

Reborn To Remarry My Ex Husband Chapter 7

Chapter 7 Martin's Hope

Observing the scene, Mr. Shield offered Suzanna a tender smile, "Suzie, your kindness allows Melody to think she can bully you. What would you do if it weren't for your parents and brothers protecting you?"

With a gentle gesture, he retrieved the USB flash drive from the table and handed it to Suzanna, then affectionately tousled her hair, his gaze warm, "Keep it safe this time; don't let Melody snatch it again."

Accepting the USB drive, Suzanna furrowed her brow slightly, her expression tinged with concern for Melody, "Dad, maybe Mel is facing some challenges..."

"Stealing is unacceptable! What challenges could justify her actions?"

"By tolerating her behavior, our family's reputation will suffer!"

Mr. Shield's tone turned stern, his disappointment in Melody evident.

Her defiance warranted consequences; she needed to face the repercussions beyond the confines of their home.

"Timothy, ensure that no one in the industry hires Melody!"

He aimed to discipline her and prompt her return.

Otherwise, how would others view the authority of the Shield family?

"Understood," Timothy nodded, supporting the decision to block Melody across various sectors in Maycrest.

Given Melody's recent rebelliousness, corrective measures were necessary to prevent further misconduct.

Cameron sat in a wheelchair, his sharp features etched with a subtle air of detachment and indifference.

Yet, beneath his outward calmness, he believed Melody deserved consequences for her actions.

Derrick, wearing a discontented expression, complied with his father's directive.

Suddenly, Suzanna emitted a soft groan as if on the verge of collapse.

Carson rushed to her aid, his anger still evident, "If Melody wishes to depart, let her. When she realizes the challenges outside, she'll return to us."

"First, let's tend to Suzie's injuries!"

Mrs. Shield nodded, her expression a mixture of complexity and displeasure. "Why was I fated to have a daughter with such unfortunate circumstances? Even if she returns home to live a comfortable life, it seems she won't find contentment."

"If she's unwilling to embrace her role as a lady of the Shield family, then she shouldn't bother returning in this lifetime!"

Mr. Shield concurred, offering comfort as he embraced his wife's shoulder. "Never mind her, Suzie's well-being is paramount."

The group accompanied Suzanna in seeking medical attention.

As they departed, Gary stood motionless at the staircase, fixated on the front door.

Suzanna delicately bit her lip and furrowed her brow. "Gary, do you plan to go find Mel?"

"Unfortunately, she's still upset with us. Once my foot heals, I'll seek her out and offer my apologies. I'm confident I can convince her to return."

Observing Suzanna's obedient and fragile demeanor, still prioritizing the family despite her injury, Gary's heart softened in the end.

With a touch of bewilderment in his gaze, he spoke firmly, "Who needs to go find her anyway."

"She should have the decency to return on her own. Can't she return herself?"

Melody couldn't stay away from home forever!

Gary furrowed his brow, reassuring himself, before pushing the matter aside.

Considering Suzanna's condition, though it was just a sprained ankle, the family doctor conducted a thorough examination in the presence of the entire family.

After tending to her ankle and with the sun setting, Suzanna limped over to check on Mrs. Swenson.

Mrs. Swenson, lying on the bed in distress, anxiously clasped Suzanna's hand, tears brimming in her elderly eyes. "Ms. Suzie, you're too kind. Melody has taken half of what rightfully belongs to you. Only by driving her away can you receive the full love and attention from Mr. and Mrs. Shield!"

Suzanna appeared startled by her words, her hand trembling as she covered her lips, her moist eyes quivering.

“Mrs. Swenson, Mel is family, and that part belongs to her too... I’m fine; as long as the family is united, I’m content with anything.”

The loneliness in the frail girl’s eyes was palpable.

Mrs. Swenson’s demeanor turned icy as she admonished, “Ms. Suzie, the more you tolerate, the more Melody will exploit you!”

Fortunately, Melody had been temporarily ousted.

Mrs. Swenson’s bandaged form resembled that of a mummy, her aged bones nearly fractured.

Suzanna scowled, reprimanding, though feigning anger, “Mrs. Swenson, such remarks are unacceptable!”

Disappointment shadowed Mrs. Swenson’s expression, a glint of cunning flickering in her clouded eyes.

With the house masters feeble and ineffectual, someone had to do the unsavory tasks!

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After departing from the Shield family, Melody instructed Bernard to transport the luggage to Moore Residence while she ventured alone to a private sanatorium.

The autumn air was chilling, casting a desolate ambiance all around.

Melody adjusted her collar, cautiously navigating the labyrinthine corridor until she reached a particular ward.

The room lay vacant, save for medical apparatus and a man lying in a deep coma on the bed.

His pallid complexion contrasted starkly with his dark locks, his countenance appearing distant and unapproachable.

With lips devoid of color and breath growing faint, sunlight streamed through the curtains, casting a gentle glow upon his slender neck.

Clad in an oversized hospital gown, he seemed exceedingly fragile, as if a mere breeze could whisk him away.

Melody lingered at the threshold, peering through the transparent window but hesitating to venture further.

“Miss, are you here to see Martin?”

“He’s been in a vegetative state for four years, and it’s been ages since a stranger has come to visit him. You must be Melody, am I correct?”

A doctor stood behind her, exuding refinement and gentility.

Melody turned, her almond eyes betraying surprise and bewilderment.

“Surprised that I know your name?”

“Four years ago, when Martin was first admitted here, he still had moments of lucidity. He mentioned having a sister who used to visit him.”

“He waited for ten days, but his strength waned, and he slipped into a deep slumber...”

The doctor’s words carried a weight that twisted Melody’s heart into a knot.

They also evoked memories of Martin, her elder brother, from her foster family.

In her previous life, she had gone missing at the tender age of three and was discovered by eight-year-old Martin, who brought her home.

Despite their modest means, the Tucker family had always fostered a deep bond.

At five, when a mischievous child pulled her braided hair, Martin shaved the culprit’s head and made him run ten laps around the kindergarten, enduring his own punishment of kneeling for three nights.

By ten, Melody’s love for the piano blossomed. At fifteen, Martin worked tirelessly in various internet cafes to fund her musical passion, gifting her the most exquisite piano he could afford on her thirteenth birthday.

He declared, “Mel is the sole princess in our family, deserving nothing but the finest.”

At fifteen, Melody aspired to study finance at Greenfield University, with Martin promising to establish a financial firm for her upon her maturity.

However, at sixteen, she departed from the Tucker family, severing ties before Martin could fulfill his promise of bestowing upon her the cherished gift he had longed to present on her subsequent birthdays.

In the Shield family, she was relegated to the role of a servant, but within the Tucker household, she was cherished like a princess.

Upon her return to the Shield family, Melody found herself ensnared in the duties imposed by Old Mrs. Shield, who justified her servitude by citing Melody's past recognition of others as her parents.

This restriction tethered her to the Shield family, limiting her interactions with the Tucker family.

Despite six months passing, she only met with the Tuckers clandestinely once.

Meanwhile, Martin's promising career in finance was abruptly halted by a devastating accident that left him paralyzed, potentially in a vegetative state.

Desperate, the Tucker family sought Melody's aid.

Mrs. Swenson mistakenly believed that the Tucker family had come to borrow money from the Shield family. Without hesitation, she drove them away, falsely asserting that they had to wait for Melody's approval before being seen. This cruel deception left them stranded in the rain overnight, subjected to the elements and the anguish of uncertainty.

Suzanna swiftly intercepted Melody's attempt to scale the wall for escape.

The girl's brows knit slightly as she gently chided, "Mel, think about it. If Mom and Dad discover you're still in touch with those rough country folks, and if they believe you're trying to take our family's property to aid them, won't they question your motives? It might make them doubt your upbringing."

"Mel, don't be silly..."

Melody's brows furrowed in rebellion, rare defiance flickering in her eyes as she pushed Suzanna towards the foul ditch by the wall. "Suzanna, have some respect. They're not just some rough country folks! They're the relatives who raised me!"

She fixed a cold stare on Suzanna, her usually weak and gentle demeanor now marred by the ordeal of being pushed into the foul ditch.

With a sudden movement, she turned her head and forcefully thumped her forehead against the stone ditch, a light chuckle escaping her lips. "Mel, you can't escape this."

With urgency gnawing at her, Melody wasted no time.

She pivoted to resume her climb over the wall, only to find herself apprehended by the bodyguard Suzanna had stationed there.

That night, she faced the harsh punishment of thirty strokes by the family rules.

After enduring four days and nights of kneeling in the ancestral hall as punishment by Mrs. Shield, Christina, Melody clung to her last ounce of strength.

Despite her weakened state, she mustered the resolve to retrieve all the savings Mr. and Mrs. Tucker entrusted to her upon her return to the Shield family, pleading with Mrs. Ingrid to send the money out.

Upon reencountering the Tucker family, Melody was met with a hostile and disdainful reception. Each family member regarded her with suspicion and disdain, treating her like an ungrateful outsider.

Faced with such animosity and hostility, Melody decided to cut off all contact with the Tucker family.

The burden of guilt towards the Tucker family weighed heavily on Melody's conscience, preventing her from mustering the courage to face them for years.

However, while packing her belongings with Mrs. Ingrid, Melody realized something significant. Mrs. Ingrid was unaware of her personal preferences, such as her favorite toys and street snacks—details that only the Tucker family remembered.

In her previous life, during her five-year stint in prison, it dawned on Melody that it was always the Tucker family who silently stood by her, offering their unwavering support and care.

Melody snapped back to reality, her complexion paled once more. "Doctor, is there still hope for my brother to awaken?"

A pang of realization struck her as she remembered Martin's consciousness upon his admission to the hospital.

When the Tucker family sought her out at the Shield residence, their intent was solely for her to bid farewell to her comatose brother.

It was not for any financial assistance!

Yet, Melody failed to show up, choosing instead to return the money the Tuckers had provided out of concern for her well-being, a gesture that seemed to mark the end of their connection.

With a heavy heart, the doctor shook his head and guided Melody into the room, both of them standing somberly beside Martin's bed. "It's been four years," he sighed, "and unfortunately, he may never regain consciousness."

Melody's spirits sank as she absorbed the grim news.

"This is what he left for you, finally returning to its rightful owner," the doctor remarked solemnly as he opened a hidden cabinet.

With a sense of reverence, he retrieved a set of keys and a letter, passing them to Melody before quietly exiting the room.

As Melody unfolded the letter, she discovered nothing but contact information, an address, and a pre-written birthday card.

"Wishing my little princess Mel a happy 18th birthday! The adult ceremony gift is YM Capital. -Martin."

An electric jolt seemed to course through Melody's body, leaving her rigid with shock.

It became evident that in the corner she had long neglected, someone had consistently valued her as a treasure and worked diligently to nurture dreams for her.

Consequently, she couldn't afford to let Martin's efforts go to waste.

The company couldn't remain stagnant, and she couldn't allow Martin to lie there indefinitely.

Melody fixed her gaze on the frail figure on the sickbed, her eyes resolute: "Brother, Mel has grown up. This time, it's my turn to protect you."

In this lifetime, she must become even stronger.

Protect those she should protect.

Love those she should love!

Before leaving, Melody carefully placed her newly developed "Awakening Aroma," previously intended for Derrick, in the drawer.

She instructed the doctor to occasionally light it up for Martin, hoping to invigorate and soothe his mind.

As she hurried away, Melody remained oblivious to the slight movement of Martin's slender and weakened fingers on the sickbed at the moment she turned and left.

However, like a fleeting mirage, the movement vanished in an instant.

Meanwhile, at Moore Residence.

Bernard was startled by his boss as he placed Melody's luggage in the master bedroom.

"Where is she?" Edward's voice cut through the room, his features etched with cold intensity, his eyes dark and brooding, radiating a chilling aura.

"Who told you to put her things in the master bedroom?" His tone was sharp, conveying his displeasure.

Bernard felt a shiver run down his spine as he hastily responded, "Madam said she wants to give you therapy tonight..."

"So, sleeping together, no! Living together would be more convenient."

Bernard broke into a cold sweat, feeling a surge of anxiety.

Help!

You tacitly agreed to let me follow Madam home; isn't that just indirectly supporting her?

How do you manage to change your demeanor so quickly, almost like flipping a page?

Edward's eyes narrowed slightly, a faint cold smile playing on his lips as he spoke, "Throw them out!"

"Who allowed her to sleep with me?" His tone was authoritative, demanding an explanation.

But for a moment, his fingers paused on the wheelchair armrest as if still feeling the lingering touch of the girl's hand on his leg.

Tsk, that woman is bold as a wildcat!

Reborn To Remarry My Ex Husband Chapter 8

Chapter 8 Boldly Approaching Him.

Upon returning to the Moore Residence, Melody was dismayed to find her belongings strewn across the corridor outside the master bedroom. Approaching gracefully, she caught sight of Bernard poised to discard the latest medicinal pack she had prepared for Cameron Shield's treatment.

Frowning, she chided him, "Bernard, that's for Mr. Moore's leg treatment. How dare you discard it?"

With lingering suspicions from her past life, Melody remained wary of Bernard's intentions, recalling his skepticism towards her before. Bernard, feeling unjustly accused, respectfully explained, "Miss Shield, this is at Mr. Moore's request..."

This time, he refrained from addressing her as "Madam."

Mr. Moore's intentions remained cryptic, and Bernard chose not to incur his wrath

Melody's almond-shaped eyes lifted slightly at the corners, the teardrop mole beneath her left eye enhancing her captivating beauty. Her gaze turned cold as she retrieved the medicine pack from Bernard's hand, her pink lips slightly parted as she inquired, "Where is Edward?" Her tone was light yet subtly intimidating.

She had administered an injection to him the previous night, but its effects were temporary.

Having administered an injection to him the previous night, Melody needed to continue the treatment uninterrupted. Swallowing a gulp, Bernard found himself compelled to be honest. "Rose Chamber," he replied.

Recalling Edward's preference for the Rose Chamber from her past life, Melody headed towards it, announcing her return through the glass door, her voice sweet and alluring. "Mr. Moore, I've returned!"

Even though he was seated in a wheelchair, Edward exuded a cold aura; his demon-like visage was a warning to anyone else who'd dare intrude.

Upon hearing her voice, his eyebrows twitched, and his long eyelashes tremored lightly, casting a faint shadow. His dark, cold eyes widened slightly, betraying his emotions.

What had this young girl consumed to possess such a melodious voice?

Too frivolous.

Moreover, why should he care about her return?

Excessively presumptuous.

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Chapter 8 Boldly Approaching Him.

+5 Free Coins

Unperturbed by Edward's lack of response, Melody boldly entered the chamber, recalling that she was the only one Edward permitted to do so in her past life. Observing her daring move from afar, Bernard anticipated her downfall.

It seems like it's time to prepare a new bride for Mr. Moore! Bernard thought to himself.

However, even as time passed, the disaster he foresaw did not transpire. Within the transparent chambers, Melody knelt before Edward's wheelchair. Her delicate fingertips touched his legs, her small hands atop his larger ones.

Befuddled, Bernard approached carefully for a closer inspection.

Inside the Rose Chamber, Melody faced a slightly displeased Edward. His eyebrows were knitted together, displaying his annoyance. Meeting her gaze, he demanded, "Who gave you permission to enter? Leave."

Though Edward's tone was cold, he continued perusing company documents. Noticing his lack of anger, Melody bravely stepped closer, holding a physiotherapy kit.

Skillfully squatting before him, she gazed up and said, "Mr. Moore, has the effect of last night's injection worn off? Can you still feel anything when I touch you like this?"

Not leaving any room for Edward to resist, Melody gently touched his legs with her fingertips. As her hand brushed against his pants, a faint static electricity crackled.

He found himself unable to resist gazing at her petite face, adorned with almond-shaped eyes set beneath elegantly arched eyebrows. The delicate flush of pink on her dimpled cheeks complemented her fair complexion, while her captivating, rose-colored lips emanated a magnetic charm.

When he finally got a hold of himself, he noticed that Melody was getting increasingly bolder with her touch. He gripped his armrest tightly, his knuckles turning white. "Melody, release me!" he boomed, his voice traveling through the chamber.

Leaning down, he grasped her chin, forcing her to meet his gaze. "Is this how you treat men's legs?"

Even though he was wheelchair-bound, the man's commanding presence remained unmistakable, his tall stature and imposing demeanor exuding an aura of intimidation. Coupled with his ominous countenance, it rendered him seemingly unapproachable.

Nevertheless, Melody remained unfazed. Rather, she flashed a teasing smile, her almond-shaped eyes shimmering with a suggestive glimmer. With a silvery, breathy voice, she said, "Mr. Moore, treating legs is quite different from treating... other issues."

I am currently addressing your... other issue.”

“If you wish to recover, you must heed my advice.”

The girl’s audacious and straightforward remarks captured Edward’s full attention.

He was curious to witness the extent of this bold girl’s resolve.

“Is that so?”

+5 Free Coins

“Why would you be willing to devote yourself to a disfigured and disabled man like myself?”

Edward taunted lightly, a smirk playing on his lips as his rough fingertips casually brushed against the girl’s silky chin.

His touch wandered from her chin to her slender neck with careless ease....

He knew he could snap it with the slightest of pressure if he wished.

He harbored doubts that any woman would marry him without hidden motives.

His past six brides had all trembled in fear before him, as he expected.

But Melody proved to be different.

Melody’s lips curved into a mischievous smile in response to his words. “Mr. Moore, you seem to have overlooked something. You haven’t experienced an erection, nor have you provided me with the opportunity to assist you in that regard.”

“Furthermore, this is simply a standard medical procedure. From a doctor’s perspective, gender holds no significance.”

“In addressing impotence, it’s essential to assess your capacity for arousal. Let’s not overlook the fundamentals.”

She refrained from admitting her deliberate attempt at teasing him.

The purported assessment served as a mere pretext.

With each word she spoke, Melody conveyed a clear, unspoken message: Edward, do not flatter yourself. I have no interest in your physicality.

Edward found himself taken aback by Melody's audacity; his brows furrowed deeper, and his expression soured..

How dare she!

Outside the door, Bernard remained wide-eyed, stunned by Melody's bold remarks.

Mr. Moore had always detested physical contact, and since the plane crash that left him disabled, his aversion to the opposite sex had only intensified.

Has he ever allowed a woman to approach him so intimately and freely?

Henceforth, refraining from addressing her as "Madam" would be impolite!

Melody composed herself and precisely located Edward's sore points. Massaging his legs, she stated solemnly, "Mr. Moore, treating impotence requires prolonged therapy."

"We will need to share the same room."

Melody affixed the adhesive electrode pads to his body and then activated her portable electrotherapy device. Edward discerned notable differences in his body compared to the prior evening.

His breaths became uneven, a film of cold sweat emerging on his brow, and his lengthy fingers tensed around the wheelchair armrest.

His gaze, icy and penetrating, focused on Melody. Then, his thin lips parted slightly, "Does a simple therapy session extend throughout the entire night?"

Essentially, Melody was authorized to depart immediately upon completing the day's therapy.

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"Since your leg muscles haven't deteriorated, I must also administer massages essential oils throughout the night."

'I'll concurrently address impotence and tend to your legs."

"Mr. Moore, I pray for your prompt recovery."

In her previous existence, she had dedicated countless sleepless nights to tending to...r second brother's legs, only for him to forsake her kindness for Suzanna's sake. Now, he warranted none of her compassion.

Melody crouched down, meeting Edward's unwavering gaze. Her resolute eyes seemed to convey a silent promise: "Edward, in this life, you deserve nothing but the best."

"I will spare no effort to restore your well-being

There was a glint of starlight in her eyes.

In that very instant, Edward felt a skip in his slow, rhythmic heartbeat...

"Well, you may relocate to the master bedroom, Edward offered, his deep, magnetic voice resonating like music in Melody's ears.

Sharing a residence was merely the initial stride.

Smiling with contentment, Melody stowed away the portable electrotherapy device and retrieved a blend of calming essential oils she had meticulously crafted over a year for her neurasthenic fourth brother, Derrick Shield.

Recalling Edward's chronic insomnia from her past life, she recognized the toll of prolonged wakefulness on the nervous system. It fostered irritability and emotional instability, contributing significantly to his unpredictable mood swings.

Thus, she poured a small measure of the oil into her palm, gently warming it between her fingers. Turning to Edward with anticipation, she spoke cautiously, "Mr. Moore, this blend of essential oils is my personal creation. It possesses calming and relaxing properties, conducive to soothing the mind and body, thereby facilitating restful sleep."

"May I offer you a massage?"

Melody extended her slender, fair fingertips, the subtle scent of the oil lingering in the air. Edward caught a glimpse of her serene smile and nodded absentmindedly.

Bernard observed the scene with astonishment. Could Madam truly believe that a mere vial of essential oil would alleviate Mr. Moore's severe insomnia?

It appeared to be an insurmountable challenge.

However, as he continued to observe, he witnessed Melody standing behind Edward. Her fingertips were infused with the soothing aroma, delicately massaging his temples.

In response, Edward's furrowed brow relaxed, his eyes closed, and his body eased into the wheelchair, his breath deepening.

Bernard's lips parted in silent surprise. Could it be that Mr. Moore had finally fallen asleep

He had been deemed one of the most formidable and persistent cases of insomnia worldwide.

And yet, it seemed that a small vial of essential oil had resolved it all.

Reborn To Remarry My Ex Husband Chapter 9

Chapter 9 Determined

After Edward drifted into slumber, Melody refrained from disturbing him and quietly exited the Rose Chamber.

As she made her way out, Bernard respectfully addressed her as “Madam.”

The dignified manner in which he referred to her filled Melody with a sense of honor.

Acknowledging his presence with a nod, she ascended the stairs to organize the scattered items in the corridor, relocating them to the master bedroom.

Bernard willingly lent a hand in the endeavor.

Once everything was arranged, Melody settled in front of the dressing table, beginning her skincare routine with a beauty cream she had meticulously crafted. The cream, which contained medicinal herbs, rose dew, and spring water, was meticulously applied. Particular attention was given to the eye cream, which was formulated to alleviate puffiness and dark circles.

In her past endeavors, Melody had delved into the realms of beauty and skincare while immersing herself in medical studies for the benefit of her second brother, Cameron. She had devoted significant efforts to concocting beauty concoctions to cater to the preferences of Madam Shield and Suzanna, both ardent admirers of skincare.

Gathering rose dew necessitated an early start, with Melody rousing herself at four-thirty each morning to collect the dew from the thorn-laden rose garden.

Similarly, the spring water had to be sourced from a natural mountain stream. Melody would venture alone into the deep mountains for days to find the purest and most suitable spring water as an ingredient.

Melody nostalgically reminisced about the brief period of tranquility she encountered upon her return to the Shield household two years later.

During the application of beauty cream to Madam Shield’s visage at that time, a grateful Madam Shield clasped her hand, expressing her gratitude, ‘Mel, you’re truly thoughtful.’

However, their tender moment was abruptly disrupted by Suzanna's sudden appearance at the door. The fragile girl appeared visibly distressed as she watched them.

Melody didn't need to glance at Madam Shield to discern her unease. Hastening to Suzanna's side, Madam Shield accidentally spilled the beauty cream, her concern evident as she inquired, "Suzie, are you alright? I'll summon the doctor for you immediately!"

In an instant, Melody felt as though she had become invisible to Madam Shield's eyes.

Madam Shield escorted Suzanna to see a doctor sparing a fleeting glance at Melody before departing. Her eyes betrayed a myriad of emotions in that brief moment.

Although Madam Shield appeared poised to speak, she ultimately remained silent.

Thereafter, they all used the beauty creams Melody had prepared, with Melody promptly replenishing them whenever they ran out to preserve their beauty.

Despite her endeavors in gathering flower dew and spring water, Melody's wounds never fully healed, leaving her in a pitiable state.

Frowning, Melody vowed never to undertake such futile tasks again in the future.

That evening, Melody opted not to disturb Edward's slumber, knowing she still needed to gather all the medicinal herbs required for his leg treatment.

She settled onto the sofa in the master bedroom.

Although Edward paid her no mind, his movements as he retired to bed seemed notably tenser than usual.

The next morning, Melody rose early and departed from the residence.

Bernard perceived a distinct chill permeating the entirety of the Moore Residence following Melody's exit.

To sever her familial ties entirely, Melody required sufficient funds to repay her grandfather.

For consecutive days, she encountered rejection from various job opportunities within the capital.

A sympathetic human resources representative revealed that she had been blacklisted by the Shield family.

Timothy's financial firm wielded considerable influence in the capital, and its policies were stringent. Once a decision was made, its ramifications were far-reaching.

Melody recognized their attempt to coerce her into returning and seeking forgiveness.

Subsequently, they would likely disparage her for her perceived arrogance.

However, Melody remained steadfast in her refusal to compromise.

Without hesitation, she punched in the phone number she had acquired from Martin.

Unable to secure employment, she was resolved to embark on entrepreneurship.

In her previous life, she had generously handed over her meticulously crafted financial plan to Timothy, propelling him to success at the annual Golden Financial Summit in the capital, resulting in a staggering net profit of one billion.

Given the plan's robustness, she pondered the significance of entrusting it to another company.

This time, she was resolute in securing the lucrative deal herself!

Melody was taken aback to discover that Martin's contact belonged to Andrew Woodman, a finance professor at Greenfield University.

Andrew had been Martin's former roommate, and together they had established YM Capital Limited.

Following Martin's incapacitation, the company's funding stream dwindled, prompting Andrew to return to his alma mater to teach while utilizing the company's name to undertake minor projects with a handful of graduate students to sustain operations.

However, in comparison to Timothy's behemoth, Goldman Pax Corporation, YM Capital Limited paled in significance.

To finalize arrangements with Andrew and YM Capital Limited, Melody ventured alone to Greenfield University.

Shortly after ironing out the details of legal succession with Andrew, Melody made her way to the counselor's office.

In her previous life, Melody had been made the scapegoat by Gary when he cheated on exams, leading to her being a target of expulsion from Greenfield University.

"I won't yield anymore!" she resolved as she made her way to the office building.

Not far away, she heard the echoes of a familiar laughter. Gary and Suzanna, accompanied by a group of Gary's friends, were seen strolling together.

The group was taken aback when they saw Melody, their widened eyes reflecting amazement.

After four or five days, the red sores and dark circles on Melody's face had nearly vanished. Her complexion was fair and radiant. Her lips were soft and full, her figure slender and delicate. Her almond eyes shone like stars against her black pupils.

Even in a simple white outfit, her beauty was impossible to ignore.

A tinge of envy flickered in Suzanna's heart, though she was the first to approach Melody, -pretending to be concerned. "Mel, why haven't you been home? Mom and Dad have arranged for you to withdraw from school. Are you here to pack your things?"

Though seemingly caring, Suzanna's words carried a dual message: Melody had been absent from home and was facing expulsion.

For a girl, either scenario was scandalous.

Melody sneered in response, "We've severed ties. Why should

"We've severed ties. Why should strangers decide my fate and force me to drop out?"

"And besides, I'm already married. Is it so strange to live with my husband?"

Her voice was firm and devoid of emotion as she held Suzanna's gaze.

Startled, Suzanna retreated, grasping Gary's sleeve with a look of distress.

Gary, accustomed to carefree living, now found himself under scrutiny, obliged to protect his younger sister.

Expressing his displeasure toward Melody out of habit, he said, "It's been five days, Melody. Why are you still upset?"

"Suzie is just worried about you. Do you have to be so ungrateful in front of everyone?"

"Timothy is right. You always create problems out of nothing, competing with Suzie for attention!"

"You're sisters. As the older one, can't you be kinder to Suzie?"

Gary frowned as he met Melody's icy gaze. His eyes were clear, his figure tall and lean.

Melody raised an eyebrow, unwilling to engage in further argument. A sudden pang of guilt gripped him.

Her demeanor remained calm as she addressed Gary directly your cheating.”

“I was never the one who should have been expelled!”

“I won’t take the blame for

In her previous life, she had borne too many punishments for him. In this life, she wouldn’t do so again.

Gary choked, suddenly recalling that one of his friends had been caught cheating. Initially, he had taken the blame out of loyalty but then shifted it to Melody, who had always been compliant with him at school.

He hadn’t realized the consequences would be so severe.

Melody’s determined stance to clear her name left Gary stunned. Though he bit his lip and lowered his head, he couldn’t bring himself to apologize.

Tension hung thick in the air.

Meanwhile, Suzanna reached out to grasp Gary’s hand, her voice weak yet imbued with a sense of strength. “Mel, even though Gary struggles academically, he would never cheat.”

“If I’ve upset you, you can hit me or scold me, but please don’t blame Gary...”

Believing Suzanna’s defense, the onlookers turned their doubtful and disdainful gazes toward Melody.

Yet, as Gary gazed at the delicate Suzanna, his eyes clouded with a mix of emotions...

Reborn To Remarry My Ex Husband Chapter 10

Chapter 10 Don’t Hate Me

Gary’s companions were well aware of Suzanna’s status as his publicly recognized younger sister. In their eyes, Melody seemed more akin to a servant lingering in Gary’s shadow.

They had grown accustomed to Gary’s misbehavior and frequent truancy from classes. He often participated in underground boxing matches and played pranks on the dormitory supervisor, consistently shifting the blame onto Melody for his actions and mistakes.

Essentially, Melody was expected to shoulder the blame.

They echoed, "Exactly, Melody, stop accusing others with a guilty conscience. If you cheat, just accept it.

Do you want to drag others down with you and get expelled together?"

*Suzie, don't worry. You defend your brother so well. You're truly an adorable sister...

"Melody, just because you're bitter over your brother's affections for Suzie doesn't mean you can shift the blame to Cary instead. How audacious can you be?"

They routinely praised Gary, unaware of the shadows that began clouding his eyes.

Suzanna frowned, casting a disapproving glance at Gary's friends as she lightly reprimanded them, "Don't speak ill of my sister. Perhaps she just wants to avoid expulsion..."

"Mel, it's alright. Even if you're expelled, you're studying finance. You can still work at Tim's company," Suzanna offered sympathetically, her eyes appearing sincere yet harboring a hidden sting. She knew well that Timothy would never hire a "thief into his company!"

Melody understood Suzanna's intent—to rub salt into her wounds.

Melody's gaze turned icy and indifferent as she scoffed, "What a ridiculous notion. I haven't cheated, so why should I face expulsion?"

"Suzanna, if you're inclined to put on a third-rate performance, go home and entertain your oblivious parents and brothers. Greenfield isn't your personal stage. If you have an issue with me, confront me directly!"

"I've made myself clear. I've severed all ties with the Shield family. No one can speak on my behalf, let alone dictate my decisions."

"The Shield family name means nothing to me, and I have no interest in Timothy's company."

Despite her slender frame, her unwavering resolve radiated from every fiber of her being, akin to a fearless lioness prepared to defend her territory against any intruders.

-An electric tension filled the air, causing Gary to nervously swallow and fidget with pursed lips.

When had Melody become so confrontational?

After a moment's hesitation, Gary gathered his courage and attempted to reach out for Melody's hand, but she deftly sidestepped his advance.

With a disapproving click of his tongue, Gary reproached, "Must you be so combative, Melody?"

"What do you gain from cutting ties with the Shield family?"

Melody smirked arrogantly, locking eyes with Gary as she enunciated each word deliberately, "There are numerous benefits." She emphasized the word "numerous."

"No more skipping classes, cheating, or forcing me to shoulder the blame. No more punishment of cleaning lecture halls at dawn, running laps around the football field, or standing outside the dean's office for a reprimand. No more humiliating apologies on the podium, with the entire university laughing at me.....

"Gary, I've had my fill of it!"

"And you, you make me sick," she spat.

Melody's cutting remarks left Gary feeling small.

Over the past few years, his selfish actions had inflicted damage upon his own sister, Melody.

But she could have refused, couldn't she?

Suzanna cast a worried glance at Gary, noting the dazed expression and flicker of uncertainty in his eyes. She nervously bit her lip and gently nudged Gary's shoulder, her hand pressed against her chest in a gesture of distress, murmuring softly, "Gary..."

Her demeanor suggested she might collapse at any moment.

Gary, preoccupied with concern, swiftly moved to support her, his voice laced with worry. "Suzie, are you alright? Is it your heart again?"

"We can't afford any issues; Dad and Nanny will be furious with me!"

The handsome, slender young man furrowed his brow, gripping Suzanna's shoulder with more urgency.

Suzanna leaned into Gary's embrace, tears welling in her eyes as she confessed, "Gary, it's my fault. I misunderstood Mel..."

Her vulnerable state elicited sympathy from the bystanders.

With composed poise, Melody approached them and produced a stethoscope she had on hand. "It appears she's experiencing another episode."

"I'll administer some supplements, and she'll recover."

Her tone, though calm, sounded stern and intimidating to Suzanna's ears, freezing her in place.

Though Gary may have been unaware, he recognized that Melody had been studying medicine alongside his second brother for the past few years.

Her expertise had even garnered praise from their grandfather, a respected doctor.

Seeing Melody's willingness to aid Suzie, Gary felt a mixture of guilt and relief.

"Okay, Mel, you can start."

Melody deftly affixed the adhesive electrode pads onto Suzanna's tender spots, her movements efficient and practiced.

Suzanna winced, a sharp cry escaping her lips as she instinctively recoiled from Gary's embrace, overwhelmed by the sudden surge of pain.

Activating the portable electrotherapy device, Melody watched as Suzanna's pallor transformed into a rosy flush, the discomfort evident in her expression.

With an air of detachment, Melody announced, "It's done." Swiftly gathering her equipment, she stood preparing to take her leave up."

His features etched with a mixture of concern and remorse, Gary hastened to catch up with Melody's brisk pace.

"Mel. I'm sorry, it's my fault. I shouldn't have let you take the blame for my friend, letting you suffer so much injustice. I'll talk to the faculty about rescinding your expulsion."

"Please don't hate me," he pleaded.

Despite his often reckless demeanor, Gary's sincerity and loyalty were unmistakable as he strove to bridge the growing chasm between them.

Desperate for the reassurance and warmth that Melody once provided, Gary longed for the comforting reminders and gestures of care that had once defined their relationship.

"Gary, please stop skipping classes again; you're going to fail if you keep doing it," she would gently admonish.

"I have completed your assignments and submitted them on your behalf, she would assure him, her diligence a testament to her unwavering support.

"Gary, be careful in the boxing match. Mom and Dad will worry if you get hurt," she would remind him, her voice laced with genuine concern.

"Your boxing gloves had loose threads; I've fixed them. Let me know if you need anything else," she would offer, her commitment to his well-being unwavering.

Once, Melody had been his guiding light, offering solace and encouragement in a world fraught with uncertainty and disappointment. After all, even his own family members did not support him; Melody- was the only one who never held judgment and actively reassured him.

Though her admonishments had once grated on his nerves, Gary now feared the void left by her absence, yearning for the warmth and reassurance that had once defined their bond.

Yet, as Melody steadfastly maintained her course, her unwavering resolve apparent in her cool demeanor, Gary was left grappling with a sense of desolation.

With an icy tone, she said as she continued walking. "Admit your mistakes to everyone. Otherwise, not only will I dislike you, but I'll also lose respect for you."

After Melody left, Suzanna cautiously approached and asked, "Gary, why did Mel leave?"

"Her therapy skills are improving. Despite the pain, my chest feels much better," she added.

Suzanna's gentle tone couldn't hide the after-effects caused by Melody's treatment, her face growing paler and more fragile.

Gary, realizing Suzanna's condition, furrowed his brow and supported her, but his gaze remained fixed on Melody's retreating figure.

With a heavy heart and a voice tinged with sorrow, he lamented, "Mel has expressed her disdain towards. me. It's all my fault."

Suzanna's eyes dimmed as she softly reassured Gary, "Don't worry, Gary, Mel was just speaking out of anger..."

The address left by Martin led Melody to the premises of YM Capital.

Alone, she stepped inside, greeted by the sight of a dozen employees. Each one was a research doctoral student meticulously selected by Professor Woodman from Greenfield University, boasting exceptional talent.

However, despite the caliber of its workforce, the company's technological infrastructure lagged behind. The computer systems, relics of four years past, teetered on the brink of obsolescence.

For Melody, gearing up for her ambitious plan involving an extensive international financial algorithm database calculation, the outdated hardware posed a formidable obstacle.

With only a month remaining until the Golden Financial Summit in the capital, urgent measures were needed to update the equipment.

Back at the Moore Residence, Melody's arrival was met by the sight of a chic and refined woman occupying the living room.

It was none other than Edward's younger sister, Felicity—a figure familiar to Melody from her previous life.

Felicity, known in social circles for her assertive yet genteel demeanor, had once been forced to curtail her vacation and seek refuge at the Moore Residence due to a severe allergic reaction afflicting her visage.

Repulsed by the unsightly red sores marred upon her face, Felicity harbored a deep-seated disdain for her own appearance. Melody remembered that during this period, Edward found her constant cries and complaints deafening, instructing Bernard to escort her out of the residence.

Recalling the past events, Melody watched as Felicity, now seated on the sofa, vented her frustrations. "What's the use of all these doctors and beauticians if they can't even address a simple allergy?" she lamented, her discontent palpable.

"I don't care about the cost; I demand the finest treatment available!"

At that moment, a glimmer of hope ignited within Melody's apricot-hued eyes. Money was on its way—flowing in from all directions.