

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 381

Chapter 381 Happiness

After they entered the bedroom, Amelia pulled her hand away from Oscar's. Taking a few chaotic steps back, she warned, "Oscar, don't come over yet."

The moment he felt his hand go empty, Oscar's gaze darkened, as he had no idea what sort of nonsense was going through Amelia's head again. Just a short while ago, the atmosphere in the living hall was amicable while Amelia behaved submissively. Even when faced with Eleanor's questions, she had accorded him due respect. As such, he was now puzzled as to what had suddenly changed.

Did the two years create such a huge gulf between us?

"Amelia, what's wrong?" Oscar asked patiently.

Taking a deep breath, Amelia tried to suppress the surge of emotions within her. "Oscar, we are already divorced. So, I hope you will stop going around saying things that will cause others to misunderstand. You are Tony's dad, and I have no objections to you forming a relationship with him. As for the two of us, I hope you can keep your distance."

Oscar smirked.

"Amelia, when I declared that you're my wife just now, you didn't deny it at all. So, why are you trying to draw a boundary between us now? You have to give me a reason," Oscar demanded with his hands spread to the sides.

Taking a step back, Amelia thrust her chin into the air. Even though she couldn't see, she didn't want to show any weakness in front of him. This was despite the urge to throw herself into his arms and vent about how she had suffered for the last two years.

"Oscar, we are now divorced. Also, I have grown used to living without you for the last two years. Given that you're the heir to the company, I don't want to be involved with you anymore." Shaking her head, Amelia contradicted her own feelings.

Suddenly, Oscar stepped forward and hugged her. Burying his head by her neck, he spoke with a suppressed tone. "Amelia, do you know how cruel you were to leave without saying a word? I was on the brink of going mad. I searched every city and even begged those that I never imagined I would, causing me to be indebted to many others. Now that I've found you, it's all right if you don't want to talk about the past, but how can you sever our relationship just like that? Do you even have a conscience? Because of you, I was hospitalized for a high fever and almost dropped dead from overwork. And

now, you want me to stay away from you? I haven't even held you accountable for leaving without saying a word. I'm not going to let you leave my side again for the rest of my life."

In her attempt to free herself from his embrace, Amelia anxiously felt his cheeks, his nose, and his eyes. In fact, in her haste, she almost stabbed her finger into his eye.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry." Amelia nervously added, "I didn't do it on purpose. What do you mean by almost dropping dead? Have you recovered now? How can you not take care of yourself? Do you want me to be burdened by guilt for the rest of my life?"

Oscar enjoyed watching Amelia fret. Grabbing her hand, he uttered word by word, "Amelia, you still care about me, don't you? That's why you can't bear to see me hurt."

Amelia fell silent. However, it didn't bother Oscar.

Feeling relieved, he pulled her into his embrace and relished in her familiar scent. With a deep voice, he added, "Amelia, I have missed you so so much. To stop myself from being consumed by it, I buried myself in work, to the extent my staff thought that I had gone nuts. Every day, I would count myself lucky if I could get five hours of sleep. Without you by my side, I had to rely on sleeping pills instead. Sometimes, I would even be scared awake by a nightmare where you appear before me, drenched in blood. I was so worried that you were suffering wherever you are. Hence, I looked up everyone that you and Tiffany were in contact with and finally found you. Because of the video you made, I didn't dare to approach you until I found a donor with a compatible cornea, as I was worried that you would go on the run again. Amelia, you have been extremely cruel to me."

Upon hearing his words, Amelia felt her heart ache.

"I'm sorry." Out of all the words in her mind, those were the only ones she could muster.

"An apology from you is indeed what I deserve for spending so much time looking for you. Now that I have become ugly, you're not allowed to be frightened by how I look," Oscar teased.

Amelia couldn't resist giggling amidst her sobs.

"Oscar, I can't believe you've learned to crack jokes in the two years we were apart," Amelia remarked with a teary-eyed smile.

When Oscar saw how fragile Amelia looked, his heart simply melted as he helped her wipe her tears away.

"I'm sorry. Do I look horrible right now?" Amelia avoided Oscar's intimate gesture.

“No, you look stunning. No matter how you have changed, you will always be the most beautiful woman to me,” Oscar replied affectionately.

Amelia broke into a smile as her heart melted at his words.

After leaving his embrace, Amelia hugged him again before he could react. Burying her head in his chest, she listened to his pounding heartbeat with a grin on her face.

She no longer wanted to hide her longing for him. After all, she too missed him a lot after two years apart. In fact, she would often run her fingers over the necklace he gave her whenever she thought of him.

She had assumed that her memories of him were enough to sustain her for the rest of her life. But the moment she leaned in his embrace, she realized how naive she was. Whenever she was around Oscar, she would become greedy. She wanted to be the only person he loved. In fact, she didn't care if he already had someone else.

“Oscar, I missed you too. I think of you every single day,” Amelia mumbled.

As a smile descended upon his face, Oscar was filled with delight. The suffering he felt for the last two years was alleviated the moment he heard her admit her longing for him. Consequently, he could no longer bring himself to admonish her any further.

Both of them embraced each other and lost track of time.

Amelia explained, “Tony was raised by Kurt. Since he is smarter than children his age, he called Kurt Daddy once he learned how to speak. We tried getting him to call Kurt Godpa instead but he refused. However, we didn't really force him either. I hope you won't take it to heart.”

Oscar's expression darkened. “You silly woman. Are you trying to make me jealous on purpose?”

“What?”

“You not only divorced me but also left with another man. My son calls me Big Meanie, while he addresses someone else as Daddy. Is it wrong of me to be jealous? I really feel like giving you a spanking to make you aware of my threshold. Or else, you will keep forgetting I have one.” Obviously, Oscar was joking about the spanking.

“Oscar, no, it isn't like that.”

Oscar put his hand on her lips to stop her. “There's no need to explain. Let bygones be bygones. I won't dwell on it, and I don't want to know what your relationship with Kurt is either. All I care about is that you're my wife.”

Amelia was moved by how Oscar trusted her unconditionally.

“Thank you, Oscar,” Amelia uttered sincerely. Even though they had been apart for two years, it didn’t put any distance between them.

Resting in his embrace, Amelia felt a sense of security that no one else could give her.

Oscar ran his fingers through her silky hair. “If you really feel guilty, then don’t leave me next time. Do you know that I divorced you just so that I could pursue you all over again? Instead, you didn’t even give me an opportunity and left without a word. Can you imagine how devastated I was back then?”

“Really?”

“Of course, I would never lie to you.”

Amelia broke into a smile. The knot in her heart from two years ago was untied by Oscar’s words. Filled with bliss, she finally realized what it truly meant to be happy. It was a sensation that no amount of money could buy.

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Chapter 382 A Relenting Heart

With Amelia in his arms, Oscar sat on the bed and said, “Amelia, we will be heading to Anglandur tomorrow. As for Mrs. Hutton, do you want me to investigate her background? Given how much you resemble her, it’s impossible for you two not to be related by blood.”

“Are you saying that she’s my biological mother?” Amelia stated out loud what he was inferring.

“Yes, I noticed that her concern for you exceeds what an ordinary person would have. Haven’t you suspected that she has an agenda by trying to get close to you?” Oscar asked while fiddling with her hair.

Smiling wryly, Amelia replied, “Of course I did. However, since she’s unwilling to acknowledge it, there’s no point in me breaking that barrier. After all, I’m just happy with the way things are.”

“Why?”

Amelia briefly related how Benjamin treated her.

With a sharpened gaze, Oscar declared, "You do not need his approval. Given that only I am allowed to bully you, he has crossed the line by doing so. It looks like I must have a chat with this Mr. Hutton you speak of."

With her troubles all behind her now, Amelia gradually beamed.

"There's no need to. He's just worried that I've approached his wife and daughter with an agenda. After all, everyone that's rich suffers from the same fear," Amelia replied with a smile. With regards to Benjamin, Amelia wasn't too keen on getting to know him better even if he might be her biological father. Not only do they have incompatible personalities, but Benjamin also disliked her. In fact, he resented the idea of accepting her into the Hutton family, and that was the reason why he objected to Eleanor interacting with Amelia.

In truth, Amelia felt that there was no need for Benjamin to behave that way.

Oscar scratched her nose and joked, "You shouldn't forget that you're rich too. The assets that I have placed in your name are more than enough for you to live a life of luxury without needing to work a single day. Although you have closed all of your old accounts, I have tracked down your new one and transferred the assets into it."

Burying her head in his arms, Amelia wondered in a melancholic tone, "Oscar, why are you so nice to me? I left with Tony without saying a word and disappeared for two years. Judging by what I did, shouldn't you hate me instead?"

"Do you want me to hate you?" Lowering his gaze, Oscar threw the question back at her, causing her to fall silent.

After a long while, she replied softly, "Oscar, over the last two years, I was always afraid of dreaming about you telling me that you hated me. There were a few times when I dreamt that you told me to get lost. Those were the times when I would jolt awake and could no longer sleep. Whenever that happens, I would walk to the window to admire the beautiful scenery outside. Unfortunately, it's obvious that I can't see anything at all. Deep in the night, I would simply feel the gentle breeze blowing in my face. During those moments, I would ask myself what I would do if you hated me. To be honest, I have no idea, as that is the thing I fear the most."

As he held Amelia tightly, Oscar's heart ached at how she always let her imagination run wild. How could I have ever assumed that she was a materialistic woman back then?

Leaning into his arms, Amelia listened to his heartbeat and asked again, "Oscar, do you really not hate me?"

"If I did, would I have gone through so much trouble to find you a suitable cornea? However, I do blame myself for not caring enough in the beginning. The fact that you

chose to leave before you lose your eyesight entirely shows that you didn't believe I could protect you from the malicious rumors. In the end, you chose to suffer alone instead. During the first month after you left, I kept wondering if I was a failure. Or else, why didn't you believe in me?" Oscar related his sorrows with a grim voice.

Feeling around randomly, Amelia grabbed his hand and held it tightly. "No, it wasn't because I didn't trust you. I just didn't have enough self-confidence. You can call it overthinking or just me being melodramatic, but I simply couldn't come to terms with the fact that I was suddenly blind. Given how capable you are, I was sure you would do your best to get my eyes cured. However, a compatible cornea just isn't that easy to come by. In the beginning, I might still be able to reassure myself. But as time passes, I will definitely develop an inferiority complex."

Oscar's heart broke at her words.

Tightening his hug, he felt the urge to cocoon her within himself.

"All right, that's all in the past now, so let's stop talking about it. Tomorrow, we will go to Anglandur together for your cornea transplant, and you will be able to see again. After that, the three of us will never be apart," Oscar reassured her softly as she leaned against his chest in silence.

A few minutes later, Amelia raised her head and asked, "Oscar, what about your parents? Don't they already hate me?"

Stroking her face, he replied, "Don't worry, I'll deal with them. Even though Mom looks as if she's an easygoing person, the decades of people fawning over her have made her used to getting her way all the time. As such, she is unable to tolerate anyone going against her wishes. She was indeed furious that you left without saying a word. In fact, she has a bad impression of you now. But don't you worry, I will definitely resolve this."

Amelia smiled wryly and said, "It's not surprising at all. Back then, Olivia was fond of Cassie too but ended up hating her. And now, the same situation is happening to me. To be honest, I don't think Olivia is ever going to forgive me. Oscar, if there comes a day where the Clintons fight me for Tony's custody, I will never give it up. Tony is my only support, and I cannot lose him."

In response, Oscar's expression darkened while his hand on Amelia's cheeks twitched. "If Tony is your only support, what am I to you?"

You are my emotional pillar, was what Amelia thought of Oscar.

Narrowing his gaze, he cupped Amelia's cheeks forcefully. "Amelia, you really are cruel. Not only am I lower in priority than Tony, but I'm also less important than your friend, Tiffany. Am I right?"

Feeling desperate, Amelia tried to grab Oscar's hand. However, she didn't expect him to avoid it.

"Amelia, all this while, I thought that I was the most important person to you. But now, I realized that I have overestimated my place in your heart."

Feeling her throat drying out, Amelia replied with a raspy voice, "Oscar, what do you mean by that?"

Oscar smirked.

"Amelia, you understand very well what I mean," he replied with a frosty tone. "When I give my soul to you, I also hope that you'd do the same in return."

As she got to her feet, Amelia's eyes were filled with helplessness.

"Oscar, that's not what I meant," she clarified.

When he saw the look in her eyes, Oscar relented with a sigh. He had wanted to impress upon her how important he was, but in the end, his heart was too soft to follow through with it.

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Chapter 383 An Apology

Oscar walked over and hugged Amelia, patting her back gently. "Amelia, you've changed a lot. You would have never shown me your vulnerable side before."

Amelia was stunned momentarily before she smiled wryly.

"Oscar, after I go to Anglandur and if my cornea transplant surgery is a success, I won't be returning to that city for a while," Amelia suddenly said.

Oscar's expression darkened instantly, and he tried hard to suppress his rage.

"And what's the reason for that?"

"It's too complicated over there. I think Beshya is pretty good."

"Then what about me?"

"Aren't we already divorced?"

Rendered speechless, Oscar let out a chuckle.

He lifted Amelia's chin. "Amelia, do you think this is appropriate? If you stay in Beshya, then what about me? What if Dad and Mom want to visit Tony? Do you remember how much you have hurt the Clintons when you left with Tony two years ago without saying anything? Please think about it. I'm a little pissed right now. So I'll go out to clear my thoughts. We'll leave for Anglandur tomorrow."

With that, Oscar walked out the door.

Derrick, who was eating an apple outside, saw Oscar come out. He wanted to greet the latter, but Oscar ignored him and left abruptly.

After Derrick went and talked with Tiffany for a while in the kitchen, he ran downstairs and saw Oscar by the car.

"Mr. Clinton, what's going on?" Derrick walked over and patted Oscar's shoulder.

Oscar cast him a glance and handed him a cigarette.

Derrick took the cigarette but did not light it.

"Mr. Clinton, did you get into a fight with Amelia?"

Puffing on his cigarette, Oscar uttered in a low voice, "Do you think that I treat Amelia well?"

"Of course. I've never seen someone who cares so much for her."

"Really?"

Derrick folded his arms while leaning lazily against the car. "I've never pegged you as a man that lacks confidence. Did Amelia break your spirit?"

"No. I'm just a little pissed. I didn't expect that even after she regained her eyesight, she would still refuse to go back with me."

Derrick nodded slightly. So that was what happened.

"Mr. Clinton, Amelia has just escaped from the Clinton residence two years ago. She has gotten used to a carefree life. If she goes back now, she will need to face a load of troubles again. If your roles were reversed, which one would you choose?"

Oscar fell into deep thought.

“Mr. Clinton, I know you’re a powerful man, and you’re capable of protecting your woman. It is easy to dodge an open attack but difficult to guard against a knife in the back. I’ve heard Mrs. Clinton saying that among the high society, she preferred the daughter of the Walker family as her daughter-in-law. If that’s so, won’t it be awkward if Amelia follows you back? Besides, Tony is the grandson of the Clintons. Surely there will also be an issue about Tony’s custody. I think Amelia just doesn’t want to put you in a bad spot.”

Oscar’s gaze darkened. Indeed, he was aware of how challenging it was to cope with his mother’s gentle yet domineering gesture.

“Mr. Clinton, please take my advice if you find it reasonable. If not, feel free to ignore it. However, I didn’t expect you and Amelia to get into a conflict. I thought you would appreciate her more after spending so much effort to find her. I didn’t expect to see you wasting such a great opportunity,” Derrick deliberately teased.

Oscar smiled bitterly while continuing to smoke. “I’m not angry with her. I’m angry with myself. I used to think that I was a smart man. That there’s nothing I can’t achieve in the business world. Yet, I got abandoned by two women respectively. I am starting to doubt whether I’m really as good as others said. So, when Amelia refused to go back with me, I lost my calm.”

Derrick smiled as he exposed Oscar’s true thoughts. “Mr. Clinton, just tell me the truth. You’re actually jealous, aren’t you?”

Oscar stared at him with a confused look.

“Amelia allowed Kurt to stay by her side for almost two years. You must be jealous of him, right?”

“Derrick, sometimes it is better not to be so smart.”

Derrick let out a loud laugh.

“Mr. Clinton, thanks for your compliment. It’s such a rare honor for you to praise me.” Derrick got serious suddenly. “But Mr. Clinton, it wasn’t easy for you to find Amelia. Are you really going to give up just because of her words?”

Oscar cut him a glare.

Derrick shrugged like a lazy cat. “Mr. Clinton, sometimes a man should not keep quiet, especially to the woman he loves. You might think that two hearts are always connected when they’re really in love. But it is still important to express your true feelings. If not, she will never know.”

Oscar stared profoundly at Derrick.

“Has anyone ever told you that you can be such a jerk sometimes?” Oscar said suddenly.

“You’re the first one.”

Oscar finally smiled. “Do you want to grab a drink?”

“Aren’t you going back upstairs? Won’t Amelia worry about you?”

“We should both calm down for a while.”

“Aren’t you worried that she might become another man’s woman after calming down?”

“Derrick, you really need to learn when to shut up.”

“Mr. Clinton, I’m only speaking so frankly with you because I treat you as a friend.”

“She is destined to be mine. I finally found her after so long. So I won’t let her go so easily.”

“Now that’s more like it, Mr. Clinton!”

The men got into a car and drove off afterward.

Back in the house, Tiffany opened the bedroom door after fidgeting for a while. Amelia, who seemed to be dispirited, immediately wiped at her eyes. “Oscar?”

“It’s me.”

Disappointment filled Amelia’s heart when she heard that it was just her best friend.

Tiffany locked the door behind her and sat beside Amelia. “Did you get into a fight with Oscar?”

Amelia shook her head in response.

“No. We just had different opinions,” Amelia explained. “After being separated for two years, it’s only natural that there’d be some gaps between us.”

“What happened? He has done so much for you. I would have thought he would pamper you and appreciate you after getting you back. I didn’t expect to see you two having an argument.” Tiffany pretended to be casual.

Amelia let out a sigh. “It’s probably my problem.”

Upon hearing that, Tiffany wrapped her arm around Amelia's shoulder. "Babe, what exactly happened? In my eyes, you're the definition of an independent and strong woman. I don't think there is anything you can't solve."

Amelia smiled as the burden in her heart lessened a little.

"Tiff, I can't see anything for almost two years. I have lost all my confidence. You know how much I've changed. It's not that I've become kinder, it's just that I'm afraid my sharp attitude would only be used against me. Even though I might seem normal, I am not okay. When Oscar called my name earlier, I was not delighted at all. In fact, I was so afraid that he'd see how pathetic I looked that I wanted to escape right away. And I did. I turn and ran only to almost fall flat on my a*s."

Tiffany burst out laughing.

"Babe, seems like you've learned how to joke too."

Upon hearing that, Amelia merely smiled in response.

"All right. I'll stop messing with you. Come on then. Tell me. Why are you having a conflict with Oscar?"

Amelia explained briefly to Tiffany.

"Babe, if your eyesight really does recover, you should consider going back with him since he's already found you. It's about time we give an explanation to the Clintons. After all, it was indeed unreasonable of us to take Tony from them without saying anything. It's time to face the problems head-on. Besides, you won't want Oscar to continue to be stuck in the middle of this, do you? If you still love him, you should face the Clintons no matter how hard it might be. Not to mention you do owe Mrs. Clinton an apology."

"All right," Amelia said slowly.

"After Oscar comes back later, you should apologize to him. After all, you guys have been apart for two years, and should not be separated again.

"So you don't oppose me being together with him anymore?"

"It's useless even if I oppose. How many times have you dreamt of him these two years? How many times have you stood by the window thinking of him? When you got a high fever, you didn't stop calling his name. I wanted to match you and Kurt because I wanted you to forget about Oscar. But since he's now here to find you, I don't want to stand in the way anymore." Tiffany shrugged.

Amelia smiled. "Tiff, you're getting better at comforting others."

“You’ve made a famous author like me comfort you diligently, yet you still dare to tease me. Seems like I’m going to have to teach you a lesson.” Tiffany pounced at Amelia and started tickling her. Before long, Amelia was left laughing uncontrollably as she begged for mercy.

After they were done messing around, Tiffany uttered, “Babe, Derrick texted me just now. He’s having a drink with Oscar now. When they’re back, you should have a proper talk with Oscar. I’m sure you know how much he loves you since he was able to search for you for two long years.”

Amelia nodded.

“Please stop quarreling. It’s not easy for you two to finally get back together. If you chase him away again, I’m sure you’ll regret it.”

“I got it.”

“By the way, there’s no need to humble yourself too much in front of him. You’re an outstanding woman, and many men would love to be with you. You should know your value.”

Amelia flashed her a helpless smile. I have never thought of humbling myself. But losing my sight has made me lose my confidence. Even if I acted like it’s nothing, the difficulties that I’ve faced in my daily life have crushed my spirit. There’s no way I can be optimistic about this. In fact, I have done my best to keep myself together. You can’t ask too much from a blind person, after all.

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Chapter 384 Dead Or Alive

Midnight came. It had been hours since Oscar and Derrick went drinking and they were still not back yet. They did not even call. Anxiousness was evident on Amelia’s face as she gripped onto her phone tightly.

Tiffany dialed Derrick’s number, but no one picked up. She was beginning to worry as well.

Amelia asked, “Tiff, did he answer it?”

“Nope. Don’t worry, Amelia. Maybe they suddenly got some stuff to attend to. Derrick called me two hours ago and said they were on their way back, so maybe something happened on the road,” Tiffany said.

Amelia jumped to her feet from the couch. "I'll go find him."

"Babe, please stop messing around. You're blind right now. How are you going to find him?" Tiffany said anxiously.

Amelia froze on the spot.

Tiffany immediately uttered apologetically, "Amelia, I didn't mean anything by that. I'm just worried about you. Please don't mind what I said. Anyway, let's go out and try to find them then."

Amelia forced out a smile. "No, it's my fault. I guess I must have forgotten that I'm blind for a second there. Let's sit down and wait. Maybe they've really run into something on the way. It's pointless for us to worry about nothing."

Tiffany was still feeling guilty. Before she could say anything, however, Amelia spoke again.

"Tiff, we're not strangers. So don't worry about your words. If our relationship can't stand such honesty, then I don't really deserve so much help from you."

Tiffany swallowed back her words after hearing that.

After a while, Kurt opened his mouth too. "Amelia, why don't I go look for them? I have some connections in Beshya. I'll ask them to help."

"There's no need for that. They're both grown-ups. I doubt they'd get lost that easily. I'm just overreacting. Kurt, you should go ahead and rest first. Tiff and I will go to bed soon as well." Amelia lifted her head and gazed at Kurt with her non-seeing eyes.

"Let me stay here with you," Kurt said.

Amelia hesitated and swallowed back her words. Indeed, she felt she owed Kurt too much. If it were not for Kurt, it would've been difficult for her and Tiffany to raise a kid in these two years. After all, one of them was blind while the other was often busy with her scripts. Amelia was well aware of the fact that Kurt had treated her truly well.

"Kurt, thank you. And I'm sorry," Amelia uttered with a soft voice. I owe him an apology. I'm afraid I could never pay back what he has done for me.

Kurt bit his lip as complicated emotions swirled in his gaze.

Tiffany immediately weighed in. "Have a seat then, Kurt. Amelia just doesn't want you to be tired."

With that, Kurt sat down.

As the three of them sat on the couch, the atmosphere soon turned awkward.

Just then, Tiffany's phone rang abruptly. She looked at it and shouted with excitement, "Amelia, it's from Derrick!"

"Pick it up now."

Tiffany answered the call. After a few seconds, the color drained from her face as she choked on her words. "We need to go to the hospital now."

Amelia started to panic. "What happened? Why are we going to the hospital?"

Tiffany's hand could not stop trembling. "They... They had a car accident."

Amelia's mind went blank instantly.

It wasn't until they have gotten into the car that Amelia finally regained her sense. She reached out, trying to find Tiffany's hand, but failed. At that moment, she hated herself for being blind. She felt so useless whenever people around her needed help.

"Tiff, how are they? Did the doctor say how serious it was?" Amelia asked nervously.

"Babe, please calm down first. The nurse only said they had an accident. We'll find out more once we reach the hospital. Let me give Mr. Jensen a call. He's a friend of Derrick. With him around, the other doctors and nurses will treat them well." Tiffany forced out a calm front while comforting Amelia.

"Please call him now then," Amelia urged.

Tiffany made a call to Charles, and he picked up after a long while.

"Tiffany, I'm sorry I didn't have my phone with me just now. I was busy with some work. Why are you calling at this late hour? Did something happen to your friend's eyes again?" Charles asked.

"No. It's Derrick. He's been in a car accident and got sent to Principal General Hospital. I want to ask if you could go check it out?" Tiffany asked apologetically.

"Derrick's in Beshya? Why didn't he call me? I'll go to the hospital now. Don't worry too much," Charles replied.

"Thank you, Mr. Jensen. And sorry for troubling you at this hour."

"Tiffany, Derrick has been my friend for over twenty years. He's my best buddy. You don't have to be so courteous with me. And just call me Charles. I'm heading to the hospital now. So I'll talk to you later."

Hanging up the phone, Tiffany held Amelia's hand tightly. The two of them fell into deep silence.

Soon, they arrived at the hospital. Holding hands together, they rushed inside.

Tiffany asked the nurse at the counter anxiously, "Nurse, have you brought in two patients that were from a car accident?"

The nurse checked and responded, "There are a few car accident patients here. But two younger men died right after they reached here. It was a drunk driving accident. The cops are trying to get more details about the case on the third floor. I've also called the patient's next of kin. So please head on to the third floor to claim them."

Amelia and Tiffany's faces paled in fright. The latter leaned on the table and asked, "Nurse, is there some kind of mistake? Didn't you say there were a few patients? Where are the ones alive?"

"They're all on the third floor. But the other three are all elders. We've checked their identity card. They're from the village and we've called their families. Their families all live far away and won't be here for a short while. You don't look like you're from the village either. My condolences," the nurse responded indifferently.

Tiffany had the urge to strangle the nurse.

"What kind of attitude is this? You deserve to be a nurse forever," Tiffany shouted at the nurse.

"Lady, how can you speak like that? I'm just trying to do my job here."

"How could you give me your condolences without even confirming who my husband is? Do you want me to ask the dean to fire you? I don't understand how Principal General Hospital has hired such low-quality nurses. I bet you got this job through connections." Tiffany's eyes were filled with rage.

"You're being unreasonable here. I was just trying to comfort you. How could you say such a thing?"

"Nonsense! I'm sure they are still alive. You are the one who will die young. You have no professional courtesy at all. Aren't you afraid that I'll sue you?" Tiffany was overwhelmed with wrath.

Just then, Amelia pulled Tiffany back and said with a trembling voice, "Tiff, let's just go upstairs."

Tiffany held Amelia and choked on her words. "Amelia, don't panic yet. I'm sure they're fine. Let's go up and check now."

After they got into the elevator, the nurse at the counter cursed indignantly, "What a crazy woman."

When they reached the third floor, Tiffany stopped a doctor passing by. "Doctor, may I know where are the car accident victims who just got sent here?"

"Are you their family? My condolences. The five of them were in serious conditions when they got here. We've tried our best but failed to save them. They're still in the operating room. Please head on over to see them one last time," the doctor said.

Tiffany let go of the doctor's hand. Her eyes dimmed as she said, "Thank you, doctor."

The doctor nodded slightly and left.

Amelia staggered a few steps back and fell backward. Kurt immediately supported her. Meanwhile, Tiffany covered her head in disbelief. "This must be a misunderstanding. I'm going to call Derrick now. I bet this is all just a joke. How could he die from a car accident? That's impossible."

Tiffany dialed Derrick's number nervously, but no one answered.

"Why is there no one picking up? Derrick, answer it. I'm begging you. I'll go home with you if you answer now. In fact, I'll stay right by your side from now on. So, please." Tiffany bawled her eyes out.

Amelia took a deep breath while getting up from Kurt's embrace. She hugged Tiffany tightly. "Tiff, don't be like this. Oscar and Derrick will be fine. Let's go and see those patients. It must be a misunderstanding."

Tiffany took a deep breath and nodded.

"That's right. Let's go check. I'm sure it wasn't them." Yet, they were rooted to the spot when they reached the operating room's door.

Tiffany stared at the closed door, her face utterly pale. The door opened, and the nurses pushed out the beds that were covered in white sheets. Tiffany could not stop trembling upon seeing that.

"Ms. Winters, why are you here? Did something happen to Ms. Amelia's eyes again?" The lead doctor recognized them as he had participated in Amelia's eyes surgery before.

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Chapter 385 You Fell In Love With Her

Tiffany's lips trembled as she stared intently at the white cloth on the bed. "Who is this?"

"A victim of a drunk driving car accident. He was brought here an hour ago, but we couldn't save him. Why, do you know him?" the doctor said.

Tiffany instinctively let out a sigh of relief when she heard that. This doctor has seen Derrick before. If he doesn't know who this victim is, then it probably isn't Derrick.

"No. I got a call from a doctor saying Derrick was involved in a car accident, so Amelia and I came rushing over as soon as we could. Do you know where he is?" Tiffany asked anxiously with her hands tightly clasped.

The doctor gave it some thought and replied, "Mr. Hisson isn't among the car accident victims that were brought here, so it's possible that the nurses made a mistake. I've been in this operating theater for an hour now. Maybe you could try calling Mr. Hisson again? There must be some kind of mistake. Anyway, I have some other stuff to take care of, so I'll be on my way now."

Right as they were racking their brains trying to figure out where Oscar and Derrick were, Tiffany got a call from Charles.

Although a little disappointed, she answered the phone anyway.

"Hey, Tiffany! Derrick and Oscar are currently in my office. Where are you? You can come straight to my office if you're in the hospital," Charles said.

"What? Derrick is with you? All right, Amelia and I are coming over right now!" Tiffany shouted excitedly before hanging up the phone.

With tears of joy in her eyes, she grabbed Amelia by the hand and said, "They're fine, Babe! They're in Charles' office at the moment. Come on, let's go see them!"

"Yeah, let's go!" Amelia replied with reddened eyes.

She felt as if she had been brought back to life and could finally breathe again.

Tiffany and Amelia rushed into Charles' office the moment he opened the door for them. Derrick and Oscar could be seen sitting inside with their arms covered in bandages. "Derrick, are you okay? How did you get yourself into an accident like this?" Tiffany asked worriedly as she ran to his side.

Amelia, who was unable to see, asked with her arms outstretched, "Where are you, Oscar?"

“Here, I’ll take you to him,” Kurt said while holding her hand.

Before he could do anything, however, Oscar stepped forward and shot him a complicated look. Kurt instinctively took a step back to give them some space.

Kurt had always been a man of few words, but he spoke even less after Oscar showed up. Seeing Amelia love Oscar so much had worsened the pain in his heart, and he could feel a bunch of mixed emotions raging about within him.

“I’m fine, Amelia. Don’t worry,” Oscar said gently.

As Amelia frantically felt his body to assess his condition, she accidentally touched his wounded left arm, causing Oscar to grunt in pain.

“What’s wrong? Are you hurt?” Amelia was worried sick about him, and the fact that she couldn’t see only worsened her anxiety.

“I’m all right. It’s just a wound on my arm, that’s all,” Oscar said casually.

He then sat her down on the chair as he continued, “Derrick and I were on our way back when we encountered a truck that was going really fast. The drunk driver lost control, and his truck came speeding toward us. Fortunately, Derrick is a skilled driver and managed to dodge the incoming truck in time. Even so, we ended up crashing into the guard rail on the side. We were lucky enough to get away with some minor injuries on our arms. That truck then rammed into another car shortly after. There were three middle-aged men in the truck, and two young men in the car. We were all rushed to the hospital as soon as the ambulance arrived. My phone fell out when we hit the guard rail, and Derrick’s phone had ran out of battery. That’s why we had the nurse call you to inform you that we’re both safe.”

The mere thought of something like that happening to Oscar sent a shiver down Amelia’s spine.

“Thank goodness you’re all right, Oscar! Please don’t ever scare me like this again! My heart almost stopped when the nurse told us you and Derrick were sent to the hospital! I’ll do anything you want as long as you stay safe! I’ll go back to the city with you once my eyes are all better! I don’t care if Mom doesn’t like me. I’ll beg her for forgiveness or something. I won’t make things difficult for you, Oscar!” she said submissively.

Amelia felt like her entire world had come crashing down on her the moment she heard about Oscar’s potential death. Nothing else seemed to matter in the face of life-and-death situations. She was willing to agree to anything as long as Oscar was safe.

Oscar gently caressed her cheeks and frowned when he felt how cold her skin was.

“Why is your face so cold?”

Amelia placed her hand over his as she replied, "I'm fine. I was just scared by the news of your accident, that's all. I'll be fine now that I know you're safe. Oscar, I want you to inform me if anything happens in the future. I don't want to hear about you from someone else, okay? People tend to miscommunicate, and it can really scare me to death. Once is more than enough. I don't want to experience something like this ever again!"

Oscar gently pulled her into his embrace. "I'm sorry for making you worry. It won't happen again."

Amelia smiled as she leaned against his chest. The sound of his steady heartbeat reassured her that everything was all right.

Seeing such a scene hurt Kurt's heart so much that it felt like it was being pierced by countless needles, and he decided to leave the room silently. He had just stepped out the door when he saw Hugo standing outside.

The two exchanged glances, and Kurt simply flashed him a wry smile in response.

Hugo looked at the closed doors behind Kurt. "Let's go get a drink."

Kurt nodded without saying a word, and the two of them left the hospital.

They sat down at a nearby pub where they ordered food and some beers.

Hugo opened two bottles and handed Kurt one before raising his own as he said, "Cheers."

Kurt clinked bottles with him before chugging his drink down aggressively.

Hugo had a rough idea as to what happened when he saw that. "Let me guess, you fell in love with Mrs. Clinton?"

Kurt paused and stared at Hugo without saying anything.

"It's obvious that you're a lovelorn man, Kurt. You can't hide it from me." Hugo took another sip of his beer as he continued, "You know Mrs. Clinton belongs to Boss, and yet you fell for her anyway? Aren't you afraid of what Boss might do to you if he finds out? He trained us, remember? None of us is a match for him if he so much as decides to take action against you."

Kurt fell silent. The look in his eyes grew increasingly conflicted, and he felt as if a huge boulder was pressing down on his chest.

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Chapter 386 Love Troubles

“I never pegged you for the type to take a woman seriously, but then you surprise me by falling for Boss’ woman and trying to steal her from under his nose. While I do admire your courage, I can’t help but worry for your safety,” Hugo added.

Kurt drank some of his beer before saying, “She’s a charming woman with a very unique personality. I doubt any man who comes into contact with her would be able to resist falling in love with her.”

Hugo shot Kurt a serious look in response. The two of them had worked side by side for many years, so he knew Kurt really did mean what he said.

I’m impressed by his courage, but what he’s doing is simply far too reckless...

With that in mind, Hugo downed the remaining beer in his bottle in one go.

He then jabbed a finger at Kurt as he said, “Kurt, do you have any idea how much trouble you’ve caused us when you brought Mrs. Clinton away two years ago? We searched everywhere for her day and night, including the neighborhood you guys are staying in now. Boss was like a completely different person throughout the past two years. He immersed himself in work and became a lot more irritable than usual. A lot of us have been punished by Boss because of your selfish act. One of our colleagues even had both his legs broken by Boss in a fit of rage and is wheelchair-bound for the rest of his life. Did you not consider what would happen to us before leaving like that?”

Kurt tightened his grip on the bottle.

He had a lot going on in his head, but the only words that left his mouth were, “I’m sorry.”

Hugo let out a wry chuckle. “You’re usually so quiet that none of us thought you’d do anything crazy, but then you went ahead and did the craziest thing ever. All of us suffered greatly because of that stunt you pulled. None of us had a good night’s sleep for the past two years, and Boss would even lash out at us from time to time. I believe you owe us all an apology, Kurt.”

“I’ll apologize to the others in person when I have the chance to,” Kurt replied.

Hugo clinked bottles with him as he asked, “So, what are you going to do now that you’ve seen how much they love each other?”

A hint of pain flashed past Kurt’s eyes as he continued drinking.

Hugo let out a heavy sigh as he advised him earnestly, "You've stayed by her side for two years now, Kurt. You should know better than anyone how she feels about you. Do you really think you'll be happy holding on to an unrequited love like this?"

"She deserves to be protected," Kurt mumbled gloomily.

D*mn, I wish I could crack his head open and see what's going on in that thick skull of his! Why is he still being so stubborn when the facts have been clearly laid out before him? Boss might actually kill him if he crosses the line! I don't want to lose a good friend like this!

With that in mind, Hugo shouted at him in frustration, "Quit being such an idiot, Kurt! Mrs. Clinton may be pretty, but she isn't worth you throwing away everything you have! She's a great woman, but she doesn't belong to you! You know how bad things will end for you if you cross Boss, don't you?"

Kurt shot him a glance and said, "I know what I'm doing."

"Bullsh*t! You lose your d*mned mind the moment you see Mrs. Clinton! You wouldn't have run off with her two years ago if you knew what you were doing! God d*mn it, Kurt! You piss me off so much!" Hugo was on the verge of losing his temper at that point, but Kurt simply continued drinking in silence.

Just like that, the two of them ended up drinking twelve bottles of beer in one go.

For some reason, Kurt seemed to have a clearer head after all that drinking. "Come on, let's go," he said calmly.

"Yeah, sure..." Hugo mumbled, feeling slightly drunk as he paid the bill.

As the two of them made their way back to the hospital, Hugo asked, "Kurt, have you considered rejoining us?"

Kurt looked at him in confusion. "What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean."

Kurt fell silent once again.

"Kurt, you know working for Boss is the only way to hone your talents. Mrs. Clinton isn't a bad person, but she can't give you what you're looking for."

"I'm a man, Hugo. I don't need a woman to give me anything. Besides, I promised her I'd look after Mr. Anthony until he grows up, and I always keep my promise. As long as she allows me to stay by her side, I am content with just loving her in secret for the rest of my life," Kurt replied with a serious expression.

Hugo kept quiet, and neither of them said another word as they continued walking toward the hospital.

After stepping out of the elevator, Hugo couldn't help but advise him one final time, "Kurt, I think you'd better reconsider this. You have a bright future ahead of you. There's no need to throw it all away for a woman who will never be yours."

"You don't know that for sure until the very end."

And there it is... He's beyond salvation at this point. Sigh... We're both grown men here, so I'm sure Kurt knows exactly what he's getting into. Since I'm not him, I guess I won't really know if he'll be happy or sad in this one-sided love of his.

Hugo gave up on trying to change Kurt's mind.

Being an outsider, it was hard for him to say if Kurt would eventually find the happiness he was seeking.

The two of them peered into Charles' office from outside, only to see that it was completely dark.

Hugo pulled out his phone and gave Oscar a call. "Got it, Boss," he said shortly after the call got through.

He then hung up the phone and told Kurt, "Boss has already returned to the apartment with Mrs. Clinton."

The look in Kurt's eyes turned gloomy when he heard that. "Then let's head back as well."

"No need for that. Boss says we can just find ourselves a hotel to stay the night. We'll head over to Anglandur with them tomorrow."

Kurt tightened his fists and asked in a very bitter tone, "Can I come with you?"

"I'm afraid that's not for me to decide. You'll need to get permission from Boss if you want to tag along. Given how you've been staying with Mrs. Clinton for the past two years, I highly doubt he'd say yes to it. If I were Boss and found out that some guy has a thing for my wife, I'd do everything I can to keep him away from her, too. Prevention is better than cure, after all. Do you really think Boss will let you come with us?"

Kurt pursed his lips and kept quiet.

"Kurt, you should know that Boss is being incredibly magnanimous by not punishing you at all. Don't push your luck any further."

Kurt lowered his gaze. "Let's go."

He was doomed to not have a happy relationship the moment he loved a woman he shouldn't. Knowing how stubborn he is, he might just go on like this for the rest of his life!

Hugo sighed at the thought of that. The two of them booked two presidential suites at a five-star hotel and went into their respective rooms. Due to the effects of alcohol kicking in, Hugo soon fell asleep after a quick shower. Kurt, on the other hand, stood by the window and stared at the sky the entire night. The look in his eyes was dull as he lost himself in his thoughts.

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 387

Chapter 387 Sweet Words

Amelia was still worried about Oscar's injuries even after they had returned to the apartment. "Oscar, is your arm really fine? Please let me know if it hurts," she said worriedly while grabbing onto his arm.

Oscar held her hand and said with a soft chuckle, "I'm fine. You know, it'd probably heal faster if you'd give it a kiss."

Amelia froze for a brief moment before giving Oscar a light smack on the wounded arm, causing him to yelp in pain.

His reaction was so funny that Amelia found herself bursting into laughter. She realized Oscar had indeed changed a lot over the past two years.

With her blind eyes wide open, Amelia gave him a hug and leaned against his chest as she said, "Oscar, I'm really glad that you only injured your arm in this car accident. I would never be able to forgive myself if something terrible happened to you."

"You silly girl! I haven't loved you enough, so I wouldn't possibly let anything happen to me. I'm planning to grow old with you, so I'm going to make sure I stay in good shape all the time. I want to still be able to carry you when we're both old and wrinkly," Oscar replied while gently running his hand through her hair.

"All right, get off me now. You need to go take a shower!" Amelia said with a smile.

Oscar nibbled on her ear and whispered mischievously, "Will you be joining me?"

Amelia felt her cheeks burning up and instinctively took a few steps back. "Hurry up and go take a shower! I can't see anything, so I'd just make things difficult for you," she exclaimed coquettishly.

Oscar narrowed his eyes as he said, "All right. You can just sit here while you wait for me, then."

Amelia did as told and began thinking about a lot of things while Oscar was in the shower.

Man, I feel really bad for Kurt. I know he has feelings for me, and yet I can't stop myself from being all lovey-dovey with Oscar. Looks like Kurt's deep love for me is destined to remain unrequited for the rest of his life...

Amelia wrapped her hands around her head that was in a mess at the moment. On one hand, she was terrified by the fact that she had nearly lost Oscar. On the other, she faced immense pressure from Kurt's one-sided love and affection. As her scale had always tipped in Oscar's favor, she could only apologize to Kurt as she was unable to reciprocate his love.

Oscar saw the stressed look on her face when he came out of the shower.

"What's the matter, Honey? What's on your mind?" he asked gently while wiping his hair dry.

Amelia jumped in shock as she was spacing out so much that she didn't notice him coming out. "Oh, Oscar! You're done showering already? That was fast!"

Oscar tossed his towel aside, pulled her into his arms, and whispered into her ear, "Come on, tell me. What were you thinking about?"

Amelia nuzzled against his chest and sighed as she said, "This day just feels like a dream. I didn't expect you to come looking for me at all. I've been through an emotional roller coaster today. It feels great to have you by my side, but I feel bad for a certain someone."

The look in Oscar's eyes dimmed upon hearing that, but he decided to play dumb and acted like he didn't know what she was talking about.

"And who would that be?"

"It's Kurt. Please don't blame him, Oscar. I begged him to leave with me and Tiff because we couldn't look after Tony with just the two of us. Since Tony likes Kurt, I figured it would be best to have him come with us. It's all my fault, so you can blame it all on me." Amelia looked up at Oscar even if she couldn't see anything. She had insisted on leaving out of fear of her impending blindness. Any other woman would

probably have freaked out as well if a doctor told them they would lose their eyesight soon.

The mere thought of having to live the rest of her life in total darkness filled her with so much despair that she even contemplated suicide at one point. Had it not been for Tiffany's support and Tony requiring her care, Amelia probably would've taken her own life right from the start.

Oscar's hand that was caressing her hair paused as the look on his face turned gloomy. "Are you that afraid of me punishing him?" he asked in a hoarse voice.

"Life would've been really rough for Tiff and I if it weren't for him, so will you please forgive him?" Amelia said awkwardly.

Oscar stared deeply at her with mixed feelings in his heart. "Are you feeling guilty because of him, Honey?" he asked.

Amelia lowered her gaze as she replied, "You know he has feelings for me, right? I can't reciprocate those feelings of his, so I want to make it up to him some other way. Do you know what I mean?"

Oscar's gloomy expression brightened up instantly.

"Okay, sure. I promise not to punish him, but he will not be going to Anglandur with us tomorrow."

Amelia gave it some thought and nodded in response.

Oscar then leaned in to give her a kiss, but Amelia stopped him by pushing against his chest.

"What's the matter?" he asked in confusion.

"Your arm is injured. The doctor said you have to refrain from any vigorous exercise until it heals up, remember?" Amelia replied shyly.

It had been a long time since she and Oscar had sex, so she was both a little scared and excited about it. Her heart raced as memories of their passionate session of love-making in the past flooded her brain.

Seeing the shy blush on her face instantly removed whatever negative emotions Oscar had in him.

He wrapped an arm around her and whispered affectionately, "You're so cute, Honey. I love it when you look like this! It's no wonder they say a brief separation beats a

remarriage. You see, we didn't become distant at all even after being separated for two years. If anything, I find myself loving you more and more now!"

Amelia smacked him on the chest as she exclaimed with a chuckle, "You're such a sweet talker!"

"Do you not like it?"

"Just go to sleep!" Amelia said while pulling the blanket over herself.

Oscar broke into a huge grin as he lay down beside her and hugged her tightly. "I'm so happy to have you in my life, Honey!"

Amelia's lips curled into a smile upon hearing that.

"All right, let's get some sleep. We'll head over to Anglandur tomorrow and get your eyes treated. I'm sure our lives are only going to get better once you regain your eyesight!" Oscar said and began visualizing their happy life together.

Amelia nodded and drifted off to sleep shortly after.

Oscar felt as if his heart was whole again when he saw Amelia sleeping soundly beside him. Back then, he had to rely heavily on sleeping pills to fall asleep. However, he was able to sleep just fine that night with her in his arms.

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 388

Chapter 388 Burning Bridges

The next morning, Oscar ordered Amelia to stay put while he clumsily packed her clothes for her.

He only took what he could fit into a single suitcase as they could always shop for clothes after arriving in Anglandur.

"Let's head out for breakfast, Honey," Oscar said after he was done with the suitcase.

Amelia nodded, and the two of them left the bedroom.

Kurt and Hugo were already waiting for them by the time they came downstairs.

Oscar shot them a glance and commented, "You two sure are early today."

"We've only just got here a while ago, Boss," Hugo replied.

Oscar carefully sat Amelia down on the sofa before turning toward Hugo. "Are the flight tickets all prepared?"

"Yes, Boss."

Just then, Tiffany came running out of the kitchen with a spatula in hand. "Hey, Oscar! Just so you know, I'll also be joining you guys on your trip to Anglandur! You're not taking Amelia there without me!"

Oscar shot her a cold glare as he asked, "You promised Derrick yesterday that you'd go back with him if he was all right. It has only been one night and you're going back on your word already?"

Tiffany was clearly a little intimidated, but she refused to back down and argued defiantly, "I'm not! I'm just worried about Amelia, that's all! You just showed up all of a sudden and asked her to go to Anglandur with you! For all we know, you could be trying to trick her into going there so you can sell her to human traffickers or something! I have to go with her to ensure her safety!"

Tiffany's excuse was so lame that even she herself found it hard to believe.

"Me? Sell her off? Your ability to insult people sure has decreased significantly over the past two years, huh, Tiffany?" Oscar replied with a smile so unnatural that it gave her the creeps.

"You, on the other hand, have gotten a lot better with your comebacks, Mr. Clinton!" Tiffany said with an awkward chuckle.

"Thank you for the compliment."

D*mn... Not only did he become more shameless, but he also got snarkier too! I don't even know if I can beat him in an argument now!

With that in mind, Tiffany sat down beside Amelia and held her hand as she said, "I don't care, I'm going to Anglandur with you, Amelia! I'm really worried about you and Tony!"

"What about Derrick, then?"

"I've talked to him about this last night. We'll go back to that city once you return from your surgery in Anglandur."

"Did he agree to it?"

"He has to. We've been having a long-distance relationship for almost two years now. I'm sure we can handle being apart for a couple more months."

“Tiff, you two should start discussing your marriage now that your relationship has stabilized.”

“Babe, getting married two years into a relationship is a little too soon. Besides, we haven’t even introduced each other to our parents yet.”

The Hissons are a wealthy and powerful family, so it won’t be easy for me to marry into it. Derrick’s parents are bound to disapprove of our relationship, so things are only going to get difficult once we return to that city...

Tiffany fell silent at the thought of that, while Amelia tried to comfort her best friend by holding on to her hand.

Naturally, Oscar could tell what their concerns were based on the looks on their faces. “I’ll take you in as my godsister once Amelia’s eyes are all better. Even a prominent family like the Hissons wouldn’t dare give you a hard time then.”

Amelia and Tiffany both glanced at Oscar in unison.

Tiffany had a conflicted look in her eyes as she didn’t expect him to help her out, especially after all the trouble she had caused him for Amelia’s sake. Oscar would never have cared about my personal affairs before. He must really love Amelia if he’d agree to help me out like this!

“Oscar, do you really mean that?” Amelia asked.

“You’re afraid of the Hissons objecting to Tiffany’s relationship with Derrick, right? If she becomes my godsister, the Hissons won’t have the guts to bully her even if they don’t like her family background. Those who wish to collaborate with Clinton Corporations would know better than to go against me!”

Oscar wasn’t even being cocky as he most certainly had what it took to support his statement.

Tiffany gave him a smack on the shoulder as she said excitedly, “Since when did you become such a generous person, Mr. Clinton? I actually thought you’d blame me for leaving with Amelia!”

“Oh, I was planning on holding you accountable at first. However, seeing as you took such great care of her and Tony, I’m willing to let this slide.”

“You’re such a gentleman, Mr. Clinton!”

“I knew I was right to make you my friend, Mr. Clinton! You’ll be our hero once Tiff and I get married!” Derrick said as he served up breakfast from the kitchen.

Hmph... I knew this guy had a motive for befriending me! D*mned bootlicker... Oscar thought to himself as he shot Derrick a cold glare.

Derrick waved at him with a gleeful smile on his face as he said, "Don't look at me like that, Mr. Clinton! I just think your family is the only one capable of going against mine, that's all! Tiff and Amelia are such good friends, so I'm sure you wouldn't just sit by and watch our relationship suffer, right? Allow me to thank you on behalf of Tiff in advance! Make sure to be generous with our wedding gift when we get married, okay?"

Oscar found himself speechless as he never knew Derrick was that shameless.

Even Tiffany gave him a strange look that said, "I've never heard you say anything this shameless before, Derrick! Are you really the same Derrick that I used to know?"

It seemed that Derrick had just shown her yet another side of him that she never knew existed.

Back then, Tiffany saw Derrick as a handsome and excellent man that she could never hope to be with. However, her perception of him changed the moment they started dating, and she realized he wasn't a cold and unapproachable person like she had imagined. On the contrary, he was such a romantic guy that she found herself struggling to handle his displays of affection.

She even believed that she had lived a great life simply because she had found someone who understood her so well.

After breakfast, Oscar turned toward Kurt and said, "Kurt, I am grateful to you for looking after Amelia over the past two years, but she has me now. I'll take good care of her and Tony, so you can head back to the company. I'll take Hugo with us on this trip instead."

Kurt paused for a moment and stared at Oscar with a conflicted look in his eyes. "I wish to go with Amelia, Boss."

Oscar's lips twitched slightly as he replied, "You're extremely thoughtful and have great fighting skills. It would be a waste of your talents to have you stay by Amelia's side, so I'm thinking of having you serve as my right-hand man instead. I'm sure you wouldn't want Amelia to feel guilty for holding you back, right?"

Kurt's lips trembled as he stared at Amelia, but no words came out of them.

"You should say something too, Amelia." Just like that, Oscar had put her in the spotlight.

Amelia tightened her grip on her silverware and tried her best to collect her thoughts. She then forced herself to look at Kurt as she said, "I think you should return to Oscar's

side as it would benefit your career the most. I've wasted two years of your time on me, so I don't want you risking your life going on those dangerous personal missions anymore. That type of money may come fast, but it isn't worth risking your life for me and Tony like this. It would benefit both of us if you would return to Oscar's side, Kurt. Don't make me feel any more guilty than I already do, okay?"

Amelia actually struggled to say all that as it felt like she was being unfair to Kurt. However, having him work for Oscar was the most ideal option available. Not only would this keep her out of his mind, but it would also benefit his career and future.

She had selfishly dragged Kurt into her mess two years ago, only to selfishly push him away afterward. As Amelia had only thought about herself, she ended up neglecting Kurt's feelings.

She thought she had come up with a great excuse by claiming it was for his own good, but it was no different from burning the bridge after crossing it.

Kurt's expression grew increasingly gloomy as he pursed his lips and clenched his fists.

"I want Daddy, Mommy! I'm not going to Anglandur if you won't let Daddy come along! I don't want to go there with Big Meanie! I want to be with Daddy! He's such a nice guy! If you don't like him, then I'll stay here with him!" Tony spoke up all of a sudden.

A hint of awkwardness flashed past Amelia's eyes when she heard that. Fearing that Oscar would get the wrong idea, she quickly corrected him, "Tony, you're supposed to call him 'Godpa!'"

"But why, Mommy? I used to call him 'Daddy' all the time! Is it because of Big Meanie over here? I hate him! I don't want to go to Anglandur with him! He's trying to take me away from Daddy!" Tony then shot Oscar a hateful glare as he continued, "I hate you, Big Meanie! First, you take Mommy from me, and now you're trying to take Daddy away from me, too!"

The look on Oscar's face changed instantly.

Amelia slammed her silverware down on the table and shouted angrily, "You mustn't speak to your father like that! Apologize to him now or I'm going to get angry!"

It was her first time getting angry at Tony, and his eyes reddened instantly.

Tiffany quickly scooped Tony into her arms as she said, "Tony is still too young to understand these things, Amelia. You need to talk to him nicely about stuff. Kurt has been the one looking after him throughout the past two years, so it makes sense that he would be upset about leaving him. Kids are really sensitive, so it's normal for him to throw tantrums every now and then. Why don't you let Kurt go with you? It'd be hard for them to leave each other so suddenly. What do you say, Mr. Clinton?"

“What if I were to say no?” Oscar asked with a calm look on his face.

“Come on, can’t you make an exception for Tony’s sake?” Tiffany exclaimed.

“Are you asking me to accept the fact that my son is calling another man ‘Daddy?’” Oscar snapped back at her.

“Well, Kurt has been looking after us throughout the past two years, Mr. Clinton! You can’t make us do such a heartless thing to him!” Tiffany replied after giving it some thought.

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 389

Chapter 389 Taking The Plane To Anglandur

In the end, Oscar softened after Tony’s relentless tantrums and allowed Kurt to follow them to Anglandur.

Oscar looked at Tony, who was looking at him like a smug little imp. “Are you happy now?”

The boy raised his head haughtily with a loud scoff. “I’ll forgive you this time, Big Meanie. But if you ever try to separate me from my daddy again, I won’t let you off this easily.”

Oscar didn’t know whether to laugh or cry at that. People usually had sons so they could continue their lineage, but with Tony, it seemed like the boy had it out for his own dad. Despite that, he just couldn’t scold the kid because of how much he looked like Amelia.

He felt like Tony and Amelia were his kryptonite.

He then said to Hugo, “Sit on the next flight with Kurt.”

“Yes, boss.”

Tony ran toward Kurt and started swinging his hand. “I wanna sit with Daddy!”

Oscar narrowed his eyes and said, “Is that really what you want?”

“Yes. I don’t want to sit with you, Big Meanie!”

“Fine! I don’t want to stick around a little brat like you anyway. In fact, I think I’ll just sell you off to someone else. Don’t even think about seeing your mommy again.”

Tony ran toward Oscar and started bashing at him with his little fists. "Big Meanie! I'm going to teach you a lesson so you'll never try to disrupt my mommy and daddy again."

Oscar caught both of Tony's hands in a firm grasp and looked at him sternly. "Anthony Clinton, if you don't stop being so rude, I'm going to send you right back to the Clinton residence and teach you a good lesson once I come back from Anglandur."

Tony's eyes reddened immediately and he cried out, "Mommy, Big Meanie's scolding me! He's scary."

Amelia said urgently, "I'm sorry, Oscar. Please don't get mad at him. He's still young and you're scaring him."

Oscar took a deep breath and softened his tone. "Be good, Tony. You want Mommy to see again too, right?"

Tony nodded.

"Well, this big meanie of a dad wants to bring Mommy to Anglandur so that she can get a cornea transplant. You can follow Kurt, but stop throwing such tantrums or I'll take Mommy away from you forever," Oscar threatened.

To Tony, Oscar looked just like the demons from the stories.

"B-Big Meanie!" No matter how smart Tony was, he was still only two years old. Rather than hating on Oscar, he mostly revered the older man. Even though he kept calling him "Big Meanie," he didn't really hate him that much. He just felt as if Oscar's appearance had suddenly torn his mommy and daddy apart. He felt like Oscar was a threat to his mommy and daddy's relationship deep down in his bones, and since he had been brought up by Kurt, he naturally wanted Kurt to be the one to date his mommy.

Oscar stood up and said, "Kurt, Tony, the two of you can sit on the next flight."

"Yes, boss," Kurt replied respectfully before waving to Tony. "Tony, come over here."

The boy scurried over and burrowed himself into Kurt's embrace. "Don't be scared, Daddy! With me here, Mommy will definitely be with you instead of that Big Meanie. Don't worry."

"Tony! Stop saying nonsense," Amelia berated.

Tony pouted, looking like a kicked puppy.

"Mommy, you've stopped liking me ever since Big Meanie showed up."

"That's not true, Tony!" Amelia was starting to feel exhausted. She hated seeing the father and son duo go at each other like fire and water.

Oscar walked over and put his arm over Amelia's shoulders. "Just give him some time, okay? I'll get along with him in no time."

Amelia nodded.

In the end, Amelia and Oscar got into one car together and Derrick followed Tiffany into the other car.

Tiffany was a little baffled. "What are you doing here, Derrick?"

"Sorry, I forgot to tell you. My company is working together with a publishing company in Anglandur and I'll be going over there for a month," Derrick said with an ambiguous smile.

Tiffany's eyes widened and she exclaimed, "Really?"

Derrick nodded with a chuckle and said, "I can't believe the lengths I'm going to in order to spend more time with you. Aren't you going to give me a little pat on the back?"

"I love you so much!" Tiffany excitedly planted a kiss on Derrick's lips.

He held the back of her head and deepened the kiss even further.

As the two of them were kissing as if the chauffeur wasn't in the car, Oscar and Amelia were in a very different situation back in their own car.

Amelia apologized, "I'm sorry, Oscar. Tony's really fond of Kurt since he was brought up by him. Don't think about it too much."

Oscar burst into laughter and pulled her into his arms. "Don't worry. Did you really think I'd have it out for a kid? I know he's my son. Apart from looking just like you, he also has the exact same personality as I did when I was his age. I wasn't close to my own dad when I was younger, and I always pushed him away. We didn't get close until I was in middle school. Tony's just like me, too."

"Are you really not mad?"

Oscar tickled her nose and said, "Do you really want to see me mad? What's wrong?"

"No, of course not. I just feel sorry that you had to go through that. If I hadn't brought him away, you two wouldn't be this far apart. I'm sorry," Amelia apologized sincerely as she held Oscar's hand tightly.

Oscar patted her on the head and said in a low voice, "I'm not blaming you for anything, silly. I'll do my best to be a great dad so Tony will start liking me more. I'm not going to force you to be stuck in between our squabbling."

Oscar spoke with confidence, but he had never expected Tony to be so fond of Kurt. Even though Oscar was his dad, he still preferred Kurt to be with Amelia instead.

Oscar had never imagined that Tony would become another obstacle in his and Amelia's relationship.

Oscar changed the subject and said, "I called James earlier this morning. He said that that young man's condition is worsening, so it's most likely that he will pass in the next few days. Once we settle down in Anglandur, he can conduct your surgery. Who do you want to see the most after you wake up?"

Amelia couldn't help but smile. "You and Tony. He's already two years old and I still have no idea what he looks like. I would love to see how big he's gotten."

"He's very cute. He looks almost like a porcelain doll. You two have the same eyes, actually." Oscar chuckled.

"Really? I thought his eyes would have taken after yours." Amelia laughed.

After a moment, Amelia's voice lowered and she said, "There's someone else I'd like to see, actually. I'd like to see Mrs. Hutton and find out how much I look like her. If we're really related, why did she get rid of me back then but come back to find me now? Why would she rather pamper and spoil me as a stranger than admit that we're related? I'm extremely curious, but all I want to ask is why she treated me so cruelly."

Oscar said, "I will go meet her with you if that's what you really want. Rather than keep all of these emotions in, I'd rather you ask someone who knows about it so that you can get closure."

Amelia sighed and replied, "I'm just scared that the truth isn't what I want."

"You have me, you have Tony, and you have a lot of people who love and care about you. If that family truly is your family but doesn't want to take you back, then we'll just forget about them," Oscar said. "The worst-case scenario is that they become strangers, but that's not too far from what's happened already, right? Don't look too far into it. You have your own family now."

Amelia nodded.

After getting on the plane, coincidentally enough, all four of their seats were in the same row.

Amelia turned to look at Derrick. "Derrick, are you going to Anglandur too?"

"I'm collaborating with a publishing company in Anglandur for a project, so I'll be there for a month. I'll also be watching over Tiff so she doesn't go missing or anything."

"Derrick! Stop that. I'll really beat you up this time."

Amelia couldn't help but chuckle at the sound of their playful banter. She loved the cheerful atmosphere they had created.

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 390

Chapter 390 Tony Is So Cute

After reaching Anglandur, Oscar helped Amelia out of the airport to meet James, who had already been waiting for them outside.

James was dressed in a rather flashy manner that day in a floral button-up and patterned jeans with a pair of black-rimmed glasses to boot.

James approached them joyfully as they arrived. "Hi! Long time no see."

Amelia followed the sound of his voice and turned toward him. "Long time no see, James. How have the last two years been?"

"Not too well, honestly. Your husband has been working me to the bone to look for suitable corneas for you! Still, my hard work finally paid off and I managed to find them within two years. Also, don't even think about thanking me, okay? I'm supposed to do all this, and your husband has been very generous as well. He even opened up a private hospital for me, of which I'm about to become the director of very soon," James said breezily.

Amelia looked up at Oscar. She may have been blind, but it was almost as if she was still staring at him regardless.

Oscar interlocked his fingers with Amelia's tightly and looked at James, indicating for him to keep quiet.

James shrugged and said, "Anyway, Amelia, I've prepared a place for all of you to stay. Let's go. You guys must be exhausted after traveling for so long, so you can rest for a few days. Once the patient passes away, we can remove their corneas and conduct the surgery for you."

The five of them went into the car. James was driving while Derrick sat in the passenger seat and the other three sat in the backseat.

Amelia said, "James, I heard from Oscar that a twenty-year-old young man was the one who donated his corneas to me. How has he been?"

As he drove, James explained, "He's been suffering from stage 4 leukemia and only has a few days left. The hospital has already notified his loved ones of his imminent passing, and once that happens I will do your surgery. However, when his parents heard that you were coming to Anglandur, they requested to meet the woman for whom their son donated his corneas. Would you be willing to do that?"

Amelia hadn't even said anything when Oscar spoke up, mildly annoyed. "James, why did you tell them about Amelia? Didn't I tell you to keep her identity under wraps?"

James tapped the steering wheel and said, "Oscar, they only have one son. All they wanted was to know who would take over their son's eyes after he passed. It means a lot to them."

Amelia held Oscar's hand tightly and absentmindedly traced shapes on his palm. "James, I'm okay with meeting them, so you can organize that for us."

Since Amelia herself was okay with it, Oscar didn't have anything else to say.

James drove back to his mansion and parked the car. Like a gentleman, he opened the car doors for them and helped Oscar hold onto Amelia as she walked out. "Careful, Amelia, the door is over here."

After getting off the car, Amelia nodded politely toward him. "Thanks, James."

Once they entered the house, the butler led a few maids to take the luggage from the three men so that they could put them into the guest rooms.

He then turned to James and said, "Master, the food is all ready. Would you like to eat now or would the guests prefer to take a hot shower first before the meal?"

James looked at the two ladies and asked, "Do you guys want to take a shower now?"

"No, it's fine," both of them said in unison.

"Then we can start eating now," James said to his butler.

The butler directed the maids to place the dishes on the table. Amelia and the others were feeling especially hungry at the sight of so much comfort food in the middle of Anglandur.

Oscar kept taking food for Amelia. "Eat as much as you want. I specifically asked James to prepare your favorites."

Amelia may not have been able to see, but she could tell by the taste of the food that Oscar truly had put in the effort for her to be happy.

"You should eat too, Oscar. I'll ask for more food later if I'm still hungry." Amelia finally spoke up after she kept hearing and feeling Oscar placing more food onto her plate.

"Okay." Even though Oscar agreed, he still continued helping Amelia out at every available second.

James couldn't help but tease him a little. "Oscar, you're practically her lapdog at this point. I've never seen you be this attentive toward any other woman before. I could have never imagined that this day would come."

Oscar merely glanced at him and stayed silent.

They finished their meal relatively peacefully and the four visitors retreated to their rooms so they could take a quick nap.

They only woke up at around three in the afternoon and freshened up before going downstairs once more. When James saw Amelia, he said, "Amelia, I just called that young man's parents. They would like to treat you and Oscar to a meal tomorrow afternoon. Would that be okay with you guys?"

With a chuckle, Amelia replied, "Of course it is. I'll leave the booking up to you since I don't know Anglandur very well."

"Okay, I'll take care of everything."

"By the way, there's no need to be so formal with me. If it weren't for you, we wouldn't have found a pair of suitable corneas this soon. Who knows when I would have gotten my surgery then? Honestly, I should be the one thanking you. Really, I owe you one. Thank you so much, James," Amelia said before bowing gratefully in his direction.

Amelia's unexpected actions caused James to widen his eyes in shock.

"There's no need for that! As Oscar's good friend, it's only natural that I treat his wife like my own friend as well. I'd honestly feel more uncomfortable if you kept thanking me so much," James explained.

Amelia smiled. "I won't do that again then, no worries."

James nodded and silently approved of Amelia even more. His original impression of her from before she had lost her vision also disappeared completely.

Just as everyone was starting to warm up to their surroundings, Oscar got a call from Hugo telling him that he and Kurt had arrived in Anglandur with Tony.

James volunteered to pick them up. "Is your son here? I'll go pick them up. I would like to see what kind of kid your son has grown into to actually give you a headache."

"Sure, go ahead. Don't make him angry, though!" Oscar said.

James saluted him before taking his keys and driving away.

When he arrived at the airport, he was immediately drawn toward Tony, who looked just like a porcelain doll. He kneeled down and reached out his hand. "Hi, Tony! I'm James. I'm a good friend of your father's. You can call me Uncle James, or just James."

Tony looked up at Kurt with a frown on his small face. "Daddy, is he your friend?"

James was taken aback.

Kurt said sternly, "Tony, watch your words. He's your actual dad's good friend."

Tony turned around to look at James and said plainly, "If you're that Big Meanie's friend, then you must be a big meanie too."

James was taken aback once more.

"Okay, Little Prince, your parents actually sent me to pick you up. Would you be willing to follow this big meanie?"

"Since my mom asked for your help, then I'll follow you just this once," Tony said haughtily as he raised his little head high.

James couldn't help but chuckle at the boy's small, proud expression.

He entered the car and fastened his seatbelt before saying to Tony, "I understand why Oscar was so exasperated with you that day. You're just the most adorable haughty little thing."

"Thank you," Tony said seriously. His adorable features were highlighted even more by his attempt at a serious expression.

James looked at Tony in the rearview mirror and nearly melted from his cuteness. Even James was beginning to feel like having a kid at the sight of such an adorable little boy.

"Listen up, Little Prince. No matter what you do to your dad, I'll be on your side, okay?" James said.

Tony tilted his head, not really understanding what James was trying to say.

“Good luck, Little Prince!”

“My nickname is Tony and my real name is Anthony. I don’t like you calling me Little Prince. Could you just call me Tony instead?” Tony said with a pout.

James chuckled out loud.

“Little Prince— sorry, I meant Tony, you’re just so cute,” he said with a grin.

“Mom says the same thing,” Tony said.

James was in an even better mood.