

Chapter 643 Did Daddy Hate Mommy

This move held a certain allure, though Melissa remained oblivious to its seductive undertones.

As Marcus held Matthew in one hand, his gaze fixed upon Melissa. Though Melissa remained unchanged in appearance, there was a subtle difference about her.

She had an alluring refinement due to her recent weight loss.

Melissa was clad in a light pink silk top paired with a knitted fishtail skirt, a combination that accentuated her figure flawlessly.

Breaking the prolonged silence, Marcus spoke flatly. "Yes, your mom's right."

Melissa mustered a forced smile in response, waving at Matthew, who hesitated to leave, softly expressing "I want Mommy... I want her to go with me."

Gently squeezing Matthew's hand, Melissa reassured him, "If you miss Mommy, I'll go get you back, okay?"

Matthew, leaning against Marcus, clung to Melissa, not wanting to let her go.

"Matthew wants a hug Mommy."

Melissa stole a glance at Marcus, silently hoping he would pass Matthew over to her. Yet Marcus remained motionless. Reluctantly, she took a step forward and enveloped Matthew in a tender embrace.

In that close proximity, their breaths mingled.

After her afternoon shower, Melissa exuded the delicate fragrance. As she drew near, her hair brushed against Marcus's neck, evoking memories

of their intimate lovemaking, a sensation that stirred Marcus' emotions. He always felt the softness of her hair against his skin as they intertwined in their embrace.

With that thought lingering in his mind, Marcus was absent-minded, his expression shifting subtly.

After releasing Matthew, Melissa stepped back, stroking his head affectionately, urging "Now listen to Daddy and be a good boy, okay?"

Matthew, with innocence in his voice, declared, "Matthew wants Mommy to be happy too," causing Melissa's heart to flutter.

Casting a brief glance at her, Marcus took Matthew and left. Descending the stairs, he reached the car and secured Matthew into his child's seat. Meanwhile, Matthew's eyes roamed around, captivated by the car's pink interior, his fingers exploring with curiosity.

As Marcus fastened his seatbelt, Matthew's innocent inquiry pierced the silence.

"Daddy doesn't like Mommy now?"

Marcus, with a tender smile, dismissed the notion. "Don't be silly, you little rascal."

Matthew, engrossed in his thoughts, continued, "It seems like it! Other kids have both Daddy and Mommy living with them... Daddy used to sleep with Mommy and me, but not anymore."

Marcus, touched by Matthew's innocence, reassured him softly, "Don't worry. Daddy will always be here for you."

Though Matthew nodded, his melancholy lingered.

Marcus contemplated saying something further, but considering Matthew's young age, he wouldn't understand. In the end, he said nothing. Arriving at the Fowler family mansion, he parked the car.

As he glanced around in the twilight, he spotted Waylen patiently waiting for their arrival.

Marcus lowered the car window, and Matthew eagerly leaned out, catching sight of Waylen. With a delighted squeal, he tossed his toy

aside and pressed his face against the window as Waylen approached.

Waylen lifted Matthew from the car, planting a gentle kiss on his cheek. "For my dear Matthew, may you grow taller in the new year."

Blushing Matthew buried his face in Waylen's embrace.

Just then, Daniel arrived, and the two boys hit it off instantly, joined by Evelyn and other children who gathered for a joyous time.

Even Ollie, the playful puppy bounded over, adding to the merry chaos on the lawn.

Stepping out of the car, Marcus observed the children's laughter with a mixture of nostalgia and detachment.

Waylen cleared his throat. "Where's Melissa?"

Marcus nonchalantly lit a cigarette, taking a drag before responding coolly, "We broke up."

Waylen's expression soured as he slammed a document onto the hood of the car, demanding "What's the meaning of this, Marcus? Bargaining with your girlfriend? You've truly astonished me! How dare you degrade Melissa like this?"

His voice trailed off as he scanned the agreement, his indignation rising. "Two hundred thousand dollars for monthly allowance? Marcus... Is that how you value Matthew? This is unacceptable! How could you treat someone in such a humiliating manner? I've heard that Melissa's annual salary is approximately eight million now. It's no surprise she ended things with you! You scoundrel, stop bringing shame upon the Fowler family."

With a cigarette in hand, Marcus cast a fleeting glance at Waylen before quipping "Matthew's a boy; he doesn't need to be pampered like the girls."

Waylen scoffed. "Doesn't need to be pampered like girls? Fine! How about giving me a granddaughter to spoil then?" He seethed with anger. "In just a few days, you've not only alienated Melissa but also snatched the project she had been working for months. Do you think all women will fall for that when you get dominant?"

Waylen was seething with anger, his body trembling with fury.

Marcus remained composed, puffing on his cigarette.

Unable to contain his indignation Waylen pointed at the agreement, demanding, "What on earth were you thinking? If you still care for Melissa, how can you treat her so callously? No woman would tolerate such humiliation."

This time, Marcus didn't feign ignorance and replied flatly, "Melissa and I are done. That's all there is to it."

Waylen bristled, wanting to argue further, but he relented at the sight of Marcus' resolute expression.

Meanwhile, Marcus lifted his gaze and fixed it upon the horizon.

As he reflected on their tumultuous past, he realized their falling out was because they both hurt each other. There seemed to be a lack of willingness to compromise. Yet, amidst the bitterness, he couldn't shake the feeling that perhaps, with a bit of understanding their story could have unfolded differently.

But neither he nor Melissa had been willing to yield, convinced it was futile to try.

Marcus had no intention of pursuing Melissa any further. During the month that she was away, some girls from decent families extended invitations for dinners and various events, all of which Marcus accepted. Yet, amidst these social engagements, he never found the right connection.

He didn't engage in a game of cat and mouse with Melissa, nor did he wait for her to return to him.

In fact, the more successful Melissa became, the less likely they seemed to reconcile.

Both had changed, growing increasingly proud, until eventually, they lost all feeling for each other.

On New Year's Eve, households bustled with preparations for the feast.

Suddenly, Melissa felt an urge to cook something herself.

She drove to the grocery store, only to realize it was the very place she used to frequent with Marcus. The familiarity of the store remained unchanged evoking memories of their past together.

Despite going to celebrate alone, Melissa filled her cart with a lot of items.

As she approached the cashier, a familiar voice called out from behind "Melissa!"

Startled, Melissa turned to find Jessie.

Removing her shades, Jessie remarked, "I spotted you outside and follow to join you! I heard about your promotion. Planning to make dinner solo? What about Marcus? You still haven't patched things up with him yet?"

Melissa shook her head silently, pushing her cart forward.

Resting her hands on the shopping cart, she asked casually, "And what about you? Aren't you spending the holiday with your boyfriend?"

Upon hearing her question, Jessie appeared somewhat disgruntled.

As Melissa settled the bill at the checkout desk, Jessie covertly slipped a package of ham into her cart and suggested, "I'll come over to your place tonight, and we can have dinner together."

Melissa, without hesitation, accepted, "Sure, no problem. As long as you don't have other engagements, I don't mind."

Unbeknownst to Melissa, Jessie's family assumed she was with her boyfriend, while her boyfriend believed she was with her family. Regardless, Jessie was eager to share a meal with Melissa as soon as she saw her.

After Melissa paid the bill, the two of them exited the store. Jessie wasted no time and hopped directly into Melissa's car.

Upon reaching the apartment, Melissa prepared a plate of fruit for Jessie before starting to prepare dinner.

Jessie, accustomed to being spoiled, relaxed while enjoying the fruit and eagerly anticipating dinner. As she watched Melissa skillfully prepare the ingredients and savored the aroma of the delicious chicken soup, she teased, "No wonder Marcus has a crush on you. Your cooking skills are amazing!"



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