

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 168

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 168 I Would Love Anything From You

After Stephanie left, Cassie continued to lay on the bed as she stared at the ceiling with wide eyes.

She then pulled out her phone and called a very familiar number.

It took quite a few tries before the other side finally picked up. Cassie's voice immediately softened. "Oz, I thought you were going to visit me at the hospital. Are you on your way?"

"I'm sorry, Ms. Yard. This is Amelia. Oscar is currently in the shower. He asked me to let you know that he's quite tired after taking care of you the past few days, so he won't be visiting tonight," Amelia's businesslike tone informed Cassie.

Cassie's expression immediately soured. "I bet you're feeling pretty good about yourself now, Amelia," she said through gritted teeth.

"I don't understand what you're talking about, Ms. Yard. If you have nothing else to say, I'll be hanging up."

"Wait," Cassie said. "Don't get ahead of yourself. Oz is mine. He always has and always will be mine. If you have even half a brain left, then you should leave and take that sorry excuse of a child

away too. If not, I'm going to make sure your child never sees the outside world."

Amelia frowned but tried her best to stay patient. "Ms. Yard, I understand that you must be in a bad mood due to your miscarriage. I'll pretend I never heard what you just said. Anyway, you should rest early as it's getting late."

"Amelia!" Cassie screamed into the phone, giving Amelia a shock.

"You better watch it. Oz is only treating you nicely because of that bastard child in your stomach. Besides, he's already promised me that he'll leave you once you give birth to the baby," Cassie said haughtily.

Nonetheless, Amelia's voice remained calm. "Thanks for the reminder, Ms. Yard. However, it's none of your business if and when Oscar and I ever get a divorce, even if you become his wife in the future. Please remember that as of right now, I'm the woman he married. I have the right to protect my own marriage. As for you, don't you feel embarrassed being so unreasonable and cocky? I bet the Yard family must feel incredibly ashamed that one of their own has resorted to being a mistress. Where did your dignity go? I really don't understand how you have the confidence to say and do such things."

"Amelia--"

"Ms. Yard, I believe Oscar and I will be in love for the rest of our lives. Yes, he may have talked about getting a divorce before, but it's been months, and my baby is almost due. I believe he's still in

love with me, so I think you should learn your lesson and leave before it's too late," Amelia fired back calmly.

If it wasn't for Oscar cooking her that meal, she might have held back. But after experiencing that homely, comfortable warmth, she couldn't bear to think about him leaving her. She would protect her marriage till the very end for herself and for her baby.

Cassie's expression resembled one of an angry bull. Her breathing started becoming irregular huffs out of rage.

"Watch out, Amelia Winters."

Amelia didn't notice anything off with Cassie and simply replied, "I'll be hanging up now, Ms. Yard."

After hanging up, Oscar opened the bathroom door and walked out in just his underwear.

Amelia blushed at the sight of Oscar's perfect figure on nearly full display in front of her. Instinctively, she looked away.

Oscar walked over and pulled her face toward his before kissing her firmly. At the sight of his phone in her hand, he asked, "Who called?"

Amelia came back to her senses and said, "It was from Ms. Yard. She asked me if you were going to go back to the hospital for tonight."

Oscar looked at her. "What did you say?"

Almost as if testing the waters, Amelia replied, “I told her you wanted to spend time with your wife at home today. Is that an adequate answer, Mr. Clinton?”

Oscar chuckled. “That’s my honey.”

Amelia immediately cheered up as if she had gotten a shot of confidence.

Oscar then lay down, with Amelia naturally curling up in his embrace. He stroked her slightly rounded stomach softly. She wasn’t showing as much as other pregnant women would around this stage, but her belly was still rounded and pretty fun to touch.

Amelia smiled gently and asked, “Mr. Clinton, would you like to speak to the baby?”

Oscar leaned his head closer to her belly and said quietly, “Hi, baby. This is your dad. Be nice to your mom, and don’t give her trouble, okay?”

Amelia stroked her fingers through Oscar’s slightly stiff hair and said, “Do you want a son or a daughter?”

“A son,” Oscar said straightaway,

Amelia froze for a second. She thought Oscar would have given the age-old cheesy answer, “as long as it’s with you, I couldn’t care less.” Thus, she hadn’t expected him to give such a straightforward answer.

Amelia felt a little pressured and asked hesitantly, “Do you not want a little girl?”

“The Clinton family needs a son to be our heir. Though personally, I would like a daughter,” Oscar replied.

Amelia’s hand stopped, and her gaze became uncomfortable. “Mr. Clinton, what if I give birth to a baby girl instead?”

Oscar looked at her and chuckled. “Silly girl. I would love anything from you.”

Yet, Amelia’s expression was still uneasy.

In fact, her palms had started sweating, and she asked anxiously, “Do you really want a son that badly?”

Upon that, Oscar lifted his head and leaned against the headboard as he took Amelia closer in his arms. “The Clinton family needs an heir after all. Our business can never fall into an outsider’s hands. That’s why I need a son.”

At that moment, Amelia felt like asking, Just a son? From any woman? Does it have to be mine, or do you not care?

However, she forced the words back down before she could blurt them out.

She knew how stupid the question was. Just as Oscar had explained, the Clinton family business was extremely successful and was about to extend into the Erihal market. Besides that, their products had already made their way into the Koandria, Jetroina, and Thymion markets.

Oscar lifted her chin. “Is something wrong?”

Amelia forced a smile. “No.”

Oscar pulled her even closer and whispered, “Don’t worry. Mom will love the kid no matter if it’s a boy or girl.”

Amelia blurted out, “What about you?”

Would you be okay with a daughter too? Or are you going to treat her as a burden?

This man was just too hard to figure out. She always had to make guesses and tiptoe over the wall he had built. Yet the moment she seemed to get closer, he added another layer and blocked her out.

Amelia was always nervous when she was with him. She was afraid that Oscar didn’t feel a thing for her and that he wouldn’t love their child. Fear entrapped her, and it was all because Oscar had never given her the sense of security she needed.

She acted strong-willed on the surface as if nothing fazed her. Even so, under the surface, her thoughts ran wild, and she took every little thing into account. This left her heart vulnerable. Still, she put up a nonchalant front, so everyone else would think she was just a simple-minded girl.

Oscar flicked her nose lightly and said, “What do you think? Could I bear to hate my own kid?”

Amelia finally calmed down and relaxed deeper into his touch.

Then, Oscar patted her on the back and said soothingly, “It’s late. Let’s sleep.”

Nodding, Amelia buried her face into his chest. The unfamiliar sense of security lulled her to sleep soon enough.

Oscar just watched her face quietly, caressing her soft skin as he murmured, “Silly girl. Sometimes I have no idea what to do with you. Am I in love with you? All I know is that I’m starting to love spending time with you and that I don’t feel like letting go.”

This was entirely the truth. He truly had no idea what to do about Amelia anymore. Before, he would have been completely fine with paying her to leave him. Now, however, he felt like forcing this marriage to end by just paying her to leave would be a slap to Amelia’s face.

Ring! Ring! Oscar was shaken out of his stupor by a sudden ringtone. He picked up the phone only to see Elizabeth’s name on the screen. With a frown, he hung up instantly before shutting his phone off.

Then, he placed the phone on the bedside table and fell asleep with Amelia in his arms.

The next day, Amelia woke up still snuggled into Oscar’s arms. She giggled once she looked at Oscar’s fringe, which had stuck up somehow while he was sleeping. Reaching out her fingers, she playfully pinched his nose, letting go every time he seemed like he was about to wake up.

Amelia kept playing around with Oscar’s sleeping face until she decided to get up and get ready. After freshening up in the bathroom, she put on a simple white shift dress and went downstairs.

At the same time, Molly was already preparing breakfast in the kitchen.

Amelia walked in and smiled. “Morning, Molly. What’s for breakfast?”

Molly looked up at her and smiled as if she were a parent watching their child. “Good morning, Mrs. Clinton. Did you rest well?”

Amelia nodded.

“It smells great in here. Is that bacon I smell?”

Molly nodded and said, “I went to the market especially early this morning, so I could pick out some fresh goods to go with it.”

Hearing that, Amelia hugged her warmly.

“Molly, you’re the best.”

Molly chuckled and said, “Mrs. Clinton, you’re still as child-like as ever even though you’re about to have a child of your own.”

Amelia giggled. “You’re practically like my real mom at this point. Of course I can act like a child in front of you. Do you not like it?”

“Of course I do,” Molly said gently. “Did Mr. Clinton come home last night?”

Amelia nodded in response. “He’s still asleep upstairs.”

For some reason, Molly seemed thankful for that. “Mrs. Clinton, Mr. Clinton is a busy man. I hope you’ll be able to keep an open mind and let him do what he has to do. After all, he’s a man, and they all have lives outside the home. Don’t worry too much.”

At that, Amelia looked at Molly suspiciously and asked, “What are you trying to say?”

Molly thought things through before deciding to remind Amelia after all. “Don’t take this the wrong way, Mrs. Clinton. I heard from Mrs. Clinton that Ms. Yard is in the hospital. I just don’t want you to worry too much if he doesn’t come home as often.”

Amelia asked calmly, “Do you know Cassie too?”

“Mrs. Clinton, I’m telling you this because I really do love you as I would my own daughter. I knew Ms. Yard since I was the Clintons’ maid. Mr. Clinton had a relationship with her once, but they broke it off five years ago. Now, you’re the one Mr. Clinton loves. Don’t think too much. I can tell he loves you a lot.”

Hearing Molly’s response, Amelia chuckled. “I knew about Cassie a long time ago. Oscar is a great man, so obviously there would be plenty of other women surrounding him. Anyway, don’t worry; I won’t misunderstand anything. As long as I’m the woman right by his side, it doesn’t matter. Isn’t that right, Molly?”

Molly smiled.

“That’s right, Mrs. Clinton. I was starting to worry that you and Mr. Clinton would start arguing and drift apart.”

Amelia shook her head.

After that, Molly finally stopped worrying and finished preparing breakfast.

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 169

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 169 Exhausted

Once Molly was done with breakfast, she said, “Mrs. Clinton, please wake Mr. Clinton up. It’s almost eight, and he still has to go to work.”

Amelia went upstairs after some thought.

The moment she stepped into the bedroom, she started laughing out loud.

Oscar was clinging onto a pillow about half her height as he muttered her name in his sleep.

To be frank, Amelia rarely got to see Oscar acting so child-like and almost didn’t want to wake him up.

Thus, she walked toward the bed and watched him for a long time. Suddenly, Oscar opened his eyes, and Amelia hurriedly diverted her gaze.

After Oscar properly woke up, he glanced at Amelia and smiled. “Come here. I want a hug.”

Amelia walked over to him and Oscar wrapped his arms around her, pulling her into his embrace. He planted a soft kiss on the top of her head and said in a low, husky voice, “When did you wake up?”

“Ten, maybe fifteen minutes ago. You were sleeping so soundly I didn’t feel like waking you up,” Amelia replied with a smile.

“I thought my Sleeping Beauty would have given her Prince Charming a kiss to wake him up,” Oscar said lightheartedly, which was a rare occurrence.

Amelia giggled at his joke.

“Mr. Clinton, you’ve gotten pretty cocky. I can’t believe you’re calling yourself ‘Prince Charming.’ Has your skin gotten thicker?” Amelia joked, pulling Oscar’s cheeks lightly.

Oscar sat there obediently, allowing her to squeeze his face.

The two of them played around a little while longer before Amelia said, “You should go freshen up. It’s getting pretty late, and Molly made us a hearty breakfast. I might end up finishing all of it if you don’t get ready soon.”

Oscar pulled Amelia onto his lap and said huskily, “You can have breakfast all to yourself. I have everything I want to eat up right here.”

Upon that, Amelia’s cheeks heated up, and she struggled slightly, clearly embarrassed. She half-heartedly slapped Oscar on the chest a few times.

Oscar caught her hand in his and nibbled on her thumb gently. “What can I say? You taste better than any delicacy I’ve ever tried.”

Amelia’s eyes glistened momentarily.

Oscar simply couldn’t get enough of her.

“I wish I could keep you in my pocket so no other man could get a look at you,” Oscar suddenly said as he looked at her fondly.

Amelia’s heart started racing. She felt like she was drowning in Oscar’s deep gaze.

The last bit of logic she still had quickly reminded her to wake up and stop falling for Oscar’s sweet nothings so easily.

Oscar was good to her, but he was flirtier than anything else. Though he treated her well, he never gave her any promises about their future.

Hence, she was worried that Oscar wasn’t actually in love with her and that it was all just her wishful thinking.

“You better keep me in there for a long time, or I might just get snatched up by another man. By then, you might not be the only one for me anymore,” Amelia said, only half-joking. But of course, she was trying to subtly test Oscar.

All she was trying to say was, As long as you truly love me and keep me with you forever, I’ll do the same to you.

She hoped Oscar could decipher her actual message. Still, Oscar could very likely continue acting ignorant even if he did understand.

Just then, Oscar held her even closer and kissed her possessively.

By the time the two of them broke apart, Amelia had collapsed in Oscar's arms, panting lightly.

After a while, Oscar looked at her and said, "Never talk about other men again. You belong only to me."

Amelia looked at him slyly and asked, "Mr. Clinton, aren't you getting a little too possessive?"

"But you like my possessiveness," Oscar said proudly.

Amelia swatted him on the chest again and giggled. "You really are becoming bolder by the minute."

She then stood up and started attempting to pull him up. "Get up, Mr. Clinton. You have to have breakfast before going to work."

Oscar got up and pulled her into his embrace once again. He kissed her on the forehead before saying, "Go on then, I'll join in a bit."

Amelia looked at him and his tall, lean figure before nodding. "Make it quick, okay?"

With a light grin on his face, Oscar kissed her on the cheek. "I'll be right there after I brush my teeth."

After Amelia left, Oscar checked his phone only to see over twenty missed calls all from Elizabeth. There were also some text messages from her.

He opened it, and they were all saying the same thing: Where are you, Oscar? Cassie is getting another operation. If you still care about her at all, come to the hospital at once.

A frown flitted across his face; he couldn't imagine what Cassie could have done in just one night to send herself back into the operating room.

He felt like the old Oscar would have been worried for Cassie no matter how minor the injury was.

However, now that he was finally away from her influence, he no longer felt like he was that worried about her.

He then called Elizabeth back. She picked up almost instantly and started screaming, "Oscar, you b*stard! How could you be so cruel? Did you know Cassie got a medical crisis notice yesterday? She's still on the operating table! If anything happens to her, I'll kill you!"

Oscar started gripping his phone even tighter.

"What happened to Cassie?" Oscar finally found his voice back and asked slightly worriedly.

Elizabeth started wailing in contempt, "Oscar, do you even remember Cassie anymore? Did you forget the woman you once loved?"

At that, Oscar's frown deepened. "I'll rush over right now." After that, he hung up and ran into the bathroom to freshen up as quickly as possible before dressing in a casual outfit.

He rushed downstairs. Amelia, who was enjoying her breakfast, noticed that he wasn't in his usual business attire and asked, "Mr. Clinton, is today casual day?"

Oscar replied, "Cassie's in the operating room again, so I'm going to go visit her."

For some reason, Amelia's heart thumped loudly the moment she heard that. Could the phone call last night have something to do with that? But is that even possible?

She hadn't even said anything insulting to Cassie except for the truth. Oscar was her husband, after all, so there was nothing wrong with wanting to protect her marriage.

If Cassie really did end up having to go back into the operating room because of those words I said, then she's pretty weak-minded. If she purposely sent herself back in there, then she really is willing to do anything as long as it gets me in trouble.

Amelia then reached out and pulled at Oscar's arm lightly. She purposely avoided looking at his face. "I think you should have some breakfast before you leave. You can't go out on an empty stomach."

Yet, Oscar stroked her face gently and said, "It's alright. You eat up, okay? I'll be going now." After that, he walked out without even looking back.

Amelia watched him leave. She was starting to feel like this time, Cassie would create an even bigger rift between herself and Oscar.

At that, Amelia started feeling distressed. “Did the meal you cooked for me mean nothing to you? Why is it that every time I feel like I’m getting closer to you, you get further away from me and closer to Cassie instead? Should I just give up on hoping you to love me back?” she murmured to herself.

She didn’t even realize as tears started falling down her face.

Right then, Molly walked out with another set of breakfast but was shocked at the sight of Amelia’s tears. She quickly placed down the tray and rushed toward Amelia. “What’s wrong, Mrs. Clinton? Why are you crying?”

Amelia looked up and touched her cheek only to realize that she was crying. She forced a smile and replied, “I’m fine, Molly. Don’t worry.”

Clearly, Molly didn’t believe her. “If you’re fine, then why are you crying?”

Amelia reached over and hugged Molly like a helpless child. “I’m really alright, Molly. I just suddenly felt like crying.”

Heaving a sigh, Molly patted her on the back tenderly and said, “I’m here. You can tell me anything.”

However, Amelia just kept repeating, “I’m really fine. I don’t know what came over me.”

But of course, even without saying, Molly was wise enough to know that when a woman cried, men were usually the reason behind it.

“Did Mr. Clinton make you sad again?”

That question immediately struck a chord in Amelia, and she started crying again. “Molly, do you think Oscar and I can be together forever?”

That was a question she had never dared to ask out loud. She didn't plan on crying, but it seemed like her pregnancy was messing with her hormones and making her cry even more easily than usual.

Molly was stunned before chuckling. “Silly girl, the two of you are made for each other. Of course you'll be able to stay together forever. Don't think too much, alright? Mr. Clinton might think I'm mistreating you if he comes home and sees you like this.”

Amelia started giggling. The tears streaming down her face and the upturned corners of her mouth created a stark contrast against the bitterness in her heart.

Oscar's ambiguous attitude made Amelia's life ten times harder. Her heart felt as unclear as to his feelings toward her. For Amelia, loving Oscar was the hardest thing she'd ever done.

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 170

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 170 Will You Stop Making A Fuss

Molly wiped Amelia's tears off gently and said in a loving voice, "Don't cry anymore, sweetie, just come and talk to me anytime. I may be getting old, but that means I can give better advice too."

Amelia started feeling rather embarrassed.

She sat up straight once again and asked, "I'm so sorry, Molly. That was unreasonable of me."

Molly chuckled. "All I saw was a cute and loveable version of you. You weren't being unreasonable at all."

At that, Amelia giggled as well.

"Mrs. Clinton, I think you should ask Mr. Clinton to come down for breakfast before he's late for work," Molly said.

Amelia's smile suddenly froze on her face. Molly noticed Amelia's awkwardness and immediately understood. "Has Mr. Clinton already left?"

Amelia nodded, trying to act nonplussed.

However, Molly could already tell she was bothered.

"Did the two of you argue?"

Amelia almost wished they'd argued instead. But Oscar had never given Amelia a chance to argue about anything. He was always giving her almost everything she could ever ask for, and she was

always just accepting it. It almost seemed like she was just someone he could buy off with money.

If only Oscar actually placed me first for once, I wouldn't have to be so paranoid. It wasn't even the first time that Oscar hadn't prioritized me, so why did it hurt so much more this time around?

Maybe it was because their relationship had deepened after yesterday, and she couldn't treat Oscar as some financial backer anymore.

"No. The company called and said there were urgent documents that he needed to sign, so he rushed off without eating. I was worried that he would get gastritis, so I guess I became a little paranoid." Amelia randomly strung together.

Molly could tell she wasn't telling the truth, but she simply let it be and replied, "I thought you two had an argument! If that's the case, I can whip up a quick focaccia sandwich, and you can bring it to him later."

Upon that, Amelia was hesitant.

Oscar's departure seemed really urgent, and it seemed like Cassie was not doing well. If Amelia went over now, she could probably anger the Yard family, which would end up reflecting on Oscar.

After a torrent of emotions, Amelia finally shook her head. "It's alright. He's working, and I don't want to disturb him."

Despite that, Molly packed up some food for her and chuckled. “I think Mr. Clinton would love it if you visited him at work. He may not say it directly, but he really cares about you. Even when he’s not home, he calls me to ask if you’ve eaten and if you’re feeling alright.”

At her words, Amelia cheered up a little and asked, “Really?”

“Would I have to lie about something like that?” Molly smiled.

Amelia’s foul mood finally dissipated.

“Feeling better, Mrs. Clinton?”

Amelia nodded, a little embarrassed.

Molly was glad, but she still felt worried for Amelia. She could tell that Amelia had fallen deeply for Oscar, but she wasn’t sure if she could say the same for him. On the one hand, he had his old lover, and on the other, he had his wife of almost five years. Men were peculiar creatures in that they never treasured something until they lost it. Thus, Molly was worried that Oscar was in the same situation and that he was unable to see how much Amelia loved him.

Hopefully, Mr. Clinton would know better than other men and wouldn’t choose the woman who once left him behind. If he did choose her, Mrs. Clinton, who truly loved him, would get hurt, and he’d lose his chance at a regular happy marriage.

“Eat up, Mrs. Clinton. You’re barely showing even though you’re almost seven and a half months pregnant.”

Amelia took another bite at the bacon paired with some eggs and some homemade focaccia bread. It was savory with a hint of fragrance from the garlic and herbs. Pairing with the runny yolk, it tasted just like heaven. “This is delicious, Molly. You could compete with a five-star restaurant at this point. I can’t even imagine being this good at cooking,” she praised.

Molly felt incredibly happy at Amelia’s compliments.

“Mrs. Clinton, you were born into a good life. All you have to do is go out there and enjoy yourself! Buy all the clothes you want, and leave the cooking to people like me,” Molly said.

“Please don’t say that. Sometimes I start feeling like cooking is more fun than shopping, but my skills are far from comparable to yours,” Amelia chuckled.

While the atmosphere in the house was starting to lighten up, it was the opposite at the hospital.

When Oscar arrived, Elizabeth shot him a venomous glare. “I see you still have some humanity left in you, Oscar.”

Oscar hurried over and said, “What happened, Mrs. Yard? I thought she was doing well yesterday.”

Immediately, Elizabeth’s expression soured, and she slapped Oscar across the face. “If anything happens to her, I’m going to make sure you regret it,” she threatened.

Oscar’s expression darkened as well.

Just then, Charlie wrapped his arms around Elizabeth and said to Oscar, “She’s just high-strung because of Cassie, Oscar. Don’t take it personally.”

Nonetheless, Oscar just stayed silent.

Charlie sighed, his face lined with tiredness. “I think you should head home, Oscar. We’ll be here for Cassie.”

Elizabeth looked even more agitated at that.

With all her might, she wormed out of Charlie’s grasp and said, “He can’t leave! He’s the reason Cassie is in there right now fighting for her life.”

“You can’t blame everything on Oscar. Cassie chose to do that to herself.” Charlie replied helplessly.

As soon as Elizabeth heard that, she snapped at Charlie and glared daggers at him. “Charlie, need I remind you that the one lying in the operating room is also your daughter? I get that you’re still caught up on Olivia, but can you get your head clear enough to care about Cassie for one second?”

At that point, Charlie was already feeling exhausted. Not only was his daughter in the operating room, but his wife was also trying to start a fight. He was starting to feel like his once-happy family was starting to deviate into chaos.

He worked so hard just to provide a comfortable life for his family, but all he got in return was his daughter becoming someone’s mistress and his wife starting fights every day.

Oscar frowned and broke the silence. “As the reason for Cassie’s condition, don’t you think I should be allowed to know exactly what happened? Even criminals get to be aware of the crime they committed before getting sentenced.”

Charlie looked at him and sighed before passing Oscar a piece of paper. “This is the will Cassie wrote yesterday. If Elizabeth and I hadn’t visited her when we did, she might have already left us. She did truly love you, after all, so just do what you will with that.”

Oscar took the piece of paper and started reading the will. As his eyes traveled further down the page, his frown started deepening.

The will read: Oscar, I love you so much. I can’t stand being second to any other woman in your life. I’m terrified that you’ll fall in love with someone else and leave me behind, so I decided that taking my own life was the only way that you would remember me forever. If my death makes its mark on your heart, I’d take that as a success. I called you yesterday but that woman picked up instead. She said you had already personally confirmed your love for her, and that you were only getting your revenge on me. That’s why you treated me so well, so you could let me down and leave me behind. I didn’t believe it at first, but that woman sent me a voice recording confirming exactly what she told me. You already stopped loving me almost five years ago. I was devastated by that message. I can’t live in a world where you don’t love me, so forgive me for choosing such an irresponsible way to end my own life. I just want me to mean as much to you as you do to me, even if guilt is the cause of that.

Oz, this will truly make you remember me forever, right? I don't believe that you no longer love me. I wanted to marry you, to put on a wedding dress, and read our vows together, though it looks like that won't happen in this life anymore. But if we're so lucky as to meet again in our next life, will you marry me then? You promised that you would only marry me. I can't believe you went back on your promise in less than five years' time. Not only did you marry another woman, but you were also even willing to have a child with her. You have no idea how much I envy her for being the woman you married. Oz, in our next life, please only love me, okay?

There wasn't much written on what was supposed to be her will, but every single word showed how much Cassie loved Oscar and the lengths she was willing to go to have him all for herself.

Oscar couldn't help but feel slightly startled at this strange, unfamiliar side of Cassie.

No one wanted to hear their significant other threatening them by taking their own life.

Hence, a woman placing such immense pressure on a man by literally giving her life up for him was only going to distance him from her. Oscar didn't feel like this was romantic in the slightest. On the contrary, he was terrified.

At that moment, Oscar was feeling extremely conflicted. For one, he didn't believe that Amelia would have sent Cassie such a voice recording. After all, Oscar had never even said such things.

Since he was aware of that, he couldn't understand why Cassie would say that in her will. Was it simply so I would misunderstand what Amelia did?

The more Oscar thought about it, the more he felt like he no longer knew who Cassie was. The pure, sometimes reckless woman that he once loved was now gone. And in her place was a venomous, calculative woman who only acted nice and gentle in front of him.

Charlie patted Oscar on the shoulder. "Don't take it too personally, Oscar. Cassie certainly did go too far this time."

Elizabeth, however, pulled Charlie toward her and hissed, "Charlie Yard, if you say one more negative thing about our daughter, you better believe that I'll kill you."

Once again, Charlie sighed in resignation.

Their once warm and cozy home was now in shambles because of Elizabeth's unreasonable behavior.

Elizabeth then pushed Charlie away and jabbed a finger at Oscar. "Oscar, I'm warning you, if Cassie comes out alive, you had better marry her no matter what. I only have one daughter, so I can't let anything else happen to her. Though I may not be able to lay a finger on you if you choose not to marry her, I can't say the same for your pregnant wife."

In just a split second, Oscar's expression became extremely dark, almost murderous.

“Are you threatening me, Mrs. Yard?”

Even so, Elizabeth spat back, “No, I’m not threatening you. As a mother, I am willing to do anything to keep my daughter safe and happy. I don’t care how cruel or inhumane it is. Cassie was willing to die for you, so I’m not going to let you get away with that.”

Charlie sighed and pulled Elizabeth away from Oscar. In a low voice, he told the woman, “Will you stop making a fuss?”