

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 101

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Chapter 101 Drinking By The Riverside, Love You Enough to Leave You

"Granddad, I respect you so much. I didn't expect you..." Carter clenched his fists. His voice sounded slightly hurt. "Abel sighed, "Carter, you are almost thirty. Your granddad is already old. Since your other relatives don't possess your talents, you will inherit the entire Scott family. So your marriage can only be an arranged marriage. Choose the right wife, and she can take your career to the next level."

"Granddad, I am capable of growing our business by myself. I don't need a princess of a lady to be the icing on the cake. If you trust me, you won't force me like this." After a pause, he continued, "Granddad, I didn't come here today to fight with you and Mom. I want to let you know that if you want me to get married, you shouldn't get involved in my marriage."

After finishing speaking, he left firmly without looking back. "Carter, come back here now." Mrs. Scott roared savagely. "Stop calling him. Let him leave." Abel waved his hand and murmured. Mrs. Scott complained, "Dad, this boy is getting out of his way. If you continue to indulge him like this, not only me, but I'm afraid he won't even listen to you." Abel chuckled profoundly. "He has the same style as me during the old days. He looks gentle but is stubborn in his bones. Don't worry about it. I believe he will be able to handle his work and relationship well.

Since he doesn't like the daughter of the Larsons, let it be then. There are many wealthy young ladies out there. It doesn't have to be that Larson girl." Mrs. Scott tried hard to control the rage inside her. "I had made an agreement with the Larsons, and they had come back all the way from overseas just for this marital alliance. You want me to tell them that our boy has someone else in his heart and ask them to go back?" "You caused this, so you should be the one to solve it." Abel stood up. "I'm sleepy. Good night. You can solve the Larson's affairs by yourself." He went upstairs right away, leaving Mrs. Scott alone on the sofa, stunned with confusion. After Carter left the house, he drove like crazy on the road. He sped through several red lights and approached the riverside.

He shouldered down a box of beer he had bought on the road and sat solely by the river. He started to drink one bottle of them desperately. Gazing at the sparkling river surface under the moonlight, he could taste the bitterness of the beer. Perhaps one was more likely to get drunk when in sorrow. Carter felt a little tipsy after only a few bottles of beer. He wanted to call the woman he loved. He fished for his mobile phone and looked through his contacts. His finger froze on the contact name *My Love*. He hesitated for a long time but did not call her. Instead, he dialed Tiffany's number. The phone got through, and Tiffany's sleepy and irritable voice traveled out of the speaker.

"You better have something important. Otherwise, I will kill you for waking me from my beauty sleep." Hearing that, Carter's fretful emotion seemed to fade a little. "Tiffany, was Amelia having a hard time back then?" Carter's voice was slightly drunk. Tiffany yelled dryly on the phone and thundered, "Carter, you are a jinx. Are you calling in the middle of the night to ask such a tedious question? If there is nothing else, I will hang up." "Don't hang up. I'm upset. Can you chat with

me?" Tiffany sensed the abnormality in Carter's tone and asked hesitantly, "Did you drink?" "A little, not too much." Tiffany sighed, "Carter, although I called you a jinx, you are terrific and handsome, to be honest. You can have any woman you like, so why bother about Amelia? She is now married and has a baby. You can't win her heart by being a drunkard. Is she worth it?"

Driven by his drunkenness, Carter continued to express, "As long as she has a good life, I will not ruin her marriage." "She is living very well now. Her husband loves her, and her baby will be born in a few months. Can't you see she has a happy family?" Tiffany persuaded earnestly. "Four years ago, when you abandoned her and let her bear the debt alone, you should have expected this outcome." After a pause, she advised, "Carter, don't drink anymore. Go back, take a bath, and sleep well. It will be a new start tomorrow. Work hard, move on to find a beautiful and capable girlfriend, and then get married and have children." Carter opened another bottle of beer and kept filling his belly.

"Tiffany, do you think Amelia still has a place in her heart for me?" Tiffany's temperament was reaching its limit. She couldn't figure out why she sacrificed her night of good beauty sleep to accompany this drunkard on the phone. "Dude, you are drunk. Go back and take a good bath and sleep. When you wake up, everything will be fine." Carter started singing instead. Tiffany had never seen Carter so despaired. She started to worry. She asked caringly, "Carter, are you okay?" "Nuh-uh." Carter was blatantly honest, likely due to being under the influence of alcohol. "In the past few years, I was not happy at all. I have been thinking about Amelia and how she was doing? How did she pay her debts?"

I left at that time, but I have been thinking of ways to pay her debts. But after I came back, she was no longer there. Do you know how happy I was when she contacted me again? But I was devastated to find out that she was already married." Tiffany was speechless. *Is it worthy for a man to be trapped in past love and refused to face reality?* Carter was still chattering endlessly. "Amelia, I have never stop loving you. I have loved you for so many years. Why did you marry someone else?" Tiffany was sure that he was drunk. Otherwise, Carter, who used to be introverted and calm, would not be so emotional. "Where are you?" Carter spat out an unclear address. "Wait for me there. I am on my way."

Tiffany hung up the phone and got changed immediately. She took the elevator downstairs to the parking lot, got in her car, and drove out. Maybe because it was midnight, the road was not busy at all. It took only about forty-five minutes for her to get to the riverside mentioned by Carter. She got out of the car, locked the car, and leaped to the riverside. She spotted Carter sitting alone on the shore. Empty beer bottles were strewn haphazardly all around him. Tiffany wrinkled her nose and picked up her pace. "Hey, how much wine have you drunk?"

Why are there beer bottles everywhere?" Carter raised his head, looking confused. "Oh, why are you here?" "If I don't come, are you going to drink till death by the river?" He grabbed her wrist forcefully, and she fell, sitting next to him. "Hey, jinx. What the hell are you doing?" Tiffany retorted. Carter chuckled lightly. "I just wanted you to sit down and chat with me." He opened a bottle of wine, handed it to Tiffany. "Tiffany, thank you, although you keep saying I'm a jinx, but you still care about me. Otherwise, you wouldn't have shown up here in the middle of the night." Tiffany denied stiffly, "I'm just worried that you'll die

out here in the wilderness from alcohol poisoning. It will only cause trouble for the police.”

Carter still smiled. “Tiffany, Amelia is lucky to have a friend like you.” Tiffany lay next to him, drank a sip of beer. “Of course, but Amelia is a woman who deserves to be loved.” Perhaps it was because of the pleasant atmosphere by the riverside. Tiffany forgot about her previous prejudices towards Carter and started drinking with him. By then, Carter was almost wasted, and he began speaking more carelessly. “Amelia had a hard time during those years, right?” Tiffany glanced at him once. “Your family almost forced her off the cliff. If Amelia hadn’t meet Oscar, I’m afraid she will be in prison now.”

So what do you say of her suffering?” Carter’s eyes were a bit red. He tipped over the beer bottle in his hands and drained every last drop of the toxic liquid. Tiffany raised her hand and patted him on the shoulder. “Honestly, Amelia has never blamed you, so don’t blame yourself.” Carter smiled bitterly and asked, “You said Amelia once liked me. Is that true?” Tiffany nodded. “Amelia did like you, but it was a long time ago. Now she has her own family. Come on, man, try to find a woman that suits your heart and your family’s heart as soon as possible. Your effort of finding your Cinderella would be in vain if your family threw a monkey wrench into your plan.”

Carter’s heart was full of bitterness. Tiffany patted him on the shoulder again like a brother. “Don’t think too much. You should let go like a man.” Carter kept on drinking silently. “It’s getting late. Let me take you back. If the news about you drunken be published, not only the shares of the Scott Group, I am afraid that it will even destroy the company you created.” Carter still held a beer bottle in his hand, gazing at the river. “Please chat with me a little longer.” Tiffany clasped her head in both hands. “Man, stop messing around. We are not fifteen anymore.”

If you miss a relationship, just start a new one. Even the supporting actor in love drama won’t be such a p*ssy.” “Supporting actor?” Carter glanced at her. “So, in your eyes, I am just a supporting character in Amelia’s story.” “Isn’t that true?” Tiffany shrugged casually. “The girl in the drama always loves the arrogant boss. And the nice handsome guy is always just a friend.” Carter was left with a wry smile. “Come on, jinx. Let’s go. It will be dawn in a few hours, and you still have to go to work tomorrow.” Carter stood up, threw the bottle in his hand, and said, “Let’s go.” They got in Tiffany’s car.

Tiffany fastened her seat belt and asked, “Is it okay to leave your car here?” “Tomorrow, I will ask someone to drive it back.” “The tycoon’s life is indeed different. You can afford a new car anytime, so there is no big problem even if it is stolen.” On the way, she started speaking. “Honestly, when I first met you, I had a good impression of you. With your appearance and your background, you are simply the Prince Charming for most girls.

If it weren’t for your family or what happened later, I would agree for Amelia to be with you. Imagine you were the one that has a family of three with her.” Carter leaned on the back seat and closed his eyes, hiding the agony in his eyes. Tiffany did not speak anymore and drove the car intently. It took almost forty minutes to get to the area where Carter lived. “We are here. You can get off.”

Carter opened the door and reminded Tiffany. "Tiffany, don't tell Amelia about my getting drunk tonight."

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"Don't worry. I won't do such an unnecessary thing. Amelia already has her own family and children," Tiffany said. "Good to hear that." After Carter left the car, Tiffany drove off. Shakily, Carter went upstairs. After entering his house, instead of heading to the bathroom, he fell asleep on the couch. It was a silent night. The next morning at ten, Tiffany called Amelia, saying, "Babe, are you awake?" "I am." "The weather seems good today, so let's shop. You should take more strolls while your stomach isn't that big yet. It'll be good for you." "All right." "Let's meet at Pearl Plaza at eleven.

We'll have lunch before we shop." "Sure." Around eleven, the two met up at Pearl Plaza. Giving Amelia a huge hug, Tiffany chuckled, "Babe, did the little sweetheart in your tummy annoy you last night?" Amelia shook her head. After giving Amelia a once-over and realizing she seemed well and in a good mood, Tiffany teased, "Babe, be honest with me. Did something good happen to you last night? Look at how happy you look. You look as if love has entered your life." Tapping her forehead, Amelia laughed, "You must have written too many novels for you to think that." Tiffany laughed along with her. "Babe, what do you want to eat today?" "Let's have stew. I've been craving to have it today."

"Look at you and your meager requests. All right, since your sweetheart baby wants it too, we'll have stew today." Tiffany booked the reservation for them before they headed toward the restaurant. Right as the two sat down, Amelia's phone rang. It was a call from an unfamiliar number. Noticing her hesitation, Tiffany asked, "Who is it?" Amelia shook her head. "I don't know. I don't recognize the number." In the end, Tiffany decided for her by taking her phone and ending the call. "Since you don't know the number, don't pick it up. It'll save your time if it turns out to be a telemarketer on the other end of the line." Amelia nodded. Amelia's phone rang again when the two were ordering, and she reached out toward the other woman.

"Tiff, hand me my phone. I'm thinking that someone I know should be trying to call me with someone else's phone." Taking the phone back from Tiffany, Amelia then accepted the call. "Hello, may I know who this is?" "Amelia, right? I'm Carter's mother. We've met several times a few years ago. Do you remember me?" Amelia's face turned ashen, and her grip on her phone tightened. She never thought that she would receive a call from Faye nearly five years later. Faye's voice was a reminder of the nightmare she once had. The wily woman, who had an elegant exterior, was the reason she became the supposed traitor of her company — they accused her of having conducted corporate espionage.

Back then, she was nearly imprisoned. All of her pain back then was due to Faye, which was why she was frightened to hear her voice again. Only after Amelia

took in a deep breath, then could she tamp down the fear growing in her heart. Calmly, she uttered, "Hello, Mrs. Scott. May I know why you're calling me?" Upon hearing that form of address, Tiffany widened her eyes as she stared at Amelia's phone. Then, she gritted out, "Amelia, hand me the phone." However, Amelia waved her hand and gave her a look, signaling her to stay silent. She then said, "Mrs. Scott, is there something I can help you with?" "Are you free now? I'd like to invite you to a meal; I have some things to talk to you about," Faye replied. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Scott.

"I'm eating with my friend right now. I don't think I can accept your invitation," Amelia rejected. Her trauma was still fresh in her mind, so she did not want to see the other woman. "It's fine. I can eat with you and your friend. Just tell me your address, and I'll come to you," Faye insisted. Amelia frowned before opening her mouth, about to reject again. "Mrs. Scott, I'm afraid my friend won't feel comfortable with you around while we eat. What about this instead? I'll be free tomorrow at noon, and we'll arrange to meet at another time. What do you think?"

Faye insisted, "I can eat with your friend. Although I'm much older than you, I can still chat merrily with young people." If Amelia were to continue rejecting Faye, it would seem rude. Hence, she gave her the address before ending the call. Tiffany asked, "She's coming here?" Amelia nodded. Promptly furious, Tiffany seethed, "Can't she feel a little more shameful about what she's doing? She's the reason for your suffering, and now she's still calling you so shamelessly." Amelia consoled, "Tiff, don't be angry. It's been a long while since then. I'll only be making life difficult for me if I were to still hold them accountable for this." Smacking the menu onto the table, Tiffany fumed, "What's wrong with me getting angry?"

The Scotts were crossing the line back then! They nearly forced us to a dead end. If you didn't meet Oscar and had a contractual marriage with him, you might now be in jail. I've never seen such a lowly, despicable person like her. I wish I could spit on each and every one of them. What kind of wealthy people are they? They're worse than thugs. Even thugs' misdeeds are done in broad daylight!" "Hey, don't get mad." Amelia patted her hand and consoled. "Since you know how terrible they are, why are you still wasting your strength getting mad at them?"

It's not worth it. We won't come into contact with them as frequently in the future, so don't worry. We're just having lunch with them." "I'll lose my appetite just by looking at their freaking faces. I have no idea how you've got such great patience for them to have agreed for her to join us for the meal. What's going on in that head of yours?" At that very moment, Tiffany wished she could pry open Amelia's skull to examine whether her brain was shaped differently from everyone else. *Why else would she be able to have lunch with the Scotts as if nothing's wrong?* "She's irrelevant, so it's meaningless for me to feel angry at her. Moreover, they won't know that I'm mad at them, so why should I?"

Tiffany could only glare at her friend, who always came up with all sorts of excuses that she could not refute. "Tiff, don't be mad anymore. It isn't worth it to feel angry for someone unimported," Amelia coaxed. Tiffany's response to that was to furiously order dozens of dishes. It did not take Faye long to come. Soon, she entered with her branded bag slung on her shoulder. Striding toward Amelia and Tiffany's table, she sat down without needing any prompting from either of

them. "Why did you feel like eating stew? The smell here in this restaurant is pungent.

Even if you're hungry, you should be going to a higher-end restaurant." Tiffany scoffed, "We're ordinary people, and we're no rich lady like Mrs. Scott. If you can't stomach this, the exit is right there." Looking toward Tiffany, Faye hesitantly uttered, "And you are...? You look familiar, but I can't recall where I've met you." "Mrs. Scott, your memory isn't that best, is it? My life was affected by what you've done back then, too," Tiffany mocked. "But it's fine. Mrs. Scott seems familiar with doing those unsightly things anyway." After pretending to mull over her words, Faye voiced, "Oh, now I remember.

You're Sienna Winters, right?" "I'm really sorry, but I'm Tiffany Winters, not Sienna Winters. I hope Mrs. Scott doesn't have the tendency to change other people's names." Faye let out a fake chuckle. "Mrs. Scott, may I know why you're looking for me?" Amelia asked, returning to the original topic. With a fake, vague smile, Faye replied, "Nothing much, really. I just heard from Carter that you're now working in his company, so I've come to meet you. After all, it's been almost five years since we last met." At that, Amelia responded, "Don't worry, Mrs. Scott. I've left Mr. Scott's company, and we rarely contact each other. Moreover, I'm married, and I have a kid, so it's impossible for Mr. Scott and I to still be in contact. Rest assure."

Faye let out another feigned chuckle. "Amelia, I think you must have misunderstood me. I'm just here to have a look at you. I hope I'm not disrupting you." Hearing those words from Faye, a disgusted look crept upon Tiffany's face, and she suddenly lost her appetite for the stew that was just served. "Mrs. Scott, speak your mind. You look so unconvincing, and I'm losing my appetite just by hearing your voice." Tiffany mocked. Faye's expression darkened as she said, "I didn't think that Ms. Winters would become snippier after not meeting for a few years." "Thank you for the compliment, Mrs. Scott, but I'd like to let you know that I'm only snippy toward people I don't really like.

My brain turns on that mode by itself whenever I'm looking at someone I dislike." Faye's expression darkened even more. Meanwhile, Amelia stayed silent and stirred the stew, she asked, "Mrs. Scott, would you like me to leave the cilantro in?" As she pulled her bowl closer to herself, Faye responded, "No thanks." Amelia nodded and scooped a spoonful of stew for Faye, avoiding the cilantro. "Mrs. Scott, please help yourself to it. Since you still remember me, I hope you'll have a happy lunch today." As she stirred her bowl, Faye asked, "Amelia, your stomach still looks quite flat. How many months pregnant are you now?" "Around six to seven." "Soon, then. Have you checked whether it's a boy?"

Faye queried, seemingly caring. No one would have thought a woman like her had been the one to have done such terrible things to Amelia back then. "No. I'll like my baby regardless of whether it's a boy or a girl." "That's what you say, but the Clintons only have Oscar. I'm sure they hope his first child would be a son. Why don't you have a checkup? I know some people in the hospital. Would you like me to make arrangements?" Faye offered maliciously. Before Amelia could say anything, Tiffany put down her spoon with a loud noise and glared at her. "Mrs. Scott, what do you mean by this?" Instead of turning aggressive, Faye feigned a smile. "Ms. Winters, don't be mistaken. I'm just concerned.

After all, if Amelia gives birth to a son for her first child, it would make her status rise among the Clintons. Am I not right?" The corner of Tiffany's lips curled as she jeered, "I'm sure that's the Scotts' tradition. Do you abort the baby if it's a girl? I do not doubt that you, Mrs. Scott, are more than capable of doing a horrendous thing like this." Faye's facial features twisted in fury. "Is this how Ms. Winters speaks to someone senior to her?"

"Not really. It's dependent on who I'm talking to. This is how I usually talk to the bad people," Tiffany retorted. Taking out a clean handkerchief to wipe her mouth, Faye uttered, "Amelia, don't you think that your friend here is a little too sharp-tongued? At the end of the day, I'm still Carter's mother. Is this how you treat a friend's mother?" As she continued to eat, Amelia muttered, "I'm sorry. Mrs. Scott, if you can't take the way my friend speaks, I'll apologize to you on her behalf."

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Chapter 103 Put Yourself In My Shoes, Love You Enough to Leave You

Taking in a deep breath, Faye continued, "Amelia, are you still holding a grudge for what I've done back then? This is just how I protect my son as his mother, that's all. Carter was young back then, and he was at the age where he should be focusing on his career, not women. That's why I set you up to leave him. Let me apologize to you about that now." Amelia continued eating her food, unperturbed her words. There was no way she would believe that Faye was sincerely apologizing to her. After all, people rarely changed; Faye had resorted to violence before approaching her under the guise of guilt.

"Mrs. Scott, speak your mind. Honestly, it seems like you feel awkward putting on this front, and it looks unnatural to us too," Tiffany exposed. Having been continuously attacked by Tiffany verbally, Faye was beginning to scowl. Wiping her mouth with her handkerchief again, Faye asked, "Are you done eating?" Pointing at the barely touched dishes, Tiffany voiced, "Mrs. Scott, I'm sure you see those too, but you're asking if we're done? Just speak what's on your mind." *Once you're done, you can get lost.* As she remained seated, she said, "Finish your meal first. Once you're done, we'll have some tea." Thus, Amelia and Tiffany stopped bothering themselves with her and began focusing on their food.

Watching the two enjoy their food, Faye's scowl deepened. She hated the scent of stew, and the smell of it in the restaurant was pungent to her. She was born with a golden spoon, and she had been exposed to the wealthy, meticulous lifestyle since young. A noisy restaurant like this was a place she would never step in willingly. Faye did not know whether Amelia and Tiffany were doing it intentionally or not, but they took two and a half hours before finishing it. Every time Faye was about to say something, Tiffany would retort, "You can leave first if you have something else to do." Thus, Faye could do nothing but suppress her anger.

When they finally finished eating, Faye ran out of the restaurant, unable to stand the scent any second longer. At that, Tiffany crowed, "You brought it upon yourself. I hate rich women like you. You obviously hate ordinary places like

these, but you keep pretending as if you don't care. Your very presence is affecting my appetite." Amelia was silent as she raised a brow at Tiffany's sparkling clean plate. "Let's go. At the end of the day, she's still someone we should respect. We'll only trouble Carter in the end if we keep her waiting any longer," Amelia suggested.

Tiffany frowned. After exiting the restaurant, Amelia asked, "Mrs. Scott, is there somewhere you'd like to go?" She replied, "I've made a reservation a moment ago. We'll take my car there." "Thank you, Mrs. Scott, for your goodwill, but we have our own car. You can drive ahead of us, and we'll just follow behind you." Faye agreed easily, for she was only offering a ride out of courtesy. After Faye entered her car, Amelia and Tiffany entered theirs as well. After arriving at their destination, Tiffany carefully helped Amelia down from the car. Lifting her head to look at the place, Tiffany scoffed. "Rich people are so extra. Why do we need to come to a luxurious club like this just for a talk?" Amelia agreed.

Although she had married into the Clintons and became the wife of someone wealthy, places where the average people roamed were the places she preferred; a luxurious club like this was not something she enjoyed. If there was no need for her to socialize with others, she would rather be at home for mealtimes and reading time. At that thought, she realized she was quite the recluse. As she looked sexy, everyone thought she would be one to frequent nightclubs. Yet, what she actually liked was to spend her time at home. Sometimes, she would even ask her friend over for a meal or a movie. After entering the club, Faye said to Tiffany, "Ms. Winters, I've booked a room for you, and you can eat and drink by yourself there.

I want to talk with Amelia." Shielding Amelia behind her, Tiffany questioned, "What are you planning to talk to her about that you don't want me to hear?" By now, Faye was burning in rage. Patting Tiffany's hand, Amelia told her, "Tiff, have a stroll around. I'll call you and come to you later." "Call me if anything happens," Tiffany replied, feeling anxious. Amelia nodded. After Tiffany left, Faye's mood seemed to improve a little. "Let's go." When the two entered the room, Faye handed her bag to the server and instructed, "Brew us some tea." "Please give me a moment, Mrs. Scott," the server answered.

After the server left, Faye coldly uttered, "Amelia, I'm here for my dumb son again. I don't know how you came into contact with him again, but I have to admit that you're a smart one. Your reappearance has made him pine for you all day and night again. Back then, I dropped the corporate espionage charges on you on behalf of him, thinking that you won't contact him anymore. Yet, five years later, here you are again. Tell me. What do you want?" Amelia was amused by her words. Hence, she laughed out loud. "Mrs. Scott, you don't need to overthink this. I have my own family now, and a third member will join the family soon. My family will have a normal but sweet life, and I'll barely be in contact with Carter."

Folding her arms, Faye responded, "I hope you don't misunderstand my words. I know that you're now the daughter-in-law of the Clintons, so Carter isn't someone on par with your status anymore. However, Carter still loves you dearly as ever, so could you please block his number? Don't respond to any of his messages nor calls. Anything you ask for — as long as I can do it — I'll agree to it." "Mrs. Scott, are you trying to get rid of me with money just like what you did

five years ago?" "Now that you're married into the Clintons, I'm sure money isn't something you're short of. However, if you still want it, I can give it to you. Take it as if you're putting yourself in my shoes.

You'll be giving birth to your baby in a few more months, so I'm sure you'll understand what it means to be a mother worrying for her son." "Mrs. Scott, I understand that you love your son, but Carter and I are just good friends. I'm sorry, but I can't agree to blocking him and no longer contacting him." Faye grimaced. "Amelia, you're young and beautiful, so it's understandable that you're a little greedier. However, everyone frowns upon the act of sailing on two boats. Moreover, the Clintons aren't idiots. If they find out that you've been with another man, I'm sure they won't be feeling joyous at all." A polite smile was still on Amelia's lips as she said, "Mrs. Scott, Carter and I are just friends.

We used to be, we still are, and we'll always be. For you to ask me to cut ties with a friend seems a little too inappropriate." "What do you want?" Faye snarled. Right as Amelia was about to reply to her, someone knocked on the door, and the server entered. "Mrs. Scott, the tea is ready." Faye nodded. The server then served the tea and poured it for both Faye and Amelia. "Mrs. Scott, Ms. Winters, please enjoy." With that said, the server retreated from the room. Taking the teacup up to elegantly take a sip, Faye then continued, "Amelia, I admit that you're an intelligent woman. Name your terms. As long as I don't find them too absurd, I'll agree to them." Amelia smiled as she sipped on her own tea.

"Mrs. Scott, Carter and I are just normal friends. If you insist to assume that we're more than that, then there isn't anything I can do about it." "Amelia, as you have said, you have your own family, and I'm sure you don't want to ruin it, do you? If so, why don't you cut ties with Carter? As long as you're around, Carter can never forget about you. I was the one who wronged you back then, but can you let my son off on behalf of the fact that you're a mother too?" Amelia was at a loss about whether she should laugh or roll her eyes at Faye. There was absolutely nothing between Carter and her, but Faye insisted that the two of them were in an affair.

Back then, even when the two were not a couple, Faye had still done the unbelievable to set her up; she had not minded selling her trade secrets to another company to achieve her goal by making her own company's stocks plummet. "Mrs. Scott, we've been unable to compromise for this issue five years ago, and I don't think we'll ever be able to. I still have some things to attend to, so I'll be taking my leave first," Amelia informed as she stood up. Slamming her right hand loudly on the table, Faye yelled, "Stop right there!" "Mrs. Scott, is there something else?"

"Amelia, I'm trying not to humiliate you right now, but you're refusing my kind act. If you don't cut ties with Carter, I'll send your old photos with Carter to the Clintons. Although the two of you weren't a couple back then, you still have many intimate photos together. What do you think the Clintons would feel when they see those photos?" Amelia cast a glacial look at her. "Mrs. Scott, the two of us have nothing to do with each other, and shouldn't it be great that it stays that way? Why do you have to force me to the edge of the cliff?" Faye sneered. "If you didn't contact my Carter, I wouldn't have come to you."

At the peak of her fury, Amelia barked out a laugh. "Mrs. Scott, sometimes, I find you ridiculous—you always pin something I haven't done on me." After a pause, she continued, "Mrs. Scott, since we're unable to reach mutual understanding, if you don't want your son to be in contact with me anymore, tell him. If he doesn't contact me, I won't initiate contact with him either. Mrs. Scott, I have something else to do, so I'll be leaving first. Goodbye." With those words said, she turned and left. After exiting the room, Amelia called Tiffany. "Tiff, let's go." The two met outside of the club. After the two entered the car, Tiffany asked, "What did you and that old woman talk about?" Amelia then briefly retold Tiffany her conversation with Faye.

Upon hearing her recollection, Tiffany was so furious that she smacked her steering wheel and hissed, "This d*mn woman! She's beyond shameless. I can't believe those words could come out of her mouth." Amused, Amelia muttered, "I'm not even angry, so why are you so mad?" At that, Tiffany spun around to shoot her a glare. "She's already so mean to you. Why are you still smiling? I don't know whether your head is too far up in the clouds or you're too much of a goody-two-shoes." Amelia only smiled in response. "No. I have to tell Carter about this.

Let him see what kind of a person his mother is. This woman is a bully! Carter should be the only one who can do something about her." Hearing her words, Amelia shook her head. "Tiff, there's no need to do that." "Babe, she's already bullying you. Why do you have to be so kind toward her? Are you trying to send me to an early death by infuriating me?" "Tiff, you've got to calm down first." Despite Amelia's words, Tiffany was still huffing in anger.

Hearing Tiffany's silence, Amelia continued, "Tiff, so what if you tell Carter? He'll go home to fight with his mother, and I'll become the culprit for ruining their relationship. Even if their relationship is ruined, it can't be because of me. I don't want to be the scapegoat for this. I have nothing to do with them, and I don't want them to affect my life." *So Amelia's not a goody-two-shoes. She just doesn't want to waste her time on someone irrelevant.*

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 104

[/ Love You Enough to Leave You](#)

Chapter 104 Deliberate Irritation, Love You Enough to Leave You

"Babe, I've misunderstood you." Amelia shook her head and replied, "Tiff, I haven't spoken a single bad word about the Scotts these few years because I want to put them behind me. Now I've really done it. I've gotten over both my feelings for Carter and my hatred for the Scotts. The Scotts have always been unreasonable, only doing the things that they think are right.

Back then when they planned to frame me for betraying the company, they already knew that their own company would also incur great losses but still did it anyway. Hence, there's no point in trying to reason with such people. The more you try to fight them, the more they will get back at you. So, the only way to deal with them is to ignore them.

That way, even if they wanted to cause trouble, they couldn't. Naturally, they'll stop after a while." Tiffany looked defeated as she replied, "You're so good with your words. What else can I say? I can only admit that I have lost." Amelia laughed. "We've known each other for so long, what's there to win or lose? Come on, I want to go eat natto." Tiffany turned to Amelia with a look of disgust. "Can you please have more normal taste buds? I know a pregnant woman's taste buds will change, but why do you have to crave for natto specifically? It's a very acquired taste." Amelia guffawed, she was in a very good mood. They then went to get themselves some natto and chestnuts. While eating, Tiffany asked, "Babe, if that old hag really gives Oscar your old pictures with Carter, what are you going to do?"

"We don't even have any shameful pictures together. Even if there were photos of us acting very close with each other, it was over a long time ago. Don't tell me the Clintons are going to pester me about something that happened in the past?" Tiffany understood what she meant, but she also knew that the minds of the rich worked in different ways. They cared a lot about their reputations, so it was unlikely that they would not take any action at all. "I think you should just talk to Oscar about this. Although he can be petty, flirtatious, and is quite possessive sometimes, he's still pretty reliable when the situation calls for it." Amelia looked at Tiffany, amused. *Was that a compliment? I think so!*

Tiffany stared at Amelia and said, "I'm not kidding since the Scotts are really weird. Only Oscar can handle them. Moreover, you're his wife. Since you're being bullied, he'll definitely stand up for you." Amelia was dumbfounded. "Tiff, stop that nonsense." "Babe, I'm serious. Judging by that old hag's temper, she'd be willing to do anything. What if she gets her hands on any unfavorable pictures of you and Carter? Like, what if there was one with Carter stealing a kiss from you while you were sleeping? It's easy for people to make up all sorts of stories with such a picture." Amelia poked her in the forehead. "Stop that. Don't treat my life as one of the stories in your novels." Tiffany retorted, "Stories originate from reality.

If I had nothing to refer to, where would I get my inspiration from?" *It is useless trying to argue with an author.* When they were done eating, Tiffany said, "I am serious about what I said just now. You can't just take that old hag lightly. Only Oscar can keep her in line." Amelia simply shook her head as she smiled. Tiffany then changed the subject. "What should we eat next?" "I want to eat ice cream." Tiffany looked at her in surprise. "Babe, are you okay? Are you sure you want to eat ice cream while pregnant?" "I just had a sudden craving." "No, ice cream is too cold.

You've already eaten so much nonsense just now. If you eat ice cream now, your stomach won't be able to handle it." "Just one." "I won't even let you take one bite," refused Tiffany. "Babe, I really want to eat it. My baby's also saying 'Tiffy, I want to eat. If you don't let me, I'll cry.'" Watching Amelia acting cute, Tiffany could only give in. She finally relented and said, "Fine, but you can only have one." Amelia nodded. In the end, Amelia ate three. Tiffany was worried and said, "Babe, stop eating. What if your stomach hurts later on?" However, Amelia had not eaten her fill. "For some reason, the ice cream today is really delicious. I just can't stop eating it." Tiffany glared at her. "Don't complain to me about a stomachache later."

Amelia grabbed her hand and laughed. "Okay, don't be angry." "Are you done?" Tiffany said helplessly, "If you are, let's go shopping for clothes." Amelia shook her head and replied, "I don't want to go shopping. Let's just go home." "Didn't we agree to go shopping?" "I'm a little tired. Your godson says he's tired and wants to sleep." "You're so full of nonsense. You keep on using my godson or goddaughter as a shield." Tiffany did not know what to do with Amelia. "Let's go back then." Amelia simply smiled. Tiffany then drove Amelia back to her neighborhood.

Just as she parked the car, Tiffany noticed Oscar walking over toward them. Tiffany nudged Amelia, signaling her to follow her gaze. Amelia then noticed Oscar as well. "Looks like the two of you are really fated, being able to meet each other on a weekday. Honestly though, at least Oscar is more reliable than Carter. Even though he's kind of a scumbag, but at least he didn't abandon you while you're pregnant," whispered Tiffany. Amelia jabbed Tiffany with her elbow then shot her a warning glance. Oscar walked over briskly, keeping his eyes on Amelia. "Where did you go?" "I went to get some food with Tiff. Aren't you supposed to be at work? Why are you back?" "I miss you," said Oscar easily, as if it were the most natural thing in the world. As a third wheel, Tiffany could sense romance in the air. It was clear that the pair of them had some feelings for each other.

Tiffany faked a cough and said, "Mr. Clinton, could the two of you consider the people around you before flirting with each other so openly? It's way too inappropriate." Amelia glared at her disapprovingly. Oscar looked toward Tiffany and replied, "Your job is done. You can leave now." The one thing Oscar was close to doing was to ask Tiffany to get lost outright. Tiffany was angered. "Mr. Clinton, can you not speak so harshly?" "No." Amelia shook her head helplessly. Whenever these two met, a huge argument would ensue. Tiffany took Amelia's hand in hers. "Babe, your man really lacks class. Why don't you just divorce him and live a good life with me?" Amelia just laughed.

Oscar only spared Tiffany a glance before turning to Amelia. "Let's go in. I haven't eaten. Make me some pasta." Amelia frowned. "Why haven't you eaten? It's already so late." "My meeting ended at 1:00 p.m., then I hurried back to see you; so I didn't bother about eating. Have you eaten? Has our child been bothering you today?" Oscar rarely said such mushy words. Amelia shook her head. Tiffany was getting goosebumps all over. "Seriously, Mr. Clinton, can you don't be so cheesy? I'm getting goosebumps." "If you can't take it, just leave." It was impossible for Tiffany to hear anything nice coming out of Oscar's mouth. "Mr. Clinton, you're good at everything else except for one thing.

You always talk really harshly." Oscar pulled Amelia toward him and said to Tiffany, "Woman, you talk too much. Men won't like it." Tiffany was on the verge of bursting out in anger. "Oscar, you're narrow-minded, petty, not gentlemanly, and don't think for women at all. You'll live a lonely life in the future, with no one to love you." Oscar pulled Amelia into a possessive hug. "I already have one for myself right here. I don't need you to worry for me. Also, men really don't like it when women are too noisy." He then left with Amelia, leaving Tiffany alone behind. "You b*stard. Why are you always so annoying?" Amelia broke free of Oscar's hug and said, "Tiff, go home first. I'll give you a call at night."

However, Tiffany was only pretending to be angry. She was in fact glad to see Oscar acting so possessively toward Amelia. Tiffany had a sudden idea and

rushed up to the couple. She snatched Amelia's hands over and gave Oscar a challenging stare. "Amelia, I'm thirsty. I'll go up and have a drink." Amelia turned to Oscar with a pleading look in her eyes. Subconsciously, Oscar's heart started to melt. "Let's go," said Oscar as he led the group into the building. Amelia glanced at Tiffany and whispered, "You're really naughty." Tiffany stuck her tongue out at Amelia and replied playfully, "He was the one who said I was noisy. I have to get back at him to let off steam." Amelia shook her head, unable to stop her antics.

Oscar and Tiffany were very incompatible. As long as they were in the same room, things would never remain calm. After Oscar unlocked the doors to the apartment, Tiffany made herself at home. Amelia took Oscar's blazer and said, "Mr. Clinton, sit with Tiff first. I'll go check out what's there to cook in the fridge." "I'm fine with just some pasta." "I'll go check if we have any left. Otherwise, I'll make you a sandwich, okay?" Oscar nodded. Amelia hung up his blazer, then entered the kitchen. Tiffany and Oscar sat as far apart as they could on the sofa. She said, "Amelia's quite a good wife, don't you think so?" "Yeah," replied Oscar briefly. "Many other men would also be attracted to such a good woman.

"I'm sure you'll cherish her more, right?" Oscar glanced at Tiffany but did not take the bait. "What are you trying to say?" "I'm saying that Amelia's a really good woman. If you don't know how to cherish her well, I'm sure many others will." "She's mine." Tiffany sneered. "Didn't you want to divorce her and marry your precious little lover? Actually, it doesn't matter, it'll be good if you grant her a divorce. Amelia can get together with Carter then. After all, he's been waiting for her all these years. Don't you agree, Mr. Clinton?" Oscar's expression darkened. "She's mine."

"Not if you get a divorce." Oscar glanced at Tiffany expressionlessly. "Don't test my patience." "Too bad, I'm naturally rebellious. I like to test others' patience," replied Tiffany boldly. Oscar pressed his lips together and shot her a domineering look. Tiffany stared back without a hint of fear in her eyes. "Tiffany, don't challenge me. You won't be able to handle me when I'm angry." Tiffany nodded and replied, "I believe you." She paused before continuing, "Mr. Clinton, I'll ask you two questions. As long as you give me an answer, I won't talk nonsense anymore."

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 105

[/ Love You Enough to Leave You](#)

Chapter 105 What Do You Take Amelia For, Love You Enough to Leave You
"Go on." "What do you take Amelia for? A wife? A contract partner?" Oscar glanced at her for a split second. Then he uttered two simple words, "A wife."
"Good. Then have you ever thought about growing old with her?" "No." Tiffany scowled. *This jerk! He really doesn't beat around the bush, huh... but his straightforwardness makes me want to choke him to death.* "You're an honest man, Mr. Clinton. But why do I feel like strangling you to death?" Tiffany asked through gritted teeth. "That's your problem, not mine." Tiffany's jaw clenched harder. *How can this man be so despicable?*

She rolled her eyes and retorted, "I guess Amelia can finally give an explanation to Mrs. Scott since you've made your stance clear. Mrs. Scott called me today and said she misses Amelia. She also asked if Amelia and Carter have any chance of getting together. At first, I didn't give a sure answer because you're still in the picture. But based on your answer just now, I'll tell Mrs. Scott that Carter can go ahead and pursue Amelia." Something dark suddenly flickered in Oscar's eyes. "What did you say?" "I'm sure you've heard what I said. I see no need to repeat myself." Tiffany shrugged. "Don't say I didn't warn you, Mr. Clinton, but Amelia is still very popular among the elderly.

Although Mrs. Scott initially misunderstood Amelia, she apologized for it afterward. And now she's trying to mend hers and Amelia's relationship, especially since she has witnessed Carter's devotion to Amelia. I'm telling you. If you don't take Amelia seriously, someone else will. You're not the only man that desires her in this world." "She's mine. Everyone else can forget about pursuing her." "But she won't be yours if you get divorced. Amelia can behave in however way she pleases with other men. She's free to flirt and be cared for by others... unless you decide to keep your marriage."

Oscar's fists coiled taut, but his face remained relaxed in a calm manner. "Mr. Clinton. I personally think that your and Amelia's divorce would be a good decision. She'd be better off in a more reliable relationship with Carter than if she stayed with you. At least he doesn't have a messy history with other women, and he'll never cause her emotional pain," Tiffany spat. She wanted to spark jealousy in Oscar. Oscar looked at her with an empty stare. "Tiffany, do you know what becomes of those who provoke me?" "What? You'll kill off my career in this city, so I can't make a living?" "No. I'll ensure that you'll never leave this city. Then I'll make your life here a living hell, making you wish that you were dead.

Do you believe that I'm capable of this?" A chill swelled in Tiffany's chest, prickling her with gooseflesh down her arms. Sure enough, it wasn't easy to dance with the devil; one wrong move and she would end up being tortured in hell eternally, not a single piece of her would escape unscathed. Tiffany believed every word Oscar said. She believed that he told the truth and that he was more than capable of making her life in this city a living hell. There was no need to ask her why. This was the difference between the rich and the average. As the saying goes, money talks, and anything or anyone could be bought over with money. "Tiffany, I can overlook your provocations because you are Amelia's friend.

But if you continue to say that she is someone else's woman, then don't blame me for taking impolite measures." Tiffany sucked in a deep breath. Although she was terrified, she wasn't going to give in so quickly. "You're an odd man, Mr. Clinton. You seem to have a traditionally hegemonic belief. Despite sharing a marriage contract with Amelia, you have exclusive rights over her feelings, whilst she doesn't get a single say in yours. So why put on an act of concern for her now? Don't you think that's a little hypocritical of you?" Oscar simply stared straight at her in response. Tiffany gulped, sensing an oppressive force behind Oscar's stare. She felt like she was no longer in control of their conversation.

"Let me see if the noodles are ready." Tiffany shot up from her seat. She wanted to escape from the tense situation. Unfortunately, Oscar stopped her. He pointed at her seat and said, "Sit down." Threatened into submission by Oscar's brisk,

commanding voice, she sat down obediently. "Are you still in touch with Mrs. Scott?" Oscar asked nonchalantly. Tiffany gulped and intentionally challenged back at him, "Mr. Clinton, you're not going to monitor all my friendships too, are you? I'm not Amelia. I won't obey you blindly for the sake of being a good wife." "I don't care who you're friends with, but don't encourage Amelia to mix in with your crowd. She's still mine. Even if we get divorced, she's still my woman."

Tiffany snorted in anger. She had never encountered such an overbearing, jerk of a man before; they were getting divorced, yet he still wanted her all to himself. *He really is a classic scumbag.* "Mr. Clinton, don't you think that's a bit too greedy of you?" "Is it?" *He is a wealthy heir, she thought to herself. One of high social standing, with good looks, good education, and had admirable work capabilities. He's an exceptional man; I'll give him that. Such a man is definitely qualified to have a woman on each of his shoulders. No one would dare say anything even if he dated an entire harem of women at the same time.* Tiffany inhaled deeply before saying, "Mr. Clinton, do you know the kind of life that Amelia wants?"

Not a word came from Oscar's lips. "You probably don't know this, Mr. Clinton, but Amelia is often misunderstood as being a vixen because of her glamorous appearance. People think that she's too frivolous and immoral to have as a wife, that whoever marries her will surely feel uneasy. Little do they know, she's actually well-behaved and has never stepped foot in a nightclub or a bar. Her lifelong dream has always been to have a family of her own, but it's a pity because you'll never be the beloved husband she dreams of." Tiffany stood up again.

She spoke with a meaningful weight behind her words. "Mr. Clinton. If you truly care, then you should really cherish her more. Losing her will mean losing everything that's good and pure in this world, I promise you that." She picked up her bag and continued, "Please treat Amelia better. I'm heading off now. Do let Amelia know when she gets back." With that, Tiffany left. She didn't want to be the third wheel between them. Shortly after, Amelia returned with bowls of noodles on a tray. She noticed that Tiffany was nowhere to be found and asked, "Where's Tiff?" "She left to attend to some matters," Oscar responded. Amelia eyed him. She then placed the noodles before him and said, "Tiff is my best friend, Mr. Clinton. Can't you be a bit friendlier to her?"

"Am I not friendly enough toward her?" *Fair enough, he had been reasonably respectful the whole time. Tiffany was never one to mince her words. And given Oscar's temperament, it was a miracle that he hadn't rudely retorted back at her straightforward comments.* Amelia decided to drop the topic. She handed him the silverware and said, "Here, try some and tell me what you think of the taste. I haven't cooked in a while, so I'm not sure if this is to your liking." After accepting the silverware from her, Oscar chowed down on the noodles. His actions pleased Amelia greatly; she no longer cared about how the noodles tasted. All that mattered was that he enjoyed them. Once he emptied his bowl, Amelia offered, "There's still more in the pot. Would you like seconds, Mr. Clinton?"

Oscar shook his head. Amelia collected their dishes and brought them into the kitchen for washing. When she was done, she dried off her hands before walking back out. There, Oscar patted the spot next to him. "Come, sit." Amelia walked over and sat down obediently. Oscar glanced at her and questioned

straightforwardly, "Are you still in touch with the Scotts?" Amelia eyed him sideways. Pretending to be calm, she asked, "Why do you ask, Mr. Clinton?" "It's just something that Tiffany mentioned in our conversation earlier." Amelia felt clueless as to what Tiffany had told him. She believed that Tiffany knew her limits and would never talk nonsense. But at the same time, she feared that Tiffany had deliberately portrayed the Scotts as villains in an attempt to defend her honor. She worried that Oscar now saw them as enemies.

"What did she say?" "She just said something about you and the Scotts." Oscar probed further into the matter. He asked, "You seem nervous, why's that? Is there some unspeakable thing going on between you and the Scotts?" Careful thoughts surged through Amelia as she mentally prepared herself to face him head-on. After all, Oscar was a man of many faces. He was exceptionally skilled at getting others to say what he wanted them to; hidden underneath his youthful appearance was a cunning man. He was an incredibly sly old fox at heart. "I'm sure that if you wanted to, you'd be able to find out if there's anything between me and the Scotts, Mr. Clinton. So why bother asking me?"

Amelia asked, turning the tables against him. Their gazes met as he declared, "I won't tolerate letting anyone take advantage of my woman." Amelia's heart shivered at this, but she kept on smiling. "Tiff was only looking out for me. Granted, she may have exaggerated a little, but you shouldn't take her words to heart, Mr. Clinton. I'll deal with mine and the Scotts' affair. There's no need for you to fuss over a group of irrelevant people." Oscar's gaze intensified. There was something immeasurable in the way he looked at her. "Tiffany only said that she still kept in contact with Mrs. Scott. She didn't mention you at all, though. Unless... you've been in contact with them this whole time?" *I knew it. This sly old fox used this whole conversation to lure me into admitting what he wanted to hear. Fine... might as well cut to the chase.*

She boldly met his gaze and stated, "If there's anything you'd like to know, Mr. Clinton, you may ask me directly." Oscar stilled for a moment. "You want to know if Carter and I have completely cut ties, isn't that right, Mr. Clinton? I know that you secretly hired someone to investigate his and my relationship after those intimate photos resurfaced. But just like your investigator reported, Carter and I met in university. There were fleeting moments of affection between us, but for various reasons, we never got together. Then, I married you right after that. So in almost five years of our marriage, I have never once done anything to betray you. Is there anything else you'd like to know, Mr. Clinton?"

Amelia's words were direct and frank, but a piercing sadness lingered in her voice. Oscar looked at her. He could see the stubbornness in her gaze. *This silly woman... Did she really think I would blame her for such trivial things from her past? I'm a grown man. I understand that everyone has a past; Those who latch onto their significant others' dating histories are pathetically childish. A mature man would never do that. He'd treat his woman well and secure a position as the only man in her life.* Oscar's arm snaked around Amelia's waist and pulled forcefully.

He moved so quickly that Amelia landed into his arms before she could finish yelping. He tapped her nose and teased affectionately, "Did you really think I was criticizing your past?" Amelia pouted. "Weren't you?" "You silly woman. If I cared about your past, then I wouldn't have married you in the first place." Amelia

scoffed to herself. *You speak as if we got married for love. You don't care about my past because we are united by a marriage contract, nothing more.* Oscar lowered his head closer to hers. He nipped at her lip and asked, "You don't believe me?" Amelia shook her head. "I believe every word you say is the truth." Oscar placed a hand on her back, scooping her up before moving toward the sofa.

He placed her down and was careful not to press onto her stomach as they kissed. Amelia fell victim to his skillful tongue; she was so enthralled by the kiss that she hardly had time to think straight. Her thoughts jumbled up in knots. When their lips separated, Amelia's vision had become clouded. It took a while for her eyes to settle on the man before her.

She panted, taking in multiple breaths of air before patting her limp hand on his chest. Oscar grabbed her hand and nibbled on the back of it. She felt his teeth grazing gently against her delicate skin. A bright red blush burned across Amelia's cheeks. In the heat of the moment, she couldn't help but let her thoughts run wild. At some point, she wondered if Oscar had shared this same heated moment with many other women, given his extraordinary kissing skills.

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 106

[/ Love You Enough to Leave You](#)

Chapter 106 Be Honest With Me, Love You Enough to Leave You

"Be honest with me, Mr. Clinton. How many women have you kissed?" Amelia interrogated. Simmering with jealousy, she looked him boldly in the eye. Oscar held a straight face. He leaned into her ear and chuckled suggestively, "Are you being jealous?" A chill crawled up Amelia's spine, making her head shake furiously. *He's got a nasty habit of getting on my nerves.* "Mr. Clinton, can you be more serious?" Amelia spoke irritably and patted his chest again. He focused his gaze on her. "Will you believe me if I said that you're the only woman I've kissed so affectionately?"

Amelia gazed into the depths of his eyes; people often said that eyes were the windows to one's soul, that a person's eyes reveal whether or not they are sincere. From the intensity in Oscar's eyes, Amelia believed that his words were true. Oscar was a man of few words, but his every word brimmed with sincerity. "Weren't you like this with your beloved?" "I've told you. I was too busy with work back when I dated Cassie. Plus, Cassie was wilder then. She'd spend more than half a year on travels and shopping trips. We'd barely get a few days to spend time with each other, and when we did, she would cut our time short to be with her girlfriends. So while I was fond of her, I never touched her intimately."

Amelia's eyes widened at him. "So, you and Ms. Yard lived as celibates when you were together?" Oscar shot a glare her way. He tapped her nose and sighed, "Do you have to ruin the mood?" Amelia chuckled. Her laughter was light and airy, like her happy disposition. Her heart swelled with joy when she heard that Oscar wasn't physically intimate with Cassie. *At least I have an advantage over Cassie when it comes to physical touch.* Oscar leaned in for another kiss. Before he could take things to the next level, however, his phone rang untimely. He pulled out his phone and saw his secretary's name on the caller id. He answered and said, "Hello?" Their exchange on the phone wasn't audible to Amelia.

"I will arrive in half an hour," Oscar said before ending the call. Then, he nibbled on Amelia's lips and promised, "I'll deal with you later tonight." Amelia hopped off the sofa. She helped put on his suit and tie as a virtuous wife would. Following this, Amelia saw him off at the door. "Drive safely, Mr. Clinton. Are you coming back for dinner tonight? I'll have Molly prepare some lobster, your favorite." "I'll come home as soon as the meeting ends," Oscar promised. This was an unusual sight as he rarely made promises to get home early for dinner. Amelia chuckled, "Alright. Take care, Mr. Clinton. I'll wait up to have dinner with you." Oscar nodded. Once he left, Amelia retired for a nap.

She slept till four in the afternoon before she freshened up and went out with Molly for some groceries. "You didn't have to accompany me, Mrs. Clinton." Molly continued worryingly, "The farmer's market can be a bit crowded, and it can smell a bit odd at times. What if someone accidentally bumps into you while we're walking?" "Come now, Molly, I'm not that delicate. The doctor says I'm perfectly healthy. Plus, I haven't cooked in a while. I thought I'd surprise Oscar by cooking him a meal tonight." "You're a good lady Mrs. Clinton," Molly said endearingly. "Mr. Clinton is blessed to have you for a wife. Seeing the two of you being lovey-dovey makes me happy.

I've worked for the Clintons for many years, and I've watched Mr. Clinton grow up before my very eyes, so he's like a son to me; I really hope that the two of you can live happily. Maybe because I grew up poor, but I can see that only you are worthy of Mr. Clinton. Any other heiress could never be as devoted to him as you are." Amelia held Molly's hand and smiled softly. "Oscar and I see you as our parent too, Molly. Your hopes for us are kind. We'll do our best to make it come true." "Good, good." When they arrived, almost every vendor at the farmer's market greeted Molly.

One of them asked excitedly at the sight of her, "Molly, is this your daughter or your daughter-in-law? What a pretty girl. How long has she been pregnant? Not many youngins are willing to accompany their elders out for grocery these days." Molly beamed from ear to ear. "She's my employer's daughter-in-law. She happened to have some time today, so she's joining me on a grocery run." Amelia flashed a honeyed smile at the vendor. "Ma'am, seeing that it's my first time here, are there any deals that I can get for these vegetables? Molly has always praised that your vegetables are the best."

This brightened the vendor's mood immediately. She answered with a chirpy smile, "You flatter me, dear! Alright. I'll let you have this cabbage at two-fifty for a pound. As for the bean sprouts, that'll be one for each pound. The cauliflower is three-fifty. If Molly buys them all today, I'll add another twenty percent off." Molly bought a fairly large amount of vegetables from this stall. As they continued their grocery shopping, everyone complimented Amelia every step of the way. After all, it wasn't every day that a stunning and celebrity-like woman was seen at the farmer's market. They shopped for nearly an hour at the market before returning with arms full of grocery bags.

They bought some chicken and half a pound of pork ribs, as well as other vegetables. Upon returning to their residence, Molly suggested, "You go take a rest, Mrs. Clinton. You can start in the kitchen after I prepare the ingredients." "Can't I join you, Molly? It's more fun to cook together anyways." Molly gave in

and agreed to her request. Whilst working in the kitchen, Amelia felt curious about Molly's life. She asked, "Molly, are you living with your eldest son and his wife now?" "Yeah. I originally wanted to live with my youngest son, but my eldest and my daughter-in-law insisted on me moving in with them.

They're really devoted children, so I couldn't help but agree." Amelia laughed softly, "You're so blessed, Molly. All your sons are so filial. The man that previously came over... was that your youngest son? He seemed like a fine young man. I wonder if his life achievements are equally as promising?" A proud grin spread across Molly's face. "He passed his civil service exam three months ago. He worked as a manager in a private company previously. Now, he's a member of the civil service. While he's not earning large sums, his current job is more stable, and the added benefits are pretty good too." Amelia smiled but asked worryingly, "Being a civil service member isn't too shabby.

However, I heard that the salary is low and it'll be hard to achieve a well-off life, but it's not entirely impossible. Molly, why don't you let him work at Clinton Corporations?" Molly shook her head, declining with a gentle smile. "Clinton Corporations is full of talented people. All of them are graduates from prestigious universities... even the lowest degree holder owns a master's degree. And let's not even talk about the foreign doctoral students. I don't think it's wise for my son to be a part of such an elite group. After all, he graduated with only a bachelor's degree. It would embarrass the Thayers' family name."

"Molly, those things don't matter. Although Clinton Corporations do look at an individual's education levels, it doesn't mean that higher degree levels are valued above all. Those are just pieces of paper. If someone has a degree but is incapable of work, then they're basically crippled. I believe that Elijah is a man of stable temperament, as well as refined and scholarly intellect. If he's ever free in the future, have him come over more often. We're all family here," Amelia said heartily. "You really are a kind person, Mrs. Clinton. I've worked here for decades, and I've met other housekeepers from wealthy families; they say that some employers are snobbish. They don't care about us, housekeepers.

Sometimes, employers even drastically deduct wages when they're in a bad mood." Amelia cast a warm smile, "You took care of Oscar as he grew up. You're already family at this point. I can't even begin to express how much I respect you; how could I ever look down on you? Besides, only obnoxious people think they're more superior than everyone else." Molly smiled back. An endearing warmth hummed in her curved eyes. Amelia washed and sorted the vegetables that she bought. Molly tittered next to her, "Mr. Clinton will certainly be touched if he knew that you personally made all these dishes for him. The man looks so tough and unfeeling on the outside, but deep down, he's a softie.

He will remember dearly what a woman has done for him. Even if he doesn't necessarily say he will." If she was being honest, Amelia was equally excited about their candlelight dinner that night. These past few days, Oscar's keen attitude toward her has reignited her expectations for this marriage. She even wondered whether their lives would turn out differently if they hadn't married for money. The meal took roughly three hours to make. By the time all the dishes were ready, her phone showed that it was already six-thirty in the evening. Molly had helped place the food out on the dining table and was taking off her apron. She chuckled. "I'll be off now, Mrs. Clinton.

I don't want to disturb yours and Mr. Clinton's romantic night together." Amelia's cheeks warmed into a soft pink. She shushed, "Molly! Quit teasing me." Molly radiated the warmth of a loving elderly woman as she wished them, "I really hope the two of you continue through life as a loved-up couple. Alright, it's late now. I won't stay and third-wheel any longer." Once Molly left, Amelia showered and put on some light makeup. She then checked herself in the mirror. She was still as beautiful as ever, the only difference was the fact that there was now an added pregnancy glow on her.

"You got this, Amelia. You're the best! Go get em!" Amelia cheered her reflection on. After going downstairs, Amelia sent a text to Oscar. But five minutes passed, and there was still no response. She tried to call him only to find that his phone had been turned off. He had answered her earlier call at six o'clock. He said that work was ending soon and that he would be back. Yet now, his phone was unexpectedly switched off. This made Amelia's stomach churn with worry. She called for the seventh and eighth time, but he was still unreachable.

Amelia called again at seven-thirty. This time her call went through, but a woman had picked up. "Who are you?" Amelia frowned and asked. "Hello. May I know your relationship with the owner of this phone? The owner was involved in a car accident. He's now in the surgical room to get some bandaging done. His phone had run out of battery, so he asked me to find a charging spot. Hence, I answered the phone," the woman at the other end of the call explained. Amelia froze at this. She stilled before frantically asking, "Is he badly injured? What's the name of your hospital? I'll head over now." Once the woman told her the hospital's address, Amelia yanked her bag and rushed out the door in a frenzy. As Amelia drove, her blood was icy cold as her stiff fingers clutched onto the steering wheel. She pursed her lips tightly.

Biting down on her lower lip, she drew blood and prayed hard. "Oscar, please be okay... As long as you're not hurt, I'll do anything you say from now onwards." Although the after-work rush hours had passed, the road was still congested. On top of that, Amelia kept getting stalled at multiple red lights before ending up in a traffic jam. She was already anxious enough, and this made her blood boil. The commute would have taken half an hour.

However, Amelia took one hour to reach the hospital. When she got there, she immediately phoned the woman who answered Oscar's phone earlier. It didn't take long before the woman rushed over to her. Only then did Amelia realize that it was a nurse from the hospital. "Are you Mrs. Clinton?" the nurse asked.