

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 201

Olivia calmed herself down. She instructed the maid to pack some nutritious soup and other nourishing foods. Then, she went to the hospital together with Owen, carrying all these foods with her.

When they walked into the ward, Amelia was sound asleep while Oscar was gazing quietly at her.

Guilt flashed across Olivia's face. She placed the food down on the bedside table and stroked Amelia's hair tenderly. "Is she not awake yet?" she asked in a whisper.

Oscar shook his head in reply and whispered back, "She just fell asleep."

"Can you step out with me for a bit?" Olivia asked, beckoning Oscar towards the door.

Oscar got out of his chair and followed Olivia into the corridor outside.

"What's the matter, Mom?" Oscar already had an inkling of what Olivia wanted to say to him.

"Do you know who's the culprit behind Amelia's car accident?" Olivia asked him solemnly.

Oscar nodded in reply.

Olivia thought quietly to herself for a while then said resignedly, "Oscar, don't condemn your sister too much. I've already asked her to leave our family and go her own way."

Oscar cast a glance at Olivia. He knew that this was a big sacrifice from her.

"Mom, I won't harm her if that's what you're worried about, but I won't help her if she ever needs it in the future either. I can never forgive someone who tried to hurt my loved ones—even my sister."

Olivia sighed. What Oscar had said was reasonable, but Stephanie was still her daughter after all. No mother could be so cruel as to disregard their own child, even if she had committed such a heinous crime.

"Oscar, I know that Stephanie has done a terrible thing. I, too, am very angry and disappointed with her, but she is only human! She's bound to make mistakes. Let's just consider this a lesson learned, okay? She is still young and there's still a long way ahead of her. Please help her whenever you can. I only have the two of you. I can't bear it if anything happens to either of you..." Olivia pleaded earnestly, on the verge of tears.

Oscar stared at his mother. His expression was indecipherable.

Olivia's eyes flickered. Under the scrutiny of Oscar's gaze, her guilt deepened.

"Mom, what about Amelia? What about your newborn grandson? It has been a few days since Amelia gave birth to him but she has yet to lay her eyes on him. Right now, her whole body hurts just from laughing and there's a blood clot in her brain that's pressing on her nerve. She could go blind at any time! You said you loved her like your own daughter, but now, you expect me to forgive the person who tried to murder her?"

Olivia kept silent. Her eyes shone with unspeakable pain.

She loved both Amelia and Stephanie equally. It was impossible for her to give up and let go of either one of them.

It was true that she loved Amelia as if she was her own, but Stephanie was her blood and flesh. She was disappointed with what Stephanie had done; ultimately, she would stand by Stephanie.

After all, she had carried Stephanie in her womb for ten months and had raised her all these years. How could she possibly stop loving her?

Oscar felt conflicted. He lowered his voice and said, "Mom, it doesn't matter what you say. It is impossible for me to forgive her right now. Maybe in the future, this might change and it will depend upon how she treats Amelia going forward. Sorry to say this, Mom—if she shows no remorse, I'll definitely choose my wife and son over her. After all, Amelia is the one who will stand by me for the rest of my life. Once Stephanie is married, she, too, will have her own family and her heart will belong to another. This is the bitter truth. You can't make me treat them equally."

Olivia stared helplessly at the closed door of the hospital ward. A myriad of emotions washed over her.

Oscar's demeanor softened. I shouldn't be so tough on her. She is my mother after all.

"Don't worry about Stephanie, Mom. She did wrong and she should be punished. I don't really care for her anymore at this point, but when she gets married, I'll definitely show up with a gift. She is still a beloved daughter of the Clintons and I won't let her be embarrassed. Anyway, I'm sure Amelia would want to do right by her as well," Oscar said gently.

Olivia nodded weakly.

"Oscar, please don't tell Amelia that Stephanie was the one who had masterminded the car crash. I don't want a rift to grow between them."

Oscar nodded in reply.

“Don’t worry, Mom. I don’t plan to tell Amelia the truth. I don’t want this to haunt her thoughts.”

Olivia sighed heavily.

Oscar’s resentment for Stephanie is growing by the day. They used to be so close, but now, they’ve grown so far apart. Anyway, I can’t deny that Stephanie brought this upon herself.

Soon, the mother and son came to a tacit agreement and neither spoke another word.

They would hide from Amelia the fact that Stephanie had found someone to crash into her.

Amelia recovered quickly under Oscar’s devoted care and attention. After spending about half a month in the hospital, she was able to engage in light activities again.

With Oscar wheeling her along in a wheelchair, the nurse allowed her to visit her son in the intensive care unit.

Amelia’s heart tightened as soon as she laid eyes on her tiny, pale baby laying in the incubator.

So, this is my son. What a handsome little boy! His eyebrows and nose look exactly like his father’s. Oh, but he looks so delicate! Even a wind would break him! Amelia greedily drank in the sight of her son. She just could not get enough.

She stretched her hand towards him, wanting to touch him, but she was afraid she might hurt him instead. She looked at the nurse as her hand hovered hesitantly over the baby.

The nurse said with a warm smile, “Go ahead and touch him if you want. Babies are not as fragile as you think they are. However, don’t touch them too much as their skin is still very delicate.”

Amelia relaxed. She gently caressed her son’s tiny cheeks. The touch of his tender skin made her heart melt instantly.

“Oscar, look, this is our son.” Amelia’s eyes sparkled with joy. “His cheeks are so soft.”

Oscar pulled Amelia into his chest and stroked her hair. “He knows his mother is here to see him, so, he’s on his best behavior today.”

Amelia smiled. She felt as if she would explode from happiness.

“Ah, if only he was awake... I want to see if his eyes are like yours or mine,” Amelia commented casually.

“His eyes are like yours. He took after you since you have such beautiful eyes. One look into them and your heart would melt into a puddle,” Oscar said, taking the opportunity to compliment his wife as well.

Amelia threw him a sideways glance.

The nurse hid a smile and said, “You two lovebirds are so sweet.”

Amelia smiled at her and replied, “Thank you! Coco, you are so beautiful as well. Your husband must love you very much too.”

Coco chuckled and said, “Yes, he adores me. He is a simple, honest man, but he knows how to spoil his wife. Mr. Clinton is the more romantic one for sure!”

“Married life is indeed a simple one. As long as the husband loves his wife and the wife is attentive towards her husband, and there are a couple of sweet, noisy babies in the mix, then that’s all you’ll need for a happy family,” Amelia said in reply.

Coco smiled and nodded in agreement. “You are absolutely right, Mrs. Clinton. With a wife like yourself, what more would a man want?”

Amelia lowered her gaze bashfully as a smile slowly spread across her face.

“Oscar, have you given our son a name?” Amelia asked.

“He hasn’t been named yet. My parents suggested that we wait until you’re discharged from the hospital. We were planning to throw him a welcome baby party when he reaches one month old and give him a name then. Even if you aren’t discharged by then, we can still have a small celebration in the hospital and name him. We’ve been calling him Tony though. It means “priceless.” After all, he is our precious firstborn,” Oscar answered while caressing his wife’s head tenderly.

Amelia gazed down at her son’s sleeping form and whispered softly, “Tony, I am your Mommy. Mommy had an operation and couldn’t move at all. Do you blame Mommy for not coming to visit you earlier?”

The baby was still sleeping quietly, but a faint smile flitted across his little face. Perhaps it was because he had sensed his mother’s unconditional love for him.

Amelia turned to Oscar excitedly. “Look! Our son’s smiling at us!”

“Our son must love his mother very much. He must’ve known that you’re here to see him,” Oscar said, beaming back at Amelia.

At that moment, Amelia's heart felt full.

The two of them stayed in the ICU for about twenty minutes. Amelia was reluctant to leave.

"We will come back to see him again tomorrow. Don't worry, Amelia. There will be nurses around who will watch after our baby. No harm will come to him," Oscar said reassuringly to her.

Amelia was still frowning with concern. "Oscar, why don't you and Mom take him home? I don't feel comfortable having him here in the hospital."

Oscar gently nudged her towards the door. "Mom said that she will bring our son home in two days. Anyway, I've instructed a bodyguard to watch over him secretly. I won't allow any harm to come to our son. Don't worry, okay?"

Hearing Oscar's words, Amelia visibly relaxed.

The two of them then began to move away from the ICU. At the other end of the corridor, the silhouettes of a man and a woman appeared. The woman was staring bitterly at the sight of Amelia in her wheelchair.

"Honey, do you see this? Your so-called lover treats this other woman oh-so-lovingly," June said while his arms crossed tightly over his chest.

Cassie's face bore a sour expression.

She clenched her fists. Resentment shone in her eyes.

"Oz just feels sorry for her. When she recovers, he will come back to me," Cassie said in self-deception.

June looked coldly at Cassie. "Honey, I used to think you were a smart woman, but it seems that he has you completely fooled. Even after seeing it with your own eyes, you are still lying to yourself! I took revenge on them for your sake. Now, you must come back to me. Anyway, I think your mother prefers me over that Oscar Clinton!"

Cassie did not even glance at him. Her eyes were fixed on Oscar and Amelia's retreating figures.

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June's eyes hardened. He forcefully turned Cassie's face towards him. "Honey, I hope you will only have eyes for me and not for other men."

Cassie gritted her teeth and looked at June in disdain. "Oh, grow up, will you? From the very beginning, I've told you that I only loved you because you are able to give me access to the Erihal piano world. You can have my body, but you can never have my heart."

June squeezed her chin and smiled viciously.

"Oh, honey, what should I do with you? I'm a greedy man; I want all of you."

Cassie slapped his hand off her face and said in disgust, "Get off me!"

Instead, June wrapped his arms possessively around her torso rather roughly.

Cassie struggled in his violent embrace, but June ignored her. He leaned close to her and licked her earlobes suggestively. His eyes darkened with lust.

Cassie pushed him off her and slapped him hard across his face.

June's face sank.

He touched his sore cheek tenderly and looked at Cassie with an unreadable expression. "Honey, how many times have you slapped me so far? Don't you know that a woman shouldn't simply slap a man? If a man hits back, he will send you flying with just one smack. Do you know why I don't raise my hand at you? It's because I love you. What does Oscar have that I don't?"

Cassie stared at him in disdain. "You are nothing compared to Oscar. He will be worth a hundred times more than you ever will be."

June's eyes turned cold.

He carried Cassie off the ground. "Honey, that's too much. I would prefer for you to just say that you love me. One day, you will realize I'm the one for you."

When June finally let go, Cassie fell to the ground, gasping and coughing violently. I thought he was going to kill me from the way he picked me up just now!

June's eyes softened at the sight of Cassie bent over, coughing. He gently patted her back and said, "Why are you so careless? I've already told you not to anger me. As long as you are a good girl, I will definitely take care of you well. Wouldn't it be nice if you behaved well like the other ladies? Doesn't it feel good to have me by your side?"

Cassie retreated a few steps away from him in fear.

June's expression shifted.

"Honey, don't you wish for Oscar and Amelia to be separated?"

Cassie was struggling internally at his question.

"Honey, I'm not the one who's against you—I'm on your side. The Yards may seem comparable to the Clintons. However, don't forget that your dad is getting older and his aptitudes are weakening. He is unable to deal with a lot of things nowadays and while you are talented at the piano, you don't possess much business acumen. On the other hand, Oscar is a business expert. I don't think even your father is a match for him."

Cassie kept silent. I can't do this by myself. Although my father adores me, he is still a businessman. He wouldn't want to offend Oscar or the Clintons for me...

June gently caressed her cheek. "Honey, I'm the only person who can help you."

Cassie did not push him away. She knew she had no other choice.

June smirked smugly and gestured at his cheek. "Give me a kiss and I'll think of a way to abduct that baby."

He was, of course, speaking about Oscar and Amelia's son.

Cassie widened her eyes at him in shock. "Could you really kidnap that baby?"

June merely pointed at his right cheek expectantly.

Cassie tiptoed and kissed his cheek without any hesitation. "June, as long as you manage to steal that baby, I'll do whatever you say."

"Not so fast! Before that, I want to ask for a little favor. Otherwise, I'm afraid I won't have the motivation to do it."

Cassie's eyes hardened for a moment, but she quickly recovered her composure.

She lifted her head proudly and asked, "What favor do you want?"

"Well, it's been a long while since I've last satisfied my carnal needs. Shouldn't you take care of it for me?" June suggested casually.

"Of course, but would you be able to accept my sick, ailing body and all its imperfections?"

June pulled her into his arms and fondled her torso salaciously. "You've been recuperating for almost a month now. I think it's more likely that your body will be craving for mine."

Cassie pushed him away from her. "You are too much! We're in public! If you want women, I'll get you two of them."

June pressed closer to her. He stared at her with eyes full of desire.

Under the weight of his gaze, Cassie could not help but take a step back in fear.

"Stop it, June. Just go and kidnap that boy for me, and my body will be yours to do as you please," Cassie promised.

"Well, honey, you better keep that promise. You know how bad my temper is. I won't like being tricked by the same woman so many times."

Without responding, Cassie looked in the direction of the ICU where Oscar's son was held in an incubator.

He grabbed her waist possessively and said, "Let's go then. I promise you that the boy will be in our hands tomorrow."

Cassie obediently followed June but couldn't help provoking him by saying, "You know, June, sometimes you are but all talk. If you don't manage to kidnap that boy tomorrow, you can return to your country and don't show up in front of me again. I don't need a man who can't help me at all, do you understand?"

"Honey, a woman should be more gentle with their words. Men don't like it when women speak so harshly."

"I'll only show my gentle and vulnerable side to my man. Are you my man?"

"Honey, I'll soon prove to you that I'm worthy of being your man."

After that, the two voices faded away.

June kept his promise to Cassie. After sending Cassie back to the ward, he immediately reached out to his network to find two experienced kidnapers. He gave them a picture of Tony that he had sneakily captured with great effort and told them to find a way to kidnap the boy.

The two kidnapers were eager to complete the job as they had been offered a high reward by June. They climbed to the tenth floor of the hospital building after midnight. However, they had only just managed to pry open the window and stuck half their bodies in before two guns were pointed at their heads.

The two kidnapers were shocked out of their skin and almost lost their balance.

“Get in here,” one of the bodyguards commanded.

They obediently crawled through the window and tumbled onto the floor.

“We are only acting under orders! We don’t mean to cause harm! Please!” the two kidnapers begged in a trembling voice while holding their hands up in surrender.

“Who sent you here?”

“We don’t know either! We’ve only spoken to him over the phone. He promised us a two hundred thousand reward for kidnapping the baby in this photo! This is a very high reward and so, we agreed. After all, who could say no to that amount of money?” One of the kidnapers answered frankly.

One of the bodyguards took one look at the photo and said coldly, “Get up.”

The two kidnapers rose to their feet nervously.

“Dennis, stay here and watch over the boy. Hugo and I will take these two idiots to the Boss.”

The bodyguard named Dennis nodded solemnly while the other two bodyguards grabbed the kidnapers roughly by their neck and marched them out of the ICU.

The hospital was eerily quiet at that time of the night. The kidnapers were brought to an empty office.

They huddled together, shivering in fear, and begged for mercy. “Please, kind sirs, spare us! We were desperate for the money. If we had known that the child in the photo was under your protection, we would have never dared to cross you!”

“Shut up or we won’t hesitate to put a bullet through you,” one of the bodyguards threatened and kicked the kidnapers.

The kidnapers fell silent.

Five minutes later, the door opened and Oscar appeared.

“Boss,” the two bodyguards immediately straightened up and greeted him respectfully.

Oscar stood over the two cowering kidnapers. “Are you two the ones who tried to kidnap my son?” His voice was cold.

The kidnapers raised their heads to look into Oscar's face and the moment they recognized him, they exclaimed in surprise, "Mr. Clinton!"

Oscar cocked an eyebrow. "Do you know me?"

By then, the kidnapers were shaking uncontrollably. They looked as if they would prefer death.

"Mr. Clinton, you are well-known throughout the city. The two of us are at the bottom of the food chain and we are very much dependent on your generosity to scrape our living. How could we not know you?"

Oscar was seated on the sofa while the two black-clad bodyguards stood flanking him. He leaned back and tapped his foot casually, looking quite relaxed. However, anyone who knew Oscar knew that the calmer he looked on the outside, the more cruel and ruthless he would be when he finally decided on a punishment.

It was merely the calm before the storm.

"Why don't the two of you explain yourself? Why did you try to kidnap my son?" Oscar steepled his fingers and leaned forward to stare into the kidnapers' eyes.

The kidnapers began to sweat profusely from fear, but they still tried to beg for mercy.

"Mr. Clinton, please, we were just acting under someone's orders! He offered us such a high reward that we could not refuse! We didn't know that the boy was your son! If we had known, we wouldn't have dared to do this. The entire city knows of your family! Who would dare to become an enemy of the Clintons? Please, we beg you to have mercy on us! We promise you we'll get out of this city as soon as possible and never return!"

Oscar stared at them coldly then he threw a glance at his bodyguards.

The two bodyguards understood his look and immediately stepped forward to punch the kidnapers repeatedly in their stomachs.

After a while, the two kidnapers doubled over and fell to the ground in pain.

Oscar casually rubbed his palms together as he said, "Consider this a small punishment for trying to harm my son. If anything had actually happened to my boy, believe me, you'll be getting a lot more than just punching. Tell me who hired you and I won't have to make you suffer. Speak!"

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The kidnapers looked absolutely miserable. They had just wanted the reward. They had not even paused to consider who was the person who had issued the order.

Never once had they failed to complete a job throughout their entire criminal career. Not only had they gotten caught this time, but they had been caught by such a dangerous man. It was impossible for them to get out of this mess.

“Mr. Clinton, the man offered us two hundred thousand to kidnap your son, but we really have no idea who he is! He found us through a middleman, so...”

“Call him back now. Tell him that you have the baby in your hands and ask him to pick up the boy himself. You know what to do,” Oscar said casually without waiting for the kidnapper to complete his sentence. He was lounging on the sofa. The two kidnapers kneeling on the ground in front of him were as insignificant as dust to him.

“Y-Yes, we understand.” The two kidnapers nodded earnestly and cowered as close to the ground as possible, wishing the ground would just swallow them up.

One of the kidnapers pulled out his mobile phone and called the middleman first, but the call went unanswered.

Cold sweat broke out on their foreheads.

“M-Mr. Clinton, no one is answering the phone,” the kidnapper stuttered. His hands were shaking so badly that he almost dropped the phone he was holding.

Oscar gave a look to his bodyguards and they stepped forward again, readying their fists. The two kidnapers immediately covered their heads with their hands and said in a panicked voice, “Please don’t hit us! We’ll try calling someone else. We’ll definitely get through to someone!”

They pulled out their mobile phones and desperately dialed all the numbers saved in their phones. Several long minutes passed and finally, a call connected.

As soon as they heard a voice on the other end of the line, they cried, “William, you bastard, where were you guys? Why is no one answering the phone? Where is Leo? We need to talk to him right now!”

Oscar could not hear what the man on the phone said to the kidnapers, but they replied in an angry tone, “Throw a bucket of cold water over him if he’s drunk! I don’t care what you do! Just wake him up and tell him that we have the boy in our hands, but we need to renegotiate our fees with the man who issued the order. It was not easy to

get the boy! He's the only heir of the Clintons. The only son of Oscar Clinton! Do you know who that is? How can he only pay us two hundred thousand to kidnap Oscar Clinton's only son! Is he trying to lowball us? Hurry up and wake Leo!"

The kidnapper who had been speaking on the phone covered the receiver and quickly reassured Oscar, "Don't worry, Mr. Clinton. They are handling it over there. I'll have the man's phone number soon."

Oscar gave him a hard look and said, "You'd better not trick me. Nobody tricks me and gets away with it."

"I wouldn't dare to do that, Mr. Clinton! Nobody would dare to trick you!"

The voice over the phone sounded again.

"Here it is, Mr. Clinton!" the kidnapper whispered, gesturing at his phone.

"Put him on loudspeaker," Oscar commanded.

The kidnapper turned on the loudspeaker on his phone. "Logan, what's the situation now? I heard from William that the baby you were hired to kidnap was Oscar Clinton's son."

"Leo, that man tried to lowball us! This boy is the only heir of the Clintons! He is worth more than gold! The man only offered us two hundred thousand. I won't hand the boy over to him for that price. Give me his phone number and I'll renegotiate the price with him. Otherwise, I'm sure the Clintons will offer a high ransom to rescue the boy. After all, money is no problem to the Clintons."

"Have you gone mad? Yes, the Clintons have money but they are not stupid! Will you even be able to speak to Oscar Clinton? If you threaten him for ransom, it'll be akin to seeking your own death! You'd better forget that stupid idea! I'll give you that man's phone number. When we receive the money, we'll split it between us. Then, you two should lay low for a while. Oscar Clinton is not a man you want to cross," the voice on the other end of the line sounded quite envious of the kidnappers' luck. He read out the man's number to them and warned them again to not bring the child to Oscar as he was not yet ready to die.

After that, the kidnappers ended the call.

"Mr. Clinton, the man's phone number is..." the kidnapper read out the number, mumbling incoherently in his nervousness.

Oscar glanced at one of his bodyguards and ordered, "Hugo, call that number."

"Yes, Boss."

Hugo pulled out his mobile phone and dialed the number. The call connected quickly.

Hugo spoke into the phone. His message was clear and his tone was firm, leaving no room for any refusal. After about a minute, he got off the phone and reported to Oscar, "The man has agreed to meet tomorrow at ten o'clock in the morning at the west end of Spring Garden."

Oscar nodded at him and said, "Bring some back-up tomorrow. Don't let that man get away. I want to know who dares to order the kidnapping of my son."

"Yes, Boss."

Oscar pointed at the kidnapers. "Take these two with you. Do whatever you want with them, but keep them alive."

Hugo and the other bodyguard grabbed the kidnapers and clamped their hands over their mouths to stop them from making any noise.

Oscar stood up and left the office without a word, leaving the bodyguards to punish the two kidnapers however they wished.

He walked to the ICU where his son was sleeping peacefully. The bodyguard who had been left behind to stand guard bowed and greeted him, "Boss."

"Go stand guard outside." Oscar waved at him.

"Yes, sir."

The bodyguard walked out of the ICU. Oscar bent over his son's incubator and gazed at his peaceful sleeping form. The hard lines on Oscar's face softened.

He reached out a finger to stroke the baby's cheek. His heart melted at the touch of the tender skin.

Oscar stood there, bent over his son's incubator for nearly fifteen minutes. His muscles had almost gone numb when he finally straightened up and whispered to the baby, "Tony, Daddy is leaving now. I'll see you tomorrow, okay? You can sleep peacefully here; I'll make sure no harm comes to you."

"Watch over my son well," Oscar said to the bodyguard as he walked out of the ICU.

"Yes, Boss."

Then, Oscar returned to Amelia's ward.

Amelia's eyes flew open as soon as he approached her bedside. "Oscar?"

“Did I wake you up?”

Oscar flicked a switch and the room was illuminated. He looked into Amelia’s bright eyes and knew that she had been wide awake all along.

“How long have you been awake?” Oscar asked, frowning in concern. He lowered himself into the soft armchair by her bed and reached out to hold her hand.

“I just woke up. I saw that you were missing and felt a little worried. Where did you go?” Amelia asked fretfully.

“The bodyguard called and said that Tony was fussing in his sleep. I went over to take a look and calm him down. That’s all. Don’t worry now and get some sleep. I’ll be here.” Oscar placed his hand gently over Amelia’s eyes.

Amelia moved his hand away and blinked up at him. “Did something happen, Oscar? You look quite upset.”

Oscar playfully tapped her nose and changed the subject. “So, as soon as I profess my love for you, you’re treating me like your little handmaiden?”

Amelia did not even crack a smile at his joke but went on staring at him solemnly.

“Oscar, you promised me that you wouldn’t lie to me again,” Amelia said in a gentle but firm voice.

Oscar’s head hurt. The woman he had married was not just beautiful but also, smart and stubborn.

“I’ve never once lied to you ever since we got married. You know, I despise lying.” Although, I won’t mind telling a little white lie... It’s for your own good, Oscar added in his mind.

Amelia exhaled in relief and said, “You’re sure everything is okay with our son?”

“Tony is perfectly fine. Don’t worry! Even James has said that he is as healthy as a bull,” Oscar said solemnly.

Amelia was a little amused by her husband’s words.

“Who in the world would compare their own son to a bull? The saying is—as healthy as a horse!” she laughed.

Oscar’s lips twitched. “Are you done worrying now? Go get some sleep.”

Amelia patted the empty space on the bed beside her and said, "Oscar, come here and cuddle me. I'll sleep much better with you next to me."

Oscar indulged Amelia willingly and climbed in next to her. He carefully wrapped his arms around her waist, trying not to agitate her wounds. She leaned back into his embrace and their two bodies were pressed close together.

"Let's get some sleep."

Amelia nodded in reply and closed her eyes. Soon, her breathing had slowed down into a steady rhythm.

Oscar gently stroked her hair with his eyes closed. He, too, fell asleep soon after that.

When the two of them stirred awake the next morning, it was already half-past nine.

As soon as Amelia's eyes peeled open, she saw Olivia gazing at her with a tender expression on her face. "Mom! When did you come? Why didn't you wake me up?" she asked, feeling quite self-conscious that her mother-in-law had been watching her sleep.

Amelia tried to get up but there was a weight holding her back by her waist. She looked down and saw a muscled arm draped across her body. She felt startled for a moment before she remembered whose arm it was.

Then, her cheek began to burn. She felt embarrassed that her mother-in-law had witnessed an intimate moment between Oscar and her.

She nudged Oscar under the sheets, trying to wake him.

Oscar moaned sleepily. He slowly opened his eyes and without looking around, he instinctively kissed Amelia good morning right on her lips.

Amelia pressed her palms against his chest, trying to create some distance between their bodies.

"Oscar, your Mom is here..." she whispered to him.

Oscar propped himself up on his elbows and caught sight of his mother. However, he was unashamed to be seen like that.

He merely got off the bed and said casually, "Oh, hello, Mom. You're here!"

Olivia was overjoyed to see the two of them so loving.

"Go and wash up quickly. I brought breakfast for the two of you."

Oscar nodded and turned to help Amelia off the bed. Olivia, too, stepped forward to help her. "Be careful of her wounds!"

Amelia smiled, amused at their antics.

"Mom, Oscar, will you please stop fussing? I've already been in the hospital for almost half a month! I'm recovering much better than you think I am. You don't have to treat me as if I'm a fragile little baby! I'm fine, really!"

"You should be taking extra care of your wounds for at least another few months! Don't forget that you were very seriously injured. The doctor did advise you not to move around too much for the time being. It's better to be safe than sorry," Olivia replied, her face full of concern.

Oscar waited for Amelia to wash up. Then, he carried her back to her bed.

Olivia placed a bowl of soup in front of her and said, "I've cooled it down a bit for you. Shall I feed you?"

Amelia shook her head and replied, "No, thank you, Mom. I'm fine, really. I can feed myself. You should have some breakfast yourself too!"

While Oscar was washing up in the bathroom, the two women ate their breakfast together.

When Oscar finally emerged from the bathroom, the two of them had slurped down half their bowl of soup.

"Oscar, come have some breakfast."

Oscar nodded, but before he had the chance to sit down, his mobile phone rang.

"Hello," he answered the call.

The two women could not hear what was said on the other end of the line, but Oscar's face suddenly hardened as he said into the phone, "I'll be right over."

After hanging up, he sat down casually and started on the bowl of soup that Olivia had handed to him.

Amelia glanced at him and said, "If you have something to attend to, go ahead. Mom brought some sandwiches. You can bring one with you and eat it while driving. Don't worry about me. I'll be fine with Mom accompanying me here."

Oscar finished the soup in three mouthfuls.

He put down his spoon and dabbed at his lips with a tissue. Then, as if Olivia was not in the room, he leaned over and unabashedly kissed Amelia on her cheeks. "Okay then. I'll go deal with this matter first. Mom, do stay here and keep Amelia company."

"Go on. Drive safe."

Oscar nodded. He grabbed his jacket and left the hospital ward.

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 204

Oscar drove to Spring Garden. When he got off his car, the bodyguard was pointing a gun at a handsome man. He had previously seen the man's picture when he was investigating Cassie. Thus, he knew that the man was in a romantic relationship with Cassie. However, their relationship could be better described as purely carnal.

As Oscar strode into the pavilion, June's gaze flickered. Though, no one could see it, because he was wearing sunglasses.

"Boss, this is the guy," said Hugo.

June then took off his sunglasses and graciously put his hand out. "Hi Oscar, my name's June. Nice to finally meet you."

However, Oscar merely glanced at his hand before walking to the other side to take a seat. He then crossed his legs and sat in a relaxed manner.

Subsequently, both of them sized each other up as neither gave in to each other.

After a while, June then smiled and broke the silence. "You're indeed exceptional, Mr. Clinton. No wonder Cassie couldn't get over you. She went to Erihal with me. I've given her so much—her status in Erihal. However, she insists on returning here. This willfulness of hers almost ruined her career. I just feel that it's not worth it. After all, I'm more suited for her. I know what she wants, but you won't think of her that way."

While he spoke, Oscar calmly listened to him.

Although it was their first confrontation, even June had to admire Oscar's composure.

This guy's even stronger than I thought.

He then walked to the other side and sat down, with the two bodyguards still holding their guns to his head. He shrugged and said, "Mr. Clinton, can you get these two to put their guns down? I'm not used to having guns pointed at me."

With a wave of Oscar's hand, the two bodyguards then swiftly put their pistols back on their waistbands.

"That's more like it," June commented.

Oscar then glanced at him and said, "Why did you send someone to capture my son?"

June shrugged and smiled. "I had nothing better to do. I love Cassie so much, but she only has eyes for you. Even though I've done so much for her, she still insists on returning here. She doesn't even give me a chance. I just wanted to see if you're that good. If your child's gone, can you trace it back to me? But it seems that you're a little better than I thought because I'm now in your hands. I was careless."

Oscar then smirked coldly.

He said, "Your relationship with Cassie is unusual. I know your family has quite a lot of assets abroad, and you're considered rich. However, if I want to kill you, it's as simple as killing an ant. Don't you think so?"

June smiled confidently, for he clearly did not take Oscar's threats to heart.

"If you have said that to an ordinary person, I'll believe it. But if you wanted to kill me, you won't bother to come here. Also, it depends on whether you can even do anything to me."

Suddenly, Oscar stood up and strode over to June. They were about the same height and were both tall and slender. It seemed as though a violent confrontation was about to erupt between the two strong opponents.

"Was it Cassie who told you to take the child? Tell me, or I'll prove my words," said Oscar calmly as he narrowed his eyes.

Yet, as June stared at Oscar, he suddenly smiled presumptuously.

He then stepped back and held his hands out. "So what if that's true? And what if it's not? Don't tell me you want to do something to her? But could you bear to hurt her?"

Just then, Oscar merely glanced at him before abruptly taking action. His moves were quick, and his kick was as fast as lightning. Hence, before June could react, Oscar had already kicked him out.

He then swiftly ran over and placed his foot onto June's chest.

"I hate it the most when people try to drag things on. Either tell me what you know or just shut up."

Then, he put more pressure on his leg, which caused June to groan in pain.

Oscar continued, "It looks like you don't know your mistakes." He then removed his foot and called over the two bodyguards, "Break his arm."

It was only then that a hint of fear flickered across June's eyes. He nimbly got to his feet then got into a defensive posture.

"A gentleman fights with his words, not actions. Let's talk it out. I don't think it's very nice to use force as soon as you meet someone," said June composedly.

"If you're my guest, I'll surely receive you well as a host. But, are you?" asked Oscar.

June was stunned by his words.

Oscar then ordered, "Act now!"

As both bodyguards stepped forward, June took a step back. Seeing that he could not escape, he then took the initiative to attack first.

The three men then began to fight. Although the two bodyguards had quite good skills, June was not bad either. He was able to cope with the attacks from those men with ease.

After fighting for some time, he then yelled angrily, "Come out!"

Just as he finished speaking, a few men in black jumped out from the bushes, each with a gun in hand.

June then breathed a sigh of relief. As he continued to deal with the two bodyguards, he retreated backward to the black-clothed men.

Thus, it soon became six facing off three.

Consequently, June became confident and calm again.

He said, "I was just joking with you last night, Mr. Clinton."

However, Oscar did not care about the extra five men that had appeared.

"Do you think that I won't do anything to you just because you have five bodyguards now?" he asked.

June waved his hands and said in a sincere tone, "No, no. Your fighting skills are great. I've also practiced martial arts since young, but can't fight against you. Anyway, it looks

like I've annoyed you. Since the baby wasn't really harmed, why don't we each take a step back? We won't interfere with each other in the future. What do you think?"

Oscar pretended to think about it before he replied, "Sure. As long as you willingly break one of your hands, I'll consider it."

June's gaze flickered.

"You must be forgiving, Mr. Clinton. Even though I can't beat you, it won't be easy for you to explain if a wealthy man dies either."

"Don't worry about that. If I want to take someone's life, I'll make sure it leaves no trouble. I won't let anyone have a hold over me," Oscar replied.

Hiding among the five bodyguards, June then said, "Attack."

However, before his bodyguards could open fire, over a dozen black-clothed men appeared behind them. They decisively shot at June and the others, catching them off guard. June only managed to avoid the attacks when he quickly dodged away.

He did not expect the bullets to keep coming at him. Thus, the protection of the five brawny men was of no help to him at all.

They certainly did not think that something like that would happen.

At that moment, June was regretful. He was too proud and had underestimated Oscar's strength. As a result, he caused himself to plunge into such an unresolvable, desperate situation.

"Stop, stop! I surrender," June said, for he was both tired of running and shouting.

Thus, when Oscar raised his hand, Hugo ordered, "Stop."

The several well-trained bodyguards in black then ran behind Oscar.

On the other hand, the five bodyguards on June's side were all injured to varying degrees. Nevertheless, their injuries were not fatal. After all, Oscar did not want to take their lives yet. That was why he could hear June barking like an out-of-control dog just then.

June patted his suit that was covered in dust, then gave Oscar a thumbs up. "You're great, indeed. A foreign man like me can't win over you."

Oscar looked at him coldly, then replied, "In my eyes, you're better than a stray dog at best, so don't think you can compete with me. Today's just a small lesson for you. If you

dare to touch my family again, I'll make sure you can't leave Chanaea. Remember my words. I'm not joking."

Right then, June felt uncomfortable inside. Such a loss made him feel that he was inferior to Oscar.

He was previously dissatisfied with Oscar because of Cassie's attitude. But right then, he understood why Cassie could not get over Oscar.

"Don't speak so soon, Mr. Clinton. It's too early to say whether or not I'm only better than a stray dog. You've already taught me a lesson, so can I leave now?" June said casually.

"Get your bodyguards to back down."

June then hesitated.

"Why? Do you have so little guts as a man?" Oscar said to irritate him.

"No way." June then raised his hand and said, "Leave us."

Similarly, Oscar got his bodyguards to retreat too.

There was some fear in June's eyes as he looked at Oscar. "Do you have something to say?"

"Go back and tell Cassie not to cause so much trouble. We should've ended our relationship five years ago. Also, don't touch Amelia and our son. Otherwise, I won't mind touching the Yards either. I don't think she wants her family's inheritance passed down from her ancestors to be destroyed because of her so-called love."

June raised his eyebrows and said with a smile, "Why don't you personally tell her that? If you treat her a little more cruelly, I think she'll give up on you sooner, right?"

Afterward, Oscar looked at him intently before suddenly making a move. His actions were quick. Before June could react, he had already been slapped twice and kicked once in the stomach.

June coughed in pain as he clutched onto his abdomen. Anger flashed across his eyes, but he soon hid his emotions and smiled as if everything was okay.

"Since I was defeated today, I think it means I don't have the ability. You slapped and kicked me again, so are you finally not angry anymore?" He then coughed again and smiled.

Yet, Oscar merely looked at him coldly. As he then walked forward a few steps, June subconsciously held onto his body and moved back.

At that moment, he feared Oscar.

After all, Oscar's strength was even more unpredictable than he thought.

"Let's talk, Mr. Clinton. Taking action will only break the peace."

Just then, Oscar took out a small dagger from behind him. As soon as June saw it, his eyes instantly widened. No longer able to pretend to be calm, he said, "Do you want to kill me?"

Oscar then squatted down and tapped the dagger on his face. "If I wanted to kill you, I wouldn't need to talk so much nonsense. I only want to teach you a lesson so you will know how to behave around here. You can't just touch the Clintons as you please."

Afterward, he then grabbed June's hand and pressed it to the ground before quickly stabbing the dagger into his palm.

"Ah!" June cried out piercingly.

Not feeling satisfied, Oscar then stabbed again, causing June's piercing voice to continue to ring out.

Afterward, he pulled out the dagger and wiped the blood off of it very calmly. He said coldly, "Get lost."

June merely held his bloody hand to himself as he broke out into a cold sweat.

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 205

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 205 You Cannot Compare To Oscar

He got up from the ground with difficulty, then endured the pain as he shot Oscar a look. "Thanks for sparing my life today, Mr. Clinton." Since I didn't die today, I'll repay you for this in the future.

Oscar merely looked at him indifferently and replied, "Take it as a small lesson today and not disturb my family again. Otherwise, the consequences would be dire."

He then threw the dagger away before leaving. Subsequently, his bodyguards followed behind him.

“Are you okay, sir?” June’s five bodyguards came forward as they looked at his bloody hand. Then, they lowered their heads one by one.

He glared coldly at them and wanted to yell but could not do so because his hand was in too much pain. Thus, he said, “You’re all useless. Quick help me bandage it.”

One of them then ran back to the car to take their medicine box and skillfully bandaged June’s wound.

He was in so much pain that he was breaking out in a cold sweat. When the wound was bandaged, he raised his hand in anger and began to hit them. The five men merely stood quietly in place and let him vent his anger on them.

“You’re all useless. I spent so much money to hire you, but none of you are of help. Then what’s the point of hiring you? Hurry and drive me to the hospital. If anything happens to my hand, I’m going to chop off everyone’s hands. Since you’re all so useless, you might as well not use your limbs.” As June continued to vent his anger, the five bodyguards merely bowed their heads and let him scold them.

However, when his scolding did not receive any replies, it was as if he were talking to himself.

He then returned to the car in anger.

When he was already in the car, but no one else went in, he opened the door and stuck his head out. “Are you guys stupid? Hurry and drive! Why am I paying all of you so much each month? Useless idiots. You can’t even protect me. You’re no better than a pig.”

In the end, several cars drove away from the site amid his cursing.

June had always played the role of a rich and noble gentleman. He was generous to his female companion. No matter what happened, he could always maintain his composure. Hence, the women whom he had dated all thought highly of him. If only these women had known he lost face before Oscar. Not only did he fail to get any benefits, but he was also beaten up badly. He could probably never forget such humiliation in his lifetime.

After leaving, he went to the hospital for an examination. The doctor said that had the knife been stabbed a little bit more to one side, it would have been incurable. Also, when the wound healed, he could not lift heavy objects anymore. Yet, although the injury was quite serious, the treatment was timely. Thus, as long as he took care not to wet it and rested well for two to three months, it would gradually recover.

After collecting the prescribed medicine, June then headed downstairs. Once he got into the car, the bodyguard sitting in the driver's seat carefully asked, "Where do we head to, sir?"

"Find a bar."

"Okay."

Nevertheless, halfway through, he changed his mind and headed for Principal General Hospital instead.

Originally, he did not want to go there in such an embarrassing state. However, Cassie had called him just moments ago. All she said was, "I miss you, June. Can you come here now?"

Even if he knew that her words were possibly untrue, his love for her was too deep. Otherwise, he would not have left behind his luxuriant life abroad to follow after her. Furthermore, he still had to endure her cynicism and do everything willingly. It was all because he loved her.

It was a pity that she never did appreciate his love.

Once he arrived at Principal General Hospital, he took the elevator upstairs and entered her ward. However, before he even approached her, a pretty figure rushed toward him.

Just as he thought that the figure would throw herself into his arms, her first words immediately broke all of his anticipations. "Where's the child? Where's the child?"

Thus, his face immediately fell. He was just severely wrecked by Oscar because of that insignificant child. Never mind that he lost face, but he almost lost his life too. He would never forget such great humiliation.

However, at that moment, Cassie did nothing but bring back the awful experience to his mind.

Although his injured hand was already no longer painful, it suddenly hurt again. He said in a low voice, "Honey, is that child all you're thinking about?"

She raised her head to meet his eyes as her enthusiasm slowly faded away. "Don't tell me you didn't manage to take him?"

He deliberately raised his injured hand. However, she merely glanced at it before turning away.

As a result, the suppressing anger in him began to surge in him again.

“Honey, didn’t you see that my hand’s injured?”

“But you’re still alive. For a man who merely got injured, you’re acting like a little girl. Aren’t you embarrassed to say that?” she said disdainfully and raised her eyebrows.

With a complicated gaze, he looked at the woman he had loved for so long. Although he devoted himself and gave her so much, at that moment, he had the intention to kill her. However, he could not.

“Honey, don’t you think it’s a bit upsetting for you to say this?” he said while purposely lowering his voice.

She waved her hands and spoke sarcastically, “Stop that. I won’t fall for it. Go and fool those naïve girls, and maybe they’ll fall for it. Even if you’re lying in a hospital now, I won’t cry for you. We both knew this from the beginning, didn’t we?”

As she spoke, his expression turned sour. She could always easily provoke his monstrous anger.

Then, he grabbed her neck as his expression changed. Once I exert some pressure, her beautiful eyes could shut forever.

Suddenly, he felt an unspeakable pleasure inside. Since his beloved woman never took him seriously, perhaps it would be a wonderful thing if she died in his arms.

His unrequited love had made him into a possessive man. If he could not have her, he would rather destroy her.

“Cough, cough—” It was Cassie’s breathless coughs that drew him away from his lunatic thoughts and back to reality.

He then looked over only to realize that just as he was thinking of how to make her die in his arms, his actions had already preceded his thoughts. He was holding her high up and using so much force that the veins on his hand were bulging. In only a few seconds, she might really die in his hands.

Oh my god!

He immediately let her go, then looked at his hands in disbelief. Something horrible almost happened, which caused him to feel scared and terrible.

Once Cassie was dropped onto the ground, she coughed violently. Just moments ago, she thought that she was going to die. It was the same feeling as when she previously threatened Oscar to jump off the building and accidentally fell out of the window. She almost met with death both times and did not want to go through such an experience anymore.

He wanted to touch her, but she instead stepped backward timidly. Then, she looked at him vigilantly as her gaze filled with fear.

The look she gave him was a stab to his heart. He did everything to pursue her; to make her understand his good intentions and to stay by her side. As they had spent so many beautiful nights together back in Erihal, he did not believe she would be so cruel as to not give him any face.

“Don’t be scared. I lost control just now. I’m sorry. Let me see your neck,” he said cautiously. He was afraid he would scare her again.

“Don’t come here. Stand back.” She then waved her hands in fright, for she was indeed afraid of him. After all, he could kill her at any time. “Don’t come near me, or I’ll call the police.”

A flicker of pain then flashed across his eyes as he asked in a low voice, “Are you afraid of me?”

Subsequently, she stepped back again before yelling in fright, “You’re a sicko that wants to kill me. Shouldn’t I be scared?”

Rubbing his hands together, he then said weakly, “I was wrong just now, Cassie. I’m sorry. I promise it wasn’t on purpose. Be good. I’ll promise you whatever you want.”

However, she pointed at the door and yelled in desperation, “Get out! Get out of here!”

His expression instantly hardened. When he moved forward one step, she took two steps back in fright. Then, as they continued that way, Cassie was eventually forced to a wall. She slowly moved a bit to the side as she looked at him with fear.

“Don’t come near, June. Or I’ll really call the police,” she said while trembling. At that moment, she was indeed afraid of him. He was a madman. In good times, he treated her well and was obedient. However, the moment he lost control, he was no different from a lunatic. Both his words and actions were difficult to understand.

June stopped in his actions as he looked at her with a complicated gaze.

“Are you really scared of me, Cassie?”

“You’re a demon. You even wanted to kill me just now. Am I supposed to stay put and let you kill me? I’m not stupid,” she said in fear and disgust.

She then pointed to the door again and continued, “Either get out now or wait for me to call the police. I’ll sue you for attempted murder.”

It was as if June had heard a funny joke, for he laughed out loud then.

Cassie was puzzled. "What are you laughing at?"

"Why did your illness make you so stupid?" he asked while laughing.

Feeling angry from being shamed, she said, "Who are you calling a stupid? You're stupid."

When she said that, his gaze suddenly turned cold.

"You're acting like a shrew now. Back when I met you, you were so innocent and lively, and you were so dependent on me. But now, you're like a shrew that bites whoever she sees. In just a few months, your unique charms have disappeared. It makes me very sad, but what can I do? I still want you. As long as you're obedient and listen to me, I'll treat you like a princess. I'll try my best to get you whatever you want."

Cassie was angered by his remark. Hence, disregarding her fear, she shouted, "Get lost! Who cares about your love? My family's rich. There are other men who will do what I want. You have no right to yell at me."

After a brief pause, she said, "You're just a dog in my eyes. No matter what I do to you, you'll just wag your tail at me. I've never thought highly of you. You're the first man I know that has no self-respect. How can you compare to Oscar?"

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 206

Love You Enough to Leave You Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 206

Cassie was throwing insults at June. His face went livid as he strode forward. Suddenly, Cassie went crazy and shouted out loud when she saw June's facial expression. "Ah! Don't come any closer! Otherwise, I will call the police."

Right at that moment, Elizabeth and Charlie pushed the door opened and rushed into the ward.

"Cassie, are you okay?" Being overprotective, Elizabeth anxiously ran towards her daughter and checked on her from head to toe. "What happened? What's going on? Are you hurt?"

As if seeing a lifeline, Cassie quickly buried her face in Elizabeth's arms. "Mom, he's trying to kill me. You must save me."

Elizabeth looked towards June. Instinctively, she stood in front of Cassie to protect her.

He looks very familiar... After pondering for a while, Elizabeth remembered who it was. "June?"

June's menacing expression had already disappeared when the Yards rushed in. Standing before Elizabeth, June appeared gentle and polite.

"Mrs. Yard, I'm June. Nice to meet you." June bowed courteously to show her respect.

What a well-mannered, charming, and good-looking gentlemen! Doubt flashed across Elizabeth's eyes. After all, she was still concerned about her daughter. "What are you doing here? Cassie said that you were going to kill here? What exactly is going on?"

June took a look at Cassie in Elizabeth's arm and replied gently, "Mrs. Yard, that was just a misunderstanding. Cassie and I were a couple when we were in Erihal, but she suddenly decided to end our relationship and left. I'm confused. So, I purposely set my career in Erihal aside and come to Chanaea. I just needed an explanation from her. I can't believe she would accuse me of killing her. I really have no idea what is going on too."

The suspicion in Elizabeth's eyes grew even intense.

"Cassie, is that true?" Elizabeth asked.

Cassie lifted her head. With Elizabeth and Charlie around, she felt safe. Hence, with a fierce glare, she said, "Mom, don't listen to his nonsense! He is a demon. He tried to strangle me to death like a maniac the moment he entered the ward. If I didn't struggle to resist him just now, you would probably never get to see your one and only daughter anymore."

Elizabeth looked at June.

He raised his hands innocently. "Mr. and Mrs. Yard, this is my fault. I shouldn't be worried about Cassie's condition. I really didn't know why she would think it that way. She was gasping heavily for breath just now. I was just checking on her to make sure she was all right. I meant no harm."

Cassie gritted her teeth in anger. She did not expect June to be that shameless.

"June, you're such an a**hole! Stop bullshitting here. You were trying to kill me! You—"

"Enough!" Charlie interrupted.

Cassie stared at Charlie in disbelief.

Veins popped up on Charlie's forehead. He clenched his fists tightly and released. Then, he said weakly, "Cassie, you've been throwing tantrums and crying for the entire

month. Knock it off. It's time for you to grow up. Stop wailing like a kid whenever things are not going your way. You're not only tiring yourself but also your mom and me. Give it a rest, will you?"

Cassie looked at Charlie, feeling wronged.

"Dad, he was really trying to kill me. Don't you care about your daughter?" Cassie bit her lips and asked aggrievedly.

"You're not even scared of killing yourself. Are you afraid of being killed by someone else?" Charlie was obviously implying that Cassie staged the whole thing by herself.

Cassie had left the whole family in torment. Her sweet and warm family was about to fall apart. She was giving Charlie a big headache. He couldn't even keep up with the company's matters anymore.

Cassie was at a loss for words.

At that point, Elizabeth clearly took Charlie's side.

"Cassie, you're a grown woman. You lost your baby, and you attempted suicide. Besides, you've been staying in the hospital for over a month. Of course, you can continue staying here if you think it makes you feel comfortable. The only thing I'll ask of you is to behave yourself. Stop causing a scene all the time. The Yards are a noble family, but now even the hospital has already raised their voice about your issues. You're really making your father and I look really bad here."

Elizabeth advised earnestly.

At that moment, Cassie felt like she had been betrayed by everyone. Her family—the people closest to her—had turned their back against her. None of them believed in her words and there was no way she could defend herself.

Right at that moment, June stepped up to play the role of a peacemaker. He was polite and humble, leaving nothing but a good impression.

"Mr. and Mrs. Yard, please don't be mad. It's all my fault. I shouldn't have acted in haste. I just wanted to know the reason why she broke up with me. I didn't mean for her to get scolded by both of you. You two are the closest people to her. She might feel hurt to hear you saying those words."

Subconsciously, Elizabeth took a glance at June. This man whom Cassie once claimed to be useless had developed a more positive impression in her heart.

To Elizabeth, at least June was good-looking and well-mannered, carrying himself with great nobility. Apart from that, he treated elders respectfully. He was definitely so much

better as compared to most of the young people nowadays. She even thought that June would probably be a better son-in-law of the Yard family than Oscar.

“June, please have a seat. We can talk things out later.” There was a change in Elizabeth’s attitude towards June.

June was aware that he had gained her trust.

Cassie couldn’t believe her eyes and said angrily, “Mom, he is a murderer! He tried to kill me earlier. How can you let him off?”

Elizabeth shot her a sideways glance and smiled at June. “June, have a seat. My husband and I will talk to you. Cassie is immature and ignorant. Please don’t take her words to heart.”

June replied courteously, “Mrs. Yard, please don’t say that. I love Cassie. We were together for almost four years. I even mentioned to my parents that I would introduce Cassie to them. However, little did I expect that she would break up with me suddenly. I have no choice but to delay the whole plan.”

Meanwhile, Charlie was sizing him up and sounded out, “Have you and Cassie been together before? Why hasn’t she told me about it?”

June lowered his head and pretended to be dejected.

“Mr. Yard, let me be frank with you. We were in a relationship, but Cassie once confessed that she has feelings for another person. Perhaps, she still couldn’t get over him. That’s why she chose to break up with me and return here. But I love her. I’m not willing to let her go just like that. Therefore, I follow her back here. I didn’t expect her to be so emotionally unstable. She even thought that I was going to kill her. However, that’s not the case. I just love her so much,” June said with genuine emotions.

Women were emotional creatures. Elizabeth was moved by June’s heartfelt remarks and took his side.

Charlie was clearly much more rational. After all, he had experienced a lot in all his years of doing business. It was impossible for him to believe in June’s words so easily.

“Cassie, is that true?”

She stared at June resentfully and answered, “Dad, don’t listen to his bullshit. I have never been in a relationship with him. I love Oscar. As for him, he is, at most, just a barking dog. Can you understand a dog’s words?”

Cassie’s words were harsh. Charlie couldn’t help but frown at what she said. However, June was as calm as usual, not showing any emotions on his face.

Charlie took a few glances at June. He seemed to know that Cassie had offended someone she shouldn't have. Unfortunately, her mind was always not clear, especially at such a crucial moment.

"Cassie, cut it out!" Charlie berated strictly.

Cassie felt deeply wronged. She started feeling pain in her healing wrist.

She got infuriated and walked off immediately, turning a deaf ear to Elizabeth who was shouting behind her.

Elizabeth felt rather embarrassed. She said, "June, please don't mind her. It's our fault for spoiling Cassie."

June shook his head and replied, "Mrs. Yard, no matter what happens, she is still the woman I love. Otherwise, I would never sail across the ocean and come all the way just for her. If both of you are willing to entrust her with me, I would love to ask for my family's permission to set up a new branch company here. I believe that my family would be very supportive of my decision."

Elizabeth's eyes lit up upon hearing his words.

"June, would you mind sharing with us what business is your family dealing in?"

June answered his family name truthfully.

Then, Charlie and Elizabeth exchanged shocking glances.

They were surprised to find out that June's family had been a prestigious family for over a century. They were indeed from the upper-class society. June's family was much more wealthier and powerful than the Yard family. June was born with a silver spoon in his mouth.

Elizabeth was a quick thinker. She immediately behaved like his mother-in-law. After all, she had been feeling defeated because of Oscar. She knew that Oscar was never going to marry her daughter. In that case, why not turn to someone with a more powerful background? With that, the Yards would be treated with great honor. Moreover, she wanted to give the Clintons a big slap on their faces. It was fine that the Clintons didn't want the daughter of the Yard family to be their daughter-in-law. She still had other wealthy men from the upper-class society. In fact, Elizabeth wanted to take advantage of June and seek revenge on the Clintons.

It was just a matter of time.

Elizabeth was a narrow-minded person who held grudges. She wouldn't forget and forgive easily.

“June, I’m more than welcome to have you here, especially when you’re here for Cassie. You look really smart and remarkably attractive. You have this great charisma. You and Cassie look so well together. Both of you are such a match made in heaven.” Elizabeth showered him with compliments. “You don’t have to worry about Cassie. I’ll speak for you. Your charming appearance and gentlemanly demeanor are pleasing to the eyes. Cassie is such a fool to have let you go. I won’t let her act foolishly this time. Don’t worry about that.”

June smiled gently.

“Thank you, Mrs. Yard. Thank you for your help. If there is anything you guys need in the future, please feel free to ask,” June offered sincerely.

June had successfully made a great first impression on Charlie and Elizabeth.

Charlie was a businessman. He understood that business was business. Perhaps, it was best for Cassie to marry June. First of all, Cassie deserved a reliable man like June. After all, it was better to be the man’s wife than be a mistress of a man. On the other hand, with the help of June’s family background, Yard Group could even expand into Erihal market. That would be a perfect opportunity. He would never ever let this chance slip away.

Then, June took out a business card from his pocket and handed it to Charlie in a serious manner. “Mr. Yard, this is my business card. My number is on it. Please feel free to call me if you need anything.”

Charlie took over his business card. Suddenly, he noticed his hands and asked, “What happened to your hand? It looks pretty severe.”

June smiled nonchalantly and answered, “I accidentally hurt my hand when I was cutting fruit. It’s nothing serious. But still, thank you for asking.”

Charlie nodded.

Elizabeth looked worried. “You cut yourself? It looks quite serious. Do you want me to take you to the doctor? That must be painful.”

June smiled gently. “Mrs. Yard, thanks for your concern. I’m really fine. It might look a little serious, but actually, it’s not that bad.”

“If you’re feeling hurt, just let me know. We’re going to be a family in the future. You don’t have to be so polite with us. I’ll let Cassie know later. She should care more about you instead of wasting her time on someone she shouldn’t.”

“Thank you, Mrs. Yard.”

In the ward, June was having a good time talking to the Yards. The three of them, in a way, had reached some kind of consensus.

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In the ward, the trio continued talking despite Cassie's hasty exit. Cassie took the elevator and arrived at the hospital's garden. She was wandering listlessly. Just as she was about to return, she noticed a tall figure.

As she approached the figure, she said, "Mr. Scott? Are you not feeling well?"

She had run a thorough background check on Amelia and the people surrounding her. So she was familiar with Carter.

Carter was quietly watching the passerby when she greeted him. His forehead creased when he discovered it was Cassie. He didn't want to speak to her.

Cassie ignored the distaste in his eyes. "May I sit here?" She then sat down without waiting for an answer.

Carter rose from his seat, prepared to leave. Then, Cassie spoke, "Mr. Scott, don't you want to know how is Amelia faring recently?"

Carter set his foot back onto the ground.

He looked down at Cassie and inquired directly, "What are you trying to say?"

Cassie patted the seat beside her and suggested, "Why don't you take a seat if you have some time to spare, Mr. Scott? Although we don't love the same person, our motives are the same. Save me the nonsense of I'll be happy if she's happy. Assuming that you love her, why are you not fighting for her? If you could stand to watch her in another man's arms, that means you don't love her enough. Your feelings for her are superficial. If what you felt for her is true love, you will want her to stay by your side and not simply watch her be happy."

Carter frowned at the change in Cassie. She used to be innocent and as if anything nor anyone could affect her. But all she had now was merely a facade of the old her.

Cassie ignored Carter's scrutinizing gaze and merely stared blankly ahead. "Mr. Scott, why don't you sit and have a chat with me? Unless you're afraid that I would harm you?"

At her words, Carter had no choice but to comply.

Cassie glanced at him and said, "Thanks."

Carter was surprised by her attitude.

"What happened to you?" Carter didn't pay any attention to Cassie. Hence, he was unaware of what happened to her despite being in the same hospital.

Cassie sneered, "I can't believe Mr. Scott cares about me. I thought you only have eyes for Amelia."

Carter simply pursed his lips in response.

Cassie's eyes were glossy with tears all of a sudden. She buried her head in her hands and started sobbing.

Carter wanted to say something but kept silent in the end. He merely sat there in silence, allowing passersby to whisper and point at him for being uncaring towards his crying girlfriend.

Cassie kept on crying, but Carter didn't comfort her at all, so she finally stopped.

She glared at Carter and choked, "Carter, are you even a man? Even if I'm not the person you love, you could've at least comforted me."

Carter crossed his arms. "Firstly, Ms. Yard, we're not close friends. Secondly, I have mysophobia, so I don't like to have any bodily contact with others. Lastly, you were crying without mentioning anything. Guys will think you're acting unreasonably."

Cassie scoffed, "Aren't you a loyal one, Mr. Scott? You declared that you love Amelia, yet you're not aware of her near-death experience from a car accident a while back."

Carter's eyes widened in shock. He grasped Cassie's shirt and interrogated, "What did you say? When did Amelia get into an accident? How is she now?"

Cassie laughed viciously. Her eyes were taunting him.

"Didn't you say you love her? And yet you're unaware of her being in a dangerous accident? The doctors had even issued a medical crisis notice, saying she could only live at most three days. And yet you, the man who declared to love her, didn't know about it. How would Amelia feel if she knew about this? Poor thing."

Carter was anxious to learn about the accident. He knew very well that Cassie wouldn't divulge any more information, so he hurriedly left.

Cassie continued to taunt, "You say you love her deeply yet didn't know about her accident. What a joke!"

Tears started streaming down her cheeks as she taunted.

Oscar used to say he loved me too, but he wasn't there with me when I was in danger. His love for me was superficial that he couldn't overcome such a minor obstacle.

I wanted to lie to myself that Oscar did love me deeply. But the difference in his attitude towards Amelia and me indicated his love for me had ended five years ago.

Nevertheless, I still love him. And I will get him back no matter what. Maybe it is no longer love, but a competition between two women.

After Carter left, he wanted to call Amelia but realized he didn't bring his phone with him when he came down. He frantically stopped a passerby. "Miss, could you lend me your phone?"

The passerby was irritated at being stopped, but the moment she saw Carter's face, her anger vanished, and she swiftly dug out her phone from her bag.

Carter took her phone, forgetting to say thank you.

He instantly dialed Amelia's number, but Tiffany was the one who picked up.

"Tiffany, it's me. I heard Amelia got into a car accident. How is she? What about the baby? Which hospital is she in right now? Answer me quickly."

Carter was so nervous that his palms were sweating while Tiffany merely asked, "Who are you?"

It made sense that Tiffany couldn't remember Carter because she had a lot on her plate at that moment. Also, he hadn't contacted Amelia in a while.

Carter assumed Tiffany was blaming him for not being by Amelia's side when Amelia got into the accident, so she pretended not to know him.

He inhaled a deep breath to calm himself.

"Tiffany, I'm Carter. How's Amelia? Which hospital is she at right now?"

"Oh! It's you, the jinx." Tiffany recalled. "Sorry about not recognizing your voice. Where are you calling from?"

Carter was a bundle of nerves, but he had to explain patiently. "Tiffany, could you put that aside and tell me which hospital Amelia is in?"

"She's at the Principal General Hospital. Didn't you know?"

“Her ward number?”

Tiffany told him Amelia’s ward number.

Carter immediately hung up.

“Thank you, miss.” After returning the phone to the passerby, he ran the fastest he ever had back to the hospital and took the elevator up.

He dashed to Amelia’s ward when the elevator had reached his floor.

However, he was rooted in place outside of Amelia’s ward.

He hesitated for quite a while before a man’s voice pulled him from his stupor.

“Carter, what are you doing here?”

Carter turned around to see Oscar. He awkwardly coughed and replied, “I heard Amelia got into a car accident, so I came to visit her.”

Oscar opened the door and gestured for him to enter. “Come in.”

Carter followed behind Oscar. Seeing Amelia lying on the bed, he couldn’t believe his eyes. He hadn’t seen her for a whole month.

He had thought about calling Amelia when he was recovering in the hospital but lost his courage as he recalled how he had behaved back then.

He was afraid that Amelia wouldn’t pick up his call. Also, Jennifer was following him everywhere.

He now had a fear of Jennifer. She persistently stayed by his side and even swallowed her pride, despite his bad treatment. All he could do was avoid her.

Carter stared at Amelia blankly, hoping to make up for all his lost time.

Although she was thinner and more haggard now, she was still beautiful in his eyes.

Amelia was embarrassed by his intense gaze and shifted her gaze. “Carter, you’re here. Come and have a seat. Don’t just stand there.”

Carter was rooted in place, transfixed by Amelia as though his soul had left his body.

Tiffany scoffed, “Your eyeballs will fall off if you continue to stare. But before that could happen, I think someone will pluck your eyes out first.” The person Tiffany was insinuating was none other than Oscar, whose eyes were burning with rage

Carter was broken out of his thought and coughed awkwardly. "Sorry."

Amelia glanced at Tiffany. "Carter, please don't mind Tiff's words. She's a straightforward person, but she means well."

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Carter shook his head. "Amelia, you know I'm not a petty person. Tiffany has said worse before."

Amelia nodded. "Carter, come sit."

Carter sat on the sofa.

Oscar came up to Amelia and gave her a peck on her lips. "How're you feeling today?"

Amelia lightly pushed Oscar with her hands and chastised, "Oscar, don't be like this. Both Tiff and Carter are here."

Tiffany nonchalantly said, "Babe, just pretend we're not here and do whatever you want. I'm used to it anyway."

Amelia's cheeks blushed red. The blissfulness and happiness in her eyes were there for all to see.

Carter's smile gradually turned awkward. A flash of pain flitted across his eyes. He felt a stabbing pain in his heart.

It has only been a month but she has become more attractive. It's not her appearance, but the glow from her happiness.

I know I don't stand a chance because there's only one man in her eyes.

Carter felt conflicted with his emotions. He wished Amelia happiness, yet he hoped he was the one giving it.

"Carter, are you feeling better?" Amelia's voice pulled him back from his train of thoughts.

"I'm sorry, Amelia. What did you say?"

Tiffany glanced at Carter.

“I asked if you’re feeling better now?” Amelia repeated.

“Yes, I’m recovering well. My mom wanted me to stay for a couple more days,” Carter blurted out. “Amelia, why didn’t you tell me you’ve gotten into an accident? Were you planning to hide it from me?”

Amelia chuckled, “Carter, that’s not it. I was unconscious and subjected to the emergency rescue for a few days. The doctor even issued a medical crisis notice. Of course, these were all relayed to me by Tiff. Anyway, I almost die. And when I woke up, Oscar and Tiff were there to take care of me. There’s no need to trouble you.”

Bitterness spread through Carter’s heart.

So I’m merely an outsider in her eyes.

“As long as you’re fine,” Carter replied.

Amelia glanced at Oscar awkwardly.

Tiffany added, “Hey Jinx, why didn’t you bring a gift when you visited? Isn’t it rude to visit empty-handed?”

Carter apologized.

Amelia cast Tiffany a reprimanding look. “Tiff, it’s rare for Carter to visit, so don’t you scare him away.”

Tiffany shrugged and laughed, “It’s just a joke. Jinx has always been understanding. So he wouldn’t mind. Right, Jinx?”

Carter merely nodded.

Carter wanted to stay a bit longer but couldn’t bear the sight of Oscar fussing over Amelia another second longer. “Amelia, I’m going to head back to my ward. My mom would be worried if I was gone for too long. And I didn’t have my phone with me. I’ll drop by another day.”

Amelia wanted to get up from her bed, but Carter immediately stopped her. “It’s okay, Amelia. There’s no need to get up. I can get back just fine. You lay down and rest.”

Amelia complied.

Tiffany said, “Babe, I’ll send him off on your behalf, then I’m going to get something to eat downstairs. You need me to get anything for you both?”

Amelia shook her head.

“All right then. I’ll send Jinx off, so you and Mr. Clinton can be all lovey-dovey here.”

Amelia instinctively glanced at Carter and noticed the pain in his eyes despite his deadpan expression.

After Carter and Tiffany left Amelia’s ward, Carter was unusually silent.

Tiffany couldn’t stand to look at him being that way. She poked him with her elbow. “Hey, can’t bear to look at Amelia and Oscar being happy together? The Jinx I know wouldn’t give up so easily. Or have you realized the gap between you and Oscar and found out you came up short, so you wanted to give up?”

Carter shook his head.

Tiffany shrugged. “Nothing is uglier than a crestfallen man. Straighten your back if you’re a man.”

Carter cast her a glance and smiled.

“I was lamenting when I saw how happy and blissful Amelia is. It has only been a month since we last met.”

Tiffany felt goosebumps rise all over her body and shivered.

“Stop! We’re not poets, so don’t make it seem so dramatic. I can feel goosebumps rising all over me,” Tiffany urged.

Carter added, “You’re still straightforward as always. I’m curious which man could tame you.”

As he said that, a handsome face appeared in Tiffany’s mind.

Carter continued, “It would be hard to find a guy who could handle your sass.”

Tiffany rolled her eyes at him. “You just made me out to be a tigress.”

Carter retorted, “Aren’t you exactly that?”

Tiffany rolled her eyes at him again and waved her fist threateningly. “I would have punched you if you weren’t feeling down.”

Carter laughed.

Tiffany let out a sigh and asked, “Happy now?”

Carter was baffled when he realized her intention.

“Thank you.”

Tiffany shrugged as she answered, “There’s no need for you to be thankful. I don’t want Amelia to feel guilty. She had a hard time reaching where she is today. She, Oscar, and Tony are happy together. Please give her your blessings if you love her. Maybe, you can consider Jennifer. If you don’t give her a chance, how would you know whether she suits you?”

“Tony?” Carter asked.

Tiffany laughed, “He’s Amelia’s one-month-old son. He looks so much like her—fair and cute.”

Carter’s eyes glinted.

He sucked in a breath. “Can I see him?”

“Sure. Let me bring you there. Once you’ve seen Tony, you’ll want to hold him. He’s super cute and smart. His huge, blinking eyes will melt your heart.”

The corners of Carter’s mouth curved into a faint smile.

“I can’t wait to see him.”

Carter and Tiffany arrived at the neonatal intensive care unit.

Tony was the only baby there. Carter cast Tiffany a puzzled glance when he noticed the three bodyguards at the door.

Tiffany explained, “Tony is the Clintons’ eldest grandson, so everyone is worried about him. Oscar hired those bodyguards to stand guard at the door. But Tony will be discharged this evening.”

Carter nodded.

Tiffany led Carter to the door. The three bodyguards greeted, “Hi, Ms. Winters.”

Tiffany patted their chest gently and smiled. “Thank you for your hard work. I’m here to see Tony.”

The bodyguards turned to scrutinize Carter instead. Tiffany said, “He is Amelia’s friend.”

Only then did the bodyguards allow them entry.

“Ms. Winters, please go on in.”

“Thank you.”

Carter followed Tiffany into the room.

Exactly as Tiffany mentioned, Carter felt the urge to hold Tony when he saw him. Tony was adorable. Every expression Tony had when he was awake looked exactly like Amelia.

Carter’s heart melted at the sight.

“Isn’t he adorable? Everyone said he looked like Oscar. But in my opinion, he looked more similar to Amelia. His eyes, brows, and nose are the same as Amelia’s. Especially when he smiles, his big eyes are just like Amelia’s. Don’t you think so?”

Tiffany bent down to tease Tony. “Tony, I’m here to see you. Did you miss me today? I missed you so much. I took it upon myself and brought a friend here to see you. Do you like him?”

Carter bent down as well. “Hi, Tony. I’m Carter. Nice to meet you.”

Tony gurgled a laugh as though he could understand. He was simply adorable.

Tiffany’s heart melted at his cuteness. “I think Tony likes you. He smiles when he sees you.”

Carter chuckled, “He is an adorable baby. Amelia’s marriage must be complete with him.”

“Yes. Only a child could satisfy their marriage. Especially so when Amelia risked her life to deliver Tony. To Amelia, Tony is her life,” Tiffany said.

Carter stared at Tony deep in thought.

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Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 209 No Response

Carter looked fondly at Tony. The baby seemed to take a liking to Carter, waving his little hands and making babbling sounds.

Tiffany touched his flailing hands and smiled as she said, “He seems to like you a lot. You could be his godfather. I think that would make Amelia very happy. After all, it doesn’t look like you have any chance of being with Amelia. If you become Tony’s

godfather, there'll at least be that connection between the two of you, and you won't have to cut all ties with each other."

Carter's gaze darkened instantly.

After mulling over it for a long time, he finally replied, "I really like Tony. If I can't be his biological father, then I'm willing to be his godfather."

Tiffany punched him lightly on the chest. "That's the spirit! From now on, you can't blatantly show your feelings in your gaze when you look at Amelia. It'll easily cause misunderstandings."

Carter merely gazed at Tony in silence.

"Don't tell me you haven't given up?" Tiffany asked incredulously.

"Amelia is the love of my life." Carter's answer indirectly answered Tiffany's question.

Tiffany glanced at him quietly. After a while, she said, "Let's go."

Carter nodded.

Just as they were about to leave, they saw Olivia and Owen heading their way while chatting happily.

Tiffany and Carter went out of the ward and walked up to them. "Hello, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton," Tiffany greeted politely.

Olivia glanced at Carter before replying with a smile, "Tiffany, are you here to see Tony?"

"Mr. Carter just heard that Amelia got into a car accident today, so he came to visit her. When he found out that Amelia had given birth, he was excited to meet the baby and asked me to take him here," Tiffany explained briefly.

Olivia nodded at Carter, then said, "Mr. Carter, I heard that you fell ill a little while ago and had to be admitted to this hospital as well. With Amelia hospitalized for more than half a month, we were too busy and couldn't take the time to visit you. How are you? Are you feeling better?"

Carter nodded politely. "I'm feeling much better now. Thank you for asking," he replied.

"That's good. Young people should be hardworking, but you should also take care of yourself properly and not let yourself fall ill," Olivia added.

“You’re right. I’ll keep that in mind.”

Olivia then turned to Tiffany. “I’m going to take Tony home shortly. As his godmother, do you want to come with us? I can tell that Tony likes you very much.”

Turning to look at Tony through the glass panel, Tiffany asked, “You’re taking him home so soon?”

“He’s been in the hospital for two weeks, and that’s long enough. No matter how good the hospital’s facilities are, nothing beats the comfort of being at home. I’ll be taking Tony home first, and we’ll see if Amelia will be allowed home in another two weeks. If she isn’t allowed to go home, I’m afraid we’ll have to delay Tony’s sip and see,” Olivia replied.

Tiffany nodded. “You should head on home then. Since I still have some things to discuss with Carter, I won’t be joining you. I’ll find some time to see Tony tomorrow. After all, we have plenty of time, so there’s no need to rush.”

Olivia smiled.

“Sure. Oh, do give some thought to that matter I mentioned to you earlier. If you agree to it, we can take the opportunity when everyone is gathered for Tony’s party to introduce you,” she said, not about to give up hope.

“I’m grateful that you care so much about me, Mrs. Clinton. However, I’d like to keep a low profile. As a freelance novelist, I only attend occasional events with my boss. Other than that, I spend most of my time at home. I don’t particularly want to entertain those rich people. If you really do care about me, then please don’t ask me to do something that troublesome,” Tiffany answered somewhat evasively.

Tiffany’s response made Olivia regard her even more highly. Anyone else would have attempted to take advantage of the Clintons’ influence and been all too eager to seize the opportunity. Only someone like Tiffany would shy away from it for finding it too much of a trouble.

“All right then. When the time comes where you’re willing to accept me as your godmother, I’ll introduce you to some of my friends in the business. Mr. Clinton and I recognize your talent. Just say the word, and he’ll make you the country’s best-selling author. Of course, it depends on whether you want it or not,” Olivia said.

Smiling, Tiffany responded, “To become a best-selling author is every novelist’s dream. Naturally, it’s my dream too. However, some things can’t be rushed. For now, the health of Amelia and Tony is of utmost importance. Let’s wait until after the party and see how things go. What do you say, Mrs. Clinton?”

Olivia could not hold back a smile. "Well, since Carter and you have things to discuss, I won't keep you any longer. When you come over tomorrow, I'll personally cook some delicious dishes for you."

"I'm looking forward to it. I'm sure the dishes you cook will be just as tasty as you are beautiful," Tiffany praised.

Olivia was delighted to hear that.

After a brief chat, Tiffany and Carter left.

Carter stared down the hallway as they walked side by side and said suddenly, "It appears that a lot has happened in the past month. I can tell that Mrs. Clinton has a good impression of you. Although she seems like a warm and generous person, she's actually very opinionated. If she didn't regard you highly, she wouldn't have said such things. It's every freelance novelist's dream to meet someone like her. Do you think it wise to refuse her so casually? If others find out what happened, they'll be green with envy and secretly scold you for being a fool."

Tiffany shrugged nonchalantly. "So what? If I relied on others to succeed in my career, I wouldn't know if I made it because of my abilities or because there was an element of luck. Others would deny my abilities and say that I wouldn't have succeeded without the Clintons. That's not the type of achievement I want. In truth, I'm quite a greedy person. I want to build my success upon my hard work rather than the assistance of others. If I had wanted to do so, I could've asked for Amelia's help when she married into the Clinton family."

Carter glanced at her thoughtfully.

"What's the matter? Are you suddenly impressed by me?" Tiffany teased.

Carter only smiled faintly without saying a word.

Tiffany looked ahead, pursed her lips, and said dryly, "It looks like this is where our conversation ends."

Carter could not help frowning when he saw the women hurrying up to him.

"Well, I'll be leaving then. I wouldn't want to butt into your private affairs with other women." With that, Tiffany dusted her hands and quietly took her leave.

Jennifer and Faye rushed over. Jennifer glanced at Tiffany's retreating figure with an unfathomable expression, which turned into a look of concern as she spoke to Carter, "Why don't you have your phone with you? Mrs. Scott and I have been trying to get in touch with you, and we were worried sick."

“Mom, I’m feeling much better, so you don’t have to make such a fuss over nothing. Also, I hope that all of you can give me some space. The way you’re watching over me like a hawk is suffocating,” Carter replied rather impatiently.

The image of Amelia and Oscar being affectionate with each other was triggering an explosion of his pent-up emotions.

Jennifer glanced at him, her tangle of emotions reflected in her gaze. She bit her lip and said, “Carter, did Tiffany feed you nonsense again?”

“Well, what do you think she told me? Do you think she told me about Amelia’s car accident, which the both of you kept from me, or the news that Amelia gave birth to a son, which the both of you also kept from me?” Carter retorted coldly.

Unexpectedly, Jennifer looked puzzled. “What accident? What son? Amelia had a car accident?”

Carter merely shot her a glance without answering.

Then, he turned to Faye and said, “I’m going to get myself discharged from the hospital. I’ve been in here for a month, which is a pretty long time. There are many things pending at the office that I have to get back to.”

Faye immediately replied, “Why don’t you stay another day? Once the doctor gives the green light, I’ll take care of the discharge paperwork. Okay?”

“Mom, I want to leave. If you don’t get it done, I’ll do it myself.”

Faye had no choice but to give in. “Okay, fine. I’ll go and speak to your attending doctor. If he says everything is fine, then we’ll leave. Are you okay with that?”

Carter finally nodded.

Faye said to Jennifer, “You stay here and look after Carter. I’ll go talk to his attending doctor.”

“Sure, go ahead. I’ll take good care of Carter.”

Once Faye left, Carter also walked away, ignoring Jennifer completely.

She ran in front of him and held out her arms, looking at him with an aggrieved and hurt expression. “Carter, I’ve looked after you for the past month. Are all my efforts incomparable to that Amelia who likes to play hard to get?”

Lowering his head to look at her, he suddenly sighed and said, “Jennifer, you’re a good person, and I’m grateful that you did your best to take care of me. However, we’re not

suitable for each other. You're a great catch, and you could have anyone you want. I don't think you should waste any more time on me."

Jennifer was used to his harsh words by now. She held his arm and changed the subject without even batting an eyelid. "I bought you your favorite soup. Why don't you have some? Just eat some for my sake. You wouldn't be so cruel as to refuse a request from someone as pretty as me, would you?"

Carter gave her a deep look, a sense of powerlessness hanging over him. "You don't have to do this. There's someone I like, and I don't have space in my heart for someone else."

Jennifer swallowed hard, suppressing the sadness that surged through her. "Carter, the fact that I love you has nothing to do with you. What's more, I'm sure that you'll come to love me one day. I'm confident of it. Let's go. The soup is getting cold."

Carter pulled his arm away from her, saying, "I can walk by myself."

Bitterness tinged her smile as she looked down at her empty hands, but when she saw his lone figure walking up ahead, she could not stop herself from running over to him. Without caring about Carter's embarrassment, she hugged his arm once more.

"I'm cold. Holding your arm makes me feel better, so indulge me just this once," she begged pitifully while looking up at him.

Carter neither refused nor pulled his arm away, silently putting up with her behavior.

That made Jennifer cheer up a little. "Thank you, Carter! Thank you for not shooting down my ridiculous request. I truly love you, and I'm willing to change for you. As long as it's what you want."

"No, thanks. You're fine the way you are. If you change, you'll lose what makes you special," he replied.

"But if I remain the way I am, you won't fall for me, right?" she asked.

Carter fell silent.

Jennifer felt dejected.

For a while, neither of them spoke.

In the end, it was Jennifer who broke the silence. "Let's go," she said softly.

They headed to his ward together. Once there, she placed the soup in front of him, and he ate wordlessly.

“Is it good?” she asked.

“It’s okay.”

“If it tastes okay, then why don’t you drink two bowls today? You’ve lost a lot of weight this past month, and it pains me to see you so thin.”

Carter made no reply.

Jennifer looked at him with a gaze full of love. Alas, Carter only continued drinking the soup quietly. He had never been willing to respond to her feelings for him.

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 210

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 210 Welcome Baby Party 1

When Carter fell asleep in his bed, Jennifer asked someone to find out about Amelia’s latest situation. Half an hour later, she received a text.

Tapping into it, she realized it was Amelia’s ward information.

At once, she told her assistant to get some flowers and fruits to visit Amelia.

When her assistant arrived with the gifts, she asked, “Jen, is your friend sick?”

“Yeah. I’ll pay you for the gifts later.”

“Jen, they don’t cost a bomb. You don’t have to pay me back,” her assistant replied, grinning.

“All right. You may leave now.”

Her assistant nodded and bade goodbye to her.

Soon, Jennifer arrived at Amelia’s ward with her gifts. She hesitated outside for a while before knocking on the door.

The door opened to reveal Tiffany, who parted her lips in surprise upon seeing Jennifer.

“Ms. Larson, what brings you here?” Tiffany asked with a half-hearted smile.

Jennifer returned, “I heard Amelia was in an accident, so I’m here to visit her. What’s wrong? Don’t you welcome me?”

“Truthfully, I don’t. Still, you’re a guest. I can’t kick you out, can I?” Tiffany opened the door and gestured. “Come on in. I don’t want others to think I’m bullying you.”

Jennifer walked past Tiffany into the ward.

Amelia was taken aback to see Jennifer. Still, she struggled to sit up slowly. Her action gave Tiffany a shock.

“Babe, what are you doing? You haven’t recovered yet, so please don’t simply move around,” Tiffany rushed over to reprimand her while helping her to sit up.

Amelia replied, “I’m feeling better now. Stop fussing over me.”

“Nonsense. Dr. Kane told us yesterday that you’re recovering swiftly, save for your ribcage. What if you jostle your wound and suffer? Lie down and stop worrying me!”

Amelia was rendered speechless at Tiffany’s reaction.

After seeing the exchange, Jennifer commented, “They take great care of you.”

Pointing at the sofa nearby, Amelia beckoned. “Have a seat, Ms. Larson.”

Jennifer placed the gifts aside and said, “Carter told me you were in an accident. I thought you’d be at the brink of death, but look how lively you are now.”

Is she trying to get beaten up?

Tiffany gritted her teeth in fury. “Ms. Larson, keep those harsh words to yourself.”

Ignoring Tiffany’s retort, Jennifer stuck her chin up arrogantly.

“Amelia, I heard you gave birth to a son. You have a happy family now. Why did you seduce Carter when he has decided to forget about you?” she demanded with her arms folded.

Amelia stared at her silently.

Meanwhile, Tiffany retorted, “Ms. Larson, who Mr. Scott wants to date is none of your business. Amelia got involved in an accident, so it’s perfectly normal for him to come and visit her. You’re not even his girlfriend. Why are you acting as though you’re his wife?”

Jennifer gave her a condescending look. “So? Carter is mine. Our families have agreed to our relationship, so we shall marry sooner or later. I’m just exercising my right earlier.”

Rolling her eyes, Tiffany gave up.

Even Amelia found that amusing. She's assertive. Isn't that a form of inferiority?

A confident woman would never revolve around one man. If she's smart, she'll play hard to get so the man would never forget about her.

Rising to her feet, Jennifer towered above Amelia and stated, "Since you didn't die in that accident, there's nothing to see here. I'll take my leave then."

With that, she left without waiting for Amelia or Tiffany's reply.

Tiffany stared at her retreating figure in exasperation.

Laughing in disbelief, she asked, "Is this woman crazy?"

Amelia replied, "It's nothing serious. Don't take her words to heart."

Tiffany placed her hands on her hips indignantly. "She was too harsh! No wonder that jinx doesn't like her. If I were a man, I wouldn't choose someone like her. Look at how rude she was."

"She's hurting, too. Her love for Carter isn't being reciprocated. So, she vents her frustrations on me."

"What? Even if she loves him, he isn't required to love her. If it is that easy to fall in love, people won't take their lives for love."

Amelia shook her head. She didn't want to dwell on the matter, as Jennifer was not important in her life. There was no need to waste time on her.

In a blink of an eye, one month passed. It was time for Tony's welcome baby party. As Tony was the Clintons' eldest grandson, they held a grand party to introduce him to everyone else. Olivia had been busy with the decoration, invitation cards, and other stuff since Tony was brought back home. Oscar had to take care of Amelia and go to work, so he contributed little to the party. The welcome baby party was important to Amelia, but she hadn't recovered completely after spending one month in the hospital. She could only walk a short distance before her body started aching. There was no way she could help.

On the day of Tony's welcome baby party, two doctors and two nurses helped Amelia with the discharge procedures before Oscar brought her back home.

Back at the Clinton residence, the decorated space made her feel like it was a dream. She had only spent one month in the hospital, but it felt like she had been absent for

ages. Perhaps after the near-death experience, I stopped being stubborn and torturing myself.

Olivia came over to give her a warm hug. "Amelia, welcome home."

Touched, Amelia returned her hug with a grin. "Mom, thank you."

Olivia released her and said, "I'll bring you to Tony. You didn't get to see him for the past few weeks. He must miss you a lot."

Amelia missed her son a lot. After all, she only got to see him less than five times after he was born.

"All right."

Without warning, Oscar picked her up. She let out a tiny shriek and flung her arms around his neck instinctively.

Shyly, she urged, "Oscar, Mom's here. Put me down, hurry!"

Oscar was unfazed. "You haven't fully recovered yet. I don't want you to walk too much. You're in a hurry to see our son, right? You'll get there faster if I bring you there."

Amelia caved in as he was right.

She remained in his arms as Olivia led them upstairs to the nursery, which Olivia had prepared for Tony. Upon seeing Tony in his crib, Amelia felt her heart softening.

A baby's features would change almost every day. After half a month, she nearly couldn't recognize Tony.

At one month old, Tony's skin was fair and rosy. He was slightly plump and adorable, looking like a delicate doll.

Amelia gestured for Oscar to put her down.

The minute she regained freedom, she knelt down beside the crib to caress Tony's cheek. Perhaps the little boy sensed her arrival, for he woke up and stared at her unblinkingly. Stretching his tiny hands out, he started babbling nonsense.

Olivia chuckled. "Looks like Tony knows his Mommy is here. He was sleeping soundly but woke up when you came in."

Amelia's lips curved into a smile as she whispered, "Tony, Mommy's here. Say, Mommy!"

In response, Tony babbled excitedly.

Olivia's chuckle grew louder. "Tony's a clever boy, huh? He can understand you now."

Amelia was in high spirits.

After chatting with Tony for a while, they left him with the nanny and went out.

"Amelia, your dad and Oscar's friends from the corporate world will be here later. You're still weak, so you don't have to join us to socialize with them," Olivia told her.

Amelia nodded obligingly. "Mom, thank you."

"No need for pleasantries. Tony's my grandson, so I'll provide the best for him. You only have to focus on taking care of yourself."

Amelia listened to her obediently.

After Olivia gave her a quick update, she cut in, "Mom, where is Stephanie?"

At once, Olivia froze. "Oh, you know how she hates formal occasions like this. It's a good thing she's not here. Otherwise, she might talk nonsense. As you're still weak, I don't want her angering you," she explained.

Amelia's heart warmed at her words. Olivia adored her, so she didn't want Olivia to grow apart from Stephanie because of her. One would need to give in and forgive when needed.

As Olivia had never mistreated her, she was willing to ignore Stephanie's insults. The latter's words were rather hurtful, but Amelia could still handle it.

"Mom, what are you talking about? Stephanie is my sister-in-law. She might be harsh, but I won't take her comments to heart. After all, she didn't harm me physically, did she? If she's missing at Tony's welcome baby party, the guests might find her rude," Amelia said truthfully.

Olivia patted her hand to comfort her. "Just ignore her. She's an adult now. She needs to be punished for her mistake. The Clinton family won't always help to clean up the mess she created."

Amelia cast a strange look at Olivia. She seems to be insinuating something.

The corner of Olivia's mouth quirked up as she changed the topic deftly. "Don't think too much about it. Tony's the star of the party, so no one will notice her absence."

Amelia did not insist further since Olivia had put it that way.

