

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 55

Chapter 55

"How could you threaten your mother for a woman, Carter? Is that how you're going to treat me after all that I've done for you?"

"Mom, we can discuss this when I get back. I'm working now," Carter replied, doing his best to change the subject.

"Fine. I'll be waiting for you to come back. The Larsons' eldest daughter is back from overseas. She'll be coming over to visit us today, so you'd better be polite." Having said her piece, Faye immediately hung up.

Carter scratched his head in irritation. He strode over to the window and stared out of it glumly, lost in thought.

That night, he drove over to the Scott residence.

The Scotts ranked prominently among the wealthy elites in the city. Their place of residence was a sprawling villa situated just behind an unending stretch of trees. The entire landscape was fastidiously spruced and trimmed.

Carter parked his car and sauntered toward the entrance of the villa. A middle-aged man greeted him reverently, saying, "Welcome home, Mr. Carter. Mrs. Scott and her guests are waiting for you

inside."

Warmly, Carter replied, "Raymond, it's been a while since I've met you. How are you doing?"

"Thank you for your concern, Mr. Carter. I'm still going strong. Mrs. Scott has greatly missed you in the month that you were gone from home," Raymond informed him.

"Got it, Raymond. I'm just about to head in and make it all up to her," Carter declared.

Besides Jack and Faye Scott, present in the living room were another middle-aged couple and a beautiful, fashionable young lady.

Carter furrowed his brows slightly. It was quickly wiped away, however, leaving Carter once again looking every bit the perfect gentleman.

He walked over and courteously greeted his parents, "Mom, Dad."

Brimming with pride for his son, Jack replied, "Welcome home, son."

Carter was evidently the apple of Faye's eye, too. She sprung up and fussed over him, taking over the jacket from his hands. "You've been busy working all day, Carter. Are you tired?"

Carter shook his head. He turned toward the couple seated next to his parents and remarked, "Mom, are these our guests? I don't think I've met them before."

Faye swatted her head. "Look at me! I was too caught up in my delight at seeing you that I totally

forgot all about the Larsons." Faye proceeded to introduce them. "This is Mr. and Mrs. Larson and their daughter, Jennifer. They're old family friends. Mrs. Larson used to carry you in her arms when you were still a baby. They migrated overseas when you were just five, so it's no wonder you don't remember having meeting them."

Carter smiled and greeted them jovially, "Pleasure to meet you."

He would usually present a mild-mannered front to outsiders. The smile on his face belied the thoughts that festered inside. Thus, no matter the catastrophe, no one had ever witnessed the full extent of his fury. The matter with Amelia was the only incident that had shown a glimpse of the predator lurking within him.

His thoughts were therefore uncommonly profound. The woman that he chose to love, however, would be immensely fortunate.

The Larsons clearly found Carter impressive. "So this is Carter? He's even more handsome than what he looked like in the photographs. Jennifer, you haven't met Carter before, have you? You used to hang around him when you were two."

Jennifer was a demure girl, who looked gorgeous with her small face, rosebud mouth, and fair skin. She was the epitome of classical beauty. Along with her immaculate sense of style, her appearance was practically flawless.

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"Hello, Carter," Jessica said coyly.

Carter appraised her. From a purely visual perspective, she was indeed a great beauty. She was even lovelier than Amelia, with her charming air of innocence which could stir men's hearts to defend her. Amelia, however, gave off an aggressiveness that conversely incited men to overcome and consequently overwhelm her

"No need to be shy around me," Carter asserted.

Jennifer replied him with a sweet smile.

Carter took a seat beside Faye, casually asking, "Mom, where's Granddad?"

"He's working on his computer in the study and will only be joining us for dinner. You can go and look for him first. He has something to tell you," Faye said.

Carter nodded, then stood up. Addressing the Larsons, he said, "Mr. Larson, Mrs. Larson, I'll be heading up first. Please make yourselves comfortable."

The Larsons were even more delighted at his courteous manner and cried, "All right. You go ahead."

Carter ascended the stairs. He knocked on the door and went in upon hearing his grandfather's invitation to enter.

"Granddad," Carter greeted.

Abel Scott was typing away furiously. He typed the last letter with a firm tap of his finger, then looked up. "You're home," he intoned,

Abel was approaching ninety years of age but seemed to have drunk from the fountain of youth. Other than a few stray strands of silver hair, his head was still mostly raven-black. And unlike other seniors, his face wasn't plagued by wrinkles, and his trim, tall figure still looked rather sturdy. In fact, he looked rather regal in his robe.

"May I know what's the reason you asked me to come home this time around?" Carter asked.

"Have you been seeing Amelia?" Abel inquired directly

Carter calmly replied, "Yes, Granddad. She's an employee at my company."

"I supposed after all that had happened, you'd have the sense to not contact her again," Abel remarked

"Granddad, she's the woman I love with all my heart. I can't possibly cease all contact with her. Granddad, you knew that she'd married Oscar and yet pretended that you didn't. It was cruel of you to hide that from me."

Abel sneered, "That woman chose to marry Oscar for money, which shows just how unsuitable she is for you. How could I allow such a gold-digger to marry into the Scott family? Since she's now become the Clintons' daughter-in-law, stop getting involved with her. The Scotts have business dealings with the Clintons, and we don't want to offend Oscar. It'd be a shame to ruin our relationship with the Clintons over a woman."

Carter held himself upright and replied coolly, "Granddad, I had no means to resist you when I was younger. But now that I have my own business, I have the right to choose who I want to love. I'll pursue Amelia to the ends of the earth. I missed my chance once, but I won't make the same mistake twice."

Abel directed his piercing gaze straight at Carter. "Carter, are you going to disregard your own grandfather?"

"Granddad, I have nothing but respect for you, and I've learned a lot from you. You taught me that we shouldn't let go of the things we love so easily. You also said that we might have to resort to any means possible to snatch it back. I've always remembered that," Carter declared passionately.

Abel replied, "I did say that, but I never intended for you to apply that to women."

"Granddad, I think it's equally applicable for both business and relationships," Carter remarked.

Abel clapped a hand on Carter's shoulder. "Carter, I hold the highest regard for you among all my grandchildren. Your father has no interest in the company. I'd like you to come back and take over Scott Group."

Carter protested, "Granddad, I have no interest in Scott Group. I've just gotten my own company in order. Why don't you get another one of your sons to take over?"

"Your uncle's pretty good at it, but he's an honest man. He doesn't have the boldness necessary to take the Scott Group to the next level. I've gotten old, and younger, more capable hands should replace mine in managing the company. You're a steady, meticulous, and enterprising young man with powerful business acumen. If you're willing to come back, Scott Group is yours."

Carter helped his grandfather over to the sofa. "Granddad, if you'll consent to me marrying whoever I like, I'll definitely come back to join the Scotts."

"What on earth is so good about her? She flirted with Oscar, got married to the Clintons, and now she's driving you insane, so much so that you're even willing to cut off all ties with the Scotts for her! Do you really like her that much?"

"Granddad, she's the only woman I love."

"Enough," Abel bellowed, his chest heaving with rage. "She's already married to someone else. Forget not being able to let go! Are you going to degrade yourself by becoming a third party? Are you really that desperate? You're driving me insane as well!"

Carter patted his grandfather on the back to soothe him. "Granddad, I'm just friends with Amelia. She has her own family now. I'll keep this love unspoken in my heart."

Abel shot Carter a glance. "If that's the case, then get her out of your company. She's Oscar's wife, and we can't afford to offend the Clintons."

Carter lowered his head and replied apologetically, "Granddad, I'll heed every other word of yours, other than that regarding Amelia."

Abel let out a long sigh. At last, he said, "Carter, you're no longer a child. Others your age have already started families of their own. There's nothing special about that girl apart from her looks. She's not good enough for you. I've already gotten your mom to identify a few eligible young ladies. The Larsons, whom you met downstairs, are primarily based overseas. They're well

their assets. Jennifer is a perfect match for you in terms of her family background, education, and looks."

Carter nodded politely. "You're right, Granddad. Ms. Larson's a lovely woman and very well mannered, but she's not my type. Please don't do such things anymore. It'll save both our families the embarrassment."

"Carter, I emphasize once again that you're the grandchild I hold the highest regard for. I personally taught you everything when you were young. I have four sons and a daughter, but your dad wants to work on his art, and as I said, your uncle doesn't have the boldness I'm looking for. Another of your uncles wants to be a director, but there's no future in that. As for my youngest son, he wants to teach. Your aunt has a head for business, but I can't count on her not marrying into another family. There's no way around it; you have to take over the Scott Group."

Abel sighed, his face looking rather haggard and drawn. "Carter, I've already got one foot in the grave. Promise me that you'll come back and take over the family business. As for your wife, your mother will find someone eligible. That woman is really unsuitable for you."

Carter felt rather distressed upon hearing his grandfather's words. The elder had practically

brought him up, sparing no effort or expense in nurturing him. Compared to his own parents, he felt the disappointment of his grandfather a lot more keenly.

"Granddad, I really have nothing but respect for you. I can promise you anything else but this. Amelia's the only woman I've ever loved. I can't let go of her just like this," Carter explained earnestly, "Granddad, you said that you loved me the most out of all your grandchildren; let me have my way just this once, please."

Abel's eyes flashed. "Enough! Carter, you might be brilliant, but you're setting yourself up for defeat if you're unable to control your affections. To succeed in anything, you can't allow your emotions to get in the way."

"Granddad, my personal and professional life are separate entities that I'll manage on my own," Carter replied.

"Carter, listen to me. That woman is not worthy of you. Forget about her and try to get along with the Larsons' daughter," Abel insisted.

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Carter stood up abruptly, announcing, "Granddad, if you insist on being like this, then I see no point in carrying on with this conversation."

"Stop right there!" Abel roared.

Carter stood stock still.

"Carter, you've grown up. You're your own man now. I don't wish to resort to the same forceful tactics I employed when you were a child. I hope you can show a little maturity and prove that my decision to entrust Scott Group into your hands was a wise one," Abel said in a gentler tone.

Carter turned and faced Abel squarely. "Granddad, with all due respect, I would like to make my own decisions when it comes to love."

Resigned, Abel replied, "Fine. I won't force you then. It's getting late. It's about time for dinner."

Carter quickly said, "Granddad, there are some business matters that I've yet to deal with..."

Abel eyed Carter with disapproval. "Carter, look at you! You're trying to fool me with the same tired, old excuses even at this age."

Having been exposed, Carter said, "Granddad, now that I come to think of it, it's all been settled. Let's head downstairs for dinner."

Only then did Abel beam. The two of them then proceeded down the stairs.

Over the lavish meal set for seven, Faye eagerly kept an eye out for every opportunity to nudge Carter and Jennifer closer. However, Carter would smoothly evade each pointed question, rendering Faye's efforts futile.

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Faye eyed her son haplessly, then said, "Carter, Jennifer just got home. There's a lot of things for her to catch up on. You're familiar with the place; you should bring her around for a few days."

Carter replied, "Mom, I'll be busy with work for the next few days. Our collaboration with Radcliff Corporation is about to commence in a few days. I won't have the time to accompany Ms. Larson. Why don't you bring the Larsons around instead, Mom? Just put all of their expenses on my tab."

Faye gave him another look, saying, "The Larsons are our family friends. There's no need to be so formal around them. You and Jennifer played together as children. You even said that you were going to marry Jennifer when you grew up! Have you forgotten all about that?"

Carter skillfully deflected the question, "Mom, I've forgotten quite a bit of my younger days."

Faye looked at Jennifer and said kindly, "That's all right. I suppose one could still say that the two of you are childhood sweethearts. How about bringing Jennifer to the office with you to take a look around tomorrow? She's still unfamiliar with much of how we do things here. You can take

her under your wing if she goes to work at your company."

"Mom, I remember you saying that Ms. Larson graduated with a Master's degree from Logan University. It would be a waste of her intellect to work at our company," Carter said with a patient smile. He looked as if he was genuinely concerned about the utilization of Jennifer's talents.

Jennifer finally spoke. Her voice was gentle and soothing to the ear. "Carter, my parents have been praising you to the skies, making me very curious about you. If you don't mind, I'd like to work at your company. It just so happens that I'm rather interested in design as well."

Carter fixed his eyes on Jennifer.

"Carter, it's rare that you'll receive an application from such a highly-educated girl like Jennifer, who doesn't despise your small company. Now that she's expressed her interest, there's no excuse for you to refuse," Faye warned.

"Well then. Since Ms. Larson has spoken, I shall not pass up on such a talent indeed. However, my company is rather strict about observing proper hiring procedures. I'd have to take a look at Ms. Larson's resume first if she doesn't mind."

Jennifer laughed. "Of course I don't mind! I'll personally deliver my resume to your company tomorrow. I'll need to trouble Carter to guide me when I start work then."

With a crafty look, Faye added, "Carter, Jennifer has been living overseas since she was young, but she hasn't been exposed to any of those dirty tricks that they play at the office. You must watch out for her when she goes to work at your company and not let others take advantage of her."

Carter nodded robotically. "Yes, Mom."

After dinner, Carter once again tried to excuse himself on account of unfinished business at work. However, he was halted in his tracks by Faye's urging. "Carter, Jennifer just came back today and hasn't been around. Why don't you take her out?"

Before Carter could refuse, Jennifer immediately broke in. Smiling, she said, "Carter, I don't know this place very well. Do you mind taking me out for a little tour?"

Carter had no choice but to swallow his objections. "Mr. and Mrs. Larson, perhaps the rest of your family can join us as well."

The Larsons shook their head immediately. "You two go ahead. Young people have their own things to talk about. We don't want to be a wet blanket."

Faye joined in gleefully, "You young people should be spending more time together! Carter, be sure not to bully Jennifer."

Carter nodded.

After they got into the car, Jennifer dropped her air of bashfulness and openly demanded, "You don't like me, do you, Carter?"

Carter frowned, feeling rather displeased with Jennifer's sudden about-turn in attitude.

"You're overthinking, Ms. Larson. It's our first meeting after all. You're a family friend, and I feel totally neutral toward you," Carter replied evenly. Without their parents around, Carter saw no need to keep up his facade.

Jennifer laughed. "Carter, you rejected Scott Group and came out to establish your own business. From the five people you had at the beginning to the present ever-expanding pool of employees, you've developed your company with a remarkable boldness that I admire greatly. I'm fascinated with you. Today was, in truth, a matchmaking session, which I'm sure you've managed to perceive as well. If you don't mind, we can try dating for a bit."

"I mind," Carter said simply.

Dumbfounded, Jennifer looked at him. "Why? What's the reason for it? Am I not pretty enough for you?"

Carter shook his head. "No. You're gorgeous actually, Ms. Larson. However, I'm already in love with someone else. Her looks and family background may not be as well off as yours, but I'm not interested in anyone else besides her."

Jennifer laughed haughtily. "Is she your girlfriend?"

"No, I'm still pursuing her."

"That means I still have a chance then."

"Ms. Larson, you're really a completely different person from that demure girl you were pretending to be just now. I didn't expect you to be such a confident, modern young lady," Carter said, skirting around the topic.

Jennifer tossed her head in disdain. "My parents like it when I'm demure."

Carter laughed. "I see you're quite the dutiful child."

"I'm their only child, so I can't disappoint them. It's not too fun playing the role of the demure girl forever, though."

Then, as if struck by something, she added, "Carter, what type of girls do you like?"

Carter retorted, "Not girls like you, for sure."

The smile on Jennifer's face faded. "Carter, that's rather ungentlemanly of you. I've no lack of suitors, but I've really taken a liking to you. The more unapproachable you make yourself out to be, the more interested I am in you. Oh, just you wait. I'm going to pursue you."

"Has anyone ever told you that men dislike aggressive women? Men want to dominate, not to be dominated. Do you understand?" Carter snapped.

Just as Jennifer was about to retaliate, Carter turned the steering wheel sharply. "Carter, what in

the world are you doing?"

Carter leaped out of the car and dashed toward a woman walking by.

"Amelia, what happened to you? You're all wet." Carter anxiously took in Amelia's thoroughly soaked figure. "Are you hurt anywhere?"

Amelia gaped at Carter. "Carter, why are you here?"

"Answer me! What happened to you? Are you hurt?"

Amelia nonchalantly ran her fingers through her dripping locks and said, "I'm fine. I was just mistaken for a mistress by a crazy b*tch, who proceeded to douse me with water. That woman literally belongs in a mental institution! She escaped from there, and it was just my luck to have run into her. That's how I ended up like this."

Carter was impressed by her ability to make light of things even in her unfortunate situation. "Why didn't you give me a call? Are you hurt anywhere else? Is your baby okay? Let me take you to the hospital

Amelia dismissed Carter's concern with a wave of her hand. "I'm fine. I just wandered here to ponder something else. I'll head back soon when I've thought things through."

Then catching sight of Jennifer, who had walked over and was now standing behind Carter, she asked jokingly, "Carter, aren't you going to introduce her? Is she your girlfriend?"

As if terrified of her misunderstanding, Carter hastily corrected Amelia, "She's the daughter of a family friend, Jennifer Larson."

Amelia stuck her hand out and said pleasantly, "How do you do, Ms. Larson? I'm Amelia Winters, but you can call me Amelia."

Jennifer took in Amelia from head to toe. A look of fury flashed across her eyes, and she ignored Amelia's outstretched hand. Turning to Carter, she wailed, "Carter, did you almost get us into an accident just because of this woman?"

Stunned, Amelia gazed at Carter and asked, "Carter, what's going on?"

Carter shot Jennifer a threatening look. "Ms. Larson, I'm terribly sorry for what happened today. You may be a friend of the family, but today's still our first time meeting, after all. I really hope that you can treat my friends with a little more respect."

Jennifer yielded, "Fine, it's my fault. I was just upset at you for driving so recklessly just because of a woman. Are you aware of how dangerous that was? We could have lost our lives!"

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Carter replied evenly, "I'm very sorry. I see that you've suffered a terrible shock; I'll get a taxi to send you home."

Jennifer was incensed. Biting back her rage, she said, "Carter, your family invited me over as a guest. Don't you think you're treating me a little too rudely?"

Carter was just about to hail a taxi when Amelia grabbed hold of him. "Carter, Ms. Larson is clearly upset. Isn't it rather ungentlemanly of you to send her off on a taxi just like that? Go and comfort her! If I were her, I'd be just as furious. I don't like this unchivalrous manner of yours."

"Ms. Larson, I'm truly sorry," Carter said through gritted teeth.

Jennifer looked at Carter contemptuously. "Carter, are you apologizing to me because of this woman?"

Carter frowned. He was evidently on the verge of an eruption.

"Ms. Larson, we don't know each other all that well. If you're gonna keep this up, I won't hesitate to call a taxi to send you home," Carter said, his face thunderous.

Jennifer pouted, then replied sulkily, "I'm sorry I was being rude."

Amelia shrugged. "Carter, you'd better send Ms. Larson back. I've already called someone to pick me up."

Carter obstinately remained by her side, insisting, "Let me send you home. You're thoroughly soaked, and I can't leave you shivering here alone. Take a shower when you get back, and drink some hot tea. Don't catch a cold! Remember you have to take care of someone else besides yourself now." Carter said the last sentence almost in a whisper.

Amelia laughed in amusement. "Don't worry about me. I'm fine. Go ahead and send Ms. Larson back. Oscar will be here soon."

Carter said wilfully, "I can't leave you here alone. Let me accompany you until he comes. I'll send Ms. Larson back afterward."

Carter was stubborn as a mule in all matters concerning Amelia.

"Ms. Larson, I'm very sorry that I can't drive you around today. Let me call a taxi to send you back," Carter repeated.

Jennifer was surprisingly good-natured for once. Smiling, she replied, "I'll accompany you as well then. Ms. Winters is such an attractive woman, and I hear that there are many bad characters in this area. We shouldn't risk anything happening to Ms. Winters."

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Having said that, Jennifer looked at Amelia's belly subconsciously. "Are you perhaps pregnant, Ms. Winters? It looks like you are."

Amelia's expression stiffened a little. Then smiling, she said, "It's just that I've been overindulging myself recently and have gained some weight."

Jennifer grinned. "I'm sorry. But from the look of your belly, it seems that you're pregnant."

Amelia replied, "What keen eyes you have, Ms. Larson. I've tried to disguise it with loose-fitting clothes, but I didn't expect you to notice it."

Jennifer grinned.

Amelia added, "Carter, Ms. Larson is your friend anyway. You should send her home first. I will take a walk alone."

Carter wanted to take her hand, but he put his hand down on second thought. "Let me take you home, Amelia. You're all wet."

Amelia noticed the other lady's unpleasant expression, but she nodded and said, "Let's go."

Carter could not hide his grin and his mood seemed to have brightened a little.

Upon arrival at the neighborhood where she lived, Amelia opened the car door and said, "Thanks for the ride, Carter."

Carter quickly unfastened his seat belt, got out of the car, and said, "Amelia, wait up."

Amelia paused in her track, then turned her head to glance at Carter who was walking toward her. "Carter, what's the matter?"

Carter took off his suit jacket. "Put this on. Be careful not to catch a cold. Call me if anything happens."

Amelia wanted to take off the suit, but Carter grabbed her hand and insisted, "Amelia, put it on."

"You should leave your suit for your lady. Save the courtesy toward my wife, please." Oscar's voice was heard from afar. Amelia traced the voice and discovered the former leaning against the car.

Amelia's eyes twinkled. She took off Carter's suit and gave it back to him, saying, "It's getting late, Carter. You should go and send Ms. Larson back."

Carter nodded and returned to his car.

"Just a second, Mr. Scott. I am not finished," Oscar piped up.

Carter paused and turned around. "How may I help you, Mr. Clinton?"

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"Amelia is my wife. Her well-being is my responsibility, so you need not worry about her. She only treats you as a friend. You wouldn't want our marriage to fall apart because of you, would

you?"

Carter smirked and said, "If only you were more concerned about your wife, perhaps I wouldn't have to trouble myself to care about her."

"Just remember your place, Mr. Scott," Oscar said. "Oh, by the way, I think you're a perfect match with the lady next to you. You should probably propose to her and get married soon, lest the lady overthink."

Carter wanted to respond, but Amelia stepped forth and interrupted, "Just go on your way now, Carter. I appreciate what you've done for me today."

Carter nodded. He then went around the car to the driver's seat and revved up the engine before driving out of the neighborhood. Jennifer, who was sitting in the passenger seat, chuckled and said, "I didn't expect you to have a thing for married women. You have such good qualities. Are you sure you want to downgrade your own status?"

Carter shot her a look. "We don't know each other very well, Ms. Larson. Maybe you should mind your own business. Amelia and I are both innocent so please watch your mouth."

Jennifer leisurely leaned back in the passenger seat. "When I first saw you, I was like-how could there be such a perfect-looking guy in this country? And since my parents have been praising you all the time, I thought they were finally right this time."

Jennifer continued, "But now it seems that your look is your only gift. Your shortcoming is that your taste in women is too bad. You shouldn't have fallen for a married woman no matter what. I see that man is not easy to mess with."

Carter steered the wheel and stopped the car directly on the side of the road. He uttered coldly, "Get out."

Jennifer glanced at the road where only a few vehicles were passing by. She then pointed at herself and questioned in disbelief, "Are you seriously asking me to get down from here?"

Carter nodded without emotion.

Jennifer tittered. "You're not that petty, right, Carter?"

"Yes, I am," Carter admitted without much care.

"I don't know the way around here. How are you going to explain to our parents if something were to happen to me?" Jennifer pouted.

"Out," Carter repeated coldly.

Jennifer sat unmoving. "If you're gonna chase me out of the car today, I'll tell the whole world that you're a scumbag."

Carter gazed at her unconcernedly. "You have overstepped your boundaries, Ms. Larson. If that's what you want, I'm happy to oblige; I'll show you what a real scumbag looks like."

Jennifer was a little intimidated now. All the men she had met could never resist her innocent and charming appearance, but this man in front of her seemed different.

Why? Clearly, I am prettier than her. Yes, I admit she's lovely and sexy, but I am way better than her. What is it about a married woman that makes Carter fall head over heels for her? He wouldn't even spare me a glance.

Jennifer dialed Faye's number. Carter snatched her phone away and saw that she was about to call his mother.

He switched off her phone and said, "Ms. Larson, quit using my mother to get what you want. I took you around out of respect for my family, but I didn't expect you to be so uneducated. Shame on your reputation as a top student."

Jennifer's lips twitched at what he said. But for some reason, she was not offended. Ripples of admiration arose in her heart instead, and the emotions in her eyes changed when she gazed at Carter.

The initial curiosity she had about him had now turned into affection.

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She felt that only this kind of man was able to subdue her.

In a softer tone, she said, "Carter, it was my fault just now; I apologize. I was jealous of seeing you treating another woman so nicely. I feel insecure at her beauty when I first met her, so I might have come off rude. If you think I was too over, I can apologize to her. Please don't chase me out of the car."

Carter observed her with confusion. *Are all girls so fickle-minded?* If that was true, he dared not marry such a girl.

He revved up the engine again and sent the lady home.

"You know, I thought you were a gentleman at first sight, who knew you have such a big ego.

You're rude when you're angry, but I like it," Jennifer confessed straightforwardly.

Carter's eyes remained fixed on the road. "Thank you, Ms. Larson, for your admiration, but I don't deserve it."

Ignoring that statement, Jennifer said, "Carter, I will go to work at your company tomorrow. I believe you will fall in love with me someday."

Carter directly rejected her, "Ms. Larson, let me be frank with you-since you're highly educated, I'm afraid you'll be a mismatched graduate for the job that my small company can offer. You should continue working in your own company."

Jennifer pretended not to understand him as she said, "Small companies have their own strengths too. Besides, your company has dozens of people to be considered small. One day there will be

hundreds of employees. I like working in a small company; it's challenging. To witness a small company evolving to a large company will indeed be gratifying"

"Our company treats everyone equally, regardless of your academic qualifications. I am afraid you will need to start as a clerk. Won't that be a little insulting to your status?"

Jennifer smiled disapprovingly. "Carter, the strong will eventually survive. I like the atmosphere of your company. Don't worry. I will climb to the position I want within a year. I have the ability, so I am not concerned."

Carter had to admit that Jennifer was indeed a mature and confident woman. Not only did she have high self-esteem, but she was also full of confidence, stylish, competent, and beautiful. In other words, it is such a woman that causes men to have an inferiority complex in society nowadays.

Carter was not into complacent women. She and Amelia were not the same type of women, even though both of them were attractive. Although she looked naive and weak in appearance, she was rather proud inside. She only honored those who were of the same status as her and she was too arrogant to even spare the lower-class people a glance. On the other hand, though Amelia might be a little aggressive sometimes, she never looked down on the poor and her respect for the elderly was undeniable.

By comparison, he knew why he liked Amelia so much.

Amelia was gorgeous and, at the same time, had a heart of gold. Although most people might assume her to be difficult to get along with based on her appearance, time would tell how she was

“Carter, what are you thinking about?” Jennifer was somewhat dissatisfied with his silence.

Carter responded without much thought, “I was thinking—Amelia and you are both beautiful, yet the difference is so significant. She is gentle, kind, dedicated; but you, apart from your look, you’re less than impressive.”

It wasn’t until he had finished his sentences did he come back to his senses and realized he had offended her by accident.

Jennifer fluffed up her lengthy hair, trying to hide her discontent. “Carter, we only met today. Isn’t it a bit unkind for you to define me like this?”

Carter said insincerely, “Sorry.”

“If you feel sorry,” Jennifer responded timely, “then let me go to work in your company tomorrow.”

Carter did not reply.

Jennifer continued, “Carter, give me a chance, and I will prove to you that I am just as capable as the others are. I can guarantee that I am a professional employee. And I will never take things personally at the workplace.”

After a moment, she continued, “Unless you’re the one who’s being unprofessional here.”

"Tomorrow at nine o'clock, bring your resume. I will look at it and decide if you're a suitable candidate for the company. Otherwise, I'm sorry but I have to let you go."

"Okay! I am certain that we will be good partners in the future." Jennifer smiled confidently. "You can rest assured that I will show my full sincerity and not disappoint you."

Carter held his tongue. Upon arrival in front of a villa, he said, "Ms. Larson, is this the place?"

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Chapter 58

"Yes, it's here. Although our family only comes back once a year, we hire people to take care of the house. The villa is quite clean. Why don't you come in and sit for a while? My parents treat you like their own son, you know," Jennifer invited him.

Carter glanced at her placidly. "Ms. Larson, I still don't know you very well, so stop making this kind of joke. Not everyone is extroverted like you."

Jennifer's expression darkened a little. She unfastened her seat belt and got out of the car. Then lowering her head and leaning in, she said, "Has anyone ever told you that you are not a gentleman? But that is what attracts me. The more indifferent you are toward me, the more determined I am to have you. Just you wait. I will make you mine sooner or later."

"Please close the door. Thank you," Carter said without looking at her.

Jennifer closed the door and Carter sped off mercilessly.

Jennifer stared into the void for a moment and finally returned to the villa, enraged.

Mr. and Mrs. Larson had yet to sleep and they were somewhat astonished at their daughter's return. "Jennifer, why didn't you hang out with Carter for a little longer? Why did you come back so early?"

Jennifer sat next to her parents and transformed into that obedient girl again. "Mom, Dad, Carter and I have just met. Although I have good feelings for him, I can't just disturb him for too long, can't I? You were the one who taught me to be reserved with men, so I've asked him to send me back."

Mrs. Larson agreed and smiled. "Jennifer, you are doing the right thing. Instead of holding on to a man tightly, you should treat him with reverse psychology."

"Mom, I am aware of that. Your daughter is beautiful, and she can get any man she wishes for."

"You are right. You are our only daughter. Of course, we want the best for you. The Larsons have a big business and you will be the owner of the family business in the future. I think Carter's character, family background, and appearance are all pretty reliable. You have to grasp this opportunity."

"Mom, don't worry. Carter will eventually be mine. We will at least have a few children and there will be an heir for our business."

"Now, that's my girl."

On the other side, Amelia followed Oscar back to the apartment. Upon arrival, the man closed the door and shoved the woman against the wall. He aggressively held her chin and confronted her in a low voice, "Amelia, what have I been telling you all this time? I told you to stay away from Carter, but you keep asking him to send you back. Are you trying to make me wear the horns of a cuckold?"

Amelia did not seem to be fearful at all. She wrapped her arms around his neck and uttered with a smile, "Mr. Clinton, are you jealous?"

Oscar unceremoniously twisted her waist. Amelia moaned in pain and stared at him aggrievedly. "Mr. Clinton, you are so ruthless."

"Don't act like a baby. The matter between us has yet to settle."

Amelia leaned forward and kissed his lips. "Mr. Clinton, my man, please don't be mad. You see, my whole body is wet. I know you are anxious to have me, but if I don't change my clothes, I'll catch a cold later."

Oscar looked at her compassionately. He then scooped her up and headed for the stairs, taking large strides.

"I didn't know you're that desperate," Amelia said, provoking the man again.

Oscar looked down at her beautiful face. "Shut up!"

Amelia closed her mouth obediently, but her hands started to draw circles on his chest. Oscar looked down at her again and whispered a warning, "Amelia, if you don't want me to do it in the bathroom, you stay still now."

Amelia could not stop grinning. "Your endurance has become stronger recently. Bravo, Mr. Clinton."

Oscar kicked the bedroom door open. Amelia laughed. "You are so brutal! If you break the door, it will be troublesome to find someone to fix it."

Oscar placed her down and smacked her gently on her hip. "Go ahead and take a bath. We still have unfinished business to talk about."

Amelia went to get the clothes and gave Oscar a wink. "Mr. Clinton, do you want to shower together?"

Oscar's eyes wavered but immediately resumed to normal. "You do it alone and come out in ten minutes. I have something to tell you."

Amelia cast another wink at him before grabbing her nightdress into the bathroom.

When she came out, she made a seductive posture in front of the man. "Mr. Clinton, do I look good now?"

Oscar studied the alluring lady and almost lunged at her like a wolf, but he swiftly recovered his calm.

"Put on a jacket and come sit." Oscar patted the seat beside him.

Amelia was stunned for a moment. Then she gave Oscar a strange look and joked provocatively, "Mr. Clinton, you're not incapable, are you?"

Oscar glared at her. "You will know whether I am capable or not soon enough."

Amelia clammed up, then went to the wardrobe to find a coat and put it on.

"Mr. Clinton, say what you want to say. I am all ears." Amelia sat on the couch dutifully like a student who had broken a school rule.

Seeing her acting like this, Oscar almost burst into laughter.

"Amelia, can you be a little more serious?" Oscar said, repressing his laughter.

Amelia blinked at him innocently. "Mr. Clinton, I'm being very serious. Can't you tell?"

Oscar glared at her and confessed straightforwardly, "I went to see Carter today. I told him to remove your name for the training in Saspiuburg, so you don't have to go anymore."

Amelia looked at him and said, "Sorry, Mr. Clinton, my boss didn't tell me that the training in Saspiuburg has been canceled, so I am still going."

After a pause, her tone turned solemn as she said, "Mr. Clinton, you are a busy person; you need not trouble yourself over such trifles."

Oscar squinted his eyes. "Trifles?"

"Yes, it seems to me that what you're doing is just a pointless act. If you still treat me as your wife, please respect me a little." For the first time, Amelia spoke to Oscar in such a stern manner.

Oscar stood up, approached her, and looked at her condescendingly. "Amelia, do you really think you are my wife?"

"I think so, but you only treat me as a toy, and I can't do anything about this."

Oscar looked down at her. "Let me ask you again. Do you insist on going to Saspiuburg?"

Amelia hesitated but finally nodded.

"I gave you a chance, Amelia, but you don't know how to appreciate it. I won't stop you, but our marriage will be over."

Amelia was startled. "Do you have to be so mean?"

"This marriage should have ended before Cassie came back. I just didn't want to end it with you so abruptly, so I postponed it. But I didn't expect you to be so ignorant."

Amelia was shattering inside. "Since you've already decided, let it be then. I am nothing but a toy in your heart anyway."

She was about to walk over to the bed when a mighty force pulled her back. Her face undeviatingly hit Oscar's stonelike chest and she could hear his bitter voice from above her. "Is that man so important to you?"

Amelia was in pain and she could not react for a while. Her silence seemed to Oscar as tacit consent. Heartbroken, he picked her up abruptly like a madman and threw her on the bed. He jumped above her and started tearing her clothes like a beast out of control.

Looking at Oscar's fiery eyes, Amelia was flustered. "Mr. Clinton, don't do this. Let's talk properly."

However, Oscar was so riled up this time that he had lost all his senses. All he could think of was to engulf her, leaving her no room to think of another man.

Amelia's nightdress was torn into pieces in the blink of an eye. Her fair body was now exposed in front of Oscar.

Tears welled up in her eyes, and she felt humiliated. Although she still loved Oscar, she could not tolerate this kind of treatment. If he were to force it against her, she would never forgive him for life.

Amelia did not struggle at all but stated coldly, "Mr. Clinton, if you touch me today, it will be totally over between us. I will leave once and for all and you won't be able to find me for the rest of your life."

The rage in Oscar's eyes faded, and he subsequently calmed down. He observed Amelia's disheveled look and realized how uncivilized he had been. He got down from her and sat on the floor, blaming himself in frustration.

Unlike his usual self, he had become entirely out of control because of Amelia's words.

"Sorry, I was out of my mind," Oscar said in a hoarse voice.

Weeping, Amelia drew the quilt to cover her body.

Oscar became more and more upset, and his heart ached. He wanted to hug Amelia, but she avoided him harshly. Suppressing his rage, he said, "I'm sorry. Don't cry. I was wrong."

Amelia sobbed for a while. Still buried under the quilt, she said in a trembling voice, "Mr. Clinton, even if you don't love me, I've always held on to the thought that you're a gentleman who respects women; I didn't expect you to be such an animal."

Oscar stretched out his hand and forcibly hugged her with the quilt in his arms. "I was wrong. I'm terribly sorry. Don't cry, okay? My heart is in turmoil when you cry."

Amelia raised her hand and hammered his chest. "If you had really forced it on me, I won't ever forgive you, Mr. Clinton. I'm a woman of my words and you know that. Be grateful that you didn't go wild, or I won't ever see you again."

A panic fear seized Oscar's heart, but he remained stubborn. "I wouldn't have behaved like an animal if you didn't insist on leaving me."

Amelia responded, "So it's my fault now? Who was the one out of control just now. The heir of the dignified Clinton Corporations tried to abuse his wife. What will the world think of this if

words got out?"

Oscar pinched her cheek gently. "Okay, it was my fault just now, I apologize. Don't be mad, okay?"

Amelia calmed down and said, "Sure, but on one condition."

"Anything except for the training in Saspiuburg."