

Chapter 629 Marcus, Did I Have A Choice

Silence enveloped the two.

Melissa blinked, her voice soft. "Is that what you believe?"

Marcus, visibly upset, countered, "Have you thought about our future at all? Last night meant nothing to you, did it? That's why you rushed out for birth control pills in the morning. That's why you don't want me at your place, right?"

His frustration made him sound harsh.

Melissa, feeling unwell from all the alcohol she consumed, lacked the energy for arguments. Slumped in her seat, she murmured, "What answer do you expect from me? That everything is fine now, after just one night together?"

Marcus watched her, his expression unreadable.

He spoke, his tone measured. "You're aware of Albert's feelings for you, yet you stay. How can I overlook that?"

It troubled Marcus deeply.

Melissa was with Marcus briefly three years ago, but Albert had been by her side for three long years.

Despite everything she chose to stay with Albert.

After hearing Marcus, Melissa offered a faint smile.

She attempted to smooth her disheveled hair, her shaky hands betraying her emotions. Once composed, she whispered softly, "Yes, I'm aware. But what makes you think you can judge me? When I arrived in Heron, I had nothing not even the assurance of a future for my unborn child. What choices did I have? Return to Duefron, devoid of pride, and plead for your

acknowledgment of our child? Or accept the support of someone genuinely willing to offer me a different path? What choice would you have made, Marcus?

You don't understand anything.

I never pleaded without facing humiliation from you. Why would this time be different? Why would I believe that a child you didn't even want would bring you around? Or that we could mend things between us? Even in reconciliation, I feared being nothing more than a convenience to you, easily discarded with a check when you grew tired of me.

Yet, Mr. Waston offered something different. He offered me a new chance in life and I've learned and grown so much ever since. Even if I leave him now, I'm capable of securing another decent job to support Matthew and Julie. I can carve out a life free from manipulation. I've explained before, Marcus, our paths diverge. You're overwhelmed with options; I'm cornered with none."

As Melissa spoke, her voice wavered slightly.

She looked down, her voice barely above a whisper, "What was I to do? Face another pregnancy alone?"

She attempted to leave the car, driven by the need to escape, despite the biting cold and the unlikely chance of hailing a cab. But Marcus, with a flick of his wrist, locked the doors.

Melissa's frustration was gentle but palpable as she tapped on the door.

Marcus glanced at her before returning to his cigarette, the smoke filling the car, prompting her to cough.

After extinguishing the cigarette, he spoke up softly.

"Leave your job. If you wish, I'll establish a company for you or appoint you as a project manager within the Fowler Group. You're free to choose your path."

Melissa sensed the seriousness in Marcus' offer. His proposal, a stark contrast to Albert's, meant he couldn't bear her staying with the Waston Group any longer.

"What if I choose to stay with the Waston Group?" Melissa asked, her eyes searching his.

Marcus opened the window, letting in the foggy air, reducing visibility to a mere fifty meters.

He then said softly, "I'd rather not engage with Albert."

Melissa caught the implication in his tone.

Her voice was soft, yet firm. "I'm not ready to leave the Waston Group."

She pleaded with Marcus to let her out of the car.

In a burst of frustration, Marcus confronted her. "Is Albert really that important to you, Melissa?"

