

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 211

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 211 Welcome Baby Party 2

Plenty of distinguished guests were present at Tony's welcome baby party. Besides the usual corporate bigwigs, there were also a few government official couples. The guests were either wealthy or powerful or both. It showed how prominent the Clintons were.

Tiffany was decked in a gorgeous outfit to join the party.

"Wow, I've only seen those people in the news. I can't believe I'm seeing them all here!" Tiffany was in awe.

Amelia gave a half-hearted smile. "This is the first time I've met them in real life. I might've been married to Oscar for over five years, but I rarely accompanied Oscar to formal events like this."

"They only talk about business and political stuff. You should stay away from them lest they bring a bad influence on you," Tiffany pursed her lips and remarked.

Amelia merely smiled without saying anything.

Tiffany took a glass of wine and uttered, "Babe, let's take a seat there. Mrs. Clinton is worried about you, so she told you not to socialize with the guests. Let's have a bite at the snack table."

Amelia inclined her head in reply.

They chose a sofa in a corner and sat down. Tiffany had a plate of snacks from the snack table.

"Babe, try this." Tiffany handed her a slice of cake.

Amelia shook her head. "I've taken some soup before the party began, so I'm not hungry. If you're starving, I can ask the maid to prepare some food for you."

"I've already eaten before coming here, but the snacks look really tempting. I couldn't resist," Tiffany muttered as she stuffed the food into her mouth greedily.

Amelia chuckled and gave her a drink. "Eat slowly. Don't choke."

Tiffany's cheeks were bulging. She chewed a few times before gulping down the drink.

After giving her a napkin to wipe her lips, Amelia inquired, "Tiff, what happened to you? You're wearing an elegant dress, but acting as though you hadn't eaten in days. People might think you've been starved by the Clintons!"

Tiffany hastily swallowed the food and waved her hands. "Babe, you have no idea how crazy Shannon was. She called me five times a day to get me to finish the manuscript! She even threatened to come to me if I didn't hand it in on time. To meet her deadline, after visiting you at the hospital in the day, I had to write at night. Last night, I only finished work at four in the morning and went to bed so I get to attend the welcome baby party. Five hours later, she woke me up with a freaking phone call! You have no idea how mad I was. Look at my dark eye circles! I've lost so much weight. Ugh, this is so annoying."

Amelia felt bad for her. "If it's too much for you, just let Ms. Shannon know. It's important to earn money, but she can't torment you. Why don't I ask Oscar to hook you up with another publishing company?"

Tiffany gave a dismissing wave. "I'm fine, Babe. I just needed to rant. Don't take me seriously. Shannon is a good partner to work with. She might be a workaholic, but I find her amiable usually. If I sign up with another company, I have to waste time getting along with my new editor. That's too hassling."

Amelia parted her lips to say something when she spotted Oscar coming over to them.

Tiffany saw him, too. She poked Amelia and whispered, "Babe, I'm still upset at Oscar, but he looks really hot today. His white suit looks really good with your white gown today. You're Snow White and Prince Charming in real life! A perfect match!"

The corners of Amelia's mouth curved upwards into a genuine smile as a crimson red crept up her cheeks.

Oscar strode to Amelia, his gaze fixated on her. He was clearly besotted with her.

"Honey, you look gorgeous today." He lavished praises on her.

Upon hearing this, Amelia's mood lifted.

Right then, Tiffany interjected, "Mr. Clinton, I might be the third wheel here, but please consider my feelings." How dare they act lovey-dovey in front of me? What an eyesore!

Oscar ignored her and focused on Amelia. "The party is about to begin. Mom wants us to go to Tony."

Amelia gave him a nod.

Tiffany pursed her lips. She didn't really mind being ignored, but it didn't stop her from wanting to beat Oscar up.

Amelia turned to her. "Tiff, let's go."

In response, Tiffany turned to Oscar and shot him a taunting chuckle. Sticking her chest up, she held Amelia's hand and declared, "Babe, let's go."

Amelia was amused.

They walked ahead of Oscar and made their way upstairs.

In the nursery, Olivia was holding Tony, who was dressed up smartly. "Tony, look. Mommy and Daddy are here."

Amelia flashed a warm smile at Tony.

On the other hand, Tiffany reached out to pick Tony up, but the little boy reached out to Amelia instead.

Tiffany pretended to be heartbroken and pressed on her chest. "Tony, you've broken my heart. How could you dump me for your mommy, huh?"

Everyone burst out laughing.

Olivia teased, "If you like kids, get yourself a boyfriend as soon as possible. When the time is right, get married and give birth to a cute little baby."

Tiffany could only laugh along at her words.

Amelia wanted to cradle her son, but she was still weak. Sometimes, her hands would suddenly go numb. Hence, even though Tony was already one month old, she had never held him in her arms.

"Go ahead. Tony's one month old, but he hasn't been held by his mom. He's feeling sad," Olivia said encouragingly as she handed Tony to Amelia. Slowly, Amelia took the boy and held him carefully. She was clearly flustered.

He's so soft and fluffy! What if I accidentally release my grip on him?

As Amelia held Tony in her arms, strange questions popped up in her mind.

Olivia found her reaction funny. "Amelia, relax. The baby won't fall down."

As Tony was quiet in her embrace, Amelia gradually relaxed and grew used to holding him.

She patted his cheek gently as her expression softened.

At that sight, Oscar couldn't stop the jealousy from rising in his heart. It was ridiculous to be jealous of his own son, but he felt somewhat uncomfortable to realize that Amelia's heart no longer belonged to him alone.

"Honey, I'm adorable too." Everyone immediately gave him strange stares at his sudden announcement.

Oscar coughed lightly, feeling embarrassed.

Olivia burst out in giggles. "Oscar, I can't believe I'm seeing you in a fit of jealousy. That's your son. How can you be jealous of your own son?"

Tiffany chimed in, "Mrs. Clinton, that's because he had never come across any contenders."

Her sense of humor caused everyone to burst into giggles.

Oscar felt awkward, but he put up a calm front.

Right then, a maid rushed in. "Mrs. Clinton, the guests are here. Mr. Clinton wants you to head down with Mr. Tony."

Olivia nodded. "All right. Tell him I'll be right there."

"Yes, Mrs. Clinton." The maid left in a haste.

Taking Tony from Amelia, Olivia told her, "Amelia, do you want to head downstairs or remain here? The doctor said you can't be on your feet for too long."

"Dr. Kane and the rest are here. I'm fine. If I feel unwell, I'll come upstairs to rest," Amelia answered.

Nodding, Olivia turned to Oscar. "Oscar, take care of her. She's still weak, so bring her upstairs if she feels slightly unwell."

"Mom, don't worry. I'll take care of her."

With that, Olivia headed downstairs with Tony in her arms.

Tony's appearance attracted the guests' attraction. They started lavishing praises on him.

Everyone was commenting on how adorable he was. His brows, nose, eyes, and lips were striking. As he was fair and fluffy, the guests said he inherited the best qualities from Oscar and Amelia.

Olivia was all smiles to hear their compliments.

After a while, Owen went on stage to deliver a speech. "Everyone, today is my grandson's welcome baby party. Thank you for taking the time to attend the party. As you all know, my daughter-in-law was involved in a car accident, and my grandson was born with much difficulty. I hope your presence can bring luck to him."

The exquisitely dressed guests murmured in agreement.

Owen waved his hands and continued, "Thank you, thank you. Everyone, you're the Clintons' good friends. As we only decided to hold the party last minute, it isn't a grand event. Please help yourself to the snacks. I apologize in advance for any oversights."

Murmurs of consent reverberated in the room.

Owen then proceeded to reveal Tony's full name—Anthony Clinton.

The name was well-received. Anthony, which meant "priceless one" or "highly praiseworthy," was a fitting name for the Clintons' precious grandson.

As a slow but pleasant melody floated in the air, the guests milled around and chatted amiably.

The ladies around Olivia's age gathered around her to lavish praises on Tony.

"Olivia, you're really lucky to have a pretty daughter-in-law who has given birth to your adorable grandson. Ugh, I'm envious of you. You have everything I want! I wonder when my workaholic son will get himself a girlfriend," an elegantly dressed lady lamented.

Olivia beamed, "Lily, why are you jealous? I heard Felicity's pregnant. You're going to be a grandmother in a few months' time!"

Hearing that, Lily flashed a genuine smile. "Felicity had to make a few trips to the gynecologist before she could finally get pregnant. Now, I'm worried about my son who's practically married to his work. When will he get himself a girlfriend and settle down? If he is half as obedient as Oscar and gets himself a great wife like Amelia, I won't have to nag him every other day."

"It's useless for us to worry about their lives as we can't do anything. Just go along with the flow. When the time comes, he'll get married," Olivia assured her.

“Ah, you’re right. Anthony is really precious. Can I hold him? When he looks at me with his cute eyes, I have the urge to give him everything he wants!” Lily carried the little boy carefully and exclaimed out loud.

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Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 212 Causing A Scene

They were talking about Tony happily when a few people suddenly appeared in the hall. At once, the tension in the room grew.

Olivia was playing with Tony and immediately scowled at the unwanted guests’ arrival. As there were other guests around, she immediately regained her composure.

“Lily, I’ve asked my chef to prepare a few desserts. Let’s go try them out. I need your opinion. If you like them, tell the maid to pack some up for you to bring back home.”

The other ladies knew Olivia was trying to send them away, for the unwanted guests were none other than the Yards. Everyone witnessed Cassie’s escape from the wedding five years ago. Her actions caused the Clinton family to become the joke of the upper-class society. Even though Oscar married Amelia shortly after, he still got mocked. Both families remained at peace for the next few years, but Cassie and Oscar were still in an ambiguous relationship. After all, no man could accept being left at the altar by his fiancée.

“We need to try, then. Let’s talk to the chef if they are really good,” replied Lily with a smile. The other ladies nodded obligingly and left with her.

With Tony in her arms, Olivia turned to Oscar. “Oscar, bring your wife to the other end to socialize with the guests there. I’ll handle the Yard family. Don’t interfere lest Cassie kicks up a fuss.”

Oscar held Amelia’s hand and said, “Amelia and I shall go talk to Mr. Ferguson. He only came back to the country yesterday and has never seen Amelia before. When he called me two days ago, he kept reminding me to introduce him to Amelia.”

Olivia nodded. “All right. Go.”

Oscar led Amelia away, while Tiffany remained by Olivia’s side.

“Mrs. Clinton, if they are rude to you, I’ll sew their lips up!” She gestured to zip their lips sternly.

A corner of Olivia's mouth lifted in response. The next moment, her smile froze in place when she saw the person who appeared behind Charlie.

Upon spotting Olivia's expression, Tiffany voiced her concern. "Mrs. Clinton, what's wrong?"

Olivia snapped back to reality and forced a smile. "Nothing."

Tiffany said nothing after that. Even when she saw Stephanie holding Cassie's arm later, she merely arched her brow silently.

Stephanie is taunting Amelia, huh? Previously, Oscar might not do anything, but judging from how he adores Amelia now, he should say something after seeing his sister and his ex-lover together. He won't allow Amelia to get bullied by Stephanie anymore.

Both Stephanie and Cassie like to create trouble. No wonder they are best friends. Birds of the same feathers flock together, after all! They are both arrogant and selfish.

Tiffany might despise the foolish Stephanie, but it didn't show on her face.

Olivia sauntered over to the Yard family. "Charlie, why are you here?"

Charlie seemed a little awkward for the Clintons didn't extend an invitation to the Yards. Obviously, they were keeping a distance from the Yards.

"Olivia, we've been friends for years. Can't we come to offer our congratulations to your grandson?" Elizabeth uttered in disdain. She took one glance at Tony and mocked, "Oh, so this is him. I was wondering what he looks like. He's not that good-looking, after all."

Olivia's expression darkened as anger poured through her.

Tiffany touched her arm to stop her from saying anything. "Mrs. Yard, I thought you would've learned your lesson since our last encounter, but turns out you're still as rude as usual. That's really disgusting. Even I can't stand the sight of your bad manners. I thought you're a gentlewoman. I wonder how do you socialize with the other upper-classes?"

As an author, Tiffany was good at cursing others.

Instantly, Elizabeth's expression soured.

"Olivia, look at how rude this young lady is. Why did you allow her to remain by your side?" she demanded with a frown.

Olivia's gaze swept over to Stephanie, who was afraid of the former. "Tiffany's an obedient young lady. I'm going to take her as my goddaughter." She seemed to be insinuating something.

Taking one look at Stephanie, Elizabeth blurted out, "Olivia, are you crazy? You kicked your own daughter out and cut off her allowance, but want to take an outsider to be your goddaughter? You must be crazy. No wonder Stephanie looked so upset when she came to Cassie. I think you're being too harsh on your own daughter. Don't you feel bad for her?"

A complicated emotion flashed across Olivia's gaze. Tiffany was confused. She thought Stephanie moved out to protest against Amelia, but it was Olivia who had kicked her out.

Why, though? I don't get it.

Olivia patted Tony to comfort him before answering, "Stephanie is in her twenties. She gets to train herself to be independent out there. I don't think there's anything wrong with that. Young people should be diligent. It doesn't matter how much they earn as long as they could afford to survive."

Elizabeth snorted. "Olivia, that's the joke of the year. Why would a Clinton work hard for a mere salary of a few thousand bucks? The others will mock you for that."

Olivia pretended not to hear her words, while Charlie shot Elizabeth a disapproving look and gestured for her to shut up.

"Olivia, please don't mind my wife's reckless words. I'm here to see your grandson. You invited the others but left us out. To be honest, I was really disappointed. We've been friends for decades. It's not worth it to cut off ties just because of a minor understanding." Charlie's voice was sincere.

Olivia handed Tony to Tiffany before responding, "Charlie, you know why I didn't invite you to the party. I don't want someone to show up at Tony's party and make the situation awkward. Five years had since passed, but the upper-class society is still gossiping about Oscar and Cassie. I don't want the rumors to harm my son and his wife's marriage. I hope you understand that."

Elizabeth let out a sardonic laugh. "Olivia, you can't afford to humiliate yourself. Do you think we want to humiliate ourselves, then? Cassie lost her baby and committed suicide because of Oscar. He then dumped her, saying they aren't a suitable match. You even blamed everything on her. Do you think we're pushovers?" she declared loudly.

Tiffany parted her lips to retort, but Olivia stretched her hand out to stop her. The latter turned to Charlie and stated, "Charlie, many of our friends from the corporate and political world are here today. I don't mind if you want to cause a scene today. Oscar is

married and has a kid, so the others will only criticize him for being a reckless man. Cassie, however, is a different matter. She'll be mocked for being someone else's mistress. Her reputation will end up in shreds, and she won't be able to marry into a good family. Don't blame that on us in the future."

"Olivia, you've got it wrong. We're here to visit your grandson. We've been friends for years, so I'm willing to show my sincerity. I'm not as bad as you think," Charlie said apologetically.

At once, Elizabeth cut in, "Charlie Yard, our daughter is being humiliated now! I won't take it if you make things difficult for Cassie just to preserve your friendship."

Olivia hailed a maid and ordered, "Bring Mr. and Mrs. Yard there."

"Yes, Mrs. Clinton."

She then glanced at Stephanie, who had been stuck to Cassie silently the whole time. "Stephanie, come upstairs with me."

To her surprise, Stephanie scurried away to hide behind Elizabeth.

Elizabeth had a smug smile playing on her lips. "Olivia, you've failed as a mom. Look, your daughter is afraid of you."

Olivia's face clouded over.

Tiffany patted Tony consolingly and told her, "Mrs. Clinton, don't get mad."

After taking a deep breath, Olivia commanded icily, "Stephanie, come over here!"

Stephanie stuck her head out from behind Elizabeth and whined, "Mom, I want to move back home. I've run out of money. It has been ages since I bought any bags or eaten something nice. Let me come home!"

Olivia felt her chest clenching in anger. "Follow me upstairs. Why are you hiding behind someone else's back? Do you want me to yell at you in public?"

Stephanie felt really indignant. "Mom, I only want to come home. I don't have any money, and the others are viewing me with contempt. You're my mom. Don't you feel bad for me?" She was smart enough to act pitiful this time.

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Olivia's expression turned grim. "Come upstairs with me, or you're no longer my daughter."

As Stephanie seemed really terrified, Elizabeth patted her hand. "Stephanie, don't worry. I'll be on your side."

At that sight, Olivia trembled in rage.

As the guests milling in the hall were important guests to the Clintons, they might think Olivia and Stephanie were involved in a fight.

Worried for Olivia, Tiffany declared furiously, "Ms. Clinton, I know I'm not supposed to butt in, as I'm an outsider, but Mrs. Clinton is your mother. She won't harm you! Look at you, hiding behind an outsider. Don't you know you're hurting her with your actions?"

Stephanie glared at her and retorted, "Scram! You're nothing but a small fry. How dare you cozy up to us? I'm a real Clinton, but you're just an imposter. Even if my mom wants to take you as her goddaughter, you won't get a cent from the Clinton family's wealth. Dream on!"

Tiffany couldn't help but snicker at how ridiculous Stephanie's thought was. Doesn't she have anything better to do than letting her imagination run wild? Do I look like a gold digger?

Olivia gave Stephanie a warning look. "Come with me, now."

Biting her lip, Stephanie suddenly dashed out from behind Elizabeth and went on her knees in front of Olivia. "Mom, I'm sorry," she wailed.

The guests were already casting curious looks in their direction, so her sudden action immediately caught their attention.

Olivia nearly lost herself. "Stephanie, stand up right now."

Alas, Stephanie shook her head stubbornly and refused to budge.

Owen, Oscar, and Amelia hastily strode over to them.

With a frown, Owen chided, "Stephanie, what are you doing? Hurry, get up. It's your nephew's welcome baby party today. Why are you making a scene? Are you trying to make us a laughingstock?"

After glowering at Amelia, Stephanie cried out, "Dad, I just want to come home. You've reprimanded me and kicked me out so I can be independent. After half a month, I know

I'm nothing without the Clinton family. Please let me come home. I don't want to eat junk food out there and wear cheap clothes. Look, I've lost so much weight. My skin is terrible now. Dad, don't you feel bad for me?"

Owen felt his temples throbbing, for Stephanie's action would make the Clinton family a laughingstock for sure.

"Stephanie, be a good girl and get up. Don't scare your nephew. We shall talk after the party. There are a lot of guests here, and you're making it seem like we're bullying you," he tamped down his irritation and tried to convince her.

Alas, the foolish Stephanie refused to move an inch.

The other guests slowly gathered around them. One lady, who was a close friend of the Clintons, spoke up. "What's wrong, Stephanie? It's your nephew's welcome baby party today. Why are you causing a scene? Stand up. If you made your mom angry, apologize to her. Don't make things awkward. Look how mad your mom is. Listen to me, get up."

As Olivia seemed really upset, Stephanie rose to her feet obediently.

Amelia shot Oscar a strange look and went to her. "Stephanie, you should go back to your room and take a shower. Your makeup is smudged."

Alas, her kind intention wasn't received well by Stephanie.

Right now, Stephanie despised Amelia greatly. If it weren't for Amelia, I wouldn't have suffered. I'm a Clinton, but ended up working for someone else. I even got yelled at! No one has ever done that to me. That was really humiliating.

Half a month of independence didn't teach her anything at all. Instead of reflecting on her mistake, her hatred for Amelia had increased to a new high.

"Amelia, save your crocodile tears. I wouldn't have ended up in this mess if it weren't for you!" Stephanie howled.

Her sudden proclamation rendered Amelia a little confused.

Afraid that Stephanie would blurt everything out in a fit of anger and ruin her efforts of keeping everything a secret, Olivia burst out in a shrill voice, "Stephanie, shut up!"

Everyone cast shocked glances at Olivia's faux pas.

She had always been a gentle and elegant woman, so it was the first time she had lost it in public.

Owen immediately pulled her into a hug and said in a soft voice, "Olivia, calm down. The guests are staring."

After taking a deep breath, Olivia returned to her usual elegant self and flashed a pleasant smile to everyone. "I'm really sorry about Stephanie's willfulness."

"It's all right. If she made a mistake, talk to her. Don't get mad and scare her," Olivia's friend offered kindly.

Olivia gave a weak nod.

She turned to Stephanie and spoke calmly. "Stephanie, come upstairs with me now. Your makeup is all smudged."

By then, Stephanie dared not defy her mother and trotted to Olivia without a word.

"Amelia, take care of the guests with Oscar and your dad," said Olivia.

Amelia nodded obligingly. "Mom, don't worry."

After Stephanie and Olivia went upstairs, Tiffany came to Amelia. "Is Tony all right?" asked Amelia in a low voice.

Tiffany whispered, "He's fine."

Amelia took one look at her son and said, "Tiff, bring Tony upstairs. There are too many people here."

After pondering briefly, Tiffany nodded in agreement.

Owen told the guests to return to the hall. Soon, only Oscar, Amelia, Tiffany, and the Yard family were left standing.

Cassie's gaze was fixated on Oscar. She ignored Amelia and went to him. "Oz, I heard it's your son's welcome baby party today, so I asked my parents to accompany me here."

At her words, Oscar frowned as a flash of impatience appeared in his eyes.

"Cassie, welcome to Tony's party today," Oscar said politely.

Pretending not to see Oscar's indifference, Cassie flashed an amiable smile. "Oz, can I hold your son?"

Oscar's hand around Amelia's waist tightened slightly to remind her not to overthink.

In response, Amelia looked up and met his gaze. Her eyes sparkled as she curved her lips up into a grin to indicate that she was fine.

Seeing their intimate exchange, Cassie's fists balled up. She couldn't stop a scowl from appearing on her otherwise beautiful face.

Meanwhile, holding Tony in her arms, Tiffany stood between the couple and Cassie, blocking the latter's line of sight.

"Ms. Yard, the party is over there. Please head there with Mr. and Mrs. Yard. Amelia and Oscar have to tend to other guests, so they have no time for you," Tiffany sneered.

Cassie's gaze landed on Tiffany and the baby boy in her arms. Upon seeing how adorable the boy was, she turned green with jealousy.

"So this is Oz's son? He's good-looking, but he doesn't look like Oz at all. Did you get the wrong baby from the hospital?" she scoffed.

After taking one look at Tony, Tiffany looked up and retorted icily, "Ms. Yard, after trying to take your own life, you must have ruined your brain and your eyesight. Everyone else complimented Tony for being the replica of Amelia and Oscar. He had inherited their best qualities. If you say he doesn't look like Oscar, I wonder what sinister intentions you have."

Cassie bit her lip and stretched her hand out. "Can I hold him? I've been dreaming of a baby ever since I had a miscarriage. I'd like to shower my love on other babies!"

The baby Cassie once had was just a weapon to remind Oscar of their relationship. It was also a thorn in Amelia's heart. Amelia said it didn't matter, but inwardly, it still bothered her. After all, no woman could accept the fact that the man she loved once had sex with another woman and even got the other woman pregnant.

Every time Cassie mentioned that baby, Amelia would have a niggling feeling in her heart. Still, she had to put on a smile and conceal her emotions.

Tiffany held Tony tighter and said, "Sorry, Ms. Yard. I won't hand Tony to a beast. What if that beast releases its grip on the baby? Oh, sorry. I'm not talking about you, Ms. Yard. Don't pigeonhole yourself."

The scowl on Cassie's face deepened.

Stepping forward, Elizabeth glowered at Tiffany and demanded, "Tiffany, don't go overboard. Otherwise, I shall make you pay!"

Tiffany parted her lips to retort, only to have Amelia hauling her away swiftly.

“Tiff, bring Tony upstairs. Oscar and I will handle the situation. I don’t want to bring Tony into this.”

Tiffany had no choice but to comply.

Turning to Elizabeth, Amelia assumed the stance of the lady of the house.

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Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 214 I Will Not Lie To You

“Mr. and Mrs. Yard, thank you for attending Anthony’s welcome baby party today. The guests are all gathered there. If you think it’s too noisy there, you can head outside. We have seats out there, too,” Amelia explained politely.

Elizabeth pursed her lips and sneered, “Stop putting up an act. We’re here to see if your son will die young. Cassie lost her kid, but you get to form a happy family? I won’t let that happen!”

Amelia’s face turned grim at her evil comment.

“Mrs. Yard, if you’re not here to give your blessings to my son, please leave,” she declared coolly.

Without looking at the Yards, Oscar told Amelia softly, “Come on, let’s go. I’ll introduce you to someone who has helped me previously.”

Amelia inclined her head.

Oscar turned to leave with Amelia. However, Cassie grabbed his arm and stopped him. Stopping in his tracks, Oscar turned and shot daggers at Cassie’s hand that was holding his arm.

“Let go!” Oscar ordered.

Cassie felt heartbroken at his icy response. She looked up at him pitifully and said, “Oz, are you going to be this heartless to me?”

Oscar pulled away from her. “Ms. Yard, please mind your actions. I’m a married man.”

That felt like the joke of the year. Cassie wanted to laugh out loud, but she could only manage a bitter smile.

“Oz, what did you just call me?” She couldn’t believe what she had just heard. There’s no way Oscar will fall out of love with me that quickly!

If Cassie was smart, she wouldn’t have forced a man to make a decision at a party. No man would humiliate his own wife in public. Even if he didn’t love his wife, he’d still respect her. Thus, when Cassie acted as though they were still involved, Oscar immediately distanced himself from her.

“Ms. Yard, you must be still ill. I think you should head back to rest.” Oscar then squeezed Amelia’s waist gently to reassure her.

Cassie’s mouth set in a hard line. “Oz, when we were in love, I was your baby, and when we had sex, you called me honey. Why are you distancing yourself from me? You promised to treat me like a princess. Have you forgotten everything?”

Oscar scrunched up his face in displeasure. He had never called Cassie “baby” or “honey.” He wasn’t that romantic, so he’d express his love through his actions.

Clearly, Cassie was trying to drive a wedge between them.

Oscar planted a kiss on Amelia’s forehead gently. “Let’s go.”

Amelia nodded and told Cassie, “Ms. Yard, you should leave.”

As Cassie clenched her fists tightly, her lovely face twisted with malice.

She was about to lose it when Charlie stopped her. Staring at Oscar and Amelia’s departing figures, he said, “Cassie, you pleaded with your mom and me to bring you to the welcome baby party, and we obliged. Can we leave now?”

Chewing on her bottom lip, Cassie stuck her chin up to force back her tears.

“Dad, am I that bad?” Her gaze followed Oscar as she felt her heart shattering into a million pieces.

She thought Oscar’s heart would only belong to her. Alas, she had overestimated her importance to him.

Sighing, Charlie advised, “Cassie, you’re exceptional. After all, you’re part of the Yard family. Your relationship with Oscar had ended five years ago after you left the country stubbornly. Upon your return five years later, although you got back together with Oscar, he is already married. Forget about him. I’ll introduce other eligible bachelors to you. There are better men out there, and you shouldn’t get hung up on him.”

Tears streamed down Cassie’s cheeks as she wailed in desperation. “But Dad, I still love him!”

Charlie felt a piercing pain in his heart. Cassie was his only daughter. If he hadn't been lenient on her, she wouldn't have made so many mistakes.

"Let's talk when we get home," he uttered.

With her eyes on Oscar, Cassie shook her head. "Dad, I won't leave. I should be Oz's wife. I want everyone to know I'm the woman he loves. Oz won't treat me unkindly because I was once pregnant with his child."

Charlie grabbed her hand. "Stop it, Cassie. If you make your relationship known to everyone here, Oscar's reputation won't be affected. Instead, it won't be easy for you to marry into a prominent family. You're going to marry someone else one day, right? Don't embarrass our family. You won't act recklessly if you care for your mom and me."

Cassie swirled around to give Charlie a pleading look. "Dad, please help me. I can't live without Oz. Mr. and Mrs. Clinton are your friends, right? If you ask for their help, Oz will marry me for sure. Dad, please! Oz is everything to me!" she pleaded selfishly.

The veins on his temples throbbed as Charlie growled, "That's enough. Let's go home."

Cassie pulled away from him and strode into the living room.

Glaring at Elizabeth, Charlie chided, "Look at your daughter. She's a humiliation to the Yard family!"

Elizabeth panicked upon seeing her daughter's action. What if Cassie reveals her relationship with Oscar? She won't be able to marry into a prominent family!

The upper-class society was a tight social circle. As always, bad news traveled fast. If the news of Cassie being a homewrecker spread out, even though the Yard family was wealthy, it wouldn't be easy to find a suitable match for Cassie.

Cassie was young and impetuous, but her parents knew how important it was for her to marry into a good family. They also couldn't afford to embarrass themselves.

At once, Elizabeth rushed forward to stop Cassie. "Cassie, be a good girl. Don't cause a scene here. We shall let them gloat for now. I'll figure out a way to avenge you," she told her daughter in a low voice.

Cassie was still staring at Amelia, who was held by Oscar. Gritting her teeth, she replied, "Mom, I want to marry Oz. I don't want another woman to be by his side."

"Sure, sure. I'll make sure he marries you. Just don't kick up a fuss now. Otherwise, your reputation will be ruined."

Cassie swiveled her head to look at Elizabeth. "Mom, you're worried I'll embarrass you, right?" Her retort hit the nail on the head.

Elizabeth squirmed a little under her daughter's scrutiny, but she still put on a stern front. "Cassie, I've done a lot for you. If you have a shred of conscience left in your heart, don't humiliate your dad and me in front of our peers."

Finally, Cassie relented and stopped in her tracks.

Pulling her aside, Elizabeth continued convincing her. "Cassie, you've seen the child and caused a scene. Let's go home now. When everything quiets down, I'll figure something out. We need to calm down now to risk falling for someone else's trap. Besides, Stephanie is now on our side, right? We can use her conflict with Amelia to take revenge."

It was only then did Cassie finally regain her composure.

She took one last look at Oscar and left with her parents.

On the other hand, Oscar introduced Amelia to the elderly people he respected, and they approved of her.

"Amelia, this is Mr. Wilbur Ferguson. When I first joined Clinton Corporations, he gave me a lot of help. He's one of the men I respect a lot." He led her to a man in his seventies and introduced them to each other.

Amelia gave a little curtsy and greeted, "Hello, Mr. Ferguson. I'm Amelia Winters. I'm sorry for not paying you a visit even though I've been married to Oscar for almost five years."

Wilbur Ferguson was a kind and respectable old man. He scanned Amelia carefully and grinned. "I've left the country six years ago. To attend Anthony's welcome baby party today, I took a flight back to the country. I've been curious about Oscar's wife, and I'm glad he married you. That brat from the Yard family might be pretty, but she's quite ignorant. You, however, can be with Oscar for better and for worse. I like that about you."

Amelia flashed a modest smile at the old man's kind words and took to him immediately.

"Thank you, Mr. Ferguson. I'll do my best to be a good wife. I hope I won't disappoint you."

Wilbur chuckled. "Don't worry, I'm not a scary wolf. Just think of me as a normal elder. I admire Oscar, so it makes me happy to see you married to him."

"Thank you, Mr. Ferguson."

After exchanging a few pleasantries, Wilbur changed the topic. "I heard you were involved in an accident. Are you feeling better now?"

"Yes, Mr. Ferguson. I'm much better now, but I can't stand too long or exercise. That's all."

"Good." Wilbur told his assistant to hand the gift he prepared earlier to Amelia.

"This is a piece of jade I picked for you personally. I hope you like it," he said.

Amelia accepted the gift gratefully. "Thank you, Mr. Ferguson. This is an expensive gift."

Wilbur beamed at her response.

After chatting briefly, Oscar said, "Mr. Ferguson, we'll get going for now. I need to introduce Amelia to the others."

"Go ahead."

Oscar introduced Amelia to two other influential figures. Afraid that she might be exhausted, he brought her upstairs after that.

"Oscar, let's go to Mom and Stephanie," Amelia suggested.

"No. You've been socializing with me for a long time. It's time to rest now. Mom will take care of Stephanie's matter," came Oscar's firm reply.

Amelia went along with his wishes and followed him to their bedroom. Still, she couldn't help but glance at him curiously. "Oscar, are you hiding something from me? Stephanie didn't go to Koandria for a trip with her friends, right?"

Without offering any reply, Oscar kept his hand around her waist and led her back to their bedroom.

Back in their bedroom, he picked her up without hesitation.

Instantly, Amelia let out a tiny yelp and wrapped her arms around his neck instinctively.

With Amelia in his arms, Oscar strode to their bed and placed her down carefully.

Lying in bed with her eyes wide open, Amelia pressed on doggedly, "Oscar, are you hiding something from me? You said we should be honest with each other. I don't want to hear any white lies."

Leaning over, Oscar pressed a kiss on her forehead. "Don't think too much. Stephanie and Mom got into a fight. Mom got mad and kicked her out, so she gets to learn how to

be independent. She needs to learn how to harness her bad temper and stop taking everything for granted. I think she had suffered a lot for the past few weeks, so she took the opportunity to return home. Don't worry. Mom will take care of her. You need to rest now and stop worrying about other stuff," he reassured her.

"Really?"

"Yes. Why would I lie to you over something like this?"

Amelia nodded in acknowledgment and stopped worrying about the matter.

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 215

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 215 Conflict Between Mother And Daughter

"I'll ask Tiffany to bring Tony over to you. There are still plenty of guests milling around, so I need to socialize with them," Oscar said, before kissing her lips softly.

Amelia blinked innocently.

"Be good." Oscar patted her hair affectionately and stood up.

After Oscar closed the door behind him, the smile on Amelia's face disappeared. She seemed conflicted.

Staring at the ceiling, she mumbled in disappointment, "Oscar, you had proclaimed your love for me, but why can't you be honest with me?"

Right then, Tiffany arrived with Tony, interrupting her train of thought.

Carefully, Amelia got up and looked at Tony, who was in Tiffany's arms.

Tiffany placed the sleeping baby on the bed slowly. As Amelia reached out to touch him, her gaze turned tender.

"When did he fall asleep?" she queried.

"Just a while ago. Babies like to sleep," Tiffany revealed. "I think you should only invite your close friends and relatives to the welcome baby party. It's a party downstairs."

Actually, Amelia didn't like crowded parties at all. The party was held in Tony's name, but it was in fact a place for the business people to talk business. To ordinary people, it was a place where they could get to know the upper-class society. Many people would die to get an invitation to this party.

“Tiff, many people would die to get invited to the Clintons’ party. Only the rich and powerful would receive an invitation. As a freelancer, you didn’t grab the chance to establish connections but came to complain to me about how noisy the party is instead,” Amelia teased, pretending nothing had happened earlier.

Tiffany shrugged. “Babe, you know I don’t care about money and fame. I enjoy earning money myself, but that doesn’t mean I want to climb up the ranks using someone else’s connections. It might seem easier to make money that way, but I don’t get the sense of accomplishment from that.”

Shaking her head, Amelia chuckled. “You’re wasting the chance.”

“Babe, you mean you want me to have connections with the Clintons?”

After a brief hesitation, Amelia chose to be honest with her. “To be honest, I don’t want you to have anything to do with the Clintons. If you get involved, many people will target you. Your life won’t be peaceful anymore. When you get more famous, you’ll be busy with book signings and fan meetings. There are bound to be people with ulterior motives who’ll try to get to know you through these means. If you want fame and fortune, I would’ve achieved your dreams ages ago.”

Tiffany snapped her fingers in satisfaction. “You know me well, friend,” she exclaimed. “I’m glad to have you as a friend!”

Amelia gave her a playful push.

They exchanged banter for a while before Tiffany went back to topic. “Amelia, be honest with me. Remember the commotion caused by the Yards and Stephanie? Did that irritate you?”

Amelia could only smile wryly.

“I’d be lying if I say I’m not bothered. Cassie kept challenging my patience. I was tamping down the urge to tear her mouth apart, as I knew I couldn’t do that. Oscar professed his love for me, but he never revealed how he felt about Cassie. She’s his first love after all. There’s no way he would forget about her that easily.”

Propping her arms up on the bed, Tiffany’s reply was nonchalant. “So what? Amelia, you’re worrying for nothing. It doesn’t matter whether Oscar loves Cassie. What matters now is that you’re the one by his side. You, Tony, and Oscar are a happy family. He works to support your family, and you’ll be a housewife. Tony’s nanny will take care of him, so you only have to play with him. You’ve got everything you ever wanted. Why would you be afraid?”

Tiff’s right. Still, everything seems unreal to me. Something is off. I hope it’s my mind playing tricks on me.

She couldn't shake off the uneasy feeling.

Sensing her anxiety, Tiffany reached out to pat her hand. "Amelia, what are you scared of?"

Amelia came to her senses and poured her worry out. "Tiff, I'm worried Oscar treats me well out of guilt after I nearly died in the accident. We've confessed our love to each other. I love him, so I no longer think of him as my client. If he chooses Cassie in the end, it will be a destructive blow to me. I won't be able to stay married to him by then. Being betrayed is worse than faking one's affections."

Is every woman in love this neurotic? Tiffany wondered, feeling bad for Amelia. Amelia was once cheerful, positive, and lively. After marrying into the Clinton family and falling in love with Oscar, she learned how to conceal her actual emotions. I've never seen her laugh heartily after that. Look at how elegant and proper she is now. Is this a good change, or not?

"Silly girl, you're overthinking again. This isn't the Amelia I know. The Amelia I know will never give up. She's a swan among ducklings; a diamond among stones. She will shine everywhere she goes!"

Amused, Amelia giggled at her friend's antics. Her foul mood finally dissipated.

"Feeling better?" Tiffany asked.

Amelia nodded in response.

Pulling Amelia into her arms, Tiffany comforted her. "Babe, you were in an accident and nearly lost your life. There's nothing else to be afraid of. The worst that can happen to you both is that he becomes tired of you, or you annoy each other and get a divorce. One of you will get custody of Tony. You'll end up being friends," Tiffany declared. "There, that's the worst that can happen. Don't you worry. We managed to save your life. There's nothing else we can't do!"

Amelia nodded. I must be overthinking.

On the other hand, Oscar left their bedroom and went to Olivia's bedroom.

Stephanie was arguing with her mother when Oscar stepped in. She immediately cowered back in fear at the sight of her brother.

"Oscar," she greeted him in a tiny voice.

Oscar merely glanced at her icily.

Stephanie would always tremble in fear when Oscar remained silent. Compared to her father, she was actually more scared of her brother.

“Oscar, y-you...”

As the tension in the air grew, Olivia hurriedly spoke up. “Oscar, I’ve reprimanded Stephanie. What’s with the grim expression? Don’t scare her.”

Oscar stared straight at Stephanie and demanded, “Why did you come back?”

Stephanie gave him a hurtful look. “Oscar, this is my home. Where else am I supposed to go?”

“Leave right after the party ends,” Oscar announced solemnly.

Stephanie’s pretty face contorted angrily as she demanded, “Why? I’m one of the Clintons, too. Half of the inheritance is mine. What right do you have to kick me out?”

“I’m the only heir of the Clinton family. Everything belongs to me,” came Oscar’s curt reply.

Stephanie went silent upon hearing this.

At the sight, Olivia felt her head throbbing. She had never imagined that her children would turn against each other one day.

“Oscar, stop it. Stephanie had suffered a lot out there. Let her sleep here for tonight. Tomorrow morning, I shall ask the driver to send her back to her accommodation,” she tried to persuade Oscar.

“Mom, I won’t allow someone who has disrespected my wife to stay here.” Oscar refused to give in.

Olivia lowered her head to ponder briefly. “Stephanie, I’ll ask the chauffeur to give you a ride back now. You can only return when you stop being biased against Amelia.”

Stephanie’s eyes widened in bewilderment. “Mom, she’s fine now. The Clintons gave her what she wanted. Why do I still have to stay out there and eat horrible food?”

Furrowing her brows, Olivia chided, “Stephanie, mind your words. If you keep being this rude, I’ll cut off your allowance.”

“Mom, I’m penniless!” Stephanie wailed, on the verge of losing control.

Olivia was stunned. “Didn’t I transfer fifty thousand to you before you leave?”

“Mom, fifty thousand won’t even last me one day. How do you expect me to hold on for half a month?” Stephanie retorted furiously.

Olivia cast a disappointed look at her daughter. I should’ve known it’s hard for her to realize her mistake in half a month.

Stephanie came to her mother and whined, “Mom, let me come home. I promise I’ll be an obedient child!”

“The chauffeur will give you a ride. I told your dad to arrange a secretary job for you. Go to work and stop being so impetuous.” Olivia made up her mind. “Also, stay away from the Yards.”

Stephanie’s face paled as she dug her nails into her palms.

Taking a deep breath, she barked, “Mom, you forsake your own daughter for Amelia, and took her good friend to be your goddaughter. Are you my biological mother? No wonder Mrs. Yard said you never loved me. I didn’t believe her but turns out she’s right. You don’t love me at all!”

At once, Olivia started heaving in fury.

Oscar pulled Stephanie over and gave her a tight slap.

The slap was so strong and sudden that Stephanie’s face swiveled sideways.

She covered her stinging cheek and glared at Oscar defiantly.

“Oscar, how dare you slap me? I won’t forget this. One day, I shall make you understand Amelia isn’t the right one for you,” she declared.

Scowling, Oscar barked, “Scram!”

As a blaze of pain spread across her cheek, Stephanie’s eyes flared with anger and hatred. Gritting her teeth, she declared, “Oscar, I won’t leave. I’m waiting for Amelia to leave our family!”

Oscar’s fists balled up in fury.

“Won’t you stop? There are plenty of guests out there. Do you want to humiliate our family?” Olivia pressed a hand on her chest and hissed.

Oscar turned to her, while Stephanie wiped her tears off stubbornly.

Olivia felt her heart breaking at the sight of the red imprint on Stephanie's cheek. "Stephanie, after the party ends, I'll ask the chauffeur to send you back. When you become a mature lady, Dad and I will come to pick you up."

"Mom, you're kicking your own daughter out for that woman?"

"Stephanie, I'm doing this for your sake."

"Mom, I love you so much. How could you kick me out for an outsider? I hate you!" Stephanie's wails grew louder. "You want me to leave? Fine! I'll starve to death!"

Pain ripped through Olivia's chest at how adamant her daughter was.

"Mom, if you do love me, please let me stay," Stephanie pleaded as her last resort.

Olivia fell onto her bed and panted heavily.

Concerned, Oscar patted her back soothingly and asked, "Mom, are you all right?"

Olivia waved to show that she was fine. "After the party, give your sister a ride back to her accommodation. At this hour, it's dangerous for her to head back alone."

There was a brief hesitation on Oscar's part, but he eventually nodded and went along.

"Got it, Mom. Don't worry," he replied.

Olivia took deep breaths, and the pain in her heart gradually subsided.

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 216

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 216 Tell The Truth

As soon as the party ended, Oscar and Owen personally saw the guests out before returning to the house. "Oscar, where's your sister?" Owen asked gravely.

Still reluctant to talk about Stephanie, Oscar tried to brush his father off. "She's upstairs."

"Oscar, seeing as how Amelia and Tony are safe and sound, can't you forgive your sister? The two of you have always been close, and you're usually very tolerant of her. Why can't you give her another chance?" Owen asked with a sigh.

"Dad, would you forgive someone who wanted to kill your wife and child?"

At a loss for words, Owen looked away.

“Dad, I can dote on Stephanie and give in to her, provided that she doesn’t cross my bottom line. Now, not only has she crossed that line, but she has also violated the basic moral principles. It’s no longer a question of whether I can forgive her or not.”

Owen patted his shoulders and said with a touch of sorrow in his voice, “I know, but she’s still your sister.”

Oscar gazed at the brightly lit villa in the distance where his wife and son shared with his family. It wasn’t long ago when he had almost lost them, and he never wanted to experience that again. Knowing that Stephanie was the culprit made it even worse, and it was no longer a question of forgiveness.

“Dad, when she finally realizes that she was in the wrong, I might be able to forgive her.” Even though he was sure his sister would never realize her mistake, Oscar still made a compromise and gave a deadline.

With that, Owen grew even more silent.

Amelia was making her way down the stairs when Oscar and Owen stepped into the hall. The sight of them together made her laugh out loud.

“Dad, Oscar, have all the guests gone home?”

Ignoring his father’s presence, Oscar lovingly caressed Amelia’s cheek and asked, “Why aren’t you sleeping yet?”

“It’s still early.”

Just as the three of them settled into a comfortable conversation, Olivia and Stephanie came down the stairs. Seeing how happy Amelia was chatting with her family, Stephanie’s eyes flashed with resentment.

Even as Olivia tried to stop her, Stephanie broke away and confronted Amelia. “Are you happy now, Amelia Winters? Both my mother and brother are siding with you and chasing me out of the house. I’m sure you must be delighted. But you know what? I will eventually get back everything that belongs to me, and when that day comes, I will chase you out of our family!”

“Stephanie, what are you talking about?” Amelia asked with a look of bewilderment on her face.

“Oh, come on, Amelia. Don’t—”

“That’s enough, Stephanie,” Oscar interrupted.

As he stepped forward to shield Amelia, Oscar stared daggers at Stephanie, looking like he'd pounce on her if she dared say another word.

Not wanting to talk back and risk getting chewed out by Oscar, Stephanie had no choice but to hold her tongue.

Amelia then tugged at Oscar's shirt, motioning for him to calm himself down before stepping out from behind him.

"Stephanie, if there's any misunderstanding between us, you can tell me about it. I promise your brother won't lay a hand on you. I don't wish to see our family in a mess because of our grudges. So if you're unhappy with me, please, let me know. I want nothing more than for our family to be happy."

Stephanie had calmed herself down but still couldn't help but steal a glance at her brother.

Knowing that the former was worried, Amelia immediately blocked Oscar and gently repeated herself, "Stephanie, if you're unhappy with me, you can tell me."

Before anyone could go on, Owen had broken the awkward silence with a cough. "Amelia, it's getting late, and Stephanie still has work tomorrow. Let Oscar send her home. I'm sure they'll have lots to talk about on the way."

Upon hearing that, Amelia became even more baffled.

"Dad, didn't you and Mom say that Stephanie went on a trip with her friends? Why are you now saying that she's working tomorrow? Are the three of you hiding something from me?"

Owen cleared his throat again and gently nudged Oscar. Thankfully, Oscar got his hint.

"It's a long story, Amelia. Stephanie's friends had mentioned taking up jobs to experience life, and she didn't want to be left behind. She begged Dad and Mom to let her work, and they eventually agreed to give her a sinecure in our company. However, Stephanie said she wouldn't learn much in a family company setting, so she insisted on getting another job. She has even rented a place outside, which is why she's leaving now."

Feeling doubtful about the explanation, Amelia asked, "Is that true, Stephanie?"

At that moment, Stephanie could only feel how ironic the entire situation was.

She found it all so amusing that she broke out in uncontrollable laughter, surprising everyone around her.

Amelia shot a glance at Oscar, who merely furrowed his brows and pulled her away. "Enough is enough, Stephanie!" he snapped.

Stephanie stopped laughing and smirked. When she spoke again, her voice was dripping with sarcasm. "Oscar, why are you still hiding it from her? Are you afraid she's too fragile for the truth, or are you trying to cover up for your one and only sister?"

Olivia went into a state of panic as she quickly interjected, "Stephanie, what nonsense are you talking about?"

"Mom, you do like her more than your only daughter, don't you?"

A feeling of helplessness washed over Olivia as she stared at Stephanie. She had covered up so many things to protect her daughter, yet Stephanie never seemed to understand her efforts.

What exactly should I do to let Stephanie understand that everything I've done is for her own good?

"How can you say that, Stephanie?" Amelia said sternly, "Even I can tell how much Mom loves you."

Amelia had always wanted to keep whatever misunderstandings she had with Stephanie between themselves. It was never her intention to get Olivia involved, as she didn't want to ruin their mother-daughter relationship.

Alas, Stephanie completely lost control and hollered, "Stop with the pretense, Amelia! It's all because of you that my relationship with my mother has become this bad! It's a pity you didn't die from getting hit by the car I previously hired."

As soon as the words left Stephanie's mouth, the color drained from everyone's faces. Amelia was speechless as she stared wide-eyed in utter disbelief.

Olivia hurriedly pulled Stephanie aside and was about to order their chauffeur to send her home when Amelia stopped them.

"Mom, I have some questions for Stephanie. She can stay here for the night since it's already so late. After all, this is her house, and she has her room. There's no need to hurry," Amelia said, her tone cold and adamant.

Olivia licked her lips nervously, afraid of the storm that was undoubtedly brewing. "Amelia, Stephanie only said that in a fit of anger. She didn't mean any of it, so please don't take her words to heart. Anyway, I'm sure everyone's tired from the dinner, and it's getting so late now. Oscar, take your wife back to the room and have an early rest."

Amelia looked sadly at Olivia before replying, "Mom, I can give in to you for all other things, but not this. The car accident had almost killed Tony and me. Surely it's not too much to want some answers to that, is it?"

Olivia was both embarrassed and torn.

More than anything else, she was mad at Stephanie. If it weren't for her lack of tact and willfulness, they wouldn't have ended up in such an awkward situation.

"Amelia, Stephanie was only spouting nonsense. You know what she's like when she's angry. It's not worth wasting your time and energy over her."

With eyes bored into Olivia, Amelia pressed on, "Mom, you know better than anyone else if she only said it in a fit of anger. All I want is for her to give me an answer. Is that too much to ask?"

Olivia merely gaped at Amelia, tongue-tied.

Stephanie felt the fury roaring through her mind as she listened on. She had never liked Amelia and never cared if she incurred the latter's wrath. In her eyes, Amelia was meek and could never retaliate or pose a threat to her.

"Okay, Amelia, I'll tell you the truth. Yes, I planned the accident. That's because I don't like you, and I wanted to teach you a lesson!" Stephanie said as an arrogant sneer crept over her face.

Amelia scoffed, clearly exasperated, before walking up to Stephanie. "Was that the truth, Stephanie?" she asked calmly.

Intending to sow discord, Stephanie replied, "Oh, I never lie. I'm not afraid of admitting to what I've done. Oscar, Dad, and Mom are all aware of it, but they wanted to keep the truth from you. It looks like the lives of you and your son aren't comparable to mine!"

"Is that so?"

Amelia's expression turned cold as she raised her hand and slapped Stephanie hard across her cheek.

The slap was so strong and sudden that Stephanie fell into a momentary daze.

"Amelia, you slapped me?"

"Not only do I want to slap you, but I also want to kill you! Do you believe me?" Amelia said through gritted teeth. "Because you're Oscar's sister, I've tried my best to dote on you. When you threaten me, I laugh it off. When you insult me, I tell myself it's because you're still young. I want to believe that you'll do better once you get older. I come up

with excuses to brush off your hostility toward me and empathize with you, convincing myself that there's still some good in you. I never once thought you'd be this cruel and heartless toward me."

Tears started to roll down Amelia's cheeks as sadness washed over her.

"Tony is your nephew, and yet you'd cause harm to him? I was seven and a half months pregnant with him when the accident happened. Do you know what went through my mind as I saw the car hurtle toward me? All I could think about was what would happen to my child. I didn't even care if I'd live or die! I was thinking about all the moments he'd miss in his life if I lost him! How could you rob him of his chance to come into the world? If he hadn't pulled through, I wouldn't even have gotten to see him. How could you? How could you—"

Amelia tried to catch her breath as she clutched her chest, overwhelmed by the intense pressure and sorrow.

Oscar instantly ran up and carried her in his arms. "Amelia, calm yourself down. We can talk this through."

Still clutching her chest, Amelia looked at Oscar with a mixed bundle of emotions. He was just as guilty for covering up Stephanie's crime, and she couldn't forgive him just yet. Amelia was usually very forgiving, but she could never forgive anyone who wanted her son dead.

If Oscar is my world, then that makes Tony my life.

I cannot, and will not, forgive this murderer who wanted Tony's life!

"Put me down, Mr. Clinton," Amelia demanded.

Taken aback by Amelia's sudden aloofness, a look of disbelief flashed across Oscar's face.

"Put me down, Mr. Clinton," Amelia repeated, not wanting to look at him.

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 217

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 217 Teaching The Clintons A Lesson

Oscar's heart skipped a beat, but instead of doing as instructed, he hugged Amelia even tighter.

"I-I can explain, Amelia. It's not what you think it is," Oscar stammered. He had a sneaking suspicion that if he didn't clear things up with Amelia, their relationship would never be the same again. Worst of all, she might never trust him again.

He had been through so much before he realized his feelings for Amelia. There was no way he was going to let a misunderstanding ruin what he had painstakingly built.

Amelia continued to ignore Oscar and stared at the ground. "Put me down, Mr. Clinton."

Seeing how stubborn and standoffish she was, Oscar had no choice but to give in to her request.

Olivia glanced at Amelia sheepishly as she tried to find the right words to defuse the situation. "Amelia, this isn't what you think it is. I'm not trying to hide the truth from you, nor am I deliberately covering up for Stephanie. But she's still my daughter, and regardless of what she has done, I can't bear to send her to prison. Now that you've found out the truth, I feel just as guilty. Please believe me when I say I'm only doing this for both you and Stephanie. It pains me to see either of you hurt."

After hearing those words, Amelia felt even more overwhelmed with conflicting emotions.

She knew where Olivia was coming from, but that didn't make understanding it any less difficult. And she could never accept the fact that Stephanie had single-handedly plotted the accident.

Stephanie's lips curled with disdain as she said, "Mom, why do you even bother to explain to a nobody like her? So what if I plotted the accident? Guess what, Amelia? Even if you and your son had perished in it, this family would still have done everything in their power to protect me."

Amelia was so overwhelmed by emotions that she laughed out loud bitterly.

Oscar's face had taken upon itself an even graver expression as he warned, "Stephanie Clinton, if you so much as to say another word, I'll make sure you never return to our family."

Knowing her brother was a man of his word, Stephanie kept quiet.

"Stephanie, it's true that I can't do anything to you with the Clintons protecting you," Amelia remarked as she glowered at Stephanie. "But from on, I'll no longer treat you as my sister-in-law. No matter what happens to you in the future, I won't get involved, and neither will I help."

Stephanie was completely unbothered by Amelia's threat. However, she had no idea that this would come back and bite her in the future. There would be such a day when she found herself having to beg Amelia for help, and Amelia, true to her words, would turn a deaf ear to Stephanie's pleas.

Olivia furrowed her brows and tried to coax Amelia, "Don't be like this, Amelia. You and Stephanie are both my favorites. You two..."

"Mom, it's not that I don't want to make peace with Stephanie," Amelia interrupted with a bitter laugh. "It's been five years, and I've done everything I can to please her. But when has she ever appreciated it? You've also witnessed for yourself how she doesn't give a toss about me. If it had only been me who got injured in the accident, I could still be a saint about it and forgive her. But did she care that I was pregnant? Tony almost lost his life because of her. I can never, ever, forgive her for that."

Olivia tried to reach out to hold Amelia, only to have Amelia swiftly avoid her.

"Mom, I'm tired. I'm going up to rest," Amelia said with her eyes downcast.

"Amelia, you—"

"All right, I'll be going now."

As Amelia made her way up the stairs, she bumped into Tiffany, who had seen and heard everything. When their gazes met, Amelia's eyes flashed with indignance.

Feeling sorry for her friend, Tiffany returned her gaze with an equally pained expression.

Oscar tossed another glare toward Stephanie before following Amelia upstairs.

As she saw how defeated Amelia looked, Stephanie couldn't help but break into a smile.

The method that Cassie taught her had paid off well. By sowing discord, she could already see cracks forming in Amelia and Oscar's relationship. With her plan off to a good start, Stephanie knew that as long as she continued to put in the effort, it'd only be a matter of time before she drove Amelia out of the Clintons.

Just as Stephanie was still feeling smug about herself, she felt another slap on her face.

Clutching her cheek, Stephanie looked at her mother in bewilderment. "Mom, why did you hit me?"

"Look what you've done, Stephanie! Are you happy now?" Olivia cried out, feeling even more disappointed in her daughter than before.

Before Stephanie could reply, Olivia had marched away in a huff.

Owen's face was clouded with sadness as he gazed at his daughter. "Stephanie, why did you have to ruin the relationship you have with your brother? Your mother and I have tried so hard to cover this up for you and are even sending you away so you can

learn to be independent. We've done so much for you, yet you don't seem to appreciate any of it. As for what you've done today, I don't even know where to begin. You're on your own now."

With that said, Owen turned and made his way upstairs.

Stephanie was now all alone in the hall, speechless and confused.

I did all these to get Amelia out and bring peace back to our family. I just want the best for us. What's wrong with that?

Frustrated with the way her family was treating her but not knowing what else to do, Stephanie decided to return to her room.

Meanwhile, Tiffany had escorted Amelia into Tony's nursery and stood at the door, blocking Oscar from entering. "Mr. Clinton, I think it'd be best if you slept alone tonight."

Oscar frowned as he replied, "Let me in."

"Mr. Clinton, after what your sister has done, do you think Amelia's in the mood to see you?"

Oscar fell silent. Deep down, he knew Tiffany was right.

"Amelia's your wife, Mr. Clinton. And now she has Tony too. As her best friend, all I want is for her to be happy. She loves you, so I won't persuade her to leave you. But please, let me talk to her first. You going in now is going to make her clam up even more. If you trust me, please leave."

Oscar gazed steadily at Tiffany, only to have her stare back with a firm, unwavering expression.

After about ten seconds, Oscar finally gave in. "Fine. Help me look after her. And please, tell her I do care about her. The only reason I didn't tell her the truth was so she wouldn't overthink and get upset."

Tiffany merely nodded and reassured him with an "OK" gesture.

After taking another look inside the room, Oscar sighed and walked away reluctantly.

Tiffany closed the door and gingerly made her way toward her friend. Ever since stepping into the nursery, all Amelia had done was gaze at Tony sleeping soundly in his crib.

Tiffany felt a tinge of sadness well up in her as she tried to comfort Amelia. "Babe, cheer up. It's Tony's welcome baby party today. Let's not imagine things, okay?"

Amelia caressed Tony's fingers as she muttered, "Tiff, it hurts. I never thought Stephanie would harbor so much hate for me. She hired someone to knock me down and almost caused me to miscarry. I've always told myself to put up with her tantrums, but who knew she'd go to such extremes? Even just talking about it makes me shudder. How can she not care about her nephew's life?"

Tiffany pulled Amelia into a tight hug and gently consoled her with a reassuring touch.

"Babe, let's not overthink it. It's her loss for not liking you."

Amelia shook her head, her emotions running even wilder by the second. "Tiff, I can't get over this. Even if she's Oscar's sister, there's no way I can forgive her. And neither can I stop this growing hatred I have for her. Tony and I barely made it out of the accident, yet the Clintons are still protecting her unconditionally. If we had died, would Stephanie still be able to get away with it scot-free? Do you know how angry this makes me? I wish she'd get into an accident so she can have a taste of her own medicine."

Tiffany cleared her throat nervously before replying, "All right, let's not say things like that. You and Tony are very blessed and loved. Especially Tony—this little guy's going to grow into a handsome man.

No matter how hard Amelia tried, she couldn't even manage a chuckle.

"Tiff, who do you think Oscar values more? Tony and I, or Stephanie?"

What Amelia had asked was very much like the age-old question of who would one save if one's mother and lover fell into the water at the same time.

It may sound simple, but it had stumped many people before.

"Come on, babe. It's so unlike you to ask such a question," Tiffany teased, trying to lighten the mood. Alas, Amelia fell to her knees as gut-wrenching sobs tore through her chest.

Flustered, Tiffany clumsily wiped the tears off Amelia's face and tried to calm her down. "Amelia, why are you crying? It's not worth wasting your energy on someone like her. There, there, stop crying. If you continue to, I wouldn't know what else to do."

Amelia stopped crying after a while, her makeup completely ruined from her river of tears.

As they sat on the floor, Tiffany decided to cut to the chase. "What are you going to do about Oscar? Are you going to leave him because of that piece of sh*t Stephanie?"

Amelia shook her head, knowing full well that Oscar wasn't to blame. If she were in his shoes, she could only see herself severing ties with her sibling. Even she felt that it would be too heartless to send a sibling into jail.

"I've never thought about divorcing Oscar. It just makes me upset to see him tolerating Stephanie, so I'm going to need some time to get over it. Every time I think about how I could've lost Tony in the accident, it fills my heart with fear and hatred. I don't understand why Stephanie hates me so much that she could hire someone to finish me off. In my opinion, you can hate someone however much you like, but you should never hurt an innocent child. And besides, the child we're talking about is her nephew! How can she bear to lay her hands on him?"

The more Tiffany heard, the angrier she felt.

"She's been spoiled by her parents her entire life, so of course, she can't stand anyone going against her. And with others instigating her, it doesn't surprise me that she did something so vile. You know what? I think the instigator is either someone from the Yard family or Cassie herself. The Yards have truly put in a lot of effort to ruin your relationship with the Clintons."

Upon hearing that, a hint of resentment flashed in Amelia's eyes.

"As long as I'm in the Clintons, Cassie can give up all hope on coming anywhere near Oscar."

"Yes! That's the spirit! As the Clintons' daughter-in-law, your status isn't beneath that of the Yards'. So what if your family background isn't a fancy one? What matters is how people value your position in the Clintons. Who's going to care about where you come from or what your family does?" Tiffany exclaimed.

After hearing Tiffany's words, Amelia felt considerably better.

"Babe, don't worry. Tomorrow I'll teach her a lesson she'll never forget. It's what she deserves for being a bully."

"Oh, no. Don't do that, Tiff," Amelia said with a frown. "This grudge is between Stephanie and me. I don't want to drag you into the mess. More importantly, I don't want to have Dad and Mom think badly of you. No matter what, Stephanie is still the Clintons' only daughter. Compared to her, we're merely outsiders."

With the emphasis on the last word, it was evident that Amelia had come to a realization.

She knew that no matter how much Olivia doted on her, she could never measure up to Stephanie, who was Olivia's flesh and blood.

“Don’t worry. I’ll be very discreet. I promise you, no one will ever find out. If we don’t teach Stephanie a lesson, she’s going to think she’s some bigshot to whom everyone has to give in to,” Tiffany replied with a snarl.

After a pause, Tiffany added, “That said, I don’t think you should forgive the Clintons anytime soon. We can’t have them thinking you’re a pushover. Why don’t you pack up tomorrow and bring Tony along to stay with me? You can return when they’ve apologized to you. You have to be firm with your principles and not easily give in to them. It’s about time they realize you’re a strong and clever woman and not one for them to lead by the nose.”

Without even giving it much thought, Amelia nodded.

Tiffany smiled, relieved that Amelia took up her suggestion so readily.

“Babe, follow my instructions tomorrow. Our family backgrounds may not be as illustrious as theirs, but that doesn’t mean we should let them have their way. We have to show them we aren’t pushovers. If they want their daughter-in-law and grandson back, they’ll have to take sides. If they continue to condone Stephanie’s actions, then you’ll gradually lose your say in the Clintons despite being their daughter-in-law.”

Amelia stayed silent, but everything that Tiffany said had resonated with her.

“Thank you, Tiff! No matter what happens in life, you’re the only one who’s always by my side.”

“Oh, come on. Don’t mention it. I think our friendship is already past that point.”

Amelia finally smiled, looking a lot cheerier than before.

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 218

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 218 Leaving Home

Because of Stephanie’s foolhardiness, many people had difficulty falling asleep that night. Tiffany and Amelia ended up sleeping in the guest room that the Clintons had prepared for Tiffany. Oscar, on the other hand, stood outside the guest room like a lovesick puppy. When Olivia came out of her room from not being able to sleep, she felt a twinge of sadness at the sight of her son.

“Oscar, why aren’t you sleeping yet?”

“I just felt like being close to her,” Oscar whispered.

Olivia stared at the door to the guest room as mixed emotions began to well up inside her.

She had chosen to cover up for Stephanie out of a mother's love for their children. However, she had never expected things to take such an ugly turn. Now that her daughter and daughter-in-law were at loggerheads, their family could never find peace again.

If Olivia hadn't always treated Amelia as her own, she wouldn't be feeling so conflicted now. What made it worse was that the matter had even caused a rift between Oscar and Amelia. However, Olivia did understand why Amelia had gotten so angry, especially after what had happened to Tony. After all, it was only natural for a mother to protect her child. If someone wanted to kill Olivia's child, she'd have fought it out with them.

"Oscar, I'm sorry. It's all because I didn't think this through well enough that led to Amelia misunderstanding you."

Oscar merely shook his head sadly, not saying anything else.

"It's getting late. Why don't you go back to sleep? Let Amelia think it over tonight, and we can talk again tomorrow."

Oscar remained frozen in his spot, not wanting to move nor say a word.

At that, Olivia's heart ached even more.

Olivia knew her son well. Even though Oscar might look cold and distant on the outside, he was a sentimental man. Once he fell in love, he'd love fiercely and unapologetically. That was the case with Cassie in the past. But now, Olivia wouldn't be surprised if he loved Amelia more than he did with Cassie.

As a mother, all Olivia ever wanted was to see her son and daughter-in-law live happily ever after. Knowing that she was to blame for their rift made her feel all the more upset and awful.

"Oscar, please, don't be like this. Amelia's a good girl. She'll come to understand the reasons for your actions. Go to bed for now. You can explain things to her tomorrow. If you continue being like this, I'm going to be worried sick."

Since his mother had put it that way, Oscar eventually gave in and returned to his room.

Olivia let out a long sigh before making her way back to her room. "What took you so long?" Owen asked, still awake and waiting in bed.

After climbing into bed to join Owen, Olivia leaned against his chest and said despondently, "Dear, I think Oscar is head over heels in love with Amelia. And it warms

my heart to see him happy with her. But now with Stephanie... I'm afraid the rift between Stephanie and Amelia can never be fixed.

"Don't worry. Amelia's a considerate girl. I'm sure if we give her some time, she'll eventually understand."

After all, that's all we can do for now.

After tossing and turning in bed for hours, Olivia finally fell asleep at five in the morning. Amelia had also found sleep to be impossible as she stared blankly at the ceiling. She had briefly overheard the conversation between Oscar and Olivia and would've leaped into Oscar's arms if she hadn't stopped herself in time.

She wanted to ask Oscar why he had so readily forgiven the murderer who had almost killed Tony and herself. As much as her heart wanted to do that, Amelia still chose to follow her head in the end.

It was almost daybreak when Amelia finally drifted off to sleep. When she woke up before eight in the morning, Tiffany's side of the bed was already empty.

Just as she was getting out of bed, Tiffany walked out of the bathroom.

"Babe, you're up?"

Amelia patted her head that was beginning to hurt due to the lack of sleep. Ever since the accident, her body's immunity had been drastically affected. Added to that, she had also just given birth to Tony then. Yet, she had to stay in the hospital to recover and recuperate. Even though the hospital was well-equipped, nothing could beat being able to rest at home. After that ordeal, whenever Amelia didn't get enough sleep, she'd be tormented with the worst headaches.

With hesitation, Tiffany walked over to Amelia and started massaging her head.

"You look awful. Did you stay up thinking about things again?"

"I couldn't sleep. Tiff, can you use more force? My head hurts so bad," Amelia moaned.

"Babe, don't blame me for scolding you. You haven't fully recovered, and in case you've forgotten, you even broke a few ribs during the accident. It's a miracle you even survived it. Yet now you're tormenting yourself over someone like Stephanie? Why would you do that to yourself?"

Still battling her headache, Amelia could only let out a bitter laugh.

Tiffany couldn't bear to chastise her friend anymore and continued to massage Amelia's head in a bid to alleviate the pain.

Just then, one of the maids came knocking on the door. “Ms. Amelia, Ms. Winters, are you awake? Mrs. Clinton wants me to let you know that breakfast is ready.”

“All right. We’ll be down in a bit,” Tiffany replied.

After a while, Tiffany put her hands down and asked, “How’s the headache? Is it better?”

Amelia nodded and smiled. “Tiff, thank you so much.”

“Go get yourself cleaned up. We got to prepare ourselves for an upcoming battle,” Tiffany replied with a nonchalant shrug.

After washing up in the bathroom, Amelia put on a simple but elegant white dress.

Tiffany couldn’t help but give her a thumbs up. “Babe, you really can pull off anything you wear. I realize how good white looks on you. It makes you look so pure and elegant. Honestly, I could say you’re innocent yet seductive, and nobody would disagree.”

Embarrassed by the high praise, Amelia just smiled reluctantly.

Tiffany made a face to try to cheer her friend up. “Babe, let’s see that smile on your face. Don’t look so glum. We have to show the Clintons that even without a fancy background, our upbringing is still way better than theirs.”

Amelia didn’t say a word as she made her way down the stairs with Tiffany in tow.

Stephanie was already seated at the dining table and tucking into her breakfast. Despite that, Tiffany and Amelia remained calm and composed.

Tiffany took the lead and beckoned over one of the maids. “Can you please pack a few sets of clothes for Amelia and Anthony? Remember to pack diapers and anything else that Anthony might need too.”

Stumped by the orders, the maid looked hesitantly at Olivia, not daring to act.

Olivia set her spoon down and gently asked, “What’s this about, Tiff? Why are you getting the maid to pack clothes for Amelia and Tony?”

“Oh, Mrs. Clinton, don’t get the wrong idea. I was the one who asked Amelia to stay with me for a few days. After the little episode yesterday, we all know there’s someone who doesn’t particularly like Amelia. If the mother and son continue to stay here, who’s to know if that person might strangle Tony in a fit of anger? So, to be safe, I’d like Amelia and Tony away from here for a few days. That’d be the best for everyone, wouldn’t you agree, Mrs. Clinton?” Tiffany replied while smiling politely.

Olivia's face instantly fell.

Stephanie, on the other hand, felt called out by Tiffany and stood up angrily. "Who are you talking about, Tiffany?"

"I don't talk to animals," Tiffany replied flatly with a shrug. "I don't want to stoop to their level."

Stephanie looked ready to blow her top at any moment as her face contorted with anger.

Olivia glanced at Stephanie and said firmly, "Stephanie, you can leave once you've finished your breakfast. I'll get the chauffeur to send you to your office. Also, don't bother coming back here for the time being. I'll inform the security guards about it."

Stephanie got even more infuriated as she pointed at Amelia. "Mom, you're chasing me away because of that woman?"

Olivia steeled herself before turning to Norton, who had been standing by. "Norton, please see Ms. Stephanie out."

Norton walked up to Stephanie and bowed politely. "Ms. Stephanie, please."

"F*ck off! Who do you think you are?"

Despite her tantrum, Norton remained unfazed.

"Ms. Stephanie, please."

Stephanie glared at Norton as a fresh swell of rage rose in her.

"Stephanie Clinton, when are you going to stop throwing tantrums? If you don't leave now with Norton, I'm going to get our bodyguards to escort you to the car," Olivia said adamantly.

Stephanie shot Olivia a furious glance before yelling, "Fine! I'll leave!"

Before leaving, Stephanie left Amelia with a warning. "Don't be too smug yet, Amelia. One day I'll see to it that you get kicked out of this family. You'll never become the lady of the house!"

With that, Stephanie finally left, looking defeated and miserable.

Olivia sighed and gingerly approached Amelia. "Amelia, I know the pain Stephanie has put you through. As a mother, I had no choice but to help cover up what my daughter

had done. Stephanie may not be appreciative of what I've done for her, but I'm sure you can understand my actions, yes?"

Being a mother herself, Amelia understood Olivia perfectly well. However, she still couldn't forgive that easily.

"Mom, I don't blame you."

"Then please don't leave. Tony is still young and can get all fussy, especially at night. At least we have maids here to help take care of him. You haven't fully recovered, and Tiffany doesn't have any experience with looking after babies. Tony's only going to tire the both of you out."

"Mrs. Clinton, you don't have to worry about that," Tiffany interrupted. "I've hired someone to help take care of Tony. She came highly recommended, so I'm sure we can trust her."

"Tiffany, I like you, and I'm glad that you always have Amelia's back no matter what happens. But just this time, please help me persuade Amelia to stay."

Upon hearing Olivia's heartfelt pleas, Tiffany started to flounder.

After all, Tiffany respected Olivia a lot. Olivia was elegant, intellectual, gentle, generous, and considerate. To put it simply, everyone liked her, and every woman wanted to be her.

Sensing the awkward silence, Amelia butted in, "Mom, I do want to stay with Tiff for a few days. Once I've sorted out my thoughts, I'll come back with Tony."

Seeing how Amelia had already made up her mind, Olivia decided to put her foot down. "I can't agree with that, Amelia. You're still recovering, and Tony is only a month old. With you and Tiffany so young and inexperienced, how are you going to take care of Tony? I won't agree to it."

"Mom, if you truly treat me as your daughter, then let me go for a few days. I promise to come back once I've thought things through. I know you genuinely love me, but to be honest, I can't face you right now. The more I respect you, the more it hurts knowing how easily you condoned the culprit who tried to kill Tony and me."

Amelia's words silenced Olivia. Eventually, Olivia gave in and agreed to let Amelia stay at Tiffany's for a few days.

As the maids hurried off to pack for Amelia and Tony, Olivia still couldn't stop worrying. "Amelia, I know you're in a bad mood, and I agree with you taking some time to yourself. But please don't stay outside too long. Otherwise, you're going to break my heart."

Amelia simply nodded in response.

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 219

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 219 Crying Uncontrollably

As Olivia walked Amelia to the car with Tony in her arms, the maids loaded their luggage into the car boot.

Still unable to be at ease, Olivia kept fussing over Amelia. “Amelia, I’ll take this as a short break for you, but please take care of yourself and Tony. Come back as soon as you’ve thought things through. Don’t take too long, though. Otherwise, I’ll be heartbroken.”

Amelia merely nodded in response.

Olivia then turned to Oscar and said, “Come say something to Amelia.”

Ever the thoughtful person, Olivia got everyone to step back to give Oscar and Amelia some privacy.

“Honey, do you really have to go?”

Amelia’s eyes glistened as she lowered her head. “I just want some peace and quiet.”

“If you don’t want to live here, we can always move back to the apartment. We can get Molly to help us with Tony. You don’t have to go to Tiffany’s.”

Amelia sighed before meeting Oscar’s unwavering gaze. “Mr. Clinton, do you still not understand? The problem between us isn’t about that. It’s that whenever I think about how much more you value others over Tony and me, it’s like a stab to my heart. Give me some alone time, and I might get over it in a few days. I no longer want to bury my emotions. It’s too tiring.”

Oscar was about to caress Amelia’s face when she moved away from him.

As his hand hung in mid-air, an awkward silence ensued until Amelia whispered, “I should go now.”

“I can let you stay out for a few days, but I can’t have you overthinking things. I’ve opened my heart to you because that’s how much I want to be with you. Not just for today, but forever. You, me, and Tony, we’re a family. I can’t live without either of you, do you hear me?” Oscar said firmly.

Tears suddenly welled up in Amelia's eyes as she started to have doubts about her decision. However, whenever she thought about what Stephanie had done and how the Clintons had condoned her, she couldn't help but find them and their actions loathsome. It was also then that she realized how fragile relationships were.

Amelia averted her gaze from Oscar and replied, "I'm leaving now."

Amelia finally got into the car and beckoned for Tiffany, who took Tony from Olivia before joining her.

As soon as they were all safely in, the chauffeur drove off.

Oscar stood rooted to the ground, staring wistfully at the car leaving. His expression remained stoic despite the many thoughts running through his head.

Owen patted Oscar on his shoulder in a bid to comfort him. "Give her some time."

Oscar didn't respond in any way.

"Let's go back into the house. We can visit Amelia in a couple of days," Olivia suggested. "We've truly let her down this time, so it's only understandable that Amelia wants some time alone."

Owen nodded as Olivia turned her attention toward Oscar.

"Oscar, let's head inside. You can visit Amelia in a couple of days when she's in a better mood. When you see her then, remember to say something nice. I'm sure she'll understand."

As soon as the car disappeared from his line of sight, Oscar suddenly said, "Mom, there's still work to do at the office. I'll be going now." Right when he finished his words, Oscar got into his car and hurriedly drove off.

Seeing her son speed off into the distance, Olivia let out a deep sigh. "Why is there so much drama in our family? Stephanie's getting more and more out of hand. Amelia almost lost her trust in us because of what happened to Tony. And now with Oscar, I don't even know what he's thinking anymore. The older our kids get, the more unpredictable they become."

Owen placed his hands on Olivia's shoulders and gently squeezed them. "Don't worry too much. The kids will do just fine on their own. And besides, Amelia knows how much you dote on her."

"I hope so."

While Olivia was left with a heavy heart, Amelia was feeling just as troubled. She knew that her insistence on leaving with Tony would hurt Olivia a lot.

Stephanie had plotted the accident alone, and while Olivia had nothing to do with it, she still intentionally covered up for her daughter. That was what infuriated Amelia the most. She was starting to feel a twinge of guilt when the sight of Tony once again reminded her why she had to be firm.

No. I can't forgive those who had hurt my son without an ounce of remorse.

Tiffany grabbed Amelia's hand and said, "You're overthinking again, aren't you? It's good to give one another some time and space to cool down. The Clintons won't blame you for it."

Amelia nodded with a faint smile.

It wasn't long before the car pulled up in Tiffany's neighborhood. John opened the doors for them and quickly unloaded the luggage. "Mrs. Clinton, let me know which floor you're staying on, and I'll bring the luggage up."

"Thank you so much, John," Tiffany said politely after giving him her address.

"You're welcome."

John already had two suitcases in his hands and was about to take one of the backpacks when Tiffany stopped him. "John, don't worry about the backpacks. I got them."

John obliged before entering the elevator with them and carrying the suitcases all the way into Tiffany's house.

"Thank you, John."

John smiled politely. "Is there anything else you'd need help with, Mrs. Clinton? If there isn't, I'll be going back now."

"No, that's all. Have a safe journey back."

With that, John nodded and left.

As soon as he got back downstairs, John noticed Oscar standing beside his car. "Mr. Clinton."

"Has she gone upstairs?"

John nodded.

“Did she say anything during the ride?”

“No, Mr. Clinton. Mrs. Clinton spent most of the time playing with Mr. Anthony and didn’t say much at all.”

Oscar nodded and replied, “All right. You can head back first. And don’t tell anyone that I’ve been here.”

“Yes, Mr. Clinton.”

John promptly got into the car and drove off, leaving Oscar alone.

When he was sure that John was gone, Oscar called out, “Kurt, show yourself.”

A dark figure suddenly appeared from the other side.

“Mr. Clinton,” Kurt greeted.

“Protect Amelia and Tony well. I don’t want her to be hurt again,” Oscar instructed as he looked up at the floor that Amelia was on.

“Got it.”

“Kurt, remember my words. Amelia is now your boss, and you’ll only take orders from her. If any harm comes to her, I’ll come after you.”

Kurt was solemn as he replied, “I, Kurt Alfsen, promise to protect my boss with my life. As long as I’m alive, no harm will befall her.”

Satisfied, Oscar nodded. “One more thing. Don’t let her know that I’ve been here.”

Kurt nodded.

Oscar took another glance at the apartment building before giving one final order. “If there’s anything she needs help with, I want you to do it discreetly. Take care of Tony and her.”

“Yes.”

It was only then that Oscar got into his car and left.

Meanwhile, Amelia and Tiffany had their hands full with Tony. Tony had always been very well-behaved at the Clintons, but as soon as he got to Tiffany’s apartment, he started bawling his head off.

No matter how much Amelia and Tiffany tried to comfort him, nothing seemed to work, which made Amelia even more worried than before. "Tiff, what's wrong with Tony?"

Tiffany looked just as helpless as she replied, "Do you think it's because he's hungry?"

"But I've already fed him before we left the Clintons."

Tiffany checked Tony's diaper thoroughly, only to find that it was dry. "Well, at least we know his diaper isn't dirty."

Tony cried so uncontrollably that Tiffany once again carried him in her arms and tried to soothe him.

When that didn't work, Amelia took Tony over from Tiffany and coaxed him. Alas, that wasn't effective either. Tony had cried so much by then that he started hiccupping.

Tiffany felt so miserable and was almost on the verge of tears herself when she took her phone out to make a call. "Hazel, when can you come over? The kid's crying so much, and we don't know what's wrong with him. Can you please take a look?" After listening to Hazel's reply, Tiffany furrowed her brows. "What? You can't make it today because your grandson has a fever? Well, all right then, I guess we don't have a choice. But you have to come tomorrow! We agreed on this yesterday, didn't we? My friend recommended you to me, and if you were to bail on me, I'd have no one else to turn to."

After a long pause as Hazel answered, Tiffany finally replied, "Okay, it's a deal then. Please remember to come tomorrow. Just hire a car to send you to the address that I provided yesterday. Don't worry. I'll pay you for it. Okay, that's all. I'll hang up now."

After ending the call with Hazel, Tiffany looked helplessly at Tony, who was still crying. "Oh, sweetheart, please stop crying. Your mother hasn't fully recovered, and the help that I hired can't come today. Please be a good boy for us and stop crying. How about I do a silly dance for you? Will you stop crying then?"

True to her words, Tiffany started dancing around in a bid to make Tony laugh.

Alas, Tony's cries became even louder.

"Tiff, stop it," Amelia groaned. "Tony's crying so much. Do you think he has fallen ill? Should we take him to the hospital?"

Tiffany hesitated before replying, "I don't think so. Maybe it's because he's not used to a new place."

Just as Amelia and Tiffany were at a loss, the doorbell suddenly rang.

Tiffany opened the door without hesitation and was shocked when she saw Kurt. "Kurt?"

Just then, Tony's wails brought her out of her daze, and Tiffany hurriedly ushered Kurt into the apartment.

After getting pulled toward Amelia, Tiffany looked to him and instructed, "All right, Kurt. Help us with Tony."

Taken aback by the sudden turn in events, Kurt was rendered speechless.

Seeing how worried Amelia looked, Kurt finally said, "Ma'am, may I carry him?"

Amelia looked hesitant as she asked, "Do you know how?"

"I'll give it a try."

As soon as Amelia handed Tony to Kurt, he immediately stopped crying. If Amelia and Tiffany didn't believe in miracles before, they'd have changed their minds then.

The women exchanged surprised glances before Tiffany turned to Kurt with a look of admiration. "Damn, Kurt, you're good. We've been trying our darndest to pacify Tony, but nothing worked. Who knew all it took was for you to hold him to stop his tears? It looks like you strike fear even in the hearts of little children."

Kurt's face instantly clouded over.

Is that supposed to be a compliment?

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 220

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 220 Disappointed

Tony was so well-behaved and quiet in Kurt's arms that Tiffany couldn't help but be impressed. With two thumbs up, she said, "What power you have, Kurt. Tony stopped wailing as soon as you got here. Not only can you be the male lead in an action film, but you're also Tony's future nanny. Congratulations! You've found yourself another job on top of being a bodyguard!"

Kurt's lips twitched, still saying nothing.

Amelia tugged at Tiffany's shirt, beckoning for her to stop spouting nonsense. Jokes were only appropriate in front of friends and family, not strangers like Kurt.

"Kurt, what are you doing here?" Amelia quizzed.

“Ma’am, I’m in charge of your protection now. I’ll follow you wherever you go,” Kurt replied solemnly.

Amelia flinched at the way Kurt greeted her. It was something she could never get used to, no matter how many times she had heard it.

“Kurt, please call me Amelia. I feel awkward being spoken to like that.”

Kurt gently patted Tony’s back before replying, “Yes, ma’am.”

Tiffany raised her hand and patted Kurt on his back. “Hey, Kurt, take it easy. You’re about the same age as Amelia, so calling her ma’am makes her sound like a princess from some faraway land. Call her by her name. It’s more natural like that.”

Kurt merely nodded.

After that, Tiffany instructed Kurt to carry Tony into the bedroom and placed him on the bed.

Seeing the smile on Tony’s face, Tiffany couldn’t help but chuckle. “Oh, Tony. You didn’t like it when two pretty ladies carried you, but here you are, smiling so gleefully after being carried by a handsome guy. Let me warn you now, you better not treat future ladies in your life like that. Otherwise, don’t blame me for smacking you.”

Kurt couldn’t stop his lips from twitching. This woman really says the darndest things.

Amelia, on the other hand, couldn’t stop laughing. “Stop it, Tiff! You’re so full of sh*t.”

Tiffany shrugged as she continued to play with Tony. “Kurt, you’re now Amelia’s bodyguard, aren’t you? You’ll listen to everything she says then?”

Despite having a sneaking suspicion that Tiffany was up to no good, Kurt nodded.

Tiffany snapped her fingers in glee and said, “Good! We have just the thing for you to do now. I have here a list of things that Tony needs. Can you get them for us? Have a look and let me know if you have any questions.”

Kurt received the sheet of paper from Tiffany, only to find it filled with words.

“Ok?” Tiffany once again asked.

Kurt nodded before leaving to get started with the errand.

Amelia glanced at Tony before turning toward Tiffany. “Tiff, what did you get Kurt to buy? Ordering him about doesn’t seem very nice, especially when he isn’t all that familiar with us.”

Tiffany shrugged nonchalantly and brushed Amelia off. "It's not every day that you get a big, strong man to help out with errands. If I don't get him to do it, then it's down to us. Are you sure you want that?"

Amelia held her tongue. She hated to admit it, but Tiffany made a lot of sense.

Ever the efficient worker, Kurt returned in less than half an hour with his hands full of bags.

Amelia was about to help him with one of the bags when Kurt moved away from her.

"I've bought everything that was listed on the paper," Kurt said as he placed the bags on the sofa.

Tiffany looked through the bags thoroughly before giving Kurt a thumbs up. "Well done, Kurt. You're the most handsome and efficient bodyguard I've ever met!"

Despite the compliments, Kurt remained stoic.

Unbothered by his lack of response, Tiffany started to unpack the bags.

Perhaps Kurt's presence had helped as Amelia and Tiffany became a lot more grounded ever since he arrived.

The funniest thing was, Tony truly and absolutely loved Kurt. Whenever Kurt carried him, not only did he stop crying, but he'd also burst out laughing and flail his arms about in glee.

Tiffany became so jealous of Kurt that she couldn't help but voice her displeasure. "Hey, Kurt, stop trying to charm Tony with your looks. Tony's still young and can't differentiate between handsome and ugly. You better keep yourself in check."

Kurt remained expressionless as he listened intently.

After some more teasing, Tiffany asked, "By the way, Kurt, are you planning on staying the night in my humble abode? I don't think that'd be very appropriate, would it?" As innocent as her question might have sounded, she was also indirectly hinting for Kurt to take his leave.

"It's my responsibility to protect ma'am."

"Oh, really? I haven't met any bodyguard who guards this closely," Tiffany replied with a smirk.

Kurt remained silent, not wanting to engage anymore.

Eventually, Tiffany had no choice but to prepare the guest room for him. “Guess what, Kurt? You’re the first man to stay in my humble abode. Careful not to let Oscar know. Otherwise, he might punish you for it.”

Kurt gingerly took a pillow and blanket from the bed and turned to Tiffany. “I’ll take care of Tony. You and ma’am can go to bed. If need be, I don’t mind waking up a few times in the middle of the night.”

Tiffany gave Kurt a quizzical look before asking, “Are you sure?”

Kurt nodded, much to the delight of Tiffany.

“You’re going to be Tony’s best nanny, Kurt! He’s all yours then!”

Already immune to Tiffany’s nonsense, Kurt barely responded.

With Kurt’s help, Amelia and Tiffany finally managed to get a good night’s sleep. Earlier on, they were still worried about how they’d get through the night with a wailing infant, yet now it was the most peaceful night. As such, Tony’s mother and godmother slept very soundly in their respective rooms, not waking up even once to check on him.

Subconsciously, they knew that Kurt was the bodyguard sent by Oscar. As such, they could trust him with Tony and also trust that he wouldn’t hurt them in any way.

In other words, Amelia still had a lot of trust in Oscar and believed that he would never cause any harm to her or Tony.

It was eight in the morning when Amelia and Tiffany finally woke up. After a quick wash, Amelia came out of her room to look for Tony when she bumped into an apron-clad Kurt serving breakfast.

Taken aback, Amelia wanted to help Kurt with the dishes when he took a step back.

“Ma... Amelia, I’ve prepared breakfast for you. Mr. Clinton has instructed that since you’ve yet to recover, it’s important to have nutritious meals.”

Amelia fought back mixed emotions and licked her lips. “You were sent here by Oscar?”

Kurt nodded.

“D-Did he say anything?”

“Mr. Clinton told me to take good care of you and make sure you don’t tire yourself out.”

“Anything else?”

Kurt looked at Amelia in confusion, not knowing what else she wanted to hear from him.

Embarrassed, Amelia changed the subject with a wave of her hand. "I'm going to check on Tony. Did he disturb you in the night?"

"Tony was very well-behaved and slept through most of the night. He's still sleeping in the crib now."

"Kurt, thank you so much. If it weren't for you, I don't think Tiffany and I could've gotten through the day, much less the night."

"I'm only doing my job. I take my orders from you, which makes Mr. Anthony my responsibility too. It's only right that I help protect and look after him."

Amelia grew flustered and waved her hands. "Kurt, don't say that. We're of equal standing. If you continue saying things like that, I'm going to feel really bad. Oscar sent you here to protect me, but he didn't ask you to take on the role of nanny too. Next time, leave the meal preparation to us women. You can sit and wait for the food."

"But I'm used to cooking, and I'm pretty good at it too. Even Mr. Clinton has complimented my food before. Ma... Amelia, why don't you give it a taste first before deciding if you want me to continue cooking?"

Sensing his enthusiasm, Amelia had no choice but to comply.

"Since you're here to protect me, I should be the one paying you, shouldn't it?"

"No need. My pay gets wired to my account every month."

Amelia didn't say anything more as she went to check on Tony, who was sound asleep and looking as adorable as ever.

After looking at her son for a while, Tiffany's voice—loud and surprised—suddenly rang out outside.

Amelia couldn't help but smile at her friend's silliness. It sure feels different with a man around the house.

Soon after, Amelia and Tiffany sat down to enjoy the breakfast that Kurt had prepared.

To both their surprise, Kurt wasn't lying when he said he was good at cooking. In fact, his food was better than famous hotel chefs. Even Tiffany, who had always been very proud of her culinary skills, had to eat humble pie in front of Kurt.

"Kurt, tell me, what's your secret behind this chicken noodle soup? How did you cook from scratch?" Tiffany asked, hoping to pick his brain.

Happy that his food was so well received, Kurt briefly shared his recipe with Tiffany.

“That’s all? It’s that simple?”

Kurt nodded.

The food he cooked had always been simple—nothing more, nothing less.

Feeling defeated, Tiffany pouted and turned to Amelia. “Babe, I’ve always thought my food was good. Now I realize there will always be someone better than me. I’ve really met my match this time.”

Amelia merely laughed at how disappointed Tiffany sounded. However, she had to admit that Kurt’s cooking was so good he could probably reach the pinnacle of the culinary world.

Amelia started to feel and look much better, perhaps due to Kurt’s attentive care and excellent food. Just like that, three days passed in a blink of an eye. On the first day, Amelia could still joke and laugh with Tiffany and Kurt. For the next two days, however, Amelia felt herself having to force a smile. Ever since she left the Clintons, none of them had come to see her. Not even Oscar, whom she had been secretly pining for, had shown up since he ordered Kurt to protect her.

Amelia would be lying if she said she wasn’t disappointed. She and Oscar had only just confessed their love to each other and should be enjoying each other’s company. Unfortunately, Stephanie ruined all that, which resulted in a temporary separation between the couple.

Now that she was staying at Tiffany’s, the Clintons never once paid a visit, thus making Amelia feel even more dejected.

She often got lost in her own thoughts while staring at Tony, who bore a striking resemblance to Oscar. Oscar Clinton, do you really not want me anymore?

With the Clintons seemingly out of her life, Amelia started to chide herself for her indecisiveness. They merely left her alone for a few days, and Amelia was already starting to worry herself sick.

She held her forehead as she silently lamented. Amelia had hoped to let Oscar realize they could reach a fair solution, but instead, she continued to let him lead her by the nose.

The feeling of always being the passive one did not sit well with her. In fact, she hated it.

After playing with Tony, Tiffany got a bowl of pumpkin soup for Amelia. She knew something was up with her friend as she asked, "Babe, what's wrong? Are you not happy?"

Amelia took the soup from her, even though she didn't have much of an appetite.

"No, no. I'm happy. Especially since I have Tony and you."

Oh, what a silly woman. I can tell you're lying.

"Have you seen your face? How is that happy? Yes, you have Tony and me, but you're still missing someone."

Amelia instantly shot a look at Tiffany.

Unfazed, Tiffany shrugged and prodded Amelia's head. "Babe, stop being such a loser. The Clintons have already climbed all over your head, and now you're getting upset because they haven't contacted you in three days? What if this goes on for half a month? Wouldn't it drive you crazy? This is the time to put your relationship with Oscar to the test. If his feelings for you can't even withstand this test, why stay with him? Honestly, if Oscar ignores you over something this small, I don't think he's worth committing your whole life to."

Amelia fell silent as she pondered Tiffany's words.

Tiffany made a lot of sense, but it was easier said than done.

"All right, let's stop thinking about it. Chin up! Tony needs you to bring him up big and strong. The Clintons are going to take the high road, so all the more we shouldn't lose to them!" Tiffany exclaimed, all puffed up with pride.

Amelia couldn't help but break into a smile, except that smile still seemed rather forced. Despite Tiffany's best efforts, Amelia's heart remained heavy and her spirit miserable.