

## Chapter 523 Frighten The Little Guy

Archy's initial arrogance vanished as he processed the news of Melissa moving to his grandmother's house.

Horror overtook his features as he lowered his head to look at her.

"You're really moving into my grandmother's house? She's not easy to get along with; how could she allow others to live with her?"

Archy's fear of his grandmother surprised Melissa, revealing that Joyce didn't treat him well.

It was apparent that Archy's mother didn't teach him proper manners, which made it challenging for Joyce to like him.

"I have a good relationship with her," Melissa replied calmly.

Archy's demeanor changed, and he was no longer as arrogant as he was at the beginning. He took his feet off the sofa and stood up, silently leaning toward the door.

"Seriously? Do you really have a good relationship with my grandmother? How good is it?" he asked, his voice trembling.

Melissa stroked her chin thoughtfully and replied, "Our relationship is so close that we share everything. I can tell your grandmother all about you today, for example."

Archy let out a loud cry, tears streaming down his face as he pleaded, "Please, I beg you, don't rat me out to my grandmother. I'll do anything!"

"So, you're aware that your behavior earlier wasn't acceptable? That's why you're so scared now?"

Melissa deliberately prodded Archy, sensing his vulnerability.

Upon hearing her words, Archy hung his head, nodding heavily.

"I know I wasn't very polite, but my mom always tells me that it's okay for children to act like that. After all, children can be forgiven. But my grandma doesn't appreciate it."

Observing his crestfallen expression, Melissa realized that Archy was just a child, lacking any ill intentions. She crouched down in front of him, gently tousling his hair.

"What your mother said was wrong. Everyone admires polite and well-behaved children."

Joyce held a firm grip on discipline, but her residence was tucked away, rarely venturing beyond the confines of the yard.

Mercer, consumed by the demands of his company, had little time to spare.

Consequently, Archy's mother became the primary caretaker. After years of being solely under her tutelage, Archy had grown accustomed to his current disposition—unchecked and uninhibited.

Melissa leaned in close to Archy, whispering a few words that drained the color from his face. With a final glance, he left, clutching his ball tightly.

Watching from the sidelines, Mona felt perplexed.

She couldn't help but inquire, "What did you say to that child? Why is he so frightened?"

Melissa's smile carried a hint of mystery as she replied, "When it comes to dealing with children, we must employ some special methods. They don't always grasp logic. Instead, we must communicate with them in ways they easily understand."

Mona scratched her head, sensing that Melissa had said something profound, yet also realizing that she might not have said anything at all.

"Please, satisfy my curiosity. Tell me what you said to him."