

Chapter 606 It Turned Out That Melissa Had A Baby (Part One)

Melissa had a fever and felt very unwell.

But she refused to take a ride from Marcus. She stood on the steps, gathering her thin overcoat around her, and said softly, "I'm grateful for your kindness Mr. Fowler. But I can take a taxi."

Marcus' expression darkened.

He fixed his gaze on her and asked, "Why? Are you afraid that you will owe me a favor?"

Melissa dropped her eyes to the ground as she replied, "Of course not. I just... It's inappropriate. You have a girlfriend, don't you, Mr. Fowler? I don't think you want to become the subject of rumors."

Marcus' mind flashed back to the newspaper article he had seen that morning and it struck him that Melissa must have come across it as well.

With a blank expression, he asked, "Are you jealous?"

"You reading too much into it. Mr. Fowler, we're both from very different worlds."

After saying that, Melissa took out her phone to call a Uber for herself, ignoring him. Marcus scowled, opened his door, and stepped out of the car. Grabbing her phone, he insisted, "I said I will drive you to the hospital."

"And I said there's no need for that."

He didn't expect Melissa to put up a fight. During their struggle, her phone fell to the ground, cracking the screen.

The air around them went still.

Their heavy breathing was the only sound in the silence. After several moments, Melissa finally bent down to pick her phone up. Unexpectedly, Marcus also reached for it at the same time. Their hands brushed against each other.

Melissa instinctively snatched her hand back.

But Marcus was quicker in catching it. At the same time, he also plucked up her phone and slid it into his coat pocket. Melissa asked in a gruff voice, "What are you doing?"

"I'll drive you to the hospital. I don't have any other motive. I'm just passing by the same way."

After explaining this stonily, Marcus tugged her to the car's front seat, opened the door on the passenger side, and gently shoved her inside. Before she could escape, Marcus placed one hand on the roof of the car and moved in close to her. "Melissa, you don't want to create a scene here and stir scandals, do you?"

Melissa slowly sat up straight.

She leaned back into the seat and mumbled, "Marcus, you're a much bigger jerk than before."

"So are you."

Then, he got into the driver's seat. Just like he claimed, he was just dropping her off at the hospital, which was on the way for him. He continued sitting in the car when Melissa got out, gave her a reserved nod, and drove away.

Melissa watched the back of the car, unable to figure out what was on his mind.

It was December and the weather was freezing.

Melissa pulled her coat tighter around her and strode into the hospital. Fortunately, only a few people were present at this hour. She quickly registered and got herself examined. Sure enough she had caught a cold and had a fever. Her temperature was thirty-nine degrees. The doctor prescribed her some medicines and advised her to rest more and increase her fluid intake.

But Melissa didn't want her work to get affected. She said, "Please put me on an intravenous drip. That'll put me back on my feet sooner."

The doctor was taken aback.

He looked up and studied the young woman in front of him. She was gorgeous and well-dressed, appearing to be a high-end white-collar worker. He prescribed an intravenous drip and offhandedly counseled,

"Just because you're young, don't push yourself too much. Someday you'll realize that no amount of money will be able to buy back your health."

Melissa gave him a composed smile.

The doctor tore off the paper from the prescription pad and directed her to the payment counter.

Ten minutes later, Melissa was quietly settled into the transfusion room, her eyes shut. She took off her coat and wrapped it around herself, but she was still shivering.

"Miss Brown," a nurse suddenly addressed Melissa softly.

Melissa opened her eyes. The nurse thrust a hot water bag into her arms and said, "Holding this might help you feel better."

Melissa was perplexed. She chalked it up to the hospital having very good service.

Meanwhile, in the director's office on the second floor of the same hospital, the hospital director was immersed in searching for the documents needed.

He smiled and nonchalantly asked, "Marcus, you're specially asking for Miss Brown's medical records. You must care a lot about her. What happened last night then?"

Marcus sat by the window and sipped his tea.

All he had to do was turn his head a little and he would be greeted with a winter landscape in the small yard behind the hospital. The view was pretty amazing.

Marcus smiled casually at the director's question. "I'm just curious about it."

The director finally located Melissa's medical records in the hospital's database. Fortunately, all the hospitals in Duefron kept their records online, so Melissa's complete medical history was available.

The director skimmed through it and was shocked. He put on his reading glasses and began reading carefully. Finally, he was sure he wasn't seeing things.

He shot Marcus a meaningful look.

"What's wrong?"

Marcus placed his cup down and went to the director. Holding the desk's edge, he read the documents on the director's computer. A moment later, Marcus' expression froze, mirroring the director's.

On the screen was the information that Melissa had given birth two years ago.

It was a boy.

Marcus' head began spinning. His fingers tightened around the edge of the desk as he fought to regain control of his emotions. Then, he asked, "Is there some kind of mistake?"

The director pointed at the social security number with a smile and responded, "It's can't be. This is definitely the same Melissa Brown. But where did this child come from? Was she married? And where is her husband?"

Marcus appeared composed.

After several moments, he whispered, "Don't tell my parents about it. I want to deal with it myself."

The director gasped.

He coughed before saying, "Marcus, you're the one who got her pregnant?! You should take responsibility for your child then."

Marcus remained silent.

He just quietly studied Melissa's complete medical information and noted the child's name, Matthew Brown.

He couldn't stop himself from caressing the screen with his long fingers. The child's name should have been Matthew Fowler.

After leaving the director's office, Marcus didn't immediately seek out Melissa.

He knew her too well.

