

Chapter 652 Respecting Her

Melissa picked up the ringing phone.

At the door of the ward, Marcus stood, one hand resting on his hip while the other gripped the phone. "Matthew has been discharged from the hospital. Why didn't you clue me in?"

"I figured you'd be swamped with work."

"Melissa, am I just a spare part of your life? If Matthew didn't know about me, would you prefer I stay away from your life for good?"

A pang shot through her heart.

Melissa struggled to talk to Marcus. He always acted like he was better than her, looking down on her. He was the one who flirted with her but also made fun of her.

After they broke up, navigating their relationship was a mystery to her.

Yet to him, her silence spoke volumes.

Marcus lapsed into silence momentarily before requesting to talk to Matthew. Melissa passed the phone to her son. "It's your dad."

Matthew's mood soured instantly.

Snatching the phone, Matthew yelled, "Dad, stop fighting with mom, okay? I already have a headache, and it's getting worse. I need to take medicine when my head hurts. And the medicine tastes really bad."

Marcus was taken aback.

Then, his demeanor softened, and he inquired gently, "Who put that in your head?"

"I came up with it myself.

On TV, other dads are nice to their wives, but you're always so mean to mom. It makes me sad."

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+165 Points at most

With that, tears streamed down the boy's face.

Marcus felt a headache coming on.

He paced back and forth, phone in hand, until he finally relented, willing to appease the boy. "Alright, I promise I'll be good to your mother from now on, okay?"

"Really? You're not just saying that, are you?"

"No! I'll stick to my promise."

Saying this, Marcus felt a twinge of sadness, a sensation he couldn't quite articulate.

Though he rarely spent time with Matthew, he never turned down the boy's requests. Maybe it was because Matthew echoed memories of Melissa from years past.

A few years ago...

After ending the call, Marcus descended the stairs and headed to the car. "Take me to see the boy."

The driver promptly ignited the engine.

Melissa and Matthew barely stepped through the door when Marcus arrived.

Observing this, Julie whisked Shawn off. Shawn grumbled, "Mom, you're so weak in front of Marcus. You can't stand up for Melissa like this. Women should be more restrained around men."

"I know," Julie conceded.

Marcus appeared unexpectedly. Despite Melissa's surprise, she chose to maintain harmony for Matthew's sake. She carved out space for Marcus and Matthew, then retreated to the kitchen to prepare a meal.

Opening the fridge, she heard Marcus' voice behind her.

"Whipping up some homemade meatballs?"

Melissa paused, and then replied softly, "Yeah."

13:46

13.9%

100%

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His demeanor toward her suddenly softened, and she was fine with him getting along with Matthew, but she preferred if they could meet somewhere else. She didn't want Marcus to come directly to her house in the future.

The warmth of the house enveloped them.

Marcus removed his coat and assisted Matthew in taking off his padded jacket. He then settled against the sofa, attending to his work on his laptop, while Matthew sat beside him, engrossed in playing with building blocks.

He occasionally touched his son's head, gently patting it as one would pet a small animal.

But Matthew thoroughly enjoyed the gesture.

Melissa turned, her eyes glistening with emotion. Marcus wasn't the only inhabitant of this room haunted by memories of the past.

Matthew's presence softened Marcus' demeanor toward her. No more casual sneers. For Melissa, it felt like a welcome change.

Following dinner, Melissa retreated to the kitchen to tackle the dishes. Marcus trailed behind, shutting the door behind him.

Melissa shifted, her posture defensive.

Marcus placed a pack of cigarettes on the counter, extracting one and igniting it. Observing her profile, he said nonchalantly, "I need to talk to you."

"What about?"

With a cigarette in hand, Marcus took a long drag and exhaled the smoke before speaking. "We discussed this last time. This place is too cramped. Let's move into that villa."

Worried about potential misunderstandings, he added, "I can give you the villa. I'll let you know beforehand whenever I want to see Matthew."

19/40

38.5%

100%

Plus, the villa is spacious, and it'll be more convenient for you."

He gestured towards the cramped kitchen and suggested, "For instance, if I need to talk to you about something, we can find a more suitable place to have our conversation instead of being stuck in the kitchen."

Her cheeks flushed.

Melissa bowed her head, focusing on the dishes. After a pause, she spoke up. "I'm planning to buy a larger house within six months. As for the villa, if you want to give it to Matthew, I won't oppose. Let's wait until he's older, though."

Leaning on the fridge, Marcus questioned, "Are my possessions a burden to you? Yet you readily accept whatever Albert offers."

Melissa replied quietly, "I work for him. It's only fair for him to compensate me."

Marcus extinguished his cigarette, leaning closer.

In a hushed tone, he proposed, "Then work for me. I can pay you tenfold or a hundredfold."

Melissa offered a faint smile, opting not to argue.

To her surprise, he didn't push the matter further or engage in an argument. He respected her wishes.

Nevertheless, as he stepped out of the kitchen, he donned his coat, preparing to depart. Matthew leaned his head on Marcus' shoulder and embraced him tightly for a prolonged moment.

"Alright, give me a call if you start missing me," Marcus said, giving the little boy a gentle pat.

He then retrieved a small mobile phone from his pocket, specially customized for Matthew. There were only two numbers programmed into it: his own and Melissa's.

He proceeded to teach Matthew how to make a phone call.

Mastering the phone quickly, Matthew beamed. As Marcus departed, Matthew planted a big kiss on his cheek.

Melissa escorted Marcus to the door.

Marcus cast a lingering glance at her before wordlessly descending the stairs.

Early in the next morning, Julie returned to care for the little boy, enabling Melissa to head to work.

After a moment's hesitation, she inquired, "Did Mr. Fowler not spend the night?"

Melissa sipped her coffee quietly before stating, "We've parted ways, Julie, let's avoid discussing him further."

Julie promptly offered her apologies.

Melissa understood Julie's well-meaning intentions, yet the truth was that both she and Marcus had resolved to part ways. Despite occasional bouts of jealousy and possessiveness from Marcus, they remained steadfast in their choice.

They were no longer adolescents. They couldn't waver in their decisions endlessly.

Melissa confided in Julie about Marcus' proposal from the previous night. Julie supported her choice. "That's the way it should be! Who knows what the future holds? At least we're capable of caring for Matthew now. Let's not burden him excessively or allow him to belittle us."

Nevertheless, Julie couldn't shake off her sadness.

Had Marcus truly fallen for Violette? It didn't seem plausible!

But she didn't dare broach the topic. After breakfast, Melissa headed to the company.

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When she returned to Waston Group, her status had shifted significantly. Given the company's challenging situation, she found herself in a 10-hour meeting with the staff, leaving just one hour for lunch.

The meeting's conclusion left everyone drained.

Returning to her office, she admired the newly adorned space, which spanned approximately 60 square meters with a pleasant view.

As Melissa sipped her coffee, she gazed out the window, lost in thought. Her secretary entered the room and suggested, "Miss Brown, I've heard that Mr. Scott enjoys activities like fishing and golfing, which are commonly favored by older individuals. Perhaps you could arrange for someone to keep him entertained?"

Melissa returned to her desk, setting down her coffee cup.

She countered, "Have you considered that he prefers to keep business out of leisure? He might not appreciate additional company during his activities."

Consulting her schedule, she opted to practice indoor golf in the afternoon.

At four o'clock, Melissa drove to a renowned club in Duefron. After securing a membership card, she enlisted the services of a private coach. After changing, she emerged from the facility, encountering Marcus.

He wasn't alone; he was accompanied by a group of people.

Standing beside him was a stunning A-listers, at least 5.6 feet tall, exuding both elegance and beauty. Together, they appeared like a flawless couple.

The entourage fell silent at the sight of Melissa.

Marcus raised his club casually, inquiring, "Are you here for some golf

practice? Is someone looking after Matthew?"

He spoke as though they'd been married for decades.

The female star beside him remained unruffled, offering Melissa a serene smile. Her gracefulness struck Melissa, who found her remarkably generous.

Melissa acknowledged her with a nod. "Julie's looking after him at home. Mr. Fowler, everyone, I must take my leave. Enjoy!"

With that, Melissa departed.

As Marcus took to the course, the female star watched him play golf. Even in casual attire, his good looks left a favorable impression on her. She hadn't anticipated him to be so youthful and promising.

Unable to resist her curiosity, she inquired, "Who was that? Mrs. Fowler?"

In truth, she was aware Melissa wasn't Marcus' spouse.

If she were, she wouldn't address him as Mr. Fowler.

