

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 71

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Carter's face darkened at what he had just heard. "Listen, Jennifer. Firstly, what we have is nothing more than an employer–employee relationship. Secondly, there's nothing romantic between us. Please don't say things that might let others have the wrong idea."

As he said that, Carter stole a glance at Amelia, worried that she might have misunderstood the situation.

"You're distancing yourself from me for a woman like her?" Jennifer spat as she shot Amelia a dirty look.

Amelia continued to look straight ahead, not wanting to respond. *Even when I'm silent, I still manage to stir up drama. So much for saying silence is golden.*

"If you're going to be like this for the rest of the ride, then please get out of my car right now," Carter replied coldly.

Jennifer said nothing more, but the fury in her eyes was evident.

Amelia cleared her throat in a bid to defuse the tension. "I think it'd be better if I sat this one out, Mr. Scott. Why don't you attend the lunch appointment with Ms. Larson? I can just go somewhere else for lunch."

"No, we're almost there. And besides, I've already gotten the hotel staff to prepare a nutritious pregnancy meal for you. It'd be good for the baby," Carter replied, his voice tender.

"You didn't have to go to so much trouble, Mr. Scott. I'm not suffering much from morning sickness, and I'm not picky with food. I'm fine with eating anything."

Jennifer interjected, her voice dripping with sarcasm, "Hey Carter, looks like someone doesn't appreciate your kindness. Why do you keep throwing yourself at a married woman anyway? Do you really want to be seen as a homewrecker and tear up the happy couple?"

Carter tightened his grip on the steering wheel. He was furious, but he decided against arguing back since they were almost at their destination.

The private dining room that had been reserved was already occupied by five other

people by the time they arrived. The two women were both about twenty-five or twenty-six years old. Judging by their good looks and acute fashion sense, it was very likely that they were in charge of their company's public relations. As for the three men, one of them looked to be in his thirties, while the other two were in their

forties.

As the trio walked in, the five of them immediately stood up to greet them. The older-looking middle-aged man spoke up, "Finally, Mr. Scott! It's good to see you."

"Sorry to keep you waiting. We were stuck in traffic."

"Don't worry about it, we only just got here too."

After exchanging pleasantries, Carter, Amelia, and Jennifer took their seats.

The man who had just greeted them briefly introduced his team before focusing his attention on Jennifer and Amelia. He was taken aback by their sheer beauty.

The two women he brought along were already two of the best-looking ones in his company. And yet, they paled in comparison in the presence of Amelia and Jennifer.

The pair of women were like diamonds and rubies, respectively. When viewed on their own, everyone would be enamored by them. But if you placed them side by side, the diamond's glitter would easily outshine that of the ruby.

"Aren't you going to introduce the two lovely ladies, Mr. Scott?"

"This is Jennifer Larson, our company's Director of design. And Amelia Winters is one of our designers," Carter very briefly introduced.

"Who knew that a handsome man like Mr. Scott would also have a bevy of beauties working for him. Here I was, thinking about how pretty our Ms. Taylor and Ms. Lane are. Then along came Ms. Larson and Ms. Winters, who are even more breathtaking."

"You're too kind, Mr. Reed. Ms. Taylor and Ms. Lane are both incredibly beautiful. There's no need for such comparison when they're all gorgeous in their own way," Mr. Scott remarked.

Mr. Reed gave a hearty laugh in return. "You know, I've always heard that Mr. Scott is a brilliant and well-mannered businessman. They tell me you are a man of reason and that you always keep your word. Now, I see that you also have quite a way with

words. I'm really quite impressed!"

"You tiatter me. Mr. Reed."

"Mri Reed," Ms. Taylor interrupted. "Our guests must be hungry. Shall we place o ur order:

"Of course! Sorry, I was so happy I had forgotten about it." Mr. Reed beckoned fo r the waiter and ordered his share of food. Carter ordered three other dishes bef ore asking the waiter, "Is the pregnancy meal that I requested ready?"

"Yes. Mr. Scott. Should I serve it now, or later?"

It was not a decision for him to make, so Carter turned to Amelia. "Are you hungry

now?"

Amelia shook her head. "You can serve it together with the other food. Eating wit h everyone makes it more pleasant."

"Later it is then."

With that, the waiter nodded and left the room.

Mr. Reed couldn't hold back his surprise. "Ms. Winters, you're pregnant?"

"Yes, I'm five months along now."

"Your husband must have accumulated a lot of good karma to be blessed with so meone as beautiful as you," Mr. Reed exclaimed. "Hold on, is Mr. Scott your husba nd? Is that why he's so attentive towards you? If that's the case, then I must really congratulate the two of you. You make such a handsome couple!"

Jennifer coughed lightly before smiling. "You sure love to joke, Mr. Reed. Carter i s my fiancé, both our families have already met. Scott and Amelia are close because they've been good friends since college. And now I'm glad to call Amelia my friend too." After a slight pause, she quipped, "Word of advice, Mr. Reed? Her husband has a bit of a jealousy streak, so you better watch what you say if you do n't want to incur his wrath."

After a brief moment of surprise, Mr. Reed laughed it off. "Please accept my sinc erest apologies. I do say the darndest things at times. It's truly Mr. Scott's fortun e to have

such a gorgeous fiancée like yourself."

Jennifer's smile spread even wider now. "Thank you for your compliment, Mr. Re ed. We will most definitely invite you to our wedding. When we do, I hope you'll a ttend."

"I'll hold you to your word, Ms. Larson," Mr. Reed beamed. "I'll be looking forward to that wedding invite. And you can count on me to give you the best wedding gift."

Jennifer raised her glass in agreement. "Cheers."

Carter glanced at Jennifer but did not raise any objections to his relationship with her. After all, he had both their families to think of, and it wouldn't be right to humiliate her in front of so many people.

The food was served just as they got the conversation going. It was a table full of the hotel's most delectable dishes, everything from the quality of the ingredients to the plating was exquisite. Amelia's pregnancy meal was also brought to her, and it looked equally scrumptious next to the other dishes.

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"This is the meal I got the hotel to specially prepare for you, Amelia. Let me know if it's to your liking," Carter said, his voice filled with concern.

Before she could reply, Jennifer interrupted, "Mr. Clinton has repeatedly reminded us to take good care of you, Amelia, especially now that you're pregnant. That's why Carter took the trouble of getting you this meal. His company is no Clinton Corporations, after all, if anything should happen to you under our care, who knows what Mr. Clinton might do to us?"

"Don't go too far, Jennifer," Carter warned in a low whisper. "If you do, don't blame me for getting upset with you in front of everyone."

"Why? Do you feel bad for her?" Jennifer whispered back.

His eyes were filled with unbridled rage as he retorted, "Don't you dare test my patience, Jennifer. You will not like it if you push me over the edge."

Jennifer only replied with a cold, haughty chuckle.

On the other side of the table, the blissfully unaware Mr. Reed continued his conversation with Amelia. "Ms. Winters, the Clinton Corporations that Ms. Larson mentioned, that's the one managed by Oscar Clinton, isn't it? No wonder I found you

familiar! Your wedding may have been four or five years ago, but it was still an event of the century. You have no idea how many women wished they were you," Mr. Reed chuckled. "I can't believe I got to meet you. Please send my regards to Mr. Clinton."

"Thank you for your kind words, Mr. Reed. I'm just an employee in the company, and I never interfere with my husband's affairs," Amelia replied politely with a smile.

"Not at all, Ms. Winters. Or should I say, Mrs. Clinton? You're too modest. Everyone knows Mr. Clinton dotes on his wife, so much so that he gives you everything you want. We've been wondering all these years who the woman who had caught Mr. Clinton's eye was, and now I have the good fortune to finally meet you in person."

Amelia twitched upon hearing "Mrs. Clinton". She had grown tired of being called that.

"Please call me Amelia, Mr. Reed. Calling me Mrs. Clinton sounds way too formal," Amelia said, raising her glass towards him. "I'm representing my company today to discuss our contract, and what's a business meeting without wine, right? So, I'd like to toast you, Mr. Reed. Cheers!"

Mr. Reed was so flattered by her gesture that he immediately stood up with his glass of wine. "Mrs. Clin... no, Amelia. I love your frankness, and I accept your toast. Cheers!"

Amelia was about to drink her wine when Carter stopped her and took her glass. "Mr. Reed, we wouldn't want to let a pregnant lady drink, would we? Allow me to have this toast on her behalf. Cheers!"

There was a slight hesitation on Mr. Reed's part, but he drained his glass of wine anyway.

He then silently observed the trio sat in front of him. Carter was taking the utmost care of Amelia in every way he could, while Jennifer was obviously fuming away. It wasn't difficult to see that this was a very complicated relationship. This story of how a woman loved a man who loved another married woman would make for such a good drama.

Alcohol had a funny way of making people bolder and friendlier. As if to prove that point, Mr. Reed asked, "How long have you known Amelia, Mr. Scott?"

"We met when she was in university. Which would make it almost eight or nine

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years," Carter answered.

"Wow, that's a long time. I admire you, Mr. Scott. You seem to have it all. You're from a prominent family, and you've got both the looks and the brains. You're also blessed with a good friend and such an amazing girlfriend. You've really won in life, haven't you?"

Carter replied with a chuckle, "Getting to know Amelia was the best thing that's ever happened to me. I'm almost thirty and have many friends, but no one is as close to me as Amelia is. If she wasn't already married, I'd want to marry her myself."

As soon as he said that, everyone at the table fell into silence. Jennifer especially was seething and white with rage. Her hand that was under the table was clenched so tightly that her nails dug into her palm.

With her other hand, she tried to scoop some food onto Carter's plate. However, she was shaking so much from anger that it took her a few tries before she managed to do it. "We know you're good friends with Amelia, but you can't go round saying things like that, Carter," Jennifer said, trying to mask the animosity in her voice. "What if Mr. Clinton got wind of this? It may not affect you as much, but others may get the wrong idea about Amelia."

Carter pinned her with a steely gaze.

Mr. Reed felt the tension rising and stepped in like a hero to save the day. "Hear, hear. I would like to give a toast to Mr. Scott, Ms. Larson, and Amelia. Let's drink and eat our fill so that we can go on to discuss the contract."

As the three of them rose to accept the toast, so did Mr. Reed's team. Everyone clinked their glasses of wine, except for Amelia, who had soda in hers.

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Chapter 72 The Utmost Care, Love You Enough to Leave You

Halfway through the meal, Amelia excused herself to go to the washroom. She exited the room and took a deep breath before leaving for the washroom. Amelia was washing her hands when the door was suddenly pushed open. It was Jennifer. Her high heels clicked on the floor as she walked over. Jennifer said coldly, "Carter spoke up for you during dinner. Are you proud of yourself now?" Amelia turned around and replied, "Ms. Larson, I think you're mistaken. Mr. Scott is only a friend. He just takes more care of me because we've already known each other for a very long time.

If you like him, you can go confess, but don't drag me into it. I don't want my husband to hear any weird rumors." Jennifer folded her arms. "As long as you don't try to seduce him, he'll fall in love with me someday." Amelia forced a smile. "Mr. Scott is a grown man. He knows what he wants for himself. It's not something we can decide for him. I'll say it again. I already have a husband. I'm not interested in seducing anyone else." "So are you not going to resign anymore?" "I didn't do anything wrong. Why should I resign?" "Fine, don't resign then. You better make sure I don't find out any dirt about you, or else, I'll make the Clintons kick you out of their family.

I'm sure the Scotts will also be on my side." "Whatever." Amelia shrugged. *What's important between two people is that they understand each other. Otherwise, they're just wasting their breaths. Just like how this conversation is going.* "If there's nothing else, Ms. Larson, I'll leave first." "Stop there!" Amelia rolled her

eyes in exasperation and asked, "What now?" "Stay away from Carter. He's mine." Amelia lowered her head and replied, "Mr. Scott and I are merely platonic friends. Don't blame me for whatever is happening between you two. Tie him up and keep him for yourself if you can.

Otherwise, he's my boss, so I definitely will continue interacting with him." Amelia then left the washroom without looking back. Jennifer stared at herself in the mirror and said angrily, "Amelia, just wait and see. One day, I'll destroy your entire life." Jennifer then gave someone a call. When the other person picked up, she said, "Loren? Get someone to track a person for me. I'll send you the details via email. I need pictures of her acting intimately with other men." Someone spoke on the other end of the line, then Jennifer replied, "As long as you give me what I want, money is not an issue."

The other party spoke again, and Jennifer continued, "I'll wait for your good news. You've always handled your previous jobs well, so don't disappoint me this time." They exchanged a few more words before Jennifer finally hung up. As she left the washroom, Jennifer put back on her mask of civility. She returned to the dining room and smiled. "Sorry I took so long. I'll finish off this glass as punishment for being late." The others stood up and drank with her. They continued drinking for another two or three hours before they finally brought up the contract.

Mr. Reed had initially wanted to negotiate for a lower price. However, after finding out that Amelia was married to Oscar, he simply signed the contract right away. Mr. Reed then turned to Amelia and smiled. "Amelia, could you do me a favor and invite Mr. Clinton to have dinner with me one of these days?" Amelia smiled back politely. "Mr. Reed, I'll ask him, but I can't guarantee anything. However, he'll usually agree as long as he's not busy with work." Mr. Reed smiled brightly. "Thanks, Amelia. Don't worry, I just want to make friends with Mr. Clinton.

If he doesn't agree to come, then it just means that he doesn't intend to have me as a friend. It's all up to our fate." Amelia had quite a good impression of Mr. Reed. He was bold and generous and does not nitpick at every little thing. He was definitely someone who would be loyal to his friends. Thus, she answered on behalf of Oscar first. "My husband is always willing to meet for a meal. However, he's busy with work and has to meet with clients very often. I'm just afraid that he may want to rest at home when he gets some free time." "Don't worry about it.

I'll just give you a call when I'm free. You can help pass on the message to Mr. Clinton then." Amelia nodded in reply. They chatted for a while longer before saying their goodbyes. Back in the car, Jennifer said, "You're such a big shot, Amelia. I think Reed Group only signed the contract so easily because of Mr. Clinton. You're so good at public relations. As long as you're there, you can help us get more benefits."

Amelia stared straight ahead, ignoring her words. Jennifer started to get annoyed. She had always been the center of everyone's attention since young. Amelia's act of ignoring her only served to strengthen her disgust with Amelia. "Carter, I think you can just fire everyone else. We only need Amelia as our

employee. She's Oscar's wife. Clinton Corporations is one of the city's best companies. Who wouldn't want to befriend Oscar?

She's definitely our company's best asset now." Carter simply focused on driving, paying no attention to Jennifer. She was essentially talking to herself and got even more irritated. "Carter, can you reply me?" "You're really noisy." A mix of emotions flashed across Jennifer's face. "Carter, you..." "Jennifer, you're pretty. Many men will fall for your looks," Carter suddenly said. Jennifer gave him a strange look. He continued, "But you're not my type. I don't like girls who pick on every little thing. I do like beautiful women, but I have my own definition of beauty.

Your appearance is beautiful, but other than that, nothing else is desirable." That was a huge insult to any woman. It was equivalent to saying that Jennifer does not have any inner beauty. Her only function was to stand around and look pretty. That was perhaps a compliment to ladies who place a lot of importance on their looks. However, for Jennifer, this was an insult. She had a good family background, good looks, and graduated from a top overseas university.

She could easily find any high-paying job she wanted. Yet, she decided to join Carter's average company as a mere director of design. Never mind if Carter did not appreciate it, but he was now saying that her only merit was her good looks. Jennifer could not tolerate this. "Carter Scott, don't take this too far. Don't you know how many deals I've closed for you since I joined your company? My upbringing and education are excellent, and my work skills are also good.

I can help your company improve tremendously in only a short amount of time." There was truth in her words. She was eloquent, beautiful, and had strong abilities as an excellent public relations personnel. Carter nodded. "I'm thankful that you helped the company to secure many deals. Indeed, the company has become more profitable since you entered. However, you can't just attack others because of this. If you think you're above the rest of my employees and can't learn to work with them, I'll have to ask you to leave."

Jennifer looked at him incredulously. "You want to fire me? Just because of this woman?" Carter glanced at Amelia subconsciously, then denied it. "This has nothing to do with Amelia." "If it has nothing to do with her, then tell me, what did I do wrong? I've been getting along well with everyone else since I joined your company. No one has complained about me at all. If you're going to fire me without giving me a reason, I'll go tell Mrs. Scott."

Carter pressed his lips together. Just then, Amelia pointed outside the window and said, "Mr. Scott, you can let me off here. I need to go buy something. I'll go back to the company myself later." Carter stopped the car and asked, "What do you want to buy? I'll go with you." "It's fine. You can send Ms. Larson back first. I'll head back by myself later," said Amelia as she unbuckled her seatbelt. Carter then unfastened his seatbelt and said, "I'll just go with you.

You're pregnant, so if there's something heavy, I can help you carry it." He then turned to Jennifer. "Jennifer, drive the car back first. I'll take a cab with Amelia later." Jennifer was furious. "Carter, don't cross the line. Back then, it was the Scotts who requested a marriage of convenience with the Larsons. If your mother

hadn't said that you had no partner, my family would never have rushed back from overseas, and I wouldn't be here lowering myself for you right now."

Carter replied, "Since it was my family who said it, you can go marry them. I've never said such a thing." He then got off the car. Amelia, who had already alighted, shook her head at them. Jennifer was too irrational. Although she was very capable at work, her emotional intelligence was close to zero. She was acting as if she were Carter's girlfriend even though they had no relationship. She tries to control everything around Carter and even gets unreasonably jealous.

No man would be able to stand such a domineering woman. If a man loves a woman, he would love even the bad parts about her. However, if he doesn't love her, regardless of how good her personality was, he would always find something to dislike. Jennifer then rushed out of the car and stood in front of Carter. "What do you mean by this? Don't forget that our parents have already agreed on our engagement and will spread the news soon.

Now, you're telling me to go marry your parents. What are you trying to say?" Carter moved to block Amelia from Jennifer's view, then replied coldly, "What engagement? Why haven't I heard of it?" Jennifer's eyes flicked in anger. Carter continued, "Jennifer, I only treat you as my younger sister. I'm okay with being your friend, but I'll never marry you." Jennifer looked upset. "Carter, do you really hate me so much?"

Carter frowned. His frustrations had long been growing, but since he was in public, he endured his anger and said, "Jennifer, let's talk about it when we get back." However, Jennifer was stubborn. "I want an answer today. Tell me. Are you breaking off our engagement because of this woman?"

When she said that, the onlookers looked at Amelia weirdly. Carter frowned. "Jennifer, this is our problem, don't drag innocent people in. Amelia and I are just friends. Even without her, I'd never fall for you. You're pretty, have a good family and education, and you're very good at work.

I'm sure many other men are interested in you. Stop bothering me. Otherwise, we can't even be friends." Jennifer laughed coldly. "You are the only person I will ever like. I rarely fall for a man, and both our families also approve of us being together. You must marry me. I won't accept anything else." Disregarding Carter, even Amelia had started to frown upon hearing that.

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I have never seen one who is so ridiculous and unreasonable. A relationship should be out of free will. If you want to add a label to it, you'll turn it into a business.

Amelia said, "Ms. Larson, you might as well calm down and have a good talk with Mr. Scott. Your hysterical yelling won't help. You are a smart woman with strong working ability, so you should know that pressing hard against men will only bore them. It's better to calm down and talk nicely, isn't it?"

Jennifer glanced at Amelia reluctantly. She knew she had no choice but to accept her advice.

Jennifer took a deep breath. "Carter, sorry, I overreacted just now. I will go back to the company first, and we will go back to your house in the evening. Anyway, I think you should discuss these matters with your parents first. Would you please not call off at the last minute when the engagement preparation is ready? That would be disrespectful to both of our families, and it will also discredit my reputation."

Carter nodded. "I will go back with you tonight."

Jennifer glanced at him with complex emotions, turned back to the car without hesitation, and drove away.

Carter seemed exhausted, but he was gentle as usual when facing Amelia.

"Amelia, I'm sorry. Did I scare you just now?" he said apologetically.

Amelia shook her head and expressed, "Carter, I think Jennifer is serious about you. If you are not into her, it is better to cut off with her fast completely. She has strong self-esteem and was doted upon by everyone around her ever since she was born. I'm afraid she cannot accept being rejected by anyone. Her feelings towards you are likely not out of true love but of a desire to have you fall for her. You have to handle it wisely."

Carter just smiled. "Don't worry about me. She is just a little bit stubborn because her family spoils her. I will solve it, but she is making things difficult for you. I feel guilty about this."

Amelia comforted him. "She is mean with her words, but that's not really harmful to me. She is serious about you. That's the truth. If you don't deal with it properly, with

her stubborn temper, I'm afraid it will be disadvantageous to you."

Carter grinned gently. "Why, do you care about me?"

Amelia shook her head, amused, and walked toward the supermarket across the street while adding, "Carter, I am very grateful for you to take care of me, but I already have a husband, and I don't want him to misunderstand. Plus, I don't want to be stuck between you and Ms. Larson."

Carter's eyes clouded over, but he still managed to squeeze out a smile. "Amelia, as long as you are not divorced, I am just a friend. When you do get divorced, I hope you can leave a place in your heart for me. Don't conclude too harshly. At least give me a chance, then you can decide if I am the right man to spend the rest of your life with."

Amelia glanced at him and sighed. "Am I worth it?"

Carter shrugged. "I gave up on you four years ago, and I have been regretting that decision. When you contacted me on WhatsApp some time ago, I was so excited that I barely got any sleep, and I woke up every morning with a smile on my face. I think God gave me a second chance, so don't reject me, please?"

With a heavy heart, Amelia opened her mouth only to find that she was at a loss for words. She eventually remained silent and said nothing in response to his confession.

After Amelia bought what she needed, she returned to the company with Carter and entered the design department. Her colleagues shot her weird looks as she entered the office.

Amelia was confused. In the end, Jessica was the one who approached her and whispered, "Amelia, Ms. Larson announced that Mr. Scott and her are about to get engaged. She accused you of seducing Mr. Scott, which caused them to break up. She also said that you are a b*tch who seduces men even though you are married. I think you ought to be cautious. People gossip."

Amelia's expression darkened, but she endured the shame. "True gold fears no fire; true blue will never stain. I'm innocent, so the rumors will eventually break."

Jessica added anxiously, "Amelia, I think you'd better go and clarify this issue. Otherwise, it will be difficult for you to stay in the company if the rumors ferment."

Amelia smiled. "Jessica, don't worry about me. I will dig myself into a hole if I clarify now. It's better to wait and do nothing now."

Jessica curled her lips. "Amelia, you are too kind. If I were you, I would go and slap both her cheeks and warn her not to make rumors behind people's back."

"What about after that? I'll have no choice but to leave when she fires me, right?" Amelia responded amusedly.

Jessica touched her nose and giggled. "I'm just kidding."

"Go back to work," Amelia ended the conversation.

Jessica went back obediently and sat down.

Amelia sighed internally. She thought this company was good, and colleagues could get along with each other. But she was too naive. Surviving in the workplace was a social discipline. No matter where one is, there will be conflicts as long as there are people.

One never knew what other people were hiding behind the facade of smiles; someone could come to you all cheery but secretly hate your guts. Amelia knew all this was inevitable. She initially joined this company because of her relationship with Carter. Most people treat her nice out of respect for Carter. But there must be some people who would be jealous of her good fate. She had skipped the internship stage and got into the Saspiuburg training directly. It would be fantasy to think no one would hate her.

No wonder when Jennifer said that the relationship between her and Carter was ambiguous, everyone believed it. However, it was true that she had been cosseted by Carter in this company, to the extent where he would go all out for her. If this continued, the gossip would be even messier.

At first, Amelia thought her colleagues would only be skeptical of these rumors. She didn't expect that they would take it seriously.

Amelia overheard her colleague's gossip in the toilet. She used to love gossiping too. She did not expect this time; she had become the female lead of the scandal.

Two female colleagues in her department made up the gossip. Amelia believed she had a good relationship with the two of them, which is why she was shocked to hear

those malicious words coming out of their mouths.

One of them gossiped, "Yvonne, I didn't expect Amelia to be this kind of slut. She is pregnant but still hooks up with Mr. Scott. No wonder people say beautiful women

are likely to be unsettled. I didn't believe it before, but now I do."

Another whispered, "That's the privilege for gorgeous women. No man would want to look at us even if we want to hook up. So we can only find a grounded man to marry and have children. Our fates are no better than her, who can wear fancy jewels and be pampered by a man like Mr. Scott. Who knows, maybe Mr. Scott isn't the only one. I bet she's been frolicking with more than one man behind her husband's back."

"That is nasty for you to say so, but I'm afraid I have to agree with that. Look at her slutty face. I won't be surprised."

Two of them giggled in the washroom for a while before they walked out together.

Amelia, who was still in a toilet cubicle, couldn't help but sob soundlessly. All those accusations were false. She couldn't believe her friendly colleagues would say such insulting things about her. She did not expect that they would make such an assumption without proof.

That somewhat froze her heart.

That reminded her of the incident four or five years ago, where a friendly female colleague also betrayed her. She was accused of selling a company's contract to an opponent, which almost made her go to prison. Fortunately, the company withdrew the lawsuit, but she had to bear millions of debts. If Oscar hadn't lent her a hand, she would not be able to pay her debts. It had been a nightmare.

But she did sell herself out in the end. She sold her marriage to Oscar, who helped her pay off the debt.

Over the years, she had been thinking about what would her life be like if she had not met Oscar?

She would not dare to imagine. In times of desperation, one will do anything, including robbing the bank or selling their bodies to exchange for more money.

She didn't have the guts to rob the bank, and she could only sell her body in exchange for money.

After hearing the words of two colleagues, Amelia had mixed feelings in her heart. She had experienced multiple tragedies over the years. A few rumors from two people will not make her miserable for too long. But still, she was a human with feelings.

Amelia put on some makeup, and then she left the washroom after confirming there was no one outside.

Back to the design department, Jessica approached and whispered, "Amelia, are you okay? What took you so long?"

Amelia shook her head, reluctant to explain more.

Jessica was considerate enough not to further question.

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Everyone was working civilly. Suddenly, Carter pushed the door open and clapped his palms.

"Everyone, can I have your attention for a minute?"

All the employees in the design department raised their heads.

Carter's face was stern. He glanced at the crowd contemptibly. "In just one day, the rumors have been spreading. I won't question who spread them, but I want to clarify that the company is a place to create profit, not gossip. If this continues, it will not only affect my reputation but also damage the reputation of the other party."

After taking a breath, he continued, "First of all, Amelia, a female employee of the design department, and I have been friends for many years. I care for her as a good friend. I don't know how it came out that I had an affair with her. I'm still single, so this rumor is not harmful to me, but she is already married, and now she is with a child. I don't want her to have a rift with her husband because of such a rumor. Second, between Ms. Larson and me is just a pure colleague relationship. Her parents and my parents have also been friends for many years. She had just been hired into our company recently. She has a high degree of education, and everyone can see that her ability is outstanding. That's why she is promoted as the design director in such a short period. I want to clarify that I'm not in a relationship with her either. I hope all of you stop listening to unfounded rumors."

Every word he said fell into Jennifer's ears, who was standing behind him.

"Mr. Scott, are you so eager to cut the relationship between you and me?" Jennifer was a little hurt.

Carter took an intense glimpse at her. "Come to my office."

Upon speaking, he left the room steadfastly.

Jennifer followed behind him with misty eyes.

As soon as Jennifer and Carter left, the design department employees launched into heated conversations. The two female gossipers blushed with a touch of

awkwardness. They peeped at Amelia with guilt but could not bring themselves to spit out an apology. Two other male colleagues were relatively straightforward, on the other hand. As soon as they heard Carter's clarification, they ran up to apologize to her.

Amelia just smiled and didn't say much. She only treated them as formal colleagues in the department. Hence she didn't put much care into this.

She had now been betrayed twice in a row, which made her determined not to have a close relationship with any of these people.

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For some people, no matter how good you are to her, she will not appreciate it.

After Jennifer returned to the office with Carter, Carter accused, "Jennifer, what's your agenda?"

Jennifer's eyes were red, but she tried to act arrogantly. "I have no agenda. I just want to declare in front of everyone that I am your girlfriend and that we'll be engaged soon. What's wrong with what I say?"

Carter was pissed and amused at the same time. He had never seen a weirdo like Jennifer. She was rather relentless, shameless, and stuck to him like a piece of gum on his shoe.

"Jennifer, don't you feel shameless about yourself?" Carter provoked.

Jennifer also sat on the sofa. "You will soon be my fiancé, and I am not wrong, so why should I be?"

Carter scowled. "Jennifer, I don't like you. You are not my girlfriend. You will only annoy me more like this. You are young, attractive, and capable. Why bother with me? I don't think I have done anything to make you misunderstand my feelings for you."

Jennifer answered, "You also admit that I am young, attractive, and capable. So, which part of me is it that you don't like? Tell me, and I will change it."

Carter could feel a faint throbbing on his forehead. "Jennifer, stop messing around, would you?"

"Carter, I really love you. Although we have not known each other for a long time, I had heard your name from my parents and seen your photos. You are my ideal Prince Charming. So when Mrs. Yard proposed to arrange a marriage for me, I persuaded my parents to come back here just to see you. For you, I am willing to be merely a director of design. I can even use my own contacts to market your

company. Can't you feel my sincerity?"

Carter rubbed his bulging temples.

"Carter, are you unwell?" Jennifer noticed his discomfort.

"Jennifer, I know you are very kind to me, and I am very grateful that you can come to work in my company. But the engagement is another matter. It is impossible for anything to happen between you and me. But if you are willing, I will treat you like a sister."

Jennifer clenched her fist in dismay.

She stared at Carter aggrievedly. "Why exactly is Amelia better than me?"

Carter confessed truthfully, "You are better than her in all aspects. But you are not her, so I can't have feelings for you. The place in my heart is already taken. I am sorry."

Jennifer abruptly stood up, strolled to the desk, and leaned forward with her hands on the desk. Her sexy figure could make any man's nose bleed.

However, Carter just glanced at it for a second and then subconsciously looked away a second.

Jennifer noticed the waver in his eyes. She smiled coquettishly and then unbuttoned two buttons on her shirt, revealing her bosom, making her appear even more seductive.

"Carter, you're obviously having reactions to my body. Why don't you admit it? As long as you want, you can have me and everything I have."

His whole face darkened towards her attitude. He bellowed in a frustrated tone. "Button up your clothes."

Not only did Jennifer not obey, she boldly went around the desk to sit on Carter's thighs but was pushed away by Carter unexpectedly. He commanded coldly, "Dress up. Don't make me disrespect you."

Jennifer's eyes turned red again. She felt ashamed, bitter, and annoyed when she met Carter's unsentimental eyes. She was the princess of superior family background and had never been treated by men like this.

Now, she had even resorted to seducing but was wholly rejected.

Jennifer wept, "Carter, do you really hate me this much?"

"Carter, no matter what, it was your family who arranged the marriage. Mrs. Yard also said that we should be engaged. So even if you don't want to, it's gonna happen."

Carter responded angrily, "You are simply unreasonable."

"I become unreasonable because of you. I have never liked someone so much. You are the only man I have ever fallen for. No matter what, you have to be responsible for me."

Carter was so cross that an unnatural bout of laughter escaped his throat. He pointed to the door and stated firmly. "Get out. I will talk to my parents about the engagement. No one can force me to do things that I don't want to."

Jennifer glanced deeply at him, then turned and stalked out.

In the evening, Carter received a call from Mrs. Scott, asking him to take Jennifer back to the house. He knew that it was unavoidable, so he called Jennifer, and they went together to his house.

The Larson couple were also there. Jennifer and Carter entered the hall together, and Jennifer greeted everyone politely. She then sat submissively in front of the elders.

In front of the elders, Jennifer looked like an obedient girl, well behaved, and always spoke softly.

Carter has never seen a woman who can act so professionally without revealing any trace of a lie.

He even thought that she should as well pursue an acting career.

Mrs. Scott was obviously delighted with her. "Jennifer, how are you doing in Carter's company?"

Jennifer replied sweetly, "It is perfect. The colleagues in the company are nice to me, and they all took extra care of me. I am thrilled to be able to work there."

Mrs. Scott became even more satisfied after hearing her answer. "Carter, Jennifer works in your company. You should care for her more, understand?"

Carter nodded without any expressions.

Despite the warm atmosphere, he suddenly dropped a surprising statement. "Mom, I already have someone I like, and I will bring her home for you to see soon."

After that sentence came out, everyone's face shifted tensed.

"What's going on?" Mrs. Larson's expression darkened. "Mrs. Scott, you have to give me an explanation. In the beginning, you were the one who said you wanted to have an alliance with the Larsons via marriage. That's why we brought Jennifer back here."

Mrs. Scott smiled and comforted, "Don't worry, Carter is just joking." After that, she stared intensely at Carter. "Carter, don't make this kind of joke in front of Mrs. Larson."

Carter affirmed earnestly. "Mom, I do have a woman I like. I will bring her back to you after a while, and what marriage are you talking about? Why don't I know about

it?"

Now, Mrs. Scott's face became very unpleasant.

"Son, if you repeat this, I'll get mad. I had finally persuaded the Larsons family to come back from abroad to discuss the marriage between you and Jennifer. But now you get all cranky. Do you want to piss off your mother?"

Carter glanced at Mrs. Scott. "Mom, I am almost 30, and I think I can decide my own marriage. You looked for a bride for me without my consent. Mom, if you still treat me as your son, you should respect me."

Mrs. Scott said, "Carter, how dare you blame your mother! I don't care. Jennifer is the girl I like. She is the only one who can be the daughter-in-law of our family. If you disagree, don't call me your mother anymore."

Carter's expression shifted again. He rose from the sofa. "Mom, you are mad and irrational now. I will go upstairs and talk to Granddad. Let's discuss later."

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After speaking, Carter was about to go upstairs but was stopped by Mrs. Scott.

"Carter, sit back down." Mrs. Scott uttered with an uncompromising attitude. Carter had no choice but to return to his seat.

"Carter, since you already know everything, then I will be honest with you. Our family intends to have a marriage alliance with the Larsons. You have met Jennifer.

Her family background, appearance, and education are the perfect match for your status. The power of the Larsons is comparable to that of our family. Jennifer is a perfect girl with such excellent conditions. What else can you ask for?"

Carter glanced at Mrs. Scott and murmured, "Mom, I know that Jennifer is excellent. Surely there will be countless men who are interested in her, but I'm not interested."

Mrs. Larson could not hold back her anger anymore. "Carter, I thought you were a gentle and mature kid, but it seems as though I was wrong about that. Who do you think our Jennifer is? Is she an item that you can just sell to anyone? Honestly, if your family didn't intend to have a marriage alliance with ours, I wouldn't even bring her here."

Carter stood up and bowed solemnly towards Mrs. Larson. "Mrs. Clinton, I am truly sorry. My mother talked to you about this without notifying me. I can compensate for the inconvenience caused to your family. But please forgive me as I cannot agree with this engagement. I don't have feelings for Jennifer. I can't marry a woman I don't love even if she is excellent."

The Larsons' face had grown awfully outraged.

"Carter, what do you mean by this?" Mrs. Larson accused.

Carter bowed again. "Mrs. Clinton, I'm genuinely sorry, but I really can't marry Jennifer. I already have a woman I adore. She is the only one I will marry."

Mrs. Larson abruptly stood up and held Jennifer's hand. "Jennifer, let's go. The threshold of the Scotts is too high. We're apparently not fit to entertain them anymore."

Jennifer took Mrs. Larson's hand and pleaded, "Mom, Carter's behaving like this because he had a little conflict with me. Don't be offended. He was just expressing his temper."

Mrs. Larson obviously didn't believe it. "Really?"

Jennifer nodded right away.

Mrs. Larson sat back and resumed her calmness. "Carter, it is normal for young people to have conflict. But you can't use your engagement as a way to vent your anger. I have already discussed all the details with your parents about the

engagement. Besides, we have even notified all our relatives and friends. All that's left is the ceremony for now."

Carter turned his head to look at Mrs. Scott. "Mom, what the heck is going on?"

Mrs. Scott avoided his eyes.

Carter rose again. "Mom, I'll go upstairs now. I hope you can respect me more. If you don't want things to get ugly, don't blame me for speaking frankly."

Mrs. Scott walked swiftly and stopped in front of him. "Son, you are a grown-up now, so don't mess around."

Carter could not believe his own mother's stubbornness.

His parents worked with outsiders to decide his fate without asking for his opinion and are now blaming him for his reluctance.

"Mom, I can forgive you for anything you have done, but you shouldn't decide my marriage without informing me. Please at least respect me, or I will consider leaving this house."

Mrs. Scott was so furious that she raised her hand and slapped Carter across his face. "Carter! You really hurt my heart! I did everything for your own good. Why can't you be a little more considerate?"

Carter held his cheek in his hand, but his eyes were abnormally calm. "Mom, what you consider good is killing me."

Mrs. Scott wanted to speak, but her hands were shaking. She hesitated and only managed to say the following sentence. "Carter, I didn't mean to hit you. Does it hurt?"

Carter shook his head and uttered gravely. "Mom, I really thought you wouldn't interfere with my marriage anymore after that incident."

Mrs. Scott was shivering all over, with mixed emotions of rage and fear. She repeated, "Carter, I am doing this for your own good."

Carter looked back at her with complex emotions. "Mom, I'll go upstairs to see Granddad." Carter bypassed Mrs. Scott and went upstairs.

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Mrs. Scott wiped the tears from the corner of her eyes. Awkwardly, she uttered, "Mr. Larson, I'm really sorry for making a fool in front of you."

Mrs. Larson frowned. "I don't think Carter is willing to marry my daughter."

Mrs. Scott smiled. "Laura, stop joking. Carter is just shy. I will talk to him later. They will get engaged. Even if they had a conflict, they would still get married."

Mrs. Larson pretentiously flicked at the dust on her body before she spoke. "Faye, you and I have known each other for twenty to thirty years. Although our family has been abroad these years, we still keep in touch. Thus, our relationship has never faded. I thought you had already talked to Carter about the engagement. You have disgraced us by putting us in such an awkward situation."

Mrs. Scott responded with a smile. "Laura, it's my fault. Don't worry, Jennifer is so gorgeous and considerate. Sooner or later, Carter will fall in love with her. Don't you have confidence in your daughter?"

Every parent liked their children to be praised. Hearing Mrs. Scott's praises, Mrs. Larson was exuberant as if she was the one being praised.

"Faye, you are right about that. The only weakness of Jennifer is that she is impeccable. Lots of men adore and pursue her. But ever since she saw the photos of Carter, she made a fuss about coming back. To her, Carter is her ideal Prince Charm

ing. My daughter likes him, and you also intend for them to get married. This is why I brought her back. Faye, don't let me down."

Mrs. Scott smiled and assured, "Laura, don't worry, I want Jennifer as my daughter-in-law."

"Faye, I'm taking you for your word." Mrs. Scott expressed, "I think Carter was angry only because he was kept in the dark. We will leave now. We will pay a visit again when Carter has figured it out."

"That's great. I'll walk you to the door."

Mrs. Scott sent them to the gate and reassured them lovingly, "Jennifer, don't think too much. You're so gentle and nice. It's Carter's blessing and honor to be able to marry you."

Jennifer smiled softly. "Mrs. Scott, I believe that Carter and I will be a couple. Even if he has someone in his heart now, I believe he will eventually see my good side. We still have a lot of time. I can wait."

Mrs. Scott became even more satisfied. "Jennifer, I like your sensibility. Don't worry.

You are the daughter-in-law of the Scotts. I will never approve of others."

A flash of smugness flashed in Jennifer's eyes as she grinned. "Mrs. Scott, I'm relieved to hear that. Please go in and rest well."

"Bye. Have a good night." Mrs. Scott smiled, "Jennifer, come over during the weekend, and I will take you shopping. I saw a pair of beautiful shoes a couple of days ago. I think you will like it. Let's go and try. I will buy it for you."

Jennifer enthusiastically wrapped her arms around Mrs. Scott. "Oh, Mrs. Scott, what should I do? I like you more and more. I wish you are my mother-in-law now."

Those words delighted Mrs. Scott comprehensively.

"My lovely girl, I can't wait for you to be my daughter-in-law."

Jennifer expressed some more compliments to Mrs. Scott before leaving with her parents.

Mrs. Scott's face contorted with rage once they left.

"Darling, look at your son. He is all grown up and doesn't even respect me as a mother." Complaining with great dissatisfaction, Mrs. Scott snatched the newspaper

from Mr. Scott's hand.

Mr. Scott responded, "Faye, I told you. It would be better if you discussed this with Carter first.

The previous incident with Amelia Winters resulted in him not speaking to us for over two years. Do you want to force your son away again?"

Mrs. Scott choked for a moment and then argued unconvincingly, "What do you mean I forced him out? I'm doing this for his good. Amelia Winters is married to a rich family now, so he should let her go completely and marry Jennifer. That's the best choice for him."

Mr. Scott took back his newspaper, turning a deaf ear to her.

Mrs. Scott got even angrier at that. "Dear, are you listening to me?"

Mr. Scott said without raising his head, "Faye, don't blame me for not reminding you. Our son is different from four years ago. He is strong enough to compete with anyone in the Scott family. If you still want to enjoy prosperity, you should make up with your son and let him come back to Scott Group. Otherwise, the group may one day fall into the hands of outsiders. What will your life become like? Think about it."

Mrs. Scott sat down beside Mr. Scott dejectedly.

"Dear, what you said makes sense, but Jennifer is perfect in every aspect, and she is a brilliant match for Carter. Don't you want to see them together?"

"Of course I want to, but only if my son likes her. Four years ago, we did what we thought was right to force Amelia away. My son ended up not talking to us for years. To the extent where he only told us about his company after it succeeded. I think he wants to have his own business to be able to contend with us in terms of his marriage."

Mr. Scott paused for a moment and revealed his honest thoughts. "Four years ago, we might still be able to influence his life, but now, I'm afraid it's difficult."

Mrs. Scott sat on the sofa, lost in thought.

Carter came down from upstairs, picked up his suit on the sofa, and said, "Dad, Mom, I won't stay for dinner. There are still some things to settle at the company."

Mrs. Scott queried, "Carter, are you really mad at me?"

Carter said without looking back, "Mom, I will not be angry with you, but I won't allow you to make these pointless decisions for me in the future. I wish I marry the woman I like.

"Is it true that you still want to marry Amelia?"

"Yes. She is the only one I will ever want to marry." Carter stated firmly.

Mrs. Scott almost fainted. "Carter, this is way too over."

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"Mom, if you love your son, you should stop doing this. I'm not fond of Jennifer; even if she is the best, I will never marry her. If you insist on this, you will only make

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With hands trembling, Mrs. Scott yelled again, "Carter, do you really want to piss me off?"

"Mom, I still have work in my company. I'm done playing games with you." Upon speaking, Carter walked away without looking back, leaving Mrs. Scott alone in wrath.

Carter drove out speedily to a club nearby the center of the city. He avoided the noisy crowd and went straight to the bar, where he ordered a cocktail. Walking to a corner with his drink, he noticed someone he least expected to meet. Oscar Clinton.

Oscar was well dressed in an elegant suit, which seemed a bit out of tune with the boisterous club. Carter was shocked to find him there.

Oscar threw a glance at him. "Take a seat."

Carter sat across him and asked, "Why are you here? Where's Amelia?"

Oscar took a sip of wine and said, "Don't you think it's a bit too abrupt for Mr. Scott to ask about my wife?"

Carter took a sip of wine with unchanged emotion. He turned his head to look at the frantically writhing crowd on the dance floor and mocked, "This place seems unsuitable for a married man like you, even more so when your wife is pregnant. Since your wife is my friend, shouldn't I ask?"

Oscar changed his posture again, looking at Carter lazily. "Mr. Scott, no one can compare to you as a hypocrite. You show your care to my wife, but you have lustful intentions toward her. But I trust her, and that's the only reason she is still working for you."

Carter's hand slowly clenched into a fist.

"Mr. Clinton, don't judge me with your unpleasant thoughts. I am innocent with Amelia, and I will never touch her when she is still your wife. But if she is divorced, I have the right to pursue her. After all, she is stunning. It's just a pity that someone doesn't cherish her."

Oscar's eyes flashed with a glint of emotion, but it was immediately hidden by the

dazzling lights. He lifted his glass and elegantly took a sip of the alcohol. "Mr. Carter, you are indeed a frank person. Has my wife ever provided you any sort of special services, resulting in your obsession toward her?"

Carter looked at him with displeasure and asked, "What service does Mr. Clinton think Amelia will offer me?"

"That, you have to ask yourself." Oscar's casual attitude completely annoyed Carter.

"Once again, don't assume things with that sordid mind of yours. Although Amelia looked seductive and beddable, she was a naive woman. If there were anything between us, it would have happened in college. Many rich guys were after her, even married men wanted to pay a high price to be her sugar daddy, but she rejected them. She had to work three part-time jobs in addition to her classes. But she never gave in. If not for the betrayal and the debts five years ago, do you think she will be willing to marry you?" Carter gritted his teeth and said.

As to why Carter would be so angry, it was firstly because Oscar did not know how to cherish Amelia and verbally abused her. Secondly, if it was not because of his own inability and the betrayal of his family, he would have been together with Amelia.

Oscar drank the cocktail gracefully while expressing casually, "People get married because of fate. God sent Amelia to my side. You didn't rescue her four years ago. So, she is destined not to be yours."

Anguish flashed in Carter's eyes. That incident was his biggest regret in life. Four years ago, he could not withhold his own family. Four years later, he became strong. So strong that even his grandfather could not afford to ignore him. They dared not to interfere with his marriage anymore. They needed him to inherit the family business as he was the best in the family.

His grandfather was an intelligent man. He understood that if he wanted Carter to go back and inherit the family business, he would have to compromise at some price.

"Never mind. I've heard that your mistress, the princess of the Yard Manor, is now with child. I think you would eventually have to give her status, right? So since you are bound to divorce Amelia, I guess I still have my chance."

Oscar put down the wine glass in his hand. His eyes turned defensive. "Did you investigate me?"

Carter laughed frankly. "Know your enemy is the first step to success. You are a strong rival. If I don't investigate thoroughly, I will have no chance of defeating you whatsoever, won't I?"

Oscar adjusted his posture, playing gracefully with his slender fingers. "Mr. Carter, it's not that I want to ruin your spirit. The truth is no matter how well you investigate, Amelia's heart will still be with me. While we were having sex yesterday, she clutched my back and said that as long as I don't leave her, she is even willing to share me with Cassie."

Carter's fists were clenched even tighter upon hearing that.

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"Oscar Clinton, how shameless can you be?" Carter sarcastically asked.

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"What is causing you such great angst, Mr. Scott? Sex between a married couple can't possibly be called shameful, can it? Don't tell me a grown man like you is still a virgin!" Oscar teased.

Carter took a sip of alcohol to mask his sorrow.

"Mr. Scott, this bar is famous for its beauties. All it takes is a snap of your fingers, and they will flock to you." Oscar continued to push him.

Carter just quietly drank his liquor, lost in thoughts.

Oscar lifted his glass and started drinking too. For a rare moment, a sense of peace prevailed.

Finally, Carter broke the silence. "Mr. Clinton, please treat Amelia well. She had a hard life. Outwardly, she may seem to be fearless, but she has a really kind and gentle soul. If you are the one she loves, I am willing to retreat and watch over her from a distance."

Oscar was tickled. "Mr. Scott, are you playing the role of a melodramatic second male lead?"

Carter was not disturbed by Oscar's comment. "The male lead usually has affairs with different women while the second male lead is destined to watch over the h

eroiner. If Amelia is meant to be the female lead of this drama, then I will willingly take the supporting role. I will do anything so long as she can be happy.”

Oscar laughed out loud. “What a passionate man you are, Mr. Scott. Unfortunately, this act does not sit well with me. You should be grateful I am not bashing you up for eyeing my woman.”

Carter can only put on a miserable smile. He composed himself and said, “Mr. Clinton, how about we reconcile and enjoy a drink together?”

“Reconcile? Were we ever in conflict, Mr. Scott?” Oscar questioned.

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Carter was caught off guard. “No. No conflict at all. Everything happens for a reason.

Let’s drink to our acquaintance!” He laughed it off.

Oscar summoned the servers and asked for the best booze they have. He mixed the different booze, creating a potent cocktail. “The whole idea of drinking is to get high. You wouldn’t mind this, would you?” He challenged Carter.

One can never show any sign of weakness in the face of their competitor. Carter took a glass of the cocktail and downed it. “Impressive! Come, have another,” Oscar urged.

“Shouldn’t Mr. Clinton have one yourself?” Carter countered.

Oscar took a glass and did a bottoms-up too.

“Well done, Mr. Clinton,” Carter reciprocated.

And with that, they took turns to down glass after glass and finished the few bottles in no time. They held their drinks well and were amazingly sober.

“Mr. Scott, you sure can hold your liquor,” Oscar praised.

“Not too bad yourself.” Carter returned the compliment.

“Good to meet an impressive drinking partner. Shall we do an all-nighter, Mr. Scott?” Oscar started pouring for Carter again.

Carter nodded, and just as the two raised their glasses to toast, Oscar’s phone rang. He picked the call, but before he can utter a word, Cassie can be heard beseching, “Oz, I miss you. Our baby misses you too. Please come visit us at the Yard Manor.”

"Cassie, I can't hear you well. Can you repeat that?" The room was too noisy, and Oscar was straining to hear her.

"Oz, where are you? Why is there so much noise in the background?" Cassie questioned.

"I am in a bar," Oscar replied truthfully.

"Oz, the baby and I miss you. Would you come by to spend time with us?" Cassie pleaded.

"Cassie dear, I am with some clients now. It is also getting late. Don't wait up. I will

visit you and the baby tomorrow," Oscar said after a moment of hesitation.

Cassie wasn't pleased with that. "Do you not love me anymore? Before I got pregnant, you said you will treat me well. No matter where you are, you will come running to me when I need you. Now you use work as an excuse to brush me off. Are you having

second thoughts about marrying me?" she woefully asked.

Oscar seemed flustered. Maybe the liquor was taking effect on him. "Cassie, stop this fuss and go to bed. I will visit you and the baby tomorrow." He was curt.

Cassie went silent for a moment, then she sobbed, "Oz, you don't love me anymore."

"Cassie dear, I am with my business associates. You wouldn't want to distract me from work, would you?" Oscar tried to keep his cool and coaxed her.

"So I am still the love of your life?" Cassie sought his assurance.

Oscar fiddled with his tie fretfully but made the effort to sweet-talk Cassie. "Of course I still love you, Cassie. Now, go to bed, and I'll see you and the baby tomorrow."

Oscar finally managed to pacify Cassie. As he ended the call, his face was splashed with liquor. Once he recovered from the shock, he glared at Carter as he wiped his face dry. "You better have a good reason for doing this, Mr. Scott. Otherwise, I will come after not only you but your entire family."

"Two-timer scumbag, I think you deserved that," Carter responded indifferently, leisurely sipping his drink as he spoke.

Oscar nodded. "Well, yes. But who are you to interfere in my personal affairs?"

"Just the one who loves Amelia and would not want to see her get hurt," Carter vowed.

Now, that hit a raw nerve. Oscar pounced on Carter, waving his fist right into Carter's face. Carter was taken aback momentarily but recovered swiftly and fought back with a vengeance. The bar's security staff struggled to separate the two furious men. The fight ended with a trip to the police station.

As both Oscar and Carter were influential bigwigs, the police did not make things difficult for them. They were allowed to summon their lawyers to assist in settling the

case. In the meantime, Amelia got a call from an old acquaintance,

a policewoman, who informed her of Oscar's incident.

A heavily pregnant Amelia came to the police station. She was surprised to see Oscar and Carter together. She could not figure out how the paths of these two men crossed and why they ended up injured in a fight.

Amelia crossed her arms and showed no sympathy for these two men. "The two of you fought?" she asked, looking down at the pathetic men.

Oscar looked up to her and complained, "Your husband was bashed. Can't you comfort me?"

"Serves you right! Two grown men fighting. Aren't you embarrassed?" Amelia sounded harsh but was still gently examining the wound on his mouth. "How did you get hurt so badly?" she lamented when Oscar let out a painful whimper.

Carter's heart sank when he noticed Amelia only had eyes for Oscar. "I am sorry, Amelia. I was too hot-headed and picked a fight with Mr. Clinton. I am to be blamed," he apologized.

It was only then that Amelia became aware of Carter's injuries. They were as bad, if not worse, than Oscar's. She frowned slightly as she looked over his bruises. "Carter, your injuries look bad too. Does it hurt a lot?"

Carter was consoled by her concern. "It's no big deal," he assured her with a smile.

Suddenly, Oscar cupped his mouth and yelped in pain. "Oscar, what's wrong?" Amelia immediately turned her attention back to him.

Oscar took the opportunity to grab her and bury himself in her, whining, "My mouth hurts. My head hurts. I am hurting all over my body. Let me lean on you for a while, Amelia"

Amelia was pleasantly surprised by Oscar's act, and her lips curled into a gentle smile. That look of bliss stabbed Carter deeply in the heart. He instinctively knew that Amelia had fallen for Oscar. She could try to hide her feelings, but she was not able to conceal the look of affection in her eyes.

Amelia gently caressed Oscar's hair. It felt stubby. "Such childish behavior from a grown man Carter is here. *You* will be a subject of ridicule," Amelia teased,

Oscar rested his head on her tummy and said, "*You* are my wife, What is *so* ridiculous about us: is our son a good boy! Is he giving Mommy any trouble?"

"Maybe he could sense his daddy is in trouble, so he is purling on his best behavior," Amelia happily quipped,

Oscar buried his face in her tummy but suddenly looked up in astonishment "Honey, our little fella just kicked me!" he exclaimed,

Amelia was beaming with joy. "That is fetal movement Our little fella knows daddy is interacting with him, so he is saying hi to you 100."

That scene of marital bliss tore Carter's heart out,

"Amelia" he called out, his voice thick with sadness.

That reminded Amelia of his presence. She pushed Oscar's head aside and looked apologetically at Carter, "I'm sorry. I almost forgot you are here, Carter."

That apology was *even more* gut wrenching for Carter,

"Amelia, that would have been better left unspoken" Carter smiled feebly.

"Carter, I am sorry. L." Amelia was at a loss for words.

Carter stood up, smiled at her adoringly, and brushed it aside. "Silly girl! You did nothing wrong. Why the apology?"

Amelia subconsciously rubbed her nose again, obviously embarrassed. Oscar was agitated and solemnly said, "Mr. Scott, I am capable of adoring my woman. Mind your behavior, lest it causes misunderstanding."

"Mr. Clinton, I am more than happy to indulge her. Whatever she wants, I will oblige. Unlike the man who acts lovey-dovey with her, and then turn to whisper sweet nothings to another woman the next moment." Carter was in a provocative mood.

However, he quickly realized he should not have said that. He turned around to find Amelia's smile frozen in place,

"The lawyers are dealing with it now. We should be able to leave soon," Carter assured her.

Oscar stood next to Amelia, hugged her by the waist, and confessed shamelessly, "Yes, Cassie did call to say she and her baby missed me and wanted me to spend time with them. I did not have a chance to go because your so-called friend bashe d me up."

Amelia was stumped for a moment. Then she chuckled and asked, "So that is how the fight started? I am curious to know how the two of you met in the first place."

Carter gave her a brief recount.

Amelia glanced towards Oscar and jested, "Mr. Clinton, aren't you busy at work with some business associates? How did you end up fighting instead?"

ICSS ass

Oscar self-consciously touched his nose, embarrassed by her jibe.

Thankfully, the two lawyers walked in, saving Oscar from the awkward situation.

WKW

"Mr. Clinton, we can leave now." Oscar's lawyer said to him.

"Mr. Carter, you are free to leave," Carter's lawyer reported.

The five of them walked out of the police station. "Carter, remember to apply some medication on your wounds. It won't be good to show up at work tomorrow with such nasty bruises," Amelia nagged with concern.

"I will. Have a safe trip home. Call me when you get home." Carter reassured her gently.

Oscar was irate. He arrogantly wrapped his arms around Amelia and said, "Mr. Scott, you don't have to worry a thing about my woman. Move along. It is getting late. Amelia and I will leave now."

With that, he bundled Amelia into the car, and together with their lawyer, they drove away.

"Mr. Carter, let's go. I will give you a ride home," Mr. Denzel Yancey, Carter's lawyer,

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rassa

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"Mr. Carter, let's go. I will give you a ride home," Mr. Denzel Yancey, Carter's lawyer,

offered. "I have arranged for someone to drive your car back from the bar," he added.

Carter nodded and the two got into the car.

Denzel was Carter's peer. They both graduated from the same college, just different faculty. Denzel studied Law while Carter studied Business, so they technically had a senior-junior relationship.

Since Carter started his own business, the two had worked closely together. They were partners at work but buddies off-work.

WEL

TS

"She's the one you love, right?" Denzel asked.

"How did you figure that out?" Carter muttered as he loosened his tie and slouched into the passenger seat.

"Your eyes never left her! Isn't that obvious enough?" Denzel was observant.

Carter kept quiet. That was as good as an affirmation for Denzel.

dS20

"So you are really doomed. I have never seen you in this state," Denzel uttered. "Ms. Winters is indeed a beauty, a man's dream girl. The problem is she is married! Do you have to get yourself into this entanglement?"

Carter looked at him and just said, "She is very fine."

Denzel gave up. "All right. I was nosy. My apologies. Still, I think the two of you aren't a good match."

Carter was ruffled. "I am aware," he said.

"You are? And yet you let yourself get into this predicament? I don't know you as being so irrational." Denzel was puzzled.

"I met her in college. It was love at first sight. I just can't get her out of my mind, even after she got married. What can I do?" Carter divulged.

Denzel was stunned! "Carter, I did not expect you to be so besotted! So you are love struck, got busted, fought with her husband, and ended up in the police station?"

"No!" Carter sulked.

"No?" His reply confused Denzel.

"I just picked on him cos I hated the way he looked. Why? Can't I do that?" Carter retorted wilfully.

"Don't get mad. I am not stopping you. I just never knew you could be so impulsive. Turning rebellious and combative at a ripe old age of 30? You are indeed exceptional!" Denzel shrugged it off with a laugh.

Carter closed his eyes and ignored him. Denzel was not bothered and kept his peace.

Nasi

On the other side, the atmosphere between Oscar and Amelia was awkward. Not long after his lawyer, Mr. Zeller, drove them away from the police station, Oscar poked, "Mr. Zeller, could you alight here and grab a cab home? I will return you the car tomorrow."

VE

"Sure, Mr. Clinton. I'll leave you from here. Call me if you need me," Mr. Zeller obliged.

After Mr. Zeller left, Oscar moved into the driver's seat and drove away in silence.

Amelia was puzzled. *This man is temperamental. Just earlier, he was lovey-dovey at the police station. Now, he is pulling a long face.* Amelia could not figure out which was his true self.

"Mr. Clinton, are you mad?" she inquired.

A reticent Oscar continued to drive on.

"Looks like someone is really mad." Amelia poked her head from the back seat, peeked at Oscar, and teased.

Oscar glimpsed at her, stopped the car, and ordered, "Come sit up front."

"Thank you, Mr. Clinton, but I think it is spacious and comfortable back here. I will stay put." Amelia spurned the idea.

"Move up to the front. Don't make me repeat that," warned Oscar.

Amelia compliantly moved to the passenger seat.

Oscar resumed the journey. Amelia could not hold her curiosity. "Mr. Clinton, why are you angry? Could you enlighten me? It is not fair for me to have to bear with his silent treatment without a proper reason."

"You know what you have done."

"I definitely don't. Why don't Mr. Clinton tell me?"

"What is between Carter Scott and you? He has been constantly coming to your defense. Don't tell me you are just friends."

"So what kind of relationship does Mr. Clinton think Carter and I have?" Amelia tilted her head and waited to hear from Oscar.

"Amelia Winters, don't try to be cheeky." Oscar gave her a dirty look.

Although Amelia maintained a smile on her face, she was feeling a little melancholic. "Mr. Clinton, what do you want to hear from me? Would you believe me if I insist there is nothing between Carter and me?" she asked softly.

"For real?"

Amelia nodded and said, "Mr. Clinton, believe it or not, Carter and I are only friends. We do not have a complex relationship like Ms. Yard and yourself."

She paused a little and continued, "You are interrogating me just because you saw Carter and me being friendly with one another. Am I supposed to make a big fuss when you flirt with Ms. Yard?"

"Amelia Winters, stop this nonsense."

Amelia was dejected. One question from her and that was deemed unreasonable. Oscar flirted openly with Cassie, and they even had a baby together. As a wife, she could only swallow the insult. She felt like a loser.

It was a known fact that marrying into money was never easy. One could enjoy a good life materially, but a disposable plaything could never ask for a sense of security

"VO

"Mr. Clinton, now that Ms. Yard is pregnant, when can we sign our divorce papers?" Amelia stoically asked.

"Why the hurry to divorce? You want to throw yourself into Carter Scott's arms?"

"That was an awakening call, Mr. Clinton. After leaving a rich sugar daddy like you, I would need another financial backer. Carter Scott would be a good choice. I am working for him, so it would be easy for me to try and scheme more off him, right?"

Oscar's face fell, and he sullenly drove on. Amelia leaned back on her seat, pouting away.

The heavy silence continued all the way till they reached their apartment.

Back in their apartment, Oscar pinned Amelia to the wall, looked her in the eye, and grilled her. "What is between Carter Scott and you?"

Amelia pulled him closer by his tie and challenged, "Don't you think it is ridiculous that you are still harping on this, Mr. Clinton?"

Oscar clenched her chin and barked, "Don't patronize me. You are my woman. I have the right to know who you hang out with."

Amelia laughed heartily, wrapped her arms around him, and chortled, "Mr. Clinton, you are the most handsome man I have ever met!"

"Don't you try to change the subject." Oscar was perplexed.

"Mr. Clinton, you are the most attractive man I have ever seen. I don't think any woman can resist your charm," she flirted with him.

Oscar got confused. "What are you getting at?"

"The point is, Mr. Clinton, how could I possibly let go of an outstanding man like you? If you don't divorce me, you can rest assured I will never go for another financial backer."

"Even if I divorce you, you are not allowed to have another man."

"Don't you think you are being unreasonable, Mr. Clinton?" Amelia chuckled.

"You belong to me. Even after divorce, you are still mine."

That tickled Amelia. "Mr. Clinton, you just told me the funniest joke."

Oscar quietly stared at her.

Amelia laughed so hard she was tearing up. "Mr. Clinton, you are the top man at Clinton Corps. You know the law better than I do. Divorce frees both of us from all mutual legal obligations. You can go your way, and I will go mine, ok?"

Oscar held her chin and leaned in to whisper in her ear. "Who said we have nothing to do with one another after divorce? Don't forget, you are carrying my baby. I have the right to look into my son's mommy's business so that he can grow up in a healthy environment. I can't sit back and let you lead him astray, can I?"

Amelia was dumbstruck. When she finally found her voice, she lashed out at him, "How despicable can you get, Oscar Clinton?"

Oscar patted her on her cheek and gloated, "Amelia, you are no match for me. You have a long way to go."

"Mr. Clinton, you sure are a ruthless, scheming businessman. You had it all planned out," grunted Amelia.

"Of course. I would never go into a deal that doesn't benefit me." Oscar was delighted at gaining the upper hand.

Amelia gazed at his face, and her mind wandered. She loved him deeply, more than anything else in this world. Alas, he will never know how much she adored him.

Oscar noticed her intent gaze. "What is with you?"

Amelia could not help herself and pleaded, "Darling, can we forget the divorce? The arrangement we have now is not too bad. Can you... don't throw me out?"

Oscar saw the distress in her eyes and felt remorseful. "Stop spouting nonsense again. When did I say I wish to throw you out?"

Amelia felt frail. Maybe it was due to the long and eventful day. She slumped in Oscar's arms and muttered, "Mr. Clinton, can we forget the divorce?"

"Stop imagining things. It's late. You are expecting, so you need your beauty sleep. If you want to stay in tomorrow, I will call in sick for you." Oscar comforted her as he helped her up to the room.

"You are worried I will pester and give you a hard time, aren't you?" Amelia quipped.

Oscar fixed his gaze on her and said, "No. I believe you are an intelligent woman. You know what the best way forward is. Now, be good and go to bed. We will continue our discussion tomorrow. I am not done on the matter regarding Carter Scott and

you."

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Amelia hid the disappointment in her eyes and said, "Alright, sleep. Mr. Clinton, do you require special services tonight?"

Oscar's gaze flickered, wrapping his arm around Amelia's waist to lift her, and kicked the bedroom door open. With the back of his foot, he kicked the door close after entering the room and speed-walked to the bed, plopping himself over her.

He lowered his head to plant a kiss on her forehead, her nose, before getting to her lips. When he attempted to go lower, her phone—which had been in the discarded bag on the bed—rang.

"Mr. Clinton, the phone," Amelia said.

Oscar continued with his assault of kisses, confident that the ringing would stop soon. Who knew as soon as the phone stopped ringing, it started ringing again. Amelia struggled against him and repeated, "Mr. Clinton, the phone!"

His eyes flashed with annoyance, and he bit on her neck lightly. "Call me darling, and I'll go grab it for you."

She glimpsed at him strangely, which caused his eyebrow to twitch. "You refuse? Then we'll continue."

Listening to the unrelenting ringtone, Amelia obediently said what he wanted to hear.

Oscar lifted a hand to lightly spank her before getting up to get her phone. "We'll get you settled in a bit."

However, when he glanced at the phone's display, the smile on his face faltered in an instant, and he quickly rejected the call.

"Who called, Mr. Clinton?"

"Wrong number."

Amelia didn't seem to care.

Oscar originally wanted to place the phone back, but it rang once again. She glanced

ed at him weirdly before reaching for the phone. "Such trivial matter, let me handle it, lest it annoys you."

Oscar took a brief gander at her before accepting the call.

A gentle voice sounded. "Amelia, are you home?"

Oscar squinted. *This man indeed hasn't given up. He could woo any woman in this world, and he's decided he wants mine.*

"Mr. Scott, if you're so bored, go to sleep. For an unwed man to keep calling my wife, you must know that I have the right to sue you for harassment."

Carter Scott's tone remained unchanged as he responded, "Mr. Clinton, you think too much. If you're all home safe, then I won't bother any longer. I'll hang up now."

"Hold up, Mr. Scott. What's the hurry?" Oscar said deliberately. "Don't you wanna know what Amelia and I are up to?"

Having said that, Oscar planted a deep kiss on Amelia's cheek. The loud sound it produced was certain to have traveled through the phone.

"Mr. Clinton, don't you find this childish?" Carter's voice changed slightly.

"Of course not. Amelia and I are married. This is only natural. If Mr. Scott would like to eavesdrop on us, I wouldn't mind. Aren't you good friends with Amelia? I would love for her to share such matters with her good friends."

"Don't go overboard, Mr. Clinton. Amelia is a person, not a toy. Don't you think you're too hurtful speaking this way?"

"Mr. Scott, you love joking too much. If you're truly considering her feelings, you wouldn't be calling her in the middle of the night. The two of us are living our lives peacefully, yet you're stubbornly trying to get between us. Have you thought about how troubled you've been causing her to be?"

At that, Carter quietened down.

"Mr. Scott, if there's nothing else, I'll hang up first."

"I'd like to speak to Amelia. May I?"

"Mr. Scott, we're busy right now. I'm sure you'll understand as a man. It isn't convenient for her to answer your call right now." Having said that, Oscar kissed

Amelia right on the lips. The latter was resistant in the beginning due to the caller on the other side of the phone, but she was gradually overwhelmed by Oscar's persistence. The couple indulged against each other's lips wantonly, neither trying to pull away.

Hearing the ambiguous noises coming from the phone, Carter's expression turned sour and nearly threw the phone in his hand away.

He knew he should be hanging up, but his hand felt as if it was being controlled by someone else, entirely unmoving.

Oscar made more efforts to please Amelia, familiar with every single sensitive spot on her body.

Unable to hold back any longer, Amelia let out a moan—one that was definitely heard by Carter's ears.

It was Carter's first time eavesdropping on such a situation, especially through a phone call. His face was pale as the veins on his hand bulged. The unending scandalous noises from Oscar and Amelia sounded ear-piercing and offensive to his ears.

Carter, as if suffering from obsessive-compulsive disorder, still hadn't hung up until he heard Oscar's hoarse voice saying, "Honey, say you love me, and you won't love anyone else except me."

In the midst of passion, Amelia answered distractedly, "I love you so much, Darling. You're the only man I love in my life."

"Such a good girl. Honey, I'll make you the most blissful woman in this world."

Carter could no longer handle it and hung up right away.

Oscar glanced at the dimmed screen of the phone with the corner of his eye, his gaze flashing with a touch of pride.

When it all ended, Amelia laid exhaustedly in Oscar's embrace. Having calmed down from the passion, her rationale returned as well, eventually recalling that they hadn't hung up the call while they were doing the deed.

She glared at Oscar angrily. "Mr. Clinton, did you do that on purpose?"

"Someone's trying to covet my woman. Shouldn't I do something about it?"

Amelia raised her hand and landed a punch on his chest. "Carter's my boss. How do you suppose I am to face him tomorrow after what you did?"

Grabbing her hand, he lightly bit on it and said, "If you can't stand to be there any more, you're more than welcomed to Clinton Corporations. You're my wife. It's only natural for you to work in your own family's company."

"When the time comes for us to get divorced, I'll be swept out the door by you then!" Amelia angrily rebutted.

Oscar's broad palm lightly stroked against her back and said, "Be good and sleep. As long as you're willing to come to Clinton Corporations, no matter whether or not we get divorced, I won't chase you away. Even if I don't regard you as my wife, would I possibly let the mother of my child sleep on the streets?"

Amelia rubbed her own belly and said bitterly, "It turns out it's all thanks to my child." Her tone was no longer as gentle as it was before.

"You're talking nonsense again." Oscar flicked against the tip of her nose, speaking in a rare, considerate tone, "Wanna take a shower? I'll carry you."

Amelia glanced at him strangely. "Mr. Clinton, has your conscience changed?"

"I merely fear you'll feel uncomfortable."

Amelia's face flushed unexpectedly, saying in frustration, "Sleep!"

Oscar stared at her with a pampering gaze. "This woman... Since you're tired, let's sleep then."

Amelia snuggled into his embrace. As if she'd found the harbor she could depend on, she fell asleep in a matter of seconds.

When she awoke the next day, she was lying on the bed alone. As soon as she tried to get out of bed, her overly-exerted muscles weakened, causing her to nearly slip and fall.

She picked up the discarded shirt on the floor and headed toward the bathroom, hearing the sound of water flowing with every step she took.

She knocked on the door. "Mr. Clinton, are you in there?"

Swiftly, the door was opened from the inside, and a half-naked Oscar appeared within her sight.

Seeing his well-sculpted figure, Amelia visibly swallowed several times.

"Like what you see?" He smirked.

Scrutinizing him from head to toe, she raised a thumb and praised, "Mr. Clinton, your figure could most definitely rival professional male models."

He walked forward, capturing her waist, and said teasingly, "So you like it then?"

Boldly, she replied, "Of course. You're rich, powerful, capable, and handsome; how could I not be pleased? But whether I like it or not is irrelevant. What matters is whether Ms. Yard likes it."

Oscar's smirk deepened. "As long as you like it, you don't have to concern yourself about Cassie."

In a better mood, Amelia asked the question she'd been thinking of for a while, "Mr. Clinton, can we keep living on like this?"

He flicked her forehead gently and chuckled. "You're imagining things again. Be good and go wash up. I'll go grab a change of clothes."

The smile on Amelia's face faltered. It had been so long. Why did she still harbor such unrealistic expectations? Especially since Cassie Yard had returned, she and Oscar were destined to go in separate ways.

Shaking off the thoughts in her head, she laughed. "Go change. I'm gonna take a shower. It's so uncomfortable to feel sticky all over."

Oscar released her, letting her enter the bathroom before he said, "Amelia, you were great last night. You've thoroughly satisfied me."

Blushing, she shot him a glare before leaving his sight.

Oscar was in a good mood, having just discovered that teasing Amelia occasionally could be so uplifting. Her every smile incited one of his as well.

The feelings he got from Amelia were vastly different from Cassie's. He could cherish and dote on Cassie. But to Amelia, he was like a beast overcome by lust with inexhaustible energy. Perhaps it might not sound as affectionate, but it was an accurate reflection of his feelings.

Amelia was unaware that Oscar had described himself as a beast. All she wanted was to take a shower like she always did, brush her teeth, and then change into a new set of clothes for work.

Downstairs, Oscar had already begun eating. Molly was coming out of the kitchen with a plate of freshly made toast when she saw Amelia and smiled. "Mrs. Clinton, you're up. Come have breakfast before you go to work."

"Morning, Molly." Amelia smiled. "Last night, I dreamt that you made fried chicken wings. Will you make me some for lunch and deliver it to the company?"

Molly chuckled. "As long as Mrs. Clinton wants it, I'll personally make the trip. It's not a problem at all."

"Molly treats me the best after all." Amelia laughed.

"It's rare that Mrs. Clinton has got cravings ever since you got pregnant. Other than fried chicken wings, is there anything else you'd like?"

"I'm craving chicken nuggets as well. For some reason, I've been craving meat, especially since I got pregnant. Please, make more portions of the two dishes. There's nothing else I want, so you may decide the rest."

Molly smiled and nodded in agreement.

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Molly was carrying the dishes into the kitchen when Oscar wiped his mouth with a clean handkerchief and said, "Eat faster. I'll send you to work."

Amelia looked at him, half-smiling. "You've finally realized your responsibilities as a husband?"

"Hurry up and eat!"

Amelia picked up a piece of toast. Oscar then pointed to the milk next to her and commented, "You're pregnant. Drink more milk. It'll be beneficial for the child."

The hand that was holding the toast froze before she stole a glance at him. She nodded.

In the ambiguous atmosphere, all Amelia could think of was that the breakfast was exceptionally delicious. Everything she ate had been especially sweet.

After breakfast, Amelia changed into her work clothes and grabbed her handbag. "Can we go now, Mr. Clinton?"

He nodded.

She walked toward him and wrapped her arm around his, giggling. "Let's go."

TOL

As the two of them went out the door, his phone rang. Oscar subconsciously looked at Amelia before he whipped out his phone, seeing the name Cassie Yard flashing on display.

He frowned slightly. Amelia, who had been next to him, naturally saw it too. Her smile faltered as she said snarkily, "Mr. Clint on, your beloved's calling. Aren't you gonna pick up? Otherwise, if something happened, you're gonna blame me for it again."

Oscar glanced at her displeasably before he softened his tone and picked up the call. "Cassie, what's the matter?"

"Oz, are you at work yet?"

"I'm on the way."

"Oz, are you free to pick me up? My car broke down yesterday. I don't really want to hail a cab. Will you send me to the team? The baby and I miss you," Cassie said

coquettishly.

Oscar knitted his brows.

"Are you not willing to, Oz? You're being so cold to me even though I'm carrying your child. Do you not love me anymore?"

Oscar coaxed patiently, "Be good, Cassie. I'll go visit you in the afternoon. All right?"

Unexpectedly, Cassie threw a little tantrum. "Oz, the baby and I miss you. If you don't come right now, I'll return to Erihal right away. As for the baby, I don't want it anymore either!"

Oscar's eyebrows were so furrowed they could trap a housefly. "Cassie, don't be upset. I'll go right now." Even if he was slightly annoyed, he still acceded in the end.

"Then come quick, Oz. We miss you so much." Cassie hung up immediately afterward.

Keeping his phone back into his pocket, Oscar said, "Amelia, go to work on your own. Cassie needs me."

Amelia wore a smile on her face as she replied, "Mr. Clinton, hurry away. I can go to work alone just fine."

"Be careful on the road. Call me if you need me." Oscar leaned closer to give her a peck on her cheek.

She chuckled nonchalantly. "You never used to be so overly careful. It's just going to work. It's not a big deal."

Unsatisfied, Oscar added a couple more instructions before he quickly drove off. As soon as he was gone, the smile on Amelia's face vanished, a lingering gloom appeared between her eyebrows.

She sat in the car and inhaled a sharp breath before driving out of the neighborhood.

While on the road, she received Tiffany's call and picked it up without much thought. "Tiff, why are you awake this early?"

"I wrote for the entire night. I'm calling to ask if you're free tonight? Let's have dinner together. I'm missing the sweetheart in your tummy," Tiffany answered.

Amelia chuckled. "Since you've asked, how could I say no? It's been days since we've had a meal together anyway. Let's get together tonight then."

"Alright. Then I'll go to bed first. See you tonight."

"Rest well. I'll call you in the afternoon to wake you up."

"Babe, don't. My editor has been rushing me for my manuscript so much that all that's in my brain are never-ending plotlines. I haven't slept well in days, so you better not call me. I'll call you when I wake up on my own in the evening."

"Alright, go to sleep then. I'll call you at six o'clock."

After hanging up, Amelia drove to her company. Perhaps it was due to a stroke of luck, the traffic had been smooth on the way.

Having parked the car, she took her bag and headed into the building. There at the entrance was Carter, who seemed like he had been waiting there for a while. Noticing him, her steps halted. She momentarily recalled that when he'd called last night, she and Oscar had been in the middle of heated sex, and Carter had heard them.

With her cheeks flushing, she was caught between moving forward or retreating until Carter made the first move to approach her. Seeing that, she couldn't ignore him and tried to greet him as per normal. To her surprise, Carter grabbed her without warning, causing her to let out a yelp as he dragged her out of the building.

She wanted to shake him off, but his grip was rather strong, and the employees, who were entering the building, were watching them as well. She lowered her voice and said, "Mr. Scott, let go. Everyone's looking."

Carter ignored her, determinedly dragging her elsewhere.

Infuriated, Amelia said, "What are you doing, Mr. Scott? There're plenty of people around."

Finally, Carter stopped and turned to look at her. "Come with me. I need to speak with you."

"What's the matter, Mr. Scott? It's so early in the morning. Who made you mad?"

"Come with me and you'll find out."

With no choice, Amelia followed behind him. Although the atmosphere was pretty harmonious, what they didn't know was that the sight of them being hand-in-hand had been photographed by a car hidden outside the building.

Carter took her to the parking lot and shoved her against a pillar in one swift move. His eyes were dejected and awkward at the same time. "Amelia, did you do that on purpose last night? My feelings for you haven't changed over the last few years. You were well aware of how I felt for you, yet you still did something like that. Is it because Oscar Clinton can satisfy you better in bed?"

Amelia's wrist was hurting from Carter's grip. Seeing the pain and fury in his eyes, she was mildly alarmed as well. She tried shrugging his hand off but to no avail. "What's the matter with you, Mr. Scott?"

"Amelia, do you have a heart? I heard you and Oscar last night. Do you really hate me that much?" He stared at her.

Amelia felt slightly apologetic. Even though she regarded Carter as a platonic friend, having her sexual activity brought up made her really uncomfortable.

"Mr. Scott, what happened yesterday was an accident. I didn't expect you would call me at that hour. As you know, certain things are hard to stop once they've started. Hence.." She glanced at him. "I apologize if what you heard made you uncomfortable."

"Amelia, do you really not know, or are you trying to use such a cruel method to make me give up on you?"

She glanced at him weirdly. "We've known each other for years. Don't you know clearly what sort of person I am?"

With her hands restrained, Carter was almost pressing against her as their bodies fitted tightly against each other. "You were so passionate under Oscar Clinton. Do you love him that much?"

Her brows bunched up tightly. "What are you trying to say exactly, Mr. Scott?"

His eyes instantly turned as red as burning flames, and his bloodthirsty gaze seemed like it wanted to rip her apart then devour her.

Amelia was startled by his gaze and subconsciously pushed against Carter. But to her dismay, the action caused his eyes to turn even more aghast instead.

vas

He restrained her hands harder, pressing her higher against the wall but was rational enough to not put pressure on her belly.

“Amelia, I thought I would be contented staying by your side silently. But last night while you were with him, I realized I couldn’t do it.” He leaned against her shoulder, his voice revealing traces of vulnerability.

Guilt flashed in her eyes. She wanted to push him off but ended up patting him on the back instead.

Still in the same position, Carter said weakly, “Amelia, I’ve been in love with you since the day I first met you. Years ago, when you were framed, I was more anxious than anyone else. I escaped to help you. Who knew you were gone by then. I’ve spent a lot of money looking for you, but it was like you vanished without a trace. Now that I finally found you, you’re married to someone else instead. Don’t I have a chance at

all?”

Amelia responded calmly, “Calm down, Mr. Scott. It’s working hours. Let’s talk after work, shall we?”

Carter lifted his head, staring deeply into her eyes. Clenching his hand into a fist, he threw a brutal punch against the pillar behind her, causing bright red blood to stain his knuckles immediately.

VI

Amelia flinched, hurriedly grasping his fist to take a look. Every knuckle of his was bleeding. If he wasn’t careful, he could’ve easily fractured his hand.

“Mr. Scott, what on Earth are you doing? Let’s go. We need to get it checked in the hospital. If the bones are fractured, you could really become handicapped.”

Carter’s eyes shone with a sliver of hope and intertwined his fingers with hers. “Amelia, you still care about me, don’t you?”

As much as Amelia wanted to shrug him off, she couldn’t.

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 80

[/ Love You Enough to Leave You](#)
Chapter 80

“Mr. Scott, will you please let me go first?” Amelia said in an indifferent tone, her expression cold.

Carter stared at her passionately with the urge to caress her cheeks, but his actions didn't go unnoticed. Amelia added frigidly, “If you do this, we can't even be friends from now on. I'll tender my resignation, and there'll be no need for us to meet in the future.”

He stared fixedly at her. “Amelia, can you change back into the old you? Although you didn't use to be this poised, you were kind and innocent. You were never cold to me either.”

The old Amelia Winters gave him the feeling that he could still retain control. But the new Amelia Winters wore sarcastic smiles on her face and greeted everyone with proper yet distant etiquette. At times, he felt like tearing away the facade she wore to find out if she was still the same Amelia Winters she was all those years ago.

He missed the old Amelia dearly. Her smile back then had been contagious like an angel of sunshine.

Amelia was taken aback by his words. “Time changes people, Mr. Scott. The old Amelia disappeared the day she was framed. The present Amelia you see before you is a gold digger who's only fond of materialistic things, or else she wouldn't have gotten married to the successor of Clinton Corporations.”

Pain flashed in Carter's eyes. As if driven mad, he tried to kiss Amelia's neck, only to be shoved away and received one tight slap in return.

“Are you done, Carter Scott?” Amelia stared coldly at him. “I'm not sure what triggered you today. I can pretend nothing happened earlier. But if this were to repeat itself, then we'll no longer be friends.”

The longer he looked at her, the more his heart ached.

“You said you're materialistic. The Scotts' assets aren't inferior to the Clintons. As long as you name the price, I'll give you anything you want. If you could sell yourself to Oscar Clinton, why can't you sell yourself to me?” he questioned in a heavy voice.

“It's working hours right now, Mr. Scott. Can we stop fooling around now?”

ow that I don't make jokes. You said Oscar Clinton bought you with his money, then so can I. Name it. No matter how much you want, I'm willing to give, even if it means my entire family's fortune."

She looked at him in slight despair and sighed. "Carter, you're a real friend to me. I never expected to hear this from you someday."

"I have no intention to hurt you, Amelia. But if this is the only way for me to have you, then I'm willing to give up all my assets in exchange," he emphasized, his eyes red.

Amelia felt like her heart was stabbed. She had truly regarded Carter Scott as a friend. Yet, he was viewing her with prejudice.

Though she had mixed feelings inside, she grinned. "How generous of you, Mr. Scott. But to give up your assets for a woman like me, is that worth it?"

There was no hesitation when he answered, "Yes! As long as it's you, it's worth it."

"I never knew I was this valuable."

Whipping out the checkbook he always carried, he tore out a piece and said, "It's an empty check. Fill up the amount as you wish."

"If I were to divorce Oscar Clinton, he would give me ten percent of Clinton Corporations' shares. Do you reckon you could give me more than he could?"

Carter's eyes flashed. Noticing that, Amelia continued, "Didn't you say you were willing to give me all your assets? Why? Are you reconsidering now?"

"I am willing. But I'm not worth as much as Clinton Corporations' ten percent shares right now. If you'll give me two years, I'll definitely grow the company," Carter promised solemnly.

"Then let's shelf this until you've grown the company, Mr. Scott. I'm not a fan of empty promises. After all, you've left the Scotts. Your own capabilities cannot be compared to Oscar Clinton's. Did you think I'd give up such a big financial backer like him for you?"

"You've truly changed, Amelia." Carter stared fixedly at her, no longer recognizing the person before him.

Amelia broke into guffaws for a good minute, unable to stop herself. "I never thought you'd say something so stupid either, Mr. Scott. Many years have passed. I'm not the only one who changed. You have, too. No, I should say, everyone is constantly changing. I feel like the present me is the most authentic."

Carter leaned in to pinch her chin. "Amelia, you'll be with me as long as I could give you ten percent shares of Clinton Corporations?"

She subtly shook off his grasp and said, "If you still regard me as a friend, then please respect me a little so we could both live in peace. Otherwise, if I could manage to vanish for the last few years, I can most certainly do it again."

Reluctantly, he released her, his eyes filled with anguish. "Do you hate me so much, Amelia?"

She shook her head. "No, Mr. Scott. It's because I treat you as a real friend that I do not wish for you to view me that way."

Carter chuckled humorlessly, shaking his head. "If I don't do this, then I'll never have a chance this lifetime."

"Mr. Scott, I promise you. If I were to divorce Oscar Clinton, I'll reserve a position for you, but it's definitely not now. Don't lower yourself to such a state for someone like me. If we're fated, we'll naturally get together in the future. If we're not, I hope you don't force me."

"Are you for real?" He wasn't as hopeless anymore.

She nodded.

Finally, Carter smiled, slightly flustered. "Did I hurt you earlier, Amelia?"

She shook her head in response. "It's working hours. May we return to work now?"

Having returned to his senses, he said apologetically, "I'm sorry. I was too impulsive and wasn't thinking straight."

"I've put it at the back of my head, Mr. Scott. I hope you don't think the worse of me, but I do love money. Back then, your parents tricked me to shoulder the debt and even implicated Tiff. She's the person you should be feeling apologetic toward. If you can, I hope you'll apologize to her on behalf of your parents."

He nodded.

"Then, shall we go back to work?"

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Smoothing down his crumpled attire, he apologized again, "Amelia, I'm truly sorry for earlier. It was all due to my impulse."

"I've forgotten it, so stop mentioning it."

"Alright."

The two of them acted as if nothing happened as they left the parking lot. When they got back to the company, Amelia returned to the design department. The colleagues in there merely glanced at her nonchalantly. Subconsciously, Amelia turned to steal a glimpse of Jessica Davis. As an expert gossipmonger, she was now working pretty diligently.

"Amelia, someone witnessed you being dragged out of the building earlier. Did he do anything to you?" Jessica whispered.

Amelia let out a sigh on the inside. Sure enough, there were no secrets in the workplace, especially when it came to the relationship between the boss and the employee. It was already scandalous on its own, but if the employee happened to be married, it was worse.

And Amelia, as the wedded woman, feared that in the eyes of the others, she had become the woman who was in the company purely due to her relationship with the boss.

The workplace was like the battlefield. One mistake, and you could be annihilated.

Amelia replied, "Mr. Scott merely had something to discuss with me. I'm pregnant and have a husband. What relationship do you suppose Mr. Scott and I have?"

Looking at how nonchalant Amelia was, even Jessica was getting anxious. "Amelia, you always said you didn't have any special relationship with the boss. But others don't think that way. Since you're married and pregnant, I think you better be wary, or else your reputation could very easily be ruined by nasty rumors."

Amelia's heart warmed. Although this millennial was gossipy, she was a considerate person.

"I got it, Little Gossipmonger. I'll be careful to keep a distance from the boss. Go back to your seat."

Jessica glanced at her. "Amelia, Ms. Larson already has suspicions of you. You'd better take it seriously instead of always being so indifferent."

Amelia chuckled. "Little Gossipmonger, when have you become a nosy-parker?"

Feigning offense, Jessica pouted. "I was being kind, and you call me a gossipmonger. Trust me to waste my efforts on a wolf like you. I'm washing my hands off!"

Having said her piece, Jessica returned to her desk.

Amelia shook her head and laughed. "Don't be mad, Jessica. I'll treat you to lunch."

Jessica scrunched up her nose haughtily. "On the account of lunch, I'll forgive you this time."

"Then I'll have to be grateful for your big heart."

With a grin, Jessica went back to work.

Amelia, too, abandoned the vexatious matters in her head and devoted herself to her work. While her side of things had calmed down, Jennifer Larson, who had been sitting in her office, received a call. She picked it up only to hear a few sentences uttered from the other side. She then answered, "I'll see you in the cafe later," before hanging up right away.

With her Louis Vuitton bag in hand, Jennifer swiftly strutted out of the office in her fifteen-centimeter heels. She took the elevator down to the parking lot before driving off in record time.

It was no wonder Jessica Davis was named an expert gossipmonger in the office. Jennifer had only left for approximately fifteen minutes, and she had found out, proceeding toward Amelia's table to spread the message. "Amelia, someone saw Ms. Larson leaving hurriedly ten minutes ago. I reckon she definitely has some tricks up her sleeves. You better be careful."

Amelia chuckled, using a pen to knock lightly on Jessica's head. "Sweetie, have you watched too many conspiracy flicks? What great imagination you have. Hurry and go back to work. Otherwise, your perfect attendance award will be revoked if the boss

were to catch you."

Jessica pouted. "You have to believe in a woman's sixth sense. Ms. Larson may seem pure, but she has a vicious heart. You'll have to watch your back."

"Hurry and go back to work! Although she's strict concerning work, she wouldn't punish her subordinates for no good reason. I think you're simply jealous of her beauty, aren't you?"

"You're completely putting your own words in my mouth." Jessica pouted even more.

Amelia merely smiled.

Jessica's gossip hadn't caused any waves. Amelia resumed her work normally, while Jennifer, on the other hand, had arrived at the cafe. She took out her sunglasses, strutting into the shop like a high fashion model.

The cafe employee came to greet her. "Welcome, Miss, table for one?"

"Two."

"This way, please."

Jennifer sat at the most obscure seat, never saying a word until the man she was waiting for arrived. "You're late."

"My bad, there was a traffic jam on the way."

Jennifer reached out her hand and said, "Where is it? I have to go back to work so on."

"Jennifer, it's been years since we last met. You're not even going to engage in small talk before asking me for it. Aren't you worried about hurting my feelings?"