"

With a single utterance, Elana's face contorted with anger. "Melody, you spout nonsense!"

Yet Melody's grin widened, mischief dancing in her eyes.

"Shall I venture a guess at the composition of the implant within your nasal cavity?"

"Oh, it's quite a challenge to surmise."

"Perhaps I should extricate it for all to scrutinize, hmm

Melody advanced, an air of innocence and curiosity about her, before seizing Elana by the neck and slamming her to the ground.

The force caused the silicone implant in Elana's nose to rupture her skin, blood splattering in all directions.

The ensuing cacophony resembled the slaughter of a swine.

A touch of malice gleamed in Melody's eyes, a hint of crimson hinting at a darker intent,

With a delicate touch, she released Elana's neck and lifted the wine-stained dress, regarding Suzanna with narrowed eyes as she remarked nonchalantly. "Ah, you're bleeding."

"It complements the hue of the wine quite beautifully.

Melody's once-pristine red dress was now tainted with the blood from Elana's ruptured implant.

With a lofty gaze, she surveyed Elana's prone form, her tone playful.

"Miss Summer, should you insult my husband again by referring to him as a cripple... I may find it necessary to employ a surgical blade to retrieve the implant beneath your bosom.

The girl squatted, lifting Elana's chin.

A devilish smile graced her lips.

The curve was flawless, yet her narrowed eyes held a warning..

"You... you!! How dare you treat me thus! You're finished! You'll pay dearly!"

"Someone, apprehend Melody for me; I demand her hand be broken!"

Despite the agony, Elana's screams persisted unabated.

Soon, the venue's security intervened, dispersing the crowd.

Surrounded by guards, Melody stood composedly, addressing the throng outside in a casual manner, Bernard."

Bernard broke into a cold sweat, wondering why he suddenly felt as if he were on a death list when she called his name.

"Madam, your orders?" he replied, clad in a bespoke black suit bearing the emblem of the Moore family.

Those astute enough could discern the potent influence behind him.

But the fact that he addressed Melody as "Madam" raised questions.

Has Melody been officially recognized as the legal spouse of the Moore family?

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Chapter 23 Trapping the Rabbit

On the second floor of the venue, Edward surveyed the scene from a lofty vantage point, bathed in the soft illumination that swept across his features. The scar tracing from his brow to his jawline lent an air of ruthless resolve to his stern countenance.

When Melody impulsively referred to him as her "husband," a faint glimmer danced within Edward's dark eyes, momentarily catching him off guard. His throat tightened, parched with the weight of her words.

How long had it been since anyone publicly defended him?

Even he had grown accustomed to his condition, too weary to muster indignation in the face of mockery and insult.

Yet here was Melody, fiercely advocating for his dignity, Why, he wondered, did the feel compelled to do so?

Edward's calloused fingertips brushed together as if still tingling from the memory of a gentle touch. With a decisive press of the consent key on his wheelchair, he granted Melody full control over Bernard's actions.

The flickering light cast sharp shadows upon the contours of his jaw, highlighting the faint dimple etched into his cheek

"Melody, you possess a keen eye for selecting allies.. Impressive. This time, I'll lend you my support as an exception," Edward's voice resonated, slow and seductive.

Bernard received the directive on his wristband and inwardly nodded in acknowledgment. Indeed, his reserved master had succumbed to the allure of his wife's charms.

Towering and robust, he effortlessly parted the crowd, the surrounding bodyguards instinctively yielding ground.

Seizing the moment, Suzanna interceded, aiding the bloodied Elana to her feet. Expressing her grievances, she pleaded, "Melody, Lana is still young. Even if she speaks without restraint and accidentally stains your gown, must you resort to violence? Moreover, Lana's father hosts this gathering. Your actions will implicate the Shields. Your recklessness brings undue hardship upon Dad and the rest of us. How can you be so selfish?"

Suzanna portrayed herself as an innocent victim, standing tall like a guileless rabbit confronted by predators. Tears welled in her eyes, though they remained unshed. The commotion caught the attention of Carson and Gary. With a single glance, Melody stood condemned.

Carson rushed to shield Suzanna and Elana, his icy gaze piercing into Melody's soul as he reproached, "Melody, how long will your envy of Suzie persist? Aside from causing trouble and embarrassment to the Shield family, what more do you intend to do?"

His clenched jaw accentuated his intimidation. He could no longer endure it; in his eyes, Melody had strayed too far beyond redemption.

Melody rose gracefully on slender heels, her crimson-stained dress still exuding elegance despite the blood.

Ignoring Carson's tirade, she addressed Elana icily, "As the latest model in this Chanel creation, it is valued at eight hundred thousand. Miss Summer, choose between cash or credit. Fail to compensate, and you shan't leave here."

Elana, accustomed to lavish spending on cosmetic enhancements, found herself constrained by familial allowances and credit limits.

Carson's eyes twitched as Melody swept past him, a vein pulsing on his forehead.

Suzanna, her voice trembling and faint, implored, "Melody, Lana is but a child; must you be so aggressive..."

Her excuse of Elana's youth drew a derisive eye roll from Melody. Meanwhile, Suzanna attempted to depart with Elana, only to be obstructed by Bernard's imposing frame

Her eyebrows knitted in a way that showed confusion as if she didn't understand why her sister was being so cold-hearted.

Gary observed the scene, familiar with the fragile postures and familiar patterns of conflict between. Suzanna and Melody. But this time, he noted the wine stains marring Melody's attire.

It seems that every time Suzie and Mel have a conflict, Suzie is always the innocent victim.

This time, however, he noticed the red wine stains on Mel's skirt.

Stepping back, he discreetly bribed a waiter for a detailed account of the incident. As he listened, his expression grew increasingly somber...

Raising an eyebrow, Melody countered, "Indeed, Lana may be young, but you and I, Suzanna, are of the same age. If you truly regret Elana's predicament, take action."

"Aren't you her close friend? Can't you extend financial aid?"

It was a subtle form of moral coercion.

If Suzanna refused to assist her friend, it would reveal her callousness. Yet compliance would entail yielding to Melody's demands. Caught in a dilemma, damned if she did and damned if she didn't.

A smirk danced upon Melody's lips. She was determined to outmaneuver deceit with cunning and reclaim what was rightfully hers.

With a single remark, Suzanna's façade crumbled, her expression stiffening under the weight of Melody's scrutiny.

Reborn To Remarry My Ex Husband Chapter 24

Chapter 24 Why Should I

She had millions in savings but was reluctant to fork out money on Elana's behalf.

However, to maintain her gentle and kind image, Suzanna gritted her teeth and said, "Lana, I know didn't mean to stain Mel's dress. I'll help you pay the compensation." "

Although Suzanna's reluctant and upset look couldn't be concealed, she still took out her card and handed it over to Melody,

The bystanders couldn't help but cast condemning glances at Melody.

"Is this the adopted daughter of the Shield family? What a disgrace! How dare an illegitimate child like her bully the legitimate daughter?"

"I heard she married the heir of the Moore family, who is disabled and violent. Serves her right!"

"So she's Melody? She's truly beautiful and has a good figure. What a waste for her to marry a disabled person..

"I heard her husband doesn't have long to live, and she'll soon become a widow. Once she loses support from the Moore family, she'll be at our disposal! Haha!"

Just as Suzanna was about to pass her card to Melody, a hand with distinct knuckles grabbed Suzanna's wrist.

Carson gently lowered his eyes and said, "Suzie, keep your card. I'll pay this eighty thousand."

Melody was unsurprised she had long known that Carson was best at cleaning up Suzanna's messes.

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Of course, he would be willing to spend eighty thousand for Suzanna's sake.

Carson's voice was clear, but when he looked at Melody, his gaze was like a cold, piercing blade.

"Melody, there's one million in this card, more than enough to buy the dress you're wearing."

Carson coldly handed his card to Melody.

Just as Melody was about to take the card, Suzanna suddenly leaned weakly toward Carson.

Carson quickly supported her, and the card in his hand flew straight out toward Melody's face.

Melody stepped aside, but the sharp corner of the card still grazed her cheek, cutting through her delicate skin..

Soon, a shallow blood mark appeared on her cheek.

The unexpected insult happened too quickly. Carson's face changed as he watched the bank card fall to the ground. Melody's intention to humiliate Carson was obvious.

Unlock succeeded

"Carson, Mel treasures the high-end designer dress that she's wearing, which is worth eight hundred. thousand. I guess it must be a gift from someone very important... Suzanna probed as she leaned into Carson's chest, feigning an innocent look while glancing in Andrew's direction.

Sure enough, Carson's face turned dark, thinking Melody couldn't afford such an expensive, high-end designer dress unless she sold her body!

Earlier, he had seen Melody receiving a bank card from Andrew, so the absurd guess became even more plausible.

Suppressing his anger, Carson ordered in an aloof and mocking tone, "Melody, pick up the card and take off that filthy dress on you!"

Take it off and throw it away! I can never tolerate my sister selling her body for money. I shall educate her harshly to make her come to her senses!

Melody looked up in disbelief, sneering, "Why should I?"

Her brother, in order to humiliate her, threw a credit card at her and ordered her to undress in public!

Once again, she was disappointed in her so-called family.

Just because I'm spending money on you. You're out here looking for sugar daddies, aren't you? Then why are you pretending to be high and mighty?"

Carson's eyes were malicious and mocking.

He aimed to completely shatter Melody's dignity so that she would never dare to act recklessly again.

Melody bit her lips. Her heart had been broken by them countless times, but it still ached for a moment.

As she looked at Carson's handsome features, all she felt was disgust.

Without any hesitation, she stepped forward and fiercely punched Carson in the face.

'Bang!'

Blood oozed out of Carson's gum as two teeth fell off.

When Suzanna saw Carson slump onto the ground, she rushed over to help him but was kicked away by Melody.

Melody looked down at Carson and said coldly, "Carson Shield, remember this if I don't put up with you, you are nothing! And this applies to anyone in the Shield family."

Gary—stared blankly at Melody, feeling a lump rise in his throat.

Mel, do you hate us now?

Reborn To Remarry My Ex Husband Chapter 25

Chapter 25 Not My Brother

Melody gazed coldly at the disheveled Carson, who was glaring at her in stupefaction he felt a sense of inexplicable joy.

When she was young, Martin protected her well and taught her martial arts from the age of ten so that she wouldn't be bullied by outsiders.

Upon returning to the Shield family, she was expected to be a kind and refined lady.

he made an effort to suppress her true nature and conform to the role of a gentle and dependent daughter to the Shield family.

However, she had now embraced her true self and refused to compromise to please others.

Mel, Carson didn't mean any harm. Why are you treating him this way? He's our brother...

After being pushed aside, Suzanna quickly went back to Carson and pleaded tearfully, but she didn't notice that Gary was standing behind her.

The rebellious young man's scrutinizing gaze fell upon Suzanna, who remained spirited as she returned to Carson despite being pushed away.

Gary's expression darkened as he stood there in a state of perplexity.

He didn't dare to meet Melody's gaze.

Melody arched her brows and remarked aloofly, "Suzanna, you are mistaken. He's your brother but not mine."

To Melody, a brother was someone akin to Martin.

When she was humiliated or bullied, he would stand by her side and protect her against anyone who attacked her rather than subjecting her to public embarrassment!

Suzanna was helping Carson to his feet when the latter heard Melody's hostile, icy statement. At once, Carson's face darkened.

"Melody, remember what you just said. You may not acknowledge me, but I hold even less regard for a sister like you who is rude and overbearing! Don't regret it."

"Suzie, Gary, let's go."

Despite being provoked, Carson retained the sense not to create a scene at the auction.

As a prominent singer, causing a scene wouldn't do him any good.

Moreover, it was his fault for inadvertently tossing the bank card and cutting Melody's face.

Just as Carson was about to leave, he caught sight of Gary standing still, gazing vacantly at Melody as if he "had lost his soul."

Suzanna's eyes reddened slightly. She grasped Gary's hand and asked, "Gary, what's the matter?"

"Both Carson and Lana are injured; let's take them to the hospital first"

Looking dazed, Gary suddenly turned to Suzanna and said. "You seem spirited today. Go ahead and bring them to the hospital on your own."

Suzanna's countenance turned pale instantly.

With trembling lips and reddened eyes, she muttered. "Gary, I'm just worried about Carson and Lana..."

Frowning. Carson could not tolerate Gary's aggressive stance towards Suzanna. He sternly remarked, "Gary, are you picking on Suzie for the sake of Melody? You should be well aware of Suzie's condition. She can barely..."

"If you have any sense, you should know who deserves your kindness!"

After reprimanding Gary, Carson turned and left.

Despite having two teeth knocked out, he endured the pain and brought Elana to the temporary medical room at the banquet.

He didn't want to miss the auction that evening-

After Carson left, Gary quickly approached Melody, removed his suit jacket, and courteously handed it to her.

"Mel, you might catch a cold if your dress gets wet. Please wear my jacket."

Melody glanced at him and replied, "No thanks. I find it filthy."

The members of the Shield family had a special fondness for Suzanna, and they often carried her around as if her heart condition would be triggered if she walked on the ground.

They also allowed Suzanna to act spoiled in their arms.

Gary came with Suzanna, so his suit smelled like Suzanna's unique and faint perfume....

With that, Melody left for the auction hall with Andrew

Their seats were toward the back.

From the back row, Melody could see Suzanna sitting next to Carson like a star.

The two sat side by side in the third row.

There was an empty seat next to Suzanna, presumably for Gary, who hadn't taken his seat yet.

Many big shots attended the auction that night, so Carson must have made some arrangements to be able to sit in the third row.

“Melody, keep this card. You gained a million in investment just by putting up an act. I have to admit that you and Martin are really good at doing business.”

Andrew handed Melody Carson’s card, which he had picked up from the ground just now.

When he first saw Melody, he thought that such a beautiful and sophisticated woman couldn’t handle YM Capital.

But it turned out that Melody’s ability was beyond his imagination.

“I just held an olive branch it was all up to Suzanna whether to accept or not.

Melody took the card coldly but didn’t feel happy about the money.

Instead, she felt sorry for the stained Chanel red dress, which was a gift from Edward.

She should have cherished it, but she had to use it as a bargaining chip for cash.

For a moment, she missed Edward a little.

Finally, the auction officially began. As more exquisite collections were presented, the atmosphere in the venue reached its climax.