



Chapter 13 One By One

Albert was about to strike, but a hoarse male voice sounded through the air.

"Boss, I finally found you!" Irwin cried. His eyes were slightly bloodshot, a messy stubble around his mouth. It wasn't obvious that he hadn't gotten a wink of sleep.

Albert narrowed his eyes slightly, and he grabbed Irwin by the shoulders. "I didn't expect you to still be around Mel, Irwin."

He was actually quite upset that his alone time with Melody had been interrupted, especially since the opportunity was rare.

Before Irwin could reply, Albert immediately turned to look at Mel with teary eyes—like a puppy that had just been abandoned. "Are you going back already, Mel?"

Seeing him like this, Melody's heart melted in an instant. She subconsciously caressed his hair. "Be good and wait here. You can move in with me once I've taken care of some things."

"Okay!" Albert nodded obediently upon hearing this.

He let go of Irwin and held Melody's hand, and said sincerely, "I'll be very good and wait for you, Mel. Since I have work later, I won't be able to send you off. But just remember that I'm always willing to help if things go wrong. Say the word, and I'll be there." 1

remember that I'm always willing to help if things go wrong. Say the word, and I'll be there." 1

Irwin was speechless. Albert was the true embodiment of an adorable puppy. Irwin could almost see a tail wagging behind him.

After leaving Albert's apartment, Melody headed towards the Nolan manor.

She had requested Irwin to leave first, and stood outside the manor alone. Looking at the familiar scenery, she then thought about her parents, who had long left this world. She couldn't help feeling quite melancholic. As she stepped forward, she held back her tears.

'Father, Mother...'

Till this day, she could still remember how much her father loved her mother. He had built this very manor for her.

Her mother loved swimming, so her father hired people to build a large pool; one comparable to the size of a lake.

Her mother loved wine, so her father built a wine cellar for her.

Her mother loved greenery, so her father had someone to build a greenhouse for her. He filled it with all sorts of rare plants and herbs. He even hired professionals to care for them periodically.

Everything that stood here contained not only her childhood

memories, but also her parents' love for each other.

Melody felt her palms growing sweatier. 'Is this because I feel nervous being in a place full of memories?'

Ever since her parents' passing, her eldest uncle's family had moved in without her permission. She had no idea what had changed within the manor, nor if she could regain her memories back.

"Who goes there?"

Suddenly, an unhappy female voice interrupted Melody's reminiscing.

The voice soon approached, and Melody faced with a woman in a maid outfit. Her eyebrows were furrowed. She started chasing Melody away, looking upset.

"This is a private residence! No trespassers allowed! Get lost!" she yelled.

But as the maid took a closer look, color drained from her face and she fell to her knees. She looked as if she had seen a ghost.

"M...Ms. Nolan?!"

The young lady before her had stern eyes, with her cherry lips curved upwards and her cheeks rosy.

Realizing this, the maid quickly crawled back up to her feet and stood next to Melody respectfully.



'She has a shadow! That means she's not a ghost! So the rumors were true. Ms. Nolan has really returned!'

Melody put up a calm expression. She didn't blame the maid for losing composure, and said, "Tell the butler that I've come back. Have him come see me."

After that, she headed towards the location of the greenhouse that was once in her memories.

Her mother was very fond of the orchids planted there. Thinking back, she remembered just how much effort her father took to successfully plant them here. Melody wondered how the flowers were doing as of now.

She was filled with nostalgia, but once she arrived at her destination, she was stunned. The greenhouse was no more, replaced with a large golf course instead.

Her blood boil with rage, and her nails dug into her skin as she clenched her fists.

Not only had her uncle's family stolen her property, but they dared to change the interior of the manor as well.

'Those shameless pieces of shit! Do they really think my family is no longer around?!'

Melody rushed toward the living room, kicking down the door with all her might.

Bang!



The entire villa boomed with her apparent anger.

Two women, a mother and a daughter, expressed their displeasure from having their tea time interrupted.

"Who's that? Do you have a death wish for making such a big commotion?" someone yelled.

"Looks like your temper has grown, Aunt. And yet, it's only been a few years," Melody said.

She crossed her arms and leaned against the door, looking at Belinda Elsher with a gaze burning with overwhelming fury.

Silence filled the room for a brief moment, until...

"Ah...!" The young woman next to Belinda screamed in fear as soon as she looked at Melody. "A... A ghost!"

She grabbed Belinda's arm, her face distorted from horror. "Mom! It's a ghost! Could it be...? Is Melody's ghost here to haunt us?"

"What on earth are you saying? That's your cousin!" Belinda was slightly surprised, but quickly calmed herself down and shook her daughter's hands away.

She had learned from her husband Benjamin Nolan that Melody was still alive. She didn't expect Melody to return so quickly.

Regardless, she had her own ways to deal with Melody.



Belinda shoved her daughter aside, and greeted Melody with a sweet smile. "Melody! When did you come back? Why didn't you have the servants inform us? As a good host, I could've at least prepared some of your favorites to welcome you."

'Host? Welcome me?' Melody's expression darkened. 'Looks like some people really started thinking this place as their home.'

She ignored Belinda's attempts at sitting her down. "You seem to have misunderstood the situation, Aunt. This is my home. Why would you need to welcome me as a host?"

Belinda retracted her hands awkwardly and explained, "Ah, well... I just got so used to living here. It was just a minor slip up."

"Really, now? I'd say you're acting like you really own the place," Melody replied.

She walked toward the dining table, and started pouring herself some red wine. Swirling her glass, she chuckled softly.

"Aunt, do you perhaps understand the concept of stealing?"

Belinda's warm expression immediately stiffened. Annoyance appeared on her face.

"Stealing? What are you saying? I'm just drinking some wine. There's a lot more left in the cellar. Don't be so petty, now."



Belinda initially intended to speak as Melody's elder, so that Melody would at least show her a modicum of respect. Yet, Melody didn't care in the slightest.

Melody downed her wine in one go. After that, she flung the glass to the ground; it shattered loudly beneath her feet. 1

"Belinda Elsher, I've already given you enough respect just by calling you my aunt. Not only are you trespassing private property, but you dare to wreck my mother's greenhouse! Who gave you the right?" Melody roared. 1