

Chapter 598 He Brushed Past Melissa

Marcus had a hushed conversation over the phone with someone from a well-known detective agency.

His voice, low and raspy, carried a sense of urgency as he whispered, "I need your help finding someone, and money is no object."

On the other end of the line, the detective replied with just a few words. "Consider it done."

After ending the call, Marcus immediately forwarded all the information he had on Melissa to the detective agency. As he sent her photo, his fingertips couldn't resist lightly caressing her face captured in the image.

In that photograph, Melissa's smile emanated an innocence that tugged at Marcus' heartstrings, a poignant reminder of the happier times they had shared.

Marcus couldn't fully fathom the depth of other people's love, but he knew that the memories he held of him and Melissa were slowly slipping away, like grains of sand through his fingers.

Subconsciously, he yearned to preserve those fading recollections.

His initial plan was to spend only five days in Duefron, but in his relentless pursuit to find Melissa, he had extended his stay by a few more days.

Yet, despite his unwavering determination, there was still no news of her.

The detective conveyed to Marcus that Melissa hadn't resided in Duefron for an extended period. The letter may have been sent by someone else, possibly to conceal her precise location from Marcus.

After ending the call, Marcus sat in his office for an extended period, his thoughts consumed by the enigmatic disappearance of Melissa.

A soft knock at the door signaled Sylvia's entrance. She carried a stack of documents and offered an apologetic smile as she said, "Mr. Fowler, these are for tomorrow's meeting."

Marcus inclined his head slightly, indicating for her to place them on his desk.

Sylvia noticed Marcus' somber mood and surmised that it was likely related to Melissa.

Half a year had passed, yet there had been no word or trace of Melissa's whereabouts.

Suddenly, Sylvia's brows lifted, and she remarked, "Mr. Fowler, it's snowing outside."

Marcus turned to gaze at the snowflakes falling beyond the French window. Sylvia continued, "Duefron hasn't experienced such heavy snowfall in several years. By the time we get off work, I'm afraid the ground will be covered in a thick layer of snow."

Marcus remained silent as he contemplated the falling snow.

He then proposed, "How about we make everyone end work at 4:00 today?"

This offer surprised Sylvia. In the past, even in adverse weather conditions employees weren't allowed to leave work before 6:00. Marcus' change in attitude was quite unexpected.

Sylvia left promptly with the approved documents in hand.

As Marcus was about to peruse the documents, his phone rang, and it was Leonel calling.

"Marcus, I'm stuck in a snowstorm in Tashkao," Leonel informed him. "Alexis and Daniel have a hospital appointment scheduled tomorrow. If you have the time, could you accompany them? I don't think I'll be able to make it."

Marcus responded tersely, "Alright."

Leonel had learned about Melissa from Elva, and though he wanted to inquire further, he ultimately decided against it.

The following morning as the snowfall subsided, a delicate layer of winter snow blanketed the ground.

Marcus, donning a dark gray overcoat, carried little Daniel in his arms, while Alexis trailed behind him.

Opening the back door of the car, Marcus carefully placed Daniel in Alexis' waiting arms after she got in.

Daniel's cherubic features and tender demeanor captured Marcus' attention. He found himself stealing another glance at the baby, lost in thought.

A pang of melancholy washed over Marcus as he contemplated what could have been. If there had been no misunderstandings between him and Melissa, perhaps they would also have a child by now.

Being a mother of two, Alexis, sensing the turmoil in Marcus' expression, ventured quietly, "You still haven't found her, have you?"

Marcus offered a faint, resigned smile in response.

He didn't delve into the topic any further. To ensure the baby's warmth, he promptly closed the car door.

The ground was covered in a pristine blanket of snow, and Marcus drove cautiously, mindful of the road conditions.

By the time they arrived at the hospital, it was nearly nine o'clock.

The Fowler family's status afforded them special treatment at the hospital. With the baby in her arms, Alexis smiled at Marcus and said, "Wait for me outside. I'll be back in about an hour."

Marcus nodded and watched as Alexis entered the hospital.

The hospital's gynecology and obstetrics department was bustling with expectant mothers and their spouses.

Marcus, feeling somewhat out of place, opted to take the escalator downstairs to purchase a lighter. The escalator was also crowded with mostly pregnant women undergoing prenatal examinations, accompanied by their attentive husbands.

As Marcus stood there, his expression somber, his lips tightly pursed, his phone suddenly rang.

It was Sylvia on the line.

He swiftly answered the call, and as Sylvia delved into a few business matters, Marcus efficiently issued instructions.

Unbeknownst to Marcus, amidst the bustling crowd, a significant figure went unnoticed.

It was Melissa, her presence concealed by the swarm of people.



With her hand firmly gripping the handrail, Melissa ascended the escalator alone, her pace deliberate.

She passed by Marcus, who remained engrossed in his conversation, oblivious to her proximity.

Dressed in a large down jacket, Melissa struggled to hide the pronounced swell of her belly. In a moment of disbelief, she stared at Marcus, who seemed deep in contemplation while holding his phone.

The baby in Melissa's womb seemed to sense something and gave a sudden kick, but Melissa remained unaware.

She turned her head to gaze at Marcus, her expression distant and contemplative.

When the escalator moved upward, Melissa soon disappeared into the bustling crowd.

At that moment, a voice tinged with surprise called out, "Melissa."