

Chapter 625 Mr. Fowler Finally Claims Ownership! (Part Three)

Now that she was alone, Melissa picked up the newspaper and skimmed through it intently. It went without saying that this wasn't the only paper that published such groundbreaking news; by now, it was probably all over social media. This was probably what Marcus meant when he declared that he didn't want Matthew to be known to others as fatherless.

Still, she couldn't believe he actually went and announced this to the public.

Melissa was rather annoyed, but she didn't want to call and confront Marcus because of this; otherwise, she might come across as a close-minded person!

Thinking of that, she rolled her eyes, pushed this matter to the back of her head, and began to focus on her work.

At noon, she received a call from Shawn. She promptly went out and withdrew three hundred thousand dollars from the bank. When she handed Shawn the money, he promised, "You have my word, Melissa! I'm sure of it this time. In two weeks, I'll have doubled the money, and I'll pay you back as soon as possible. Then I'll pay off all my debts, get Janet back, and live happily ever after!"

Melissa looked at him calmly and said, "I'm trusting you one last time, Shawn."

Shawn nodded vigorously and left with a spring in his step, money in tow. When Melissa returned in the evening and shared the news with Julie, she expressed her happiness but pretended to be upset, asking, "Why did you lend him money again? You've helped him countless times already. You think I don't know that? You really don't have to do this. Alas, how could I have such a useless child?"

Of course, Melissa knew Julie was just worried about Shawn.

She comforted her gently, saying, "Shawn's not a bad egg. He just has some bad luck."

Hearing this, Julie felt a bit better.

The two fell silent for a moment. The older woman wanted to ask something about Marcus, but on second thought, she changed her mind and kept quiet...

Marcus didn't come to the apartment that night.

Melissa was about to go to bed when she received a message. It was from Marcus, saying that he went to Algairia for a business trip and would be back the next day.

Matthew, who was snuggled up against Melissa, suddenly asked for Marcus.

Melissa was stunned. Feeling soft, she gently stroked her son's head. Matthew had only met Marcus a few times, yet the little boy seemed quite fond of his father. "Daddy will be back tomorrow!"

Matthew seemed to understand what she said and nodded obediently.

To get the child to fall asleep, Melissa read him a bedtime story. Unexpectedly, Matthew seemed to pick up on the words she was reading aloud and started to read alongside her. That was when Melissa realized that her own son was much smarter than her when she was little. Maybe this was the Fowler family gene?

Matthew soon fell asleep, but his mother tossed and turned all night.

Just then, she heard a noise outside the door.

Who could be visiting her at this late hour?

Melissa threw on a robe and headed for the door to investigate. The moment she stepped out of the room, she caught sight of Marcus entering the apartment, key in hand. The chilly weather had adorned Marcus' hair with a delicate layer of frost.

After a short pause, Melissa pointed out, "I thought you wouldn't come back until tomorrow."

Marcus suddenly smiled and unbuttoned his overcoat. With Melissa just a few steps away, he reached out and pulled her into his arms, enveloping her in the warmth of his coat.

Melissa tried to free herself, but it was in vain!

He lowered his head and kissed her lips gently, and then whispered "I missed you and Matthew so much, so I drove back."

Stunned, Melissa gently punched him in the chest and complained, "Are you out of your mind? It's a five-hour drive, and the forecast said that there'd be a heavy snow storm tonight!"

As if on cue, it started snowing heavily outside. The road, illuminated dimly by the streetlamp, was gradually covered in snow.

After glancing outside the window, Melissa turned back to look at Marcus. He pulled her even closer and chuckled, "I drove for hours and then my car broke down on the way. It took me another hour just to get a ride!"

Melissa sputtered incoherently. Was this guy insane?!

Ignoring the incredulous look on her face, Marcus looked around the apartment and asked in a low voice, "Shall we look for a little privacy?"

Hearing that, Melissa kicked him hard!

This man braved a snow storm and went back here just because he was horny?!

As though to confirm her guess, Marcus scooped her up and carried her to the bathroom.

He swiftly locked the door then turned on the shower, despite knowing that this would ruin his expensive coat... At this moment, the only thing he wanted was to be with Melissa.

But there were four people living in this small apartment.

Therefore, he had to avoid making too much noise. Melissa, on the other hand, was rather reluctant.

After one round, he was far from satisfied.

But Marcus didn't force Melissa. It wasn't due to a lack of energy, but rather, he hesitated, concerned that the noise might disturb Matthew and Julie.

Melissa, who was stubborn at first, now rested her head on his shoulder.

For a long time, neither of them said a word.

"What's on your mind?" Marcus broke the silence, gently nibbling on her ear.

Melissa didn't know how to answer his question.

If she told him the truth, a quarrel might break out.

And she didn't have the energy to quarrel with him. In the end, she just shook her head and said nothing.

Marcus seemed to sense that she was no longer as reluctant to be with him. He leaned over and started kissing her again, stirred on by desire. This time, Melissa was rather relaxed and cooperative. She even wrapped her arms around his neck and responded to him..

At the end of the day, Marcus was still a man; her cooperation made him want her more.

Eyes flashing, he suddenly reached into his coat pocket and pulled out a velvet box.

Nestled inside was a gorgeous diamond ring.

"Wear this," he ordered hoarsely while kissing her passionately.



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