

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 191

Riley kept her head down, so Amelia smiled and told Gary, "Gary, don't blame Riley. She isn't at fault."

Gary gave Riley an encouraging pat. "Riley, Amelia doesn't blame you. Won't you say something?"

Riley raised her head to stare at Gary for a while before she rose to her feet. Bowing politely, she said, "Ms. Winters, thank you."

Amelia was amused by her action.

She gazed at Oscar helplessly, and the latter immediately understood what she wanted. "Riley, right? There's no need to bow to us. Since Amelia said so, it means that she really doesn't blame you. All you're doing is making us feel awkward."

Stunned, Riley turned to Gary, who waved his hand and said, "Alright. That's it, then. Riley, no more next time."

Riley mumbled in acknowledgment. She was clearly feeling upset.

Amelia flashed a smile. "Gary, stop reprimanding her. She did a good job. I was careless this time. No one knew a car would run the red light. Even if Riley was by my side, I wouldn't allow her to jump in front of me to save me."

Riley shot a surprised look at Amelia.

Their security firm had a condition in the contract that stipulated the bodyguards had to resort to all means to protect their client's safety. As it was pretty expensive to hire a bodyguard from the security firm, the client could pretty much call the shots. As long as the client suffered losses when the contract was valid, they had to compensate five times the initial fee. The client could also sue them in court. If that were to happen, the security firm's reputation would be affected.

Thus, every time they accepted a job, they would have to put their guard up and treat the client with utmost respect no matter how difficult the client was.

"Ms. Winters, thank you for forgiving me. This is my fault, so I shall compensate you accordingly," Riley responded sincerely.

Bemused, Amelia told her, "No need for that, Riley." That money meant nothing to her. Besides, she didn't like how it made them seem so distant.

She looked at Gary. "Gary, tell Riley to stop acting this way. It isn't easy for a young lady to survive in society. So don't be too harsh on her. You're making it seem like I'm bullying her."

Gary grinned. "She has been feeling guilty over your accident. You should accept her apology. Otherwise, she'll feel bad."

Amelia was left with no choice but to accept Riley's apology.

After the fuss, Gary realized Amelia was looking pale and weary.

His heart clenched instinctively. "Amelia, are you tired?"

Amelia shook her head. "I've just regained consciousness. So I feel sleepy instead. Perhaps I'm still weak."

"Alright, then you should get some rest. Riley and I will take our leave. I'll be back tomorrow for a visit. Are you craving anything? I can buy it for you tomorrow," declared Gary, concern shining in his gaze.

"Gary, I'm already grateful that you're here to visit me. You don't have to buy anything for me. My mother-in-law will ask the maid to prepare my food," Amelia replied.

Gary inclined his head and shot a surreptitious glance at Oscar. "Alright, that's it then. Riley and I shall take our leave."

Amelia turned to Oscar. "Oscar, see them to the door, won't you?"

As Oscar rose to his feet, Gary immediately waved his hand. "It's just a short distance. You don't have to do that."

Oscar's tone left no room for discussion. "Let's go."

He walked them to the door without saying anything. Before leaving, Gary finally spoke. "Oscar, take good care of Amelia. She's a good woman."

"I will. She's my wife, so I'll definitely take good care of her," came Oscar's confident reply. "Mr. Laird, thank you for taking time to visit my wife when she got badly injured. I'd like to express my gratitude on behalf of my wife."

Oscar might be saying thank you, but he was insinuating that he was Amelia's husband, while Gary was only an outsider.

Gary was no fool and immediately understood the underlying meaning of Oscar's words.

His gaze darkened instantly. "We'll take our leave. You can head in now."

Oscar nodded. "Goodbye. When Amelia recovers, we'll treat you to a meal."

Instead of replying, Gary simply strode away. Riley trotted behind him obediently.

Oscar took one last glance at Gary's retreating figure before shutting the door.

He returned to Amelia's bed and loomed above her.

Seeing how he remained silent with an ugly scowl contorting his expression, Amelia was confused. "What's wrong?"

Oscar folded his arms. "Don't you have something to say to me?"

Amelia blinked innocently. "Mr. Clinton, what do you want to hear?"

"Don't play games with me."

"Mr. Clinton, what exactly do you want to hear from me?" Amelia continued gazing at him intently.

Under Oscar's intimidating gaze, she finally backed down. "I got to know Gary when Tiffany and I had supper one day. He is the owner of a security firm and Tiffany got the idea to hire a bodyguard for me. I couldn't refuse her offer, so I followed her to Gary's security firm and picked Riley to be my bodyguard. Before she could do her job, I ended up in an accident. You know what happened after that," Amelia revealed everything honestly.

Hearing that, Oscar finally relaxed.

He sat down in the chair and took Amelia's hand. "You silly girl, I'm not questioning you or trying to find out about your friends. I just want you to be alert. You're my wife, so many people will try to use you to hook up with the Clintons."

Amelia found that funny.

"Mr. Clinton, I'm not a fool. I know who I should befriend and who I should avoid."

Oscar tapped his knuckles on her forehead lightly.

Amelia huffed, "Mr. Clinton, I'm a patient!"

"I'm being nice because you're a patient. Otherwise, you've would have gotten spanked in the butt," Oscar chided firmly.

In response, Amelia burst out giggling. She accidentally jostled her wound and ended up gasping in pain.

Oscar stood up hastily and reached out to touch her, but he was afraid of hurting her and stopped midair.

“What’s wrong? Does it hurt? I’ll summon the doctor now!” Oscar turned on his heels to head outside. He had only taken one step when his wife grabbed his hand. Turning at his shoulder, he saw Amelia shaking her head, her face contorted from the pain.

Oscar swiveled around and bent over her. In a gentle voice, he asked, “What’s wrong? Does it hurt a lot?”

Shaking her head, Amelia panted slightly before answering, “Mr. Clinton, I’m fine. My chest was hurting a little just now. I feel much better now. Don’t you worry.”

Oscar couldn’t conceal the concern in his eyes.

“Silly, when will you stop acting this way?” He took her hand and placed it on his cheek in frustration.

Stunned, Amelia gazed blankly at Oscar, who was showing his genuine emotions to her.

She suddenly spoke. “Mr. Clinton, are you worried for me? You look kind of dumb doing that.”

Oscar shot her an exasperated look.

Amelia giggled at his reaction and accidentally jostled her wound again.

As she hissed in pain, Oscar demanded, “Stop laughing!”

Slowly, Amelia’s giggles ceased.

She struggled to raise her right hand to caress Oscar’s cheek. Gazing adoringly at him, she said, “Mr. Clinton, you have no idea how blissful I feel seeing you worrying over me. I can’t believe this is happening to me. I guess the car accident is a blessing in disguise. It feels like a dream to me. Ah... how I wished this dream won’t ever end.”

Oscar’s heart skipped a beat at her words.

Silly woman. She keeps making me guilty.

“I heard that motherhood can a person stupid for three years. You got involved in an accident and gave birth thereafter, so I guess you’re going to be stupid for at least six years.

Amelia was going to burst out laughing again, but Oscar deftly covered her mouth and chided, “Stop laughing, woman. Otherwise, you’ll jostle your wound and complain about being in pain again.”

Amelia merely blinked innocently.

The sight caused Oscar’s heart to soften.

They chattered for some time while time ticked by.

Dr. Kane and the other two doctors came twice to check up on Amelia. He even did a thorough examination for her and confirmed she was recovering better than expected.

Finally, Oscar could heave a sigh of relief.

Just when everyone thought Amelia would continue to recover, however, her body temperature suddenly spiked at around eleven at night. She was burning as though someone had placed her in an oven.

At once, she was rushed to the operating room. Oscar’s face was grim as he waited outside, leaning against the wall. Olivia leaned into her husband’s arms and cried quietly while Tiffany was still in a daze.

James strode over in his doctor’s coat. At once, Olivia rushed over to him and grabbed his hand. “James, please save Amelia. Please don’t let anything happen to her.”

James assured her, “Mrs. Clinton, don’t worry. I’ll do my best. Amelia will be fine.”

After comforting her, he went to Oscar and punched his friend lightly. “Oz, don’t worry. Amelia will be fine.”

Oscar returned his friendly punch and replied, “James, please do your best. I can’t live without her.”

James gave him a firm nod and went into the operating room.

Oscar could only watch as the doors to the operating room slid shut.

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 192

When everyone was gazing at the operating room anxiously, a phone started ringing out of nowhere.

Everyone present turned to the source of the sound, which was coming from Tiffany's phone. The latter was apparently still in a daze.

When Olivia pointed at her bag, she snapped back to reality and dug her phone out. The name "Mr. Hisson" appeared on her phone's screen.

Tiffany furrowed her brows instinctively. She had no idea why Derrick would be calling her at this hour. As Amelia was still in the operating room, she rejected the call without hesitation.

Instead of giving up, the man proceeded to call her five times in a row. In the end, Olivia said gently, "Tiffany, why don't you answer the call? Perhaps it's something urgent."

Tiffany gave her an apologetic nod and walked away to a corner to answer the call.

She didn't hide her displeasure when the call was connected. As such, the person at the other end of the line immediately sensed something was amiss.

"What's wrong? Did someone bully you?" Derrick asked, his voice deep and charismatic.

Strangely, Tiffany felt her anxiety that she had been bottling up exploding instantly. In a choking voice, she responded, "I'm fine, Mr. Hisson. If it's nothing important, I need to hang up now."

"Wait. Where are you now? I'll go over to you right away. Don't lie to me. You know I'm capable of tracking you down," Derrick demanded.

Tiffany had to reveal that she was at the Principal General Hospital.

Derrick didn't expect to hear that answer from her, but he swiftly regained his composure and answered, "I'll head over there now. Don't worry, I'll be right with you no matter what happened."

With that, he hung up.

As the screen went dim, Tiffany felt herself loosening. She no longer felt suffocated.

Putting the phone back into her bag, she returned to the operating room. Upon seeing her, Olivia asked, "Who was it? Is it an urgent business?"

Shaking her head, Tiffany responded, "It's a friend who thought I was at home and wanted to come and visit me. I said I wasn't home and hung up."

Olivia nodded and said nothing else.

The air tensed up promptly.

Derrick arrived around forty-five minutes later. When he strode over to Tiffany, it felt like there was a halo above his head, making him the limelight of the crowd.

“Are you hurt?” he came to Tiffany and asked in concern.

Tiffany merely stared at him emotionlessly. She didn’t know he would come this quickly.

“Y-You’re here?” Again, Tiffany became a stuttering mess in front of Derrick.

The man reached out to touch her cheek and repeated, “Are you hurt?”

It took Tiffany a while to reply, “I’m fine. It’s Amelia.”

Derrick frowned and looked at the operating room. “What happened to her?”

In response, Tiffany shook her head gloomily.

Clearing her throat, Olivia broke the silence. “Tiffany, who is this?”

It was only then did Tiffany realize they weren’t alone.

Her cheeks heated as she glared at Derrick, who replied calmly, “Hello. I’m Tiffany’s boss, Derrick Hisson. I’m her future boyfriend and husband.”

Tiffany jolted up in shock. What the hell is he talking about?

“Mr. Hisson, stop spouting nonsense!”

Derrick blinked. “But I’m being sincere here. Is that wrong?”

Tiffany couldn’t help but feel flustered.

Meanwhile, Olivia gave Derrick a surreptitious once-over. She had seen plenty of good-looking people in her life, but that didn’t stop her from marveling over Derrick’s stunning features.

Look at this hunk. I don’t think I’ve ever seen anyone as handsome as him. Even Oscar, whom I’m proud of, isn’t his match.

She complimented, “Mr. Hisson, you’re a stunning man.”

Derrick flashed a polite grin. "Thank you for your compliment, Mrs. Clinton. And please, just call me Derrick."

Olivia returned with a nod as a smile flitted across her lips.

"Derrick, now that we've been introduced to each other, I have a question for you. Are you going to court my goddaughter?" She went straight to the point.

Derrick tilted his head in confusion.

"I've just taken Tiffany to be my goddaughter, so I have the right to question her suitor," Olivia explained.

Without flinching, Derrick's lips curved into a grin. "Tiffany's lucky enough to be your goddaughter, Mrs. Clinton, seeing how elegant and pretty you are. I'm glad that she won't be rejecting me using the excuse that she isn't worthy of me. Now that she is the Clintons' goddaughter, and I'm the owner of a small publishing company, we should be a perfect match."

Olivia scanned him discreetly. He was smiling, but his gaze remained calm even after he got to know that Tiffany was her goddaughter. Instantly, her admiration for him heightened.

"Derrick, you're an excellent man. My son, Oscar, is no match for your striking looks. To be honest, I'm concerned if you're courting my goddaughter," Olivia revealed.

"Mrs. Clinton, looks won't last forever. True love has nothing to do with looks, right?" Derrick was humble.

Olivia nodded in agreement.

"My daughter-in-law is still in the operating room, so I'm not in the mood to chat further. When Amelia recovers, we can meet up to have some tea. I adore Tiffany a lot. As she's working alone in the city, I have to help her screen her suitors," Olivia explained in her usual soothing voice.

Derrick shot her a polite nod.

He stepped backward and stood behind Tiffany, holding her hand gently. Shocked, Tiffany looked up at him.

Derrick gave her a comforting smile and mouthed, Don't worry. I'm here.

At once, Tiffany's heart skipped a beat. Tears welled up in her eyes as she whispered, "Thank you, Mr. Hisson."

Ignoring the other people in the immediate vicinity, Derrick patted her head softly. Tiffany's eyes immediately widened in surprise.

On the other hand, Olivia took one look at Derrick's intimate action and said nothing.

They waited in front of the operating room until dawn when the doors finally glided open to reveal James and the other doctors.

Oscar immediately dashed over to them and demanded anxiously, "James, how is Amelia faring?"

James seemed exhausted but excited at the same time.

"Oz, don't worry. Amelia's condition is within our expectations. She was running a temperature from the previous surgery. If we didn't discover it in time, it might develop into pneumonia."

Oscar breathed a sigh of relief.

He patted James' shoulder gratefully. "Thanks, mate. I owe you one."

James shrugged in response.

Oscar turned to the other doctors to express his gratitude. "Thank you, everyone. When Amelia gets better, I'll treat you all to a meal."

Dr. Kane and the others grinned. "You're welcome, Mr. Clinton. This is our job."

"Thank you for your hard work today. You should take a well-deserved rest. I'll make sure to repay you once Amelia's condition is stable."

After exchanging a few more pleasantries, Dr. Kane finally excused himself and left with the other doctors in tow.

Oscar followed Amelia back to her ward. Staring at an unconscious Amelia, he felt his heart squeezing in agony.

If possible, I'd like to bear the pain for her.

He went on his knees and placed her hand on his cheek. Immediately, he frowned upon realizing how cool her hand was. It felt like she was about to leave him any minute.

"You silly girl, when will you stop making me worried?" he asked in a low voice.

Olivia placed a hand on his shoulder. "Oscar, relax. James told us Amelia's fine, right? She'll wake up after getting enough rest."

As Oscar buried his face in Amelia's palm, he felt a myriad of emotions overwhelming him. His voice was muffled as he answered, "Mom, I'm fine. It's late, so you and Dad should go home to rest. You must be exhausted after tonight's events."

He must be dying to spend some time alone with Amelia. At that thought, Olivia nodded.

"Alright. We'll head back home, then. Can you take care of Amelia alone?" Olivia urged.

Oscar nodded solemnly.

"We'll be off then. Call me if anything crops up."

There was no reply from Oscar, so Olivia turned to her husband and Tiffany. "Let's go. They need some alone time."

They filed out of the ward.

Inside the ward, Oscar remained on his knees beside the bed. He looked up at Amelia and mumbled, "Woman, you look really ugly now. Look at how pale you are. You're no longer the seductive woman I know. If you keep lying in bed, I'll stop loving you. It will be a one-sided crush on your side, get it?"

However, there was no response from the sleeping Amelia.

Slowly, Oscar caressed her icy hand and continued, "Alright, that was just a joke. You're pretty no matter what. Don't you want to hear my confession? If you wake up, I'll tell you the three words that you long to hear."

Nothing came from Amelia.

Oscar brushed his fingers across her oxygen mask. "Have a good rest. I'll confess my love for you when you recover. Since you want to lead a peaceful life, I shall try my best not to disappoint you."

He stood up and unfolded a foldable chair. His body was too big for it, so he could only curl up into a ball, but that didn't stop him from holding Amelia's hand.

"Good night, woman. Sleep tight. I'll be right by your side," he whispered.

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 193

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 193 Confession With Marriage In Mind

After leaving the ward, Tiffany was instantly stopped by James. Studying the man beside her, Derrick, he raised his chin and asked, "Who is this, Tiffany? Are you not going to introduce him to me?"

Before Tiffany could answer him, Derrick wrapped his arm around her waist in a possessive move. Then, he gracefully said, "I'm her boyfriend. May I know who you are?"

James was dumbfounded. He never expected his feelings for her to be crushed before they could truly bloom.

It took him ages to finally want to settle down. It was then he met a Chanaea woman he liked, and he wanted to abandon everything he had to try things out with her. Yet, before he could do anything, fate told him it was game over.

Is this a cruel joke from fate?

Staring at her in disbelief, he squeezed out, "Tiffany, tell me why."

At that, Tiffany raised a brow. To her, she was barely friends with James. Regardless of whether she was in a relationship with Derrick or not, James was barely an acquaintance.

"What do you mean why, James?" Tiffany waved her hand, annoyed. "I'm grateful that Amelia's fine, but I really am not in the mood to play word games with you. I'll treat you to a meal another day. All I want to do now is to have a good, long nap back at home. We'll talk again another day, okay?"

Never a clingy man, James replied, "Don't misunderstand what I mean, Tiffany. Your mother is interested in matchmaking us, and you've left a good impression on me. Plus, I've been planning to settle down in Chanaea too. I was thinking if you'd like to try things out with me. As you know, foreigners are always straightforward."

Taken aback by his words, she widened her eyes and glanced at Derrick. With an awkward chuckle, she said, "James, stop joking. It's not funny. Your mind must be stuck after spending so many hours for the surgery. You should get some sleep so that you'll recover tomorrow. Let's talk again tomorrow, okay? I'm exhausted. Bye."

With that, Tiffany ignored the menacing glares the two men were exchanging and walked away.

Derrick shot James a smirk before hurrying after Tiffany.

James, who had been left behind, shrugged. Although he had just been rejected by Tiffany, there was no trace of sadness on his face.

Instead of truly having feelings for her, he had confessed to her because he wanted to settle down. Moreover, among the people he knew, he realized Tiffany was not

someone he hated. Therefore, he wanted to see if they would be a match. If they were, he would be glad to have her as his wife. If not, he would only say that they were not fated to be.

Shrugging again, he stuck his hands into his coat pocket and whistled as he walked in the other direction.

Meanwhile, right as Tiffany stepped out of the hospital, someone grabbed her right wrist. With a tug, she fell forward against a broad chest.

Her nose smashed onto the steel-like chest, and she cried out in pain. Immediately, her hand shot up to cover her nose as tears welled in her eyes.

Snapping her head upward to glare at the culprit, she snarled, "Mr. Hisson, you must be doing this on purpose, aren't you? It hurts!"

Ignoring her struggles, Derrick secured his arm around her waist and towed her toward the car. With a quick move, he pinned her against the car.

His entire body was leaning against her, and she could feel his breaths on her face.

In the dark, Tiffany's heart raced, and she blushed as she stared at the handsome man.

She could not tear her eyes away from the man's sapphire-looking eyes.

"Who is he?" Derrick questioned, leaning closer.

They were only a hair's breadth away from each other, and Tiffany felt as if her heart was going to escape from her chest. Even her mind was nothing but mush at that point.

"Who?" she mumbled in a daze.

"That foreigner."

Blinking, she then muttered, "You mean James?"

Derrick nodded.

"Why are you asking?"

"Do you like him?"

All of a sudden, Tiffany wondered if she had lost her mind. When separated, Derrick's words made sense to her. Yet, when they were combined into a sentence, she realized she could not comprehend what he was trying to say.

“Huh?”

“Do you like him?” Derrick was pressing against her to the point that every inch of her back was against the car. Their lips were only a finger apart.

Tiffany could only blink slowly. Every time Derrick was around, the gears in her mind would cease to function, and she would not be able to recall anything.

Seeing how she remained silent, Derrick narrowed his eyes dangerously. “So, you like him?”

Like a fool, she nodded.

The look in Derrick’s eyes turned even more menacing. In the next second, he lowered his head and kissed her, forcing her teeth to part as he began entwining his tongue with hers.

The sudden kiss made her tense before struggling slightly. However, after Derrick’s forceful invasion, she slowly relaxed into the kiss.

That made Derrick satisfied, and he deepened the kiss. By the time the two separated, Tiffany was slumped against the car as she panted. Her face was flushed, and her eyes were unfocused.

Pulling her up and into his arms, he waited for Tiffany to regain her senses. The moment she did, she shoved him away and slapped him.

Right after the slap, the look in Derrick’s eyes changed, and Tiffany stood transfixed, stunned by her own action.

Retracting her hand, an embarrassed look crept upon her face. However, when she recalled that Derrick had been the one to force a kiss on her, the anger in her burned bright again.

Furious, she gritted out, “Mr. Hisson, I can think of your prior harassment as just a prank, but I’m enraged by your kiss this time. I’m not your pet; I’m not here for you to play with when you’re happy and get left aside when you’re not.”

Staring at her, Derrick quietly asked, “Do I treat you like a pet?”

Tiffany averted her eyes guiltily, but still, her voice remained calm. “That’s enough. I’ll just think that your hormones took over your brain tonight. Time to go. I’m sleepy.”

Feeling guilty, Tiffany tried to escape, but Derrick pulled her into his arms again.

Instinctively, she placed her hand against his chest to break free from him. "Derrick, I'm warning you now to let me go. If you don't, I won't be as polite."

Finding her reaction cute, Derrick's lips curled. In a confident tone, he said, "Tiff, you clearly don't hate me. So why won't you say yes to me?"

Tiffany's mind was in a mess, and she blurted out, "Who courts others as you do? Everyone courts with flowers and gifts, and they're gentle with the girl. All you do is force your way regardless of whether I like it or not. There's no sign of sincerity at all. Forget it. I don't want to waste my time with you anymore. I'm leaving. Goodbye."

With that, Tiffany hurried away as if she was a rabbit escaping from a wolf.

Derrick's only response was a growing confident smile on his face.

A moment later, he opened the door and entered the car. After backing out of the parking space, he drove to Tiffany's side.

Then, he opened the door and said, "Get in."

Tiffany ignored him. Instead of insisting, he slowly drove behind her.

As she walked, she could not help but turn to look at the car behind her. This... This is such a strange scene.

Three minutes later, she finally walked toward the car.

With a grin, Derrick asked, "Are you getting in?"

Hearing that, Tiffany shot a vicious glare at him and began walking forward again. When she realized he was still adamant about following her, she stomped her foot and yelled, "Stop following me, Derrick! Or I'll show you what a punch is!"

Derrick burst out laughing.

Then, he stuck his head out the window and said, "Hop in. I won't do anything to you."

Tiffany huffed and continued storming away.

Once Derrick found a spot to park his car, he got off and strode toward Tiffany. Disregarding her struggles, he spun her around to make her look at him. Then, in a soft tone, he muttered, "I'll admit that I did things wrong, so let me apologize to you. Let's get into the car first. It's getting late, so let me send you back. I promise I won't do anything to you without your permission."

At that, Tiffany shook his hand off before walking back up the path she came from. Opening the car door, she then plopped down on the front passenger seat.

In response, Derrick shook his head. He, too, returned to the car and sat on the driver's seat.

When he started the car, he commented, "And here I thought you were just mildly spicy but turns out you're actually a bottle of choking tabasco sauce."

Tiffany rolled her eyes at him. "What's the matter? Do you not like me now that you found out I'm not the same as who you think I am?"

Derrick grinned, feeling exceptionally delighted.

"Of course I do. Why won't I like you like this?"

Immediately, Tiffany's cheeks heated up. She began moving away as if she was trying to minimize her presence.

Right then, Derrick looked at her and said solemnly, "Woman, be honest with me. Do you want to be in a relationship with me? We'll be dating with marriage in mind. I'll love you and dote on you when you're with me. I can't guarantee that I can protect you from everything, but you have my promise that I'll do my best to protect you from harm."

Tiffany's heart thumped louder and louder as she stared into the man's serious eyes. Subconsciously turning her head toward the window, she replied loudly, "Mr. Hisson, this isn't a funny joke. Hurry up and drive. I'm very sleepy!"

Derrick only stared at her for a while longer. He knew not to push her. Thus, he said, "Tiff, I'll give you time to consider this; I'm not in a rush. One day, you'll say yes. I'll let time prove that marrying into a wealthy family won't be as hard as you think it is. Men who let their wives suffer at home are nothing but b*stards. I'll make sure to prove that I've never been one. and will never be one."

After Derrick sent Tiffany home, and as she lay on the bed after her shower, his words kept replaying in her mind.

Annoyed, she smacked her head and yelled, "Derrick, you b*stard! You're the b*stard of the century! It's impossible for us to be together, and yet you just have to flirt with me! Argh! You're the bane of my existence!"

Unsurprisingly, Tiffany was left sleepless throughout the night. It was only at six in the morning that she finally dozed off. When she woke again, it was only nine in the morning.

She was woken up by the incessant ringing of her phone. Not a morning person, she accepted the call grumpily and snapped, "Hello? Who's this? If there's anything, send a prayer and I'll answer you in heaven. If not, I'm hanging up."

"Tiffany, you're just tempting me to strangle you here and now. When it's your death anniversary, I'll make sure to pray hard and send you a message," came a devil-like voice through the speakers.

Tiffany instantly sobered up.

"Oh, why, if it isn't the ever-beautiful Shannon the editor. What's the matter? Why are you being huffy so early in the morning?" Tiffany said with a chuckle.

"So you still remember that I'm your editor? Where's the manuscript you promised me a week ago? You said you're giving me hundreds of thousands of words, but I don't see anything at all. Are you messing with me? If I don't see your manuscript coming in soon, I'm going to drag you to hell with me."

Tiffany quickly pulled her phone away from her as Shannon's high-pitched voice nearly busted her eardrums.

"Calm down, Shannon." It was work, after all. Tiffany would not spout unreasonable excuses. "I'm not deliberately avoiding to give you the manuscript. It's just that Amelia was in an accident a few days ago, and the doctor said she might not make it. I went to the hospital to visit her, so I ended up not working on the manuscript."

As expected, Shannon immediately calmed down.

"Ms. Winters was in an accident? When?"

"Just a few days ago. I've been taking care of her in the hospital these few days, so I wasn't in the mood to work. She went for surgery yesterday too, so I ended up reaching home at about three in the morning. I was exhausted, so I fell asleep. I was wondering if you can extend the deadline for the manuscript for another half a month? I swear I'll give it to you by then. I won't procrastinate," Tiffany solemnly replied.

Quietly, Shannon asked, "Which hospital is Ms. Winters in?"

"Principal General Hospital."

"All right, I got it. Come to the office, and I'll discuss the manuscript with you there before we head to the hospital to visit her," Shannon uttered. "You'd better not tell me that you want more sleep. You know how scary I can be."

Tiffany did in fact know how scary Shannon could be. Ain't no way I'm provoking her.

Thus, she obediently went to the office.

At the office, Shannon berated her for half an hour. Right as her eardrums were about to burst, and Tiffany was about to plead for mercy, Shannon stopped.

The two then discussed the issues of the manuscript. In a blink of an eye, it was twelve.

Packing away the things, Shannon then said, "Let's go visit Ms. Winters."

"Should we have our lunch before we head there? Amelia's still sick, so I doubt she can help you with lunch," Tiffany suggested with a grin.

Shannon only rolled her eyes. In the end, the two had lunch before heading to the hospital.

When they reached the ward, it was crowded. Fruits and flowers were all over the room.

Then, they heard Olivia's voice. "Ladies and gentlemen, my daughter-in-law has just woken up, and the doctor said not to tire her out. We're very grateful that you can come and see her today, but it's noon. I've asked the butler to reserve spots at Thalassa Restaurant, so please have your lunch there. She needs to rest too."

The visitors exchanged polite words before leaving the ward.

Shannon, with fruits in her hands, glanced at Tiffany, not sure whether to enter the room or not.

"Tiffany, it seems like we've come at a bad time. Do we still go in?" Shannon whispered.

Before Tiffany could answer her, the ever-observant Olivia noticed them.

She stepped forward to grab Tiffany's hand and smiled. "Why are you still standing there? Amelia was just mumbling that she misses you, and you're here now."

Tiffany smiled back before following her into the ward.

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 194

Tiffany went to Amelia's bed and straightened the latter's fringe. "Babe, are you awake? You gave me a shock yesterday."

The oxygen mask had been removed from Amelia's mouth, but she still looked pale with her chapped lips.

“You must’ve been worried.”

Tiffany placed the fruits she brought along on the ground as there were plenty of other gifts on the table. There was no more space for her stuff.

Shannon came to them and showed her concern. “Ms. Winters, do you feel better? Tiffany just told me you were in an accident, so I came with her to visit you.”

Amelia flashed a weak smile. “Ms. Shannon, thank you for visiting me.”

Shannon then placed the fruits she brought on the ground as well. Amelia turned to Olivia and said, “Mom, please get a chair for Ms. Shannon.”

Olivia dragged a chair over. “Have a seat. I’ll cut the fruits up for you.”

At once, Shannon waved her hand. “No need, Mrs. Clinton. You don’t have to go to all the trouble.”

A pleasant smile was hanging on Olivia’s lips as she said, “You’re Amelia’s friend, right? Don’t stand on ceremony. As you’re our guest, I should serve you some fruits.”

With that, she took the fruits and entered the washroom to wash them.

A flash of concern appeared in Shannon’s gaze. “Ms. Winters, you look really pale. Are you alright?”

Amelia shook her head to tell her not to worry. “I’m alright. I’ll get better after some rest.”

Shannon inclined her head and fell silent.

She wasn’t that close to Amelia as she had gotten to know the latter through Tiffany.

Instead, it was Amelia who broke the silence. “Have you had lunch?”

“We ate some before coming here. What about you?” asked Shannon.

“I took some soup earlier.” Something occurred to Amelia and her lips curved into a grin. “I’m craving meat now. It feels like I haven’t eaten meat for ages. Ugh, just thinking about me got me salivating!”

Both Tiffany and Shannon burst into giggles.

“Babe, you’ve just been operated on, so you won’t get to eat meat for some time. But upon your recovery, I’ll prepare a meat feast for you, alright?”

Amelia swallowed hard. "Tiff, I can't eat meat now. So stop tempting me."

Her words made both Tiffany and Shannon titter in delight again.

"Ms. Winters, I thought you're a sexy and aloof woman, but turns out you have a hilarious side to you, huh?" teased Shannon as she wiped her tears of joy away.

Tiffany didn't forget to chime in, "Shannon, she might seem like a seductive vixen, but she's actually cuckoo. Only those who are close to her get to see this side of her. She's always aloof to others. When you get to know her better, you'll find out how silly she is. I can't help but tease her."

Amelia shot Tiffany an exasperated glance as Shannon laughed her heart out.

When Olivia came out with a plate of fruits, she saw them chattering happily. She smiled and went over to them. "Sounds like you're having a fun time. What are you chatting about?"

Shannon covered her stomach that hurt from laughing too much and blurted out, "Tiffany said Ms. Winters is a cuckoo and told me not to be fooled by her looks."

Olivia placed the plate on the table and gestured for them to eat the fruits.

Affected by Olivia's warmth, Shannon gradually relaxed. She picked a piece of fruit and took a bite. "Mrs. Clinton, do you think Ms. Winters is a cuckoo?"

Olivia took one look at Amelia and beamed. "Amelia's a considerate and kind young lady. She might look like a sexy and promiscuous woman at first sight, and to be honest, when Oscar wanted to marry her back then, I was worried. I wanted him to marry an obedient wife, so Amelia's looks didn't make the cut. But the more time I spent with her, the more I adored her. Her most likable trait is that she's filial. I'm glad to have her as my daughter-in-law."

Upon hearing that, color returned to Amelia's face slowly.

Envy shone in Shannon's gaze. "Mrs. Clinton, you're gorgeous, elegant, and nice. Ms. Winters is lucky to have you as her mother-in-law. I hope my future mother-in-law is half as nice as you."

Olivia gave Amelia a slice of apple. "Amelia, you can only eat a little."

After Amelia took a bite, Olivia gave a half-smile. "Shannon, right?"

Shannon nodded, feeling flattered.

Olivia proceeded to share her opinion. "Shannon, I don't agree with your words. Actually, it isn't as complicated as you think. Those mother-in-law and daughter-in-law fights you see on TV are mostly made-up. Most moms want their sons to have a blissful life with their wives. Why will they be happy to see their sons fighting with their wives? Of course, there are some moms who want to control their sons and they'll treat their daughter-in-law as enemies. That's the minority, though. You're pretty and amiable, so your mother-in-law will surely be the same."

Shannon gave her a thumbs up. "Mrs. Clinton, I can't believe you're this understanding. If you're thirty years younger, and I'm a man, I'll definitely court you." She didn't conceal her admiration for Olivia.

Olivia burst out laughing at her comment.

It was a heartwarming session in the ward.

Tiffany gave Shannon a slight push and joked, "Shannon, stop it. Even if Mrs. Clinton is thirty years younger, she still belongs to Mr. Clinton. You're no match for him."

The sounds of lighthearted laughter resonated in the ward.

Amelia chuckled as she lay in her bed.

"Tiffany, why are you still calling me Mrs. Clinton?" asked Olivia. "You should be calling me Aunt Olivia."

At her words, Shannon gave Tiffany a baffled look.

Tiffany glanced at Amelia shyly. To her surprise, the latter nodded at her encouragingly.

"Tiff, Mom told me she wants to take you as her goddaughter. It's a good thing, so you should say yes," urged Amelia.

Now, Tiffany had no reason to reject the offer.

Olivia took her hand and patted it gently. "Tiffany, don't feel pressured to say yes. I'm sincere in wanting to become your godmother. You're Amelia's friend, and I adore you, too. If you don't want me to hold a party to introduce you to everyone, we can do it in private then. I shall introduce you to my friends in the corporate world sometime later. You're a freelance writer, so I can introduce you to bigger publishing companies out there. You have the potential to become a best-selling author in Chanaea!"

Before Tiffany could reply, Shannon's excited voice rang out. "Tiffany, you should thank Mrs. Clinton! Not everyone gets the chance to be a best-selling author. You're lucky to be talented and appreciated by your benefactor. Many authors are talented but lack the chance to shine. Tiffany, you need to grab the chance before it slips away!"

Shaking Tiffany's hand enthusiastically, she added, "If you're going to be a best-selling author, I'll be your only editor!"

Tiffany was amused by her reaction.

Amelia chimed in, "Mom, don't give Tiff too much pressure. If she doesn't want to be your goddaughter, you should forget it then. She might be a famous author, but she spends most of her time at home. If she becomes the Clintons' goddaughter, it might bring her unwanted attraction. Some nasty people might even start criticizing her. I don't want this to end in a disaster."

After thinking about it, Olivia nodded in agreement. "Seems like I was being too hasty. Alright, I'll stop talking about it. But Tiffany, I'll be waiting for you to call me Aunt Olivia."

Hearing that, Tiffany heave a sigh of relief inwardly.

Half an hour later, Shannon excused herself as she had to return to work. Tiffany remained to accompany Amelia.

Olivia told her, "Tiffany, stay here with Amelia. I need to go back home. Oscar will be here soon."

"Mrs. Clinton, you can leave if you have something on. I've already taken a few days off, so I can take care of Amelia here," said Tiffany.

"Alright, then. Amelia, I'm going home. If you crave anything, give me a call. I'll be back later," Olivia told her.

"Okay, stay safe, Mom."

Olivia inclined her head and left with her bag in hand.

After seeing Olivia off, Tiffany returned to her seat beside the bed. "Babe, Mrs. Clinton adores you."

Amelia nodded without saying anything.

Grabbing her hand, Tiffany advised earnestly, "Babe, you've barely survived the ordeal. Clearly, Oscar has feelings for you. So don't push him away like a fool. If you love him, hold on to him. Now that your baby is here, you're a happy family of three. You don't have to overthink things. I don't want to see you backing off when Cassie kicks up a fuss again."

Amelia's gaze was blazing with happiness. "As long as Oscar remains by my side, I won't leave him."

Tiffany was relieved to hear that.

“Don’t worry. When you were in the operating room, I saw how grim Oscar’s expression was. I’m a freelance writer, so I know how the male and female lead think. I’m certain he loves you. You should have a serious discussion with him after this,” Tiffany suggested.

Amelia shot her an obliging nod.

Pleased, Tiffany proceeded to inquire, “Anyway, where is Oscar? Don’t tell me he had let down his guard after you woke up?”

“He received a phone call and had to return to his office to sign an urgent document. I think he’ll be back soon.”

Tiffany pursed her lips in annoyance. “What a lame excuse. He’d better be signing an urgent document now.”

“Why are you so biased against him? I thought he only viewed me as a toy in the past, but after what he did for me for the past few days, I’m certain he won’t lie to me. No, it’s more like he won’t go to the hassle of lying to me.” A blissful smile lit up Amelia’s lips at the mention of Oscar.

Tiffany shuddered in disgust. “Babe, your words sound so corny.”

The smile on Amelia’s lips remained.

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 195

Just when they were chatting amiably in the ward, Amelia’s phone suddenly rang. Tiffany picked it up and saw that it was Oscar.

“It’s Oscar,” she revealed before answering the call. “Hello?”

When Oscar heard her voice, he fell silent for a moment before saying hesitantly, “Tiffany?”

“Yeah, it’s me. What is it?” Tiffany responded.

“I’m going to be late as there are still some documents I have to go through at my office. Please pass the message to Amelia.”

Tiffany immediately huffed, “Oscar Clinton, is this an excuse so you can sneak out to be with your mistress?”

“Seeing as you’re Amelia’s friend, I won’t reproach you. But still, you need to mind your words. You don’t want Amelia to worry, do you? Besides, if I want to get myself a mistress, I won’t make it a secret,” Oscar announced at the other end of the line firmly.

Stunned, Tiffany glanced at Amelia as her expression grew solemn.

“I’m sorry for being harsh earlier,” Tiffany immediately apologized. “Go back to work. I’ll take care of Amelia. But I’m warning you, if you dare to hurt her, I won’t let you off easily.”

Oscar didn’t take her warning seriously and replied, “Pass the phone to her. I need to say a few words to her.”

Without hesitation, Tiffany handed the phone to Amelia.

Oscar called out, “Amelia?”

Amelia hummed in acknowledgement.

“I’m still working, so I might be late. Take good care of yourself, you hear?”

“You should focus on your work. Mom and Tiff are here with me, so don’t worry,” came Amelia’s gentle reply. “Even if you’re busy, remember to take your meals on time. Don’t starve yourself.”

Warmth flooded Oscar’s heart upon hearing her reminder. Softly, he answered, “I know. I want to grow old together with you, so I’ll take good care of my health.”

Amelia felt her cheeks heating in embarrassment. She couldn’t handle Oscar after his abrupt change, but his sweet nothings still brought her a ray of happiness.

“I got it. You should go back to work.”

After cutting the line, Tiffany took the phone from her and joked, “Babe, look how flushed you are. You need to calm down. I can’t believe how love-struck you are.”

Amelia blushed even harder when she heard that.

As Tiffany pulled the covers up, she grinned. “I know you love Oscar, and that you’re happy with him. Be good and take a nap now.”

A blissful smile played on Amelia’s lips. She was exhausted, so after exchanging some friendly banter with Tiffany, she promptly fell into a deep slumber.

Gazing at Amelia’s peaceful expression, Tiffany felt pleased. Still, she couldn’t stop worrying about her friend. It was clear that Amelia had fallen head over heels for Oscar.

Oscar's attitude had changed after the accident. Is Oscar's hidden feelings for Amelia deeper than the love Amelia has for him? She fell in love with him first, so she has to suffer more. She's destined to be on the losing side as she said "I love you" first.

"Babe, I hope you did the right thing, and Oscar is your Mr. Right. I want you to form a happy family with him," Tiffany lamented and let out a sigh.

Meanwhile, after talking to Amelia, Oscar hung up and scowled unhappily.

He leaned in his chair and glared at a man, who was pinned to the ground by his bodyguards. "Spill," he commanded as the man shivered in fear.

Immediately, the man revealed in a trembling voice, "M-Mr. Clinton, please forgive me this once. I won't do it again! I didn't hit Mrs. Clinton on purpose. It was Ms. Stephanie who gave me the orders! I'm telling the truth."

Oscar narrowed his gaze.

After a while, he gestured at his bodyguards, who immediately pulled out a knife before stabbing it down on the man's palm.

The next moment, the man's wails of anguish resonated in the room.

Oscar frowned. "Seal his mouth."

A cloth was stuffed into the man's mouth.

The man lay on the ground and held his bleeding right hand, writhing in pain.

Oscar gave another nod, and one of the bodyguards removed the cloth from the man's mouth.

Immediately, the man hissed in pain.

He raised his head weakly to say, "Mr. Clinton, please spare my life. It was Ms. Stephanie who gave me the orders! Otherwise, I won't dare to harm Mrs. Clinton!"

Oscar's face turned grim in an instant as he commanded, "Donnie, call Stephanie and ask where she is. Bring her over now."

"Understood, Mr. Clinton," Donnie answered and strode out.

"Kurt, cripple his hands!" Oscar ordered his other bodyguard viciously.

"Understood."

Fear was written all over the man's face as he covered back while pleading, "Mr. Clinton, please spare me. Have mercy on me!"

Oscar furrowed his brows. "Well? Hurry up, Kurt."

Kurt Alfsen grabbed the man deftly and took action. Soon, another horrifying yell rang out.

After finishing his job, Kurt flung the man onto the ground and returned to his original position quietly.

As for the man, he lay curled into a ball while convulsing from the pain of his crippled hands.

Oscar told him, "I'll give you another chance. If you reveal the real mastermind, I'll spare your life. When Stephanie arrives later, and I find out you've been framing her, you'll suffer from a worse fate."

The man struggled to meet Oscar's gaze. "Mr. Clinton, I wasn't lying. It was Ms. Stephanie who ordered me to do so. Please spare me. I have to support my eighty-year-old mother, daughter, and children. My wife was diagnosed with uremia last month, so I ended up taking the job to get money for her treatment. I won't do it again. Please, Mr. Clinton. My family needs me."

Oscar's lips quirked into an icy smirk.

"Don't you know the consequences of hurting one of the Clintons?" He fiddled with his fingers. "I remember your daughter is eighteen this year. She's an adult now, right? What if I send her to work at a nightclub?"

The color drained out of the man's face as he crawled toward Oscar slowly. Blood trickled out from his wounds to the ground to form a terrifying scene.

"Mr. Clinton, it was my fault. I lost my mind at the sight of money. If you want to take revenge, punish me. But please, don't hurt my daughter. She's innocent," he begged.

Hostility crept into Oscar's eyes. He couldn't forget the suffocating feeling when he heard about Amelia's accident. The sight of her frail and pale figure entering the operating room was too much for him to bear. He refused to experience the same thing again.

Shooting an icy glare at the man pleading for his forgiveness, he sneered, "Look at you, begging for me not to target your daughter. When you hit Amelia, did you think about her baby in her stomach? She was seven months along! You could've killed her and her baby. I might lose my wife and never get to see my son."

The man's expression contorted as he howled, seemingly regretting his mistake.

Shortly after, Donnie arrived with Stephanie in tow. She was still complaining when she stepped in. "Donnie, I'm warning you. If this isn't an urgent business, you shall suffer from my wrath!"

Right then, she spotted the nearly unconscious man collapsed on the ground. When she went nearer and realized who he was, her eyes widened in shock. Instinctively, she stepped back and turned to leave, but Donnie blocked her escape and pushed her in.

Seeing her reaction, Oscar scowled and pointed at the man on the ground. "Stephanie, do you know this man?"

After her initial terror, Stephanie had regained her composure.

She pretended to shoot a disdainful look at the man and said, "Who is this? Look how scruffy he is. I don't know anyone like him."

The man perked up upon seeing Stephanie and yelled, "Ms. Stephanie, don't lie! You were the one who came to me and promised to pay me three million and treat my wife if I can get someone to hit Mrs. Clinton—"

Before he could finish, Stephanie stormed over and started kicking him forcefully.

"Nonsense! Who are you to sow discord between me and my brother? Yes, I don't like Amelia, but I'm not that cruel to attempt to kill her. She's pregnant with my nephew. I will never do such a crazy thing!"

The man immediately yelped in pain.

Oscar spoke up. "Stephanie, stop!"

Hearing his order, Stephanie finally stopped kicking him and heaved angrily.

"Oscar, don't listen to him. Why would I hire someone to hit Amelia? I'm not that crazy!" Stephanie tried to defend herself.

Not a word came from Oscar's lips as he studied his sister carefully.

Under his scrutinizing gaze, Stephanie averted her gaze guiltily. She felt thoroughly exposed.

"O-Oscar, what's wrong? Why are you staring at me?" Stephanie stammered.

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 196

“Stephanie, am I a good brother to you?” Oscar asked out of nowhere.

As Stephanie met Oscar’s knowing gaze, her heart began racing. Something told her that if she couldn’t offer a good explanation, her brother might cut ties with her.

She swallowed nervously and racked her brains for a suitable explanation. Ugh, stupid Cassie. If she hadn’t planted that thought in my mind, I wouldn’t have hired someone to hit Amelia. I’ve underestimated how important Amelia is to Oscar.

I wouldn’t have made that reckless decision if I knew Oscar would spend so much effort to find the culprit. Instead, I would make sure to perfect my plan before carrying it out.

“Er, you’re a great brother,” Stephanie gulped and mumbled.

Oscar shot her a disappointing glare and gritted out, “Stephanie, if I’m a good brother, why did you hire a hitman to harm my wife and son?”

Stephanie panicked instantly. She hurriedly waved her hand. “Oscar, he’s lying! I’ve never seen him before, let alone hire him to hit Amelia. It’s true that I don’t like her, but I’m not crazy enough to harm her and my unborn nephew!”

Upon hearing Stephanie’s denial, the man struggled to sit up and declared, “Ms. Stephanie, you liar. I still have the money you gave me in my account. After giving half to someone else, I withdrew a few hundred thousand to pay for my wife’s medical bills. The rest are still in my account. The money can be traced back to you.”

In response, Stephanie glowered and kicked the man repeatedly to vent her anger. “Nonsense! How dare you accuse me? Die!”

Oscar knitted his brows. “Stop her.”

The two bodyguards went up and dragged Stephanie away at his order.

Stephanie couldn’t contain her rage. “Let me go! I’m going to beat that b*stard to death! He’ll find out that I’m no pushover. He can’t frame me as he likes!”

Nevertheless, the bodyguards didn’t release her.

She shot daggers at them and demanded, “Are you deaf? Release me! Otherwise, you’ll be in deep trouble!”

Oscar rose to his feet and commented, “Oh? Deep trouble, you say?”

Stephanie took one look at him and promptly returned to her obedient self.

He glared at her before turning to Kurt. "Kurt, get me her account statement. I want to see where she spent her money for the past month."

Kurt nodded and spun on his heels to leave.

At once, Stephanie grabbed Kurt's arm in a state of panic and pleaded, "Oscar, don't tell me you really believe this man's nonsense?"

"If it wasn't you, why would you be afraid?" Oscar returned coolly.

Stephanie was at a loss for words.

Thus, Oscar urged, "Go now, Kurt!"

Kurt pried Stephanie's hand off his arm and left without looking back.

As the door opened and slammed shut behind him, Stephanie wrung her hands helplessly. Her mind was in a jumbled mess.

It was clear what she had done.

Still, Oscar refused to believe his sister was capable of doing something this cruel. He had to admit that she was a willful person. That her upbringing gave her the time and resources to seek excitement and deviate against the norm. However, never in his wildest dreams did he expect to see her hiring a hitman to harm his wife.

It was unbelievable. No matter how cruel he was, he would never take someone's life. His conscience would berate him and plague him with nightmares every night.

However, his willful but kind sister, or so he thought, had hired a hitman to kill his family.

Right now, Oscar was overwhelmed by mixed feelings. The truth was too dreadful. Compared to his peers, he might've been an experienced businessman that could withstand anything that come his way, but this still came as a shocking piece of news to him.

Why did my sister have the urge to kill my family? That's ridiculous! I adore her so much. So why did she break my heart?

Sensing the disappointment in Oscar's gaze, Stephanie grew increasingly nervous. She spoke carefully. "Oscar, don't listen to him. I did nothing of the sort. You need to trust me."

Oscar shot her a look and returned to his seat quietly.

Instantly, Stephanie felt her heart sinking in despair. She immediately vented her anger on the man lying on the ground.

“Just you wait. I’ll make sure you pay for badmouthing me in front of Oscar!”

The man’s face turned ashen.

He couldn’t afford to offend both Oscar and Stephanie.

It took Kurt around half an hour to get what Oscar wanted. When he returned, he went straight to Oscar and whispered something in the latter’s ear.

An array of emotions flashed across Oscar’s face before he managed to calm himself down.

He pointed at the man. “Take him away and cripple him. You know what to do.”

The bodyguards nodded. They hauled the man up without hesitation. Kurt covered the man’s lips so he wouldn’t get to utter a sound before dragging him out.

Standing up, Oscar strode toward Stephanie. As she gave him a perplexed look, he raised his hand and gave her a forceful slap.

Stephanie’s head swiveled sideways from the impact. She covered her cheek in disbelief as tears welled up in her eyes. “Oscar, why did you slap me?”

Clenching his fists, Oscar declared, “Stephanie, I thought you’re just a willful young woman who was bored with your life and ended up seeking excitement. I never knew you were brutal enough to harm your sister-in-law and nephew. I won’t do anything else other than that slap I gave you. I won’t interfere in your business anymore. I’ll also tell Mom and Dad about what you did. It’s up to them to punish you.”

In that instant, Stephanie felt as if her blood was draining from her body. Her hands and feet grew clammy.

“Oscar, that’s not it. That man framed me!” Stephanie blamed everything on that man in desperation.

Disappointment shone in Oscar’s gaze as he said, “You’ve let me down, Stephanie. I adore you, but you tried to kill my wife and son. From today onward, we’re no longer siblings. Even if we meet at home, I’ll pretend not to see you.”

Stephanie grabbed his arm, dumbfounded.

“Oscar, it was Cassie who convinced me to hire a hitman to hit Amelia. I didn’t plan to do so. It was her orders. Trust me. She told me to do it!” Seeing how Oscar refused to budge, she pushed the blame onto Cassie.

The disappointment in Oscar’s heart heightened. He thought she would feel guilty for what she had done and apologize to Amelia. Instead, she kept pushing the blame onto someone else. It didn’t even occur to her how serious her mistake was.

If he handed the evidence to the court, she would have to go to jail for hiring a hitman to kill someone else. For an offense as serious as this, she might get a life sentence or the death penalty.

“Stephanie, you didn’t even realize what you had done was wrong, huh?” Oscar queried calmly.

To his surprise, Stephanie retorted, “Oscar, it was Cassie who egged me to do it. It was all her fault!”

At her twisted words, Oscar’s rage morphed into incredulous laughter. I never knew my sister is this good at making excuses. I feel ashamed of her.

“Stephanie, I’m disappointed and heartbroken. Since young, I’ve tried my best to take care of you. I might be a man of few words, but I’d offer help whenever you got into trouble. Even when you made things difficult for Amelia, I turned a blind eye. We were too lenient with you. In the end, you made a huge mistake by hiring a hitman to kill someone else. Do you know it’s a serious offense?”

Stephanie’s eyes widened in fear and disbelief. “Oscar, are you going to send me to jail?”

Oscar’s fists coiled taut as his expression turned icier.

“If you’re not my sister, I would have a thousand ways to torture you,” he announced coolly. “I won’t send you to jail, but I won’t have anything to do with you from now on. Mom and Dad will find out that you hired a hitman to kill your sister-in-law. That’s it.”

Panic gripped Stephanie.

She dashed over to Oscar. “Oscar, please don’t tell Dad and Mom. Mom dotes on Amelia, if she finds out I paid a hitman to kill Amelia, she’ll disown me” Her voice sounded flustered.

“Stephanie, you need to bear the consequences of your action. No one will keep clearing your mess. This is a lesson for you. Even if you’re a socialite, when you make a mistake, someone will make sure you pay for your mistake.”

With that, Oscar walked past her.

As Stephanie went numb in despair, she suddenly spotted an open window nearby. In a moment of rashness, she ran over to the window and climbed up.

“Oscar, if you tell Mom about what I did, I’ll jump!” Stephanie exclaimed, pointing out the window.

Oscar turned at his shoulder to cast a calm look at her.

“You’re going to jump off the building?”

Stephanie looked out the window and felt her legs turning wobbly. She couldn’t stop herself from trembling in fear.

Turns out, she had a fear of heights.

“Oscar, I don’t want to jump off the building. Please don’t tell Mom and Dad that I hired a hitman to kill Amelia. I mean, she’s fine now and even gave birth to your son safely. It’s a happy ending, right? So why must you insist on digging up the past?”

The corners of Oscar’s mouth turned up into a smirk.

“Stephanie, if you jump, I’ll consider keeping it a secret from Dad and Mom,” he uttered.

Stephanie’s eyes went wide with disbelief.

“Oscar, you want me to jump?”

“No, it’s not me who wants you to jump. You were the one who threatened to jump off the building, right? Otherwise, why would you climb up there in the first place?” Oscar folded his arms and shot her a frosty glare.

At this, Stephanie’s legs wobbled even more.

Her lips quivered as she said, “Oscar, are you seriously leaving me to die?”

“Stephanie, I’m so done with you. I can’t bring myself to forgive someone who tried to harm my wife and son.”

“But isn’t she just a toy to you?”

Oscar was stunned. Am I the reason why Stephanie became this ignorant fool? In other words, did I indirectly harm Amelia?

Stephanie kept her accusations coming. "Oscar, if you didn't blow hot and cold, I wouldn't dare to harm her. You're the indirect accomplice! I only dared to take action because of your indifferent attitude. I thought you didn't care about her and her baby, so I hired someone to dispose of them. Was I wrong?"

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 197

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 197 Never Mess With A Woman

Oscar's expression contorted as he slowly clenched his fists.

Stephanie immediately zipped her mouth shut.

Gazing at her, Oscar left his last words. "You'd better watch out."

With that, he spun on his heels and stalked out.

Stephanie was left alone standing at the window. She happened to look down and immediately grabbed the wall in fear. "Oscar, come back! I'm afraid of heights!" Alas, there was no reply.

In the end, she had to climb down herself in humiliation.

When Stephanie finally reached the ground, she let out a relieved sigh. Sweat dotted her forehead, making her a disheveled mess.

Lying on the ground, she couldn't stop a chill from running down her spine. She didn't even know when she got up and left the building.

Oscar had already left a while ago. He entered his car and dialed a number. "Kurt, is it done?"

"Mr. Clinton, it's all sorted out. What about his family?"

"Leave them alone, but cut off all their financial resources. His children are adults now and can support themselves."

"Got it, Mr. Clinton."

Oscar told him an address. "Since it's done, come drink with me here."

He went to the biggest karaoke in the city and paid for a private room. There, he ordered a few bottles of whiskey.

Soon, the two bodyguards arrived.

They entered the private room and greeted him, "Mr. Clinton."

Oscar sipped on his whiskey and gestured for them to take their seats.

Kurt and Donnie sat down as Oscar poured them drinks.

They were both overwhelmed by his action. To them, Oscar was a god-like existence who was good at making money, controlling interest, and martial arts. He was even good at shooting, so they found him invincible.

"Thank you, Mr. Clinton," they said in unison.

Oscar raised his glass, so they followed suit.

After Oscar finished the contents of his glass in one gulp, Kurt noticed two empty whiskey bottles on the table.

Concerned, he said, "Mr. Clinton, you should stop lest your gastric pain strikes again."

Oscar smiled bitterly and asked, "Be honest with me. Am I a good husband?"

The two bodyguards exchanged glances.

Kurt figured that Stephanie must've said something to provoke Oscar. Otherwise, the latter wouldn't have asked that question.

After a brief deliberation, Kurt replied, "Mr. Clinton, you might be stern, but you treat your employees well and pay us handsomely. Of course, you never mistreated Mrs. Clinton. At the very least, you never stopped giving her an allowance."

Oscar refilled his glass and gulped it down.

Bitterness spread in his heart. Looks like everyone knows how I only provided for her financially. I've never shown any concern to her. No wonder my sister was bold enough to hire a hitman to harm her. It was all my fault.

Without realizing it, Oscar had done many things to harm Amelia.

Previously, he didn't know his true feelings and could carry on with his life easily. But now that he finally realized how he felt about Amelia, he couldn't help but regret being an indifferent and arrogant man back then.

I used to be a self-righteous man, but Amelia fell in love with me, anyway. I'm proud of her. Still, I can't help but feel sorry and guilty. I'm a b*stard for ignoring her for the past five years.

"Kurt, Donnie, you've been working for me for some time. Tell me. Am I a good husband to Amelia?"

Both Kurt and Donnie looked at each other again. Mr. Clinton is acting strangely today.

This time, it was still Kurt who offered a reply. He coughed lightly before stating, "Mr. Clinton, it's your fifth wedding anniversary in a month's time. No matter what, you've been together for a long while, right? If you think you can do better, then you can just treat Mrs. Clinton better from now on. What use is there in you dwelling in the past?"

Oscar stilled for a moment before he broke into a smile.

He raised his glass and gradually relaxed.

"You're right. It's that simple, but I got into a dead end. Indeed, the onlooker sees most of the game. I'm glad you're here to give me advice." Oscar took another sip of his drink.

At that, Kurt and Donnie allowed themselves to breathe a sigh of relief.

It seemed that not only were they responsible for protecting Oscar, but they also had to resolve his dilemma in love.

It wasn't easy to be a bodyguard nowadays. Besides having fighting skills, one would also require a smart and adapting brain to advise one's employer whenever needed.

"Kurt, you'll protect Amelia in secret from now on. Donnie will stay with me," Oscar announced after finishing his drink.

Surprise flashed across Kurt's gaze. He straightened his back and responded, "Mr. Clinton, I—"

"Kurt Alfsen, this is an order. From today onward, Amelia will be your master. You'll have to protect her. There's no need to report back to me regarding her whereabouts and connections. Just stay loyal to her and ignore my orders, got it?" Oscar's voice was solemn.

Kurt quickly snapped back to his senses and stood up. "Understood, Mr. Clinton."

in the near future, Oscar would come to Kurt and ask about Amelia's whereabouts, but the latter would refuse to say anything because of Oscar's order today.

When Oscar tried to threaten Kurt, the latter reminded him of what he said back then. "Mr. Clinton, my master is now Mrs. Clinton. I only have to listen to her orders. Back then, you told me to swear on my life to not betray her, even when I'm in danger. I'm just sticking to my promise. Sorry about that."

Oscar was rendered speechless by his former bodyguard.

He never knew his plan would backfire this way.

But of course, that would only happen further into the future.

Right now, Oscar stood up and patted his suit. "How do I look now?"

Donnie and Kurt didn't even flinch at his unusual actions by now.

"You look great no matter what." It was rare to hear two solemn-looking bodyguards praise him.

Instantly, Oscar felt his mood lifting.

"Let's go."

After leaving the karaoke, Donnie drove Oscar back while Kurt went to drive another car.

Oscar got into the backseat and closed his eyes. He didn't say a word until he reached the hospital.

Upon arriving at the hospital, he told Donnie, "Drive the car back home. I'll be fine with Kurt here."

Donnie nodded obligingly. "Yes, Mr. Clinton."

After Oscar got off from the car, Donnie sped away.

Kurt followed Oscar to Amelia's ward.

Amelia was sleeping in her bed while Tiffany was resting on the sofa. The latter opened her eyes instantly when Oscar and Kurt stepped in. She only relaxed when she realized it was Oscar.

Rising to her feet, she took one look at the stranger and asked, "Mr. Clinton, is this your friend?"

"My bodyguard," came Oscar's nonchalant reply.

Tiffany was taken aback by his answer. She gave Kurt a once-over and remarked, "I thought bodyguards are supposed to be ugly and stone-faced, but your bodyguard is a hunk. He's tall and handsome! Mr. Clinton, I think he's even hotter than you!"

Kurt's lips twitched in disbelief. She must've said that on purpose. Is she trying to get me fired?

Oscar shot Tiffany a look, and she shrugged in response.

Clearly, she didn't care about his reaction.

Stretching her hand out with a smile, she introduced herself. "Hello there, handsome. My name's Tiffany Winters. Nice to meet you. What is your name?"

Kurt hesitated, trying to keep his cool.

Tiffany blinked innocently and started dissing Oscar. "Mr. Clinton, your bodyguard looks exactly like you! I told you not to be so aloof, right? Look, your bodyguard got that from you. What a waste of his handsome face."

The ends of Kurt's lips twitched vigorously at her words.

Inwardly, he couldn't help but admire Tiffany's courage. No one has ever dissed Mr. Clinton in front of him. She must be the first woman to do so! Is she impetuous? Or is she a fool?

She must be a fool, he decided.

That was Kurt's evaluation of Tiffany from his first impression. She's a bold fool.

If Tiffany knew Kurt labeled her as a fool, she would have taken off her sneakers right then without hesitation and throw them at him.

Although Kurt's impression of Tiffany wasn't a good one, he still stuck his hand out to shake the woman's hand.

"Hello, my name is Kurt Alfsen," he introduced himself politely.

After shaking his hand, Tiffany made a thumbs-up gesture and praised, "Kurt Alfsen, right? You're so much better than Mr. Clinton. I'm sure Amelia will like you."

Kurt was at a loss for words now. When he saw how Oscar scowled in displeasure at Tiffany's revengeful remark, his stress elevated to a new height.

When Oscar glared at Tiffany, the latter shrugged and continued, “Mr. Clinton, don’t look at me that way. I’m just telling the truth. Your bodyguard is way cuter than you, and Amelia adores adorable guys.”

Kurt could feel his back sweating profusely.

Never mess with a woman, indeed.

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 198

Oscar couldn’t be bothered to come up with a retort, so he walked directly to the side of the bed. His gaze turned loving as he stared at the still-slumbering Amelia. He asked, “How long has she been sleeping?”

“About two hours,” answered Tiffany. She instinctively lowered her voice because she was worried about waking Amelia up.

Kurt was staring at Amelia as well. That was the first time he had ever seen her from such a close distance. Naturally, he had seen her before, but he had always only stared from a distance. His impression of Amelia was that she was beautiful and sexy. He didn’t like anything else about her. Get new chapters update on novelheart.com

Kurt was a man, so he couldn’t deny that Amelia was a fatal attraction to most men. A beautiful and sexy woman like her often turned out to be another man’s accessories, and she seemed like a splendid choice for a mistress.

The truth was that both he and Donnie weren’t happy when they first heard about how Oscar wanted to marry Amelia. They thought that Amelia was nothing but a vixen and a promiscuous one at that. Most men would instinctively prevent women like that from being their wives. Their first impression and action would be to see those women as playthings.

Perhaps it was because Kurt’s impression of Amelia was that she was sexy, but when he saw her lying on the bed like that... Kurt couldn’t stop his heart from skipping a beat. She looks so thin and frail, and her pale figure exudes a sweet seduction.

Kurt shook his head and warned himself against having any idea.

Tiffany caught Kurt shaking his head. She thought it was funny and couldn’t resist teasing him a little. She said, “Hey Kurt, isn’t Amelia the most stunning woman ever? If you’d like, I can introduce you to her.”

Sweat dripped from Kurt’s head. He could almost imagine Oscar’s sharp gaze shooting daggers at him.

“Ms. Winters, please stop joking,” requested Kurt as he put on a straight face and pretended to be calm.

Tiffany couldn't help laughing aloud. Get new chapters update on novelheart.com

“Aw, Kurt. You look so handsome when you act all tough and serious. Keep doing that.”

Kurt couldn't stop his lips from twitching. This woman has got to be the weirdest woman I have ever met.

Oscar, however, ignored the annoying Tiffany entirely. He held Amelia's hand and place it on his cheek.

It was as if Amelia could sense his presence, for her eyelids fluttered soon after, and she slowly opened her eyes.

The first thing she saw was Oscar, and that got her gaze to turn sweeter with adoration. She grinned and asked, “You're done with work?”

Oscar replied with a smile, “Yeah. Do you feel any discomfort? Has the doctor given you an examination?”

Amelia shook her head lightly and grinned before saying, “I'm fine. Did I scare you last night when I suddenly develop a fever?”

Oscar kissed the back of her hand and answered, “Your man is not a scaredy-cat, you know? Besides, with me here, neither heaven nor hell will be able to claim your soul.”

Tiffany snorted. She couldn't resist dissing, “What a load of nonsense, Mr. Clinton. Do remind me who was it again that got so nervous that he basically turned into a weird jittering alarm clock with no sound when Amelia was being pushed into the operating room yesterday? My gosh, I swear, that had to be a face that comic artists draw inspiration from! The idiot simply enjoys putting on a brave face in front of Amelia and acts all tough. Tsk! Tsk! How embarrassing.”

Oscar's expression remained unreadable. He simply acted as if he couldn't hear a word Tiffany said.

Amelia turned to Tiffany in exasperation and chuckled before complaining, “Tiff...”

Tiffany shrugged and replied, “Alright, alright. You two continue being lovey-dovey. Just pretend that we're not here.”

We? Hearing that word alerted Amelia to Kurt's presence.

She thought that he looked familiar, but she couldn't quite recall who he was.

“Tiff, is this your friend?” asked Amelia softly.

Tiffany pouted and crossed her arms before saying, “Nah. This handsome hunk is Mr. Clinton’s bodyguard. A certain someone is really good at hiding sh*ts. He even has a bodyguard of his own! That bodyguard had been lurking in the dark all the while, so we never see him. Not even once! It’s a good thing he’s a dude. If he had been a beautiful woman, I would’ve suspected that a certain someone has a mistress.”

Kurt got so exasperated that even his lips gave up twitching. He simply stared at the back of Tiffany’s head.

Amelia was feeling a little helpless as well. She spoke sweetly to Kurt. “Please don’t take her words to heart. Tiff has always been a little too straightforward, but she means no harm.”

Kurt was polite and serious when he bowed to Amelia and said, “Ma’am, you are my employer’s wife, so please feel free to call me by my name, Kurt. Besides, Boss has already assigned me to you, and your safety is my job now. Hence, I will obey all of your commands from today onwards.”

Amelia was genuinely surprised. She wanted to wave her hands, but one of her hands was attached to a bag of saline while Oscar was holding the other.

“Kurt, right? There’s no need to be so polite. I feel like we’re about the same age, so please refer to me as Amelia. I actually feel awkward hearing you call me ma’am,” replied Amelia.

Tiffany was also surprised. She jumped backward and complained, “Yeah, man. What’s with the polite act? You’re both of the same age, so it’s inappropriate to be that polite. Also, it’ll bring bad luck to Amelia.”

Kurt was at a loss, so he turned to Oscar. Oscar, however, was looking at Amelia and said, “Amelia, I specifically assigned this bodyguard over for you. I was careless previously and thought that those evildoers would know better than attacking you. We live in the same apartment, after all, and I thought that would dissuade them. Turns out, I underestimated their idiocy, and you got hurt because of it. I am so sorry.”

He was especially sorry that his sister was the mastermind behind it all.

Amelia gave him an odd look before she suddenly asked, “Is there something troubling you?”

Oscar’s heart trembled. He had always been great at hiding his emotions, so he didn’t expect Amelia to see through it.

He reached out to ruffle Amelia's hair a little before replying in his deep voice, "What could possibly trouble me? Don't overthink it."

Amelia simply stared quietly at him. It was obvious from her gaze that she didn't believe a word he just said.

Oscar's heart melted so quickly that his mind couldn't keep up. It was at that moment that he realized he didn't want to go against her wishes after seeing her being hurt.

Losing her was like losing the entire reason for his existence, and being ambushed by that pain without any prior warning was something Oscar never wanted to experience again.

"Don't overthink things. I'm alright. I promise. My only wish is that you will recover well, and you won't be ill again. I don't want to see you being pushed into the operating room for the second time. I have neglected you in the past, and there was so much more I should have done. That changes today. I will be nicer to you and make up for all the times I've neglected you," promised Oscar clearly and sincerely as he looked into her eyes.

Their eyes met, and Amelia felt her heart getting all warm and fuzzy.

She giggled a little and joked, "Mr. Clinton, are you professing your love for me?"

Oscar lifted her hand and bit her softly on the back of her hand. "You're supposed to call me darling," he grumbled.

Amelia couldn't help laughing aloud, jostling her wound yet again.

Oscar panicked and asked, "What's wrong? Are you hurt?"

Amelia coughed a little and waited until the sting in her body was gone. After that, she shook her head and promised, "I'm fine. Don't worry."

Oscar sighed a breath of relief.

Tiffany couldn't help tearing up a little as she watched from the side. She was glad that Amelia found the right guy to spend the rest of her life with, but Tiffany was still rather worried. The biggest obstacle that Oscar and Amelia had to overcome was Cassie Yard, and that woman was a pest that could outlive a cockroach. It is likely that Cassie won't admit defeat that easily. Moreover, she is from a rich family and is a pianist with a lot of fans. She has been spoiled and admired her entire life, so there is no way she'd accept being dumped.

Tiffany worried that Cassie would do something crazy again.

Women, especially those who were in love but couldn't get their prince, could easily go crazy. They were also way more terrifying than a regular guy.

It was undeniable that Tiffany was someone who would look at both the bigger picture and the smaller details. Unlike Amelia, she wouldn't go all out once she fell in love. She definitely wouldn't do something as stupid as putting on a brave face and bowing out so that the person she loved could have a better life. Tiffany might be a freelance novelist, but she was nothing like the other writers. She didn't let herself get lost in the false romance that her words created.

She was realistic. Tiffany would gauge everything she did and calculate the profit and/or loss before she did anything. The only thing she never bothered calculating was her friendship with Amelia. Everyone and everything else would be scrutinized to determine whether they would be worth it. That didn't mean that Tiffany was a calculative person who saw everything as numbers or money, though. She simply didn't want things to spiral so out of control that it went beyond what she anticipated.

A good example of that was Derrick. Even Tiffany had to admit that he made her feel something that no other man could. Yet, she still kept her guard up. Even when they first met, Tiffany knew that she and Derrick lived in different worlds. She had no idea what would happen if she opened her heart and accepted Derrick's love, nor if they would end up getting married. She was also clueless on whether she wanted to be a part of a rich family and live a life as a wealthy woman.

Tiffany was rational and thought things through. That was why she refused to accept Derrick's courtship. Perhaps some would see her decision as cowardly, but no one could judge her for protecting herself.

Tiffany interrupted, "Babe, you're being too corny with Mr. Clinton. Please take Kurt and my feelings into consideration."

Amelia's cheek burned as she blushed. She was too engrossed in Oscar's eyes and actually forgot about the two other adults in the room.

"Sorry about that," Amelia apologized sincerely.

Tiffany waved dismissively and said in an amicable manner, "It's fine, I guess. After all, women in love all behave this way. I shall be merciful and forgive you this one time for forgetting all about me."

Amelia blushed a little.

When Amelia felt her face burning less, she turned to Kurt and said, "Kurt, is it okay if I call you by your name? The thing is, I'm actually fine. So it's better if you continue staying by Oscar's side and take care of him. He's always busy at work and is often the

center of everybody's attention, so he's definitely in more danger than I am. You used to follow him around, right? Just continue doing that. I don't really need a bodyguard."

Oscar held Amelia's hand, and in a non-negotiable yet sweet voice, he said, "Be good, Amelia. Let Kurt be your bodyguard. Only then will my mind be at ease. Kurt is a pretty good fighter, and he has quick reflexes. He will definitely keep you safe when things get dangerous. Not to mention, he is extremely loyal. He will stay true to his employer and will never betray you."

Amelia's lips twitched. It seemed like she had more to say, but Oscar put his finger on her lips to stop her.

Meanwhile, Tiffany pouted and shrugged dismissively before she pointed out, "Mr. Clinton, this guy isn't a good-looking just-for-show bodyguard, is he? Back then, Gary promised that the bodyguards he hired were trained and one of a kind. Remember how that ended? Things went sour on their first day! They were lucky that Amelia was merciful and didn't complain."

Oscar shot a look at Kurt, who instantly understood what he was supposed to do. All they saw next was his figure disappearing into thin air. Before anyone knew it, he was already sitting on the sofa that was at least two meters away.

Tiffany was stunned. She blurted, "Holy cr*p! Do you know kung fu or something?"

Kurt had a poker face on as he remained silent.

Tiffany instantly turned into a fan. Without any hesitation, she ran over to give him a hug. To her surprise, she ended up hugging the air and falling right onto the sofa.

Amelia saw that, and she couldn't help yelping a little before asking softly, "Tiff, are you alright?"

Tiffany got up from the sofa and grunted.

Amelia couldn't help laughing aloud when she saw the disheveled state Tiffany was in.

Tiffany wasn't angry about it, though. If anything, she admired Kurt even more. She apologized, "Sorry, turns out you are so much more than a pretty face, huh? Please forgive me for my ignorance and misjudgment. I can't believe I didn't realize that you're an expert. I apologize for being impolite earlier."

Kurt's lips started twitching once more. This woman is practically the epitome of what a weirdo is.

Amelia smiled in exasperation. She couldn't help voicing out and reminding, "Tiff, stop messing around."

Tiffany saw the annoyance on Kurt's face, so she reverted to her normal self.

She scratched the back of her head a little before she said, "I was just joking around. Please don't mind me. I am writing an action-themed novel, and meeting you has inspired me greatly. Do you mind being the leading character for my next novel?"

Kurt was a little lost.

Amelia couldn't help but explain, "Tiff is a freelance writer, and her novel is pretty popular. Her ideas and writing are pretty wild and imaginative, so please don't be frightened by her."

Is it okay if I say that it is too late? That I am already traumatized? was what Kurt thought.

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 199

Tiffany's eyes were gleaming with excitement as she looked at Kurt and asked, "So, what's the verdict? Are you interested in being the leading character of my next novel?"

Kurt averted his gaze and rejected, "I'm not interested."

Tiffany pouted, but she didn't give up. She simply pointed at Amelia and asked, "Amelia is your new employer, right?"

Kurt nodded firmly with a straight face on.

"You will obey her commands, right?" Get new chapters update on novelheart.com

Kurt nodded once more.

"Do you know that I am her best friend?"

Kurt shook his head.

Tiffany wasn't angry at his response. She simply pointed out, "Well, now you know. I am her best friend."

Kurt didn't respond to that.

Still, Tiffany wasn't discouraged. She informed him, "Amelia is the one who asked me to write this novel because she wanted to read something in that genre. Isn't your job, as her bodyguard, to fulfill your employer's wish?"

As expected, Kurt started thinking about it.

Amelia had no choice but to step up because her name was being used to pressure an innocent man. She said, "Tiff, stop messing with the guy. You're on the verge of scaring him away."

Before Tiffany could speak up, Kurt turned to Amelia. He remained serious when he asked, "Ma'am, is that your wish?"

Amelia was startled when Kurt regarded her as "Ma'am."

"Please, just call me Amelia. There's no need to be so polite. Also, Tiff was just joking and messing with you earlier," replied Amelia.

Tiffany simply shrugged.

Kurt turned his attention to Oscar. The latter instructed, "If Tiffany wants to write an action-themed novel, then try your best to accommodate her."

Kurt nodded and stood up straight at the side.

Tiffany gave Oscar a thumbs up for that. She was basically saying, Good job, thank you for being so cooperative today, Oscar.

"Alright, that's enough. Amelia is tired, so get out of the room if you guys are going to discuss the plot of the novel," added Oscar. He was basically chasing everyone out.

Tiffany doesn't mind being asked to leave. She went to Kurt right away and grinned brightly before saying, "This way, Kurt. Let's go talk about whether you actually know kung fu."

Kurt felt helpless, but he couldn't disobey a direct order, so he exited the room with Tiffany. The second they got out, Tiffany's excited voice resonated across the space they were in.

"Kurt, you really do know kung fu, don't you? Please, won't you teach me? I admired heroes like you the most. Hell, I see how cool you guys are all the time in action movies!" Get new chapters update on novelheart.com

Hearing their conversation from her bed, all Amelia could do was grin helplessly.

"Seems like Tiff is going to be a little wild today," commented Amelia. She honestly didn't know if she should laugh or cry about the situation.

Oscar gazed at her and held her hand in his palm before he promised, "Don't worry, I won't go after Tiffany. I won't hurt her as long as she didn't do anything to hurt you."

Amelia couldn't help tearing up a little.

Those felt like the most touching words Oscar had ever said to her.

If a man didn't care about a woman, he would not give a sh*t about her friends. Similarly, if a man was taking care of the woman's friends and family, it would mean that he truly loved the woman and was committed to her.

"Mr. Clinton..."

Oscar squeezed her hand. His tone was a little displeased when he complained, "Did you forget what I said? Why are you still calling me Mr. Clinton?"

Amelia grinned a little. She still looked sickly pale, but her smile was ever so bright.

Oscar felt like he could drown in that beautiful smile.

The two of them stared at each other for a long while before Oscar tilted his head toward her and kissed her lips.

Amelia became a little breathless after the kiss. Oscar gazed at her and asked in a caring tone, "Are you okay?"

Amelia stared shyly at him. Her pale face had since turned a little red from blushing too much.

Oscar loved the way she looked when she was shy and a little coquettish. He reached out to caress her face before he suddenly declared boldly, "I love you."

Amelia was completely stunned. Her eyes bulged, and she stared into his eyes in disbelief.

Oscar smiled lovingly before he ran his fingers through her hair.

"Your eyes are big enough as they are. There's no need for you to make them any bigger," teased Oscar.

Tears swirled inside Amelia's eyes. She couldn't stop them from rolling down her cheeks.

She seemed a little shy when she muttered, "Uh, darling, what did you just say just now? Can you repeat it? I didn't quite catch that last part."

Oscar lovingly helped wipe her tears away and said, "I love you! Marrying you is the best honor I get to have, and I am lucky to be with you. That, my love, is the truth."

Overwhelming surprise and happiness filled Amelia's heart because she knew that Oscar had always seen himself as a being who was above lying. For a moment there, Amelia did not know how to react. She felt like her happiness came at a surprising moment and was completely out of her anticipation. It struck her mind and turned her vocabulary into a bunch of random alphabets.

Amelia smiled, but she cried at the very next second.

Her tears startled Oscar.

He worried that her wild emotions would cause her to tear her own stitches, so he quickly cooed, "Calm down, Amelia. You haven't recovered yet, and you can't afford to be so excited. If you want, I will say those three words to you every day after you've recovered. I promise."

Amelia felt like her heart was riding a rollercoaster. She had been waiting for years, and she finally got to hear Oscar say that he loved her. Cassie might still pose a threat to their love, but at least at that moment, Amelia was the one being loved.

She would go through hell with him so long as his love for her remained strong and firm.

With both their hearts opened to each other, Amelia and Oscar instinctively got closer.

Oscar draped his hand over Amelia's eyes and advised, "Take a nap. Don't wear yourself out."

Amelia didn't complain. She closed her eyes obediently.

Maybe it was because she just had her surgery, but Amelia became sleepy even though she had just woken up. She fell asleep almost immediately after she closed her eyes.

Oscar gazed at her, his heart aching for her.

No one knew how long Oscar stared, but he eventually got his phone out to call Donnie.

"Donnie, tell my parents what my sister did. You know what to do," instructed Oscar without hesitation.

He hung up the call right after.

After getting his instructions, Donnie sent an anonymous message to Olivia to tell her about how Stephanie had hired someone to kill Amelia. Olivia was surprised. She couldn't believe that her daughter would do something like that, but she later calmed down and called Stephanie.

Olivia tried her best to suppress her anger and asked, "Stephanie, where are you?"

Stephani had a guilty conscience and she was worried that Olivia had called to interrogate her. As such, the former quickly lied, "I'm out shopping with my friends. What's up?"

"I've been thinking that it feels like it has been a while since we last chatted, so I whipped up your favorite dishes. I miss you. Will you come home and spend some time with your mom?" asked Olivia sweetly.

Stephanie was obviously tempted, but she was still wary.

"Mom, it's just a meal, right? There's nothing else?"

Olivia refuted, "What else could there be? Or... did you do something?"

Stephanie sighed a breath of relief and promised, "I'll head home now, Mom."

The truth was that Stephanie would always want to hang out with her mother.

When Stephanie got home, the first thing she saw was her parents sitting on the sofa with solemn expressions on. She instinctively backed away because she knew that the worst had happened. Her mother didn't ask her to come home to have a meal together. Shoot, this is a murder trial! D*rn it. That stupid brother of mine must have told them everything...

Stephanie's limbs turned cold. She didn't know what to do. Her spoiled attitude and fearlessness stemmed from the unconditional love that her family gave her. She would be nothing without the Clintons protecting her.

For a moment, Stephanie had the urge to just turn around and flee.

Unfortunately, she hadn't had a chance to implement her plan before Olivia ordered, "Come over now that you're home."

Stephanie inched over slowly and guiltily.

"Dad, Mom," greeted Stephanie.

Olivia tilted her head up and looked at her daughter before she pointed at the sofa on the opposite side. She instructed, "Take a seat."

Stephanie was rarely that obedient, but she sat down as requested.

"I have a question for you, Stephanie. Are you the mastermind behind Amelia's car accident?" interrogated Olivia directly.

Stephanie's heart skipped a beat, but she put on an oblivious expression and claimed, "Mom, what are you talking about?"

Olivia suddenly slammed her palm on the sofa and scolded, "You're still denying it? I've already learned the truth. Are you insane? How could you do something as vile as hiring someone to kill your own family member? What would you do if something were to happen to Amelia and her unborn baby?"

Stephanie was so scared that she sprung from the sofa.

In a way, she was just a bully who would hurt the weak but fear the strong. She would falter as soon as she met an actual opponent. Everything she had at that moment was provided by the Clintons. If she got disowned, she would be nothing more than an idiot who couldn't even take care of herself.

Her only ability was to differentiate between a real and a fake branded bag. Even though she graduated from a great university, she could never bring herself to actually start working. She was already used to a luxurious lifestyle, so she wouldn't just accept any random jobs.

Mothers knew everything about their daughters.

Stephanie's reaction told Olivia everything, and the latter's heart gripped as disappointment engulfed her.

"Stephanie, you actually did something so vile?"

Stephanie instantly panicked, and she ended up complaining, "Oscar told you about this, didn't he? Why is everyone siding with that b*tch, Amelia? Everyone is broken-hearted when her finger got hurt, but no one cared if I was okay. She's just an outsider. I am the real daughter of the Clintons, so what gives her the right to be the center of everybody's attention? You and Oscar had your eyes on her as soon as she showed up! I've always looked up to Oscar and thought that he can do anything. It feels as if anything is possible with him around. Also, I love you, Mom. If possible, I want to be the only one you love, but everything changed when Amelia came into our lives. My position within the family became lower and lower. I never liked her in the first place, and all I feel for her now is hatred. I want nothing more than to watch her die!"

Olivia and Owen were stunned. They couldn't believe that their daughter would actually say something like that.

It was one thing to be spoiled, and that was forgivable. But the intention to commit murder was something else entirely, and that was wrong.

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 200

Chapter 200 Chased Out Of The Clintons

Olivia's finger trembled as she pointed at Stephanie. The former's heart was overflowing with complex emotions. There was anger, fury, and disappointment, but more than anything, Olivia was heartbroken.

She carried Stephanie in her womb for nine months and raised the kid while doing the best she could. Olivia never thought that Stephanie would go as far as hiring someone to cause an accident. Worse still, her target is her own sister-in-law, who is on the verge of giving birth to her brother's baby! If her plan had succeeded, both the mother and the baby would have perished in the accident! That would have left a devastating impact on any family. Did she even think about any of these before she did something so reckless?

Olivia couldn't believe that her daughter would do something as vile as attempted murder just because of the so-called hatred in her heart. Get new chapters update on novelheart.com

If the news that the Clintons' young daughter plotting to kill her own brother's wife and baby got out, everyone would mock and laugh at the family. They would also point the finger at Olivia and blame her for being such a terrible parent. They would say that she might have given her daughter a plentiful life, but she never taught her daughter right from wrong.

Olivia only thought that her daughter was simply a little spoiled. The former never imagined that the latter would attempt murder.

She was overwhelmed by a plethora of emotions. She thought that she knew her daughter well, but at that moment, she felt like she was staring at a stranger.

Stephanie, however, stubbornly insisted, "Yes, I hired someone to kill Amelia, but she deserves it! Once she's dead, our family will be able to revert back to its warm and peaceful state."

Fury rose up within Olivia at that. She lifted her hand and swung it across Stephanie's face.

Stephanie held her face. She couldn't believe she was slapped twice within a day.

"Mom, did you just... slapped me?" Get new chapters update on novelheart.com

Olivia put her hand over her chest in an attempt to calm the turmoil within. She didn't know what she was feeling anymore. All she knew was the fact that there was a sharp pain stabbing through her heart.

She panted for a while before growling in an uneven tone, "I didn't just want to slap you. I downright prayed that I never gave birth to you! If I had known that you would grow up to be such a despicable person, I would've aborted you back then."

Stephanie was stunned.

Olivia's heart ached physically from the anger she was feeling.

Owen quickly held her in his arms and cooed, "Calm down, Olivia. Let's talk and be civil. You're in no shape to be so agitated."

Olivia leaned in his arms, but she never looked away from Stephanie.

Seeing that prompted Owen to scold, "Stephanie, apologize to your mom right away. Just look at what you've done to her."

Owen was trying to let Stephanie off easy. Despite everything, he still cared about his daughter. He didn't want things to become too bad between his wife and daughter. Some day, he would think back and realized that it was possible that his wife was the only one who was heartbroken at the time.

Stephanie stood there numbly.

Owen sighed internally. He couldn't help putting his foot down and commanding, "Stephanie, what are you still standing around for? Apologize to your mom right now!"

Stephanie's lips trembled. She wanted to apologize, but Olivia's harsh words crushed that thought. Olivia said, "I don't need her to apologize. Since she made a grave mistake, she must be punished for it."

Owen was exasperated when he said, "It was a one-time thing, and Stephanie acted impulsively, Olivia. Let's not remain that agitated. Amelia and the baby are fine, aren't they? Everything is okay. It's not like you want Stephanie to go to jail either, right?"

Olivia glared at Owen in disbelief.

"Even after all this, you're still condoning her behavior? She hired someone to kill for her! It doesn't matter who her target is or if her attempt was successful. This is no longer about honor or morals. She broke the law, and I want her to understand that despite the Clintons' wealth and power, we are not above the law. She made a mistake, and no one will clean her mess up every time she does so!"

Olivia's words were almost identical to the words Oscar said to Stephanie earlier.

Owen shifted his gaze down and started thinking about it.

Stephanie howled, "Mom, you're actually going to send me to prison?" Her voice was shrill because she was too nervous.

Olivia had calmed down by quite a bit. She sighed and said, "You are my only daughter. It doesn't matter what mistake you made, I will never want you in prison. That is a mother's selfish wish. Everything we do is for the sake of our children."

Stephanie's eyes glowed with immense surprise.

"Mom, does that mean you've forgiven me?"

Olivia shook her head and replied, "Stephanie, I need you to move out of the family home today. You're getting older, and it's time you learn how to be independent."

Stephanie froze.

"What does that mean, Mom?"

"It means that your dad and I will cut you off financially. You should go look for a job and learn that it is not an easy feat to make ends meet. You can also learn who your true friends are. Some only put on an act to feign kindness," informed Olivia in a strict tone.

"I will contact your personal friends and our family's friends after you move out. I will tell them that the Clintons will no longer support you financially, and you can see if any of your so-called friends would lend you a helping hand. It's time for you to grow up. I have been spoiling you and have turned a blind eye to everything you have done to Amelia. Now, I realize that was a grave mistake. It'll be good for you to venture out and learn independence. You will inevitably suffer a little, but you will learn just how genuine and kind Amelia had been toward you," said Olivia.

Stephanie was truly freaking out.

That punishment was worse than being slapped a hundred times over. How will I survive without any financial support? How will I afford all my branded bags and clothes? And how will I live a luxurious life?

"Mom, I made a mistake, and I will apologize to Amelia. So please, don't cut me off."

Olivia was heartbroken to hear that.

She didn't have the energy to say anything else, though, so she simply waved her hand.

Olivia remained in Owen's arms as she got the maid over. Olivia instructed, "Pack Stephanie's things up for her and carry her luggage down the stairs after that."

The maid murmured an affirmative reply before she walked up the stairs.

Stephanie walked over to Olivia and knelt down. The former lowered her stance and begged, "Please don't do this, Mom. I am your only daughter. Are you really okay with me getting hurt?"

Naturally, Olivia couldn't bear for that to happen.

The problem was that Olivia truly worried that Stephanie would only become viler if she wasn't taught a lesson.

A person would not grow until they endured some hardships. They would not be able to see who their true friends were.

Hence, Olivia could only bite down and steel herself. She said, "It's time you grow up, Stephanie. I am doing this for your own good. Your brother would've fallen apart if anything had happened to Amelia and her unborn baby, and I will never be able to forgive you for it."

Stephanie never thought that things would become that bad.

She simply assumed that she would rise back up to the top of the Clintons once Amelia was gone. I underestimated Amelia's power within the family.

She thought that Amelia was just an extra and a nobody. She never expected that it turned out to be the exact opposite.

Stephanie was truly frightened at that moment.

"Mom, I have learned my mistake. I really have. I will apologize to Amelia. Being the kind person that she is, I'm sure she won't hold a grudge against me."

Olivia shook her head and said, "You should move out. Amelia is still weak, and I don't want her to know that you are responsible for the accident. I don't want her to hate you. I am not proud of lying, but I will do this selfish act because I am a mother. She is the next woman in charge of the Clinton family, and your father and I will inevitably let her take over everything within the family. It doesn't matter how sympathetic a woman is, Stephanie. There is no way she can forgive someone who threatened her son's life, so I will lie to her. This will be the last time I protect you."

The maid walked down the stairs with a huge luggage bag at that moment.

“Mrs. Clinton, these are the clothes and accessories that Ms. Stephanie uses regularly,” reported the maid politely.

“Remove all the accessories and bags that can be sold. Do not let her have anything other than some clothes. Even her credit cards are to be taken out,” instructed Olivia strictly.

The maid murmured a reply before she tilted her head down and opened the luggage. She removed all the branded bags and accessories before she left the cards inside the bags on the floor.

After that, she locked the luggage up once more.

“It’s done, Mrs. Clinton.”

Olivia nodded and waved dismissively before saying, “Okay, you may leave.”

The maid left right away.

Olivia got a card out of her bag and handed it to Stephanie. The former informed, “This card has about fifty thousand in it. That will be your living expenses from now on. Use it sparingly. It should tide you over until you find a job.”

Stephanie accepted the card, but she complained in disbelief, “Mom, this won’t even suffice for a single branded bag!”

Olivia couldn’t help scoffing at that.

“Stephanie, remember this well. This is all the money you have for now. Neither your father nor I will bank in any more money into that card. Also, you can forget about stealing a credit card or keeping something hidden. I will have your father call the banks later and have them freeze all of your accounts. You are on your own now, and it is all on you to make ends meet. I will not help you even if you ended up being a beggar,” said Olivia.

“Dad...” murmured Stephanie as she stared at her father and begged with her eyes.

Owen could only sigh and inform, “Stephanie, your mom has already made up her mind, so just listen to her, okay?”

Stephanie knew then that it was all over.

She held the card Olivia gave her as she struggled one last time, “Mom, Dad, will you really let me fend for myself just like that?”

“Someday, the Clintons’ doors will open for you again after you’ve grown up and understood the magnitude of your mistake,” promised Olivia in a complex tone as she stared at Stephanie.

In the end, Stephanie cried as she walked out of the family home.

Olivia fell into Owen’s arms.

Owen stroked her back and asked softly, “Are you really going to let her fend for herself?”

Olivia nodded and cried. She said, “It’s time she learns her lesson. Back then, all I cared about was making her happy. I never realized that I’d end up doing wrong by her. The way she is now... I am responsible for most of her behavior, and I cannot deny it. I just hope that she can mature up after this.”

Owen’s gaze turned stoic. No one knew what he was thinking about.

Olivia sighed. She still couldn’t let go completely, so she requested, “You better send a few men to protect her from behind the scenes, though. Don’t let her fall into the wrong crowd. I want her to learn, but I don’t want to push her to her demise.”

“Okay, I will make all the necessary arrangements. I will also get someone to give her a job in secret. She will have to blend in and work if she doesn’t want to starve. I’m sure she’ll learn to let go of the proud stance of being a rich heiress.”

Olivia nodded. She didn’t say anything else after that.