

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 19

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Chapter 19

Amelia had initially thought the lady who claimed to be pregnant just sounded young. To her surprise, she really was very young. In fact, she was an underage girl.

Amelia was thoroughly ashamed of Oscar. How could he do this to underage girls?

However, Amelia also knew that this was no ordinary girl. Even though she looked to be only fifteen or sixteen, she was also a member of the popular group, "Sweet Girl". As for her name, Amelia had no clue.

The girl looked so young and innocent and yet was dressed sexily. She checked Amelia out from head to toe. "You don't look too bad. Just a little old."

Amelia chuckled. She was only thirty, but in front of this fifteen-year-old girl, she did seem old.

After sitting down and ordering a latte, she asked, "All right, pretty lady. If you're here to talk terms with me, shouldn't you at least tell me your name first?"

"Keira Shaw," the young lady replied with her arms folded.

Amelia leaned back on her chair and unceremoniously shifted her gaze to Keira's stomach. "Go on then. When did you get together with Oscar, and how far along are you?"

Keira's face darkened a little. "No wonder Oscar called you a vulgar person who only wanted money. Need you be so direct and crude?" she hummed disdainfully.

Amelia picked at her manicured nails and smiled. "Ms. Shaw, I was referring to the normal relationship between a man and a woman. How is that crude? Oh, I forgot. You're only fifteen years old, aren't you? That puts you in high school. With that soft and innocent face of yours, you can probably get away with anything. And no matter how you dress, you'll still give off that air of purity and innocence. I feel so old in comparison."

Keira gave her a death stare. "You're so crude!"

Amelia gave a nonchalant shrug. "Can't help it. I'm no longer young like you. If I don't show a little toughness and be a little crude, how would I get any money? After all, Mr. Clinton is usually more generous with the younger ladies."

"Don't you dare shame Oscar like that! A woman like you isn't fit to be with him," Keira replied coldly.

Amelia stirred her coffee and took a sip. "The coffee here is pretty good."

Keira continued to stare coldly at her.

Amelia knew for certain that Keira was not Oscar's type. She might look pretty but she was far too young and rash. Oscar was a flirt, but even he wouldn't casually get himself caught up with someone like her. Why else did he marry Amelia in the first place? He needed someone strong, someone to speak out for him when needed.

"Amelia Winters, I did not ask you out to talk about coffee. Since I'm now with Oscar's child, don't you think you should back out of this relationship?" Keira spat.

Amelia looked bemused. "What? Have you changed your mind? Are you saying you want to keep the child and become Mrs. Clinton?"

Keira snarled at her, "Well, initially, I only wanted to see what Oscar's wife looked like, and hopefully get some money out of it. Unfortunately, other than that pretty face, everything else about you is ugly. I can't possibly let someone like you stay with Oscar."

"Well said! I'm with you on that." Amelia clapped in agreement.

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"But if not for a crude woman like me keeping him company, who'd be sleeping with Mr. Clinton? You've got to know that he'll be uncomfortable if he doesn't get to work on those desires somewhere. You're not a man, so you won't understand what it feels like." Amelia chuckled as she took a sip of her coffee.

"Aren't you one shameless woman?" Keira cursed.

"My, Ms. Shaw. You're hilarious. Mr. Clinton and I are a married couple. What's wrong with us doing things in bed? Is it illegal? However, Ms. Shaw, you're

quite young, and I don't think Mr. Clinton would want to destroy a blooming bud like you,

So..."

Her words made Keira's face flush bright red, not because she was embarrassed but because she was livid.

Amelia shook her head, thinking, *That's all she can do? I've no idea how she managed to cling to Oscar. Regardless, with the kind of person Oscar is, she won't last long with him. I wonder if he's looking for pretentious idiots like her because he's sick of sexy women. However, I don't think anyone other than Cassie Yard can stay a long time by his side.*

Abruptly, she was curious about the type of woman Cassie was to make an apathetic man like Oscar become enamored with her.

"You're beyond shameless, Amelia!" Keira fumed.

"Thank you very much. That's the highest form of praise a woman can ever receive from another woman," Amelia replied nonchalantly. "If I wasn't more shameless than you, I wouldn't have become Mrs. Clinton, wouldn't I?"

"Stop gloating. Oscar told me he'll divorce you eventually," Keira suddenly crowed.

For a moment, Amelia was in a daze. The Oscar she knew would not have said such things to an outsider.

"Even if we were to get a divorce, Ms. Shaw, I'd get more of his assets than you do. Don't be jealous. Just make Mr. Clinton fall for you and marry you if you can. You'll get as much as I do too once you get a divorce with him," Amelia responded with a sweet smile. "You," "Don't be mad. Mr. Clinton doesn't like women who get angry for no reason. He told me that women like that are just ugly sharks to him."

By now, Keira's face was scrunched up in her wrath. "You're ridiculous!" With that said, she grabbed her purse and stormed off.

Amelia then leaned back on her chair and chuckled. "She's leaving after just a few words? I knew it. She's still too young."

After finishing her coffee, she asked for her bill and paid for both coffees. Staring at the untouched cup of coffee opposite her, she shook her head and dramatically sighed. "What a pity. Young people nowadays really don't know how to be frugal. It's no easy feat to earn a living."

When she left the cafe, she received a call from Oscar.

"Come to the office," he said curtly and ended the call.

Amelia stared at her dimmed screen, a bitter smile growing on her lips. In the past, she could have enjoyed lunch with Oscar in the office. Yet the only reason now for Oscar to ask her to go to the office was to talk about their divorce.

Despite her reluctance, Amelia went over.

Reaching Clinton Corporations, all the staff politely greeted, "Mrs. Clinton." Although she and Oscar were only married by agreement, the wedding they had four years ago was still a grand one. Oscar had not embarrassed her in public and had made known to everyone that she was his wife.

Smiling at them, she then entered Oscar's private elevator.

"Mrs. Clinton," Lauren greeted her with a smile as soon as she exited the elevator. "Mr. Clinton is currently in a meeting. He has asked for you to wait in his office for a while."

Amelia nodded. "Thank you."

After entering the office, Amelia tossed her bag on the couch before flopping into it after taking off her heels.

But she put them back on shortly after when someone came knocking on the door. "Come in."

The door swung open and in came Lauren. She was Oscar's other secretary, a woman who was capable in her work and not one to engage in idle talk.

Lauren had a cup of coffee in her hand as she muttered, "Mrs. Clinton, I've made you a cup of coffee."

Amelia responded with a smile, "Thank you."

Politely, Lauren suggested, "Mrs. Clinton, if you find yourself feeling bored, I can get you a few entertainment magazines to read."

"I'm fine. You should go ahead with your work. I'll just log in to the computer and surf the net if I'm bored."

"All right, I'll take my leave then." Lauren then exited the room.

Picking up the cup of coffee to sip on it, Amelia praised, "She's got the skills for coffee brewing. For a pretty woman like her to be around him, Oscar must be destined for a life full of pretty women."

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Chapter 21

It took Oscar over two hours before he returned from the meeting. The moment he opened the door, he saw Amelia huddled up on the couch, sleeping like a child. The photo frame on her seemed like it was going to fall all. His heart melted when he saw this adorable sight of her. He strode over to put the photo frame away, but his actions woke her instead.

When Amelia opened her eyes to see that it was Oscar, her hands naturally circled around his neck. Then rubbing her face against his, she mumbled, "When did you come back?"

It seemed that Oscar enjoyed her intimate actions. He chuckled. "I just came back. You were sleeping like a kitten, so I didn't want to wake you. I wanted to carry you inside to sleep, but since you're awake now, I won't." Daily latest update

Still smiling, Amelia buried her head in the crook of his neck. "When did you learn how to be nice to others, Mr. Clinton?"

Oscar did not ask her to move away to her surprise; instead, he let her continue for a while before voicing, "Have a meal with me later, okay?"

Snapping her head up, she cast a curious glance at him. "Mr. Clinton, you never bring me to any gathering."

"Why can't the meal be only the two of us?"

Lightly tapping her head, Amelia laughed. "Look at me. I've forgotten about that. However, I have to ask-why are you in such a good mood today? Are you seriously inviting me just for a meal?"

"Well, aren't we husband and wife?"

Amelia's heart skipped a beat, shocked at those words.

"Mr. Clinton, do you really see me as my wife?" Amelia stared at him solemnly, trying to find the truth in his eyes.

"Well, aren't you my wife?"

Amelia was moved by his words, up until he sent her to hell with the next words he

uttered. "But we're divorcing soon." Daily latest update

Swallowing the bitterness away, Amelia smiled. "Mr. Clinton, you've asked me to come for a meal and to sign the divorce papers at the law firm, am I right?"

"We're just having a meal with a few friends," Oscar said. "As for the divorce papers, a lawyer will call you next week."

Amelia sighed. She knew that signing the divorce papers was a matter of time, but she was not mentally prepared to sign them today.

Lifting her chin to look at her with a sharp gaze, Oscar asked, "Are you that eager to divorce me?"

Is this what it means by the guilty is the first to complain?

Amused, Amelia continued holding onto Oscar's neck as she muttered, "Mr. Clinton, aren't you accusing me of it even though you're the guilty party?"

Oscar lowered his head to look at her and replied, "I'm the only one who can ask for a divorce. As for you, don't even think about it." Daily latest update

Barking out a laugh in her fury, Amelia uttered, "Mr. Clinton, are you telling me to do as you say but not as you do?"

Oscar held onto her waist, picked her up, and placed her to the side. "Come on. Let's go."

Amelia was still smiling, not at all feeling angry about Oscar's rough action. Instead, she tumbled behind him into the elevator. Only when she was buckling her seatbelt in the car then did she utter, "Mr. Clinton, who's going to be there?"

"Some of my friends. They're quite outgoing, so you don't need to feel reserved."

Shock flashed past her eyes as she queried, "Mr. Clinton, aren't you trying to get me to stay away from your friends?"

"They want to meet you." In other words, Oscar was telling her that it had not been his choice; his friends were the ones who wanted to meet her.

Regardless, Amelia still felt happy about it. Daily latest update

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Oscar parked his car outside a farmstay on the outskirts. It wasn't until Amelia got down from the car did she notice the name of the place-Happy Farmstay.

The corner of Amelia's mouth twitched. *What a simple name.*

"This place belongs to one of my friends. Let's head inside," Oscar informed, walking toward her.

As soon as they entered, a fancily dressed server walked over and bowed with a smile. "Mr. Clinton? They are already waiting inside."

Oscar hummed in reply. Daily latest update

"Mr. Clinton, this way, please." The server then motioned them toward the inside.

On the way to their destination, Amelia had sighed in awe of how luxurious the farmstay looked. She had thought that it was an ordinary farmstay, but the farmstay had some vintage elements added to it, so it now looked elegant and lavish. Moreover, the farmstay seemed spacious-Amelia was sure that the owner must have invested a hefty sum in it.

Oscar's friends were either rich or powerful. Even the ones who were not born into wealthy families had earned their wealth themselves.

Upon entering the room, Amelia realized there were around six to seven people inside.

They exchanged glances, with most of them being curious at who this lady was.

As they were all men, the gathering was not as unwelcoming as she thought it would be.

Amelia could recognize two men from her wedding four years ago, but not the other five.

"Oscar, you're finally here. It was tough trying to get you to introduce your wife to us and now I finally know why. You're the kind to keep your precious wife at home, aren't you? If I were to have a wife as pretty as she is, I'd have kept her away from your eyes too." The one speaking looked as though he was in his mid-twenties. He

had a gentle-looking face and had a pair of gold-rimmed glasses on.

Oscar then explained to Amelia, "He's my childhood friend. There are government officials in his family. You can call him Chubs." Daily latest update

A laugh nearly escaped her.

The man named Chubs gave Oscar a smack. Then turning to Amelia, he enthusiastically introduced himself, "Hello, I'm Jacques Ford. It's a pleasure to meet you. You're much prettier than I imagined. It's a shame that you've married Oscar."

It seems like Jacques and Oscar are really good friends.

"Hello, I'm Amelia Winters. Just call me Amelia. It's a pleasure to meet you too," Amelia greeted as she shook his hands.

"Oh, my heart's melting. Amelia's so polite!" Jacques exclaimed.

Amelia eventually burst into laughter. Because little did she expect Oscar to have friends as jovial as him. Jacques was nothing like his appearance.
No wonder they say you can't judge a book by its cover. Daily latest update

The other men, too, came forward to introduce themselves. They were all born in either rich families or powerful families. In other words, none were people anyone could easily cross.

"Amelia, don't mind him. Jacques' mostly out of his mind." Kenrick smiled.

Kenrick Lewis' family was in the real estate and entertainment business. Their family business was major, and he had a company of his own. To sum it up, he was a rich kid who was talented as well.

Amelia responded, "I won't. You're much more interesting than I've imagined. Well, I guess I won't need to feel so stressed about messing up while I'm in your presence."

With Amelia's easy-going attitude leaving a good impression on them, the gathering continued in a merry atmosphere. Daily latest update