

# Reborn To Remarry My Ex Husband Chapter 16

## Chapter 16 Dangerously Close

“Upon my arrival, I expect to be addressed respectfully as Ma’am!” Melody’s demeanor exuded an icy resolve, her visage as frosty as her tone, firm and commanding. Merely her presence alone sent ripples of apprehension through the meeting room.

Yet, that wasn’t enough.

Arching an eyebrow, she cast her bracelet onto the table with a decisive flick. “In three days’ time, I shall present

the invitation to the Golden Financial Summit before you all.”

“Prepare yourselves to join me on the battlefield of the summit at that juncture!”

With a burning ambition propelling her forward, Melody openly displayed her fervent aspirations.

At that moment, each person seemed to conjure visions of Martin, their revered patriarch, founding a company with a mere twenty thousand dollars four years prior. He took a chance, using the inaugural project to unlock commissions worth millions.

Andrew rose from his seat, his bearing poised and assured. A faint smile graced his thin lips as he spoke, “Ma’am, we eagerly anticipate your forthcoming news.

The scorn and ridicule from the doctoral candidates towards Melody abated, yet a teasing undertone lingered. “Little Ma’am, don’t disappoint us now....

Back at the Moor Mansion.

Upon entering, Melody was immediately struck by the palpable tension enveloping the estate. The servants moved about with visible unease.

In the master bedroom, Melody’s eyes fell upon Edward’s wheelchair parked beside the sofa where she often rested. He methodically tore her freshly laundered white garments, scattering them across the floor with deliberate motions as if engaged in some lofty and elegant endeavor.

Taken aback, Melody moved forward to retrieve a torn shirt, her brow furrowed in perplexity. “Edward, what compels you to rend my clothing in such a manner?”

At the sound of her voice, Edward’s dark, penetrating gaze flickered under the lamplight as he turned to regard her. A smirk played upon his lips, his deep voice carrying a subtle edge of danger. “How can one embrace the new without discarding the old?”

Though he had provided her with funds to purchase new attire, she had chosen instead to support multiple men—college students, no less.

On top of that, eighteen of them!

Her appetite seemed insatiable.

If she found me lacking, why attempt to mold me into something I'm not?

Melody was momentarily stunned, almost forgetting the card Edward had given her that morning to procure new clothes.

Yet, she struggled to recall the last time she had donned new attire.

During her tenure with the Shield family, she often wore hand-me-downs from Suzanna—outdated styles, faded hues, some even threadbare. She would mend and alter them herself to extend their wearability.

The Shield family often remarked on the uncanny resemblance between her wardrobe and Suzanna's, as though she had pilfered half of Suzanna's belongings.

But everything she received was what Suzanna had grown tired of.

Declining would have been tantamount to rejecting the Shield family's offerings and disrespecting Suzanna's intentions,

Contemplating this, she regarded Edward with a trace of melancholy in her gaze.

It seemed Edward was the only one who had ever taken notice in both my past life and this current one.

He pitied her for wearing drab, worn-out attire.

In her previous life, he had even purchased new clothes for her.

She dared to believe that she, too, could be cherished by someone, that she was also deserving of luxurious garments and exquisite jewelry.

Yet, she had consistently rebuffed his advances back then.

After a moment of reverie, she shook her head, refocusing on the present

Observing her distant expression, Edward's countenance darkened, a maelstrom of emotions swirling in his eyes as he tersely remarked, "Melody, do you feel aggrieved using my funds to support another man first?"

He narrowed his eyes, his grip tightening on her shirt.

His concern wasn't for Melody herself; he was merely irritated by her brazen exploitation of his resources.

Yet, in the next instant, Melody bent forward, closing the distance between them.

Her delicate fingers brushed against his expensive collar as their eyes locked, her gaze clear and beguiling. "Edward, I have never supported another man, only you!"

"And this attire I'm wearing now is old and worn. Would you care... to tear it?"

Melody's heart raced; she felt as though she were intoxicated, treading on treacherous ground. A blush crept across her skin, tingling with sensitivity.

I must be out of my mind! she chided herself.

Edward's eyes widened, momentarily caught off guard by Melody's enigmatic words. Yet, he swiftly regained his composure, his tone icy as he retorted, "What are you attempting... to accomplish?"

Melody started to move back as if about to retreat, but in a sudden motion, she lost her balance and stumbled forward.

Though she managed to grasp the wheelchair's armrest, her soft, moist lips brushed against Edward's forehead before lightly alighting upon his prominent nose...

Simultaneously, the bedroom door swung open.

Old Madam Moore's composed Visage morphed from surprise to a sly smile in an instant. "Hehe, young people could stand to indulge in a few more films.

"Behold, my grandson has finally come of age."

## **Reborn To Remarry My Ex Husband Chapter 17**

### **Chapter 17 Little Temptress**

A delicate touch graced Edward's forehead and nose.

Edward's brows furrowed as he swiftly seized Melody's wrist, his grip tightening with a subtle intensity. The bob of his Adam's apple betrayed a tension that seemed more pronounced than usual.

This little temptress, attempting to ensnare me once more!

Melody's heart pounded within her chest as she awkwardly recoiled, her eyes darting like a startled deer caught in the glare of headlights.

She had come close to kissing him but stopped short of touching his lips.

Her gaze trailed her thoughts, lingering on Edward's thin lips. Upon closer scrutiny, she discerned a hint of moisture between them, akin to morning dew—tempting, alluring.

The intensity in Melody's eyes hinted at a readiness to pounce.

"Melody, cease this," Edward's temple throbbed with exasperation. If she persisted, he might find himself tempted to throttle her to rid her of these tantalizing notions..

Edward regarded her sternly, his Adam's apple bobbing twice before he lowered his eyelids to veil his emotions. His jaw clenched tightly as though he struggled to restrain himself.

"Mr. Moore, I—I didn't mean to... to fall into your arms and nearly kiss you, Melody stammered.

"But, Mr. Moore, your skin is remarkably soft.

"And your taste isn't unpleasant," Melody deliberately murmured the last two sentences, her sweet scent wafting tantalizingly around Edward's neck.

Edward's joints stiffened, his grip on the wheelchair's armrest tightening.

This little demon.

Were it not for your usefulness, I would've disciplined you!

Melody's gaze casually swept over the familiar figure standing at the doorway—Old Madam Moore, the eldest member of the Moore family, who harbored a deep affection for Edward.

In Melody's previous life, she had distanced herself from Edward and rebuffed Old Madam Moore's kindness. She was determined not to repeat those mistakes; she couldn't squander this divine assistance.

Melody seemed to panic as she struggled against Edward's grip on her wrist. In her efforts to break free, she toppled backward, landing unceremoniously on the carpet.

The young girl pouted, gazing at Edward with an air of grievance. "Mr. Moore, I'm sorry; please don't be angry, okay?"

"I promise to behave and sleep on the sofa tonight. I won't disturb your rest."

Her words were intentionally ambiguous, implying a familiarity that wasn't present.

Edward looked on helplessly, sighing inwardly. This bra is always up to mischief

Old Madam Moore regarded them with astonishment. My, my, it's only been a few days, and my grandson has made such progress?"

At this rate, could the birth of a great-grandchild be far off?

After a moment's consideration, Old Madam Moore approached with dignity and gentleness, helping Melody to her feet. "My dear, fear not."

"In the future, I shall stand by your side."

"Tonight, rest assured, you shall share a bed with him. If he dares to mistreat you, simply inform me, and I shall see to it."

Having finished, Old Madam Moore cast a fierce glare at Edward. "As for you, now that you're married, you must treat your wife with kindness."

"It's not often a young lady takes a liking to you. Scare her off, and you'll remain a bachelor for life!"

Edward's jaw tightened as he drew a sharp breath: 'Grandma, do you truly consider her my wife?"

The first six bridesmaids had fled, relieved to regain their freedom.

The seventh, originally meant to be Suzanna, had been replaced by Melody at the Shield family's behest.

As far as Edward knew, Old Madam Moore had personally intervened to oust this impostor bride, Melody!

"Nonsense! Mel is beautiful with a fine figure. She harbors genuine affection for you and willingly married into the Moore family. I must thank her—do you have any objections to that?"

Edward swallowed a gulp and averted his eyes.

"Very well, tonight, I shall remain at the Moore Residence. You and Mel are now husband and wife; you ought to share a bed. I'll be keeping an eye on you."

Old Madam Moore was in high spirits.

Having conducted some preliminary research on Melody, she found the girl quite charming. Since no one in the Shield family seemed to possess good judgment, she, as the wise elder, would ensure Melody's well-being.

As night fell, Old Madam Moore ushered the pair into the master bedroom, her lips curving in satisfaction.

Before departing, she offered a final piece of advice. "Mel, Eddie isn't particularly experienced in matters of this nature. You may need to... make some allowances."

Edward's expression darkened. "Grandma, please refrain from such inappropriate thoughts."

## **Reborn To Remarry My Ex Husband Chapter 18**

### **Chapter 18 Feeling Cherished**

Melody chuckled and nodded, her voice light. "Of course. I'll take good care of Eddie."

Inside the master bedroom, Melody attended to Edward, administering massages and applying essential oils to his body. After his bath, she emerged from the bathroom clad in a pristine white lace nightgown.

Observing her with a cool, discerning gaze, Edward spoke, his tone cutting. "Melody, Grandma isn't here. Aren't you tired of this charade?"

"Are you truly intent on sharing a bed with me tonight

Edward scrutinized the accounts Melody had transferred his funds into all belonging to YM Capital, a small but significant asset left by her brother Martin. He discerned her intentions: investing the money he had given her into business ventures rather than personal expenses.

"As your husband, is it not natural for us to share a bed? Melody retorted. "Must you persist in guarding your innocence?"

Melody smirked mischievously, her clear apricot eyes twinkling with mischief. With deliberate grace, she approached, the contours of her figure accentuated by the white silk nightgown. She leaned in, tempting Edward to lower his guard.

She moved with calculated steps, the contours of her youthful form accentuated by the delicate embrace of a white silk nightgown. As she stooped down, her curves held a subtle allure, coaxing Edward's defenses to falter.

Edward offered a sardonic grin, his tone playful as he quipped, "If you desire the comfort of the bed, by all means, help yourself. You're well aware... I cannot lay a hand on you."

His gaze swept over her figure, devoid of any discernible emotion.

Progress in therapy required time, a fact Melody acknowledged all too well.

For her to brazenly approach the bed seemed almost like an affront to him.

Melody leaned closer, fingers reaching to tousle his unruly black locks, a light chuckle escaping her lips. "Edward, are you sulking because you can't have me?"

"Poor thing. I suppose I'll retire for the night."

With that, she ascended the bed, taking her place on the far side. The distance between their bodies was substantial enough to accommodate several more.

A woman shouldn't yield to a man so easily.

In contrast, indignation might leave a more enduring impression!

Unfortunately for Edward, sleep eluded him once more. The warmth of her presence felt tantalizingly close yet painfully distant.

Tossing and turning until the midnight hour, he finally snapped in frustration, "You wicked woman!"

But there was no reply—she had already drifted off to sleep.

Had he made a promise to Grandma... to take care of me?

At the crack of dawn, Melody stirred from her slumber

The constant stream of people entering and exiting the master bedroom had disrupted her rest.

Irritated by the lack of proper sleep, she was on the brink of unleashing her frustrations on someone.

However, she was met with Bernard's respectful presence at the wardrobe door. He greeted her promptly upon her awakening, "Madam, you're up."

"Mr. Moore has instructed that your attire must uphold the dignity and pride of the Moore family; hence, only garments of superior quality are deemed acceptable. The dressing

room has been revamped to showcase a plethora of designs from top-tier brands, allowing you to select at your leisure

Caught off guard by the sudden change, Melody wrapped herself in a coat and hurried barefoot toward the dressing room.

Within, an array of bespoke clothing, exquisite jewelry, and limited-edition handbags from renowned designers adorned the walls.

Edward had granted her what she once envied in Suzanna; some pieces even surpassed hers in opulence and craftsmanship.

A warmth swelled within her as she examined each item, admiring their elegance and allure.

A sensation unfamiliar to her stirred. Was this what it meant to be cherished by someone?

“Edward, you truly know how to bring joy to a girl,” she murmured to herself.

Her almond eyes gleamed with newfound delight as she changed into a luxurious red dress and hastened to the study.

Boldly swinging open the door, she entered with purpose, her sights set on Edward.

Draping her arms that were adorned in vibrant red around his neck, Melody planted a kiss on his cheek.

“Mr. Moore, your generosity knows no bounds.”

“I’m almost moved to tears by your financial prowess!”

Her excitement was palpable, and Melody beamed, her eyes alight with joy.

Unbeknownst to her, Felicity sat across the desk, her expression one of disbelief.

Edward was taken aback by Melody’s sudden display of affection. His demeanor stiffened slightly as he gently pushed her away, cautioning. “Melody, please act with decorum.”

“Mr. Moore, if you reject my advances once more, I will be forced to inform Old Madam Moore of your peculiar attachment to Bernard!”

Felicity, who had some faint scars left from her previous allergic reaction, had originally come to find Melody. However, she was stopped by Edward outside the master bedroom and had to sit in the study, waiting for Melody.



Felicity, bearing faint scars from a prior allergic reaction, had intended to seek out Melody. However, she found herself detained by Edward outside the master bedroom, thus confined to the study.

To her astonishment, she stumbled upon a startling revelation!

With a scoff, Felicity mused aloud, "Well, this was certainly worth the wait!"

Bernard, the solitary man who had just entered the study, remained perplexed by Felicity's cryptic statement.

Women, he mused, are an enigma. Whether he'd ever fathom their intricacies remained uncertain.

## **Reborn To Remarry My Ex Husband Chapter 19**

### **Chapter 19 It's a Deal**

Melody, with a playful gleam in her eyes, lightly teased Edward, her lips curved in a smile, before turning her attention to Felicity seated opposite her, resplendent in a luxurious and elegant ensemble.

The seamless rapport between the two of them intrigued Felicity, their interactions mirroring each other with precision.

Despite Melody's feigned nonchalance, Edward's furrowed brows betrayed his concern as he spoke, his tone serious, "Don't misunderstand."

"These gifts are merely a small token to compensate for the loss of your belongings."

Could such modest offerings truly evoke such delight?

This young lady... seemed easily pleased indeed.

Edward maintained a composed demeanor, his fingers tapping lightly on the table, a faint smile gracing his lips.

Melody's gaze lowered momentarily before meeting Edward's amused eyes and the subtle curve of his lips.

Then, with a disbelieving expression, she pointed towards the corner of Edward's mouth.

"Edward, you're smiling!"

"Did you always have dimples when you smiled?"

...It suits you.”

Melody’s words caught the attention of Felicity and Bernard, who turned just in time to witness Edward’s fleeting smile dissipate.

He busied himself with adjusting his cufflinks, his expression turning icy as he glanced briefly at Mel ly before stating, with a dismissive tone, “You must be mistaken.”

It was as though the earlier smile had never graced his features.

Men certainly knew how to don a facade! Felicity mused silently to herself.

The knowledge of her brother possessing dimples was a closely guarded secret

Edward’s demeanor had always been serious and aloof during their upbringing, concealing this subtle detail from most.

But Felicity was certain that Edward had indeed smiled For Melody.

Unfazed by Edward’s stubbornness, Melody met Felicity’s inquisitive gaze. “Good morning, Felicity.”

“You look more radiant each day.”

Felicity tilted her head, her expression innocent yet mischievous, reminiscent of an endearing fox.

Ignoring Edward’s chilly glare, she hesitated for a moment before speaking haughtily, “Ahem, I am well aware of my own beauty. Your validation is unnecessary.

“Anyway, Melody, is the beauty cream you mentioned still available for purchase?”

“Kindly provide me with the price.”

Though her allergies had subsided, faint scars marred the perfection of her complexion.

She had consulted beauty experts who suggested minimally invasive procedures for scar removal.

However, the transformative effects of Melody’s product rendered her acne–scarred skin flawless and delicate within a week, sparking her curiosity about its secret ingredients.

In matters of beauty, women exhibited near–obsessive dedication.

Melody's eyes twinkled with amusement at Felicity's words. These siblings were indeed both proud and overbearing.

With a smile, she replied, "Why discuss finances among family? Let's consider it fate that brought us together."

"Spare me the pleasantries, Felicity retorted matter-of-factly.

"Very well. Let's say it amounts to eighteen thousand."

Bernard's eyes widened at the figure mentioned.

Aware of having spent over a hundred thousand on a single handbag, Felicity nodded decisively. "I'll purchase two bottles."

"How should I proceed with the payment?"

But Melody shook her head mysteriously, leading Felicity to the master bedroom with a smile.

Handing over the two jars of beauty cream she had prepared for Mrs. Shield and Suzanna, she paused deliberately before placing them in Felicity's hands.

"Felicity, are you a member of a prominent ladies' group?"

"What is your status within it?"

The emphasis on the word "status" struck a chord with Felicity.

Raising her eyebrows, she asserted confidently, "I, Felicity, am the leader. The position of group leader befits me.

Melody's eyes lit up, though she maintained a composed demeanor, appearing conflicted yet intrigued. "I'll offer you these two bottles as a gift."

"But on the condition that you post about the beauty cream in the prominent ladies' group, detailing its effects and transformations, Felicity furrowed her brow. "Do you think I'm merely an advertising platform?"

Initially considering resolving the matter with money, Felicity was taken aback by Melody's refusal.

A flicker of hesitation crossed Melody's features as she retrieved the beauty cream, chuckling softly. "It's fine if you decline. After all, I have limited stock of this beauty cream for myself."

“It might prove beneficial in winning over your brother’s affections.”

Felicity’s heart skipped a beat, her gaze drawn to Melody’s flawless complexion...

In less than a week, her skin had undergone such a remarkable transformation.

Truly an extraordinary product.

After a moment’s deliberation, just as Melody was about to leave with the product...

“Wait, I’ll accept the offer!”

In the end, Felicity eagerly embraced the opportunity.

Turning around, she shared news of the beauty cream with the group.

Lady Felicity: ‘Excited to try out this new customized product. It’s already making a visible difference on my allergy scars!’

## **Reborn To Remarry My Ex Husband Chapter 20**

### **Chapter 20 Complete Disregard**

The socialites were keenly attuned to Felicity’s refined preferences; she could enumerate on one hand the skincare products that met her standards. Was it possible that a renowned brand had launched an exclusive, luxury skincare product tailored for IPS This was the burning inquiry circulating among them.

Yet, Felicity maintained an air of secrecy, obedient to Melody’s directives. With each inquiry, curiosity mounted, leaving those seeking answers feeling increasingly perplexed and hungry for information.

Emerging from the venue, Melody was adorned in a resplendent crimson gown, its luxurious fabric gracefully hugging her figure. Paired with dainty high heels and cascading curls, she radiated opulence and sophistication.

From the vantage point of the second floor, Edward watched her descent, a walnut crunched beneath the pressure of his thumb and index finger. Regret tinged his thoughts as he questioned his decision to allow her such extravagance.

Meanwhile, a knot formed in Bernard’s throat as he anxiously contemplated Mr. Moore’s capricious demeanor, uncertain of what unpredictable actions might follow.

This situation proved to be quite confounding.

Melody's mind drifted back to a pivotal event from her past—a discreet auction dinner preceding the prestigious Golden Financial Summit in the capital. The focal point of the evening was an exclusive invitation to the summit itself, with the highest bidder also securing an Ionic Rehab, a portable electrotherapy device crafted by the renowned medical artisan Master Jose.

Whispers abounded regarding a shadowy figure who had purportedly acquired the device for an astronomical eight-figure sum. Master Jose had crafted only two such devices, and regrettably, the one gifted to Melody by her grandfather had met an untimely demise.

With her current financial resources falling short of bidding on the remaining device, Melody realized she needed to swiftly secure an invitation. She promptly transferred the remaining hundred thousand to another card for the month. Knowing that the following day marked the beginning of a new month, she planned to photograph the invitation and delay payment until the morning.

In her previous experiences, such invitations had fetched a mere fifty thousand. With her confidence unwavering, she believed she could secure it at that price.

The ticket to the intimate banquet had been procured through Andrew, a detail that now felt crucial in her quest for access to the summit.

As night draped its velvety veil over the scene, Melody swept into the gathering cloaked in a sumptuous -scarlet gown, commanding countless admiring and intrigued gazes. Murmurs of admiration echoed

through the room, with some even audibly gasping at the sight of her breathtaking beauty.

In contrast, Suzanna radiated an air of innocence in her snow-white Chanel-style dress, her long locks cascading over her shoulders like a veil of purity. Standing by her side was the evening's host, Elana, a fervent devotee of celebrity culture whose admiration for Carson had fostered a close bond with his sister, Suzanna.

As if scripted by fate, the trio of Suzanna, Carson, and Gary entered the venue at precisely that moment, their attention immediately captured by Melody's entrance, Gary's eyes glittered with eagerness to approach her, but Carson intervened with a stern expression.

"Gary," Carson admonished, his tone firm. "Melody will grace us in her own time. Let us wait patiently here.

Carson's mind wandered through the corridors of memory, retracing every encounter with Melody. He reminisced about her genuine warmth and proactive demeanor toward

him; each interaction etched in his mind as a testament to her openness and lack of hesitation in approaching him.

Meanwhile, Suzanna's attention was captivated by Melody's figure, her gaze sweeping across the luxurious ensemble adorning her sister. Suddenly, Suzanna gasped in astonishment, leaning in to whisper to Elana, her voice barely above a hushed tone, "Lana, isn't that dress on my sister the new exclusive design we spotted at Chanel yesterday?"

A creation worth tens of thousands—how could Melody possibly afford such opulence?

Furrowing her brow in consternation, Elana cast a critical eye over Melody, her thoughts mirroring Suzanna's incredulity. "What is she doing here?" she murmured, her tone tinged with suspicion,

The entire group's attention fixated on Melody as she maneuvered through the crowd, their outward, demeanor veiling an underlying curiosity and pride. With determined strides, Melody navigated towards her destination, her gaze unwaveringly fixed on something ahead.

Initially anxious that Melody might not approach, Gary attempted to break free from Carson's grip, eager to welcome her warmly as she drew nearer. His relief, however, was abruptly shattered as Melody brushed past him without so much as a glance, her attention fixed on Andrew, towards whom she moved with a radiant smile, apologizing for her delay.

Suzanna, witnessing the exchange, couldn't contain her astonishment. "Hold on, guys, why is Melody with Professor Woodman from Greenfield University? Is he her companion for the evening?" The implications, hung heavy in the air—Melody was already married, making her choice of another man as her escort evidently inappropriate.

Carson's brow furrowed with a mix of embarrassment and frustration. "Is this girl married and still intent on bringing shame to our Shield family?" he muttered, his tone tinged with disdain.

Gary, taken aback, felt a wave of bewilderment and disbelief wash over him as his gaze shifted from Andrew to Melody. It was as though a part of his heart had suddenly turned hollow, desolate, and cold.

Did Mel notice me?

Or had she begun to view us as invisible, our presence inconsequential to her?