

# Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 6

## Chapter 6

Amelia's heart ached terribly as if someone had just slashed it with a dagger. Taking a deep breath, she tried to suppress the bitter feeling rising within her. She opened her eyes and gazed at Oscar playfully. "Mr. Clinton, are you that afraid of me falling in love with you?" Oscar flipped the blanket away and got out of the bed, revealing his muscular body. He dressed himself up meticulously and gazed down at Amelia, who was still lying on the bed. "Amelia, you shouldn't fall in love with me. Hide your so-called love, or I'll consider ending our marriage earlier." Amelia got off the bed and walked up to Oscar, wrapping her arms around his strong waist. "Mr. Clinton, don't you think that you're being too ruthless? No matter what, I'm still your wife. Can't you just lie to me for a while?" she asked, sounding like she was on the verge of crying. Oscar paused in the middle of buttoning his shirt, thinking that Amelia, who was usually unfazed by everything, had actually cried. He suddenly felt a bit bad. Yet, when he lifted her chin, all he saw was her bright smile. She did not look sad at all. Pinching her chin, he said, "As long as you remain obedient and not have ulterior thoughts, I'll let you be Mrs. Clinton for a longer while. With regards to money, I'll definitely treat you well." Amelia leaned over and bit his chin gently. "Mr. Clinton, don't worry. You're not someone whom I can aim for. I was just joking with you earlier." "Good that you know," replied Oscar. He liked Amelia's uncompetitive personality. It was because she looked like Cassie that he chose to marry her. And secondly, she was a money-grubber. Materialistic women like her were the easiest to deal with, which was why he had married her without any concerns. For the past four years, her obedience had satisfied him the most. Still pinching her chin, he said, "Be a good girl. I've already asked the lawyer to draft the divorce contract. You just need to head over to the office and sign it next week. I'll compensate you generously after our divorce." Amelia grinned. "Well, thank you in advance then, Mr. Clinton." He kissed her lips. After everything ended, Amelia snuggled in Oscar's arms and whined, "Mr. Clinton, carry me to the bathroom for a shower, will you?" Although Oscar was stroking her back and looking like he was enjoying it a lot, he refused coldly, "I'm a bit tired. You can shower when you wake up tomorrow morning. Just sleep for now." A flash of disappointment appeared in her eyes. She had known Oscar for four years, and to him, she was never his wife but a tool. Oscar couldn't care less about Amelia's thoughts as he fell asleep shortly after. Amelia went to the bathroom and had a long bath. Washing away her fatigue, she wrapped a towel around herself and walked out of the bathroom. She stood at the side of the bed, gazing at Oscar with complicated emotions flashing across her face.