

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 14

Chapter 14

Oscar's knocks gradually became heavier and furious. "Amelia Winters, open the door!" he commanded. It wasn't until he knocked ten consecutive times that the door finally clicked open from the inside. Amelia, dressed only in a bathrobe, was standing behind the door, her hair wet and her cheeks slightly flushed. She was, needless to say, a picture-perfect example of temptation. Oscar's eyes darkened with desire in a blink of an eye. His Adam's apple bobbed as he swallowed and scrutinized her from head to toe. Amelia noticed the difference in his behavior, yet she remained distant when she spoke. "Mr. Clinton, I'm tired." Oscar glanced down at her, picked her up, and kicked the door shut with the back of his foot. He lowered her onto the couch in the room, his large, calloused hand caressing her soft cheeks. "Why are you throwing a tantrum?" Amelia rested her hands on his broad chest and replied, "Nothing. I'm just tired, that's all." He looked at her silently. "It better be. I'd picked you in the first place because I liked that you weren't one who enjoyed meaningless quarrels. If you're now learning to put up airs with me, let me make it clear—you won't end up with a thing from me." She was aware this was a warning from him. Her heart felt like it had dropped into a black hole, sinking so deep she could feel it in her stomach. But she still wore a smile on her face to conceal it. "Mr. Clinton, you don't have to keep reminding me. I know it better than anyone else that our marriage's merely a transaction. I'm not delusional. I love your money, you enjoy my body, and occasionally I'll help you to get rid of unwanted admirers." Oscar gazed fervently at her as if trying to pick up any trace of unwillingness or pretense on her face. "That's good to hear." Amelia was suddenly hit by a wave of fatigue. The thought of dealing with Oscar Clinton was completely overtaken by her yearning to go to bed. She closed her eyes and said, "I'm really tired. May I sleep?" Oscar lifted her without warning, gently placing her on the bed before climbing up above her. It was nearly half an hour later when the bed stopped creaking and their heavy panting gradually slowed down in unison. Amelia leaned against his chest, inhaling his distinct masculine scent. She failed to conceal the weariness in her eyes for her body was worn out and so was her heart. Oscar naturally noticed her abnormality and lifted her chin with his forefinger. "What's the matter?" She shut her eyes at that, letting the silence fill up the room before she mustered up the courage to ask, "Darling, if I am pregnant with our baby, will you want me to give birth to them?" Her loneliness late at night had caused her to spill her unspoken thoughts. She subconsciously wanted to treat Oscar as a loving husband rather than an associate of their transaction. "Are you pregnant?" His tone was composed, making it hard to tell what his true thoughts were. "What if I am? What will you do?" she asked feebly. Perhaps she was still wishing for Oscar to allow her to keep the child.