

## Chapter 608 Marcus Want To Support His Son

Marcus had sensed Melissa's detachment and chose not to press her.

Amidst the heavy silence that followed, he offered in a subdued tone, "Your phone's broken. Let me call a cab for you."

It was then Melissa remembered her phone was still with Marcus. She asked it back because it held photos of Matthew.

The realization that she had left her phone with him for so long gave her shivers.

Marcus, noticing her anxious look, understood her silent plea.

Handing back the phone, he casually remarked, "Working with Albert pays well, doesn't it? Ever thought about getting a car?"

While Melissa checked her phone, she murmured, "I've been considering it."

Discovering the phone still worked, she quickly made her exit, leaving no room for sentimentality.

Outside the hospital, snow began to fall.

Marcus watched Melissa climb into a blue taxi which soon blended into the snowy backdrop, leaving him in a state of unrest.

He paced, caught between the desire to see his son, Matthew, and the fear that any impulsive action might drive Melissa away from Due from for good.

Melissa harbored resentment towards Marcus, a sentiment he understood all too well, though he felt hatred where she did not.

This absence of hatred from Melissa signified to him a loss far greater. She no longer loved him.

Later, Marcus found himself parked outside Melissa's apartment.

He simply stayed in his car, smoking as the snowfall intensified and darkness enveloped the city.

The buildings around him lit up, casting a soft, warm glow from the top floor window of Melissa's building a beacon in the wintry night.

Downstairs, Julie emerged with Matthew, bundled up against the cold.

Grasping Julie's hand, he exclaimed with delight at the snowfall, "Julie, it's snowing"

Concerned for his safety, Julie lifted him to navigate to the trash bin.

Once the rubbish was disposed of, Matthew pleaded to stay outside and play for a bit.

Julie, unable to resist his plea, consented but with a caveat. "Fine, just a little bit. But we must go back before your mom returns, or she'll worry."

Matthew's face lit up with joy. "I'll make sure Mom won't get upset."

Julie found a sheltered spot for Matthew, where he could reach out to the snow without getting too cold. His eyes widened in wonder, taking in the snowy world around him.

Meanwhile, Marcus sat in his car, a cigarette between his trembling fingers, watching the scene unfold.

He caught sight of Matthew, the son Melissa had for him.

The boy's round face bore a resemblance to Melissa's, yet his features echoed the Fowler lineage. Matthew reminded Marcus of Alexis' son, Daniel, though Matthew seemed more delicate.

Marcus' grip on his cigarette tightened as he took a drag, his gaze fixed on Matthew with an intense longing.

He yearned to step out and approach, yet the fear of causing a disturbance kept him seated, observing from a distance.

Suddenly, Julie looked up and her gaze met Marcus' through the car window, her reaction one of shock.

She quickly scooped up Matthew and hurried back inside, as if she had seen a specter.

Matthew's protest was visible in his scrunched-up face, causing Marcus a pang of heartache.

Once inside, Julie's heart raced.

She pondered over the sighting of Marcus.

Why was he here? Did he know about Matthew? As Julie was about to call Melissa, Matthew approached, wrapping her in a gentle hug, his soft voice expressing his desire to continue playing outside.

Julie's thoughts were interrupted by the young boy's request.

She took a moment to compose herself before peering outside through the curtains.

To her dismay, Marcus had exited his car and was standing below, his gaze fixed upwards.

Julie's mind raced with worry.

The sudden appearance of Matthew's biological father presented a daunting scenario. Marcus' presence raised the fear that he could easily take Matthew away, given his resources and influence, a challenge Melissa would struggle to counter.

Faced with this dilemma, Julie hesitated before making a decision.

In the end, she resolved to confront Marcus directly.

She reassured Matthew, "I need to step outside for a bit. Stay here and watch the snow through the window, okay?"

Matthew, settled comfortably in a high chair by the window, nodded, captivated by the snowfall.

With Matthew content, Julie braced herself against the cold and stepped out, umbrella in hand.

The snowfall intensified, enveloping everything, including Marcus, who stood out in the cold, a figure of solitude.

Julie couldn't help but acknowledge his charm, understanding why Melissa's thoughts lingered on him even after all these years.

As Julie approached, Marcus greeted her with a respectful, "Mrs. Wilson."

She thought he should be grateful, for she had cared for his son over the years.

Holding her umbrella, Julie confronted him with a mixture of trepidation and feigned confidence. "Mr. Fowler, does Melissa know you're here?"

Marcus' response was calm, "She doesn't. And I haven't told her I found out about Matthew."

Julie's surprise was evident.

She pressed on, "Then what are your intentions?"

With a slight smile, Marcus posed a question in return. "What should my intentions be?"

Julie, uncertain but resolute, responded, "If you're thinking of taking Matthew from Melissa, know that I won't let that happen without a fight."

Marcus met her gaze silently, leaving a tense moment hanging between them.

Julie was on the verge of delivering more harsh warnings when Marcus opened his car trunk to reveal a large box filled with the kind of mech toys any boy would adore.

He also handed Julie a kraft paper bag, which, to her astonishment, contained half a million dollars in cash.

Julie's eyes widened as she sifted through the bills, but then she fixed Marcus with a defiant look. "This money won't sway me," she declared.

Marcus simply suggested, "Use it to buy Matthew something he likes," his smile unfaltering.

Julie, ever pragmatic, understood Marcus' gesture as a sign he wanted them to keep caring for Matthew for now. "It's indeed your duty to support your son," she countered, her tone firm yet concerned for

Melissa's welfare.

With the unexpected windfall, Julie's thoughts turned to buying Melissa a car, having previously eyed a nice BMW that she believed would suit Melissa.

After all, Melissa had given Marcus a son. A car seemed a small recompense.

As Marcus prepared to leave, content that Julie had accepted his offer, she tapped on his car window, her voice tinged with uncertainty. "Melissa doesn't know about this, does she?"

His faint smile offered her a measure of reassurance, though her feelings remained mixed.

Once Marcus had departed, Julie, armed with the toy and the cash, swung by the nearby grocery store and bought a five-pound fresh mutton. She then set about stewing it, filling the house with its inviting aroma.

Matthew was thrilled with his new toy, his delight evident as he played.

Mech toys were a hit with boys, after all.

Melissa returned home around eight to the welcoming scent of mutton stew.

"Did you make mutton stew today?" she inquired, swapping her shoes for house slippers.

Adorned in her apron and wielding a ladle, Julie beamed.

"I had a bit of luck with the lottery today. With the snow and the chill, I thought some mutton stew would be perfect. I've even added carrots for extra flavor. Make sure to have a little extra."

Carrots.

Melissa's heart sank. She wasn't fond of them. Yet Julie, caught up in her excitement, seemed oblivious to this preference, eagerly serving a plate to Melissa.

"Give it a try," Julie urged, hopeful.

< Chapter 608 Marcus Want To Support H...



+120 Points at most

Facing the carrots in her plate, Melissa couldn't shake thoughts of Marcus, reflecting on their conversation earlier that day, hoping he would finally leave her in peace.



 SPIN 999 BONUS! 100% chance  
of winning!

Check

Our ads aim to provide better support for authors.

