

Always Been Yours Chapter 60

Chapter 60 A Son's Defiance

An icy gleam flashed in Timothy's eyes as he side-stepped the man in the suit, snapping, "I will not be following you anywhere!"

Seeing this, the assistant rushed toward Timothy and barred his way once more. "Timothy, the chairman's offer is a genuine one, which is why he wanted to see you personally today. We hope that you'll give us a chance!"

Timothy was ruthless as he let out a bark of laughter. "Then, tell the chairman that I have nothing to say to him! Also, I will never sell my product to your company, so if you know what's good for you, stay away from me!" With that, he pushed the assistant aside and continued on his way.

Meanwhile, Silas took in all this from where he sat in the backseat of the car. He was furious that the boy he had been waiting to see was treating his invitation with such disdain. I can't believe the nerve of this punk!

At that moment, Silas could no longer contain his rage as he pushed open the car door and got down from the vehicle. Then, he stormed up to Timothy and snapped angrily, "Timothy, it's only been a few years, but it looks like you've developed quite the temper!"

Upon hearing this, Timothy turned to register a seething Silas standing not too far away. He regarded the older man with the same disgust as one might a repulsive street rat.

Presently, Silas crossed over to him in long, angry strides, sounding like a self-righteous ogre as he bellowed, "I was just thinking about how insolent two college kids could be to turn down an offer to collaborate with me, but as it turns out, you were the one behind all this! Looks like

you've grown a pair, haven't you, Timothy? Do you actually think you can go head to head with me?"

Scorn colored Timothy's gaze when he heard this and he found this incredibly hilarious. Glowering at Silas icily, he stood his ground and pointed out sarcastically, "Dear Mr. Reinhart, I think I've made it very clear from the beginning that I will not be selling my software and that's the end of it! Why are you still pestering me like chewing gum stuck on a shoe? It's one thing to be shameless, but you ought to consider how irritated the rest of us might feel."

"You—" Choking on fury at the insult, Silas felt his nerves dangerously close to popping, and he bit out belligerently, "You useless punk! Is this the way to talk to your father?!"

A humorless laugh escaped Timothy as he drawled pointedly, "Don't flatter yourself. Tess and I never had a father and hearing the word come out of your mouth makes me want to retch!"

Silas' face had turned as dark as the bottom of a pan. I can't believe this brat has the audacity to speak to me this way!

Timothy had no intention to waste more time on this, for he still had groceries to grab. As such, he said in plain and simple words, "Mr. Reinhart, this is all I'll say for today: I will not sell my software to Reinhart Group even if it means certain death, so I suggest you give up on this futile effort of yours and leave me the hell alone!"

The harsh words lingered in the air between them and he turned on his heels to march away from the fuming man.

Rooted to the same spot, Silas watched with burning rage as Timothy retreated further away, and his face was grim as he muttered mutinously, "That's not up to you!" He immediately barked at his assistant commandingly, "Go and bring that punk back here!"

“Yes, sir,” the assistant replied, then hurried after the boy.

Timothy’s legs were not strong enough to begin with, so there was no way he could have outrun the assistant, much less put up a fight. Within seconds, the assistant hauled the boy into the car unceremoniously.

“Hey, let me go! Let me go right now!” Timothy cried, outraged as he tried to break free. However, no matter how hard he tried and how much he shouted, his efforts of escape were to no avail.

He glared at Silas somberly and demanded, “What the hell do you want, Silas?”

Silas eyed him triumphantly, taking pleasure in the boy’s hapless struggling as he scoffed. “What I want is simple enough: for you to hand over the rights to the software you and your buddy created. Reinhart Group needs it.”

Initially, he had thought of upping the price by a smidge if the college kids still refused to sell the software for five million. That had been a possibility until he discovered that the software was created by none other than his own son. As things were, Silas could get his hands on the software without having to fork out a single penny!

Children were born to obey their parents anyway, and it was only right for Timothy to hand over the software without objection. Silas grinned like the cat that ate the canary, seemingly proud of how clever he was in handling this.

However, Timothy had figured out what the man thought, and with a defiant laugh, he countered, “And if I refuse?”