

Chapter 666 I Want Matthew To Be My Heir! (Part Two)

Melissa couldn't help but feel excited for him. She started the car, saying, "That sounds amazing! I'm all in for a good meal."

All through the drive, Shawn was in high spirits, sharing stories about how much his boss appreciated his work, the money he was making now, and his dreams of buying a big villa in three years.

Melissa gently reminded him, "Be careful with business dealings."

Shawn responded cheerfully, "No worries. I'm on top of it."

At dinner, everyone enjoyed a great atmosphere. Afterwards, Julie left to spend the night at her son's place, while Melissa took Matthew home alone. Matthew buzzed with excitement, saying, "Yvonne says Uncle Shawn's going to be rich."

With a grin, Melissa asked, "Do you understand what it means to be rich?"

Matthew scowled slightly and said, "Of course. It means Uncle Shawn can buy lots of toys for me."

Melissa agreed, "Yes, that's one way to look at it."

Encouraged by her response, Matthew became even more thrilled.

He looked adorable in his dungarees, especially toddling along on his own.

Suddenly, someone picked him up and carried him to a black limousine.

The man said politely, "Mr. Smith, here is the boy."

Melissa was taken aback.

She ran over, but two men in suits quickly held her back. They didn't harm her, merely prevented her from advancing, apologizing, "We're sorry,

Melissa had a hunch about who was in the limousine.

She shouted, "Weldon, you have no right to take Matthew away from me! He's not part of the Smith family's disputes! Don't even think about it!"

The car door swung open, and Weldon stepped out, followed closely by Thomas.

Weldon's gaze found Melissa's, and she looked back at him unblinkingly.

Thomas, wearing a look of concern, tried to mediate. "Weldon, give Melissa a bit more time to think it over. It's not fair to push her like this."

Weldon effortlessly scooped up Matthew and cradled him in his arms.

His towering presence and stern expression were enough to scare Matthew. The little boy's mouth quivered before he started crying uncontrollably.

Weldon, visibly irritated by Matthew's reaction, didn't hide his disappointment.

He groaned, "What a useless thing! Come on, you're stronger than this. Boys need to be brave and unyielding. You're going to stay with me from now on."

Matthew, however, was having none of it.

As he glared at Weldon, he began to kick and squirm desperately. "I don't want to go with you! Let me go! I don't even know you. You're the monster that eats kids, aren't you? Julie warned me about people like you."

Hearing that, Weldon got really annoyed and asked Melissa, "Who the hell is Julie? And how can she feed a kid with such nonsense?"

At that moment, Melissa was so anxious that she was sweating profusely.

Looking straight at Weldon, she slowly said, "You don't understand anything about Matthew. How dare you just come here trying to take my boy? Mr. Smith, you're heartless. Don't kid yourself! Nobody can stand

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you. If you don't believe me, ask your brother or your wife if they can
stand being around you."

Weldon just scoffed, "I couldn't care less if they like me or not."

He picked up Matthew and walked over to Melissa. In the moonlight, he
looked down at the mother and son, noticing how much they resembled
each other... In truth, he wasn't happy that Matthew didn't look like him
at all.

But that wasn't important.

What he cared about was having an heir for the Smith family, and he
planned to mentor Matthew himself.

Matthew was silent for a bit, and then started crying again, yelling,
"You're the bad guy! I don't like you. Go away, you monster! My dad is a
superhero. He knows how to deal with monsters. He's going to come and
defeat you."

Weldon didn't get angry; instead, he smiled at Melissa and said, "Look at
him, naturally ruthless! He comes from the Smith family after all."

"Bullshits!" Melissa retorted sharply. "He's nothing like you! Try to take
him away, and I'm calling the police immediately."

Weldon just sneered in response.

Just then, a helicopter started flying their way, its propellers whirring
louder as it neared. Cradling Matthew, Weldon told Melissa with a smug
look, "I'm sending him overseas! If you can't bear to be apart from your
little boy, come with me, Melissa."

Melissa glared at Weldon, her teeth clenched, and her face turned
ghostly pale.

Thomas couldn't watch silently anymore and tried to intervene. "Weldon,
please, let's not escalate this."

Weldon just laughed and shot back, "Oh, why? Will you give me a new heir
then?"

Thomas sighed, shaking his head, seeing there was no reasoning with him.

Melissa was shaking all over, attempting to snatch Matthew back, but the bodyguards held her firmly in place.

At that moment, Matthew also shouted for help, "Daddy, help Matthew! I don't want to leave Mommy... I don't want to leave Daddy either. I really like Daddy! Daddy... Please chase the monster away..."

Hearing this, Weldon felt a bit upset.

He said with a hint of impatience, "I'm not a monster! I'm your grandfather. Call me grandpa!"

But Matthew kept crying "No! You're not my grandpa. You're the scariest monster of them all."

Just as Weldon was about to take Matthew away, the helicopter landed, and the cabin door opened.

A voice then emerged from the darkness behind them. "You're planning to take my son without asking me, Mr. Smith? If so, you might want to stop and think it over."

Hearing a voice he knew well, Weldon was taken aback.

Thomas was equally surprised.

Melissa, stunned, turned around in disbelief, only to see Marcus stepping out of the shadows, a small hammer in hand.

Weldon scoffed, "You think you can stop me with just that?"

Upon seeing Marcus, Matthew's spirits lifted, and he yelled, "Go, Daddy, beat up the monster!"

Marcus flashed Matthew a warm smile, and then turned to Melissa, who was tearfully gazing at him as if scared he'd vanish any moment.

Marcus then made a beeline for the helicopter.

Before anyone could grasp what was happening he was behind the pilot, pulling him from the cockpit and tossing him to the ground.

Weldon, fuming with anger, yelled, "You've got some nerve, Marcus!"

Discarding the hammer, Marcus dusted off his hands and retorted with a smirk, "I haven't even started on you. Why the outrage, Mr. Smith? Seems like Edwin didn't give the Smith family enough of a lesson, making you think you could cross the Fowler family again."

Weldon retorted with a sneer, "But I've got Matthew here!"

"And he's my son!" Marcus hissed, standing his ground. "Are you sure you want to do this? Think you can just walk away? Your pilot is out cold; besides, even if you by some magic manage to leave the country, the moment you go, I'm having Thomas thrown in jail straight away. The lawyers at the Fowler family's disposal aren't to be underestimated. Thomas might never see the outside of a prison cell again, and then I'll take over every Smith family business. By then, even if you train Matthew to be your heir, he'll have nothing to his name. In the end, all your efforts are wasted."

Hearing what Marcus said, Weldon was shocked.

Thomas seized the chance to convince him, saying, "Weldon, it's time to give this up!"

Weldon, however, wasn't ready to back down because he had placed a bet on it. Thomas then pressed, "Do you really want me to end up in jail, Weldon?"

After a brief standoff, Weldon let out a sigh and released Matthew.

Matthew dashed to Marcus and jumped into his embrace, exclaiming, "Daddy! I knew you'd beat the monster."

Marcus pulled a toy water gun from his coat pocket and offered it, saying, "Here, take this. It'll help you fend off the monsters."

Matthew tried to hold back his tears, wanting to show bravery. He pointed the water gun at Weldon and declared, "You're the bad guy! I'll defeat you... I will!"

Marcus then knelt down and wrapped the boy in a warm hug from behind.

As he held Matthew close, Marcus buried his head in the boy's neck.

Suddenly, Matthew turned and noticed Marcus' eyes were filled with

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tears . Surprised, he asked caringly, "Daddy, are you crying?"

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