

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 113

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“That was not what I meant, but you insist on misunderstanding me, then I have nothing else left to say. I stand by my statement earlier; I do not agree for Cassie to marry into the Clinton family,” said Olivia firmly. She was adamant about this and didn’t give the Yards any chance to negotiate.

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Charlie held onto Elizabeth who was about to breathe fire and said quite calmly, “Olivia, we have been friends for many years. I thought that you would like Cassie as a daughter-in-law. Did I misunderstand anything?”

“Sorry.” The many things that Olivia wished to say was condensed into this one word.

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Elizabeth was about to lose her cool, but Charlie kept her at bay and prevented her from hurling even more accusations.

Oscar fake coughed, and said to them, “Mr. Yard, Mrs. Yard, if you are willing to put your trust in me, I will take care of this. And I will give you a satisfactory answer.”

The Yard husband and wife looked at each other tentatively.

Oscar went on, “I didn’t say that I won’t take up responsibility for Cassie. As I have mentioned, the Irushean designer I hired is working on a wedding gown that is made specially for her. It will be completed in a month. I never expected that she would miscarry. But I love her, so I do not care whether she can bear children or not.”

Elizabeth’s eyes widened in shock.

“If that was the case, why didn’t you say so?”

“You were so emotional that I didn’t have any chance to say anything,” said Oscar impassively.

Elizabeth was speechless.

“Mrs. Yard, five years ago I sincerely wanted to make Cassie my wife. Even after five years, my feelings towards her have not changed. To give her a surprise, I

originally planned to propose to her in a month's time. But now that she has miscarried, and the both of you kept forcing my hand, I have this sudden impulse to back out. I'm just not sure if Cassie is the most suitable person to be my wife. After all, your whole family is so different from what I envisaged. Mrs. Yard, I always thought that you were sensible, but it turns out that you are quite the shrew. To be honest, I am a little scared."

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Elizabeth's face changed into many different shades in a matter of minutes, her heart went up and down on a rollercoaster ride.

"Oscar, what do you mean?"

Oscar rose from his seat. With a sincere attitude, he proposed, "Mr. Yard and Mrs. Yard, if you believe in me, just let me take care of this. No matter how Cassie and I end up, let the two of us handle our own affair. Is that alright?"

Upon hearing this, Elizabeth unexpectedly shot up in an aggravated manner. "Leave it to you, you say? What if you choose your wife and child? Then Cassie will be left with nothing and cast aside miserably. You, on the other hand, get to have everything after committing the perfect crime!"

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Oscar's lips curled into a spurious smile. "If that's who you think I am, then I don't really mind being called a scumbag," said Oscar.

"Humph! I have misjudged you, Oscar," Elizabeth blurted.

Charlie dragged her back to her seat, and silently chastised her, "Cassie is still in the hospital. Do you want her to wake up and blame you for pushing Oscar away?"

Elizabeth shrivelled up at his reminder.

She suddenly started bawling hysterically. She sobbed, "I only have this one daughter, is it wrong for me to feel distressed on behalf of her? My daughter is pretty, born to a good family, learned, and talented. She should be the moon surrounded by myriads of stars. Just what did she do to deserve this suffering?"

Olivia was silent.

A complicated look flitted across Oscar's eyes. He left his chair and bowed deeply to the Yards. "Mr. Yard, Mrs. Yard, you are both good friends with my parents. I do not wish for this matter to derail your friendship. I am a grown man, I can handle my affair with Cassie. No matter if we choose to stay together or break up, you have my word that I will give you a satisfactory answer. If you insist on

interfering, it will only complicate matters. Do not interfere this time if you do not want Cassie and I to become distant from each other.”

At last, Elizabeth quieted down.

The ring of a phone shattered the stalemate in the private room.

Elizabeth took the call and soon her excited voice could be heard. “Cassie is awake?

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When did she wake up? Alright, I will come over now.”

After hanging up, Elizabeth eagerly said to her husband, “Charlie, someone from the hospital called to inform that Cassie is awake. They say she is recovering well, we can go and see her now.”

The Yards, Olivia, and Oscar hurried back to the hospital.

Cassie was already transferred to a first-class private ward. The oxygen mask was removed from her face, and she was wide awake. She looked a little pale but it was not as bad as expected.

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“My poor girl, you have suffered,” wailed Elizabeth, plopping herself down to the side of the bed.

“Mrs. Yard, you should tone down. The patient just woke up, you shouldn’t agitate her,” reminded the nurse putting up the IV drip.

Elizabeth nodded at the nurse and held in her emotions.

The nurse exited the ward swiftly after hanging up the IV drip.

UL

Holding Cassie’s hand tenderly, Elizabeth carefully asked, “Cassie, how are you feeling?”

Cassie looked toward Oscar instead and tears streamed down her face. “Oscar, our child is gone. It was not on purpose. I only wanted to go down the stairs. I have no idea how I fell down and... and... the child is gone just like that. I am terribly sad about it...” she said in sobs towards the end.

Oscar walked up to her. Elizabeth moved back voluntarily to make space for them. Sitting to the side of the bed, Oscar held Cassie in his arms delicately and comforted her, "Like you, I am sad for the loss of our child. But we are still young, it will not be too late for us to have children after getting married. Right now, what you need to do is to rest well and not think too much. Everything can wait until you have recovered."

Cassie burrowed into his chest and cried helplessly, "With the child gone, would you still love me like you used to, Oz?"

Oscar tightened his hug and said, "Silly girl! I love you as you are. Because it is you, only do I love the child that you carry. Miscarrying only meant that it is not in our fate to have a child yet. After your body has recovered fully, we can definitely have our child when we get married in the future. So stop thinking about it."

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Cassie lifted her head, with red and swollen eyes, she looked at Oscar and said, "Oz, do you really mean it?"

Oscar touched her face gently and asked, "Have I ever lied to you?"

Feeling delighted, Cassie laughed. However, she was too excited and pulled her wound. She gasped at the intense pain, and her face went a few shades lighter.

Oscar gingerly put her back to bed and pretending to be concerned, he reassured, "Rest well, don't think about it. We will have children again in the future."

Cassie smiled contentedly and held Oscar's hand tight. "Oz, keep me company here. Without you, I can't fall asleep alone," she pleaded.

"Go to sleep, I will be here," said Oscar. "Stop thinking about it, we will have a child when we get married," he repeated.

Cassie nodded. Perhaps it was due to the blood loss, she was exhausted. In a few seconds, she was sound asleep.

After he was sure that she was asleep, Oscar retracted his hand. Seeing this, Elizabeth interjected hurriedly, "Oscar, Cassie is still weak. She is especially fragile after losing the child. I think you should stay here and keep her company, it would prevent her from overthinking too."

"I will, Mrs. Yard," Oscar nodded.

Staring at Cassie who was lying on the bed, Olivia had an extremely complicated look in her eyes. After being silent for quite some time, she finally spoke. "Oscar, since Cassie has woken up, you can send me home now. My chest is hurting slightly, I don't think I should drive."

Oscar asked, "Mom, your old disease is acting up again? Should I call for Mr. Lancaster to examine you?"

"There is no need, just drive me home. I just need to rest for a bit on the car," said Olivia.

Oscar nodded.

Charlie chimed in with concern, "Olivia, you have always been frail. It would be better to let Mr. Lancaster have a look, just to make sure there aren't any problems."

Olivia shook her head.

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"Pardon me for being rude," started Elizabeth, "the moment Cassie is awake and your chest hurts? You watched Cassie as she grew. You are really putting your best foot forward to steer Oscar away from Cassie. Haven't you noticed that they still have feelings for each other?"

Olivia scoffed with disdain, unwilling to waste her effort and energy to converse with Elizabeth anymore. She came to realize that talking to her was like talking to a brick wall.

"Oscar, send me home," Olivia demanded her son with authority.

Oscar nodded and turned to Elizabeth, "Mrs. Yard, please look after Cassie for now. I will return in the evening."

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Elizabeth was not pleased, but she knew that if she threw a fit now, it would only lead to Oscar growing tired of her. And the one who would suffer ultimately would be Cassie.

"You go ahead, but come back quickly. Cassie is still fragile and she has just lost a child. She will be prone to overthinking. If you are not around, who knows what she would think. It would be unfavorable for the recovery of her wound as well."

"I will come back as soon as possible, Mrs. Yard."

As soon as they stepped out of the ward, Olivia's face became completely sullen.

She gave Oscar a thorny glare and hissed, "Oscar, I am utterly disappointed in you."

After making her dissatisfaction known, she marched towards the elevators without a backward glance. When the elevator doors opened, she entered on her own without waiting for Oscar.

Oscar trailed quietly behind her. There was no interaction at all between the mother and son. The atmosphere was so icy that winter seemed to have frozen over without warning:

Upon exiting the elevator, Olivia strode over to her own car. "Mom, you'd better sit in my car. I will call for someone to drive your car home later."

"Get in the car," said Olivia with a scowl.

Oscar walked over to the driver's seat weakly and unlocked the doors with the keys. He put on his own seatbelt and subsequently reached out to help his mother buckle up. Smack! Olivia mercilessly swatted away his hand.

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She fastened her seatbelt and ordered testily, "Drive."

As the car got onto the highway, Olivia took in a deep breath and questioned her son, "Oscar, tell me honestly. Do you really intend to get married to Cassie?" The anger in her voice was barely concealed.

"I had intended to do so all along. The wedding gown is really being designed by that famous Irushean designer right now. It will be done in a month, but considering the Yards' attitude, I am not sure if I am still willing to marry her. Honestly speaking, I struggle to find that same lovestruck feeling I had for her back then. With a five-year gap, some feelings cannot be easily regained."

"Stop telling me all these unimportant details. Just answer me, do you really intend to divorce Amelia?"

"I once had this plan. Amelia getting pregnant was unexpected. If she wasn't pregnant, we most probably would be divorced by now."

Olivia glared daggers at him. Words could no longer adequately describe the seething rage in her.

"Oscar, all my efforts spent on educating you have been wasted. Where does Amelia fall short when compared to Cassie? What is so great about Cassie that you would still pine for her after she left for Erihal alone, abandoning you in the process? If she was so perfect that you couldn't let go of her; I would understand. But besides her looks and family background, which part of her deserves your devotion? She is spoilt, a big spender, and inconsiderate. She cannot be compared to sweet Amelia at all. I cannot fathom why you are still hung up on her."

Oscar was totally conflicted after her castigation.

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Olivia took a few deep breaths. After calming herself down a little, she continued, "Oscar, you've disappointed me big time. You thrive in everything you do since young. You are exceptional among people of your age. Someone as outstanding as you should have many women eyeing you. Who would've thought that you would allow yourself to fall into the hands of a woman? Here I thought you'd learn your lesson by now, but you just have to let history repeats itself. Furthermore, the one responsible was the same person as before. Did you have a screw loose?"

Oscar flashed a wry smile as it was the first time Olivia reproached him. Sometimes he wondered if he was out of his mind. Surely he did not expect that his first two timing would put the three of them into this awkward situation.

If Oscar could be certain that he did not touch Cassie from the start, would he feel wronged?

Not only was he scammed into becoming a father, but before he could carry his to-be-born baby, the doctor told him it was miscarried. For that reason, it gave the Yard family an excuse to make him take full responsibility for it. On top of that, he had to listen to his mother's lecture. The man was put in a difficult situation.

Oscar turned the steering wheel and drove steadily. "Mom, I'll take care of the matter with Amelia and Cassie. Please don't get angry, it'll be bad for your heart. If something were to happen to you, I would be condemned for murdering my mother."

"If you saw me as your mother, you wouldn't do something like this to get on nerves." Olivia burst into anger as she spoke,

"Mom, I didn't expect things to turn out this way. Let's calm down for now, okay?" Oscar assuaged. He was afraid that Olivia's rage would affect her health.

Sitting in the passenger's seat, Olivia kept her cool. Then she spoke in a gentle tone, "Oscar, you are a man now. I can't decide things for you. Speaking from my experience, I honestly feel that Cassie doesn't suit you. I don't care if you just want to date her, but she is definitely not good wife material. I doubt that she's a suitable candidate for one."

As Oscar drove, his gaze became determined.

"Don't you worry, Mom. I can balance their relationship wisely. Even if I were to divorce Amelia, I would take care of her and the child."

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"After all this, you still want to divorce her? Oscar, what are you thinking? Don't tell me that you still can't tell what kind of person she is after five years of marriage? Not only is she beautiful, but she also respects elders. Why won't you cherish someone as good as her?"

Oscar remained silent the entire time.

Olivia, on the other hand, was brimmed with anger.

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"That's all I have to say. No matter what, I'll never acknowledge your marriage with Cassie. I can welcome her as my goddaughter but not as a daughter-in-law. Sorry, but I can't accept it."

With his hands on the steering wheel, Oscar turned to glance at Olivia when the car came to a halt in front of the traffic light. "Mom, you used to be fond of Cassie. How can this be?"

"Five years is enough to change many things. Time changes people. You can't make up for the lost time with effort alone." Olivia remarked in a cold tone.

Oscar fell into silence, seemingly deep in thought.

"Oscar, Cassie really doesn't suit you. There is more to her than meets the eye. She isn't as innocent as she seems." Olivia added.

"I know."

She stared at him in surprise. "You know?"

"After seeing those photos previously, I hired someone to investigate her and found – some pictures of her private life," Oscar replied.

"What? You still want to marry her despite knowing that she is a loose woman?" Olivia couldn't believe what she heard.

"While it's true that she's promiscuous, she gave her first time to me. I can't be irresponsible toward her knowing that she offered me her precious virginity."

"She gave you her chastity?" Olivia doubted his words. "Oscar, don't say I didn't warn you. Back when she was in Erihal, she was very close with a guy named June."

They booked a room from the same hotel many times before. What can a man and a woman do there, chit-chatting in bed?"

No words came out of Oscar's mouth.

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"Oscar, with the advanced pharmaceutical cochinology, the hymen can be easily restored, Are you certain that she gave you her virginity?" Olivia reminded, "You are a brilliant and excellent man, but your taste in women is questionable"

Oscar smiled bitterly,

"Mom, you used to say Cassie was cute and innocent, Why did you derogate her making her seem worthless aller five years"

Olivia leaned against the seat and noted, "I'm just stating the lates, I believe you are wisc enough to discomil a woman is taking it on truly innocent."

Aller that, Oscar drove the car in silence,

Casting him a glance, Olivia said, "Send to Amelia's place, I want to see if my daughter-in-law andyrandchild are sull doing line, It's unfortunate that they have sin irresponsible husband and father like you."

Right then, Oscar's position in Olivia's heart dropped to the lowest,

"Mom, can you yo tomorrow! I need to talk to Amelia"

Olivia stared at him for a while and nodded in acknowledgement

Ahor sendiny, his mother back to the Clinton residence, Oscar saw a llorist by the roadside, Without liesitation, be pulled his car over and entered the shop lle was holding a bouquet of ninety nine roses which he got outlis bery red color was especially eye-catching,

When Amelia opened the door, she iroze for a while at the sight of the bouquet of fiery red roses. She was taken aback the moment she saw the person who was holding the bouquet

Surprised, she asked, "Mr. Clinton, which admirer of yours have you thall There are ninety-nine of them. Is she wishing to love you till the day she dies"

Oscar's face flushed at her words lle then shoyed the bouquet into her arms. "This is for you."

Amelia was stunned by the happenings. She looked at Oscar in disbelief. "Mr. Clinton, did you get enlightened?"

Oscar was a little frustrated at her response,

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"It is normal for a husband to give his wife a gift. Why do you have to look so surprised?"

Amelia let out a burst of laughter and her expression was filled with happiness.

"Although I don't know what your intention is, I still want to thank you for the bouquet, Mr. Clinton."

"What intention can a husband harbor when he gives his wife a gift?" Oscar stared at her.

Carrying the bouquet of ninety-nine roses in her arms, Amelia questioned, "By giving me this bouquet, are you implying that you'll love me till the day you die?"

Oscar cast her a glance without saying a word.

A hint of disappointment flashed across Amelia's eyes at his reaction.

Although they were cracking jokes as if nothing happened, Amelia knew that Cassie was in the middle of their relationship. Now that the latter was hospitalized, the time he could spend with her increased. On the other hand, the former's marriage with him became precarious.

Sitting on the sofa, Amelia cleared her throat purposely and asked, "Mr. Clinton, how is Ms. Yard?"

"She's awake."

"What about the child in her belly?"

"It was miscarried."

Amelia paused for a while before saying, "My condolences."

Oscar stared at her and beckoned at her. "Come here."

Amelia lifted her head to gaze at her with a depressed look, then stood up and walked over slowly.

Oscar pulled her hand and made her sit on his lap. With his arms around her waist, he placed his chin on her shoulder and commented, "Do you have to be so cold toward me?"

At his words, Amelia merely shook her head. She felt a little down for no reason.

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"Are you upset?"

Amelia turned over. Her face was within a hair's breadth of touching his. He could tell she was a little panicked.

"Why? Are you really upset?" Oscar lowered his voice, sounded husky.

Amelia bit his lips and put her arms around his neck. Her voice was choked as she asked, "Oscar, let's not divorce, okay? We will have our own child very soon. Won't it be great for us to be together?"

Oscar's heart almost skipped a beat at her words.

"Silly woman!" Oscar patted her head and continued, "Who told you that we're divorcing?"

"Considering Ms. Yard's condition, you'll definitely choose to file for a divorce with me and go back to her. After all, I'm but a replacement in your heart."

Her words cut deep in his heart. He felt heartbroken for this overthinking and thoughtful woman.

How did I overlook her good points previously?

"Silly woman! Stop imagining things." Oscar said helplessly.

Amelia held his neck with her arms firmly.

"Mr. Clinton, by giving me a bouquet of ninety-nine roses, are you implying that you'll love me till the day you die?" she asked, with her eyes full of hope.

Oscar patted her head and shifted the subject. "Stop letting your imagination run wild. No matter what's the outcome, I'll not mistreat you and the child."

A hint of disappointment flashed across Amelia's eyes. "Mr. Clinton, you still want to divorce me, right?"

Oscar did not say a word.

At that, Amelia's eyes reddened. When she tried to get out of his embrace, he hugged her tighter than before.

"Don't move. Let me hug you for a bit." Oscar ordered, then he sniffed her neck.

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Amelia obeyed him and stayed put. A myriad of emotions bombarded her.

He ran his fingers through her hair and queried, "Why are you so quiet?"

Amelia shook her head. She asked in a bitter tone, "Mr. Clinton, how long can these peaceful days be?"

"As long as you want them to be."

At his words, Amelia flashed a bitter smile. "Is that so?"

Oscar let out a chuckle and remarked, "Don't overthink things. You are pregnant now. Please be good."

Amelia snuggled in his arms.

Oscar's cellphone ringtone broke the silence in the room. Amelia lifted her head to look at him while he expressed his apology with his eyes. After that, he picked up the

call.

Elizabeth's voice came from the other end of the line. "Oscar, hurry up and come now. Cassie is emotionally unstable and began struggling the moment she is awake because you aren't around. Blood is flowing out of the IV needle."

Upon hearing that, Oscar's expression changed. "Mrs. Yard, I'll be there in a while. Please let Cassie answer the call."

Soon, Cassie's voice came from the other end. "Oz, didn't you promise to stay with me in the hospital?"

1. Oscar replied in a gentle tone. "Cassie, please be good. I went back to get some clean clothes. I'll be there in one hour. Your body is still weak. Don't make a fuss. Wait for

me."

Cassie answered, "Oz, hurry and come now. I'm scared when you're not around. I think I'm seeing something that looks like our unborn child covered in blood appearing in front of me."

Oscar comforted her patiently, "Good girl. I'll be there in no time. Listen to your parents. I'll show up within an hour."

"Okay. Oz, please come quickly. I'll wait for you."

After the call, Oscar looked at Amelia, but he did not expect her to avert his gaze.

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"Mr. Clinton, you are going to get some clean clothes, right? I'll get them for you."

Oscar clasped her and asked, "Are you angry?"

Amelia turned around and played a smile on her face. "Do you look like I'm angry to you?"

"Don't force yourself to smile if you don't feel like it. It's ugly." Oscar pinched her cheek as he spoke.

Amelia suppressed the bitterness in her heart and forced a smile. "Do I look like I'm forcing myself to smile? I'll go up to pack your clothes now."

Staring at her silhouette, Oscar had mixed emotions welled up in his heart.

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After a while, Amelia came down with a small black bag in her hand. She walked up to him and said, "Mr. Clinton, these are the usual clothes you usually wear. After changing, keep them in the bag and bring them back to wash. As for the working attire, I think it's better for you to come back to change."

Oscar put the bag on the ground and pulled her into his arms. "Cheer up. I'm just going to the hospital for a while. I'll be back home at night. After all, you will be here alone, carrying a child. I won't feel at ease."

Amelia raised a corner of her lips. She had the urge to ask him if he still treats this place as his home.

“Mr. Clinton, you should make your move now. If Ms. Yard creates havoc again, you’ll be the one to calm her down.”

Oscar planted a kiss on her forehead and said, “Don’t think too much. I’ll be home tonight. Take care of yourself and the baby in your belly.”

Amelia nodded. “Let’s go. I’ll see you off at the door.”

After seeing Oscar left the house and entered the elevator, Amelia’s eyes reddened. She leaned against the wall after closing the door feebly and slipped down to the ground slowly.

“Oscar, you are so cruel. How could you take back the little hope you gave me?” Amelia cupped her chest as she felt like there was a void in her heart.

“Oscar, do you know that I’m stuck in the love story that you orchestrated? Why are you so heartless toward me? While I’m helplessly falling in love with you, yet you are enjoying the fun of two-timing. How merciless are you!”

Amelia wrapped her legs with her arms and wept uncontrollably with her head buried in her arms.

Sometime later, she swore to herself. “Oscar, this will be the last time I shed tears for you. From now on, I don’t want to cry even a single drop of tear for you, because you are not worthy.”

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Having said that, she lifted her head and raised her hand to wipe the tears off her face. With that, her expression became exceedingly determined.

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“Oscar, now I finally know your decision. It seems like no matter how much I sacrifice for you, my position in your heart can never be compared with Cassie’s. One drop of tear from her and her occasional flirting is enough to win you over. Since that’s the case, I shall grant you your wish. Even if you want to divorce me, I’ll gladly sign the papers, as a repayment for your help back then.”

Following that, Amelia went upstairs, entered the bedroom, and plunged herself into the bed with her head buried under the pillow.

About five minutes later, she lifted the comforter and stroke her belly with soulless eyes. “Sweetheart, mommy lost this time. I’m utterly defeated. After putting myself into this false relationship willingly, your daddy pulled himself out

of the game, leaving me to be ripped to shreds. Will you laugh at me for being the biggest fool?"

Amelia lay on the bed and stared at the ceiling blankly. After a while, she fell asleep unwittingly.

Right after Amelia was in the land of nod, she dreamed of Oscar and Cassie hugging each other, whereas she was in a mist trying to catch up to them. Just as she took a step forward, the two would move forward as well. No matter how hard she tried, there would always be a gap between them and her.

All her efforts to close in on him were futile. She could not get in front of him. In the mist, she fell, lost herself, and cried. But Oscar, who was hugging Cassie, never once turned back to look at her.

"Oscar, don't leave me..." Amelia shouted in her dream, then jolted awake. She raised her hand to touch her forehead, which was covered with beads of sweat.

Her face was pale as a paper. After wiping off the sweat on her forehead, she took out her phone, thinking of calling Oscar. But she hesitated to press the call button. In the end, she contacted Tiffany.

On the other end of the line, Tiffany said, "Hey babe, why are you calling me in the afternoon? Was it because someone did not accompany you that you're feeling lonely now?"

Amelia spoke in a weak voice, "Tiff, are you busy?"

Tiffany started to panic. "Babe, what happened to you? Why does your voice sound so weak?"

"No more questions. If you're free, then come over. Bring your laptop along as well. I don't feel safe to be alone here."

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At that, Tiffany did not ask anything but said, "Please wait for a while. I'll be there in half an hour's time."

Amelia replied gratefully, "Thanks, Tiff! You're the only one who stays no matter what happens."

Tiffany froze for a while and chided, "Was it Oscar? What did that asshole do to piss you off this time?"

Amelia replied, "Tiff, come over quickly. I'll be waiting for you."

“Okay. I’ll be there.”

After Amelia ended the call, she lay on the bedside and stroke her belly that became slightly bigger with mixed emotions. Then she murmured, “Sweetheart, I just told myself not to shed a drop of tear for your daddy, but I failed. Mommy is just a coward. I may put up a brave front before others, but I’m just a timid person when I’m alone. Sweetheart, do you think that Mommy is a helpless coward?”

Amelia heaved a deep sigh as she hated her weak and sensitive self. Before she fell in love with Oscar, she would rush forward without a care in the world, but she could not revert to her courageous self anymore.

She would feel insecure about every trivial thing Oscar did, heartbroken when he showed concern for another woman. She hated this part of her.

Her feelings for him was deeper than she thought.

Half an hour passed in the blink of an eye. The doorbell rang as Tiffany pressed it, but no one opened the door for her, so she called Amelia. After the call was picked – up, she announced, “Babe, open the door for me.”

“Give me a few seconds. I’ll open it for you.”

After the door was opened, Tiffany scrutinized Amelia from head to toe, then she frowned. “Babe, why do you look so pale? Are you feeling okay?”

Amelia shook her head. “No. I just had a nightmare earlier.”

Her words raised Tiffany’s suspicion. “Why are you sleeping during daytime?”

“I’m feeling a little tired, so I took a quick nap.” Amelia walked toward the sofa and plonked herself on it. “Tiff, have you eaten? Do you want me to make you something? Molly went back to visit her grandchild, so she did not come to prepare the meal.”

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Tiffany shook her head. “Let me do it. You’re a pregnant woman. All you need to do is to enjoy the meal. Are there ingredients in the fridge?”

“Molly kept two days’ worth of ingredients in the fridge. Feel free to prepare whatever you like for us.”

Following that, Tiffany headed toward the refrigerator and opened it. There were all kinds of ingredients filling it up like vegetables, meat, eggs, pasta, and even various fruits of the season.

Tiffany turned to Amelia and asked, "Babe, let's have pasta. What do you say?"

"Okay."

After taking out the pasta, meat, and vegetables, Tiffany cut the meat into small pieces, washed the vegetables, and turned on the induction cooker. A while later, a pan of fragrant and flavorful pasta was prepared.

Next, she served a plate of pasta before Amelia and noted, "Babe, enjoy your meal. See if it suits your palate."

Amelia flashed her a smile and lowered her head to dig in her food. In no time, the steaming hot pasta went down her throat and warmed her stomach. As a result, she felt a little better than before.

Tiffany heaved a long sigh as she stared at Amelia, who was eating the pasta quietly. She noticed the changes in the latter, who became unusually silent. The second mentioned would look sad occasionally, and the only person capable of causing it would be Oscar.

Oscar, you asshole! Scumbag! If you don't love Amelia, then don't mess with her in the first place.

Tiffany hated Oscar a lot. She believed that if he were less handsome or less capable, Amelia would not fall for him.

Tiffany sighed inwardly and thought that fate was cruel.

After the meal, Tiffany cleared the dishes and put them in the sink. In a flash, she washed them clean and took the fruits out of the fridge. She arranged them nicely on a plate after cutting them into pieces. Then she took them to the living room.

"Babe, have some fruits."

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Tiffany shook her head. "Let me do it. You're a pregnant woman. All you need to do is to enjoy the meal. Are there ingredients in the fridge?"

"Molly kept two days' worth of ingredients in the fridge. Feel free to prepare whatever you like for us."

Following that, Tiffany headed toward the refrigerator and opened it. There were all kinds of ingredients filling it up like vegetables, meat, eggs, pasta, and even various fruits of the season.

Tiffany turned to Amelia and asked, "Babe, let's have pasta. What do you say?"

"Okay."

After taking out the pasta, meat, and vegetables, Tiffany cut the meat into small pieces, washed the vegetables, and turned on the induction cooker. A while later, a pan of fragrant and flavorful pasta was prepared.

Next, she served a plate of pasta before Amelia and noted, "Babe, enjoy your meal. See if it suits your palate."

Amelia flashed her a smile and lowered her head to dig in her food. In no time, the steaming hot pasta went down her throat and warmed her stomach. As a result, she felt a little better than before.

Tiffany heaved a long sigh as she stared at Amelia, who was eating the pasta quietly. She noticed the changes in the latter, who became unusually silent. The second mentioned would look sad occasionally, and the only person capable of causing it would be Oscar.

Oscar, you asshole! Scumbag! If you don't love Amelia, then don't mess with her in the first place.

Tiffany hated Oscar a lot. She believed that if he were less handsome or less capable, Amelia would not fall for him.

Tiffany sighed inwardly and thought that fate was cruel.

After the meal, Tiffany cleared the dishes and put them in the sink. In a flash, she washed them clean and took the fruits out of the fridge. She arranged them nicely on a plate after cutting them into pieces. Then she took them to the living room.

"Babe, have some fruits."

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At that, Amelia stood up from the dining table, walked toward the sofa, and sat down. She used a fork to take a piece of apple. But before it reached her mouth, Tiffany questioned, "Alright, we've done with the meal. Isn't it about time for you to come clean? Talk. What happened to you and Oscar, the asshole this time?"

Amelia blinked her eyes, trying to act innocent. "What do you mean?"

"C'mon babe. I've known you for years now. I can tell whatever that you're thinking. You'd better be honest with me and tell me the truth." Tiffany remarked.

Amelia could not hold back her laughter and responded, "Cassie had a miscarriage."

Tiffany was dumbfounded for a moment as she thought she heard things. "Babe, come again?"

"Cassie miscarried," Amelia reiterated.

Tiffany was stupefied for a bit and exclaimed, "Isn't this good news? Serve her right! Even God couldn't bear to watch her destroy people's marriage." She noticed Amelia's gloomy expression after she spoke. Knowing what the latter was thinking, she asked, "Babe, don't tell me that you're feeling upset because he went to take care of that woman?"

Amelia shook her head.

A moment later, she lamented, "Cassie had a miscarriage. Because of that, Oscar might divorce me."

"WHAT?" Tiffany was utterly bewildered. Even a novel doesn't have a plot twist like this. Usually, a mistress would purposely cause a miscarriage to frame the wife and create a misunderstanding between the married couple. Wait a minute. Could it be that this whole thing is Cassie's scheme?

Tiffany was burned with anger. "Babe, is Cassie putting on a miscarriage show to push the blame onto you?"

Amelia stared at her with a perplexed look and answered helplessly, "Tiff, you got the wrong idea."

She then explained the unfolding of the event to Tiffany briefly.

Upon hearing that, Tiffany was elated. "It seems like she's unfavored, huh. Even God doesn't side her. Despite being a novel author, I can't write a story like this. I'm skeptical toward the credibility of her miscarriage. Did she do it on purpose?"

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A hint of confusion flashed across Amelia's eyes. "I don't think so. After all, the baby in her belly was a life. It'd be unthinkable that she would cause harm to her own body just to put on a show."

Tiffany glanced at Amelia with the corners of her eyes. "Babe, don't be so naive. Not every woman is as kindhearted as you, who loves children and prioritizes family. Do you think someone like her, who would brazenly become a mistress, will have proper morality and values? What are the odds of her not putting on a miscarriage show when she doesn't even have integrity? Just as you said. Now that she lost her child, Oscar went to look after her and stay with her."

Amelia was rendered speechless.

Tiffany leaned against the sofa with a grim expression. "Babe, that sly fox is a schemer. You are a kind soul and you can never hope to defeat her in her game. What kind of terrible things is she not capable of doing when she could even murder her own child?"

Leaning against the couch, Amelia advised, "Tiff, I know that you hated her guts. But without evidence, it isn't nice to badmouth others."

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At that point, Tiffany was really tinged with disappointment. "Babe, can you please toughen up? Marriage has to be managed, and you can't do that if you give yourself up to vice. Are you trying to piss me off? If you love Oscar, then you should get him back. It doesn't make sense that you tolerate him so generously when you're with him, and then when you're alone you can't stop wallowing in self-pity. If you have what it takes, you can win him over; if you haven't, then get ready to say goodbye. Merry meet, merry part. You have me, and I'll take care of your baby too. You know I won't let him starve."

Amelia covered her face in her hands. What felt like a minute later, she began to release her sadness that had been repressed for so long. The weeping gradually amplified and turned into wailing, as though she wanted to vent all the grievances she had suffered all these years in one go.

Tiffany's heart instantly softened. Carefully, she held the woman in her arms and gently patting her on the back. She whispered to Amelia, "Shh... it's okay, don't cry. You're with child now. If you get too emotional, it's not good for fetal development. Didn't the doctor say that? Your body can't really accommodate an emotional roller coaster at the moment, so... for the sake of your baby, don't cry, alright? You should know that Oscar isn't your best match from the minute you marry him. The two of you are destined to live in two different worlds. It's perfectly fine for you two to go your separate ways right now. Babe, come on. Don't cry."

Amelia continued to whimper in Tiffany's arms. That went on for some time, then she started to choke in between sobs. "Tiff, do you think I'm a special kind of coward? I admit I am, but even so, it still hurts. I feel this tightness in my chest, like it's been ripped into shreds many times over."

She hiccupped once and then continued sobbing. "I know things won't work out with Oscar, but I'm such a fool. I can't help falling in love with him, and I've fallen in too deep. I often ask myself, where did I go wrong? Why can't he love me for who I am? Everyone says that I'm Cinderella, that I'm nothing more but a gold digger, but I've been working so hard in order to be recognized as the

Clintons' daughter-in-law. I studied etiquette. I took up piano, chess, and art lessons. I even went through the hassle of learning how to read sheet music. But everyone ignored my efforts. Even the Clintons said I'm not a good match for Oscar. Why do they say that? Where did I go wrong? Why is everyone excluding me? Tiff, let me tell you something. It's tough being the Clintons' daughter-in-law. No matter how hard I tried, everyone thinks all of the above are kinds of stuff that I ought to do, and that if I'm not smart enough to handle all that, I don't deserve to be their daughter-in-law!"

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Tiffany empathized with her sorrow. She felt sorry for everything that the silly woman had been through, and yet still failed to gain recognition.

"Silly girl. You're great just the way you are. You don't have to change that just to cater to others."

Amelia shook her head vigorously and, when she spoke again, her voice sounded even more bitter.

"Tiff, the Clintons mean a lot to me. It's impossible for me to cling onto them just for their wealth. Mrs. Clinton feels so much like my mother to me. Among the Clintons, apart from Oscar, she's the one whom I can't bear to leave the most. I finally have a home, Tiff, but why does happiness never stay long enough for me to enjoy it?"

Tiffany shoved Amelia a little further apart. "Hey, look into my eyes."

Amelia did as she was told.

"Amelia, you're doing great. In fact, you're the best. You're kind. You respect your

elders. You're sensible, beautiful, gentle, and considerate... Frankly, you have all the fantastic qualities that men look for in women."

Amelia smiled faintly and responded, "Tiff, I'm grateful to you. Truly, I am. No matter what happens to me, you're always standing firmly on my side. How nice it'd be if you were a man! The two of us would make a wonderful couple, and I won't have to work so hard."

Tiffany snorted, amused by her remark.

"Babe, keep your imagination to yourself."

Amelia leaned into her arms again. She felt good after venting her frustrations.

"Do you feel better?" Tiffany asked.

Amelia nodded.

“Tiff, this is going to sound really dramatic, but I just want to thank you. Thank you for tolerating me all this time. Thank you for being by my side during my downtimes.”

Tiffany pretended to shudder after listening to her cheesy speech. “Babe, you have got to stop that. I think I’m about to forfeit last night’s dinner.

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Amelia chuckled.

Certain that Amelia was in a better mood now, Tiffany turned to her friend, ready to part a stern advice. “Babe, if you really do love Oscar, you have to win him back. I don’t believe that he’s a heartless man. You’ve remained sincere and faithful towards him for five years. How can a few short months with that woman compare with that? Even if they had dated before, you’re the one who’s stuck by him in the past few years, the one who cared about his wellbeing, and the one who satisfied his biological urges. Don’t look at me like that. I’m just telling you the bare facts. Now, you’ll go to the hospital and take care of Cassie on his behalf. Let him see how capricious that woman really is!”

Amelia hesitated. “Is that really okay?”

“What’s wrong about that?”

Putting on a stern face, Tiffany added, “You’re his wife. A wife wouldn’t volunteer to take care of her husband’s mistress. You’re the only one who would do it. If he has any sense at all, he should be grateful for your thoughtfulness. Listen to me. Go to the hospital to watch over Cassie. I’ll help you do that too. She likes to pretend she’s vulnerable, doesn’t she? Well, let’s show Oscar how unreasonable she really is.”

Amelia remained hesitant about the plan.

“Babe, you have to be brave, unless you want your baby to be born fatherless. Think about it. When your child grows up and attends preschool, elementary school, junior high, all the way to high school... and throughout all these years it’s always you, the mother, who goes to pick him up. It’s always you who attends the parent–teacher meetings. When the classmates ask about his father, do you want him to say that he doesn’t have one? That he grows up in a single–parent household? Even if you’re able – to provide him with a lavish life, you can’t make up for the absence of a father figure.”

Tiffany’s statement seemed to strike a chord with the mother–to–be. Eventually, Amelia gave a firm nod.

"That's the spirit, babe! Dare to pursue the one you love! Even if we fail in the end, at least we have tried our best," Tiffany encouraged her.

In the end, Amelia, egged on by Tiffany, decided to get a change of clothes and head out. Tiffany offered to be her driver. Along the way, they passed by the florist and the fruit store, where they purchased some flowers and a heap of fruits respectively. After that, they headed straight to the Principal General Hospital.

When they got there, they asked the front desk for directions to Cassie's ward. Then,

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they took the elevator up to the designated floor. They knocked on the door politely and could hear Elizabeth's voice coming from inside the room. "Who is it?"

Neither Amelia nor Tiffany answered.

Shortly after, the door opened from the inside.

Elizabeth was apparently taken aback when she saw Amelia at the door. "What do you want?" she muttered.

Amelia put on a decent smile as she greeted the older woman, "Oscar told me that Ms. Yard had an accident, so I'm here to pay her a visit."

Elizabeth was evidently repulsed by her statement. "Cassie's doing fine. Spare me your crocodile tears, and leave!"

Tiffany sneered, and when she spoke there was a hint of mockery, "Mrs. Yard, is this how you treat your guests? If so, I'd surely question the Yard family's definition of manners and courtesy. Hmm, turning away guests at your door... I guess that's just what wealthy families do." I

Elizabeth froze when she heard that. Eventually, she relented and invited them into the ward. "Fine. Come in."

"Mom, who is it?" Cassie's voice rang from further inside the room. She sounded lively and energetic.

Mrs. Yard cast a glance at them before strolling into the room without a word.

When Cassie saw Amelia and Tiffany walking behind her mother, she froze for a moment. A shadow slipped across her face. "Why are you here?" she blurted.

Tiffany placed the fruits and flowers on the table before she turned to reply the patient, "We heard that you've been admitted to the hospital due to some kind of accident, so we wanted to pay you a visit. What's wrong, Ms. Yard? Are we not welcomed?"

Cassie merely looked towards Elizabeth. "Mom, why did you let them in here?"

Tiffany chortled again. She gave up playing the part of a courteous guest. "Now that Oscar's not here, has Ms. Yard decided to show her b*tchy side so quickly?"

Lying on the hospital bed, Cassie retorted. "I've always been like this towards people I don't like. If there's nothing you need then you might as well leave. You're not

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welcomed here!"

Tiffany led Amelia to a seat. "What's the rush? Amelia hasn't even met her husband. How can she leave now?" Tiffany quipped.

Then she intentionally brought up her friend's pregnancy, if only to spite Cassie. "Amelia misses Oscar, you see. The baby also wants to meet his daddy too. Oh, right, I almost forgot. You're pregnant too, aren't you, Ms. Yard? I wonder, how far along are you?"

Cassie's whole body started shaking at the mention of that. Her face turned much paler, while her mouth trembled violently. Elizabeth urgently brought her into her arms. The mother glared fiercely at Tiffany. "You did this on purpose! You knew Cassie's just had a miscarriage and yet you brought it up anyway! You're deliberately sprinkling salt on her wounds. How heartless can you be? Get out of here this instant, or I'll personally take you out with a broom!"

Tiffany faked a look of surprise. "Oh dear, Tiffany's had a miscarriage? I thought she's hospitalized because she slipped on the glass. How did that become 'miscarriage' all of a sudden? Oh my gosh, I'm so sorry. I really didn't know."

Whenever the word 'miscarriage' was mentioned, it was like sprinkling salt on Cassie's open wound.

Elizabeth was fuming. She pointed at the door and shouted at the women. "You two! Leave at once!"

Cassie briefly let go of her mother's arms. She stared daggers at Amelia as though her eyes had been soaked in poison. "Amelia, you're so smug now, aren't you? It's all your fault I lost my baby. If you hadn't invited me to Starbucks to talk over things, I – wouldn't have fallen down from the stairs! You're such a jinx! Now,

not only have you 'lost me my child, but you're allowing your friend to humiliate me too! Why are you

so evil? Aren't you afraid that karma will come for your baby?"

Amelia, though riled up, only smiled in return. She had seen her share of blatant liars, but she had never seen someone lie through their teeth so outrageously. Did Cassie just say that I'm the one who asked her to come to Starbucks? But she's the one who invited me!

Tiffany scoffed at the woman on the bed. "Ms. Yard, you've got it all wrong. Did you forget? You were the one who asked Amelia to meet you at Starbucks. The heavens decided that they've had enough of you, the arrogant home wrecker, and thus arranged for you to fall down the stairs. You lost your baby because of your carelessness. What does that have to do with Amelia over here? Geez, you ought to

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find a better excuse before you pin the blame on someone else."

That did it. Cassie's face grew even paler as she got purple with rage. The wound from her previous surgery began to throb and ache, and she eventually fainted from the pain.

Elizabeth's agonizing shriek echoed in the chamber.

Cassie was quickly taken into the operating room again. While that was happening, Elizabeth cast a murderous glare towards Amelia and Tiffany. She swore, "If anything happens to my daughter, I will never let you off!"

Tiffany did not expect Cassie would faint either. She seemed to have gotten under her skin a bit too much, causing Cassie to faint. Amelia hoped that her friend had not just brought upon ill fate in spite of her good intentions.

Tiffany glanced apologetically at Amelia. She whispered, "Babe, I'm so sorry. I think I might have overdone it."

Amelia grew uneasy too.

Right then, Oscar appeared. He was walking at a brisk pace towards their location from the other end of the corridor. When he saw Amelia there, he froze in his steps, if briefly, before he approached.

"Amelia, why are you here?" Oscar asked, out of concern.

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When Elizabeth noticed that Oscar's attention was all on Amelia, she flared up in anger and vented out her frustrations as though she had just found an opening.

"Oscar, your woman infuriated Cassie so much that she's taken into the operating room again! Cassie lost her baby because of her, and yet she's so persistent in bringing misfortune that she deliberately shows up here again to spite Cassie. Your woman is vile and vicious! She's just jealous of other people's good life. If anything untoward befalls Cassie, I will never forgive you!"

Oscar peered at Amelia and then judged the situation calmly. "Mrs. Yard, there must be some sort of misunderstanding here. Amelia's not like that."

It would have been better if he had not said anything, because once he spoke, Elizabeth exploded in rage. "Oscar, do you still have a conscience? Cassie had been pregnant with your child, but now she had lost it because of your wife! And yet Amelia hasn't had enough. She came here to spite Cassie even more. Now Cassie's in the operating room once again! I hope you all are satisfied!"

Oscar's frown deepened.

"Mrs. Yard, you have to chill. Shouting and screaming aren't going to help. Just be quiet and wait for the doctor."

Elizabeth looked at Oscar with mixed emotions in her eyes. Out of the blue, she turned around and lunged at Amelia, like a hungry tigress targeting its prey.

"Amelia, you caused Cassie's miscarriage. I want you to experience that too!"

Elizabeth sprang into action too quickly. Amelia could not react in time. Tiffany only managed to call out her name. "Amelia!"

Oscar instantly recovered from his daze. He leaped to the front and shielded : Amelia in his arms, like a leopard protecting its cub, successfully blocking Elizabeth's attack.

However, the older woman was relentless. After failing once, she got ready to try again, but this time when she was about to pounce, Tiffany quickly grabbed onto her from behind and the two broke into a fight. The younger woman might be a wordsmith who spent her days typing at home, but she was unexpectedly strong for her size. She landed one hit after another until Elizabeth could not take it anymore. The older woman crouched on the floor, brawling in pain.

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"You witch! You wanted to attack Amelia, didn't you? You wanted to kill her unborn child! Well, I'll teach you a lesson! How do you like this? Just because we don't fight back, do you think we're weak? Today, I'll show you exactly what I'm made of! Argh!"

Medical staff who were alerted by the ruckus rushed over to their location, only to be stunned by Tiffany's act of fury. It took some effort, but the security guards eventually managed to separate the two angry women.

As a result of the fight, Tiffany's hair was ruffled, her clothes disheveled, and she was panting heavily. On the other hand, Elizabeth's was a greater mess. Her hair was tugged loose, she received a few bruises on her face, and had her top ripped at the shoulders.

Gasping for breath, feelings of humiliation, contempt, and disgraced all rushed at her at once, fanning the flames of hatred towards Amelia and Tiffany.

She was a woman of high social standing, pampered since childhood, never having endured even a bit of suffering in her life. She had never been treated this way.

"The police! I'll call the police! If I don't get this b*tch arrested by today, I'll eat my shoe!" With that said, Elizabeth searched for her phone, but it must have dropped somewhere during the fight. She could not find it. "Where's my phone? Give me my phone!" she bellowed in frustration.

No one came to her rescue, not even the medical staff. The two guards holding her down said to her, "Madam, you need to calm down. This is a hospital. You can't go around shouting like this."

Elizabeth only glared deviously at them. "What, now even a mere guard thinks he can give me attitude?"

To the rest of the medical staff, Oscar said, "You can go back to work."

All the medical workers here recognized Oscar, so they were quite receptive to his request.

After everyone else had left, Oscar spoke to Elizabeth as calmly as he could. "Mrs. Yard, I think you should go to the bathroom and get yourself cleaned up. I'll send for some clean clothes."

Elizabeth said angrily, "Oscar, don't think you can get rid of me that easily. If you don't compensate me today, I will never let these two women off."

Oscar felt a headache coming.

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"Mrs. Yard, whatever you want to say, you can do that after you get cleaned up. This is a hospital, with people constantly on the go. I know you don't want to be regarded as a lunatic."

Elizabeth shot him a glance, but in the end, she relented and went to the bathroom. When she got out, Oscar already had a new set of clothes in hand. He passed them to Elizabeth. "Here, change into these."

Elizabeth took them and went into Cassie's ward. She made her exit a moment later, donned in a clean dress.

Crossing her arms, she glared at Tiffany before she went all aggressive again. "Oscar, as you already know, she hit me. What are you going to do about that?"

Before Oscar could say anything, Tiffany came forward and scoffed at the older woman, "Look here, old hag! Don't forget you attacked Amelia first. If you were friendlier to her, do you think I need to hit you?"

Old hag?

Elizabeth's face darkened completely. Her face was her most valuable asset. She spent a fortune every year just to maintain her looks. She might be in her fifties but she would boldly proclaim that she looked to be in her early forties, with her feminine charms still intact. This wretched girl has the gall to call me 'old hag'! Oh, I'll have my revenge!

Elizabeth turned to Oscar. "See, Oscar! She's smearing my name! Do you intend to call the police, or shall I do it myself?"

Oscar glanced at Tiffany as he attempted to settle things in an orderly manner. "Mrs. Yard, Cassie's still in the operating room. Let's wait for her to wake up before we do anything hasty. Besides, it's true that you had intended to harm Amelia and her unborn child. As generous as I try to be, I can't just stand by while my child is in danger, and not do anything about it."

Elizabeth could clearly tell that Oscar was expressing his own dissatisfaction.

"Oscar, are you accusing me?"

"Mrs. Yard, you are my elder. It stands to reason that I should show you respect, but I don't need you to tell my wife and child what they should or should not do." Oscar said, warning her in between the lines.

Elizabeth did not expect that her attempt to blow off some steam would be foiled by

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the likes of Oscar. It had not served to slake her hatred.

Gritting her teeth, she yelled, "That's enough, Oscar! My daughter's a victim of your wife's misdeeds. She had a miscarriage, and now she's in the operating room again. Even your wife's friend had the nerve to fight me! So these are the kind of women you know. I wonder where they picked up such impeccable manners. Perhaps their parents are just as useless."

Tiffany instinctively glanced at Amelia before she rudely fired back at Elizabeth, "You listen here, old hag! From the way I see it, your parents probably taught you nothing! They say that the women of high society are the most reasonable bunch, but you're surely something else. You're crude, disrespectful, vulgar, and contemptuous, much worse than most of the worldly women I've met. Even the greengrocers in the market are much more approachable compared to you. They would even give out an extra scallion or two when they're in a good mood. But you? I'll have to thank the stars if you don't throw your slippers at me."

Elizabeth's face turned ghastly. "You..."

Cel.

Amelia tugged at Tiffany's shirt. She whispered in her ear, "Tiff, keep your voice down."

Tiffany twitched her lips but held back nevertheless.

Oscar glanced at Amelia and said, "Amelia, why don't you and Tiffany head back first. I'll go home after Cassie comes out of the operating room."

Amelia shook her head in disagreement. "No, I'll stay with you. It's because of me that Ms. Yard's in there. I ought to wait for her here."

-- Elizabeth snorted. "Amelia, what a pretentious woman you are. I really wonder, will a

woman like you give birth to a child who's just as despicable and cunning as you are?"

In the face of provocation, Amelia remained steady, but it was Tiffany who shouted back, "Look here, you old hag! Wipe your mouth before you speak, will you? Every word you say reek of bad eggs!"

Elizabeth snorted. Calmly, she then turned to Tiffany and asked, "You're Tiffany Winters, right?"

Feigning surprise, Tiffany exclaimed, "So the old hag does know my name! What an honor!"

"Any self-respecting lady won't simply give their elders nicknames," Mrs. Yard

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scoffed. In other words, she was indirectly calling Tiffany an uncultured woman.

"Oh, I'm flattered. You see, what I say and how I say it depends on who or what I'm talking to. Mrs. Yard, your ruggedness tells me you're basically a tigress, so I got ahead of myself and picked out a suitable nickname for you. Why, don't you like it?"

Elizabeth's mood shifted tremendously, like she could erupt in anger the next second, but she quickly held it in.

"Ms. Winters, you have remarkable eloquence, and a very sharp tongue. It's just that most men don't like women who are too aggressive, since those women tend to give off the impression that they lack manners. I've been there, and I'd remind you to take heed of my advice, otherwise you'll end up a miserable spinster."

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"Don't you worry about that. Whether I'm single or in a relationship... is frankly none of your business," Tiffany countered.

"Of course, of course." Elizabeth put up a forced smile. "I heard that you're a best selling author of romance novels, is that true?"

"Oh, I won't call myself that. As far as writing is concerned, I'm just a third-rate novelist. I just happen to have a few popular books, that's all." Tiffany said, claiming modesty, but her expression definitely reflected the opposite.

Elizabeth pursed her lips. She had never met such a prideful woman.

"Ms. Winters, surely you've heard of the Yard family?"

"Pardon, Mrs. Yard. I'm but a lowly homebody who writes for a living. I don't think I know much of anything besides literature, let alone your family. In fact, I probably don't know much about my neighbors either." Tiffany did not hesitate to spew more shocking statements.

Mrs. Yard smirked and said, "Ms. Winters, you have a sharp tongue indeed. But, mark my words, your argumentative nature will lead you to misfortune someday. I do hope you think twice before taking any sort of action."

“Thanks for the reminder, Mrs. Yard, but I haven’t lived to your age yet. With the money I earn, I don’t need to support anyone else besides myself. Basically, I just need to keep myself fed. Maybe that’s why I have little to fear and not afraid of a challenge, if you don’t mind me saying, Mrs. Yard.”

Elizabeth pressed her lips even more tightly

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Whoever said that wordsmiths were nerdy had got it all wrong. Elizabeth realized she had made a formidable foe that day.

A few years ago, she would have regarded Tiffany as a naïve, young girl. She did not expect that, years later, she herself would come a cropper because of that same girl.

Before Elizabeth could say anything, the lights of the operating room went out. The door flung open and Cassie’s attending doctor walked out, together with several doctors and three nurses.

“Dr. Kane, how’s my daughter?” Elizabeth hurriedly approached the medical team and asked.

He said, “Mrs. Yard, your daughter’s fine, but her body’s weak at the moment and can’t take too many surprises. As her family, you should provide her with a relaxed environment to recuperate. Treatment after miscarriage is just as important as postpartum care. If her mood fluctuates too much, her condition will linger.”

“Yes, yes. That was negligence on my part. I’ll be extra careful in the future.” Elizabeth nodded hurriedly.

The nurses took Cassie back to the ward. They put her on IV drip, and instructed Elizabeth, “Madam, if the needle bleeds, ring the bell. Ms. Yard’s blood vessels are thinner, so the drip would take much longer.”

Elizabeth nodded.

The nurse left after giving the instructions.

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“Why haven’t you left?” Elizabeth glanced at Tiffany and Amelia impatiently.

"Ms. Yard fainted because of me. Hence, I would like to apologize when she awakes before I leave." Tiffany replied.

Elizabeth turned to Oscar and said angrily, "Oscar, please take them away right now. I'll take good care of Cassie here. I wouldn't want her to be upset when she wakes up to their sight. I only have one daughter and she means the world to me."

Oscar glanced at Cassie before responding, "Alright, I'll send them home then, Mrs. Yard. Please call me when she's awake."

Elizabeth nodded.

Then, Oscar walked out of the room. Tiffany and Amelia looked at each other and decided to follow him.

Oscar leaned on the wall outside of the ward as he eyed Amelia who had just left the ward. Amelia's heart skipped a beat as she quickly apologized, "I'm sorry, Mr. Clinton. I messed thing up."

Tiffany stood in front of her and said, "Mr. Clinton, it was me who urged her to visit the hospital. Besides, it was my fault that Cassie passed out. So, I'm willing to take full responsibility for whatever that's happened today. It had nothing to do with Amelia."

Oscar glanced at her meaningfully before saying, "Let's go downstairs."

Both Tiffany and Amelia were taken back by his calm response as they followed him.

"Mr. Clinton, so you've forgiven us?" Tiffany asked out of curiosity.

Oscar continued walking as he said coldly.

"Listen, Tiffany. I've given you many chances for Amelia's sake. However, I'm running out of patience. Hence, don't you ever test me again, or else you'll have to bear a price that you can't pay."

Tiffany shuddered at his words as Amelia grabbed her hand, indicating that she should stop talking

Hence, Tiffany swallowed her words.

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"Mr. Clinton, I'm really sorry for what happened today. I promise it won't happen again."

Oscar stopped in his tracks and turned to face Amelia. "We can talk about this when we get home."

Once they reached the bottom floor, Oscar immediately got into the car. Amelia and Tiffany smiled bitterly at each other before getting into the car.

Oscar leaned over to open the door of the passenger's seat and said, "You should sit here."

Amelia nodded and did as she was told.

Oscar was silent during the entire car ride home. Hence, Tiffany and Amelia also dared not say anything under such a tense atmosphere.

Oscar's car arrived at the entrance of Tiffany's neighborhood. "Mr. Clinton, I'm very sorry for what happened today. I was responsible for Ms. Yard's fainting. I couldn't bear to see Ms. Yard making such accusations against Amelia. Hence, my emotions got the best of me and I said some words out of anger. I'm also willing to take the blame. Please leave Amelia out of this as she had nothing to do with this. She's still pregnant so I hope you'd be gentle with your words." Tiffany explained before she got out of the car.

"Ms. Winters, as the proverbs go, "not even good officials can settle family matters". Thus, you should mind your own business. Besides, you're someone who doesn't walk the talk. Although I do admire your heart to fight for injustice, it does become annoying if you cross the line. Hence, it's better if you stay out of things." Oscar replied coldly.

Tiffany's expression hardened at his words. Amelia looked at her apologetically and said, "My apologies, Mr. Clinton. She's merely looking out for me. She's acting like so because she cares for me. If you have any problem with this, please talk to me about it."

Oscar glanced at her tensely, "Amelia, we'll talk about this later."

Tiffany could not help herself but continued, "Mr. Clinton, I know how important your lover was to you. However, don't forget that Amelia's your wife. You should be considerate of her feelings too. You should know that there's no second chance once you've broken a woman's heart."

Oscar eyed her coldly and said, "Get off my car."

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Tiffany had no choice but to compromise when Amelia looked at her with pleading eyes. "Amelia, do call me if anything acts up. Don't take it all in by yourself, okay?" She said before she got off the car.

Amelia nodded as Tiffany got off the car.

Oscar reversed the car and sped away. Amelia eyed him on their way home before saying, "Mr. Clinton, I'm very sorry for what happened today."

Oscar tapped the steering wheel and asked, "Amelia, did you have anything to do with Cassie's miscarriage?"

Amelia looked at him in astonishment as a sense of hurt flashed in her eyes. She suppressed her emotions and asked, "So you believed I was responsible for her miscarriage too, Mr. Clinton?"

"Cassie said you asked to meet her at Starbucks and said terrible things to her on the phone. Hence, she lost focus and fell off the stairs. Was this all true?" Oscar asked again.

Amelia's heart throbbed in pain and responded, "Do believe this, Mr. Clinton?"

Oscar glanced at her and said firmly, "I'll believe whatever you say." In other words, it meant that he did not intend to take others' words into account. He only wanted to hear her side of the story.

Amelia's aching heart was strangely cured.

"Believe it or not, Mr. Clinton, but it was Ms. Yard who called me that day. You can take a look at my call history. As for our conversation, I believe you can easily find – out. It was her who asked to meet me at Starbucks. I have no idea why she twisted the

truth, but I'll not allow myself to be accused of something that I've not done."

Oscar nodded and replied, "Alright, I believe you."

Amelia felt a hint of warmth in her heart and the bitterness she had felt was strangely

gone.

"*Then, why'd you go to the hospital?"

Amelia pondered before saying, "I figured you'd be too busy as you had to juggle between work and taking care of her. Hence, I wanted to ease your burden. But, I didn't expect Ms. Yard to take it the wrong way. She became very emotional when I entered the room and claimed that I was there to taunt her. I really had no such

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intention, Mr. Clinton. I only wanted to help you out.”

Oscar nodded once again.

Amelia felt uneasy when she noticed he was silent. “Mr. Clinton, are you upset with me?”

“I believed that you wouldn’t do things that’d cross the line.” He went silent again.

Amelia opened her mouth to say something but stopped herself. The entire car ride was silent as the couple did not exchange conversations any further.

The car quickly drove into their neighborhood. Once Oscar had parked the car, he went over to Amelia’s side to open the door for her like a gentleman.

Amelia got off the car and thanked him.

Oscar closed the car door and said, “Let’s go!”

He turned as soon as he said so and Amelia followed behind him.

Amelia frowned as she could not make out whether if Oscar was upset. He doesn’t seem mad because he was still very gentleman-like towards me. However, he showed no expression on his face so I really can’t tell if he’s angry or not.

“Mr. Clinton, are you mad?” Amelia asked after a while.

Oscar stopped his in tracks but said nothing.

Amelia felt rather frustrated when he gave her no response.

“The couple took the elevator upstairs and opened the door to their apartment. Once they entered the apartment, Oscar closed the door and trapped her against the wall.

Oscar studied Amelia and asked, “Why did you go to the hospital? I thought I told you I’d take care of Cassie’s incident?”

Amelia looked back at him and swallowed, “You still don’t believe me, do you, Mr. Clinton?”

Oscar caressed her hair and said in a low voice, “Amelia, you’re a smart woman. You wouldn’t do something like this to upset me at this timing. Hence, why’d you still go to the hospital?”

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Amelia continued staring into his eyes and suddenly smiled, "I told you in the car i was only there to visit Ms. Yard There's nothing else I can do if you don't believe ine, Mr. Clinton"

"I do, Oscar said finnly. "I just don't trust Tillany."

Amelia was bewildered by his words,

"What does this have to with her

"She persuaded you to go to the hospital, am I right?"

Amelia's heart skipped a beat

"No. She called to ask me out for dinner and I told her you were taking care of Ms. Yard at the hospital. Although she was mad, she encouraged me to let it go. It was my idea to visit the hospital as I was worried about you, and she happened to tag along."

"You're very protective of her," Oscar responded without breaking eye contact.

Amelia shook her head, "No, it's nothing like that. Besides, she has nothing to do with this. She just cares very much about me."

"If she wasn't a woman, I would have assumed something was going on between you two," Oscar said tentatively,

Amelia didn't understand at first, but her eyes were filled with surprise when she understood what he meant

She could not believe her cars as she replied, "Mr. Clinton, are you implying that

Tiffany and I are...Gosh, where did you come up with such weird ideas."

"Hmm. then why's she always standing up for you?" He leaned closer as his warm breath tickled her ear.

Amelia panicked as she was taken back by his actions.

"Mr. Clinton, I know you're pretty dirty-minded, but please don't make such assumptions of others." Amelia was a little angry. "Tiffany and I are friends who can support and rely on each other in this foreign city. Never was a moment where we had any romance involved. I don't know why'd you think of us that way, but I hope you can respect me I am still your wife."

"Are you mad?"

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"Would you be mad if you were assumed as gay?" Amelia questioned.

"No. That's because those who dared say so would have never existed or faced terrible consequences by yours truly," Oscar said confidently.

Amelia was speechless.

Oscar pulled her close to him and said, "Amelia, I won't divorce you before our baby was born as long as you be a good girl."

A hint of bitterness flashed in her eyes.

"Mr. Clinton, do we have to divorce?"

Oscar did not answer her question.

Amelia's eyes turned red as she clung to his neck. "Mr. Clinton, can we not divorce?" she asked while suppressing the sadness in her heart.

Oscar's heart throbbed as he replied, "Dummy!"

Amelia started crying as her tears dripped on his suit. Before he could say anything, his phone in his trousers rang. He took it out and noticed it was Cassie's number.

Amelia's face stiffened when she saw the phone display.

Oscar eyed her before picking up the call. "Hello?"

"Where are you, Oz?" Cassie asked weakly.

Oscar cleared his throat and replied, "I went home. When did you wake up?"

"Oz, could you come quickly? I missed you. I'm scared when you're not around." Cassie said in a coquettish manner.

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Oscar frowned but said patiently, "I'll take a shower and head to the hospital. Be a good girl for me and eat your meals, okay? And don't cause any trouble for Mrs. Yard."

"No, Oz. I wanted to eat with you. I won't eat, if you don't come," Cassie said stubbornly.

"Come on, I'll be there in an hour."

She hesitated before answering, "Okay, Oz. Be quick, okay? I'll be waiting."

Oscar hummed in response before hanging up.

Amelia's glance dimmed before she calmed down. "You should go, Mr. Clinton. Don't make Ms. Yard wait. Otherwise, you'd be in big trouble if that beauty cries."

Oscar looked deeply into her eyes and said with a smile, "Are you jealous?"

Amelia flashed him a smile and answered, "Mr. Clinton, your heart belongs to another woman. Hence, why would you care if I'm jealous or not?"

Oscar lowered his gaze to meet hers and said, "Of course I would."

Amelia's eyes glinted and smiled, "You must be joking, Mr. Clinton. If you cared for me, you wouldn't be rushing to another woman's side. You should probably go, Mr. Clinton. I don't wish to take the blame from Ms. Yard again. She may look weak and innocent, but she's a pro at getting jealous. I really don't want to go through the same thing over again!"

"She's not like that."

Amelia shot him an angry glance, "So are you saying that I'm making things up, Mr. Clinton?"

Oscar loved seeing her jealous. She would become a fiery hot pepper with a hint of stubbornness and proudness whenever she was jealous. It drove him crazy and made him want to take care of her.

Oscar lifted his hand to caress her cheek before saying, "I've never blamed you regarding Cassie's incident, Dummy. Besides, I'm pretty sure it was Tiffany who instigated you to visit the hospital. I was going to tell you to stay away from her, but I

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figured you would disagree. So please stay put at home and don't go to the hospital, okay?"

"Are you worried that I would cause trouble upon your lover, Mr. Clinton?" Amelia deliberately asked.

"I've never said a single word about you ever since we got back from the hospital, woman," Oscar was unsure how to respond.

"Yet, you blamed my friend. Right?" Amelia continued. She was behaving extremely sensitively due to her pregnancy, especially when she was due in a couple of months. Hence, her emotions were all over the place!

Funny how I'm not mad or impatient with her behavior. Instead, I find it very cute. I guessed this was something interesting to me. I loved watching her lose her temper and getting jealous because of me. I may be a serious person to others, but I was showing the true side of myself whenever I was with her.

"Your friend made a mistake and I merely reprimanded her. You should know that those who crossed me would usually suffer terrible consequences. Don't you think you should thank me instead as I let her off easy for your sake?" Oscar said as he licked her ear on purpose.

Amelia blushed and dodged subconsciously. She pushed Oscar's body away from her and said, "If you don't leave any sooner, your lover's going to blow up your phone, Mr. Clinton."

Oscar looked at her with affection in his eyes unknowingly.

"Come here. I want to hug you before I leave for the hospital in a while." Oscar opened his arms. Amelia hesitated as she looked at him before walking into his embrace.

Oscar rested his chin on her and said, "I hope you'd have your eyes only on me, no matter if we get divorced or not. Please remember this, Amelia."

She gently hit his chest and replied, "Don't you think you're a little too greedy?"

"Am I?" Oscar grabbed her hand and bit the back of her hand.

She retracted her hand and responded coldly, "You should leave, Mr. Clinton."

Oscar's expression dropped as he pulled her into his arms and asked, "Do you really want me to leave?"

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A wave of emotions immediately surged in her heart, "Mr. Clinton, you've swayed between two women all this while. You can't seem to make up your mind, and yet you're asking for such ridiculous things. If you can't fulfill my wishes, then don't give me false hope. You'll never understand the feeling of despair like I do."

Oscar's eyes darkened.

“Don’t overthink things, Amelia.”

Amelia slapped his hand away. “Mr. Clinton, we’ve been married for five years. Yet, you still had no idea what I want. Did you think I would be satisfied with living a luxurious life? A little shopping spree that includes branded clothing and accessories would allow you to control me like an obedient pet?” she said in anger and disappointment.

Oscar frowned as his eyes turned gloomy.

Amelia noticed his expression. Although she was disappointed, she quickly composed herself and smiled, “Apologies, Mr. Clinton, I was too emotional. It’s getting late. I assumed you hadn’t had dinner, right? Allow me to make some pasta for you before you leave.”

Then, she went into the kitchen without taking another glance at him.

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Yet, Oscar’s eyes were fixated on her as he gazed at her deeply.

Soon enough, Amelia served him some pasta. It may not have tasted as delicious as Tiffany’s cooking, but it was made with love. Unfortunately, Cassie called again before Oscar could even take a bite.

– Oscar felt a little irritated when he saw the display on his phone. If it were the moment when Cassie returned from Erihal, I’d look forward to seeing her. However, she’s beginning to irritate me now. He thought.

He ignored the call as it continued to ring. “Mr. Clinton, your lover’s calling. I think you should hurry to the hospital. Or else, you’re going to have a hard time dealing with her cries,” Amelia said with a hint of sarcasm as she sat on the other side of the sofa.

Oscar rejected the call as he continued eating calmly.

Amelia was surprised yet delighted by his actions.

Gosh, you’re such a loser, Amelia! Why’re you so easily satisfied by his gestures. It could mean

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nothing, yet you’re so happy that he rejected her call. Amelia said to herself.

“Does it taste good, Mr. Clinton?” she asked.

He nodded and replied, “Your cooking has improved tremendously.”

Amelia took his plate away once he was done eating and urged once again, "You should get going, Mr. Clinton. I don't wish to see Ms. Yard appearing at our front door."

Oscar looked at her and asked in a low voice, "Do you really want me to leave?"

"I'm going to do the dishes now. If you're leaving, please close the door on your way out." Amelia did not meet his gaze as she busied herself with the tableware.

Oscar stood there as he continued to look at her.

Amelia entered the kitchen to wash the dishes. Once she was done, she did not see Oscar when she entered the living room. Disappointment flashed across her eyes but she quickly shrugged it off.,

Her phone rang as she was drying her hands. She picked it up and noticed it was Tiffany.

"Hi, Tiffany."

"Amelia, are you ok? Did Oscar say anything mean to you?"

"No. I'm his wife, remember? Did you think he'd lay a finger on me for another woman?"

Amelia let out a laugh as she sat on the sofa and said, "I'd always knew you had a wild imagination, but could you please spare me from your nonsense?"

Tiffany continued her goofy act for a while before she asked seriously, "Babe, you didn't get into a quarrel with him right?"

"No, there's nothing to quarrel about."

Tiffany was not convinced and continued, "Babe, we've been friends for so many years. Please don't hide anything from me. I have no intentions of over-interfering your marriage. Although my shoulders aren't as broad as a man's, I want you to know that you can cry on my shoulders when you need one."

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Amelia was suddenly reminded of Oscar's words regarding her friendship with Tiffany.

"Tiffany, do you know what Oscar said our relationship was?"

"What?"

“He suspected if we were a lesbian couple.”

Tiffany did not respond immediately on the phone, but screamed in anger after a pause, “What a b*stard! How could he say such a thing? Lesbian, what? So women can’t be friends now? Damn, not only was he overbearingly unreasonable, but he’s also very petty.”

Amelia was shocked as she did not expect such reactions from her.

“Calm down, Tiffany.”

Tiffany took a deep breath and apologized, “I’m sorry, Babe. I shouldn’t have lost my temper. Did I scare you or the baby?” .

“No, you didn’t,” Amelia replied. “He was just joking. You don’t have to take it to heart. He never took the time to understand how my life’s like. Hence, he wouldn’t understand our friendship was as precious as gold.”

“You’re right,” Tiffany responded.

She paused and asked again, “Wait, did he go to the hospital?”

“Yea, he had some pasta and left.”

Tiffany became upset and said, “Who does he think you are? Not to mention the house! Were you a housekeeper and your house was a hotel?”

“I guess he does treat the house we both lived in as a hotel. After all, we both merely shared a business relationship. The idea of a “home” is invalid. A home was supposed to be a haven. Yet, you compared our relationship with a home? Don’t you think it’s an insult to compare my situation to a home?” Amelia replied casually.

Tiffany felt sad when she heard those words,

I’ve written so many romance novels in the past. But, to be honest, I don’t really understand love. Everything I’ve written was to cater to the reader’s preference. If one were to ask me what was love, I wouldn’t be able to answer. Yet, I could tell that Amelia loved Oscar with her life.

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Or else, she wouldn’t be affected by his little gestures. Thus, I can’t help but loathed him because Amelia’s love for him wasn’t reciprocating. Amelia’s a great woman who puts family first. It’s a shame she didn’t meet a man who could treat her right.

Tiffany opened her mouth to say something, but nothing came out.

She decided to say something goofy in the end. "Babe, we may not be able to meet a world-class gentleman, yet it'd be easier to be a great guy who treats you right. Oscar's had no standards, hence he chose Cassie. But that's alright, I'll get you a man who's so much better than him in the future. Let's show him that you can also live an amazing life with an amazing guy without him."

Amelia burst out laughing.

"You sounded like you were picking cabbages in a wholesale market."

"Well, you're worth so much more than a cabbage."

"Thank you, Tiffany. I feel so much better after talking to you. You should get back to writing." Amelia's spirits were instantly lifted.

"Alright then. Please call me if anything comes up. I'll get back to work now, the editor needs it quickly."

Once Amelia hung up, she got up and decided to head upstairs. Yet, she was shocked when she noticed a figure standing by the stairs. It turned out to be Oscar.

Why's he still here? Amelia gripped her phone tightly and wondered.

"M-Mr. Clinton, I thought you were gone." Amelia stuttered. She was worried he overheard her conversation with Tiffany.

"I went upstairs to take a shower."

"I see. So, how long have you been standing there?"

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"I treat it as a joke from the moment you said that this place is our home."

Amelia's eyes twinkled. "Mr. Clinton, I am sorry."

Oscar strolled down promptly to her side, raised her chin, and cast her an intense gaze. "Is this all just a joke to you?"

Amelia was still avoiding to meet his eyes.

"Look at me," Oscar demanded tyrannically.

At that, Amelia looked at him submissively, but he could still sense the stubbornness within her gaze.

"Why did you call our marriage a joke?" Oscar challenged aggressively.

Amelia persistently threw the question back at him. "Well, isn't it?"

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Right then, Oscar felt a raging flame within his chest, and his expression became tensed. "Why?"

For a moment, Amelia could not comprehend why he kept asking for an explanation.

"Was it that painful for you to be with me?" Oscar asked meekly.

Amelia glanced at him in astonishment. She seemed to trace some fragility in his voice.

Meanwhile, Oscar reached out his hand and held her chin with affection. "Amelia, all this while I've treated you sincerely as my wife. Am I not able to be your safe haven?"

Gaping back at him, Amelia suddenly sighed, "Mr. Clinton, even if you are my safe haven, I am not the only one in it. I mean, practically everyone wants a piece of Mr. Clinton! That's why I said that this is all just a joke."

Lost for words, Oscar continued to gaze at her intently.

Amelia avoided his gaze. "Mr. Clinton, you should leave. I'm a little tired and feel like going to bed now. So I won't send you down."

Oscar grabbed her hand and held her captive in his warm embrace. "Do you really

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want me to leave?"

Right at that moment, Amelia had become a little irritated. Since you have other women, why are you still pretending to be affectionate, trapping me in this sticky web? Maybe love is something you can spare easily, but I'm struggling endlessly all by myself in this deep, dark pit of despair.

Pushing him away, Amelia remarked in a distant tone. "Mr. Clinton, if you don't like me, then don't give me false hope. I can't bear to live in such a lie."

Oscar's gaze turned deep in puzzlement. "Why are you kicking up a fuss?"

As soon as he said that, Amelia could feel bitterness welling up her heart. With that, she raised her head and vent in frustration. "Kicking up a fuss? No matter what I do, you'll always think that I'm kicking up a fuss!"

Oscar frowned. "Well, aren't you?"

Amelia wanted to shake off his hand, but Oscar's grip tightened even more. "Amelia, you're biting off more than you can chew. Back when we signed the marriage papers, we agreed that I'd provide you with money, and you'd only need to be a good wife. But now, you are expecting a love that doesn't belong to you."

Amelia felt as if a knife stab had through her heart that instant. The pain was so real that she could not bear it anymore.

"I'm sorry if this made you uncomfortable." Amelia calmed down and plastered a polite smile on her face. "Mr. Clinton, let me send you to the door. Wishing you and Ms. Yard a lifetime of love and happiness."

Oscar furrowed his brows deeply at her remark.

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Just then, the ringing of the phone broke the silence between them. Oscar looked at the screen and realized that it was a call from Cassie.

Taking a deep breath, he answered the phone reluctantly.

"Oz, it has been more than an hour. Where are you?" Cassie's voice echoed from the other end.

Oscar replied patiently, "I'll head over now. Did you listen to me and eat well?"

"I don't have any appetite since you're not here, Oz. Besides, my wound is still hurting, and I can't sleep without you." Cassie responded weakly on the phone.

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Little did she know that Oscar did not find her actions adorable but rather clingy to the point that he was a tad intimidated.

Based on his impression of Cassie, she had always been a naive and playful person. Although she might be a little harsh to outsiders, she was still a relatively considerate girl. Hence, he had never thought that she would be that possessive.

"Listen to me and go have your meal. I'll be there soon."

"No, I'm scared because you're not here, Oz. Besides, I really don't have any appetite, so please come quickly."

Becoming gradually irritated, Oscar left a swift reply and hung up. "I'll come over now."

After that, Oscar shifted his gaze back to Amelia again. "I'll leave for a while. Let's talk again after I come back and don't overthink things. You're definitely more important to me than you think you are."

Without haste, Oscar walked out, leaving Amelia alone to digest those words he spitted out.

Oscar, do you mean to tell me that I am more than just an employee? You truly think of me as your wife, right?

Amelia smiled bitterly in her heart. Oscar, even if you think of me as your wife, I'm still nothing compared to Cassie.

Naturally, Oscar did not know how upset Amelia actually was. He headed downstairs towards his car and drove to the hospital right after that.

As soon as Oscar entered the ward, Cassie's initial pale face instantly shone with delight. "Oz, you are finally here. I miss you so much."

However, Elizabeth was apparently a little dissatisfied with Oscar's late arrival. "Oscar, why did you come so late? Don't you know Cassie needs you the most now? She is weak and even refuses to eat. A woman who had a miscarriage must be taken care of. Aren't you supposed to know that, or are you as ignorant as her too?"

Cassie looked at her mother and whined, "Mom, please don't nag Oz. I'm glad that he is with me here now. What if he gets angry and leaves?"

Elizabeth was speechless as anger started boiling within her. Cassie is not married yet, but she's always speaking for that man. What will happen once she's married to him?

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"Cassie, don't interrupt. I'm just teaching Oscar how to be a proper husband," Elizabeth said.

Nonetheless, Cassie curled her lips unconvinced.

Oscar deliberately changed the subject. "Mrs. Yard, have you eaten:

For some reason, his question truly pissed Elizabeth off. She stared at him with massive discontent. "Even Cassie has not yet had her meal. Do you think I will have the mood to eat?"

"Alright, I'll go prepare some food then. Mrs. Yard, you'll stay here with Cassie."

Upon hearing this, Cassie stretched her hands and grabbed only his clothes like a helpless child. "Where are you going, Oz:"

Elizabeth could not be more dismayed to see her daughter being so clingy. But since Cassie was her only daughter, she tried to turn a blind eye toward it.

"Oscar, you can stay with Cassie here. I've already asked our housemaid to prepare some food. She will be here in a while. And since you will be taking care of Cassie for several hours later, you should also stay and eat with us."

Oscar nodded obediently. "Mrs. Yard, Cassie, please excuse me for a moment. I need to head to the washroom."

Just when he was about to step outside the ward, Elizabeth interrupted him. "There's a washroom in here. Where are you going."

"I'll be using the washroom outside since I need a smoke. You know, cravings..." Oscar ; -explained casually without turning his head.

Seeing that Oscar had left, Elizabeth expressed her vast dissatisfaction. "Cassie, I believe Oscar is a brilliant man, and I truly admire his capability. But he doesn't seem to be the right one for you. You've lost his child and yet, look at how he treats you. Listen to me and leave him. I mean, just look at you! You're Cassie Yard, for goodness' sake! Men would be dying to date you."

Despite that, Cassie replied stubbornly, "But Mom, no matter how outstanding other men are, they can't compare with Oscar. I gave up on him five years ago, and I regretted it. He is the only one that I want. Mom, if you don't help me, I probably won't ever get married."

Elizabeth jabbed Cassie's forehead hard with her finger. "Why are you so stubborn?"

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Yes, he's a great guy from a prestigious family, but our family's not too shabby either. So why do you have to cling onto him like a parasite? Are you trying to be an embarrassment to us Yards?"

Right then, Cassie lowered her head and murmured in a grim voice, "Mom, the child wasn't actually Oscar's."

In shock, Elizabeth swallowed back the accusation that had come to her mouth. Her mouth was left wide open as she could not believe what she had just heard.

It took a moment before she was finally able to speak again. "What did you just say?"

Cassie raised her head. "Mom, the baby wasn't Oscar's. He's never slept with me."

At that instant, Elizabeth's voice became sharp as she was befuddled. "If the child was not his, whose was it?"

"My ex-boyfriend that I met back in Erihal"

Hearing this, Elizabeth's chest heaved up and down as she tried to suppress her rage. "Didn't you break up with that June guy a long time ago? How did you end up pregnant with his child?"

Cassie buried her head in shame while confessing. "Mom, I did break up with him, but he followed me here and threatened me with an old video clip. Hence, I had no choice but to do as he wished. This continued until when I returned to Erihal again, and that was when I realized I was pregnant."

Upon hearing this, Elizabeth became so enraged that her heart was about to explode. She raised her hand and wanted to slap Cassie. But looking at Cassie's pale face, Elizabeth hesitated.

"Cassie, why'd you have to stoop so low? We've provided you with the best education and care for all these years, yet you don't even have any self-respect. Not only did you not hold the actual birth father responsible, but instead, you used Oscar. The Clintons are not fools, Cassie! Didn't you expect that they will know the truth once they do a paternity test?"

Right at that moment, Elizabeth's heart dropped with a thud as she realized something. "You... didn't plan this miscarriage, did you?"

Cassie kept silent and did not deny.

Elizabeth's eyes widened in shock at her daughter's response. Her beloved daughter,

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Cassie, felt like a complete stranger right then. Is she really my daughter? To think she would go such lengths to cover up every single one of her tracks, leaving her schemes flawless.

This is terrible!

Initially, she allowed Cassie to be a mistress because she loved her daughter so much and could not bear to see her aborting the baby. However, Elizabeth did not expect that the latter had been planning her abortion all this while. This lovely and naive girl turned out to be such a scheming and heartless person.

Her tolerance for Cassie was due to the connivance of a mother. But this did not mean that she had no moral conscience.

The Yard family had a large business, and Cassie was the only daughter. Hence, she would eventually inherit everything that the Yards owned. Undeniably, without a certain amount of courage, she would probably not be able to achieve it.

However, being courageous and capable did not mean she should put her own health at stake. A woman who could kill even her baby was beyond horrifying; even a vicious tiger would never harm its own cubs, let alone a human.

Thus when Elizabeth found out that this was all Cassie's plan, she was aghast. She never thought that her daughter would be such an inhumane person.

"Cassie, when did you become like this?" Elizabeth said with an aching heart.

Cassie raised her head and replied with reddened eyes. "Mom, I can't afford to lose Oscar."

"If you love him, why did you run away to Erihal back then? Why did you humiliate yourself like this? Not only did you dishonor yourself, but you also embarrass the – Yard family. I can't believe I have a daughter like you."