

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 11

Chapter 11

Reality is indeed different from fiction. Regardless of the female lead, the male lead, or the side characters, their fate lies in the author's hands. "I'm not gabbing with you any longer. Get the takeout for me when it arrives. I'm gonna go take a nap." Amelia plopped down on Tiffany's one and only bed and dozed off in a matter of seconds. Sometime later, Amelia was woken up by the fragrant smell of food. She walked out of the bedroom groggily, just in time to see Tiffany setting the dining table. "Tiff, you cooked? Didn't I say to order takeout?" Amelia asked, perplexed. "Well, you're jilted. I figured I better comfort you with home-cooked food instead." Tiffany smiled. Amelia stared at her with unconcealed doubt and said, "The only time you're not lazing around like a couch potato is when you're writing your manuscripts. What's gotten into you today?" Tiffany removed her apron and threw it toward Amelia. "Go wash your face and come eat. Keep yapping on and you can forget about me stepping foot into the kitchen again." "Got it! I'm going right away. It's a once-in-a-blue-moon thing that you cooked. How could I miss it? But hold up—are they actually edible?" Having thrown out her last jab, Amelia hurriedly dashed back into the bedroom. "Get lost!" Tiffany shook her head, but her lips curved into a smile nonetheless. It was later proven that Tiffany's dishes were not only edible but absolutely scrumptious. That was the only talent she had other than writing manuscripts. As Amelia put it, should her writing career not take off, she could seriously consider being a chef instead. Based on the magic she'd worked in the kitchen that night, it wouldn't be too bad to be a beautiful, captivating female chef in a big fancy hotel either. "It's been years since I last had what you made, Tiff. I didn't expect your food to still taste like heaven," Amelia complimented. "I have full faith that you could compete with Gordon Ramsay if you ever meet him." "I was born with the gift like a packaged deal. Besides, compared to you who could set fire in the kitchen by simply boiling water, it's not that hard for me to be fantastic at it." Amelia continued drinking her soup before abruptly adding, "Tiff, do you think I could win Oscar Clinton's heart if I pick up culinary too?" "Dream on. Oscar Clinton's the successor to Clinton Corporations with a net worth in the billions. What food do you suppose he's never had before? Even if he wanted home-cooked food, he has plenty of servants to do the work. When would he need your contribution? If I must say, you should divorce him as soon as possible and earn a comfortable sum of alimony. You've been married for four years. Don't wait until you lose both the man and the money and end up with nothing." Tiffany's words were a direct blow to Amelia's confidence. Amelia shot an aggrieved look at her. "What you said isn't wrong. But even if we do get divorced, I don't want his money either. It'll make me feel as if our marriage was purely a transaction." Tiffany stared at her as if she was an idiot. "But isn't that what it is? A transaction?" It was yet another blow to Amelia's already fragile dignity. "Tiff, do you think I'm a fool?" she asked, her head lowering in dejection.