

Chapter 649 Are You Going To Stay The Night (Part One)

That evening, the air in the hospital's private room was tinged with the faint scent of medicine.

Matthew had spiked a fever again, prompting the nurse to administer an IV drip. Melissa cradled her son, trying to comfort him.

Clad in a hospital gown, Matthew nestled in her embrace, his eyes brimming with tears. "Mommy, I really want to see Daddy," he whispered softly.

Melissa stroked his hair lovingly and planted a kiss on his forehead. "Once you're feeling better, I'll take you to your grandparents' house. You can spend a few days there with them," she promised.

Under normal circumstances, Matthew would have listened without a fuss.

But his illness made him restless and hard to soothe. He squirmed in Melissa's hold and even called out for Marcus in his sleep.

By the time it neared ten at night, Melissa, feeling at her wits' end, pulled out her phone. "How about we call Daddy so you can talk to him?" she suggested, hoping to lift his spirits.

At the mention of his dad, Matthew perked up, his eyes sparkling with anticipation.

Melissa hesitated for a moment before dialing Marcus' number.

After a brief wait, Marcus' slightly raspy voice came through. "Hey, what's going on?"

Melissa took a moment before replying, "Matthew's asking to speak

with you... Do you have a moment?"

Her voice was tentative, filled with hope.

Leaning against the marble countertop of a fancy club, Marcus couldn't help but sneer. "What are you trying to say, Miss Brown? You think I'm caught up in something, huh?"

Though Marcus seemed relaxed, his tone dripped with sarcasm.

Melissa, not wanting to escalate things, replied softly, "Can't we just talk like normal people? Marcus... We may have gone our separate ways, but that doesn't mean we have to be enemies, alright?"

She was worried Matthew might overhear and therefore kept her voice low.

Marcus paused, taking in her words.

Then, with an even chillier tone, he asked, "And why would I agree to that?"

Melissa felt her patience wearing thin but managed to keep her cool. Taking a deep breath, she gathered herself before saying, "I'm going to hand the phone to Matthew."

This time, Marcus didn't resist.

When Matthew received the phone from Melissa, he glanced at his hand connected to the IV drip. With a voice full of sorrow, he asked, "Daddy, where are you? Why haven't you visited me? I'm sick, and it really hurts... If you don't show up at the hospital, I will be really upset."

Marcus' brow furrowed, and he felt a pang in his heart at those words.

Despite any issues between him and Melissa, he knew he couldn't let that impact Matthew. In a soft, soothing tone, he inquired, "Where are you, buddy? Hand the phone to mommy, please."

Matthew, teary-eyed, handed the phone to Melissa, saying, "Daddy wants to talk to you."



Melissa let out a soft sigh upon hearing this.

As she took the phone, Marcus' voice came through, asking, "What hospital are you at? Text me the address. I'll come immediately."

Without thinking, Melissa responded, "You don't have to. It's already late... Maybe you can visit Matthew tomorrow."

This response slightly irritated Marcus, but he kept his cool and replied, "Do you think Matthew would be happier if I weren't there? You just keep telling him that his father's busy, and eventually he wouldn't miss having a dad around. And as he gets older, he might resent me for not being there when he needed me the most."

"You misunderstood me," Melissa clarified, and then gave Marcus the address, adding, "The snow is coming down hard. Be careful driving."

Marcus let out a scoff and ended the call.

He put his phone away, leaned back against the bathroom wall, and smoked the last of his cigarette... Beneath the crystal lamp's glow, his silhouette appeared more distinguished.

Just then, James burst out of the private room, calling out to Marcus, "There you are! Come on! Two more rounds before we call it a night! With the snowfall, it's time to head home."

Marcus turned to crush his cigarette out.

Casually, he mentioned, "I've got to go to the hospital. Matthew's not feeling well."

James froze, shocked. "What the hell? Matthew's not feeling well?! Then, what are you waiting for? Let's go! I'll drive you."

Marcus shook his head, declining the offer. "No, thanks. I'll have the driver take me. Let's catch up another day, James!"

James, being close to Marcus, accompanied him downstairs. As Marcus settled into the car, James lingered by the door, unable to resist

adding, "Marcus, you're lucky to have Melissa! She's stunning and incredibly talented. Plus, she's given you an adorable son. Women like her are rare. Be wise, Marcus. If you ever find yourselves at odds, be the first to reach out and make amends. Afterward, you can smooth things over more privately. Trust me, bro. There's no lasting anger between spouses."

Inside the car, Marcus' expression turned icy, his demeanor unyielding. With a slight smile, he responded, "I'm willing to bend on many things, but not on this one."

James, realizing there was no persuading him, reluctantly closed the car door.

The driver, employed by the Fowler Group, was not privy to the intricacies of Marcus' personal life, though rumors had reached him.

As they drove, he mentioned offhand, "I've heard the pediatric department at that hospital is top-notch."

Marcus, exhausted from back-to-back social commitments, leaned back and asked wearily, "Is that so?"

Marcus had just finished a dinner with some business associates, feeling slightly buzzed, when he accidentally ran into James... It had been a while since they last met, following the holidays, prompting Marcus to stay and share a few more drinks.

Due to the heavy snowfall, the drive was slow and cautious.

After about thirty minutes, they reached the hospital. Marcus instructed his driver to come back for him the next morning, as he had an important meeting lined up.

The driver stepped out, opened the car door for him, and said, "Understood. I'll head back to the house first and get a fresh suit for you."

Marcus acknowledged with a nod and exited the vehicle.

Watching Marcus walk away, the driver shook his head, saying, "No matter how wealthy a person is, the worry for their own child never fades."

Marcus hurried to the pediatric ward amidst the noise.

The cries of the uncomfortable and sick children along the way sped his steps.

Upon entering, he noticed a nurse checking Matthew's temperature. The boy, tired yet resistant to sleep, was nestled against Melissa, occasionally forcing his eyes open.

Then, Matthew spotted Marcus.

"Daddy," he whispered, before his eyes shut once more.

Gently closing the door, Marcus hurried over. He stood behind the nurse and asked quietly, "Does he still have a fever?"

The nurse, who was pulling out a thermometer, turned around and was startled to see a tall, handsome man behind her.

With the flush from the alcohol adding a rosy glow to his handsome face, Marcus looked even more charming.

This unexpected scene sent the nurse into a slight panic. She dropped the mercury thermometer, and it shattered on the floor.

