

Chapter 611 Marcus Did Well As A New Father

Marcus was so absorbed in his thoughts that when Matthew's soft voice broke through, it almost caught him off guard. "Sir, why do you look sad?" he whispered.

"I'm not," Marcus replied, his voice rougher than he intended.

At that moment, Marcus was so close to Matthew, he could catch the scent of milk that seemed to cling to the two-year-old. There was an unmistakable freshness, a baby's scent, enveloping Matthew.

He felt an urge to embrace the child.

Matthew, always quick to smile, revealed two small teeth in his grin.

"Will you hold me?" Matthew reached out, his voice a command more than a request.

Without hesitation, Marcus lifted Matthew, settling him on his lap, and showered him with affectionate kisses. Matthew, bashful yet pleased, basked in the attention.

Children and adults alike were drawn to Marcus's charm.

Deciding to treat the kids, Marcus ordered two desserts, one for Evelyn and one for Matthew.

Evelyn, barely containing her excitement, said, "I love this. It's been ages since I had one."

Matthew's laughter, showcasing his baby teeth, filled the room.

Alexis, clearly taken with Matthew, remarked to Julie, "He's not shy at all. Adorable, isn't he?"

Julie, beaming with pride, feigned humility.

Alexis laughed, unable to resist Matthew's charm, and snapped a few more pictures to send to Marcus.

When their desserts arrived, Marcus began to feed Matthew, who glanced shyly towards Julie, cheeks tinted with a blush.

"Should I feed him?" Julie offered softly.

Matthew, eager to show independence declared, "I can eat by myself," while sneaking a worried look at Marcus.

In Matthew's expression, Marcus saw a glimpse of Melissa.

It left him momentarily stunned, his fingers gently tracing Matthew's face as if searching for a hidden message. He touched Matthew tenderly, protective and full of unspoken love.

Julie sensed Marcus' turmoil without him saying a word.

In a hushed tone, she shared, "He's thrived these past years. Melissa's dedication shines through."

Marcus simply nodded in agreement.

Returning Matthew to his seat, Marcus observed him tackle his dessert. Evelyn, focused on her own treat, mentioned, "Uncle Marcus usually keeps to himself. He's not one to warm up to others quickly."

Imitating her grandfather Waylen with uncanny accuracy, Evelyn quipped "You're quite the lucky one."

Matthew's laughter, filled with innocence and a hint of drool, was infectious.

He looked so adorable.

Marcus cleaned Matthew's face, prompting a smile from the boy. Alexis couldn't help but remark, "He takes after his mother."

At that moment, Melissa rang Julie, causing a slight stir.

Julie glanced at Marcus and Alexis before answering.

Melissa's voice was calm. "Julie, work wraps up in two hours. Could you



take Matthew to the mall after your meal? He's outgrown his clothes again. Pick out some new shoes and trousers for him."

"Of course," Julie responded.

Melissa's voice softened as she added, "And get something for yourself, too. I'll meet you once I'm done."

Julie readily agreed.

Ending the call, Julie caressed Matthew's cheek. "We'll get you new shoes and trousers soon."

Marcus caught Alexis' glance, checked his watch, and declared, "I've got some time now."

Thus, they left the French restaurant, Marcus holding Matthew, with Julie following close behind.

Melissa always prioritized quality for Matthew's stuff despite the cost, evident in her willingness to invest in his wardrobe.

The staff, familiar with their frequent visits, greeted them warmly.

The shop assistants never saw Matthew's father during all their visits, sparking curiosity and speculation among them. Julie, upon catching wind of their whispers one time, felt a surge of displeasure. With a sharp retort, she challenged their assumptions. "How could he not have a father? How do you think he came into this world?"

This time, with Marcus cradling Matthew in his arms, Julie's presence commanded attention, silencing the room upon her entry.

"Julie, who's this gentleman?" one of the assistants inquired, noting Marcus' composed demeanor.

In a lowered, yet proud tone, Julie introduced Marcus, "This is my son-in-law, Matthew's father."

The assistant paused, visibly impressed. "He looks quite distinguished. Seems familiar, too."

Julie managed a courteous yet insincere smile. "He's recently returned from abroad. Life's been modest for him in Duefron."

This seemed to reassure the assistant, who perhaps felt that if Marcus was truly remarkable, he wouldn't opt for their modestly positioned brand for children's clothing. With this in mind, she presented some of the store's priciest items, including a pair of limited edition shoes retailing for over four hundred dollars.

Typically, Julie would steer clear of such extravagant purchases.

However, with Matthew's father present, she anticipated Marcus might indulge in a grand gesture of affluence.

To her surprise, Marcus' approach was far from the lavish display she expected. He meticulously tried different shoes on Matthew, carefully selecting garments as if managing a budget.

His careful consideration painted Marcus in a different light for Julie.

He seemed less the stereotypical affluent heir and more a devoted father, focused on the practicalities of comfort and suitability rather than mere luxury.

As Marcus removed his coat and attentively fitted shoes on Matthew, even ensuring the laces were tied into neat bowknots, his actions spoke of a man grounded in the realities of parenting. He even sought Matthew's opinion on the appearance and fit of the shoes, emphasizing the child's comfort and preference over the prestige of expense.

For half an hour, Matthew busily tried on various outfits and shoes.

The shop assistant, growing restless, finally pressed, "Are you going to make a purchase?"

Marcus, having selected all the pieces that suited Matthew perfectly, affectionately ruffled the boy's hair. "Which ones do you like best?" he inquired.

Clutching his chosen favorites, Matthew looked up at Marcus with a beaming smile, one that could warm the coldest of hearts.

With a soft smile, Marcus decided, "We'll take these, then."

Rising, Marcus retrieved his phone from his coat and made a call. "Sylvia, I'm at the Bellville Mall. Could you come and settle the bill? Yes, I left my

wallet behind in a rush."

The assistant's expression soured at these words.

Just as she was on the brink of irritation, a colleague whispered urgently, "That man might be the CEO of the Fowler Group. His family owns this building"

Stunned, the shop assistant reconsidered Marcus, her attitude shifting dramatically.

Her surprise was palpable. The CEO of the Fowler Group, known to have a partner, now appeared with a child. Could this boy be his son?

The thought was electrifying.

The store manager, sensing the shift in atmosphere, intervened with a stern glance that quelled further gossip. He was adept at handling such situations, quickly providing refreshments like orange juice, coffee, and a fruit plate for their VIP guests.

The store was even temporarily closed to the public to ensure their privacy.

Marcus, no stranger to such deference, remained nonchalant.

Julie, however, found herself caught between amusement and concern, worried about Melissa's reaction to their extravagant shopping spree. Over coffee, Marcus mentioned casually, "She ought to be informed sooner or later."

His approach wasn't about keeping secrets from Melissa, rather, he aimed to establish a bond with Matthew on their terms.

Fifteen minutes later, Sylvia made her way into the store, her arrival marked by a slight complaint about Marcus's choice of location.

However, her mood shifted instantly upon spotting Matthew, a boy bearing a striking resemblance to Marcus, at his side.

Catching her breath in surprise, Sylvia's eyes widened.

Marcus, lounging with Matthew busily engaging with a toy on his lap, looked up as Sylvia approached. Her voice, light and curious, broke the

comfortable silence. "Where's his mother?"

"Working late," Marcus replied with an even tone.

Matthew, picking up on the conversation about his mother, flashed Sylvia a charming smile. "Mommy's at work," he announced proudly.

Sylvia found herself utterly charmed by the boy's sweet disposition.

After a moment of captivation, Sylvia remembered her mission, proceeding to handle the transaction with a mix of efficiency and warmth.

Sylvia also took a moment to caution the shop assistants discreetly.

After completing her task, she approached Matthew, squatting down to his level with evident fondness.

Matthew, unfazed by new faces, greeted her warmly.

In a hushed tone, Sylvia observed, "He bears a striking resemblance to Melissa."

A soft smile graced Marcus' lips. The sound of Julie's phone interrupted the moment, likely a call from Melissa. With a touch of disappointment, Marcus gently ran his fingers through his son's hair.

As expected, Melissa was on her way to collect Matthew.

Julie, apologetic, informed Marcus, "I need to take Matthew now, Mr. Fowler."

Though Marcus was reluctant to say goodbye, he knew the timing wasn't right.

He caressed Matthew's cheek, whispering "Head home with Julie. Be a good boy."

Matthew, still too young to grasp the day's weight, simply felt the warmth of affection from those around him. He affectionately kissed Marcus' cheek in farewell.

Marcus embraced his son once more, a gesture filled with tenderness.

Sylvia assisted Julie with the bags, accompanying them downstairs.

Julie, holding Matthew, bid Marcus farewell. As they departed, Matthew continually looked back at Marcus, a silent promise of return.

Marcus watched quietly from where he stood.

A wave of disappointment washed over him, yet Matthew's smile, bright and innocent, sparked joy in his heart.

"Silly boy," He chuckled, the affection undeniable.

As the Fowler family's eldest grandson, Matthew's fragility was matched by his charm, filling Marcus with a profound sense of happiness.

Initially unsure about his relationship with Melissa, Marcus now felt a sense of clarity.

Perhaps Matthew had become a bridge, not just a pretext for his unchanged desires.

In the parking lot, Julie juggled Matthew and a few shopping bags, catching Melissa's attention as she exited her car and approached. Taking the bags from Julie, Melissa raised an eyebrow. "You've bought a lot! Didn't you pick out anything for yourself?"

Julie's response came with a gentle smile, "The wardrobe you've gifted me is more than enough."

Matthew, on the verge of speaking, caught Julie's warning glance and held his tongue, mindful of their earlier conversation.

Once home, Melissa spent some time playing with Matthew, a brief respite of joy.

Later, as she sorted through the day's purchases, a receipt slipped from the bag, the signature on it catching her eye— Sylvia Ramos.

A chill ran through Melissa. Sylvia was Marcus' secretary!

The implication was clear: Marcus had been there too.

He had found out about Matthew!

With the receipt in hand, Melissa gazed out the window, her thoughts swirling. Julie was preoccupied with Matthew and dinner preparations.



Melissa then thought about the half million which Julie claimed to be the result of her winning the lottery.

After a prolonged silence, Melissa reached for the phone, her decision made.

The call connected after several rings and Marcus' voice, rough with disuse, greeted her. "What's up?"