

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 17

Chapter 17

As Amelia carefully blow-dried Oscar's hair, running her hand through it, she was hit by a bout of nostalgia. After all, this was their routine in the first two years of their marriage. Sadly, such interactions had become hard to come by in the last two years.

Amelia did cherish these little, tender moments. However, she couldn't look past the fact that Oscar had fallen for someone else. Despite her continued efforts, he just didn't seem to care

"Mr. Clinton, I've heard that men with coarse hair dote on their wives. What a lucky woman Ms. Yard would be when you marry her," Amelia remarked.

Oscar, who had been enjoying being pampered, simply asked, "Why would you say that?"

"It was just a passing thought." Amelia chuckled.

"Are you jealous?"

Amelia placed the hairdryer down and wrapped herself around Oscar's neck, taking in his scent. "Do I have the right to be jealous?"

"What do you think?" Oscar asked, lifting her chin.

Tears immediately welled up in Amelia's eyes. "You only have eyes for Ms. Yard now. Even if I said I was jealous, you'd probably find me a nuisance, wouldn't you?"

Oscar promptly let go of her chin and pushed her away. The coldness returned to his eyes. "I'm glad you understand. As long as you don't cause any trouble, I promise you your rightful share after our divorce."

Amelia lay in bed and smiled. "Mr. Clinton, you're far too generous with your money. No wonder so many women have come and gone, and yet, no one has had any complaints. Money really makes the world go round."

Oscar shot her a look. "Let's just sleep."

Amelia scooted into his embrace, just like how they used to be when they were a real couple.

Oscar patted her on her shoulders and muttered, "Sleep now. Stop worrying yourself

sick."

Oscar drifted off to sleep very easily, but Amelia remained wide awake. She looked up at him and whispered, "As long as you still have an ounce of love for me, I will not willingly bow out of this crazy love triangle. I am clearly your wife, and yet I have to make way for this other woman who has hurt you in the past? How magnanimous must you be to think she's completely innocent?"

Oscar continued to snore away.

Amelia closed her eyes. *Oscar Clinton, Cassie Yard isn't as innocent as you think. I'd hate to see you get hurt by her again. But no matter what I say, nothing will get through to you.*

If Oscar had become a thorn in Amelia's side, that would make Cassie the deadly poppy to Oscar. The deadlier the poison, the sweeter it was, and Oscar was there to lap it all up.

At the end of the day, Cassie won him over because she was better at pretending to be weak and pitiful.

The next morning, Amelia was up before seven. She padded over to the bathroom for a quick shower before donning on a shirt. Molly had gone back to visit her son and grandson, so Amelia was in charge of making today's breakfast.

She cooked some oatmeal, fried up two sunny-side-up eggs, and prepared two other side dishes. What a lovely breakfast to look forward to.

Having been with Oscar for four years, Amelia knew his food preferences very well. He enjoyed various cuisines, but nothing could beat the taste of a home-cooked meal. He'd frequent classy, fine dining restaurants for work, but he'd bring her to family-style restaurants when he was with her. She used to tease Oscar for having such contrasting sides to him. He was the heir to Clinton Corporations, for crying out loud! No one would dare to mock him even if they knew he frequented family restaurants. And besides, there was nothing wrong with these restaurants. Family restaurants serve delicious and affordable foods. Everyone should be so happy to have a taste of them.

Oscar had once explained, "It isn't about the food. It's a style that the rich and accomplished adopt."

She remembered rolling her eyes at that. *The more successful they are, the more insufferable they become.*