

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 1

Chapter 1

Amelia, I'm back. Oscar's mine now. As long as you leave him, I'll pay you twenty million in compensation. Amelia smirked upon reading the message on her phone. Apparently, the message was sent by the woman Oscar loved the most. And she who had left four years ago had given Amelia the "honor" of becoming her substitute. Amelia walked into the bedroom with the phone and gazed at the tall man standing in front of the window longingly. Standing fixedly for a while, she then strode over briskly and the pining look in her eyes faded. Wrapping her arms around his waist, she whispered, "Mr. Clinton, Ms. Yard has sent me another message. Should I call her and explain our relationship?" "There's no need for that," replied Oscar in an aloof manner. "I've already instructed the lawyer to draft the divorce contract. All you've got to do is to sign it." Feigning sadness, Amelia lamented, "That's such a pity. I was planning to make things difficult for her. Well, congratulations, Mr. Clinton, for winning your love back." Even without glancing at her expression, Oscar could still tell the light-heartedness from her voice. *If this woman is capable of feeling sad, it'll be a miracle.* Amelia withdrew her hands and was about to leave when the man grabbed her and tugged her toward him, causing her to bump against his broad chest. Leaning obediently in his arms, she raised her chin and responded to his passionate kisses. Panting slightly after the long kiss, she rested against him and said sweetly, "Ms. Yard, the woman whom you've always loved, is finally back. Aren't you afraid that she'll be jealous if we do this?" "You're still Mrs. Clinton." In other words, as long as they were not divorced, Amelia still had to fulfill her obligations as his wife. He forcefully raised her chin before kissing her passionately again. If he had to be honest, he actually liked Amelia. Other than her uncanny resemblance to the woman he loved, he adored her figure too. Men are all visual creatures. Unless they genuinely love a woman, they would only like a woman's looks. Compared to older and uglier women, they prefer beautiful young ladies with curvaceous figures. "Mr. Clinton, I've just returned home and I'm all sweaty. Let me take a bath first," said Amelia alluringly as she broke out of his embrace. Oscar shot her an ambiguous look and suggested, "Why don't we do it together?" Amelia threw him a flirtatious wink and strode into the bathroom. She poked her head out and said, "Mr. Clinton, I prefer bathing alone." With that, she closed the door unhesitatingly. The look in Oscar's eyes changed. He liked it when she played hard to get. It was as if she was a natural seductress. The woman he loved had left four years ago because of a minor misunderstanding and had abandoned their wedding. Hence, he had found a woman similar to her as her substitute. Although he got married as expected, everyone was flabbergasted by the fact that his bride was not the heiress of the Yard family. Everyone had accused him of betraying Cassie. Yet, only the two families knew that she was the one who had ran away from the wedding. The Yard family felt guilty toward Oscar, but out of his undying love for Cassie, Oscar did not take revenge on them. Instead, he had found a materialistic woman to take her place. That woman, whom everyone said had shot up to riches, was none other than Amelia. In the end, Amelia was so tired that she could barely move her fingers. She slept until seven at night before waking up. After taking a shower in the bathroom, she changed into a newly bought dress before heading downstairs. She strode to Oscar, who was still

eating dinner, and planted a quick kiss on his cheek. Grinning, she asked, "Mr. Clinton, why didn't you call me for dinner too?" "I couldn't bear to wake you up when I saw you sleeping so soundly," replied Oscar as he munched on the food on his plate. Amelia kissed his cheek again before calling out toward the kitchen, "Molly, I'm hungry." A chubby and amiable-looking woman soon walked out with a few dishes. "Mr. Clinton said that you're tired and might need to sleep for a little longer, so he told me to keep the food first. I didn't expect you to wake up so early!" Amelia sat down with a smile. When she saw that those dishes were her favorite, she praised sweetly, "Molly, you're the best. You've prepared all of my favorite dishes!" "Eat up, Mrs. Clinton. You looked skinnier after you came back from your trip. Now that you've returned, I shall prepare delicious food for you every day," replied Molly as she chuckled. "Thank you, Molly." Oscar was almost done eating by the time Molly left. He wiped his mouth and instructed, "Return to the Clinton residence and accompany my mom. My dad's on a business trip, so she's probably bored at home." "Sure." Amelia was still smiling sweetly. Gazing at her smile, Oscar fell into a momentary daze. Although he knew that she looked similar to Cassie, he did not expect the resemblance to be so great when she smiled. Yet, when compared to Cassie, Amelia had her own unique flair. "Be good and listen to her, okay?" "Yes, Mr. Clinton." When Oscar stood up, she rose too. She pointed at her cheek and said, "Mr. Clinton, how about a goodnight kiss?" He glanced at her and walked over before pecking her right cheek lightly. "Go on with your dinner. I have to settle some unfinished work." "Okay." They were like a couple who had lived together for decades, having known each other's habits by heart. Although they did not act in an excessively affectionate manner, it was obvious from their interactions how compatible they were. No one would expect that they were going to end their contract marriage soon.