

Reborn To Remarry My Ex Husband Chapter 3

Chapter 3 Melody's Resolve

After Edward's departure, Melody's demeanor swiftly transformed, discarding the façade of sorrow and wiping away imaginary tears.

Though clear, her dark, almond-shaped eyes betrayed a chilling resolve beneath the surface.

She understood well that Edward's gesture of dismissal wasn't temporary; instead, it hinted at her disposable status.

If she ceased to serve a purpose, she'd be relegated once more to a state of homelessness, a mere nuisance.

In her previous life, Melody lived in fear and hoped to escape from Edward, enduring a year of marriage before he gradually warmed up to her.

The timeline of his affection is shrouded in mystery. But when he did, it was profound and unforgettable.

In this new life, Melody resolved to take the initiative to approach Edward and shield and cherish him with her love.

Entering the bathroom to freshen up, she confronted her reflection. Red-brown acne dotted her face, dark circles marred her eyes, and a pallid complexion hinted at an underlying resentment. Despite her delicate features, an eerie aura lingered, a testament to her troubled existence.

Melody's confidence wavered. Had she truly attempted to seduce Edward with this ghostly appearance?

It was no wonder he had rejected her.

Who would embrace such a spectral figure?

Reflecting on her appearance, Melody couldn't shake the memories of her past life. On the eve of her proxy marriage, she tirelessly worked on a financial plan for her brother Timothy, sacrificing sleep and pushing herself to the limits of exhaustion.

The pimples on her face stemmed from her clandestine experimentation with medicinal remedies for Cameron. Unable to precisely identify the ingredients from the ancient texts, she resorted to trial and error, resulting in her face becoming ulcerated and covered with painful red sores.

Recalling these experiences, Melody's fingers tightened, and a bitter sneer crossed her lips. She realized how foolish she had been in her past life, yearning for familial affection and desperately trying to please the Shield family. Yet, in the end, she had no relative to even bury her ashes.

How foolish she was!

This time, she vowed never to make the same mistakes and subject herself to servitude for the Shield family's benefit ever again!

Bearing the weight of her burdens, Melody's rest that night was fitful.

As the sun rose high in the sky, she finally got enough sleep.

Upon awakening, she reached for her phone, its battery drained from neglect. Charging it, she was met with a deluge of messages, signaling a new day fraught with its own challenges.

Soon, a familiar call interrupted Melody's thoughts.

She answered, greeted by Carson's impatient voice on the other end. "Why did you deliberately turn off your phone and disappear?"

Carson, a renowned singer known for his gentle yet magnetic voice, sounded notably annoyed. "Melody, when will you learn to be as sensible and considerate as Suzie?"

His words nearly elicited laughter from Melody.

"Oh, it was my wedding night; my husband is too clingy," she quipped. "I can't get up at all."

Raising an eyebrow, Melody's almond eyes narrowed casually as her tone turned cold and sharp.

Carson frowned, surprised by Melody's audacity in accepting Edward. Wasn't he disabled?

And now she dared to argue with him.

Despite this, he ignored her retorts, growing impatient as he raised his voice. "Melody, will you ever stop? Must you deliberately bring up this matter to disgust everyone?"

The entire family felt uneasy about Melody marrying in Suzie's place but believed it was the best way to protect Suzie.

They had no other choice.

So, faced with Melody's sarcasm, Carson couldn't shake off a sense of guilt.

With a smirk and icy gaze, Melody retorted, "How amusing. I'm the one entering into marriage, not you, so why the disdain? What's with the theatrics?"

While coerced into marrying in her sister's stead, Melody couldn't shake off the memory of her family's pleas.

Her father's weathered hands embraced her, imploring, "Mel, your sister's fragile heart can't endure any shocks. Please, for your father's sake, marry into the Moore family for her."

Her mother, her touch tender for the first time since Melody's return, murmured, "Mel, I know I've wronged you, but your sister has been by my side since she was a child. I can't bear to see her wed a disabled man. You're her elder sister; it's your duty to protect her, isn't it?"

A chill ran down Melody's spine. Since she was kidnapped, Melody had never experienced motherly love.

Was it fair for Melody to be the sacrificial lamb simply because she was the older sister without a heart condition?

Amidst the silence of her five brothers, their hopeful gazes weighed heavily upon her.

They all awaited her acceptance of marrying a disfigured, disabled man in Suzanna's place.

Ultimately, Grandma's threat to kneel forced Melody into the wedding dress against her will.

Now, what right did they have to voice complaints?

Carson's tone softened momentarily, choked with emotion, "Regardless of how you feel about this marriage, taking the financial plan USB drive she made for my brother without permission was uncalled for."

"She sacrificed five sleepless nights to create it. Taking it without permission is stealing!"

"Melody, this behavior disappoints me. What have you learned during your time away? Stealing, really?"

Carson's tone grew increasingly resentful, tinged with a hint of frustration directed towards Melody.

Melody listened calmly, anticipating this confrontation.

In her past life, she endured accusations of “stealing the USB drive” to protect Suzanna’s reputation. Because Suzanna had privately pleaded with her several times, she ultimately shouldered the blame.

But this time... why should she protect their pride?

Melody’s sneer was audible through the phone, “Carson, your naivety astounds me!”

With that, she abruptly ended the call.

Subsequent attempts to reach her were met with a blocked number.

Without hesitation, Melody swiftly blocked the phone numbers of her parents, grandmother, five brothers, and Suzanna.

Carson listened in disbelief to the busy tone on his phone, realizing for the first time that he couldn’t control Melody.

He paused momentarily, then attempted to call again, only to discover he had been blocked.

Carson’s face darkened momentarily, a sign of his growing frustration.

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Satisfied with blocking everyone, Melody glanced up to find Edward’s wheelchair parked at the door.

He casually tapped the armrest with his slender fingers, his ink-black eyes deep and inscrutable.

“Good morning, Mr. Moore.”

Upon seeing him, Melody’s almond eyes instantly curved into crescent moons, her smile bright and dazzling.

In her heart, a small voice screamed, “You didn’t hear anything, you didn’t hear anything, you didn’t hear anything!!”

Fate, however, seemed to conspire against Melody.

The next moment, Edward’s voice, cold yet tinged with playfulness and sensuality, broke the silence. “Did I cling to you too tightly last night?”

With those words, embarrassment tingled through the girl, her toes curling involuntarily.

Oh no!

“Mis... misunderstanding!” she stammered, caught off guard.

She... didn’t mean to say that.

Really... really?

She hadn’t planned to divorce Edward; she was determined to have him. Right now, she just needed to vent her frustrations.

But being overheard by him was utterly mortifying.

Edward’s gaze swept over Melody, a cold smile gracing his lips as he remarked, “Couldn’t get up at all?”

The words startled Melody, prompting her to sit abruptly from her bed.

Emerging from the comforting embrace of her bed, Melody’s bare feet made contact with the cool floor as she obediently moved toward the man.

The sight of Melody squatting before him, her eyes filled with pleading innocence, her nose red and almond-shaped eyes watery, tugged at Edward’s heartstrings. Her obedient demeanor resembled that of a lost, vulnerable creature, her touch on his pant leg gentle and tender. “Edward, I’ll be good; please don’t send me away,” she implored softly.

Edward felt a strange warmth as her fingertips grazed his skin through the fabric.

It was a closeness he hadn’t experienced from a woman before, except for the previous night.

Suddenly, Edward’s gaze intensified, and he reached out to gently push Melody’s forehead, his tone firm yet slightly awkward, “You just need to be responsible for curing me. Don’t think of... something else.”

The last words hung in the air, hinting at a deeper meaning.

Hidden in the shadows, the bodyguard was taken aback, almost dislocating his jaw in surprise. Mr. Moore had actually initiated physical contact with a woman?