

Chapter 650 Are You Going To Stay The Night (Part Two)

The Fowler family were a wealthy family, with Marcus born to lead. Such mishaps were not something he would usually overlook... But just as he was about to reprimand the nurse, Matthew woke up to the noise. He rubbed his eyes and weakly said hi to Marcus.

At that moment, Marcus turned his attention away from the nurse. He lifted Matthew out of Melissa's arms and gently comforted the boy. Bending down, he asked Melissa, "How's he doing? What made him sick all of a sudden?"

As she straightened the blanket, Melissa answered with a hint of guilt, "We went downstairs for a bit to play in the snow, and then..."

Marcus frowned, seemingly about to comment, but then he held back, deciding against it.

The tension between Marcus and Melissa grew noticeable, even the nurse felt it. She quickly gathered her things and rushed out to fetch a new thermometer.

Marcus sat on the bed's edge, letting Matthew rest against his shoulder.

Matthew made a face and complained, "Daddy, you smell like wine."

After hearing that, Marcus gently placed Matthew on the bed, and then stepped into the bathroom for a moment, removing his wool coat. When he came back, he seemed more composed than before.

The nurse returned with a fresh thermometer, checked Matthew's temperature again, and mentioned, "He's still running a low fever. But

he'll be fine. Just keep an eye on his temperature, in case it spikes again."

Melissa nodded in understanding and dismissed the nurse.

With just the three of them remaining in the room, Marcus surveyed their surroundings.

The room, although private, was quite small, not much larger than thirty square meters, bathroom included. Marcus had in mind to find a more spacious one for Matthew, but Melissa, after tucking the little boy in, whispered gently, "Let's not worry about that. The doctor mentioned Matthew could go home by tomorrow afternoon, all being well."

Marcus chose not to comment further.

Just as Matthew seemed ready to drift off, seeing Marcus reinvigorated him, and he excitedly declared, "I want to have some wonton."

Given Matthew's poor appetite the last couple of days, Melissa quickly got to her feet, saying, "Alright. I'll go get some."

Marcus gave her a look.

As Melissa was putting on her coat and nearly out the door, Marcus stopped her, insisting, "I'll go! You stay here with Matthew."

He leaned over, planted a kiss on the little guy, and affectionately teased, "You little rascal, always getting your way, aren't you?"

Lying on the bed, Matthew gazed at Marcus with wide, innocent eyes.

His small, soft face bore a striking resemblance to Melissa's.

Marcus felt a pull to caress Matthew's cheek over and over. Then, in a raspy voice, he whispered, "Hang in there for me, okay? Try not to fall asleep."

Melissa walked him out, their exchange brief and quiet... Thankfully, their encounter was free from conflict.

Shortly after, Marcus returned, bringing with him three servings of wonton.

A foldable dining table stood ready in the room.

Melissa opened the package, and the three of them gathered around the table. Automatically, she moved to feed Matthew, but the boy scrambled into Marcus' lap, eager to share his meal.

Marcus showed a gentle patience with Matthew, a stark contrast to his interactions with Melissa.

It was nearing midnight by the time Matthew finished his late dinner and drifted off to sleep.

Melissa, assuming Marcus would leave, murmured her thanks. To her astonishment, he started to undress... He removed his sweater and belt, and then settled on the sofa with his coat as his blanket, announcing, "I'll head out in the morning."

Melissa felt this was not right.

Given their separation, sharing the same space overnight seemed out of place.

She had no desire to relive the discomfort endured the other night at the Fowler residence.

With that thought, Melissa moved to the sofa and said softly, "It's time for you to go. I can look after Matthew on my own."

Marcus leaned on the sofa, casually placing a hand behind his head, his gaze sharp as he observed her.

"What's the matter? Scared people will talk? Or are you concerned that Mr. Waston or Violette might get the wrong idea?"

Having spent two days in the hospital since Matthew fell ill, Melissa was exhausted and really wasn't up for an argument. Finally, she replied

with a hint of resignation, "Fine. If you insist on staying, then I'll come back tomorrow morning to take over."

It seemed like the only reasonable option to Melissa at that moment.

Marcus continued to gaze at her intensely, yet remained silent.

Melissa looked down, ready to gather her belongings, when suddenly Marcus caught her wrist... In an instant, she was in Marcus' embrace.

Through his coat, she could distinctly feel the rhythm of Marcus' heartbeat.

Melissa was taken by surprise, completely thrown off balance.

She hadn't anticipated Marcus cornering her like this. After a brief moment of shock, she tried to pull away, but Marcus gripped her hand firmly, showing no signs of letting go.

Their faces were inches apart, his breath warm against her ear, causing her to feel increasingly uncomfortable.

"It's just a reflex. Don't read too much into it, Miss Brown."

Melissa clenched her teeth, replying sharply, "I'm not thinking anything! Let go of me, right now."

Yet, Marcus didn't release her. He drew her even closer... Despite their son sleeping on the bed nearby, Marcus seemed utterly indifferent. Now he only had eyes for Melissa.

The bright light made Melissa's cheeks turn a deep shade of red.

Her voice shook with anger as she demanded, "What are you trying to do, Marcus?"

Being under Marcus' control made Melissa lose her usual confidence. Her words sounded more like a plea than a question.

Marcus, with one arm wrapped around her waist, tenderly caressed her face with his other hand, overwhelming Melissa completely.

Feeling embarrassed, Melissa turned away. She wanted to argue with Marcus but felt too self-conscious to do so. After a tense moment, Marcus leaned in and kissed her passionately, leaving her breathless.

Melissa tried to resist, but Marcus was much stronger.

He gently held her chin, making her face him as he continued to kiss her repeatedly.

Then, Marcus reached under her dress, causing Melissa to cry.

Suddenly, the moment lost all its romance.

Melissa hung her head, crying, clearly not enjoying his advances. After a pause, Marcus looked at her and mumbled, "Sorry about that. I'm drunk."

His apology seemed weak, and he didn't offer any further explanation.

Melissa got up quietly, her hands trembling as she straightened her clothes. Marcus gently touched her waist and suggested, "Why don't you sleep on the bed with Matthew? I won't touch you again, I promise."

Melissa couldn't help but think he was such a jerk.

But pushing him away now would only cause more drama.

Without a word, Melissa went to bed fully clothed. Once the lights were off, the room fell silent, filled only with the lingering scent of Marcus.

