

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 59

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Chapter 59

Amelia gave him a sidelong glance and remarked, "Mr. Clinton, looks like we'll never reach a compromise in this negotiation."

Oscar forcefully turned her chin so that she was facing him. With a rare look of sincerity, he said, "As long as you stay, I'll increase your allowance."

Amelia flashed him a charming smile. "No."

"Can't you be more obedient and stop worrying me?" Oscar pinched her cheeks.

Slapping his hands away, she snuggled under the blankets and lay on the bed. Then, she evicted him out of the room. "Mr. Clinton, I'm shocked by what you did earlier. Spend the night in the guest room today. Good night."

Oscar stared straight at her. "Move over. I'll sleep with you."

"I'll go to the guest room then if you prefer to sleep here."

Forcefully pinning her to the bed, Oscar insisted, "There's gotta be a limit to your tantrum. Sleep now. I won't touch you for the night. Be a good girl and sleep, okay?"

"Mr. Clinton, you changed your mind at the very last minute when you said you were going to divorce me; and now you're forbidding me from going to Saspiuburg. Are you perhaps in love with me?" Amelia glanced at him from the corner of her eyes, asking a question that had been on her mind for a while now.

Oscar lowered his head and kissed her. It wasn't until Amelia felt like she was running out of breath did the man release her. "Stop your wild imagination and sleep."

A look of disappointment flashed across her eyes. If Oscar were to say that he prohibited her

Closing her eyes, she said, "Ms. Yard is coming back soon. I could move aside for the both of you if I were to go to Saspiuburg. If you insist on me staying here, it'll be really awkward for the three of us."

He pulled her into his arms and assured her, "I'll settle this issue, so don't you worry."

"Can you tell me how you're going to do that? Are you going to make me your ex-wife and Ms. Yard your wife? In that case, we won't have anything to do with each other anymore. Or are you going to make me your mistress while Ms. Yard becomes your wife?" asked Amelia mockingly.

Oscar gazed at her broodingly. "Amelia, you're crossing the line."

Pouting, she retorted, "Mr. Clinton, you're abusing your authority because you don't know how to

rebuke me."

"I know a lot of things. Do you want to test it out?"

As he spoke, he pressed his body against hers.

Naturally, she could feel the change in his body and her face clouded over. God, I thought we were having a serious discussion. How could his mind wander off to somewhere else?

She was utterly speechless.

"Mr. Clinton, I'm saying this again-I must attend the training in Saspiuburg."

"I dare you to do that. Otherwise, your new lover's company shall be my first target. Go ahead to Saspiuburg if you don't mind me destroying his company."

Oscar did not want to use his authority to oppress her, but he had no other choice if that was what it takes to control her.

She gazed at him, her thoughts evident through her gaze. Oscar, can you be even more despicable and shameless than this?

"Amelia, don't blame me for using such underhanded methods. I'm a businessman, so I'll never do anything that'll incur losses. Just admit that you've lost," persuaded Oscar as he stroked her face.

Amelia stared at him fixedly and asked, "Mr. Clinton, can you tell me what exactly you want?"

Kissing her forehead, Oscar replied, "Nothing. I just want to hug you to sleep."

Suddenly remembering something, he continued, "Oh, right, here's another reminder-if you're gonna leave, it'll all boil down to Carter's abilities to sustain his company. There are not a lot of people in this city who dare to offend the Clintons."

“Don’t try to scare me, Mr. Clinton. The Scotts are just as powerful as the Clintons. With distant relatives in politics as well and a vast network of relationships, they don’t pale in comparison to the Clintons at all. I’m sure Abel will not watch idly by as his grandson gets trampled by others,” retorted Amelia.

“Seems like you know the Scotts quite well. You’ve spent quite some effort to win the favor of your new lover, huh?”

Oscar’s tone was indifferent, his emotions unreadable from his voice.

“Amelia, you may understand the Scotts well, but do you know that Abel has always wanted his grandson to take over the family’s business? He never hoped for this company, which Carter has spent so much effort founding, to even exist. If you don’t want me to give him a helping hand, don’t go to Saspiuburg. Otherwise, I’m sure Abel will be pleased to see me destroy Carter’s company. I’m not even scared of going up against the Scott Group, let alone his tiny company.”

Amelia cast her gaze downward and remained silent.

Kissing her hair, Oscar whispered, “Don’t be scared of me, Amelia. I’m doing this for your sake.”

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She closed her eyes and said faintly, “Let’s sleep.”

Oscar held his tongue.

While Amelia fell asleep slowly in his embrace, he gazed at her with an obsessed look. He mumbled, “You foolish woman. I don’t know how I feel about you, but I just don’t want you to suddenly leave my grasp.”

Oscar gradually drifted to sleep.

When he woke up the next day, Amelia was not in bed anymore. He peered into the bathroom, but she was nowhere to be seen. Upon leaving the bedroom, he saw her eating breakfast and

chatting with Molly.

Molly was the first to spot Oscar, who was standing upstairs. She grinned and said, “You’re awake, Mr. Clinton. Come down for breakfast.”.

He replied, “I’ll eat after I brush my teeth.”

With that, he returned to the bedroom.

Molly chuckled. "Mrs. Clinton, did you argue with Mr. Clinton?"

After taking a sip of milk, Amelia assured her, "Don't worry, Molly. We didn't."

"Mrs. Clinton, you might call me a busybody, but Mr. Clinton has been pampered since young. It's inevitable for him to be slightly arrogant. However, his character is decent. Just talk to him more and he'll fall head over heels for you soon."

"Okay, Molly." Amelia smiled faintly. "Your breakfast is still as delicious as always. I haven't gotten tired of it even after four years. I'll miss your food if I don't get to eat it one day."

It was evident that Molly had misinterpreted her words as she said, "Don't worry, Mrs. Clinton. When I'm too old to cook, I'll send my daughter-in-law over. Although she's an illiterate woman from the countryside, she's amazing at cooking. In fact, she's better than the chefs from those high-class restaurants! I guarantee that you'll be impressed when you eat it."

"I'm sure your daughter-in-law is a great chef since you yourself are one. I crave her food just by thinking about it," replied Amelia with a laugh.

"If you crave for it, I'll tell her to cook something and send it over tonight. Don't worry, Mrs. Clinton. Although she's from the countryside, she has stayed in the city for years. She's no longer as unsophisticated as those in the countryside, so she won't offend you in any way."

Amelia took a bite of the bread before protesting, "Molly, I'll be angry if you keep this up! You've worked for us for so many years that I treat you as part of my family. I've never looked down on

you. What you said has really hurt me!"

Molly smiled. "Don't get me wrong, Mrs. Clinton. You're a gorgeous woman with such a high status. I'm afraid that others might offend you."

Amelia laughed out loud.

"What's so funny? Did Molly make a joke?" remarked Oscar as he walked down the stairs.

Amelia quickly stopped smiling. Placing the bread down, she did not even spare a second glance at Oscar before saying, "Molly, I'm full. I gotta go now."

She grabbed her bag, wore her heels and left.

Confused, Molly hurried toward her and yelled, "Mrs. Clinton, you barely ate anything! Are you not going to eat anything else?"

"Molly, I'm full. I'll be late for work if I don't go now." Amelia gave a casual response before leaving the house.

Molly frowned and glanced at Oscar. "Mr. Clinton, did you really quarrel with Mrs. Clinton? Your mother is worried about both of you. If you two have a falling out, she'll be so worried that she wouldn't be able to eat or sleep."

Oscar grabbed a slice of bread and ate it leisurely. "Molly, even the gentlest cat will throw a tantrum sometimes. I accidentally pulled her too forcefully yesterday. It's no big deal, so you don't have to worry."

Still frowning, Molly said, "Mr. Clinton, I won't comment any further, but just don't cross the line."

Oscar nodded.

After breakfast, he wore his suit, grabbed his briefcase, and took the elevator down.

As he drove out of the underground garage, he whipped out his phone to give Amelia a call. "Amelia, are you really angry?" he asked gently once the call went through.

Amelia replied coldly, "if there's nothing else, I'll hang up now. There's a lot of cars on the road and I don't want to get into a car accident."

"Let's eat together in the afternoon." Clinton was offering an olive branch, wanting to reconcile with her.

"There's a lunch gathering in the office this afternoon, so I'm afraid I cannot eat with you. Settle lunch yourself, Mr. Clinton," rejected Amelia without the slightest trace of hesitation.

Oscar frowned. Before he could speak, he heard Amelia yelling in surprise.

He was so shocked that he almost dropped his phone.

"What's wrong, Amelia?" asked Oscar anxiously.

However, he heard no response.

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He yelled consecutively, but it was still silent on Amelia's end. He hung up and called again but to no response.

His heart pounded frantically as he kept calling her number. After a long time, someone answered the call. However, it was not her voice.

He demanded coldly, "Who are you and what happened to Amelia?"

It was a middle-aged man talking. "Hello, are you this lady's husband? She just got into a car accident and has just been rescued from the car. We're waiting for the ambulance,"

Oscar did not even wait for him to finish his sentence as he bellowed, "Where are you?" Shocked, the middle-aged man told him the address timidly.

Oscar threatened, "Make sure that her phone is reachable. Otherwise, I'll tear you into pieces if I can't find her when I get there."

"Okay, okay."

After hanging up the call, he drove to the address the middle-aged man had reported rapidly. However, in the middle of the journey, the man called him again and said that Amelia was on the way to the Principal General Hospital in an ambulance.

Oscar made a sharp U-turn and drove toward the said hospital.

He personally called the chief of the Principal General Hospital and said solemnly, "Mr. Lancaster, Amelia got into an accident and is on the way to your hospital. Please operate on her personally and ensure that she's all right no matter what."

Before the chief could figure out what Oscar was talking about, the latter continued, "Mr. Lancaster, I'm counting on you."

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After hanging up the phone, Oscar floored the accelerator and headed to the hospital, but it was the rush hour and traffic was heavy. Thus, he got out of the car and hailed a motorcycle taxi. With a serious look on his face, he told the driver, "To the Principal General Hospital, please."

Seeing his expression, the driver was too frightened to react. Growing displeased, Oscar growled, "Hurry."

The driver panicked and repeated himself a few times. He then drove as fast as he could and only arrived at the hospital after about thirty minutes.

Upon arrival at the hospital, Oscar asked the nurse, who then told him that Amelia was undergoing an operation in the operating room on the third floor.

He went to the third floor and felt perturbed upon seeing that the surgery was still going on. A middle-aged man standing on the other side saw him and went to him timidly, asking, "A-Are

you the husband of the woman?"

Oscar gave him a piercing look, scaring the living daylights out of him.

"You're the one who just called me?" asked Oscar.

The middle-aged man nodded.

"How did my wife get into a car accident? She was fine when I talked to her on the phone," Oscar questioned with a frown.

The middle-aged man flinched as he replied fearfully, "I-I was in a hurry and ran the red light, so the lady swerved—"

Before he could finish speaking, Oscar lifted him off the ground and warned, "If something happens to my wife, I won't let you off."

"Sir, I didn't run the red light on purpose. It's just that I need money for my kids' school, so I was in a hurry to go to work. I didn't expect a car to come out so suddenly,"

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Oscar punched him in the face before he could finish his sentence. Two police officers, who happened to come over to ask about the accident, saw Oscar's action and hurriedly rushed up to them. "Sir, you can't just hit people!"

Fuming with anger, Oscar protested, "This man's the reason why my wife is in the operating room. Shouldn't I beat him up? If it weren't for him, Amelia wouldn't have to suffer in the operating room."

The two police officers fell silent.

"Did you run the red light and cause her to have an accident?" the female officer asked.

The middle-aged man became even more frightened as he replied, "I didn't mean it, officer. Can you not put me in jail? I have a family to feed, and the kids still need me. I need to make money for their tuition fees."

"Sir, don't be afraid. We're just taking you back to get some information," the female officer assured gently.

The middle-aged man covered his face with his hands and burst into tears. "I don't want to go to jail. I still have a big family to feed."

"Sir, if you continue to be like this, you'll be obstructing us in performing our official duties, and we'll need to get rough with you." The two officers picked him up.

As Oscar walked up to the middle-aged man, the officers warned, "Sir, hitting people is against the law. We understand how you feel after the unfortunate incident that happened to your wife. But before we find out what has happened, please calm down and stop hitting people."

"I don't hit people. I just want him to give me my wife's phone back," stated Oscar.

With a pale face, the middle-aged man handed the phone to Oscar, who then took the phone and sat on the bench. He wanted to check her phone, but a passcode was required to unlock it. He tried to insert his birthdate and to his surprise, it was the correct passcode. Browsing through her phone, he was surprised to find that it was filled with his photos and posts about her feelings.

One of them read: I think I've fallen in love with Oscar. When I first married him, it was only because of money, but now, I've really fallen for him. Unfortunately, he only treats me like a sex toy. I don't know if it's right or wrong to fall in love with him, but I just do. There's no turning back in love.

Another read: Today, he told me that Cassie is coming back soon, so he wanted to divorce me. I had mixed feelings when he said that because I don't want to divorce. I've already paid off my debts. Even if I no longer need money from him, I'm still willing to be with him. Sadly, he only has eyes for Cassie, not me. Hearing him call me a toy or a pet actually upset me. I tried asking him what he would do if I was pregnant, but he wanted me to abort it. Thus, I don't dare to tell him about my pregnancy. This is our baby. Even if we divorce in the future, this child will be all I've left of him. In hindsight, if I had known that I would fall in love with him, I might not have married him, nor would I have let my baby lose his father even before he's born.

The next read: I've been pregnant for three months now. The doctor said that the baby is very healthy. I'm very happy. I can feel the baby growing slowly in my belly. I'm starting to feel not as sad anymore even if Oscar wants to divorce me. As long as the child is born safely, I'll shower him with both motherly love and fatherly love.

A more recent one read: The Clintons have begun to suspect that I'm pregnant. I'm really afraid that they'll find out the truth. My mother-in-law really loves me, but Oscar is too cruel. Once he finds out that I'm really pregnant, he might ask me to abort it. I can't risk losing my child while losing him at the same time. I'm afraid I'll grow to hate him after losing my child. He's the only man I've ever loved and slept with. I don't want to end our relationship with hatred.

The latest read: I want to go to Saspiuburg. In addition to training, I actually want to avoid the Clintons and give birth to the baby safely, but Oscar uncharacteristically wants me to stay. I'm afraid that he's

actually found out about my pregnancy and wanted me to abort it. I'm in a very complicated mood now. I don't know how I'm gonna face him when he asks me to abort the baby. He's quite a monster sometimes. He can break the heart of the woman who truly loves him.

Having read those entries, Oscar was struck dumb at the truth that she was pregnant. Upon learning about this, he did not think of abortion. Instead, he developed a sense of fatherhood. However, the trepidation he sensed from Amelia's posts made his heart ache. He realized that he had been treating her badly. .

I was the one who wanted an abortion at the time. What a jerk I am. How can I push my own wife into a corner like this? And now she's in the operating room fighting death... He could not imagine losing Amelia and his baby due to the car crash; he did not want anything to happen to them.

It was not until Amelia had entered the operating room that he realized that she was not just a tool for him to vent his desires and that he might have a little affection for her. He did not dare to find out if he had unwittingly fallen in love with her as it made him feel like he had betrayed Cassie.

With his hands supporting his forehead, he was lost in thought.

After some time, the door of the operating room opened and a group of doctors came out. Rising to his feet, Oscar walked over quickly and asked the man leading the group, "Mr. Lancaster, how's Amelia?"

"Don't worry, Oscar. Your wife is fine, but the baby's a little breech. She needs to recuperate," Robert Lancaster, who was also the chief of the hospital, answered with a smile.

Oscar breathed a sigh of relief.

Robert added, "Oscar, you're not young anymore. Now that you finally have a baby with Amelia, you should focus more on your family instead of work. Take good care of your wife. She's already five months into pregnancy. Don't let her get too busy."

"Thank you, Mr. Lancaster. I'll get people to send you the equipment that you wanted soon," replied Oscar, nodding.

"Don't stand on ceremony, Oscar. We're family friends for so many years. Anyway, your parents must be very happy now, right? They have been looking forward to having a grandchild for so long." Robert smiled.

"Yes, they are. Thank you so much, Mr. Lancaster."

"No worries. Amelia will be sent to the ward in a while, so you can visit her later. By the way, since she's pregnant now, it's better that your mom comes and takes care of her. Women are more attentive than men, after all."

With that, Robert left with the other doctors and nurses.

As Amelia was sent to a VIP ward, Oscar followed. Watching her lying unconscious on the bed, he felt a throbbing pain in his heart. He sat on the chair and reached out to touch her but did not

after looking at her pale face.

He shifted his gaze to the bump on her belly and complicated emotions flashed across his eyes as he muttered, "Amelia, you're getting so good at lying now, huh? How can you lie to me that you're just gaining weight? But I know it's my fault too. If I hadn't wanted you to abort the baby, you would have told me about your pregnancy happily."

Oscar was having mixed feelings at this moment. He wanted this baby, but the thought of Cassie, who was about to come back, stopped him from having this thought. However, he could not bring himself to tell Amelia to abort the child as well after seeing her lie on the bed looking so haggard.

Even though he acted indifferent and cruel toward Amelia, he knew deep down that he had a soft spot for her.

Upon deliberation, he took out his phone and made a call. After the call was answered, he said dully, "Mom, Amelia's pregnant. She's at the Principal General Hospital now."

After speaking, he hung up the phone before Olivia could ask anything.

Half an hour later, Olivia and Owen rushed to the hospital and were told by Robert that Amelia was five months pregnant and that she had nearly lost the baby in the car accident just now. He

also told them that although Amelia and her baby were fine, she needed to rest well, otherwise, it would not do her any good.

Upon learning about Amelia's pregnancy, Olivia was overjoyed, but the mention of the car crash gave her the scare of her life. Grabbing Robert's hand anxiously, she asked, "Robert, are Amelia and her baby really fine? Maybe you should give her another check-up. She's the only daughter in-law of our family, and the baby she carries is our first grandchild. I don't want anything to happen to them."

"Don't worry. I also treat Amelia like my daughter, so I dote on her too. Both she and her baby are perfectly fine," reassured Robert.

Then, he told them which ward Amelia was staying.

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Nodding repeatedly, Olivia and Owen hurriedly got on the elevator and went up to the tenth floor.

Upon entering the ward and seeing Amelia lie unconscious on the bed, Olivia was distressed. She walked over quickly, looked at Oscar, and said in a hushed voice, "Oscar, what's going on? How did Amelia get into a car accident?"

Oscar told them all about it.

"Has the person who ran the red light been caught?" asked Olivia with a long face.

"He's been taken to the police station. Don't worry, Mom. I'll make sure he goes to jail" assured Oscar, looking grim.

Olivia nodded. Feeling sorry, she looked at Amelia's belly and said, "I asked her if she was pregnant a few days ago and she actually told me that she'd actually gained some weight. I don't blame her for keeping it from us. The fact that you've been thinking about another woman must have broken her heart. She must be worried that we'll take the child away from her if the two of you divorce in the future."

Oscar said nothing.

"Look, Oscar, I just want to remind you that, since Amelia is now pregnant, you should settle down and have a life with her," Olivia added with special emphasis.

Oscar pulled a long face, seemingly lost in thought.

Seeing this, Olivia got a little angry and emphasized, "I'm going to be frank with you, Oscar. Amelia's baby is our first grandchild. I won't allow him to grow up without a mother. If you're unfaithful to her, you won't be my son anymore."

"Mom..." Oscar groaned, displeased.

But Olivia just stroked Amelia's belly in silence.

"Oscar, listen to your mom. I don't care how you messed around previously, but now that Amelia is pregnant, you need to settle down."

Oscar was vexed.

Owen walked out of the ward with him and asked, "So what do you think, Oscar?"

"Dad, her pregnancy wasn't what I've expected, so I think,"

"Oscar, don't even think about it. I was quite dissatisfied with her at first, but she's been treating us very well the past four years. I won't allow her to have an abortion," interrupted Owen as his face clouded over.

Looking at him calmly, Oscar maintained, "Dad, the one I love is Cassie, and she's coming back to settle down here. I can't abandon her."

"That woman abandoned you for her so-called piano, so she might abandon you again for further training in the future. Can you really accept that?" Owen asked.

Pursing his lips, Oscar thought for a moment and said, "Dad, I believe she'll make a mature choice now."

"So are you going to get your own wife to abort the baby because of that woman?"

Oscar fell silent.

"Oscar, you're almost thirty years old. You should be more mature in handling things and not be so self-willed."

"Dad, I can allow Amelia to give birth to the child. After the child is born, I'll give her a large sum of money that is enough for the rest of her life," asserted Oscar after thinking for a while.

"Are you sure this is what you want?" Owen frowned.

Oscar gave a firm nod.

"I respect your decision. You're a grown-up now, so I believe you can handle your work and personal matters well," Owen said.

He patted Oscar on the shoulder and added, "Let's go inside."

The two of them went back into the ward as if nothing had happened.

After Amelia came round, the first thing that came to her view was the worried look in Olivia's eyes. Still feeling a little groggy, she asked, "Mom, what are you doing here?"

Olivia checked her temperature to make sure that it was normal. Then flashing her a gentle smile, she asked, "Are you thirsty? Let me pour you a glass of water."

She proceeded to pour Amelia a glass of water before adding, "Amelia, you had a car accident, but don't you worry, you and the baby are fine."

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Amelia's eyes widened as she looked at her in surprise. Olivia then assured her in a gentle voice, "Amelia, we all know that you're pregnant now. Don't worry. No one will dare to do anything to your baby as long as I'm here."

Casting her eyes down, Amelia said with a pale face, "Mom, I'm sorry for lying to you."

"I know what you're worried about, but I can promise you that I won't let anyone hurt your baby," guaranteed Olivia while patting Amelia on her hand.

Amelia forced a smile while feeling complicated deep down. She had never expected that her pregnancy would be revealed in such a way. It seemed that she could not hide from the inevitable

and that her training in Saspiuburg would have to be put on hold as well.

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Now that Oscar knew she was pregnant, he might let her give birth to the baby due to the pressure from Olivia. However, Cassie's involvement would mean that Oscar would probably divorce her. And after the divorce, the Clintons would definitely take the child away from her, which was the last thing she wanted.

She did not want to lose her child along with her marriage.

"Amelia, don't let your imagination run away with you. Now that you're pregnant with our first grandchild, I won't let your kid lose his mother," Olivia promised.

Coming back to her senses, Amelia shook her head with a smile and replied, "I'm fine, Mom. Don't worry about me. What happened to the man who caused the accident?"

"He has been taken away by the police. Don't worry. He broke the traffic rules and ran the red light, so I'll definitely make sure he gets jailed for at least several years."

"Mom, half of it is my fault too. He did run the red light, but I was talking on the phone while driving. If I hadn't done so, I might not have had a car accident. So just let the police do their things. I don't want the Clintons to interfere," explained Amelia.

"Okay, sure. You call the shots. What you need to do now is to take good care of yourself. Don't worry about other things," Olivia immediately agreed with a smile.

Amelia nodded. Then, she took an instinctive glance at the door and a look of disappointment flashed across her eyes

Noticing the look, Olivia explained with a smile, "Oscar has been with you before this, but I told him to go back with Owen first since they had yet to eat. I've also asked Molly to make you some soup. She'll send it over soon."

"Thank you, Mom." Amelia smiled shyly.

Soon, Molly came over with soup and some other food she prepared for the two of them.

"Amelia, although the doctor said you're fine after the car crash, it's better to have something light first. You can eat normally again after two days," reminded Olivia as she filled a bowl with soup.

"It's all right, Mom. You've read my mind. It just so happened that I'm also craving for the soup made by Molly."

At this, Olivia chuckled as she brought a spoonful of soup to Amelia. "Here you go."

Amelia obediently opened her mouth and ate it.

After finishing one bowl of soup, Molly served her another bowl and urged, "Mrs. Clinton, you need to eat more. Now that you're pregnant, you need to take good care of yourself."

Amelia wanted to take the bowl, but Olivia took it instead. "I'll feed you."

Amelia ate two and a half bowls of soup. When she could not eat it anymore, she told Olivia with a smile, "Mom, the soup Molly made is really nice, but I've eaten too much. I'm stuffed."

"I've indeed fed you too much as I'm too happy. I shall stop now. But the thought of finally having a grandchild after four years makes me thrilled," replied Olivia while putting down the bowl.

Amelia still had a smile on her face, but she felt sad deep down. She did not plan to let the Clintons know about her pregnancy, but a car crash had disrupted her plan, catching her off

guard.

After eating, she chatted with Olivia for a while before she started to feel sleepy. Seeing her like this, Olivia asked, "Are you sleepy?"

Amelia nodded.

Olivia then tucked her in. "Go ahead and sleep. I'm just gonna sit here."

Closing her eyes, Amelia started imagining things and thought that she would not be able to fall asleep, but soon she did.

When she woke up, Oscar was there instead of Olivia. "You're here, Mr. Clinton."

"Feeling better?" asked Oscar while keeping his gaze on her.

"Are you disappointed that nothing happened to my baby even after a car crash?" Amelia stared straight into his eyes.

He adjusted the blanket for her and replied, "Don't overthink it. Since you're pregnant, just give birth to him. But you must tell me when you're pregnant next time. I don't want to learn about my wife's pregnancy from others."

"You don't want me to abort it?" Amelia gave him a strange look, mixed feelings growing inside of her.

He simply changed the subject. "Don't worry about anything. Just give birth to the baby. No matter how we end up in the future, I'll make sure that you live the rest of your life in comfort."

A hint of bitterness grew inside her. Closing her eyes, she requested, "Mr. Clinton, if we divorce, I only have one demand, which is to give me the child's custody. I can give up my share of the assets."

"No, he's the descendant of the Clintons, so he must stay with the Clintons," Oscar rejected without even thinking about it,

She pulled the blanket over her head and asked, "Will we get a divorce in the future?"

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Looking at the blanket with complicated emotion in his eyes, Oscar suddenly could not bring himself to say yes, so he said instead, "You're pregnant now and the doctor wants you to rest well. You only need to focus on taking good care of your body."

- rest well.

Amelia nodded under the blanket.

He tried to lift the blanket but could not, so he asked, "Are you going to talk to me like this?"

"What else do you want to talk to me, Mr. Clinton?" Amelia peeked out from under the blanket.

"It's been a long time since we've talked in such a calm manner. Let's have a chat." Oscar patted her on the head.

"You actually have the time to chat?" Amelia blinked.

Oscar chuckled and asked, "Why do you talk to me like I'm the enemy? Do you not like chatting with me?"

Amelia shook her head.

"You are pregnant now, so let's live together peacefully these few months," Oscar declared.

"Well, as long as you don't give us so much drama, I guess we can live together peacefully," stated Amelia with a faint smile.

Now that the Clintons knew that she was pregnant, she would not want to destroy the superficial peacefulness by acting unreasonably as she was not ingenuous nor insensitive.

Perhaps the baby could ease the tension in her relationship with Oscar. She did not want to use Olivia, but she knew that Olivia might be able to play a mediating role in their relationship. Olivia could keep a tight rein on Oscar, and Cassie would not be able to marry into the Clintons so easily.

On the surface, Olivia was quite an easy-going lady and was different from other wealthy women who tended to act high and mighty. However, her kindness would only be shown to those who did not cross the line. Otherwise, it would be hard for her to forgive them.

Amelia knew she had Olivia backing her. As long as she wanted to use Olivia's sympathy, Oscar would not insist on divorcing her.

She could manage without using Olivia before giving birth, but after the child was born, she would not be able to control the custody of the child. Using Olivia was her last resort as it could at least guarantee her status as the wife of Oscar.

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 62

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Chapter 62

"What would you like to eat after you get discharged? I'll have them prepare it for you," Oscar suddenly said as he reached out to touch her forehead.

"If I'd known that you'd be so good to me once you knew I was pregnant, I'd have told you a long time ago," said Amelia, though there was no telling whether she genuinely felt that way.

Oscar said indifferently, "Stop thinking too much. Your only job now is to rest well."

Amelia stared at him for a long time. Suddenly, she flung her arms wide open and said, "Hold me, Mr. Clinton. For a split second during the accident this morning, I thought I saw the Grim Reaper calling for me. My mind was completely blank at that time and when the car crashed onto the pillar, all I could think of was that I may not ever see you again in this lifetime."

A hint of surprise flashed across Oscar's eyes. He continued listening to Amelia, his heart aching uncontrollably.

"Mr. Clinton, forgive me for being too sappy. At that very moment of the car accident, all I could think of was that we are actually a legally wedded couple, but look at us now? We are like complete strangers. Now that I have finally woken up, I feel completely different. So, if you are thinking what I'm thinking, I'd like to stay with you like a regular couple. We can be a simple yet happy family of three when the baby comes."

Oscar's heart skipped a beat.

"Mr. Clinton, when I am discharged, can we just live in peace like a normal family?" Amelia looked at him expectantly.

Oscar's eyes betrayed his tangled emotions before they slowly regained calmness. Retracting his hand, he said, "You are still in a daze after the accident. Rest well and don't think too much."

A frosty chill invaded Amelia's heart instantly. At the end of the day, to him, I am still Cassie's replacement. I am completely dispensable. He doesn't have an ounce of true feelings for me.

Amelia concealed her emotions and smiled sweetly. "Mr. Clinton, I'm a little tired and I'd like to get some rest. Go on with your day if you are busy. The nurses can take care of me here."

Oscar tucked her in and said, "Just close your eyes and sleep. I'll stay here with you."

With conflicted emotions, Amelia closed her eyes. She thought she would not be able to sleep, but she was knocked out within ten seconds.

Tiffany only found out about Amelia's car accident when she called her later that night. Instantly, she ignored her editors' incessant calls and rushed to the hospital.

Without even knocking, Tiffany pushed the door open and cried out loud, "What happened to you, Amelia? How did you get into a car accident? What did the doctor say? Are you all right?"

It was only then that she realized the large group of people in the room. They were either from the Clinton family or their business associates.

Tiffany's face began to burn. She chuckled nervously at her blunder before saying, "Oh, so everyone's here."

Olivia, being the first to spot her, welcomed her quite heartily. "Oh, so it's you, Tiffany. Come over here. We were so worried when Amelia got into the accident we forgot to inform you. However, you are her best friend, and it is so kind of you to come and see her."

Tiffany smiled and replied, "As her mother-in-law, Mrs. Clinton, I'm sure you are having a tough time now that this happened to Amelia."

Olivia tugged her closer to herself and said, "You are so sweet. The doctor says her fetus could have been slightly startled, so she needs to have plenty of rest. I was just about to find something to entertain her, but you appeared just at the right time. You stay with her, and I'll bring the rest of the people outside."

Tiffany replied, "Take your time, Mrs. Clinton. You can leave Amelia with me."

When the whole group left, Tiffany's face fell instantly. "Amelia, how did you get into a car accident? What did the doctor say? Are you all right? What about the baby?"

Amelia recounted the accident briefly and comforted her by saying, "Tiff, I'm fine, so don't worry about me."

Seeing that Amelia was not severely wounded, Tiffany finally relaxed and teased her, "We are really sisters in arms, with you getting into an accident not long after my accident. Thankfully, both you and the baby are fine. Otherwise, I'll definitely hunt down the culprit and chop him into pieces."

Amelia burst out laughing:

Tiffany then asked her seriously, "What are your plans now that the Clintons know that you are pregnant?"

Amelia replied, "I don't know yet. I can only take one step at a time now, considering how powerful and influential the Clintons are. Before they knew I was pregnant, I could still have the child secretly. Now, I think I can only give birth under their supervision."

"What's Oscar take on this?"

Amelia shook her head. "I can't read his thoughts. We have been married for four years, but I've barely been able to understand what really goes through his mind. He says I can have the child, but it looks like he wants the child to remain with the Clintons. Even if we were to get a divorce, he wouldn't allow me to bring the child with me."

Tiffany knew that the Clintons were the most influential family in the entire city. If they were to have a divorce, Amelia would probably get a small settlement and she would never be allowed to bring the child with her.

"Amelia, would you be willing to let the child stay with the Clintons?"

"It's not like I have a choice here, do I? This accident has messed up all of my plans, so I am panicking too. The only thing I can do now is to take things as they come," Amelia said rather defeatedly.

Tiffany then came up with an idea. "Relax, Amelia. It is probably for the best that the Clintons know about your pregnancy. Look, this is the Clintons' first grandchild and they are fairly reasonable people. On top of all that, Mrs. Clinton is fond of you. As long as you give birth to the child, I'm sure she will not stand to see her grandchild without a mother. So as long as you keep yourself close to Mrs. Clinton, you will definitely be able to control Oscar."

Amelia glanced at her and said suddenly, "I've thought of this before, but I don't want to involve her in my marriage unless it's absolutely necessary."

"Babe, are you out of your mind? How could you still say that when things have escalated now? You have to know that she's your only support now."

Amelia nodded.

She looked at Tiffany and said earnestly, "Tiff, out of all the Clintons, my mother-in-law is the only elder that treats me well. Given the choice, I wouldn't want to lie to her nor use her. Do you understand?"

"Go ahead and be the kind soul. We'll see if you can still be that magnanimous when Oscar divorce you."

Amelia fell into silence.

Tiffany added, "Look, Amelia, I don't want to sound like some naggy old lady who mutters about the divorce and the child all day long. It's just that you are an intelligent woman, and I think you should start planning for yourself. You can't keep doing things for others and have nothing left for yourself. I can't even bear to look at your situation even though you are doing this willingly."

Amelia reached out for the apples on the table and changed the topic. "Tiff, you must be parched after talking so much. Peel this apple for me and let's share it."

Tiffany knew very well that Amelia was just trying to escape from reality. Hence, she obediently picked up the apple before peeling and slicing it. With a piece of apple in her mouth, she asked, "Babe, did the doctor say that you can have fruits?"

"He needs to observe me for another two days. I can still have some light food if there are no other issues."

"I'll just finish this apple on my own then."

"Go ahead. I meant to stuff your mouth with it anyway." Amelia smiled.

"Babe, these words hurt, all right?"

Amelia sighed and said, "Tiff, I know you only want the best for me. However, I still don't have the perfect plan yet, so I can only handle things as they come."

Tiffany munched on the apple leisurely before changing the topic. "I spouted all those nonsense only because I was too worried about you. The most important thing now is for you to regain your health. We can talk about the rest later."

Amelia nodded.

After staying in the hospital for another fortnight, the Clintons had arranged for her discharge when the doctor declared that both she and her child were in the clear. Olivia had arranged an extravagant ceremony to welcome Amelia home. When the latter saw the dozen Rolls Royces lined up outside the hospital, her eyes nearly popped out in shock.

She turned to Olivia uncomfortably and said feebly, "Mom, I'm just getting discharged from the hospital. You didn't need to arrange for such fanfare. Others may think that you are welcoming a president or something."

Olivia led her into the first car. "You are very precious now that you are pregnant with a Clinton. Of course, we have to welcome you home with pomp and circumstance."

Amelia felt rather pressured. "Mom, I could very well be carrying a girl. I am worried that you will be disappointed if that is so, especially after all this fanfare."

Olivia was not concerned. "Girls are good too, and they are the ones who are closest to their mother. I am not too bothered with the gender of the child. As long as the child is a Clinton, I will

love him or her."

Amelia smiled. "Mom, you are so good to me. I'm afraid I could never leave you."

"Then don't leave. You are our daughter-in-law, and when your dad and I pass away, Oscar will be inheriting the entire family business. As his wife, you will naturally have to help him. In other words, all these will eventually belong to you."

Amelia merely smiled.

Olivia assured her, "Amelia, your most important job now is to take care of the baby. I assure you that you are and you will be my only daughter-in-law. If Oscar were to hurt you, I would not let him get away with it."

Amelia smiled.

The two of them got along very pleasantly, so it felt like it took no time before they arrived home. Their merry group was all smiles until they saw the unwelcomed guest on the couch.

Stephanie stood up and said beamingly, "Dad, Mom, Oscar, you are all back. Cassie and her parents have been waiting for quite a while. If you took any longer, I'd have brought them to the hospital."

Olivia snuck a glare at Stephanie before turning to the Yard family. "What brings you here, Liz?"

You should have told me earlier, and I could have informed our chef to prepare something for you."

Charlie and Elizabeth stood up. Resentment flashed across Elizabeth's eyes as she saw that Amelia was surrounded from left to right. She said spitefully, "Olivia, your daughter-in-law is a little precious, isn't she? Does she really need such a large entourage to accompany her as she gets discharged from the hospital? Are you that afraid that she will fall?"

Olivia looked rather displeased. She used to think that the Yards were an educated and refined family. This was why they could remain as friends even after Cassie had left the altar. Who would have thought that the seemingly level-headed Elizabeth would say something like this?

To her, her daughter-in-law was perfect in every way. In any case, it was not up to an outsider to make any comments about her.

"Liz, that's not very kind of you. Amelia is our only daughter-in-law, and she is pregnant with our precious grandchild. It is only natural that I protect and care for her. In fact, I'd get her the stars from the skies if she asked for them."