

# Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 31

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Chapter 31

“Do you think you can escape Oscar’s clutches?”

Amelia was bereft of speech.

“Even you don’t think you can escape his clutches. What makes you think he will let you leave?”

Closing her eyes, Amelia said, “Tiff, I’ve found a job.”

Tiffany was flustered. “Amelia, are you kidding me? We’re talking about the baby. Why are you talking to me about work? Don’t you have enough money to spend? I can give you if you don’t. Why must you look for a job when you’re pregnant? You’re driving me crazy!”

Amelia patted her on the back of her hand and reassured her, “Tiff, don’t worry, When I signed the agreement with Oscar, he agreed not to interfere when I wanna work. In other words, if the company I work for sends me to another province or abroad for a few months, he can’t say no.”

Tiffany looked at her in surprise and asked, “Really?” But after giving it some thought, she still felt apprehensive. “Amelia, what if Oscar wants to see you on a whim and goes to visit you? It’ll blow your cover, won’t it?”

Apparently, Amelia had not thought about that.

Tiffany got even more frustrated. “Argh, Amelia, I thought you were a smart girl! How can you be so foolish and let Oscar call the shots in your marriage? What are you thinking?!”

Amelia remained silent.

Gritting her teeth, Tiffany took a few deep breaths before inferring, “Babe, you were born to tick me off.”

However, Amelia patted the bed calmly as she finally said, “Don’t be mad. I heard that Cassie is coming back, so I think Oscar won’t have time to visit me. In fact, I think we’re gonna divorce soon.”

Tiffany simply listened to her in silence initially, but something popped into her

mind and she abruptly sat up. "Amelia, I don't think you should divorce. You're the legit Mrs. Clinton, so you don't have to make room for a vixen just because she comes back."

"Tiff, what's wrong with you? You've only just recovered. Don't get so jumpy," said Amelia while tugging at her pajamas,

Tiffany lay back down and turned to look at Amelia.

"Babe, tell me honestly, are you really willing to give up the fruits of your labor?"

"What? As I said, I don't have the right to decide anything in my marriage with Oscar. Anyway, it's getting late. It's my first day at work tomorrow."

"Babe, you're kidding, aren't you? You're gonna work tomorrow? Also, when did you find the job? Why didn't I know at all?"

"The CEO of the company and I went to university together. I said I needed a job, so he gave me an untaxing job."

"Who's it?" In the next second, Tiffany widened her eyes and said anxiously, "Amelia, don't tell me it's Carter Scott. If it's that b\*\*\*\*\*, I'm gonna strangle you."

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"It's been so many years, and yet you still remember him?" Amelia asked, amused.

"Let me tell you something-I'll never forget him until the day I die. If it hadn't been for him, you wouldn't have chosen to go into a contract marriage with Oscar. I wouldn't have become a freelance writer because of my fear of interpersonal relationships in the workplace. I wish I could chop him up into pieces now."

Amelia found her response amusing.

"Tiff, you're being unreasonable. Carter didn't do anything wrong back then. He just didn't help us when we were wrongfully accused, which is justifiable. We can't vent our anger on him."

Tiffany clenched her teeth. "It seems that you've really gone to that jerk for help."

Shrugging, Amelia replied with a smile, "It's all water under the bridge now, Tiff. Besides, it was our fault at the time, so we can't blame others. Carter got caught up in his family affairs that day. You can't expect him to come and save us. Come on, don't

sulk.”

Tiffany heaved a sigh and explained in a softer tone, “I do know that he’s not to blame, but at that time we were desperate and had several millions worth of debt around our necks. If it weren’t for that, you wouldn’t have gone to Oscar and been labeled a gold digger, while I wouldn’t have developed a fear of interpersonal communication in the workplace. Thinking about it now, I’m so angry and frustrated.”

“Tiff, I’ve long since moved on. I didn’t think that you would still be so mad. Carter’s really not to blame for that incident back then, so you should stop blaming him.”

Tiffany’s anger was deflated as she replied, “How can I still blame him when you, the biggest victim, don’t even blame him? But I’m curious. You and that jerk haven’t been in contact for many years; why did you get in touch with him now?”

“Well, he WhatsApped me a few days ago to ask me how I’ve been all these years, and I told him about looking for a job.”

“So you sold yourself out so easily?”

“I asked him for a job as compensation for what happened back then.”

“How can you be so barefaced and ask him for a job, Amelia? Are you trying to piss me off?”

Amelia said softly, “Tiff, have you forgotten? When we were in debt, we swore to God that as long as we could be rich and no longer be looked down upon by anyone, we would stop at nothing as dignity was not worth a penny in the face of reality.”

Tiffany did not refute her.

“You can do that to Carter, but why can’t you do the same to Oscar? You’re just sugarcoating it when in fact, you’re tender-hearted. Anyway, I should stop here. I’ll go to the company with you tomorrow so that I can teach that b\*\*\*\*\* a lesson if he takes the opportunity to bully you.”

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“He’s not a scourge.”

“That b\*\*\*\*\*’s more terrifying than a scourge.”

Amelia was at a loss for words.

The next day, Tiffany insisted on going to the company with Amelia regardless of how hard the latter tried to dissuade her. In the end, Amelia had no choice but to take her with her.

They went to the busiest street in the city's business district and entered a building with a signboard that read "Majesty Group." Looking around, Tiffany asked, "Amelia, I don't think this belongs to the Scotts, right?"

"Yeah. Carter rents the 12th floor here as an office space," Amelia explained.

Tiffany curled her lips in disdain. "That b\*\*\*\*\* still has the capability even without his family's help?"

"As long as you aren't biased against Carter, you'll find that he's quite attractive. Back then, I was thinking of setting the two of you up together."

Tiffany gave her a dirty look but said nothing as the elevator door opened.

When they came to the 12th floor, a slim secretary greeted them politely, "You must be Ms. Winters. Mr. Scott's waiting for you in his office. This way, please."

Following the secretary, Amelia and Tiffany walked into the office. Then, the secretary said, "Mr. Scott, Ms. Winters is here."

While the secretary spoke, Tiffany was staring at the man behind the desk, who was none other than Carter.

"You may leave now, Linda," instructed Carter.

Linda did as told.

"It's been a long time, Amelia, Tiffany." Standing up, Carter went around the desk and reached out to shake hands with the two of them, but unexpectedly, Tiffany mocked, "Carter Scott, just drop the pretense."

Instead of getting mad, Carter replied with a smile, "After so many years, you haven't changed a bit."

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Tiffany huffed in exasperation.

Amelia extended her arm to shake hands with Carter and said, "Don't mind her, Carter. As you know, she's always been plain-spoken."

Carter flashed her a smile,

Standing at 185 cm tall, he was good-looking and exuded an air of nobility. Despite being nicely dressed in a suit and tie, Tiffany still saw him as a brute.

“Amelia, I’m sorry for what happened back then. Because of my family affairs, I couldn’t help you in time, causing you to be neck-deep in debt. By the time I settled my problems and went to find you, you had already left.”

Tiffany curled her lips in disdain. “Carter, you were still kinda sincere back then even though you’re the son of a rich man. Now that you’ve started your own company, you’ve become so pretentious.”

The smile on Carter’s face remained unchanged after hearing Tiffany’s remark.

Meanwhile, Amelia tugged at Tiffany’s sleeve while giving Carter an apologetic look, saying, “Tiffany still holds a grudge for what happened back then. I hope you won’t take it personally.”

Shaking his head, Carter gave her a gentlemanly smile and changed the subject. “Why didn’t you tell me Tiffany is looking for a job too? If you had told me earlier, I would’ve gotten two jobs ready.”

“She came to keep me company. By the way, what do I need to do here?” Amelia immediately replied before Tiffany could.

“You’ll be my assistant as it’s a rather undemanding job.” After a seemingly inadvertent glance at Amelia’s belly, Carter hesitated for a moment before asking, “Are you married?”

Amelia was taken aback, but soon she regained her composure and replied, “Yeah, I got married four years ago.”

A look of disappointment flashed across Carter’s eyes.

Then, Tiffany was heard deriding, “Ha, Carter Scott, do you think you can win her over by getting her to work for you? Tell you what, she’s not only married but also pregnant. So you’d better give up the idea.”

There was a slight change in Carter’s expression, but it soon returned to normal as he said with a smile, “Although it’s a little late to say this, congratulations on getting married, Amelia!”

“Thank you!”

“Also, don’t get me wrong. Our company is hiring an assistant designer and an assistant to General Manager. I thought that since we know each other, you can work with me,” explained Carter.

“Don’t mind Tiff’s nonsense. I’m already happy that you think of me as a friend enough to give me a job.”

Carter shook his head. “Nah, Amelia, I gave you the job because you have a flair for design. You’re a very talented woman. Although we’ve lost contact for a few years, I know that the life you breathe into your design won’t just disappear. In fact, I’m glad that you asked for a job from me. With you joining us, my company will definitely flourish.”

Amelia did not know how to respond to his words, whereas Tiffany crossed her arms and commented, “Carter Scott, after you became a boss, you’ve perfected your corporatespeak. Even I can’t help but get goosebumps.”

With a smile still tugging at his lips, Carter suggested, “It’ll be lunchtime in a few hours. Why don’t you hang out at my office first and I’ll treat you to lunch later?”

“Am I not going to start work today?” asked Amelia.

“I can’t make you work on your first day. Besides, it’s the weekend tomorrow, so whether you work today makes no difference. You can start work next week.”

“All right.”

“Since you don’t need to work today, let’s go, Amelia,” Tiffany urged.

“What’s going on with you today, Tiff?” Amelia knitted her brows.

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Tiffany shot Carter an angry look. “There’s someone whom I dislike here that makes the air stale. I can’t stand it.”

Amelia glanced at her. “Come on, Tiff. You’re an adult now.”

Taking a deep breath, Tiffany spread out her hands and replied, “Fine, it’s my fault. I’m being unreasonable. I’ll shut up now, alright?”

Amelia did not know what to do with her.

“Tiffany, I was half responsible for what happened back then. I apologize. Give me a chance to treat you to a meal as an apology,” Carter chipped in with a smile.

Seeing the look of warning in Amelia’s eyes, Tiffany nodded her head reluctantly.

As soon as Carter walked into The Grand with Amelia and Tiffany, a young, beautiful waitress greeted them, "Mr. Scott, the room you reserved is ready. This way, please."

They were about to follow the waitress to head upstairs when they bumped into Oscar, who claimed to be on a business trip. Next to him stood a stunning woman, who, to Amelia's astonishment, looked a lot like her. However, the vibes they gave off varied considerably; one was pure and innocent, the other was sultry and vampish.

Amelia was flabbergasted as her hands and feet turned cold. Supporting her by the arm, Tiffany said cynically, "Oh, hi, Mr. Clinton. Weren't you supposed to be on a business trip to Coldbridge? Why are you here with a beautiful woman instead? Ah, I see it now. The business trip is an excuse you cooked up so that you can spend time with your lover. Well, you're a successful businessman, Mr. Clinton, so no one will blame you for keeping one or two mistresses. There's no need for you to lie, really.

Tsk, tsk."

With complicated emotions in her eyes, Amelia looked at Oscar, then put on a graceful smile and said causally, "Mr. Clinton, you're back from your business trip. How may I address this lady?"

Oscar stared at her with pursed lips, while the woman next to him prompted in a sweet voice, "Oz, are these three your friends? Aren't you going to introduce us?"

Returning to his senses, Oscar looked at her before his gaze softened. However, his

answer pierced Amelia's heart. "They're just acquaintances."

"Don't you think this lady looks like me, Oz?" the woman asked.

"A little, but she's not as pretty as you are," replied Oscar.

"Oscar Clinton, you scumbag! Amelia is your wife, not some insignificant woman!" Tiffany glowered at Oscar. Then, she pointed at the woman next to him and said, "I don't care what your relationship is with Oscar, but you should drop your pretentious act and stop acting like you don't know shit. Women like you are the b\*tch in my novels. The man you're with has married someone else, and his wife is my friend right here. Do you understand?"

The woman gave Oscar an innocent look and asked, "What's going on, Oz? You're married?"

Oscar's face instantly clouded over as he looked at Amelia indifferently. "Amelia, get your friend to watch her mouth, or things will get nasty. Cassie came back for a piano performance."

With the same graceful smile on her face, Amelia extended her arm toward Cassie and complimented, "Oh, so you're Ms. Cassie. Nice to meet you. I've heard about you from Mr. Clinton. You're so pretty."

Since Cassie was pretending not to know her, she did not mind playing along. After all, the former enjoyed being a goody-two-shoes and was the apple of Oscar's eyes.

*But why does my heart ache so much?*

Cassie shook hands with Amelia and said, "You can call me Cassie. Are you a friend of Oscar's? I don't think I've seen you before."

"I only met Mr. Clinton after you went abroad. That's why you don't know me."

"I see." Turning to look at Oscar, Cassie added, "Oz, why are you pulling a long face? They're your friends. You're scaring them."

Oscar wrapped his arm around her waist and replied, "I think they're going to have lunch. Let's not disturb them."

"Alright. Let's go then." After nodding at Amelia, Cassie went downstairs with Oscar.

Enraged, Tiffany was about to lash out when Amelia said in a voice tinged with powerlessness, "Tiff, let me have my dignity."

Holding back, Tiffany asked worriedly, "Are you okay, Amelia?"

Amelia shook her head and said to Carter, "Carter, I'm sorry you had to see that."

"You don't look well. We should eat together next time. I'll send the two of you back," Carter proposed, sounding like a gentleman.

"Thank you." Amelia gave him an apologetic smile.

"We're friends, so you can always come to me if you have any problems. By the way, that man is Oscar Clinton, right? How did you get involved with him? Or are you really his wife like what Tiffany said?"

Shaking her head, Amelia replied with a rare trace of vulnerability in her tone, "Can you not ask so many questions, Carter?"



Carter was not a nosy man, so he dropped the subject and said instead, "I'll send you girls home first then. Remember to come to work on Monday. And, come to me if you have any problems."

"Thank you!"

Subsequently, Carter sent the two of them back to Amelia's apartment in the city center. After getting out of the car, Amelia said politely, "Carter, thank you for today. I'll definitely go to work on time on Monday."

"Rest well. Don't think too much," said Carter gently while nodding.

Amelia nodded in response.

After Carter left, she said to Tiffany with a pale face, "Tiff, can I spend the night at your place?"

Suppressing her anger, Tiffany did not have the heart to scold Amelia after seeing her in such a state. Thus, they took a taxi together to her place.

After reaching her home, Tiffany said with her hands on her hips, "Amelia, didn't you feel anything when that scumbag actually brought another woman to your face?"

With her thoughts in a muddle, Amelia replied in a rather pleading tone, "Tiff, can we not talk about him now?"

Tiffany was exasperated. "Why do you become a coward in front of this man, Amelia? Where's the bold Amelia that I know?"

Still feeling a little cold, Amelia asked, "Can you get me a glass of water, Tiff?"

Tiffany held back her anger and went to put the kettle on. "I'm boiling water."

Amelia nodded and propped her forehead with both hands, seemingly lost in thought.

"Amelia, what exactly are you thinking? The temptress has come right to your face." Tiffany was short-tempered. Having penned a large number of romance novels, she believed in love and that love was sacred. Perhaps most of the people in the world would laugh at her for her naive thinking, but writing novels had really given her some insights into love.

If Amelia had not been her best friend, she would have grabbed her by the shoulders and asked her what she wanted exactly. Love was such a beautiful thing, and yet Amelia abused it.

Meanwhile, Amelia had recomposed herself and said in a calm tone, "What else can I do other than getting a divorce?"

"Okay, divorce it is, but don't forget to take your share of his assets. Don't act all high and mighty by not taking anything. Otherwise, I'll despise you," snapped Tiffany angrily.

"Didn't you say that money is not important to you anymore after being on the brink of death once?" Amelia pointed out.

"Yes, I did say so. But I was referring to the income from work. As long as the salary is enough for me to spend, I'm happy. I didn't ask you not to take anything like a saint. You're embarrassing me if you really don't ask for your share."

Amelia could not help but chuckle.

"What's so funny?"

Amelia shrugged. "I know you're saying this for my own good, Tiff. Don't worry. I know what I should do. I'll take everything that's supposed to be mine."

Only then did Tiffany stop pulling a long face.

"You know what? Amelia, you had no fight in you at all back at the restaurant."

"Cassie's return caught me off guard. Next time when I see her, I'll surely get nasty with her."

Tiffany sneered, "I believe that you still have the fight in you, but you always become meek in front of Oscar. Are you sure you can get nasty with that pretentious b\*tch?"

After a brief pause, Tiffany added derisively, "That woman looks innocent. She's good at playing dumb and acting weak in front of men, making her the type of woman most men like. It's no wonder Oscar can still treat her like she's oh-so precious. If I were a man, I would've melted too under her coy gaze."

"Tiff, are you selling ourselves short?"

"No, I'm just telling you that your rival in love should not be underestimated," asserted Tiffany while wagging her middle finger.

Crossing her legs, Amelia leaned forward flirtatiously and said, "The stronger the enemy is, the more interesting it is to fight, isn't it?"

"Well, in my opinion, you should win without having to fight," Tiffany argued.

Amelia responded with a smile, the sadness in her eyes well-hidden from Tiffany.

In the evening, she received a phone call from Oscar. As soon as she picked up the phone, he ordered in a domineering tone, "Where are you? Come back now."

He hung up the phone right after speaking.

"Is it Oscar?" asked Tiffany.

Amelia nodded in agreement.

"What did he say?"

"He wants me to go back now."

"That's it?"

Getting all riled up, Tiffany squeezed the pillow in her arms and added decisively, "Don't go back. If you rush back simply because of a phone call from him, don't call me your friend anymore."

"He's called. How can I not go back?" Amelia threw the phone on the bed and said nonchalantly.

"You're his wife. How can he simply yell at you?"

"My dear, don't forget that he's also your savior."

"The doctor saved me."

"If he hadn't used his connections and hired James, the best doctor from Anglandur, you might still be lying on the hospital bed in a vegetative state."

Tiffany glared at her. "Amelia, are you here to play devil's advocate?"

Getting off the bed, Amelia put on a red dress, took her bag, and said, "I'm going back."

"Can you grow a spine, Amelia Winters?"

"Tiff, I know what you wanna say, but I wanna solve the matter between me and Oscar by myself. Don't worry. No one can hurt me unless I allow them to. From the moment I got married to him, I knew that our marriage wouldn't last forever, so I've never fantasized about it being otherwise. It's only after meeting Cassie today that I think Oscar is really a poor judge of character even though he's good at doing business."

Tiffany snapped her fingers and commented, "Congratulations. You finally have it figured out."

"Alright. I'm off," bade Amelia while wearing her bag over her shoulder.

Tiffany saw her out. "Call me if you need me after you go back. Also, be more careful now that you're pregnant."

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Amelia gave an OK sign and said, "Don't worry. I'll call you if anything happens. Rest assured that I'll treat my sweetheart well."

Then, she stepped into the lift and went downstairs.

Amelia hailed a cab and returned to her apartment in the city. She took the elevator to her floor and headed to her door. Just as she unlocked her door with her keys, someone pulled her in with great force from inside. Before she knew it, she was pulled into a tight embrace and even bumped her nose against the person's rock hard chest.

It almost made her tear up in pain.

She tolerated it and looked up at the man. Giving him a smile, she asked, "Mr. Clinton, you're oddly passionate today. Did you miss me?"

Oscar lifted her chin forcefully and queried in a demanding manner, "Who was the man who ate with you today?"

The woman burst into a chuckle as her cheeks flushed in happiness. "Mr. Clinton, are you jealous?"

The man's eyes flashed ominously at this question. He warned her sternly, "Don't beat around the bush. You should know what's going to happen if you betray me."

"Mr. Clinton, you're like the thief that steals a horse but doesn't allow another to look over the hedge. Don't forget Ms. Yard is already back, which means that we won't be husband and wife soon. It's not your business as to who I was with."

Oscar lowered his head and bit her lips in frustration, causing her to cry out in pain.

After he let go, Amelia brushed a finger against her lips and saw blood. She scoffed and remarked, "I didn't know that you liked biting so much, Mr. Clinton."

"You're still mine since we're not divorced yet. If you ever betray me and flirt with other men, I won't go easy on you. Don't blame me if I disregard our status as husband and wife."

"Did you ever care in the first place? You hung out with your ex-girlfriend in my

presence and said that I wasn't related to you. Did you ever care about how I felt?" Amelia questioned.

The man narrowed his eyes. "Are you protesting now?"

She looked up and stared deep into his eyes as she asked, "What do you think, Mr. Clinton?"

"Amelia, don't forget that our relationship is purely contractual."

She nodded and retorted, "That's exactly what I wanted to say. When we signed the contract, it was made clear that you would not interfere in any of my matters as long as I carried out my duties. That's the extent of our relationship. Did you forget, Mr. Clinton?"

Oscar's expression turned even darker. "So, is that man your boyfriend now?"

"Don't make it sound so bad, Mr. Clinton. Don't worry. I won't have any boyfriends during this period of time. You know, not everyone can have so many partners at once like you. You must be having such a good time."

Oscar really hated this defiant side of her. He wanted Amelia to be as obedient as a pet. Right now, she was behaving so defensively and rebelliously.

"Amelia, what are you trying to do? Rebel?"

"No, sir. You're my source of income! Why would I rebel against you? I'm just unhappy that you're so quick to doubt me."

He frowned very deeply and questioned, "Is there something wrong with you today?"

In response, she wrapped her arms around Oscar's neck and seemingly reverted to her normal shy, obedient self. With a gentle smile, she replied, "Mr. Clinton, I was wrong earlier. Please don't take my words to heart?"

He just looked at her indifferently.

However, Amelia was not afraid and asked him, "Mr. Clinton, isn't Ms. Yard already back? Aren't you going to spend more time with her?"

"She's busy with her piano concert." Oscar provided a simple explanation.

She nodded. "No wonder you have time to be here."

In one swift movement, he picked her up and walked upstairs into the bedroom. Just as he was about to toss her onto the bed, she hurriedly stopped him. "Mr. Clinton, my body has been aching the past few days. Please don't use so much force when you put me down."

Oscar conceded and placed her on the bed gently. Then, he shot her a sharp look as his gaze darted to her belly. His brows furrowed together as he asked, "Why does your belly look bigger?"

Amelia's heart skipped a beat. She let out a nervous laugh and returned the question, "Are you saying that I got fatter?"

"I was only away for a month. How could your belly get so big?" Oscar's frown got even deeper now.

The woman sat up on the bed and smiled. "Mr. Clinton, have you ever heard of a stress-free life? I had such a great time eating and hanging out with my friends when you were away. Tiff is getting better too. I stopped dieting because I was so happy. Maybe that's why I got plumper."

"As far as I know, you're not the type to fatten easily. Also, you only gained weight in your belly and not elsewhere. Are you pregnant?" Oscar got straight to the point.

Amelia trembled slightly at his question. However, she kept smiling and avoided answering it. "What makes you say that, Mr. Clinton?"

His gaze turned sharp once more as he repeated his question, "Are you pregnant?"

"If I say yes, will you ask me to abort it?"

"Yes," he spat.

Her expression changed slightly. She managed a smile and told him, "I never knew that you were this ruthless, Mr. Clinton. You're even willing to abort your own child?"

“So you’re really pregnant then?”

“I would have already asked for a big sum of money from you if I was really pregnant. I wouldn’t wait till now, would I? If you don’t believe me, you can get the

family doctor to do a check-up. I will head to the hospital for an abortion right away if I’m really pregnant.”

Oscar got up from the bed and dialed a number. After he finished the call, he glanced at Amelia and told her, “I already called Mr. Lancaster. He’ll be here shortly to do a check-up on you.”

Amelia could no longer keep her cool. She got up from the bed too and looked at him coldly. “Oscar, I’ve never met someone as ruthless and cold-hearted as you. Let’s get a divorce. I don’t want your money. In fact, I would rather leave this marriage penniless. You don’t have to worry about me being a threat to you and Cassie even if I’m pregnant.”

After she finished, she walked past Oscar and prepared to leave.

However, Oscar grabbed her hand and stopped her. His tone was carefully neutral as he questioned, “Are you really pregnant? For how many months?”

She turned her head and scoffed. “Sorry to disappoint you, Mr. Clinton, but I’m not pregnant. I just ate slightly more these few weeks and got fat. I can’t do anything more to make you believe me.”

Oscar immediately recomposed himself and replied, “Amelia, only I have the right to say no in this marriage. If you breach this contract unilaterally, you’ll have to pay a hundred million. Don’t forget that.”

Smiling sweetly, she adjusted his shirt for him. “Mr. Clinton, there’s nothing to be angry about. I remember all of that. But I suppose we’re getting a divorce really soon, aren’t we?”

He swept her up into his arms and was ready to throw her on the bed once more. However, something struck him and he changed his mind. Instead, he placed her on the bed gently and pinned her body down.

He lifted her chin and told her calmly, “Amelia, don’t forget that you’re just one of my pets. Don’t even think about trying to make me angry. Otherwise, you’ll suffer the consequences. Pets always behave in a certain way, understood?”

She tugged at his tie and blinked her large eyes as she asked, “Have you ever seen such a beautiful pet, Mr. Clinton?”

"Cassie is headed back to Erihal in a few days. We won't be getting a divorce so soon."

With what seemed like a smile, Amelia stared at him and queried, "Should I be thankful for that?"

"You should just behave as you should. Be good and obedient."

Using some force, Amelia pulled the man closer to her. Their lips were just inches apart as she asked, "Mr. Clinton, can a pet like me sleep with you and do things which were previously forbidden?"

Oscar's gaze went dark as he felt the adrenaline rush through his body. Gritting his teeth, he warned, "Don't seduce me!"

Amelia still persisted. "Mr. Clinton, don't you want to fulfill your needs? You invested so much money in me after all."

After a short pause, she continued, "In fact, I'm surprised that you aren't ravishing Ms. Yard now that she's back. Aren't you afraid that she'll be unsatisfied?"

The man's face darkened menacingly. He lowered his voice and said to her, "Amelia, you better watch your mouth. Cassie has always been a pure and innocent girl. Don't impose your dirty thoughts onto her."

"Are we talking about the same person? If she's really that pure and innocent, she wouldn't have gotten my number while she was far away in Erihal. She even threatened me over the phone, mind you. However, I suppose she does look quite pure and innocent. No wonder you pine for her. All men like women like Ms. Yard."

Oscar was quite annoyed at this. He glared at her and spat, "Amelia, I thought that you knew your boundaries, but it seems like I was wrong. You're such a despicable person."

"Mr. Clinton, what do you mean?" Amelia burst out in laughter.

Oscar got off the bed and adjusted his shirt. Without turning back, he told her, "You better not try anything funny with Cassie. I'll let you know when's the right time to get divorced. Cassie prefers to stay overseas now, so you would have to continue being my partner for a while until she decides to return. I'll give you your freedom then."

Amelia let out a bitter laugh. *Damn. Not only am I Cassie's substitute, now I have to fulfill his biological needs too?*

"Aren't you afraid that I'll get angry and refuse to do as told?"



"We signed the papers at the law firm that day. If you want to pay me a hundred million in damages, please feel free to leave."

*He only knows how to pressure me with money.*

"How can you do this? You're a man of great stature, yet you abuse your power and money. Don't you think that it's a little shameful?"

He turned around and challenged her, "I can be even more shameless than this. Do you want to try me?"

She got down from the bed and walked towards him. Embracing him from behind, she said, "Darling, we've been husband and wife for four years now. Regardless of whether we married because of the contract or because we like each other, I'm sure we don't have to make things difficult for each other when we divorce, right?"

"It's best if you think that way."

"That has always been my plan," Amelia responded sweetly.

After a pause, she continued, "Darling, I'm quite tired of these days where all I do is shop. I got someone to recommend me a job. I'm headed to work on Monday. Are you alright with that?"

He turned and asked, "Are you in need of money?"

She shook her head and laughed. "You give me a lot of pocket money each month. I'm not in need of money. I'm just too bored and want to find a proper job to pass the time."

Oscar nodded. "Sure. Where's your office?"

She informed him of the address.

"It's a good location, but I've never heard of the company. Is it a startup?" he asked.

"It's been around for a few years. The Clinton Corporations is a large company, and you're a busy man. That's probably why you haven't heard of it. So I take it that you're alright with this?"

"Everything was in black and white when we got married. I won't interfere with your social life, nor will I stop you from going to work. Of course, if you flirt with other men in your workplace, you'll suffer the consequences."

She pouted. "What a demanding man."

# Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 34

[/ Love You Enough to Leave You](#)  
Chapter 34

"You're my wife. You can only serve my needs. Don't even think about anything else."

"Mr. Clinton, I'm not going to be your wife soon. When that happens, I'll take a leaf out of your book and find two hunks for myself. One shall be a muscular man while the other should be a model with a good figure. That would be the ultimate pleasure in life."

Oscar's face turned extremely dark upon hearing this.

"Can you not be this shameless, Amelia?"

"Huh?"

Oscar insisted, "I'll break your legs if you find another man."

"Mr. Clinton, aren't you being overbearing now?(This novel will be daily updated at ) We aren't going to be related soon."

"Don't even think about leaving when I haven't given you permission to do so! That's not going to happen." After he finished, Oscar left the bedroom and went to the study.

*Amelia was left in the bedroom, blinking her eyes innocently. It's getting more and more difficult to read Oscar's thoughts. He was the one who initially professed his love for Cassie and wanted a divorce. But now that Cassie's back, why isn't he in a rush to get back with her? Surprisingly, he's here to spend time with me and doesn't seem to want to leave. What's going on?*

Shaking her head, she picked up a sleeping gown and headed to the bathroom for a hot shower. After that, she stepped into the kitchen to make a glass of warm milk and went upstairs to the study. She knocked on the door and entered only after Oscar

gave her permission to do so.

"Mr. Clinton, I got you a glass of milk. It's good to have some milk before you sleep." She placed the glass on the desk in front of him. Just then, Oscar looked up and noticed her in the rather revealing sleeping gown. Immediately, his eyes darkened.

On the other hand, Amelia was very satisfied with his reaction. "Mr. Clinton, it's getting late. Isn't it time to get some sleep?" It almost seemed like she was trying to seduce him.

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Oscar had to admit that Amelia was very good at the art of seduction. She could probably get by even without a job because so many men would willingly court her and spend their money on her. In fact, it was not an exaggeration to say that she would be gifted luxury bags, clothes, shoes, and many more.

She was very good at captivating men's hearts, which was what made Oscar so enchanted by this woman. The thought that she would belong to another man one day made him really unhappy.

Naturally, his tone went cold as he said, "You better dress more conservatively when you're meeting other men. Look at you. What are you wearing now?"

Amelia thought this was weird. She glanced at him innocently and replied, (This novel will be daily updated at ) "Mr. Clinton, I thought you liked that I dressed like this? If I dressed like a nun, you would have kicked me out of the house already."

Oscar looked even more annoyed at her reply.

"Mr. Clinton, you look like a really jealous husband right now. Are you in love with me?"

The man was getting frustrated now.

"Go to sleep. I'm not done with my work yet," he commanded while pointing to the door.

Amelia leaned forward and rested her hands on the table as she spoke flirtatiously, "Mr. Clinton, a pretty lady is right in front of you now, yet you seem to have no reaction. There are only two reasons for that. One, your little one down there isn't working. Or... you're not a man at all."

All of a sudden, the man stood up and stepped around the table. He picked her up swiftly and hissed through gritted teeth, "I'll show you that I'm a man." No man wanted their manhood to be doubted—it was like an attack on their pride and ego.

The duo had an intense session for the entire night.

The next morning, Amelia was awakened by her phone ringing. With drowsy eyes, she glanced at the screen and saw that it was a call from Carter. She picked up the call. "Hello?"

Carter's doubtful voice could be heard on the other end of the line. "Are you still sleeping?"

"I just woke up. Is something wrong?"

"Oh, no, I just wanted to ask if you feel better."

"Thanks for asking. I'm fine now. I'll get to work on time the day after."

"Don't worry about coming to work. If you don't feel like coming in, you can start work next week instead."

Amelia responded, "I don't want to be a freeloader. I know that you're rich, but your employees will gossip."

"Alright then. Come to work if you have nothing else to do. Make yourself at home. We are friends, after all. Also, I can help you pay back the few million that you owed previously. As a friend, of course. You can return me the money when you've earned enough."

"Carter, thank you so much. I've already paid back the money though. Tiffany and I are living our best lives now. Everything is good and peaceful. Don't worry."

"All right. I won't disturb you then. Goodbye."

"Bye."

After she hung up and was ready to get off the bed, (This novel will be daily updated at )she realized that Oscar was already awake and staring at her. She jumped in shock upon seeing this. "You're awake?"

Oscar asked, "Is that the man you were eating lunch with?"

She nodded.

"Are you going to work for him?"

She nodded again.

"You can't go," Oscar quickly ordered.

"But Mr. Clinton, you agreed to it yesterday."

"He's obviously interested in you. I don't like the way he looks at you. Don't go."

"Mr. Clinton, do you really think I'm such a loveable person?" Amelia laughed.

"Don't deflect. No means no."

"I already signed the contract and agreed to start work on Monday. Why are you making my life difficult?"

"I'll pay any contractual damages."

Amelia got out of bed and put on the sleeping gown which had been tossed on the floor last night. With what looked like a smile, she looked at Oscar and said, "Mr. Clinton, if you don't give me a good reason, I'll still head to work on Monday. We already agreed not to interfere in each other's work lives. I'm sure you remember that."

The man narrowed her eyes. "Amelia, you're getting more and more rebellious. You even dare to threaten me now?"

She walked into the bathroom with Oscar following right after her. He pulled her into an embrace from behind and looked at their reflections in the mirror. "Don't go to work there. If you need money, I can give you more. Or else, you can come and work at Clinton Corporations."

"Mr. Clinton, I like to design. While his company is not comparable to Clinton Corporations, it gives me the platform to display and showcase my designs. Unfortunately, I do insist on going to work there. Unless you can give me a good reason not to?"

"Are you rejecting me right now?"

"We already agreed not to interfere in each other's work lives when we signed the contract. If you've forgotten, I can show you the exact clause in the contract."

Oscar looked extremely upset at this. "Amelia, you are indeed getting more daring."

how to protect my rights."

"Fine. You can go to work. However, I want you to stay away from that boss. No man can ever come close to you," he asserted.

Putting down her toothbrush, she used a towel to wipe the water off her face. With a smile, her gaze moved to Oscar as she clarified, "Mr. Clinton, can I take it that you're jealous?"

He walked out of the bathroom right away.

Amelia winked to herself in the mirror and began washing up.

After half an hour, she stepped out of the bathroom while Oscar stepped back in.

Her phone rang again. It was a call from Olivia. She picked it up and said, "Hello, Mom."

"Amelia, is Oscar with you?" Olivia asked in a benevolent fashion.

"Yes, he is. Are you looking for him? Let me pass him the phone."

"It's alright. Since he's with you, (This novel will be daily updated at )tell him to bring you home for lunch later. We have some guests over," Olivia told her happily.

"All right. We'll head back to the Clinton residence after he's done washing up," Amelia replied courteously.

"Okay. I'll hang up now. See you soon."

"See you."

When Oscar exited the bathroom, Amelia informed him, "Mr. Clinton, Mom asked us to head back to the Clinton residence for lunch."

He nodded.

They got themselves dressed and drove back to the Clinton residence.

After parking the car, they walked to the front doors. The butler welcomed them with a smile. "Mr. Oscar, Ms. Amelia, you're back! Mr. and Mrs. Clinton and the guests are waiting inside."

Oscar nodded at this.

After entering, she was surprised to see that the guests were, in fact, Cassie and her parents.

Cassie was quite happy to see Oscar initially. However, her smile vanished almost instantly after she saw Amelia standing next to him.

Meanwhile, Olivia was happy to see the two's arrival. She waved them over and said, "Amelia, come here."

Amelia approached the older woman with a smile.

Olivia treated Amelia quite well. One could say that she loved Amelia like her own daughter. On the other hand, Owen was a little more indifferent. After all, he had wanted Cassie to be his daughter-in-law, and Amelia did not come from a prestigious family. In fact, the Yards and Clintons argued badly when Cassie went overseas. Luckily, the Yard family apologized after that. With Oscar mediating matters, the two families were finally at peace with each other.

Olivia held Amelia's hand and said, "Charlie, this is Oscar's wife. I suppose you haven't met her because she married Oscar when our two families were still at odds with each other four years ago. My daughter-in-law is such a lovely woman. She's kind and filial, and I really like her. Her presence makes my life so much more fulfilling! Owen and Oscar are always so busy with work, and Steph is always at a party or a gathering. None of them have the time to keep me company. Thankfully, Amelia is always here."

Cassie's parents shifted in their seats uncomfortably at this.

Cassie's mother, Elizabeth, managed a laugh. "Oscar definitely made a good choice. However, why do I feel like she looks so familiar? I can't seem to put my finger on it. Charlie, what do you think?"

Cassie's father, Charlie, chimed in, "Now that you mention it, I think she resembles Cassie a little."

Cassie sat off to the side, acting very docile and feminine. (This novel will be daily updated at )She looked exactly like the dream girl from a novel-obedient, gentle, beautiful, and kind. It was as though she was a compilation of all the aspects one would dream for in a woman.

It was no wonder why Oscar fell head over heels with such a perfect woman.

Amelia observed Oscar, noticing that his gaze never once left Cassie the entire time they were in the room. Disappointment flashed through her eyes. *No matter how hard I try, I'll always remain as a substitute for Cassie as long as she's around. Now that she's back, nobody will like a substitute like me anymore. She's the real deal.*

Olivia noticed Oscar's behavior too and let out a small cough. "Oscar, take off your suit since you're home. Maybe dress in something a little more comfortable."

Oscar quickly looked away and nodded.

After he went upstairs, Olivia said to Amelia kindly, "Amelia, this is Charlie and Elizabeth Yard. This is Cassie, their daughter who was supposed to be Oscar's fiancée back then. They almost got married, but unfortunately, that did not happen."

Feigning ignorance, Amelia greeted the trio politely, "Mr. Yard, Mrs. Yard, Cassie, it's nice to meet all of you."

Cassie nodded with a gentle smile. "Ms. Winters, hello again. What a pleasure to see you here."

"It's indeed a pleasure. I always thought that the woman who abandoned Oscar and ran off to Erihal must be a very unlikeable person. Today, I realize I was so naive to have thought that back then! Ms. Yard, you're so kind and beautiful. You're definitely not someone to abandon your loved ones, right? There must be some misunderstanding here, but I guess that doesn't matter anymore. I have to thank you for letting such a perfect man come into my life."