

Chapter 14 Kicked Out

Faced with Melody's cold gaze, Belinda couldn't help but wince.

It had only been three years, but the Melody before them had changed entirely. Although she hadn't changed much appearance wise, her menacing aura was enough to intimidate Belinda.

She smiled warmly. "I wanted to keep it, but you have no idea how many insects have plagued the place during the warmer seasons! I didn't have a choice but to take it down. We couldn't possibly let those bugs mess up a beautiful house, right?"

Melody scoffed. 'Bugs? How could she even come up with such a poor excuse. Doesn't matter. I'll make them pay soon enough.'

"Fine, then let me ask you one thing. Who allowed you to move in here?" Melody sat down on the sofa elegantly, awaiting Belinda's response.

"Well..." Belinda rubbed the back of her neck gently. "You went missing, and your parents died in an accident, so that means this wonderful place would be empty. Don't you think it's a waste? Your mother's relatives are all living abroad anyway, so your uncle and I decided to just move in on our own."

She went on, "But it's great that you're back now! Our family is finally reunited again! From now on, I'll love you like you're my own daughter. We can take care of each other." 1

'As her own daughter?' Melody had to resist spitting in Belinda's face when she heard that. 'Only this family can spew such shameless words.'

Right after her parents passed away, they were far too eager to take charge of the family business, and moved right into her house.

Melody couldn't help but wonder if they were involved in her cruise ship exploding.

Although she had survived this near-death experience, it didn't mean she wouldn't get to the bottom of it. By that time, she would make sure they all pay for their sins—one by one.

Met with Belinda's insincere concern, Melody put up a frosty smile. "Sorry, but we aren't a family. I only wish to live here by myself. Now get out!"

Belinda's smile turned even stiffer. Before she could say anything, Melody went on, "I've taken the company back, so I'm taking back ownership of this property too. I'll be nice, so I'll give you twenty minutes to pack your things and get out of my sight."

'What?! Melody was able to regain control over the company in just a day?' Belinda's eyes widened in horror. 'Isn't

Benjamin in charge now? How did she take back the company so easily? It took him months to achieve that! How is this possible?!

Belinda's heart sank, realizing that Melody was far more difficult to handle than she initially thought. Melody was no longer the naive little girl she used to be.

Seeing that the two had no intentions of leaving, Melody signaled to the servants and said, "Clear out their things for me."

The servants quickly answered in unison, and rushed up the stairs.

Jewelry, clothes and bags of all sorts were soon thrown out of the window. Belinda's daughter, Evelyn Nolan, was rather distressed to see it.

She was finally able to live the life of the rich, after all. Evelyn refused to let Melody take this away, just because she returned.

"I'm not leaving! I've been living here for two years! This is my home!"

As Melody shot Evelyn a dirty glare, the servants started throwing Evelyn and Belinda's things at a faster pace. They acted as if they were trying to release all the pent-up anger and stress they had been subjected to over the years.

Evelyn was furious. Growing up, she was spoiled rotten. She had never received such treatment.

"You bitch! You should have stayed dead! Why did you have to come back?! What makes you think you can just take everything from me? Give it back! Just give it back!" Evelyn yelled at the top of her lungs. She raised her arm, aiming to slap Melody.

"Ms. Nolan, watch out!" a servant cried.

An old man appeared in front of Melody and shielded her in the nick of time, easily restraining Evelyn with one hand.

Melody looked at the man's side profile. For a moment, she couldn't recognize him.

The man in front of her was full of white hair, vicissitudes of wrinkles crawling all over his face. His dashing suit from the past was gone, and he was dressed in a T-shirt stained with dirt. He held a shovel in one hand.

"Mr. Thatcher?" Melody asked, baffled.

If his eyes hadn't stayed as sharp as they used to be, Melody wouldn't have realized that the man before her was the butler who took care of her growing up.

"Ms. Nolan, you...you're finally back!" he cried.

Simon Thatcher's voice broke as he turned to Melody, shoving Evelyn aside. His eyes went red as soon as he got a good look at her.

Melody felt the rage building up inside her even more.

"You really are something else, Belinda. Mr. Thatcher has been with the Nolan family for years! My parents have never requested him to do any labor, but you have the audacity to make him tend to the garden?"

It was clear that Melody was seething at this rate. Her voice was hostile as she spat, "There will be no need to pack your things. Both of you, out! Now!"

Belinda and Evelyn were frustrated as well. They didn't expect Melody to go so far for a mere butler.

"Melody, don't say things you can't take back. We're part of the Nolan family, too. Sure, you can kick us out, but watch and see how the people are going to talk about you. They might even say that your parents have raised an ungrateful brat!" Belinda warned.

Melody frowned. She had expected them to say such things.

Instead, she sneered coldly, "Thanks for reminding me. Since you're so determined to stay, fine. There's always that house next door. I can allow that, at the very least. I'd like to see people say our family is ungrateful."

Upon hearing this, the two scowled with displeasure.

'That house next door can't even be considered as one!'

It hadn't been cleaned for years, and it was no more than one-tenth of the manor in size. Worse, many pests had made it their home. It was an even worse option than a dog house.

Melody, however, didn't even bother to spare them a second glance. "Mr. Thatcher, keep an eye on them. If they refuse to leave, just call the cops on them."

With that, Melody headed upstairs.

Knowing that Melody had a soft spot for him, the butler's heart warmed. That was why she stood up for him. Of course, he didn't want to disappoint her.

Belinda looked him up and down, sitting on the sofa with a disdainful chuckle. 'He's just a lowly butler. He can't do anything to us.'

Yet, Simon put up a stern expression and ordered all the servants with just a single wave of his hand. They first pushed the two women out the door, then threw out everything they own out within only five minutes.

"Ms. Nolan was kind enough to spare you, but I'm not. If you refuse to move, I wouldn't mind kicking you out—literally!"

Bang!

After that, the butler closed the gates, turning away from them with a cold huff.

In contrast to the women's anger, Simon was proud of himself. He lifted his chin as he continued walking back into the manor.

At the time, Melody had already arrived at the second floor.

She punched in the passcode to the study with trembling hands.

There didn't seem to be any changes within the room. It wasn't dusty or unclean in the slightest. It was obvious someone took great care of it daily. Melody knew for sure Simon had done it in secret. 1

Her eyes fell on the photo on the desk—a photo of her family.

In the photo, her parents' smiles were still just as bright as they once were. Looking at it, Melody couldn't hold in the pain anymore. Her legs grew weak as she fell to her knees, sobbing softly under her breath...