

Chapter 624 Mr. Fowler Finally Claims Ownership! (Part Two)

In the end, since she realized that it'd be impossible to change Marcus' mind about this matter, she chose to simply ignore him.

With a huff, she stormed off to the bathroom to wash her face and brush her teeth. Marcus watched her leave, a playful look flashing in his eyes. He then carefully placed Matthew on the bed, slipped out from under the covers, and stealthily followed Melissa into the bathroom.

Before Melissa could understand what was going on, Marcus had already shut and locked the bathroom door behind him.

Hugging her from behind, Marcus looked at her in the mirror. Melissa still chose to ignore him, lowering her head to wash her face. Just then, his deep voice rumbled in the small bathroom. "This apartment is tiny. Why don't you two move into my place this weekend? There's a nice park nearby, as well as a good kindergarten."

Casting a glance at him, Melissa didn't respond immediately; instead, she busied herself wiping her face with a towel.

Marcus waited patiently for her answer.

After a while, Melissa cleared her throat and said firmly, "I like it here. I don't want to move. If your parents miss Matthew, I can drop him off to stay with them for a few days—that is, if Matthew's okay with it."

With burning eyes, Marcus asked in a hoarse voice, "We're both single, Melissa. More importantly, we have a child together. What's stopping you from giving us a chance to start over?"

"I just don't want to think about it at the moment."

Melissa turned to look at him helplessly. "Can't you see? There's a huge gap between us, Marcus!"

Upon hearing this, Marcus' shoulders slumped and he leaned back against the wall, falling deep into thought.

After a while, he looked at Melissa's reflection in the mirror and asked softly, "Did you ever stop to think about our son? If we don't get married, then Matthew won't have the right to inherit anything from the Fowler family. Sooner or later, I'll have to marry someone, and by then..."

Suppressing her sadness, Melissa raised her head and locked eyes with him in the mirror. "I'd never try to stop you from getting married, Marcus."

And as for Matthew, I just want him to live a happy life. Whether he stands to inherit the Fowler family wealth or not, it doesn't matter to me.

But it mattered a lot to Marcus.

He loved Melissa, and he loved Matthew. Naturally, he hoped that his son could inherit everything he had to offer.

Unconvinced Melissa was about to walk away.

Marcus stopped her and pleaded, "You don't have to move in with me, okay? You can just stay here if you want. Just don't try to leave..."

Melissa attempted to push Marcus away, but failed. The overbearing man leaned over to kiss her.

But before their lips could touch, Julie's voice came from right outside the door, "Mr. Fowler, Miss Ramos just passed by to drop off some clothes."

Marcus grunted in response.

Looking back at Melissa, he said earnestly, "Let's talk about this later. I have an important meeting this morning so I have to run!"

Without giving her a chance to protest, he rushed out of the bathroom to get his clothes.

After getting dressed, Marcus went to the bedside and pecked the sleeping Matthew on the forehead. Then he was about to rush out the door when Julie stopped him, insisting that he have something for

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breakfast first. Glancing at his watch, Marcus gave in and hurriedly
grabbed a sandwich from the table.

In the car, he browsed through the financial news while cramming the
sandwich into his mouth.

Sylvia couldn't help but ask curiously, "Mr. Fowler, is the sandwich that
good? You're practically inhaling it."

Marcus nodded wordlessly.

Only then did Sylvia remembered that Julie used to run a diner.

All of a sudden, Marcus looked up and asked, "Can you help me look into
a person? His name's Shawn Wilson, Julie's son."

Sylvia was rather confused. Why would her boss suddenly want to
investigate Julie's family?

But as a seasoned secretary, she knew better than to ask questions.
Later that day, she placed the result of the investigation on top of
Marcus' desk, but Marcus didn't pick up the file until she left.

Meanwhile, back at the apartment, Melissa was just sitting down for
breakfast.

Julie sat down with her.

"Seems like Mr. and Mrs. Fowler are reasonable people—especially Mrs.
Fowler. You and Marcus haven't even reconciled yet, but they agreed to
let you have full custody of Matthew in the meantime. I think that's very
considerate of them, don't you think?" Julie said, casting a meaningful
glance in Melissa's direction.

Melissa, on the other hand, wasn't in the mood to talk about it.

Seeing that, Julie stubbornly continued to persuade her. "At the end of
the day, no one's perfect! Even if there was no money involved, women
like you deserve men that treat them well. What I'm trying to say is that
Mr. Fowler's a good choice if you ever want to marry someone! Well, I'm
not saying you have to choose him, but... I'm just saying that you could be
more forgiving you know? Besides, you two were both still young and
impulsive when you broke up!"

Melissa wasn't really stubborn, and she knew that Julie was saying so out of genuine kindness.

"Don't worry, Julie," she said calmly. "I'll think about it."

Julie heaved a sigh of relief. If Melissa could settle down with a good man, she'd be really happy for her. After all, raising a child alone was no easy feat.

As soon as she arrived at the office, Melissa felt something off about the atmosphere in the workplace. Sure enough one of her colleagues slapped a newspaper down on her desk as soon as she sat down and said excitedly, "Look at this, Melissa!"

Melissa frowned and picked up the newspaper.

Plastered on the front page was a photo of her and Matthew.

The sensational headline read, "Breaking news! Fowler Group president has a child out of wedlock!"

Looking at the calm expression on Melissa's face, the coworker tried to stir the pot and said in a low voice, "Everyone in Duefron knows about your relationship with the Fowler Group CEO. Why won't you just marry him?"

Melissa smiled faintly and scoffed, "Are you kidding me? No one should rush into something as serious as marriage!"

Since she wasn't able to get a reaction out of Melissa, the coworker could only leave in embarrassment.