

# Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 81

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Chapter 81 The Photos, Love You Enough to Leave You

Jennifer slapped his hand away. "Move your hand away and stop it." After a slight pause, she continued, "Bring it to me. I'd like to check it." The person who came laughed heartily and said, "It's been ages since we've met, and you've become so much prettier, Jennifer. However, your temper seems to be becoming worse, huh? Tsk... But it's fine. I like girls with a hot temper." Snorting, Jennifer scoffed, "I bet that I'm not even as important as a few bills to you, right?" He snapped his fingers and smiled. "Bingo! You know me the best, Jennifer. However, I love both money and beautiful ladies. If you sleep with me for one night, I can give you a little discount. How's that?" "Cut the crap and give it to me," snapped Jennifer unhappily as she frowned. He did not make any further comments and tossed the envelope on the table. "This is what you want." When Jennifer took the item out, her expression changed drastically. Fury was written all over her face. He asked, "How's that? These are probably what you want, right?" Suppressing her anger, Jennifer snarled, "It's been years since I've last met you, but you are still as skillful at secretly filming people as before. I'll transfer the amount we agreed on to your bank account. Give me the films."

He passed them to her before smiling. "Jennifer, the only benefit of collaborating with you is how generous you are. I like generous clients like you. If there's more work that's as profitable as this, remember to hit me up!" Jennifer kept the films, stood up, and said, "Stop calling me for no reason anymore. I don't want to see you at all." With that, she left directly. The person sat on the chair leisurely, an indifferent smile playing on his lips. "Jennifer, you may act all mighty now, but there'll be one day where you'll come looking for me. When that day comes, I'll be yearning for your hot body instead of money."

Jennifer could not be bothered about what the man sitting in the café was thinking about. Holding the envelope, she sat into her car and tossed it aside angrily. Through gritted teeth, she growled, "Amelia, we're enemies now. Despite being married to the heir of the Clinton Corporations, you're still seducing Carter like a greedy temptress. If that's the case, I'll not let you get any of them." Seething with anger, she slammed the steering wheel and screamed like a trapped beast.

She snarled in a deep voice, "Amelia, Carter's mine, regardless of whether he loves me or not. If you dare to steal him away from me, I'll make you lose everything that you have." After venting her anger, she quickly drove back to the office and stomped to Carter's office. She took a deep breath and waited for her rationality to return before knocking on the door. Carter called out from within, "Come in." Jennifer entered and closed the door behind her.

When Carter raised his head and saw that it was her, an impatient look flashed across his eyes inconspicuously. However, he quickly resumed his normal expression and asked, "What's the matter, Ms. Larson?" Jennifer pulled the chair aside and sat down. "Mr. Scott, I'd like to talk to you about something." Gesturing

for her to speak, he said, "Go ahead, I'm all ears." She tossed the envelope on the table and said curtly, "Mr. Scott, take a look at this." After taking the envelope, Carter hesitated for a while and did not open it. A slight smirk appeared on Jennifer's lips as she asked, "Are you scared, Mr. Scott?"

Carter replied, "Before I look at it, shouldn't I have the right to know what's inside?" Crossing her arms over her chest, Jennifer declared authoritatively, "You'll know when you look at it. I'm sure that you'll be interested in it." Carter eventually opened the envelope. When he saw the photos enclosed inside, his face instantly clouded over. "Did you stalk me?" Jennifer replied, "I only want to understand the lifestyle of the man I love. I just didn't expect that person to snap such an exciting scene. Mr. Scott, do you feel a sense of accomplishment when having an affair with a married woman?"

Shooting her a cold glance, he demanded, "Jennifer, do you know that what you're doing now is very despicable?" She shook her head and retorted, "To get the man I love, it's understandable for me to resort to unscrupulous methods sometimes, right?" Laughing out of fury, Carter uttered, "I think that you're mad, Jennifer." She smiled. "Thank you for your compliment, Mr. Scott. You're just so exceptional that I can't help but want you for my own. As long as you promise me that you won't interact with Amelia anymore, I won't send these photos to the Clintons."

Carter crossed his arms over his chest and remarked indifferently, "Jennifer, I think you're ridiculous. I actually hope that you'll send these photos to the Clintons. If Oscar misunderstands Amelia, I'll have a higher chance of winning her over, right? In that case, I'll have to thank you for that." Jennifer burst out laughing. "You won't, Mr. Scott. You love Amelia so much that you can't bear to let her leave the Clintons so pathetically. Even if you want her, you won't do that through underhanded means. That's because you're a gentleman." Tossing the envelope on the table, Carter replied, "But you also said that one can resort to unscrupulous methods for love.

For her, I can do the same." Jennifer's expression changed slightly. "Are you saying that these photos can't convince you to relent?" Carter spread his hands apart and remarked nonchalantly, "Whatever. But I must tell you something, Jennifer. You mustn't be too harsh with your actions sometimes. If you use such despicable methods on Amelia, I'll destroy you one day and leave you with nothing." Jennifer stared at him fixedly. "Are you threatening me, Mr. Scott?" He nodded. Crossing her arms, she asked, "Is it worth it to do all these for a woman?"

"I'm the one to decide that. If it's for her, I can give up all my assets without any hesitation." Jennifer's expression twisted in fury for a second. "Carter, you're so ruthless. However, since I spent so much money to buy these photos, won't it be such a waste if I don't send them to Oscar?" Jennifer stood up and declared, "Since we can't reach a compromise, let's forget it. I'm sure that some people will still be interested in these photos." She raised her head high. Her arrogant personality forbade her from admitting defeat in front of Carter. Just like what she had said earlier, she did not mind resorting to unscrupulous methods because she loved him.

Just when Jennifer reached the entrance, Carter called out solemnly, "Wait." Jennifer spun around and glanced at him proudly. "Mr. Scott, so you've thought it

through?" He said, "Give me the films and tell me how much money you want." Jennifer's expression changed as she snapped through gritted teeth, "Do you think that I lack money, Mr. Scott?" "I don't love you, so I'll never be together with you. But if you want money, I can give it to you."

Carter tried to negotiate with her. However, Jennifer laughed. "I'm sorry, I'd rather give these photos to people who'd like to see them." With that, she pushed the door open and was about to leave when Carter strode over. He slammed the door shut and pinned her against the wall. "What do you want, Jennifer?" Carter glared at her menacingly. A smile played on Jennifer's lips as she stared back at him smugly. "As long as you agree to be together with me, I promise that I won't target Amelia anymore." Carter gripped her neck with his right hand and snarled, "Jennifer, do you know what I hate the most?

When others threaten me! Do you believe that I can strangle you dead just by exerting a little more force?" Although Jennifer was scared by the wild look in his eyes, she was not the type to back down. Raising her head, she replied defiantly, "Mr. Scott, it's a crime to kill someone. But if I can still be married to you in hell, I won't mind if you kill me." Carter released her and whispered beside her ear, "Jennifer, you disgust me." Her face paled. "Even if Amelia's not in the picture, I'll never fall in love with you," said Carter, dealing her a more brutal blow.

Jennifer's expression turned even more unpleasant. She suddenly raised her hand and slapped him forcefully, her eyes turning red. "Carter, you've crossed a line." With that, she shoved Carter away and ran out of the office, leaving him standing in front of the wall alone. His face was clouded over as he sunk into deep thought. After a long while, he punched the wall so forcefully that his knuckles bled. He took a deep breath to calm himself down. Only then did he ask his secretary to summon Amelia over. Amelia reached the office quickly. Standing in front of the table, she asked, "Are you looking for me, Mr. Scott?"

He pointed at the chair and said, "Take a seat first, Amelia." She sat down. When she noticed the grim expression on his face, she hurriedly asked, "Mr. Scott, did something happen? Does it have something to do with me?" "Amelia, regardless of what I show you later, I hope that you can remain calm. After all, you're pregnant now," said Carter as he stared into her eyes. Her heart skipped a beat. However, she smiled brightly soon later. "Mr. Scott, there's always a way out of any problems. Just tell me what happened. You don't have to be too concerned about my feelings."

He took out the envelope and said, "Take a look at this." Amelia hesitated for a while before taking it. When she took out the photos inside and saw the people on it, her face changed drastically. She stared at him in disbelief as a hurtful look flashed across her eyes. "Carter, what's..." She thought that he had hired someone to take them. Having thought that Carter was a gentleman, she never expected him to do something as shameless as this. When he noticed her gaze, he naturally knew what was on her mind. Hence, he quickly clarified, "Jennifer sent them to me this morning.

She's the one who hired someone to snap pictures of us secretly. I'm letting you see them now because I hope that you'll be mentally prepared. I'm afraid that she'll show them to Oscar. But don't you worry, I'll stop her to the best of my abilities. Still, I want you to be prepared beforehand." Amelia's hands shook as

she held the photos. However, she broke out into a smile. Carter looked at her, feeling puzzled. He asked worriedly, "Are you alright, Amelia?" She shook her head, her emotions indecipherable from her tone as she said, "I just think that I'm a failure. Cassie wants to steal my husband, and Jennifer sent someone to stalk me just for you. Thinking about it, I might actually be a seductress.

Otherwise, why would the other women hate my guts so much?" Carter's heart ached when he heard that. He stood up, walked behind Amelia, and wanted to hug her from behind. However, when he reached his arms out, he forcefully retracted them. In the end, he patted her shoulders and assured her, "Don't be like this, Amelia. I promise that I'll settle this well." Amelia stood up and replied, "Mr. Scott, can you give these photos to me?"

"If you like it, take it. However, can you leave a few photos for me? I'll just save them as keepsakes. After all, we barely have any photos together. The only one is from when we were in college. After you started working, you never took a photo with me." Amelia refused politely, "If you want photos with me, I'll take one with you another day. I'd rather take these photos away with me." Carter did not force her either.

"You can go out and work first. I'll settle the issue with the photos." "Thank you, Mr. Scott. But if those photos eventually end up in Oscar's hands, I won't blame you either. A lot of this mess occurred because of my face. If I'm a bit uglier, things won't end up like this," commented Amelia calmly. Carter felt his heart aching as he said, "Amelia, you..."

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Amelia cut him off. "Mr. Scott, if you have nothing else for me, I'm heading back to work." Carter could only nod. Amelia headed back to the design department with the envelope in her hands. As if sensing her unhappy mood, Jessica didn't pounce on Amelia for gossip but instead showed her a gesture of encouragement. At noon, Jessica said spontaneously, "Amelia, lunch today is on me instead of your treat; I'll call for delivery, and we can have lunch in the office. What do you think?" *This millennial is pretty caring, after all. I mean, she gossips a bit too much and knows way too many things for her own good. Plus, she tends to blurt out anything on her mind. But it's moments of kindness like these that really touch my heart.* "Thank you, Jessica." "Let's skip these formalities, shall we? Sometimes I feel like I'm the older sister taking care of you even though you're a few years older than me." Jessica ordered delivery and plonked herself down in front of Amelia to chat. "Amelia, are you ok? You look kind of absent-minded the whole morning," asked Jessica softly. Amelia shook her head and laughed humorlessly. "I'm ok. What a rare occasion it is to see our Jessica all grown-up and showing concern towards others."

Jessica flung her hand away lightly and pouted. "Amelia, I'm really worried about you. If you're going to patronize me like this, I'm going to be angry." Amelia made

a gesture of surrender. "I know you mean well, but I'm really ok. I'm just having some problems at home; I'm sure they'll be settled soon." Jessica grabbed her hand and said suddenly, "Amelia, I think you're actually having a hard time. You're so beautiful, yet the sadness that clouds over your gaze can't fool anyone." Amelia was stunned for a moment before she recovered with a laugh. "You sweet little thing! Just out of school, and you're suddenly a relationship expert like everyone else? I'm grateful for your concern, but as I said, I'm really ok.

I'm busy thanks to my baby; when my son's born, I'll make you his god aunt." "Amelia, why are you so biased? I should at least get to be the godmother." "I'm sorry, but someone else has reserved that honor, so you can only have the next best option." "Who is she? Bring her here and I'll fight her for the spot." Amelia's mood improved immensely after that chat. *With someone as cheerful as Jessica, it's pretty hard to stay upset.* After suffering through the day of work, Amelia began packing her things to leave. As she exited the design department, she bumped into Jennifer.

Possibly due to the photos, Amelia felt a grudge towards Jennifer. *You scheming witch! The things you'd do to fulfill your wishes disgust me.* Jennifer stopped in front of her and said softly, "Amelia, your charisma must be out-of-this-world. Does it make you feel exceptionally accomplished to be leading two men on a merry chase?" Amelia stared at her calmly. "Ms. Larson, sometimes it's best not to force others into a dead end, or you might find yourself receiving the bad karma you deserve." Jennifer's lips curved up in a chilling smile. "Look how sharp your words are; I don't understand how so many men are bewitched by you."

Amelia let out an angry laugh. "That is my charm, I suppose. Since you don't have it, I guess you can only bow down and admit defeat." Jennifer's expression twisted in fury. "Ms. Larson, if there's nothing more to say, then I'm getting off work. I have dinner plans and won't stay around to entertain you." Jennifer sneered disdainfully. "You really can't tear yourself away from men, can you?" Amelia merely glanced at her and walked past her as she left the office. Jennifer swept her gaze across Amelia. She hmped loudly before stomping away on her heels.

Amelia drove her car out of the basement parking lot. She answered a call from Tiffany as she drove towards the latter's neighborhood. "Tiff, I'll be there in half an hour." "Babe, can you get me some cream on your way up? I'm planning to make some white sauce," asked Tiffany. "Got it." She hung up the phone and reached Tiffany's neighborhood soon after. She remembered to get a carton of cream before heading up to Tiffany's place. She took the lift up to Tiffany's floor and knocked on her front door. The door was opened quickly, and she was met with an enthusiastic hug from Tiffany.

"Babe, you're here! I prepared a feast for you; your only responsibility is to stuff yourself with food." Amelia removed her shoes before entering. Laughing, she said, "That's great because I'm starving." Tiffany closed the door and immediately noticed the envelope in Amelia's hand. "Amelia, what's that in your hand?" "It's just some photos; I'll show you after dinner." "Babe, we're best friends. Why wait until after dinner to see the photos? I want to see them now." Amelia flung the envelope on the sofa and laughed. "Tiff, I'm hungry. Surely you don't want to

starve your own godson." Tiffany's loaded gaze told her that she was only letting Amelia off the hook temporarily. She went into the kitchen and brought out all the food she'd prepared.

Served on the table was a spread of delectable dishes and a pot of beef bourguignon stew. It was a mouthwatering feast. Amelia smacked her lips and made a huge show of looking like she was starving. "Tiff, your cooking is always so amazing. What if I can't eat anything else but your food next time?" "Then don't leave. You can come over anytime, and I'll gladly cook for you," replied Tiffany as she ladled a bowl of stew for Amelia. "Have some of this. I cooked it in the pressure cooker for hours. I can guarantee the beef is going to be scrumptious. I bought a ton of meat this morning too, so there's definitely enough for you to eat to your heart's content." Amelia eyed her suspiciously.

"Why are you so hardworking today? Say it, are you planning something?" Tiffany rolled her eyes. "What could I be scheming? To sell you? To eat you?" Amelia came up with a cringe-inducing reply. "Maybe you drugged the feast, and you're planning to have your way with me later?" Tiffany made a show of puking. "Amelia, that's gross." Amelia just smiled and ate the stew happily. Though Tiffany was refilling her plate continuously, Amelia managed to finish almost everything Tiffany had taken for her. The two of them almost finished the entire feast Tiffany had prepared. Tiffany gave a thumbs-up to Amelia. "Babe, your appetite's really grown. The baby might be shocked at the amount of food you've eaten."

Amelia patted her tummy and laughed. "All the nutrients are going to your precious godson." Tiffany quickly cleaned up the dining table while saying, "I planned the whole menu to make sure you're replenishing your nutrients properly. It's great that you were able to finish all the food." After washing the dishes, Tiffany dried her hands and asked, "Can I finally see what's in the envelope?" Amelia nodded. Tiffany opened the envelope. Once she recognized the couple in the photos, her expression morphed from one of disbelief into anger. She looked at Amelia and asked, "Amelia, what's going on? That incident five years ago almost landed you in prison; haven't you learned your lesson by now? Why are you still mingling with Carter?"

Amelia gave a brief explanation of the situation. Tiffany fumed. "What's up with that Jennifer? I could care less about how stuck-up she is, but what gives her the right to send a photographer to follow you? You always get bullied like this because you're too kind. Just wait, I'll get someone to teach her a lesson tomorrow! She needs to know that you have people behind you too." "Tiff, you need to calm down. I have some thoughts on how to deal with it. She has her own plans, but I'm not a softie who'll just let anyone trample over me." "If you weren't a softie, you wouldn't be bullied so badly. Watching you like this is bad for my blood pressure." Amelia just smiled. Exasperated, Tiffany started massaging her forehead.

"You can still smile at a time like this; you must really want my blood to boil over." "Calm down, prenatal education is really important. If you're spouting crude language, your godson might become a ruffian when he's born." "Pfft," Tiffany scoffed while rolling her eyes. "Here you are, changing the subject when we're on proper topics. How do you plan to deal with these photos?" Amelia's smile faded slightly. "I'll burn them." "She has the originals; what use is it to burn



the photos? Maybe you should start worrying about Oscar's reaction when he finds out about them?" Amelia shrugged and smiled bitterly. "If he knows, he knows. Do you think Oscar cares about these photos?" Tiffany rolled her eyes again.

"Baby, do not underestimate how possessive men can get. You may be in a contractual marriage, but you are still his wife in the eyes of the law. Do you think a man can put up with the discovery of being cheated on?" Amelia hugged her knees. "Tiff, what should I do?" "Leniency for those who confess, severity for those who resist," Tiffany said with a serious face. Amelia rolled her eyes. "Tiff, you write novels for a living. Can't your brain come up with something more normal?" "Writing novels already requires boundless imagination; did you think my brain could ever come up with something normal?" Tiffany shot back. Amelia fell silent. *Indeed, I can't use a layman's mindset to limit someone like Tiffany.*

"Back to the topic," Tiffany replied seriously. "I think you should meet with Tiffany regarding the photos. She wants Carter, and you're Oscar's wife; these things are supposed to be unrelated in the first place. As long as the situation is cleared up, it should be fine." Amelia didn't share Tiffany's optimism. Tiffany sat down beside her and tossed the photos on a nearby table. "Amelia, what sort of person is Jennifer? I need to know how she's like so I can teach her a proper lesson." Amelia pondered her question. "Stylish, beautiful, and competent at work.

She's probably a woman who represents the pinnacle of glamour in the 21st century. Then again, it might be because she's been used to getting what she wants since she was young. She habitually takes anything she wants by force. Tiffany sneered. "Someone like this can be taught multiple lessons, and she would still deserve what she got." Amelia didn't know whether to laugh or cry. "Tiff, that's the harsh reality. Heiresses like her will never be punished for anything. She has money, power, and high social status. As long as she's not too overboard, she will always get what she wants."

"Well, she's gone way overboard now. I'm pretty sure bad karma's coming her way soon." *Well, I don't know if bad karma will strike Jennifer, but if these photos end up in front of Oscar, I won't even know what sort of trouble I'm in for. I'm well aware of how possessive Oscar is, and these photos could really put me in big trouble.* Tiffany leaned back against the sofa and said, "I'll arrange for someone to get back at Jennifer.

You better stay away from Carter in the future, as he's obviously carrying bad luck with him wherever he goes. Years ago, he let you bear his debt for him, and you almost got jailed. Now, this Jennifer has shown up, and the longer this goes on, I'm worried you may find yourself booted out by the Clintons."

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Amelia hugged a pillow and said, "This matter isn't solely Carter Scott's fault."

"You're still trying to defend him! Amelia, don't tell me that you still have feelings for him?" Tiffany exclaimed with wide eyes.

Amelia chuckled lightly. "The feelings I had for him have long dissipated four years ago. We aren't compatible."

"If you were to say you still have feelings for him, I'd break your legs and lock you up right here!"

Amelia tightened her grip on the pillow.

"We ended up nowhere back then. Right now, it'll only be even more impossible. His family and career have no correlation to me. We have no future together."

Tiffany saw the flash of sorrow in Amelia's eyes, her mood taking a downturn along with it.

"Amelia, to be honest, have you been unable to move on from Carter all these years? Otherwise, you wouldn't have contacted him and even gone to work in his company."

Amelia shook her head. "Tiff, I know my boundaries. Those years I spent being infatuated with him are long behind me."

Tiffany glanced at the photographs on the table, finding them extremely offensive to the eyes. "Even though you claim you no longer feel that way about him, I doubt he feels the same way," she said.

Tiffany had been by Amelia's side, watching her grow from the sidelines.

Naturally, she'd witnessed those years she spent crushing on Carter Scott. Back then, Amelia had been a university student with nothing to her name, while Carter was the ingenious, sophisticated child of a wealthy entrepreneur. The incomparable difference between their identities had caused her to bury her feelings for him deep inside her heart.

Although both of them had feelings for each other, neither of them tried to tear down the barrier between them. Carter Scott had never found out how she felt about him.

Clutching onto Amelia's hand, Tiffany said, "Amelia, should you decide to divorce Oscar Clinton, perhaps Carter Scott would make a suitable life partner. But I still hope you'll consider it carefully. The wealthy are too complicated. I don't wish for you to be dragged into their mess and be unable to save yourself."

Amelia laughed. "You've thought too much, Tiff. There's nothing between us. Even if I were to divorce Oscar, I wouldn't choose him either. I don't wish to be involved with the rich for a second time. In the future, I'll settle for a financially stable, decent looking man. As for the rest, I won't think too much about it."

Tiffany quietened down. She knew Amelia hadn't had an easy life.

Despite being married into the Clintons, Oscar Clinton had no other fondness for her except for her body. A woman without her husband's love would bound to feel empty inside no matter how much he tried to substitute it with material things.

"Tiff, I'm gonna take a quick nap. Wake me up at nine o'clock so I can go home," Amelia instructed and laid down on the couch.

"Go sleep in the bedroom. The air-conditioner here is too strong. Careful it'll give you a cold."



"It's alright. I'm quite comfortable here. Let me sleep and wake me up when it's time will do." Having said that, Amelia's eyes fluttered shut and dozed off. Tiffany shook her head resignedly, returning to the bedroom to grab a blanket to cover her. Then, she took out her laptop and started typing at an insane speed.

About an hour later, she was interrupted by a ringing phone. She looked everywhere before realizing it came from Amelia's bag. When she went to retrieve it, it revealed that it was Oscar Clinton calling.

After a short moment of hesitation, she picked it up.

"Amelia Winters, where are you? Come back right away." Tiffany had only just answered the phone when Oscar's impolite voice sounded.

Frowning, she replied in an equally rude manner, "Mr. Clinton, watch your tone. Amelia's your wife, not your slave nor your toy."

Several seconds of silence passed before he responded, "Where's Amelia?"

"She's tired. Hence, she's resting," Tiffany said indifferently.

"Mr. Clinton, I know Amelia's in a transactional marriage with you. You fork out the money while she sells her body. But all these years, she's been playing her role as your wife so well. Even if you don't feel romantically for her, please treat her slightly better. She may be glamorous on the outside, but she's a good-natured person. If you could simply be a little nicer to her, she wouldn't have to feel so aggrieved."

Oscar kept quiet once again.

"Mr. Clinton, if you're not listening, then I'll hang up now. She'll go home after she wakes up."

Right as Tiffany was about to hang up the call, Oscar uttered, "I'll go pick her up now."

"What?"

Tiffany thought she was hearing things. Before she could ask, though, Oscar hung up without any clarification.

Listening to the automated beeps, Tiffany mumbled under her breath, "What the hell. How rude. If you had been Amelia's real husband, I wouldn't have you let off easy."

Still displeased, she placed Amelia's phone back into her bag.

It was half an hour later when the doorbell rang. Tiffany had originally wanted to ignore it, but the incessant ringing was giving her a headache. With no alternative, she went to get the door, unsurprisingly seeing Oscar Clinton standing on the other side.

Leaning against the doorframe, Tiffany crossed her arms against her chest with her chin raised.

"What an unexpected visit, Mr. Clinton. Your presence brings light to my humble dwelling."

Oscar stared at her coldly. "Where's Amelia?"

Tiffany sneered. "First, why don't you tell me, who is Amelia to you?"

Oscar furrowed his brows. He had always been at odds with Tiffany. Even though she was Amelia's best friend, he still didn't like her. She was like a porcupine. As soon as she opened her mouth, pricks would start flying at others.

"Where's Amelia?" he repeated.

Tiffany sneered once more. "You've yet to answer me, Mr. Clinton. In your heart, what exactly is Amelia to you?"

"My wife. Does that suffice?" Oscar answered in annoyance.

"Oh, I see. So you do know she's your wife. Earlier on the phone, I assumed she was your slave or your toy instead," Tiffany ridiculed.

Oscar looked at her frigidly. "May I enter? Or else we'll disturb your neighbors when we start arguing."

Moving aside, Tiffany allowed him to pass with a welcome gesture. "Mr. Clinton, please. Lest Amelia blames me for not practicing hospitality."

Oscar entered without another word. Pouting, she reached out a hand to shut the door.

They both entered the living room and saw Amelia, who was curled up on the couch. "Mr. Clinton, do you see? The wife you mentioned has always been cheerful in your presence. But have you ever thought about how much stress she was under? Before she got pregnant, whenever you were off traveling for business, she would come to my place for a sleepover. At times, she had to take sleeping pills to go to bed. I remember one time, I heard her saying in her sleep that if there wasn't Cassie Yard between the two of you, she would try to make you fall in love with her."

Glimpsing at Oscar, Tiffany continued, "Mr. Clinton. Such a good woman, do you really not have any feelings for her?"

Staring at the woman who was wrapped cozily in blankets with only her head in view, Oscar's heart skipped a beat. He felt like the Amelia he was seeing looked so fragile.

He approached her and stroked her cheek gently, feeling how cold her skin was with his fingertips. His heart clenched. "How long has she been asleep?"

"Nearly two hours. Mr. Clinton, I'm not going against you on purpose. If you were to treat her better, I'd welcome you with great enthusiasm as well," Tiffany stated in a milder tone.

His gaze never strayed from the sleeping Amelia. "I'll treat my woman well. As long as you stop spouting nonsense in front of her, she wouldn't be led astray."

Tiffany smirked. She had wanted to call a truce, but who knew he had no discernment. He simply had to throw a jab in her face. Sure enough, she and Oscar must have been born as nemeses.

There was probably no chance of them ever calling a truce in their lifetime.

"Mr. Clinton, do you have to speak in such a goading tone?" Tiffany questioned, crossing her arms against her chest.

Oscar took a cold glance at her and said, "Despite your passable looks, I simply can't bring myself to treat you as a woman."

Her lips twitched. Am I supposed to take this as a compliment?

"Thank you for your praise, Mr. Clinton. I'm unable to treat you as a man either, for I've never come across someone as ungentlemanly as you."

Feigning ignorance, Oscar gently lifted the blanket and attempted to carry Amelia.

Tiffany stopped him. "What are you doing?"

"Bringing her home," he answered bluntly.

"She's deeply asleep. What if you were to wake her up in the midst?"

"Then so be it." He spoke like he was an emotionless being.

Chewing her lip, Tiffany said in unhappiness, "Oscar Clinton, can't you just be a little more considerate to Amelia?"

"The matters between Amelia and I have nothing to do with an outsider like you."

In disbelief, Tiffany pointed at herself. "Me? An outsider?"  
He shot a glance that seemed to say, wasn't it obvious?  
She shrugged. Fine, I'll admit defeat. I should've known Oscar Clinton is an extremely tasteless man.  
"If you want to take her home, you'll have to wait for her to wake up."

Paying no heed to her words, he carried Amelia in one swift move and headed straight for the exit. Tiffany ran up to stop him, saying, "Oscar Clinton, you're a grown man. Can't you learn to respect others?"

"Move out of the way."

Tiffany's face began to flush red from anger. "Oscar Clinton, you...!" Before she could complete her sentence, Amelia roused awake. It took no time for her to sober up as soon as she realized the predicament she was in.

"When did you get here, Mr. Clinton?" Amelia asked.

He lowered his head to glance at her, speaking in monotone, "You're up?"

She nodded. "Will you put me down first?"

He did as she asked. "Can we go now?"

She nodded once more and turned to Tiffany. "Tiff, I'm going home. Call me if there's anything."

Tiffany glared at Oscar and warned, "Oscar Clinton, I'm putting Amelia in your care. If she even loses a strand of hair, I'll go to war with you."

Amelia was speechless. Why do they have to make it sound so serious? Or did something big happen while I was asleep?

Oscar merely darted a brief glance at Tiffany and muttered, "Busybody." He then took Amelia's hand and left.

Tiffany was so pissed off that her jaw was hurting from clenching it too hard. She followed them to the door and raised her fist threateningly. "Oscar Clinton, just you wait! Someday when you come begging me for matters concerning Amelia, I'll be sure to pay you back doubly the way you treat me!"

At that moment, Tiffany had no idea her words would become prophecy. When that day came, she would become the reason their reconciliation took several detours, but also the one who made Amelia understand which man she should truly be with.

It could be said that Tiffany was the world's best confidante. She had put in a ton of effort for Amelia and her godson's sake. In the end, she managed to find her own

happiness too.

Of course, that was to be in the future. They still had a long way to go.

## Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 84

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Chapter 84

Ignoring Tiffany's shouting, Oscar took Amelia by her hand to wait for the elevator. Amelia waved to Tiffany and said, "Go in, Tiff. I'll call you once I'm home."

Soon after, Amelia was dragged into the elevator.

Tiffany grumbled to herself, "What a tasteless man. Someday you'll definitely be

begging me on your knees.”

Inside the elevator, Amelia turned to Oscar. “Mr. Clinton, what’s with you today? It’s as if you’ve eaten gunpowder for dinner.”

He said nothing, merely staring at her indifferently.

Amelia had a hard time wrapping her head around how hot and cold Oscar was behaving. Why would he come to pick her up yet be so indifferent toward her?

“Mr. Clinton, if you’re angry that my friend was unkind to you, I can apologize on her behalf,” Amelia suggested.

He took a quick look at her. “What’s with those photographs?”

Though her heart skipped, she did a great job pretending to be ignorant. “What photographs?”

“I received a parcel at six o’clock. It was a stack of photographs. I want to hear your explanation.”

In an instant, she felt like a large cloud was hovering above her, about to unleash a flood of rain over her head. It felt ominous.

She had never expected Jennifer Larson to be this ruthless. She hadn’t even given her enough time to process before she sent the photos to Oscar Clinton. At that moment, she truly detested Jennifer. She had no animosity toward her. They didn’t even have any relation to each other. Yet, Jennifer bore a deep grudge toward her, so much so she was planning to destroy her marriage. Amelia couldn’t understand. How did ruining her marriage benefitted Jennifer?

“Are the photographs related to me?” Amelia continued pretending.

Oscar stared at her fervently without a word.

Amelia’s heart was racing. Oscar’s silence was making her uneasy. She feared Oscar would divorce her, and Olivia, who had always doted on her, would be disappointed if she’d seen the photos.

Amelia truly hated Jennifer then. She and Carter Scott were innocent, yet they had to suffer through such injustice.

“Mr. Clinton, I didn’t even get to see those photos. Don’t you feel like you’ve gone overboard for faulting me without finding out the truth?”

“You’ll see when you’re home,” he said simply.

Amelia quietened down, and so did Oscar. The car was filled with a heavy silence.

About half an hour later, Oscar drove into the neighborhood where their condominium was and found a parking spot. He pulled open his door and got out before momentarily recalling Tiffany’s words. Amelia hadn’t lived an easy life.

Even if she was heartbroken, she’d still wear a smile in front of him. Hence, he halted his steps.

“Let’s go,” he muttered in a rare, gentle voice.

Amelia was shocked, her mouth forming into a grin as she undid her seatbelt and exited the car.

Oscar was walking in the lead while she followed behind gloomily. Abruptly, she clutched her belly and wailed, “Mr. Clinton, my belly hurts! It hurts so much!”

Immediately, Oscar whipped his head around and studied her suspiciously.

Amelia looked even more pitifully at him, her voice weakening as she cried, “Mr. Clinton, my belly hurts.”

It was then Oscar began to panic, bending down to lift her anxiously. “I’ll take you to the hospital.”

Amelia suddenly wrapped her arms around his neck flirtatiously, leaning her head against his chest. "Mr. Clinton, you were ignoring me earlier. My heart was hurting, so my belly did too. Now that you're carrying me, it doesn't hurt anymore."

Oscar's face darkened, cryptically lowering his head to look at her. "You were pretending?"

She continued leaning on him unabashedly. "Mr. Clinton, don't be so cold to me. Every time you do, it hurts here." She pointed at the left side of her chest.

As soon as Oscar tried to put her down, she clutched onto him like a koala would a tree, whining weakly, "Mr. Clinton, it's all my fault. I shouldn't be photographed with anyone else other than you. I shouldn't have infuriated you. It's all my fault. Please forgive me."

Glancing at her briefly, he carried her into the elevator and pressed their floor before proceeding to ignore her.

After they entered the apartment, he placed her down and tugged at his necktie. He then entered the kitchen and poured himself a glass of water, his heart feeling exceptionally frustrated. When he came out, Amelia jumped on him once more with no fear of any consequences. She whined pitifully and coquettishly, "Mr. Clinton, I'm really wrong this time. Please forgive me for this once. Don't be mad anymore, alright?"

Oscar narrowed his eyes, speaking in a cold voice, "You've seen those photos?"

She froze for a second, her face remained unchanging. "It must not be good if it could make you this mad. Therefore, I'll apologize first."

The coldness in his eyes deepened. "At least you have some self-awareness."

"Mr. Clinton, I've always been very self-aware." She attempted to rouse his sympathy by blinking her eyes excessively, feigning cuteness.

Oscar merely turned around and went upstairs. Shortly after, a loud slam sounded from the bedroom door. Like a deflated balloon, Amelia slumped down onto the ground.

Five minutes later, Oscar came downstairs with a manila envelope in hand.

Amelia looked at it listlessly. "Mr. Clinton, are the photographs you mentioned in there?"

He threw the envelope on the table and said, "Take a look yourself."

She hesitated for a second before reaching for the envelope. A stack of photographs

fell out the moment she opened it—all of which showed a man and a woman she easily recognized. It was no one else other than Carter Scott and herself.

Jennifer Larson, you're truly ruthless! Amelia cursed in her heart.

Oscar kept a close eye on her and said, "Aren't you gonna give me an explanation?"

Calming down, she smiled faintly at him. "Mr. Clinton, if I were to say nothing happened between me and Carter Scott, would you believe me?"

"No."

She laughed. "Looking at these photographs, I wouldn't believe me either."

Oscar went forward and bent slightly, leaving only centimeters between them when he raised a hand to pinch her chin. "Amelia Winters, are you that desperate? I've been pleasing you so passionately. Are you still so unsatisfied in bed that you had to look for another man? Couldn't you have been less depraved? You even hooked up with your boss."

Amelia's heart ached for a moment, yet her face remained neutral. "Mr. Clinton, didn't you already know I was such a person?" She laughed. "But these photographs I can explain. Carter Scott and I are innocent. Do you believe me?"

Oscar's grip on her chin increased, retorting, "Do you think I believe you?"  
You definitely don't!

She was well aware of his possessiveness. Had these photographs been of Oscar and Cassie, and he had claimed to be innocent, she wouldn't have believed him either.

Oscar moved closer, their lips faintly brushing against each other. The air he exhaled tickled her face.

"Amelia Winters, did I not satisfy you enough, or was the money I gave you insufficient? Was that why you were so eager to hook up with another man before you divorced me? Carter Scott may be handsome and outstanding, but can he satisfy you in bed as I can?"

Her heart felt like it was being slashed by a knife, hurting tremendously.

Oscar released her chin, his hand slowly moving to her neck. "In the photograph, he was leaning against your neck. He kissed you, am I right? I see that you were enjoying it. You like him, don't you?"

Amelia stiffened, unsure of what to say.

Leaning toward her neck, he bit on it slightly, "Amelia Winters, women like you have the power to drive men crazy. But you're too greedy.

You already have me, yet you're still thinking of another. You should've considered it before you tried to steer two boats at once. There's always a possibility of sinking at sea. By then, you'll be left with nothing."

Amelia's heart sank. She was truly afraid that her relationship with Oscar would be over that night with no possibilities to reconcile.

"Would you do anything for money? The child you're carrying, is that someone else's too?" he questioned coldly. His single sentence felt like a knife stabbing into her heart. She looked at him incredulously. "Mr. Clinton, you can call me a slut, but you can't deny your own flesh and blood."

"You've hooked up with so many men. Do you think I'd believe the child is mine?"

Amelia blanched.

Oscar noticed the hurt flashing in her eyes. All of a sudden, he couldn't bear to continue. But at the thought of the photographs, his face became even grimmer. He vented his anger with a single harsh bite on her neck.

"Amelia Winters, am I not good enough to you? Why do you have to look for other men?" That was about all the things he could say.

Amelia's eyes reddened, staring at him with hurt in her eyes. "Mr. Clinton, will you believe me this once?"

"The photographs are here. How do you expect me to believe you?" he said in a lowered voice.

She wanted to stroke his cheek, but he swiftly avoided it as if it irked him. "Don't touch me! I find you really filthy right now."

Her legs trembled slightly, chuckling bitterly. "Since you find me filthy, let's get a divorce."

Hearing that, Oscar's face flushed with indescribable rage. "Amelia Winters, you want a divorce? You're going to Carter Scott after the divorce? How daring of you. Other than love, I could offer you anything else. You wanted money, and I gave



you money. I made you my wife, and yet you couldn't even give me your untainted body. The only merit you had has been given to someone else. What else do I need you for?"

This woman has such guts. She's found the next target before even getting a divorce. Did she think I wouldn't do anything to her?

Oscar dropped his head and kissed her wildly, ravaging her. Amelia tried to shove him off with her hands, but the more she did, the angrier he got. He was almost pressing her against the couch, his large stature covering her body, but remained logical enough to avoid her belly.

Five minutes later, Oscar finally released her lips. She resembled a fish who had been washed afloat, her cheeks pink and panting heavily.

He looked in satisfaction at her flushed cheeks. But at the thought that another man could make her look the same way as he just did, his face turned bleak once again.

He reached out a hand to wipe at her kissed-swollen lips and said, "If you could be as obedient as you did today, then I wouldn't have treated you this way."

## Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 85

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

### Chapter 85

Amelia merely looked at him blankly.

Oscar lowered his head and bit her lips to the point it bled. "Or do you prefer this?"

Despair replaced the blankness in her gaze. Her lips moved, yet nothing came out of it in the end.

From Carter Scott to Oscar Clinton, she'd only ever been in love with those two men. Carter had appeared during her innocent years. Back then, he fulfilled her fantasy of a prince charming. At that tender age, which girl wouldn't wish for a prince to rescue her from the abyss of suffering? It was then that Carter Scott appeared.

At that time, she only dared to have a crush on him. Even though Carter had hinted at her several times, she never had the courage to make the first move. The difference between them hadn't been insignificant. Although everyone said they looked compatible with their appearance, the contrast between their family background discouraged her. They hovered around each other for years until her graduation, and she entered the Scott Group with his help. Perhaps without his family's interference, she could've gotten together with him. But what's happened had happened. Many years passed. She and Carter could no longer return to how they were before.

Even if she were to divorce Oscar, it was impossible between Carter and her. She couldn't get out of that hurdle as too many things had happened. The damage between them was irreparable.

Amelia was feeling complicated inside. To say she wasn't feeling bitter would be lying. She hadn't even reached thirty years old, yet had experienced so many

things that people her age hadn't.

If it wasn't for the little one in her belly, she probably would have collapsed. She might also move to an isolated small town and end her life after divorcing Oscar. In a trance, Amelia's eyes reddened and tears flowed down her cheeks.

Looking at her tears, Oscar's heart ached. But at the thought that she could be crying for the man in the photograph, his heartache turned into irritability and anger.

He wiped the tears with his thumb and said, "Why are you crying?"

Amelia looked at him through her tear-filled eyes, her voice croaking. "Would you feel sorry for me when I cry?"

"No." At least not now.

His words made her feel slightly hopeless. She smiled bitterly. "You're straightforward as always, Mr. Clinton."

Pinching her chin, he said, "Don't change the subject. Be honest. When did you hook up with Carter Scott?"

She glanced at him briefly and decided to go all out. "Mr. Clinton is aware of that fact that I love money, right? Whoever gives me money, I'll give them my body. It just so happens Carter Scott has money. How could I let such a good opportunity slip away?"

Oscar's eyes were burning in rage, his grip on her chin tightening. "Amelia Winters, you're the most repulsive woman I've ever met," he spat out coldly.

"Thank you for your praise."

"If the photos had been sent to my parents, remember to explain to my mom clearly. I don't want you to pollute her ears on top of dirtying her eyes," Oscar ordered, moving away from her body.

Amelia asked in distress, "You sent the photos to them?"

"They're my parents, for God's sake. I'm not that vile. I wouldn't want the whole world to know I've been made a cuckold either."

Amelia knew, if Olivia and Owen were to receive the photographs, it could only be the work of Jennifer Larson.

She dropped her head and concealed the emotions in her eyes. "I'll explain the photographs to your mom."

"In this family, mom is the one who truly dotes on you. Don't upset her."

A trace of guilt flashed in Amelia's eyes. She had the urge to explain herself. She had been misunderstood too many times. She didn't want Oscar to continue misunderstanding her nor Olivia to view her as an unrestrained woman.

If the photographs were sent to the Clintons, she feared it would cause a huge wave.

One wrong step, and she could really be thrown out of the Clintons. It wasn't as if she wanted to cling onto them. She merely didn't want to be kicked out in such a pathetic way.

Having mixed feelings, Amelia stood from up the couch and walked toward Oscar. She wrapped her arms around him from behind and said, "Mr. Clinton, listen to me. It really isn't what you think. Please believe me."

Oscar shook off her hands and pushed her away. He turned around and regarded her coldly. "Amelia Winters, how shameless can you be?"

She froze, her heart bleeding once again. "Do you still refuse to believe me?"

"You could sell yourself for money, how do you expect me to believe you? Amelia

Winters, I don't wish to touch you right now because I find you filthy. Heck, I don't even want to be in the same space as you. Tomorrow, if you wish to explain it to my parents, don't expect me to speak up for you." Having said his piece, Oscar turned to go upstairs.

Amelia flopped down on the couch in a dazed manner. An unknown amount of time passed before she reached for her bag shakily, taking a long time to find her phone. Her hands trembled as she dialed a number.

As soon as the call connected, she choked out, "Tiff, my heart hurts, and I don't feel so well. Will you come over?"

"What's wrong with you, Amelia? Give me a while, I'll head over right now."

Amelia hung up the phone, sitting in a daze on the couch.

Tiffany arrived within thirty minutes. Amelia went to answer the door as the doorbell rang incessantly. Seeing how pale Amelia was, Tiffany flinched. "What's wrong?"

Amelia merely smiled before her whole body slumped against Tiffany.

Taken aback, Tiffany asked again, "Amelia, what happened?"

But Amelia gave no response.

Tiffany anxiously yelled, "Oscar Clinton! Oscar Clinton, are you home? Are you home? You better come out! Amelia's fainted!"

Oscar dashed down the stairs with heavy steps. "What happened to her?"

"Are you blind?"

She's fainted. Hurry and carry her to the hospital. If she or the baby were to have anything happen to them, I'll never let you off!" Tiffany shouted hysterically. In one swift move, Oscar swept Amelia up and ran to the elevator. Fortunately, it opened the moment he arrived.

The three of them entered and left the elevator very quickly. Oscar carried Amelia into his car and said to Tiffany, "Look after her."

Tiffany rolled her eyes, refusing to give him any response.

Oscar didn't mind her silence, wasting no time to take the driver's seat. He whipped out his phone and dialed. "Robert, it's me. Something happened to Amelia. Please get the hospital to prepare for the best doctor on stand-by."

Having said that, he hung up right away.

As it was late in the night, there were hardly any vehicles on the road. Oscar drove as fast as he could, running through several red lights along the way. A team of medical personnel was already waiting when they arrived. Oscar stopped the car and went to the backseat to carry Amelia, moving her to the stretcher the hospital had already arranged.

Amelia was taken into the operating theatre. Oscar and Tiffany stood waiting on the outside. Angrily, Tiffany looked at Oscar. "What exactly did you do to Amelia that caused her to faint? If something happens to her, I swear I'll fight you as if my life depends on it!"

Leaning against the wall, Oscar spat out, "Shut up!"

Tiffany was so enraged she almost couldn't catch her breath. She pointed a trembling finger at him. "Are you human, Oscar Clinton? How exactly is she not good enough for you to hurt her repeatedly?"

Oscar remained silent.

Inhaling a deep breath, Tiffany calmed herself down and said, "Oscar Clinton,

you're cruel enough. If something happens to Amelia, I wouldn't let you off either."

"You're too noisy. Can you shut up?"

She forced herself to take deep breaths. "Oscar Clinton, can I ask you a question?"

He shot a single glance at her. "Speak."

"Can you tell me, what exactly did you do to Amelia in these short three hours that could cause her to end up in the hospital?" Tiffany's tone had considerably calmed down.

"That's between us."

"Can you be a man for once?" She inhaled another deep breath.

Oscar sat down on the chair, ignoring Tiffany's endless chatter.

She tried again and said, "Oscar Clinton, do you know that Amelia is true to you? If she wasn't, she would have never kept the baby. She told me the baby's the product of your love even though she was well aware you have no feelings for her."

Oscar's heart throbbed.

With her eyes red, Tiffany continued, "Oscar Clinton, the woman in there is your wife. No matter what she did wrong, shouldn't you have been a little more tolerant? Was there a need to cause her to faint? If I hadn't been there in time and something happened to her or the baby, wouldn't you be upset at all?"

She raised her hand to wipe the fallen tears. "But I guess, for an emotionless being like you, how could you possibly understand Amelia? Trust her to try in vain to love you, yet you treated her this way..."

"Stop telling me about her feelings for me!" Oscar abruptly stood up and yelled without restraint.

Tiffany flinched. Seeing the redness in his eyes, she swallowed the words she was about to say.

"Tiffany, on the account that you're her friend, I've been more than tolerant toward you, Stop telling me about her feelings, or else I'll make your life in this city miserable."

"Amelia clearly has feelings for you! Why are you afraid to hear me talk about it?"

Tiffany was agitated. "Amelia's been wholehearted to you. She's carrying your child. Is that not enough to prove her love for you?"

"It's not certain whether or not her child belongs to me," Oscar stated with a grim face.

Tiffany was taken aback at first, but fury immediately took over. "Oscar Clinton, have some conscience! If it isn't your child, whose could it be?"

"She loves money that much. It could be anyone's."

Tiffany raised her hand to slap him, but her wrist was caught by him.

Indignant, she glared at him. "Oscar Clinton, for a man to deny your own child, karma will hit you one day!"

"I'll personally arrange a DNA test after she's given birth. If the child's mine, I'll acknowledge it. Otherwise, I won't raise that bastard."

Tiffany's body shook in rage. She forced herself to take deep breaths to calm herself down and said, "Mr. Clinton, do you have any idea how hurtful your words are? Amelia may look like a hussy, but she's devoted in love. You've been married to her for years. Don't you know that well yourself?"

Oscar returned to his seat and kept quiet once again. Before Tiffany could say another word, the lights above the operating theatre dimmed, and the door opened. She rushed forward, clutching the doctor, and asked worriedly, "Doctor, how is Amelia?"

## Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 86

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Chapter 86 Fine For The Time Being, Love You Enough to Leave You

The doctor said, "She's fine for the time being. It's just that her mood swings aren't good for the development of the fetus. You should try to keep her in a good mood. Otherwise, she may lose the baby." Hearing that, Tiffany's heart was instantly in her mouth. "Are Amelia, and her baby really fine, doc?" "As long as she doesn't get too emotional, she and her baby will be fine. She's pregnant now, so it's best to keep her in a good mood. Otherwise, it'll lead to miscarriage," the doctor reminded. Tiffany hurriedly nodded. "We will be sending the patient to a general ward in a while. It's best if her family members can keep her in a good mood." Tiffany nodded again. When Amelia was sent to the general ward, Tiffany and Oscar followed.

Standing by the bed, Tiffany pointed at Amelia, who was on the bed, and said, "Oscar, did you see this? The woman you described as promiscuous is lying here now, while the child in her belly almost died because of your cruelty." Oscar looked at Amelia in silence. "Oscar, if you had had a tiny bit of affection for her, you wouldn't have treated her like this. Forget it. You're not the man who will stay with her till the end. It's good that you separate now. It also doesn't matter even if you have many misunderstandings about her. You don't love her anyway," Tiffany sighed and concluded in a low voice.

"I will not divorce her for the time being," Oscar finally spoke. After which, he left. Tiffany pulled the chair out and sat down. Brushing the bangs on Amelia's forehead, she whispered, "Amelia, don't you worry. Even if Oscar doesn't want you, I'll raise the child with you. We can't give him a life of luxury, but we can provide him everything he needs." Amelia, who was still unconscious, naturally did not give her any response. Amelia only came round early the next morning. Looking at Tiffany, who was sleeping by the bed, she nudged her while saying, "Tiff, wake up."

After Tiffany woke up from her sleep and saw that Amelia had woken up, she immediately grabbed her hand emotionally and said, "Babe, you're awake. Did you know that you gave me the fright of my life last night when you suddenly fainted? I'll go and get a doctor to check you." Then, she ran out and called the doctor. After the check-up, the doctor said, "Don't worry, Ms. Winters, the patient's basically recovered. If you're still worried, she can stay here for another day. Otherwise, it's okay to go home at noon." Tiffany nodded. "We'll stay here for another day then." After the doctor left, Tiffany poured Amelia a glass of water. "Here, Amelia, have some water. It's still too early. I'll buy you some food later." After drinking the water, Amelia asked after a moment of hesitation, "Tiff, where is he?" Of course, Amelia was referring to Oscar.

Tiffany grabbed her hand and asked, "Tell me honestly, Amelia, what happened between you and Oscar yesterday? Haven't the two of you been getting along fine?" "He's seen the photo," replied Amelia, feeling down and dejected. Tiffany's eyes widened as she finally knew why Oscar was so angry. *Any man who sees it will be furious. But Oscar was still able to send Amelia to the hospital and listen to my chatter for so long last night. If I were him, I'd have been sent into a rage.* "Is it Jennifer's doing?" Amelia nodded. "That b\*\*\*\*. We've been tolerant, but she thinks we're easy meat. I swear I'll teach her a lesson this time." Amelia shook her head at her. "Don't do anything rash, Tiff. Jennifer comes from a rich family.

If you're found plotting against her, I'm afraid your writing career will be suspended." "Well, I'm not afraid. After so many years, I've experienced a lot of things. What else do I have to be afraid of? We've been relying on each other for all these years. You're like my family now. So I can't just watch you get bullied," snarled Tiffany. "I'll take care of this. You don't need to worry about it." "I think you're gonna take a long time to solve this. Amelia, being too kind will only allow people to bully you, you know." "Tiff, it's not that I'm kind. It's just that I was caught off guard by the photo incident.

Don't worry. I'll talk to her," assured Amelia after heaving a sigh. "Will you really take care of it?" asked Tiffany skeptically as she glanced at her. Amelia simply gave her a nod. "Fine. I won't intervene since you don't want me to. But don't suffer in silence. You can always depend on me," added Tiffany. "Thank you, Tiff, for always standing by my side no matter what happens to me," Amelia said sincerely while holding Tiffany's hand. Tiffany rolled her eyes at her. "Silly girl, now you're being sappy. What you should do now is to rest well and give birth to the little sweetheart in your belly safely.

Remember, no one can hurt you except yourself. If the Clintons drive you out, I'll always welcome you in my humble dwelling, and I'll also help you raise Sweetheart." Amelia was touched and felt contented that she was still able to have such a sincere friend by her side, even after being misunderstood by so many people. "Tiff, help me sign the discharge papers later. I still need to go to work. As a newcomer, I shouldn't keep taking leave as my colleagues will be displeased." Tiffany looked at her in disbelief. "Are you out of your mind, Amelia?" Amelia gave her a feeble smile.

"Tiff, I'm fine now. I won't risk the health of my sweetheart. Since I'm fine, I shouldn't take leave. Otherwise, others will think I'm too delicate." "No, I won't let you. Carter is the reason you're like this. I think you'd better quit your job. The pay is so little and nearly ruined your family." Tiffany was seething at the mention of Amelia's job at Carter's company. "Imma call them now and tell them you quit." "Don't be ridiculous, Tiff." "Ridiculous?" Tiffany got mad. "Amelia, I don't know why you must cling to your shitty job. Or you actually haven't gotten over Carter Scott, that hoodoo, have you?"

"Tiff." Amelia gave Tiffany a pleading look. "I really like this design job, so don't doubt me like Oscar does, okay?" Tiffany sighed and finally relented. "Alright, I'll stop, but you have to take the day off, or I'll call Carter directly and tell him that you quit. His phone number is still the same anyway." After giving it some thought, Amelia nodded. Therefore, Tiffany went out and made a call to help Amelia take a leave of absence. After coming back with the food she bought downstairs, she said, "Here you go, Babe, it's not too hot anymore." As Amelia



was eating, Tiffany told her, "I've helped you ask for leave, Babe. That jinx asked me about you, so I told him that his new lover caused you to be hospitalized. He wanted to visit you, but I turned him down."

"Come on, Tiff. The whole thing actually has nothing much to do with him," Amelia protested. Tiffany rolled her eyes at her. "So you think I'm a busybody now?" Amelia smiled in resignation. "Tiff, you know what I mean." "I think that is what you mean. You always jump to Carter's defense. Hasn't he caused you enough troubles?" Tiffany pointed out, feeling a little angry. Amelia fell silent. Fixing her gaze on her, Tiffany asked in a serious tone, "Babe, tell me honestly, you still haven't gotten over him, right?" Amelia smiled bitterly. "Don't imagine things, Tiff.

My feelings for him have ceased four years ago. We couldn't be together back then, and neither will we get together in the future. We're just too different." Tiffany pierced her with her eyes while Amelia flashed a smile at her, playing weak. The sight of her pale face made Tiffany's heart soften, so Tiffany changed the subject. "You don't look well. You should rest first, and I'll be here by your side." Amelia nodded. Then, she stared at the ceiling in a trance while lying on the bed. Seeing her like this, Tiffany felt distressed and grabbed her hand, asking, "Babe, what's wrong?" "I'm wondering if this will put an end to my relationship with the Clintons," replied Amelia, feeling down. "You're sad to leave them?"

"After being in the family for four years, it's not easy to leave them. Mrs. Clinton has been very good to me and treats me like her daughter. If she sees the photo, I'm afraid she'll be very disappointed in me. In fact, I don't want her to be sad because of me." Tiffany held her hand tightly in silence. She knew that Amelia valued family ties and treated the elderly politely. In addition, Olivia did treat her like a daughter, so it was self-evident how big the impact this photo incident had on her.

Tiffany began to hate Jennifer, who did anything she wanted, just because she came from a rich family. This time, she sent someone to stalk Amelia and took photos that she now used to bend the truth, possibly driving a wedge between Amelia and Oscar. People had always been advised against ruining others' relationships, and yet Jennifer did the exact opposite. Therefore, Tiffany was determined to get back at her as she could not turn the other cheek. Amelia would always refrain from resorting to violence, but Tiffany was the exact opposite of her.

Since Jennifer was so insensible, she wanted to let her know that they were no easy meat despite having come from ordinary families. "Babe, don't worry too much. Mrs. Clinton is benevolent, so I believe she'll understand you," Tiffany consoled. "I hope so." "Have some rest. I'll wake you up at noon." Amelia closed her eyes and soon fell asleep. Looking at her sleeping face, Tiffany could not help but sigh. She did not expect that a woman, who was once cheerful and optimistic, could become like this in just four years. Although the latter now owned branded belongings and had various cosmetics that made her look increasingly attractive, Tiffany could feel that she was not as happy as before and that she began keeping to herself. Even though she did not have much money in the past, she lived a carefree life.

Carter and Oscar were the only men who appeared in her life. She really liked them, but things did not end well with either of them. *Alas. What a tough love life she has.* Tiffany took out her phone and called her editor, saying she won't be able to submit her work these few days. The editor got so mad that she kept yelling into the phone, so Tiffany immediately hung up the phone. Putting her phone into her bag, Tiffany muttered to herself, "As expected, women on their periods can't be messed with.

She's as angry as a bull." If she had stood in her editor's shoes, she would have known that the readers kept bombarding the publisher with calls due to the popularity of her novel, which was driving her editor crazy. In fact, her editor was being very kind as she did not come banging at the door of Tiffany, who was so unreliable at meeting deadlines. While Tiffany was taking care of Amelia at the hospital, the Clintons were in chaos.

## Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 87

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

Chapter 87 The Clintons Knew About The Photos, Love You Enough to Leave You In the living room of Clinton Residence, Stephanie pointed at the photos on the table and said angrily, "Dad, Mom, Oscar, did you see that? Your so-called good daughter-in-law cheated on Oscar with the son of the owner of Scott Group. This shameless woman doesn't deserve to be Oscar's wife." Oscar looked at the photos on the table with a grim expression as he slowly clenched his fists. Olivia also wore a gloomy look on her face, but she did not want to believe that Amelia was that kind of person. After all, she treated her like her daughter. "Oscar, what the hell is going on?"

she asked while looking at Oscar. With his eyes fixed on the photos, Oscar said nothing. "Mom, isn't it clear what these photos mean? Obviously, this woman has cheated and cuckolded your son," Stephanie chimed in, displeased. Olivia's face fell. "Steph, watch your words. She's your sister-in-law. You can't be so disrespectful," Olivia reproved her in a low voice. "Mom, the evidence is staring at you in the face, but you still don't want to believe it. Will you only believe that your daughter-in-law has cheated when you see the photos of her sleeping with another man?" protested Stephanie, feeling wronged. Olivia glanced at Oscar before saying, "Shut up. She's Oscar's wife nonetheless. You're only embarrassing him by saying so."

Knowing that no man liked being cuckolded, Stephanie realized that she had said something she should not, so she gave Oscar an apologetic look and apologized, "I'm sorry, Oscar. I didn't mean it. I just wanted all of you to see the true colors of this woman." Then, Oscar pointed at the photos. "Where did these come from?" "They were delivered to me by a courier," replied Stephanie. "They are all fake," stated Oscar. "Oscar, are you still trying to defend her?" snapped Stephanie as she looked at him in disbelief. Standing up, Oscar shot her a stern look and asserted, "I said they're fake, so they are."

Stephanie also got up and yelled in anger, "Oscar, I got someone to check these photos, and I was told they're all authentic, which is why I showed them all to you. How can they be fake? Have you really fallen in love with that kind of woman,

Oscar? Don't forget that Cassie is pregnant with your child. You behaving like this will get her nowhere. Oscar, I've never expected you to be such a fickle man." Oscar's face clouded over. "You don't need to worry about my marital problems, Steph. If you've got nothing to do, I'll enroll you in an Arts class so that you won't be screaming all day and become more ladylike." Stephanie's chest heaved with anger, and she let out a sardonic chuckle. "Oscar, I just don't want to see you get cheated by that woman, but you're actually blaming me now for my good intentions." Oscar simply glanced at her in silence.

Meanwhile, Olivia waved her hands and stepped in, "What's wrong with the two of you? Sit down now." Only then did Oscar and Stephanie sit down. Olivia took a deep breath, feeling calmer than earlier. "Tell me honestly, Oscar, have you seen these photos before?" Olivia rightly put her finger on it. As a mother, she understood her son very well to know that he would not have been so calm if he had not seen these photos.

Oscar nodded. "Yes, yesterday. Amelia explained to me as well. This is just a misunderstanding." For some reason, Oscar covered Amelia. Perhaps deep down, he did not want his parents to misunderstand Amelia. Despite having said so many hurtful things the day before, he still could not bear to see something happen to Amelia. Stephanie's eyes widened with anger. "Oscar, these photos are hard evidence.

You can't go soft on her just because of her words." Olivia glanced at her and ordered, "Be quiet Steph. Let Oscar speak." Stephanie punched the sofa and crossed her arms grumpily. Then, Olivia said calmly, "Oscar, tell me frankly, what do you think of these photos?" "Mom, I was just as angry as you all when I saw these photos, but I've been married to Amelia for several years now, so I believe that she's not such a person." Olivia nodded in approval. "Oscar, I'm rather satisfied with the way you handled this matter. You didn't act rash, nor did you lose your temper. In my opinion, you've become more responsible." "Thank you, Mom." "Mom, what were you thinking? How can you still be so calm when your son is being cuckolded?

Is Oscar your son, or is Amelia your daughter? Why must you defend her like this?" Stephanie lashed out while looking at Olivia with saucer eyes. "You can't talk to Mom like this, Steph." Stephanie rose to her feet and began to weep. "Dad, I didn't mean to criticize Mom, but she's so partial to that woman that she's lost her principle. That's why I suspect Amelia is her daughter instead." Hearing that, Olivia glanced at her, while Owen fell silent. "Steph, I didn't favor Amelia on purpose. It's just that she's pregnant now, and we can't possibly disregard our grandchild. Even if she's cheated, we'll need to resolve it after she gives birth to the child. I really hope you can calm down." "Mom, she's so promiscuous.

We can't even be sure who the father of the child is," said Stephanie disdainfully, curling her lips. "Steph, how could you say that?" A look of anger flashed across Olivia's eyes. "Mom, isn't it true? That woman is so unfaithful. We don't even know how many men she's been with. Can you guarantee that the baby she's pregnant with belongs to Oscar?" Unexpectedly, Olivia replied asserted firmly, "Yes, I can. I treat her as my own daughter. I believe in my judgment about people." Stephanie puffed and blew at her response. "Mom, you-" But Olivia looked at Oscar and said, "Oscar, do you plan to divorce Amelia? If you do, I won't

interfere as it's a matter between the two of you. I just hope that you can think it through."

"Mom, I don't want to divorce her yet," replied Oscar after a brief silence. "Okay, as long as you've figured out." Olivia was obviously relieved. After a brief pause, she added, "Where's Amelia? Call her to come over. Since you've seen the photos, I think she knew that the person who sent these photos over is apparently ill-intentioned and may have planned it for a long time. I believe someone's on to her. Since she's still a member of our family, we can't just let her be bullied." Oscar balled his hands into fists. "She's gone to work. I'll get her to come over at night." Olivia did not push it and simply reminded, "Tell Amelia not to think too much. It's not good for her now that she's pregnant." Oscar gave a slight nod.

"I'm tired. I'm going to rest upstairs with your dad. Ask Amelia to come home for dinner," added Olivia with a look of fatigue on her face. "If she's not busy at work, I'll get her to come with me for dinner." Oscar gave a vague answer. Without saying anything else, Olivia went upstairs with Owen. After going into their room, Owen's face clouded over. "Olivia, after Amelia gives birth to the child, I'll get her to divorce Oscar. She doesn't deserve him." Sighing, Olivia wrapped her arms around his waist from behind and asked, "Dear, can you not do it for my sake?" "I can tolerate it when she kept her nose clean previously.

But if this kind of photo gets out, it'll make both Oscar and our family look bad." "You know very well that I'm very fond of her, but you still say things like this. You're breaking my heart," Olivia said with a sigh. Turning around, Owen pulled her into his arms and whispered, "Be reasonable, Olivia. This woman is really unsuitable for Oscar and can't help him at all judging from her family background, education qualifications, and capability. She isn't the best woman to be Oscar's wife." "We don't need external things like this to be the icing on the cake of our already huge business, do we?" "But in order for us to venture into foreign markets, Oscar needs to marry a woman with a comparable family background."

"Do you treat Oscar as a son or as a machine to expand Clinton Corporations? I'm telling you, even if he divorces Amelia, I won't agree to Cassie marrying into our family. It's either me or her. Your choice," warned Olivia with an impenetrable look in her eyes. Owen sighed helplessly and hugged her tighter. "Don't get so worked up, Olivia. I didn't say that Oscar must marry Cassie, but you have to consider what he wants too. After photos like these were taken, Amelia can no longer be our daughter-in-law. As for Cassie, she's pregnant with Oscar's child. No matter what, Oscar should take responsibility for it. After all, the Yards and our family have been friends for many years. We can't have a falling-out with them." Olivia pushed him away as she threatened, "We don't know yet who's child Cassie is pregnant with.

If you insist on letting Oscar marry her, I'll leave." Owen had no choice but to compromise. "I'm just saying, Olivia, don't be mad. Your heart is weak, and Robert also said that you can't be too emotional. I'm sorry that I said the wrong thing." Only then did Olivia calm down. "Dear, I hope you don't mind me talking back, but Cassie is really not suitable to be our daughter-in-law." "Alright, alright, you call the shots. We should let Oscar handle his own relationship problems. If he insists on marrying her, I hope you can accept it with an open mind.

You don't want your kids to grow estranged from you, do you?" Heaving a sigh, Olivia did not say anything else. Meanwhile, Stephanie went up to Oscar downstairs and asked, "Oscar, what are you thinking? Are you really going to tolerate such a promiscuous woman?" "She's your sister-in-law." "After what she's done, she doesn't deserve to be one." "I have to go back to work. See you." Stephanie grabbed Oscar by the arm to stop him as she questioned anxiously, "Oscar, what does Cassie mean to you now?"

Previously, you claimed that you love her, and yet you have a change of heart so soon?" Oscar furrowed his brow. "Steph, if you've got nothing better to do, you should sign up for some art classes to mold your character into a better one." Stephanie hit the roof. "Don't try to change the subject, Oscar. You can remain so calm after being cuckolded. Are you a coward?" Without taking another glance at her, Oscar walked past her and left.

## Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 88

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

Chapter 88 You Will All Regret This, Love You Enough to Leave You Stephanie paced back and forth in exasperation as she warned through her gritted teeth, "You'll all regret when that woman really cheats." Ignoring her, Oscar continued to head outside. Then, he received a call from Cassie. Initially, he did not want to answer it, but she kept calling, so he had no choice but to accept the call. "Oscar, I've just received some photos. Can you come over?" The look in Oscar's eyes changed into one filled with murderous intent. "Wait for me. I'm coming over." After that, Oscar hung up the phone and drove to Cassie's place. Cassie did not stay with the Clintons. Instead, she bought a big and cozy three-bedroom apartment in a neighborhood not far away from Oscar's in the city center.

Taking the elevator, Oscar went to her unit and rang the doorbell. She soon opened the door and enthusiastically wrapped her arms around his neck. She tried to kiss him on the lips, but the latter dodged her, much to her surprise. "What's wrong, Oz?" "Let's talk inside." Oscar went inside the apartment with her and shut the door behind him. Cassie pinned him against the wall and looked at him with dreamy eyes, saying, "Oz, it's been a few days since you last came. Our baby and I miss you a lot." After kissing her lips perfunctorily, Oscar patiently assured, "I'll talk to the baby later. You told me over the phone that you received some photos. Where are they?" Cassie gave him an aggrieved look.

"Oz, you wouldn't have come over if I hadn't mentioned the photos, would you? I gave up my bright future in another country for you, but your attitude toward me has grown cold. Don't you love me anymore?" asked Cassie persistently, feeling wronged. Oscar was slowly losing his patience as he had never thought that Cassie's constant chatter would be so annoying. Holding her in his arms, he tried to keep his cool while coaxing her, "You know that I only love you, Cassie. Don't be ridiculous, and be a good girl, okay?" Leaning into him, Cassie bit her lips with a glint in her eye and explained in an aggrieved tone, "I just love you too much, Oscar."

My parents keep asking when I'll marry you, and put a lot of pressure on me. I also feel very uneasy as you don't give me an answer as well even though I'm already pregnant." "Don't overthink it. You should know how I feel about you," assured Oscar gently, his heart softening. "I trust you, Oz." "That's my girl!" Pulling away, Cassie said, "Come with me, Oz. Let me show you some photos delivered to me this morning. There's no sender's name, so I don't know whom they're from." Oscar sat on the sofa with her. Cassie then took out a yellow manila envelope from the room and sat next to him, saying, "Oz, you'll probably get mad when you see the photos inside, but you must believe that I'll always be by your side and will never do something that will hurt you." Seeing the manila envelope in her hand, Oscar was vexed. "Take a look, Oz."

Cassie handed him the envelope. Opening the envelope, Oscar emptied it and saw the photos, which, as expected, were of Amelia and Carter. Although he had a gloomy expression, he did not blow his top as Cassie had imagined. "Aren't you mad, Oz?" asked Cassie while giving him a puzzled look. "Do you want me to?" Oscar asked instead. Cassie gently took his arm and explained, "You're my man, so of course, I hope that you'll only feel every emotion for me. However, Ms. Winters is going overboard. She's your legal wife no matter what, so shouldn't she have some decency?"

If these photos are exposed, you'll be ridiculed by people in high society. I'm just indignant about what will happen to you." Pulling her into his arms, Oscar changed the subject, "I'm happy as long as I have you. What this woman does has nothing to do with me. We're going to divorce soon, so she can't threaten your status." Cassie smirked, feeling pleased. "Oz, are you really not mad that she cheated on you? I feel sorry for you as you treat her so well, but she still hooks up with another man. Do you want me to help you teach her a lesson?" "Don't mind her. She's nothing but an insignificant woman. You should just take good care of yourself and the baby. After divorcing her, I'll hold a grand wedding with you and make you the prettiest bride in the world." Smiling sweetly, Cassie leaned into his arms.

"I'm relieved to hear you say so, Oz. I was afraid that you'd really fall in love with Amelia and was going to dump me." "Cassie, did you hire someone to take these photos?" Oscar asked in a seemingly nonchalant tone while holding her. "Are you suspecting me, Oz?" Cassie looked up at him with a slightly hurtful expression. Patting her on the head, Oscar replied in a gentle voice, "Silly girl, you're the last person I'll suspect. I'm just asking. It's good if you're not the one behind it. But if you are, it's fine too. No matter what you do, you're the most adorable to me." Cassie flashed him a sweet smile. "Oz, it really wasn't me. I thought of getting someone to take photos of Ms. Winters too, but it remained a thought as I didn't want to be misunderstood by you."

Those photos were really delivered to me by a courier. I don't who the sender is, nor what purpose they have." After a brief pause, she added, "Oz, other than showing you the photos, I ask you to come over because I want you to find out the person who took the photos and their purpose in doing so. I think you should look into whether they're targeting Ms. Winters or the Clintons." Bopping her on the nose, Oscar chuckled and asked, "You're trying to be a good wife already even when you haven't become my wife, eh?" Cassie smiled shyly as she replied, "I'm just concerned about you."



Do you not want me to do so?" "You're imagining things again, aren't you? You're my woman. Who else do you want to show your concern for if not me?" The affection in his eyes deepened. Hitting his chest, Cassie refuted coquettishly, "Who are you calling your woman? You haven't proposed to me yet, so I'm still considering whether to marry you." Oscar pinched her nose and said with a smile, "Who else do you want to marry if not me?" Cassie smiled sweetly, but she didn't realize that there was a cold glint in Oscar's eyes behind his smile. "Oz, let's go grocery shopping later. I'll make you some good food," Cassie proposed coyly as she held his hand. "I have some work to do at the company, and I'll get someone to send you some nutritious food at noon.

If you need to go to the team, don't get too busy," replied Oscar gently. "Can you keep me company today, Oz?" Cassie asked, disappointed that he was leaving. Oscar stroked her face and explained with adoration, "Be good. I need to be present for a discussion on a collaborative project. Listen, I'll take a few days off from work to accompany you when I'm not so busy." "I'm going for a prenatal checkup later in the afternoon. Aren't you going with me?" Cassie asked meekly, still feeling upset. "Your checkup is this afternoon?" Oscar tried to keep cool. Cassie nodded. After thinking for a while, Oscar suggested, "I'll come to you after I've gotten things done at the company, okay?" Cassie stubbornly held his hand as she continued to persuade, "I don't want you to go, Oz. Our baby is very well-behaved every time you're here, so I think he misses you.

Living alone in such a big apartment makes me feel lonely too sometimes, and I've turned down many jobs ever since I've gotten pregnant. I just want you to spend some time with me. Can't you even do this?" Getting irritable deep down, Oscar repeated patiently, "Be good, Cassie. I'll come back and go for the checkup with you in the afternoon." Left with no choice, Cassie could only agree to it. After walking Oscar to the door, she reminded him like a good wife would, "Oz, although you're busy, don't forget to have lunch. Skipping meals will hurt your stomach."

"Alright. You should go back in. Take good care of yourself and the baby. I'll get someone to send you lunch," Oscar replied affectionately. Cassie flashed him a sweet smile. After walking out of the elevator, Oscar got into the car and made a call. After the call was picked up, he instructed coldly, "Sam, check a parcel for me. I'll send you the tracking number in a moment. I want to know who the sender is." After the person on the other end of the phone gave him a reply, he said, "That's it for now. Email me after you've found the sender, and I'll transfer the payment to your account." Then, he hung up the phone and drove to his company. When he reached, his secretary greeted him, "Mr. Clinton, the delegation from Jardin Technologies has arrived and is waiting for you in the reception room."

Nodding, Oscar walked quickly to the reception room. When he entered the room, the delegation from Jardin Technologies stood up and greeted, "Mr. Clinton." Then, Oscar sat down at the head of the table with an expressionless face and said, "Take a seat." Afterward, the senior executives of Clinton Corporations and the main person in charge of Jardin Technologies enter into negotiations. As both sides refused to compromise, the negotiations went on for several hours and had not even finished although it was nearly two in the afternoon. Therefore, Oscar's secretary went up to him and suggested, "Mr. Clinton, it's almost two.

Why don't we continue after lunch?" Glancing at his watch, he realized that it was ten to two, so he nodded in agreement. "Everyone, let's continue after lunch." The delegation from Jardin Technologies got up, whereas Oscar's secretary announced with a graceful smile, "Everyone, please come with me. I've asked the cafeteria to prepare food for you. It won't take you too much to grab a bite before continuing with the discussion." After everyone from Jardin Technologies left the room, Oscar took out his phone and called Cassie. After the call was answered, he asked, "Have you eaten, Cassie?"

"Oz, didn't you say that you'll send me food? I only had a few biscuits at noon," replied Cassie in an aggrieved tone. Frowning, Oscar patiently coaxed, "Sorry, I forgot about that as I was in a meeting just now. You should order food delivery and eat first. Don't starve yourself. I'll go for the checkup with you in the afternoon and then take you to have some nice food." "Okay. I'll eat after this. Don't overwork yourself, and remember to eat," responded Cassie obediently. "Okay."

Take a nap after you eat. Don't tire yourself out." After some small talk, Oscar hung up the phone. Holding his phone, he walked to the window with a gloomy look on his face and stared out at the scenery, seemingly lost in thought. His secretary walked in, holding a lunch box in her hand, and said, "Mr. Clinton, I've prepared some food for you. You should eat some." He turned around and replied, "Leave it there. I'll eat it in a bit."

## Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 89

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

Chapter 89 Coward, Love You Enough to Leave You

With a nod of her head, his secretary put down the lunchbox and left, closing the door behind her. Sitting down, Oscar opened the lunchbox and saw that it was filled with his favorite food. When he was about to take a bite, his phone rang. After picking up the call, a man was heard saying, "Mr. Clinton, I've found out who the sender is. The parcel was sent by a middle-aged man in his forties. I found this man, and he told me that a young woman paid him to send the parcel. He doesn't know that woman, but I drew a portrait based on his descriptions and looked into it.

I found out that she's the daughter of the Larsons. Her details have been emailed to you." "Alright. I'll get someone to transfer the payment to you in a while," replied Oscar. "Mr. Clinton, it's nice to work with you as you're generous with the pay. Remember to find me whenever you need." "Sure. I'm hanging up." "Bye." After the phone call, Oscar no longer had the appetite to eat. Returning to his office, he turned on his computer and logged into his email. As he looked through the information that was sent to him, the look in his eyes changed. "Jennifer Larson?" he muttered to himself. He had never met Jennifer, nor did he hear of Larson Group. Larson Group did not have much presence in the domestic market as their main business was abroad, where they were one of the biggest family-owned businesses.

However, Larson Group had never had any conflict of interest with Clinton Corporations, so Oscar did not understand why Jennifer would hire someone to

take photos of Amelia. He began to wonder if it was purely a prank or a move targeting Clinton Corporations. Taking out his phone, he called Sam and said, "Sam, get me the phone number of Jennifer Larson." "Mr. Clinton, have you fallen for this beautiful girl? I have to admit that she's gorgeous, but you have a wife already, so you shouldn't be such a playboy." "Cut the nonsense, Sam. Just tell me if you can do that. If you can't, I'll get someone else to do it. I don't like talking to a piece of trash." "Alright, alright. You want her phone number, right?"

Gimme ten minutes. I can surely get it for you, but you have to pay me more, or else I won't do it. After all, I run the risk of being discovered by Amelia. If she found out, don't tell her that I give you the number." "Has anyone ever told you that you're noisy, Sam?" After that, Oscar directly hung up the phone. After about ten minutes, his phone vibrated. Taking a look at the phone, he saw the phone number sent by Sam, followed by a message that read: *Mr. Clinton, big news. Amelia and this woman work in the same company. You need to be careful while screwing around. Don't let Amelia catch you red-handed.* The look in Oscar's eyes changed as he muttered, "The same company?"

Smirking, he added, "It seems that I really need to meet this Jennifer Larson." He called the number he had just obtained. When the call was answered, he asked, "May I speak to Ms. Jennifer Larson?" Finding it strange, Jennifer took a look at the unknown number before replying, "Speaking. May I know who this is?" "You actually have no idea who I am after having sent the photos to me?" Jennifer's heart was instantly in her mouth as she did not expect that Oscar Clinton would be able to find her in such a short time. "Is this some kind of joke? I don't know you, Sir, and I don't know what photos you're talking about. If there is nothing else, I'll hang up now." "Ms. Larson, I'll get straight to the point.

I don't like people who play games with me. Are you free tonight? I'd like to meet with you to talk about why you wanted to take photos of my wife. Although we the Clintons aren't the richest in the world, we still have the ability to make a company go bankrupt. The main business of you Larsons is abroad, so you're basically like a dead lion here," said Oscar. Jennifer stopped playing dumb and replied, "Oh, it's Mr. Clinton. Shouldn't you thank me after I got someone to take such interesting photos?" "Only I can bully my woman. No outsider can frame her."

"It seems that the relationship between you and your wife isn't as bad as rumored." "Starry Sky Restaurant at six in the evening. I hope that you can come, Ms. Larson. Otherwise, I don't mind making it hard for the Larsons to survive here." Jennifer knew that they could not beat a local powerful family as the root of their business was not in Chanaea. If she really offended the Clintons, her family would probably have to leave Chanaea. "Since you have extended an invitation to me, of course, I have to go. I'll arrive on time at six. Hopefully, you won't stand me up, Mr. Clinton," replied Jennifer. "Just remember, Ms. Larson, I don't like to be kept waiting." "Well, me too. I hope you can also be there on time. Men should act like a gentleman."

Oscar responded by hanging up the phone. After fiddling with his phone for a while, he left the office and said to one of the secretaries, "Linda, go to unit 601 of block B in the Pinnacle Garden later, and go for a prenatal checkup with Ms. Yard. Tell her that I can't go with her because I'm still in a meeting. Report the

result of the checkup to me when you come back." Linda gave him a strange look and asked, "Boss, may I know who this Ms. Yard is?" "Linda, you are a smart person. You'll know what you should know. As for those you shouldn't know, you should stay out of it," warned Oscar.

Horrified, Linda hurriedly apologized, "I'm sorry for prying, Boss." Oscar nodded. "You'll go there to take her to the hospital at three o'clock. Just tell her I can't go because I'm still in a meeting. Do you understand?" "Don't worry, Boss. I promise to complete the task properly and not let you down." Oscar then went into the reception room, where the delegation was already seated. Taking his seat, he declared, "Let's start the meeting." Both sides soon entered into negotiations. After several hours of talks, they finally compromised and reached an agreement. The general representative of Jardin Technologies rose to his feet and extended his hand, saying, "Mr. Clinton, we're pleased to work with you and Clinton Corporations.

I'm very much looking forward to our upcoming collaboration." "You flatter me, Mr. Jones. I'm also looking forward to working together with your company, which is the best in the industry in this city," replied Oscar. They continued to chat for a while before the people from Jardin Technologies left the reception room. After getting his staff to send them downstairs, he headed to his office and checked his phone; there were two missed calls from Olivia. He returned her call, and she soon picked it up. "Mom, Amelia and I haven't finished our work, so I won't be going over for dinner tonight.

I'll take her back tomorrow," said Oscar. Olivia was apparently angry as she asked, "Oscar, why didn't you tell me that Amelia is in the hospital?" "How did you find out, Mom?" asked Oscar after a momentary silence. "If I hadn't called Amelia, would you have planned to hide it from me?" "Calm down, Mom. I didn't mean to hide it from you. I just didn't want you to be too worried." "Oscar, I know that Amelia did something wrong in the photo incident, but you're her husband, so you can't leave her alone in the hospital," Olivia said in an accusing tone. "It's quite lonely for her to stay in the hospital alone. You need to come here right now, or I'll really get mad." "I have a dinner appointment with a client.

I'll go over after that." Olivia instantly lost her temper. "Oscar Clinton, if you still want to be my son, come over immediately. Otherwise, don't call me 'Mom' anymore." "Mom, I've already made an appointment with someone, and I can't cancel it. You can take care of Amelia first. I'll go over at night. Besides, I don't really want to see her now due to the photos." Oscar knitted his brows. Olivia fell silent. "Mom, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to disobey you, but I've really made an appointment with the customer, so please take care of Amelia first." Olivia softened her tone as she said earnestly, "Alright.

Come over after you're done. Amelia is feeling quite down. It's not good for the development of the fetus when the mother has mood swings," "I understand, Mom. I'll go over as fast as I can." After hanging up the phone, Oscar furrowed his brow and drove to the restaurant. The moment he walked into the restaurant, a young waiter greeted, "Mr. Clinton, the room you reserved is ready. This way, please." Oscar nodded. He followed the waiter into the room, and the latter poured him a glass of water, asking, "Mr. Clinton, would you like to order now or after your company comes?"

"After she comes. You can leave first." "Okay. You can ring the bell when you need me." The waiter left the room. After waiting in the room for about ten minutes, Oscar saw the door open, and the waiter came in, followed by Jennifer. Jennifer walked up to Oscar and extended her hand, saying, "Hi, Mr. Clinton, my name is Jennifer Larson. You can call me Jennifer." After glancing at her, Oscar simply took a sip of water from his glass, ignoring her outstretched hand. Jennifer was a little embarrassed but soon recomposed herself. Flipping her hair seductively, she asked, "You're not a petty man who would be mad with a woman who's late, are you, Mr. Clinton?"

Oscar took a sip of his water and stated, "I don't like people who are late, regardless of gender." "Don't you know that being late is in a woman's nature? Don't you even have the magnanimity to wait for a woman for a few minutes?" asked Jennifer while sitting down. "Depends on who the woman is. If it's my wife, I have no problem waiting for her for two hours. If it's a woman like you, I'd advise you to be punctual. Otherwise, it'll be very off-putting." Jennifer's mouth twitched as she commented, "It turns out you're such a petty man, Mr. Clinton. You're actually embarrassing girls so ungentlemanly."

Without even looking at her, Oscar glanced at the waiter, who was standing at the side bewildered, and said, "We're ready to order." The waiter was relieved and immediately handed over the menu. "Here you go, Mr. Clinton." "Give it to her." The waiter immediately gave the menu to Jennifer and said, "Here's the menu, Ms. Larson." Jennifer casually ordered three dishes before she pushed the menu to Oscar. "Your turn, Mr. Clinton." Oscar then ordered another three dishes and one appetizer before handed the menu back to the waiter, saying, "That's it. You may leave."

"Please wait for a while, Mr. Clinton, Ms. Larson. Your food will be served soon." The waiter went out. After the waiter closed the door, Jennifer crossed her arms and asked, "Mr. Clinton, I suppose you don't just want to meet me for dinner, do you?" "Why did you send me those photos?" asked Oscar straightforwardly. Jennifer took a sip of water and asked instead, "Don't you like my gift, Mr. Clinton?"

"No man will like it after seeing his own wife cheat on him," retorted Oscar. "Is that so? You don't seem to be angry, though. Instead, you look like you're having fun. Do you like seeing your woman hook up with her boss? You aren't a coward, are you?" said Jennifer with a smile.

## Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 90

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

Chapter 90 A Meeting With Jennifer, Love You Enough to Leave You  
Oscar gave her a grim look, saying, "Ms. Larson, you're prettier than I imagined, but I detest your character. I don't like women like you. You're miles behind Amelia." Jennifer's lovely face turned menacing. "Jennifer, the reason I called you here today was to warn you not to touch Amelia. I won't permit anyone to interfere with my marriage. Whether she cheats on me or divorces me is my own affair. Mind your own business. The Larsons may have a strong base overseas, but

they are nothing compared to the Clintons here. Get this into your head," Oscar threatened. Jennifer gaped at Oscar incredulously.

"Mr. Clinton, what's so good about Amelia? You've seen the photos, yet you're still willing to let her stay by your side?" "Ms. Larson, that's between Amelia and me. I don't have to explain anything to you," Oscar replied icily. Jennifer crossed her arms, scoffing, "Who would've thought that a prominent figure, like yourself, would still be tied to your wife's apron strings?" "You don't have to concern yourself with me," Oscar retorted. "Watch out for yourself. If these photos are leaked, you know what the consequences are." Jennifer snickered. "Don't worry, Mr. Clinton. I'm not that clueless.

But in terms of mutual compatibility, I think Cassie Yard's a more suitable match for you. You've known Cassie for so many years, almost got married, and now she's even carrying your child! Wouldn't you say your destiny is more aligned with Cassie's than Amelia's?" Oscar's face darkened. "How do you know Cassie?" Jennifer took a sip of her tea and made as if to speak. Just then, the door opened, and a few handsome waiters swarmed into the room. They quickly filled the table with multiple dishes. "Mr. Clinton, Ms. Larson, the food you ordered has arrived. Please enjoy your meal," one of the young men said politely.

Oscar picked out a couple of bills from his wallet and handed them to the waiter. "Your tip." The young man who had spoken received them and thanked Oscar profusely. "Thank you. Mr. Clinton. If there are no other requests, we'll head back downstairs." Oscar nodded. After the waiters had made their exit, Jennifer remarked, "Mr. Clinton, you sure are magnanimous towards working-class folk." "How do you know Cassie?" Like a dog with a bone, Oscar refused to let Jennifer change the subject. "I don't know Cassie; I merely didn't see what was so fantastic about Amelia, so I went about my own investigation into the matter.

I was rather astonished to find out along the way that you're quite the hopeless romantic at heart," Jennifer replied snarkily. "Don't you dare touch Cassie either, or I'll see that you regret it," Oscar warned. Jennifer shrugged. "Don't worry, Mr. Clinton. I've got nothing against Ms. Yard. Don't you think that it's a little greedy of you, trying to have the best of both worlds, though? It's rather uncommon to see someone cheat as brazenly as you. However, I suppose it's another trick you men employ to get away with things." Oscar stood up. "Don't mess with Amelia again.

I don't take kindly to others interfering with what belongs to me. I'm the only one who can say no to our marriage," he declared. Having said his piece, Oscar stalked off, leaving Jennifer alone with a table full of untouched dishes. Jennifer laughed scornfully, then slammed her fist onto the table with a resounding thud. She muttered hatefully, "Amelia, you're an absolute vixen! You've got Carter protecting you, and even after seeing those shameful photos of yours, Oscar has even stepped up his defense of you. Why? Why?" Jennifer had never imagined that the effort she'd spent humiliating Amelia, and expelling her from the Clintons, would have been so easily negated by Oscar.

Jennifer knew that she couldn't afford to offend Oscar and made sure to tread carefully around him. As Oscar had pointed out, the Larsons were rich but were out of their depth here. Their tremendous power and influence overseas was ultimately no match for the Clintons' home advantage. Jennifer didn't want to



risk angering Oscar, who might force the untimely retreat of the Larsons back home with their tails between their legs. Jennifer liked Carter. She had planned to foster strong connections here, facilitating the import of their company's products and easing their entry into the local market.

Before she accomplished that, she had to be wary of displeasing Oscar. Jennifer couldn't let all her efforts thus far go to waste. "You're lucky, Amelia. However, there is no way I will allow you to steal Carter away from me. He's mine," Jennifer declared emphatically. She picked up her bag and left. The sumptuous dishes remained on the table, gradually turning cold. Meanwhile, Oscar was headed to the hospital. When he arrived outside Amelia's room, peals of laughter drifted out from it. Through the glass, he saw Tiffany dancing comically for Amelia, who was lying on the bed.

Olivia sat in a corner preparing fruits, occasionally joining in the fun. Amelia looked as if she was in better shape than the day before. Watching her, Oscar felt a strange sense of relief. Having seen her collapse unconscious in Tiffany's arms the previous night, Oscar couldn't deny that anxiety had risen unbidden in his throat. At that moment, the only thought that had filled his mind was, *I'll willingly put up with a million of those photos, as long as Amelia and the baby are fine!* Transfixed by the scene before him, Oscar did not realize that the corners of his mouth had curled up into a faint smile.

He looked happy. Oscar had only intended to drop by, but he remained at the window staring in for the longest time. All of a sudden, his phone rang shrilly with a call from Olivia. A moment later, the door of the room was wrenched open from the inside. Olivia stood in the doorway, asking, "Oscar, why didn't you come in? Amelia's waited for you the whole day. Quick, come in." Oscar felt as though he had been thoroughly exposed. However, his embarrassment was barely indiscernible on his solemn face. "Mom." "Come in then! What are you still standing there for?"

Olivia demanded, chuckling. Tugging at his arm, she exclaimed, "Amelia, look who's here!" Oscar and Amelia glanced at each other awkwardly. The photographs from last night had utterly cemented the conflict between them. The initial intimacy of their marriage had entirely evaporated, leaving behind two strangers in its wake. Tiffany's smile had faded when Oscar entered the room. She picked up her things and said, "Mrs. Clinton, I have some unfinished drafts that my editor is harassing me over. I'll leave to do them. Please take good care of Amelia. If you're busy, give me a call." Olivia smiled genially. "You've cared for Amelia the whole day and gone to much trouble yourself.

When Amelia is discharged, I'll whip up a few dishes to thank you properly." Tiffany returned her smile. "No need for such courtesies, Mrs. Clinton! Amelia's my good friend, so it's only right that I take care of her. I'll make a move first then." Olivia nodded. Tiffany turned to Amelia. "Babe, call me if there's anything, okay? It's not healthy for you to keep everything to yourself, got it?" "Got it," Amelia replied. "Take care and give me a call when you reach home." Tiffany gestured "OK" and left without so much as a glance in Oscar's direction. Olivia spoke.

"Oscar, you look like a statue standing there. Amelia's been in the hospital for a whole day, but you've only just arrived. Anyone in her position would have given

you a tongue-lashing. Apologize to her right away! Don't let this become a source of unhappiness between you both." Oscar looked over at Amelia. However, she avoided his gaze, saying, "Mom, you've accompanied me the entire afternoon. Please go home and rest. The nurses will look after me here." Olivia understood immediately. She said meaningfully, "I'll go home first to prepare some food. I'll be back at ten o'clock later.

Oscar, Amelia's pregnant, so you must be sure to take good care of her. I won't forgive you if anything happens to her or the baby." Oscar nodded obediently. Olivia turned back to Amelia and said, "Amelia, I'll be off then. Don't think too much about the photographs. I'll deal with that. Your priority now is to take care of yourself and the baby. The Clintons still have the ability to handle a few photographs, I'm sure." Amelia gratefully replied, "Thank you, Mom." Olivia patted Amelia on the head fondly, then remarked, "Have a good rest. Don't overthink. I'll be back at ten."

"Take care, Mom. Drive safe," Amelia replied. After Olivia left, silence descended upon the room at once. Unable to think of anything to say to the other, the air between Oscar and Amelia hung heavy with tension. Oscar cleared his throat uneasily, then said, "Are you feeling better?" Amelia looked at him, then said earnestly, "I'm sorry, Mr. Clinton. I really don't know what happened regarding that matter with the photographs, but I can explain. There's absolutely nothing between Carter and me. I see him solely in the capacity of a good friend." Oscar looked solemn. "Don't worry.

I've already dealt with the photographs. Just be more careful not to get caught in the future; I don't like cleaning up after other people." Amelia looked at Oscar, her expression incomprehensible. After a moment's hesitation, she stammered, "Mr. Clinton, when will we get divorced?" Oscar's gaze pierced through Amelia. "What, you can't wait to fly back into the arms of your new love?" Amelia sighed. "Mr. Clinton, seeing as I'm in the hospital, can we discuss this reasonably? I admit that I'm wrong for allowing myself to be photographed in that way, but it was never my intention. I hope that even if we get divorced, you won't doubt that the baby is yours. He's your child. I don't want him to be treated as the product of carelessly-sown wild oats.

We can do a DNA test after he's born, but wouldn't that render the past five years of our marriage a complete joke?" Oscar's expression softened. He replied, "Who said that we were going to get divorced?" Speechless, Amelia looked at him. A smile hovered on Oscar's lips. "I've said this before: I'm the only one who can pronounce 'game over' on our marriage. All you have to do is accept my decision. When you're discharged, resign from your job. I don't want you to use work as an excuse to flirt with your supervisor. No man in his right mind can accept that from his wife."

Amelia went silent. "Are you unwilling to do that?" Oscar demanded. Amelia briefly hesitated, then nodded her head. "Okay." Oscar's stern features visibly relaxed. "I've found out who the photographer was. How exactly did you offend Jennifer? She forked out quite a hefty sum to get compromising photos of you," Oscar asked fascinatedly as he leaned against the back of the chair. Amelia looked at Oscar with astonishment. "Jennifer? Do you know her, Mr. Clinton?" Bemused, Oscar returned her look. "She's bullied my wife to such an extent.

How could I not find out who she was? Tell me, how did you manage to trigger such wrath in Jennifer within the two short months that you've been to work? It seems that you're rather adept not only at attracting men but also women's attention as well." Amelia nearly choked. She coughed violently. *What exactly did Oscar mean by that?* "Jennifer misunderstood. She thought that I was seeing Carter. That's why she hired someone to stalk me," Amelia answered honestly. Oscar felt another surge of anger. Hotly, he said, "Amelia, aren't you shameless?" Amelia took another look at Oscar, then fell silent again.