

Chapter 654 Be A Man (Part One)

Matthew was the only one who enjoyed the meal.

Melissa made no move to kick Thomas out, but she wasn't particularly pleased about his presence, either. And she made her sentiments clear as she ate in silence.

As for Thomas, he was no fool. He could clearly sense how she felt about him being there, so he decided to take his leave once the meal was done. Before he left, however, he approached the boy and gave him a peck on the cheek. To Thomas' delight, Matthew did not reject the gesture, and even smiled up at him.

Thomas couldn't help but gaze at the boy for one long moment.

Matthew certainly inherited his looks from his father's side, but his temper was so obviously like his mother's. He had the same fire and stubbornness as that woman.

Needless to say, he adored the boy very much.

"I will come by and see you again."

With that, Thomas grabbed his coat and made his way to the door. To his surprise, Melissa also stood up, saying, "I'll see you off."

Thomas could only blink at her for a few seconds, but he quickly recovered from his shock.

A moment later, they walked out of the apartment building. Melissa pulled her coat tighter around her.

Thomas' driver was standing beside his car and was already about to open the door to the backseat. Thomas dismissed him with a small wave of his hand and silently instructed the man to wait inside the car.

Then he turned to Melissa and said, "Matthew is very cute."

He paused for a couple of seconds before adding, "I won't beat around the bush, Melissa. The situation at home has improved significantly with us in the last few years, but we still lack a suitable heir. I am aware that things are strained between you and Marcus. But he is bound to marry sooner or later. What do you think is going to become of Matthew when that day comes?"

Melissa said nothing, though the color slowly drained from her face.

"I also know that you despise my brother, and the entire Smith family, too, but... But you are still a Smith. And so is Matthew. I hope you can think matters over carefully, for the sake of your son's future."

"No, thank you," Melissa said in a curt tone.

A cold spring breeze blew by, prompting her to cross her arms over her chest. "I thank you for taking care of me three years ago, Mr. Smith. I know you weren't obligated to take responsibility of me. But my answer then will never change. My surname is Brown, not Smith. Besides, I have left those days of hardship behind me. What makes you think I would willingly return to such miserable times again?"

"Well, don't you want to get back at the Fowlers?" Thomas blurted out.

She just smiled. "Right now, I'm only interested in living my own life. I am done being manipulated by other people for their own selfish interests. Please don't come back again, Mr. Smith." Melissa gave him a nod, and then turned away with her chin held high.

Thomas watched her disappear into the building.

Even in the dim light, there was no mistaking her tenacity. She was so small and delicate, yet so incredibly bullheaded at the same time.

Thomas heard a car door open, and he turned to greet the man who stepped out of the vehicle.

Weldon heaved a long sigh. "She still isn't willing to forgive me! Does she really not care about me at all?"

Thomas took out his pack of cigarettes and pulled out a stick.

He took his time putting it between his lips, lit it, and then took a drag. He was smiling when he blew a puff of smoke. "It's because you were never there for her. By all rights, you are only simply a sperm donor. You were absent throughout her difficult childhood. How can you now expect her to give a rat's ass about you? More importantly, she is living a good life now. She has no reason to look back."

Weldon narrowed his eyes and harrumphed. "I'm not giving up!"

With the way things were, he had no one else to rely on in the family. Vanessa used to be the family's hope, but everything went up in flames after she fell in love with Edwin and got herself dumped. She was ruined, and she brought everything upon herself.

Upstairs.

Julie walked up to Melissa as soon as she stepped through the door. "Do you have a grudge against Mr. Smith?" she asked as she turned her head to make sure Matthew wasn't around to hear them.

Melissa busied herself with changing into house slippers. "I wouldn't call it a grudge, exactly. But I would much prefer that he doesn't meddle in my business or show his face in front of me again."

Julie nodded in understanding, but she couldn't help but remark, "It's just that, he seemed like a good man. He was well-dressed, too, and spoke eloquently. It also seemed like he loves Matthew very much."

"None of that matters," Melissa said lightly. "I don't think he will be back again."

She was swamped with work, but she made a point of making time for Matthew. They played around until nine in the evening, after which, she sent the boy to bed. And then it was time to get back to the documents

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+165 Points at most

that needed her attention. Shortly before midnight, Julie brought her something to eat. "Why don't you call it a night?" she said to Melissa in concern. "You wouldn't want to strain your eyes, would you?"

Melissa took a bite of the cookie. "With the amount that they're paying me, it is my responsibility to carry Mr. Watson's burdens. I'll be all right; things will get easier once this project is done."

She already had a plan in mind, one that would not only reverse Watson Group's current financial situation in half a year, but also ensure profit growth in the subsequent months.

Given how tight her self-imposed schedule was, it only made sense for her to put in overtime hours.

Julie sighed. Although she felt for Melissa, she was also happy for the latter's milestones. "If only my son was as diligent as you. I won't have to worry about his future so much."

"Oh, I think Shawn's doing fairly well," Melissa replied with a smile. "Janet told me that he recently bought her a whole set of jewelry."

Julie couldn't help but smile at that. It was always nice to know that loved ones were living a good life. "Then, I shall leave you to your work. Don't stay up too late though."

Melissa nodded and waited until the older woman had left.

With the sole light coming from her desk lamp, she propped her chin on her hand and browsed through the pile of paper. Before she knew it, the clock registered one o'clock.

Melissa stretched her arms and was just about to head to bed when she received a message.

It was from Marcus. "How is Matthew today?"

Melissa typed out her reply. "He is doing all right. He was in good spirits the whole day."

20:00

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A minute passed, but she received no other message.

Melissa put her phone aside and took a shower. When she came out, there was a new message. "I can help you finance the Watson Group."

Why would she ask for his help?

If it hadn't been for Marcus, the Watson Group wouldn't be in such a tight spot to begin with.

But she didn't want to offend him, so after careful consideration, she only sent him two words. "Thank you."

In another part of the city, Marcus stared at his phone screen and pondered the meaning of those words. He thought long and hard about it, but couldn't quite figure out what she meant. Was it a yes or a no?



[Type the company name]
