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Tiffany was the only one outside the ICU by the time they returned to the hospital. Olivia and Owen were nowhere to be found.

Oscar woke her up with a gentle nudge, and she sprung to her feet in a state of panic. "What is it? What happened? Did something happen to Amelia?"

James burst into laughter as he found her reaction adorable.

Tiffany pouted in annoyance when she realized what was going on. "What's so funny, James?"

James gave her a thumbs up and replied in his native tongue, "You're really cute, you know that?"

"Sorry, but I don't understand your language. Please speak Chanaean!" Tiffany snapped back at him.

"Ooh, a feisty one! That's exactly how I like my women! What do you think of dating a foreigner?" James replied with a chuckle.

Tiffany rolled her eyes at him in response.

Oscar jabbed at him with his finger and motioned at him to behave himself before asking, "Why are you the only one out here, Tiffany? Where are my parents?"

"They seemed tired, so I told them to head back and get some rest. I'm young, so I can afford to stay up for a day or two!" Tiffany tried to play it off casually, unaware of how pale her face was.

"Girl, you don't look so good. I think you're the one who needs rest here!" James said.

Oscar took another glance at her before turning towards James. "Why don't you send her home, James? I can take it from here."

"Happy to oblige!" James made an exaggerated bowing motion at Tiffany as he continued, "Milady, will you grant me the honor of escorting you home as your knight in shining armor?"

Tiffany rolled her eyes at him before asking Oscar, "Are you sure you can handle things by yourself?"

Having witnessed the friendship between Tiffany and Amelia, Oscar's attitude towards her had softened up significantly.

"Yeah, I'm sure. Don't worry, I'll take good care of Amelia."

Tiffany didn't bother to argue any further as she was really tired, especially after going two days without much sleep and having donated a lot of blood.

"All right, I'll head back, then. Call me if Amelia wakes up, okay? Oh, and do visit your baby if you've got the time!" Tiffany reminded him before leaving with James.

"Do you have a Chanaean driver's license?" she asked James the moment they got into his car.

James shook his head honestly. "Nope."

Tiffany rolled her eyes at him. "I think I'd better get off, then. Don't want to end up being arrested in the middle of the night."

James was a little taken aback as it was his first time being embarrassed by a woman.

"Um, Tiffany... Sorry, is it okay if I address you as Tiffany? If memory serves, I was the one who rescued you and your best friend, and this is how you repay my kindness?"

Tiffany leaned against the seat casually as she said, "Sorry, but I don't really like foreigners, so I can't really repay your kindness here."

James shrugged in confusion. "Why?"

"It's because of the difference in our beliefs. You foreigners are too open-minded, whereas I'm a very conservative Chanaean girl. I doubt we'd even click at all!" Tiffany replied.

"I think you have a huge misconception towards foreigners. It's true that we may be a bit more open-minded, but we're also very gentlemanly and will never force anything on anyone. Besides, I think we're fated to have met each other."

Holy sh*t, he's almost at the level of a native speaker! Tiffany couldn't help but find herself impressed at how fluent he was in Chanaean.

"How long have you been studying Chanaean, James? You seem to be a natural at it!"

James shot her a smug look. "What's the matter? Have you fallen for me?"

"Pfft... Only immature girls would fall for someone like you!"

"Haha... You really are something else, you know that? I bet most men wouldn't be able to handle your level of feistiness!"

"See, that's why I don't date most men! They're too weak to handle me!"

James gave her a thumbs-up. "You and Amelia may look very different from each other, but you two are similar in the way you both talk! That probably explains why you two are such good friends. How does that Chanaean saying go again? Chicks of a feather flock together?"

Tiffany almost choked with laughter when she heard that.

Chicks of a feather flock together? Could this guy get any more hilarious?

"Hahaha... You mean birds of a feather flock together? Please don't try and sound smart with these proverbs if you don't know them that well, or you'll just embarrass yourself without even realizing it!"

"Thanks for correcting me."

Tiffany eased up on her attitude towards him as she felt a lot more relaxed. "You seem like a real gentleman, James. How did you and Oscar get to know each other? What do you make of him? Do you think he's a playboy?"

James shot her a glance. "Are you conducting a background check right now?"

"Just gathering some intel!" Tiffany replied while snapping her fingers.

James chuckled and seemed to be in a good mood. "Oz is actually a really great guy, except for the fact that he can be really dense when it comes to women. A lot of girls have tried hitting on him, but he would run away from them each time. Would you believe if I told you that he was still a virgin before marrying Amelia?"

Tiffany arched an eyebrow at him, showing her utter disbelief in his statement.

"Yeah, I get that a lot. Most people don't believe that because of that cool act he puts up in front of others, but he actually has little to no experience when it comes to romance. You know what he told me when he had his first girlfriend? He said he wanted to wait till they were married before having sex with her! That has got to be the most innocent thing I've ever heard! And yet, I can't bring myself to laugh at him because I would never be able to do that myself."

Tiffany was still unable to believe what she had just been told.

Were Amelia and Oscar both virgins before they get married? Ugh, I can't bring myself to think about it!

"That wasn't funny, you know?" she said while feeling goosebumps all over.

James shrugged and let out a chuckle. "Yeah? It wasn't a joke, though."

Tiffany couldn't help but burst out in laughter when she imagined Oscar being all innocent and pure.

"I'm a little tired... Wake me up when we get there, okay?" she mumbled as she closed her eyes to take a nap.

"I'm a foreigner, remember? I don't know the way to your house!" James said with a smile.

Tiffany smacked herself on the forehead. "Oh, right... Your Chanaean is so fluent that I forgot you weren't local..."

Just like that, the two of them had a pleasant chat on the drive to her place, and whatever awkward tension between them seemed to have disappeared completely.

Meanwhile, Oscar went back into the ICU after obtaining permission from the nurses and fell asleep right next to Amelia.

By the time he woke up, he noticed Amelia's finger twitching a little. Thinking it was just his imagination, he rubbed his eyes and took a closer look at her hand, only to realize that it was indeed moving. It felt so surreal that Oscar stared at it for over a minute before thinking of calling for the doctors.

After conducting a brief examination, the Dr. Kane smiled brightly at him as he said, "Mr. Clinton, your wife's condition is slowly returning to normal, and we can have her transferred to the regular ward shortly after. It truly is a miracle that she's able to regain consciousness so quickly!"

What Oscar felt at the time was something that words could not describe.

"Is Amelia really okay?" he asked while grabbing on to Dr. Kane's arm.

"Yes, Mr. Clinton. Don't worry, she's recovering a lot better than we expected. In fact, it wouldn't be an overstatement to say she's the strongest woman I've ever seen. Despite the injuries she has sustained from the accident, she has given birth to a perfectly unharmed baby and managed to pull through herself. She truly is the greatest mother in existence."

Oscar found himself tearing up as he thanked the doctors profusely.

The doctors simply smiled at him in response.

They were well aware of Amelia's condition when they first saw her and had actually presumed that she wouldn't make it. However, she had surprised them all by surviving her serious injuries and giving birth to a perfectly healthy baby, which led to them considering her case a miracle. It wasn't exactly common for people to survive that many fractures and ruptured organs, after all.

Although unconfirmed, it was also possible that her strong will to survive had something to do with it.

As such, the doctors at the scene couldn't help but let out a cheer in response to her amazing feat.

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It was seven in the evening when Amelia woke up. She opened her eyes and found herself staring at a white ceiling, alone in the room. She looked confused. Her mind was in a blank. She could not recall where she was and why she was there.

She struggled to try to sit up. The moment she made one tiny move, her whole body was in pain. It was a throbbing pain that engulfed her, from her head to the tip of her toes.

She let out a yelp as the pain was excruciating.

The oxygen mask she was wearing muffled her, but her pain showed in her teary, red eyes.

She could only stare helplessly at the ceiling. She felt panicky as there was no one around.

However, she could not even call out loud for attention due to the oxygen mask.

Amelia could only whimper in pain. She tried to move her body but she washed over with immense pain.

At that vulnerable moment, the door opened, and a tall figure walked in.

When Amelia saw that, she calmed down a little. She kept her eyes wide open, hoping to make contact with that person.

The other party seemed to have noticed she was awake, scurried over to her bedside, bent down, and asked softly, "You are awake?"

Amelia could not take her eyes off the handsome face that appeared in front of her. Oscar Clinton, I am so glad to see you. She wanted to speak but was unable to make a sound.

Oscar lovingly caressed her head and broke into a warm, soft smile. "I'm so glad you are awake."

Amelia wanted to smile back at him, but the oxygen mask was in the way.

Oscar planted a kiss on her forehead and tenderly said, "Be a good girl and stay still. I will go get the doctor."

He dashed out of the ward and rushed back with three doctors and two nurses.

Dr. Kane did a thorough check on Amelia. "Mr. Clinton, Mrs. Clinton is recovering well," he reassured with a comforting smile.

"Can that be removed?" Oscar pointed at the oxygen mask and asked.

Dr. Kane nodded, "Yes, it can be removed. She is still weak so avoid talking too much as it can be overexerting. Mr. Clinton, please be mindful not to let her tired herself out."

Dr. Kane instructed the nurse to remove the oxygen mask from Amelia and asked, "Mrs. Clinton, how do you feel?"

Amelia smiled feebly at him. Her mind was still in a complete blank. "What happened to me? How did I end up here?"

Dr. Kane spoke gently. "You were involved in a car accident. Don't you remember?"

His words evoked a flashback and Amelia's memories came flooding back. She instantly turned pale. She looked down at her flat tummy with despair and horror in her eyes. "Baby! Where's my baby?" she cried.

"Mrs. Clinton, calm down. Your baby is fine. You gave birth to a healthy baby boy three days ago. He has been waiting for his mommy to wake up. He is a little fighter, so are you." Dr. Kane was quick to reassure Amelia.

Amelia still had a look of disbelief. "You are not lying to me, are you?"

"It is true. Your baby is doing very well. He is in the nursery. You will get to see him once you are well enough." Dr. Kane gave her a very reassuring smile.

Amelia was finally convinced, and she broke into a tender smile.

"Thank you! Thanks for saving my child and me." She fervently thanked Dr. Kane.

"Don't mention it. I am only doing my job as a doctor. The most important thing is you are okay."

Dr. Kane then turned to give Oscar some detailed instructions before heading out with his team.

Oscar carefully supported Amelia to sit up, lovingly fed her some water.

Amelia had never seen this loving, gentle side of Oscar. She was in a state of disbelief. She gazed at him, love-struck.

"Why? You have forgotten how I looked like in just a few days?" he softly teased her.

Amelia lightly shook her head. "Mr. Clinton, I find you exceptionally good-looking today. I have this blissful feeling as if you belong to me and only me." A family with a loving husband and child was the simple joy a woman yearned for.

"You are too easy to please." Oscar caressed her hair and jested.

Amelia leaned back on her pillow, her gaze never leaving Oscar. All of a sudden, she grinned and mocked him. "Mr. Clinton, you look haggard. Your eyes are bloodshot. How long have you not been sleeping?"

"Almost two days. You were unconscious for so long. If you continued to be so, I would want to turn into a prince so I can kiss my beautiful princess to wake her," Oscar jokingly replied.

Amelia's cheeks flushed and there was a warm, fuzzy feeling in her heart. "Come lie down with me and rest for a while. The bed is big enough for the two of us," she invited.

Oscar bent forward to kiss her on the lips. "Are you feeling sorry for me?"

Amelia looked away to avoid his passionate gaze and murmured, "I am just worried you will be tired out."

Oscar chuckled. The joy of seeing her wake up from the coma was priceless, way more satisfying than winning projects worth billions.

He gently nibbled her ears and softly lectured her. "Woman, you gave me a big scare this time. Promise me that in the future, even if you are mad with me, you

will not behave so recklessly. Okay? I do not want to go through this horrible fear of losing my loved ones ever again."

A wide blissful smile appeared on Amelia's face. However, she was soon feeling exhausted, as she had not fully recovered.

Oscar tucked her in and urged her to rest. "Sleep if you are tired. I will be here by your side."

Amelia nodded and fell asleep shortly.

Olivia and Owen came in through the door. Olivia sighed with disappointment after checking on Amelia. "Amelia is still in a coma?" she asked Oscar.

Oscar gave her a big smile. "She woke up a while ago. Dr. Kane had examined her. He said she is still weak but recovering well," he announced joyfully.

"Really?" Olivia let out a sigh of relief and beamed as Oscar nodded to reassure her.

Olivia pushed a bag of food into Oscar's hands and urged him to eat. "Oscar, you go take a bite. Your dad and I will watch over Amelia."

Oscar took the food and sat down on the couch. The aroma of the food was heavenly. He started wolfing it down. He was famished.

When he went for supper with James the night before, he ate close to nothing but drank heavily. He suffered from a hangover when he came back to the ward.

It has been three days since Amelia was warded after her accident. He has not been sleeping nor eating much. It was only adrenaline that kept him going during this period.

He finished the food in no time and let out a satisfied burp after the good meal, very unbecoming for the usual suave Oscar Clinton. "Mind your manners," Olivia chuckled and chided him half-heartedly. Deep inside, it pained her to see how exhausted he was in the past few days.

Oscar had always been polished and charming. Never had anyone seen him looking so disheveled. In the past few days, all his attention was on Amelia. He did not even bother to shave. Only fools would believe he had no feelings for Amelia.

They had been married for many years, after all. He would have to be a cold-blooded beast to be not affected when Amelia got so badly injured in the accident.

Olivia could clearly see the love and concern Oscar had for Amelia. She was heartened.

Her simple wish was for the two to enjoy a loving, blissful life together, and for her grandson to grow up in a happy and warm family.

“Oscar, it was a close call for Amelia. Please be nice to her from now on. I do not know if Dr. Kane had told you about the blood clot in her brain. She may lose her sight in the future, so you have to be mentally prepared for that. Do give in to her a little,” Olivia earnestly pleaded with Oscar.

Oscar’s mood darkened. “Mom, Amelia will be okay.” He was resolute in his belief.

Olivia looked at the frail-looking Amelia and sighed. “Of course, my hope is for her to make a full recovery too. She is my daughter-in-law, but she is also a daughter to me. Most people had experienced conflicts in their in-law relationships, but I was very comfortable with her. I could confide in her the things I could not share with your dad, you, and Steph. She is a good listener and always gives me good feedback. Honestly, I really like her.”

Olivia paused for a moment, then added, “If she really goes blind someday, promise me, Oscar, you will take good care of her.” Olivia was really one of a kind as a mother-in-law.

Oscar side-stepped by replying, “Mom, I will sort out my personal affairs.”

Olivia did not pursue further. She sat down by Amelia’s bedside and stroked her hair. “She has lost so much weight.”

“She is lucky to be alive. You can prepare nutritious meals for her after she is discharged. Don’t worry. She will regain the weight lost.” Owen consoled her, easing her worry.

“Oscar, after Amelia is discharged, the two of you move back to the Clinton residence. We have more helpers so they can take better care of Amelia. I will also be able to see my grandson every day and chat with Amelia whenever I am free,” Olivia appealed to Oscar.

Oscar did not readily agree to her request.

He thought about it for a while, then suggested, “Why don’t we let Amelia decide when she gets better? I have no objection to that. As you know, Steph has issues with Amelia. If she keeps giving Amelia an attitude, everyone will end up being unhappy at home. Amelia is still weak. I do not wish to put her through that.”

His words silenced Olivia. She knew if Steph and Amelia stayed under the same roof, their hostile relationship would be a problem. Whenever the family spoke about Amelia, Steph would lose her temper or accuse them of siding with Amelia. No one could persuade her to change her mind.

Olivia was caught between her daughter and daughter-in-law. If she were to defend any party, the other would be unhappy, and thus their conflict would worsen. Even a wise lady like her could not figure a way out of this.

"Oscar, maybe you can try to talk to your sister. Steph seemed to have some misunderstanding with Amelia." Olivia was trying to pass on the hot potato to Oscar.

Oscar gave it a thought and declined, "Mom, leave Steph alone. She's still young. Soon, she will be married and occupied with matters of her new family. She would not have the time and energy to bother us anymore."

Olivia rolled her eyes. "She is too frivolous. I don't think she will settle down anytime before she is thirty. She is not nasty in nature, just quick-tempered and easily swayed by others. We made the mistake of spoiling her rotten, giving in to her constantly since she was young. Now we are unable to reason with her anymore."

"Okay, mom. I will find time to have a chat with Steph," Oscar promised.

"You are her brother. She will likely open her heart to you. Your dad and I had over-indulged her. If we try to be firm with her now, she might rebel. You are the best person to talk some sense into her." Olivia explained and Oscar nodded in agreement.

As they were speaking, James came in through the door, interrupting their conversation.

James gave Olivia a big hug and started sweet-talking her. "Mrs. Clinton, you are beautiful as ever."

Olivia was charmed by him. "James, many girls must have fallen for you because of your glib tongue."

"Beauties like you are hard to come by. Those who fell for me are mainly innocent, gullible girls." James continued his smooth-talking.

Olivia was tickled. "You are a good boy and you are old enough to settle down. Find yourself a good girl, get married, and have a few kids. Even if you are from a different culture, our goal in life should be the same, isn't it?" Olivia chuckled and advised him.

James nodded his head vigorously. "You are so right, Mrs. Clinton. I feel the same way! If you have any suitable girls, please link us up. I will definitely do my best to win her heart."

Olivia doubtfully eyed him.

James could sense her uncertainty, so he stood up straight and assured, "I am serious, Mrs. Clinton. I had enough of this footloose life and really wished to settle down. I planned to stay here in Chanaea permanently. If you have any suitable beautiful girls, please be my matchmaker and introduce them to me."

That really delighted Olivia. She gave it a thought and figured, "My goddaughter is a wonderful lady."

"Goddaughter?" James was clueless who that was.

"Yes. Tiffany. You met her yesterday."

"Mrs. Clinton, Tiffany is your goddaughter?" James was stunned.

"Yes. We have not done a proper announcement to everyone yet. After Amelia gets well, we will throw a party to introduce Tiffany. Although you are a foreigner, you understand our culture and speak our language well. There should not be any communication barrier. I think the two of you will make a good match. However, I can only do the introduction. At the end of the day, it depends on how you feel about each other. If there is no chemistry between the two of you, then I can't insist on pairing you up," Olivia said.

James gave her a thumbs-up and exclaimed, "This is a great idea!"

Oscar was anxious and could not hold back anymore. He pulled James over. "James, come over and examine Amelia. How is she faring?"

James obliged and did an examination. He smilingly declared, "Amelia is recovering well. If she does not suffer from complications over the next two weeks, she should be able to discharge and continue her recuperation at home."

Oscar breathed a sigh of relief.

"James, she is really doing well?" Olivia wanted to be sure.

"Mrs. Clinton, I am quite a skillful doctor. Don't you trust me?" James jested.

"Of course, I do!"

James could not help asking, "Mrs. Clinton, do you really plan to introduce your goddaughter to me?"

Even before Olivia could answer, Oscar gave him a big boot on his back.

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James tumbled forward. Olivia helped him up and chided, "Oscar, what is that for?"

Oscar slapped himself on the forehead in exasperation and cried, "Mom! Why are you wasting time with this joker? He is a playboy with countless women around him. If you introduce Tiffany to him, Amelia will give you an earful."

James was aggrieved. "Oz, that is not fair. I do sincerely want to settle down with a Chanaean wife. If you sully my name again, I will cut you off."

Olivia was amused by the two. "Okay, okay. I was also joking," she clarified.

"Mrs. Clinton, you can't joke about such matters. I am serious. Tiffany is not bad. Although she cannot measure up to Amelia, she is also a beauty. She is my kind of girl. You have to introduce her to me." James hopped over to Olivia and protested.

Olivia was shocked. "You are serious about this?"

James put on a solemn face to reassure her.

Olivia kept quiet instead as she actually made that suggestion just to tease him.

When Tiffany walked in, she immediately sensed awkwardness in the air. She got goosebumps when James kept stealing glances at her.

As the elders were present, she just gave him a dirty look, then ignored him. She went forward to greet the rest. "Hello, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton. How are you doing?"

Olivia pulled her close and quipped, "Stop calling us Mr. and Mrs. Clinton. We agreed you will be my goddaughter, won't you? You should be calling me godma instead. You and Amelia are close friends, so we are family from now on."

Tiffany felt a little uneasy. She was wondering why the huge change in atmosphere and attitudes overnight. She redirected the conversation by asking, "Mrs. Clinton, how is Amelia? Has she woken?"

Olivia beamed, "Don't worry, my dear. Oscar said she briefly woke up once this morning. She fell asleep again, as she is still weak."

Tiffany was comforted by that news. She went to Amelia's bedside to check on her. She was still pale and had lost much weight.

"Amelia has lost weight," she moaned.

"Unfortunately, yes. After she is discharged, we will prepare nutritious food for her to build up her health again. You have lost weight too. I will get Molly to prepare some chicken soup for you. You haven't had any proper rest after the blood transfusion to Amelia. You don't look too good yourself. Why don't I get James to go with you to somewhere nice for a proper meal?" Olivia offered.

Tiffany felt weird. She could sense Olivia was trying to pair her up with James.

"It's okay, Mrs. Clinton. I ate before I came over," she excused herself.

James jumped at the opportunity and offered, "Let's go, pretty lady. Give me a chance to be a gentleman and escort you."

Just as Tiffany was contemplating an appropriate response to rebuke James, a weak voice murmured, "Mom, Tiff, you are all here."

Tiffany immediately turned her attention back to Amelia and marveled, "Amelia, you are awake?"

She walked over and squatted down by her bed. It was only upon seeing a lively Amelia that her mind could finally settle.

With the burden off her chest, Tiffany started sobbing, "Babe, you gave me a big fright. I was so terrified you would not make it through all those operations. Babe, you really scared me silly."

Amelia raised her arm with difficulty and gently patted Tiffany's head. "I'm okay now. Don't cry, my dear."

Tiffany dried her tears. "Do I look a mess, babe?" she asked, she was aware that she looked a little hideous as she had been laughing and crying at the same time.

"No. You are beautiful, even with messed-up make-up. You are the most gorgeous girl to me," Amelia teased, causing Tiffany to break into a laugh.

Olivia walked over to join them. "Amelia." She held Amelia's hand and called her lovingly.

Amelia gave her a smile and apologized, "Mom, I am sorry I made you worry for me."

Olivia shook her head and said, "It doesn't matter, so long as you are okay. I was worried sick when you had to go through so many surgeries. Please don't scare me like that anymore. I have a weak heart. I cannot take that much shock."

"I'm really sorry, mom." Amelia was feeling more apologetic.

"Silly girl, stop apologizing. So long as you can get well, everything will be fine." Olivia consoled her dotingly.

Then, she beamed, "Your baby is very adorable. His tiny feet and hands are strong. He has your nose and eyes and Oscar's lips. He inherited all the best qualities from both of you and is a handsome little fella. He may be only three days old, but he has grown much bigger compared to other babies,"

"Mom, can I see him now?" Amelia asked longingly.

Olivia patted her hand to pacify her. "I know you are anxious to see him, but you have not fully recovered, and baby has weak immunity. I promise I will get the staff to bring him over in a few days' time."

Amelia could only suppress her anxiousness.

Olivia added, "Baby is doing very well. He is very healthy. The doctors were impressed that he managed to escape unscathed from that accident. It was a miracle."

Amelia was heartened. On that fateful day, when the car came crashing into them, she instinctively protected her stomach. The only thought on her mind was to shield the baby and ensure no harm came his way. The rest was a blur to her.

"Everyone is full of praise for you. What a great mommy you are. It was because of your protection that he could escape unharmed," Olivia shared.

Amelia smiled blissfully. As long as her baby is fine, everything else does not matter.

Olivia smoothed her hair and proposed, "You rest well and don't worry about a thing. When you are well enough to be discharged, we go home to the Clinton residence. I will take good care of you and your baby.

Amelia just gave her a smile and said nothing, side-stepping the issue about moving to the Clinton residence.

"Amelia, do you remember me?" James tried to make his presence known.

Amelia looked at him and smiled. "James."

"Amelia, you have such a good memory. We have not met for many months and yet you could remember my name. That is an absolute honor to me," James declared with exaggeration and successfully made Amelia laugh.

"James, you are a handsome and skillful doctor. Most importantly, you saved Tiff's life. How can I possibly forget you? I am really grateful you took time off your busy schedule to rush over to help Tiff." Amelia was sincerely filled with gratitude.

James was thrilled and he shamelessly boasted, "Amelia, I worked hard to save you this time around too. After you have fully recovered, you will have to buy me a good meal!"

Tiffany glared at him. She had never meet such a thick-skinned man.

Amelia chuckled, "Thank you very much, James. I will definitely invite you to a good meal after I recover."

"Saving a life is no small matter, Amelia. I know you can't repay me by marrying me, but you can introduce your best friend to me. What do you say?" James joked.

Amelia was stupefied.

Tiffany would have none of that. She thumped on his feet and growled, "What nonsense is that? Do you think I won't dare to tear you apart?"

James cowered in exaggeration. "Amelia, your friend is fierce as a tigress. Aren't you going to tell her off?"

His act made Amelia laughed out loud. That pulled the muscle on her injury, causing her to grimace in pain.

"All your fault for spouting nonsense," Tiffany yelled at and hit James.

Amelia was amused by the two of them. "Tiff, stop it. James is a guest from overseas, after all. You can't treat a guest with such violence." Tiffany obediently obliged.

Oscar gently held her in his arms and whispered, "Are you okay? Is it hurting?"

"I am fine," Amelia assured him.

Oscar looked up and glared at James, signaling him to stop his mischief. James stopped his antics and apologized, "I am sorry, Amelia. I was just kidding. Please don't mind me."

"Relax. I am fine." Amelia smiling reassured him. She turned to Oscar and asked for the time.

"It is coming to eleven."

"Dad, Mom, James rarely gets to travel to Chanaea. Could you play host and invite him to a good meal? You don't have to worry about me. I will be fine here. There are two nurses caring for me," Amelia requested.

Olivia looked to Owen for consent and he nodded.

"Of course. James and his mentor joined in to perform the life-saving surgeries on you. You may not have woken up so soon if not for their help. We definitely owe them a thank you and a treat." Olivia said. "Oscar, you stay here with Amelia."

James was ruffled by that. "I was just kidding, Mrs. Clinton. It is not necessary. We can have a meal together another time."

"No, we owe you, your mentor, and all the medical staff here a treat. Unfortunately, with their busy schedules, we may not be able to successfully invite everyone. If that happens, we will present them with a thank you gift instead," Olivia insisted.

James could not refuse Olivia's invitation. He made Tiffany go along as well.

After they left, Oscar and Amelia found themselves alone in the ward.

Amelia pondered for a while and asked, "Is James interested in Tiff?"

"He is just kidding. Don't mind him." Oscar waved his hand to brush things off.

Amelia looked at him and stated, "Mr. Clinton, let me state my stand in advance. I have no prejudice against foreigners. I just felt James and Tiff ain't a good match. He is wild and outstanding, always surrounded by hordes of beautiful women. Tiff is also outstanding but in her own way. They are worlds apart."

Oscar caressed her face. It was cold. He frowned and fretted, "Why is your face so cold?"

"Are you listening to me, Mr. Clinton?" Amelia was perturbed.

Oscar pinched her cheeks lightly and grumbled, "Woman, you are sick in bed. The doctors even predicted you could die. Currently, the only thing you should focus on is to get well. Cast your other worries aside." He kissed her on the lips and lovingly implored, "Stop worrying about others, okay?"

"Mr. Clinton, Tiff is not other people. She is my best friend."

Oscar saw the concerned look in her eye, so he relented and promised, "Okay, I promise I will not let James harass Tiffany. However, if they fall for each other, then that would be something that is beyond my control."

Amelia nodded in acceptance.

Oscar was planning on spending some quiet, intimate moments with Amelia. At that moment, the door was pushed open, and Oscar scowled when he saw the person entering through the door. Amelia's smile faded too.

"Oz, I heard Ms. Winters was also hospitalized, so I asked my mom to pushed me over to visit." Cassie was seated in a wheelchair. She looked pale and sounded feeble.

Amelia wanted to sit up, but winced in pain once she moved.

Oscar immediately supported her. "Stop moving around," he chided tenderly. Amelia returned him a smile.

Cassie was troubled by this loving scene, her fingers clenched tightly on the wheelchair's armrest.

"Oz, do you know that I also fainted after you left me yesterday? Don't you have any concern for me?" Cassie whined.

Oscar frowned slightly but kept his cool to cajole her.

"Cassie, I will visit you when I am free. Amelia is not feeling well and she needs her rest. Could you please leave us for now?"

Cassie was hurt and she groused, "Oz, you would not have done this to me in the past. You used to be in distress even on a small cut I get on my finger. How could you feel no empathy now, when I had a miscarriage, attempted suicide, and nearly fell to death because of you?"

Oscar was getting flustered. Amelia patted him on his hand and gave in. "Mr. Clinton, I think Ms. Yard is not feeling too well. Why don't you accompany her back to her ward?"

Oscar stared at her.

She avoided meeting his eyes and uttered softly, "Mr. Clinton, please send Ms. Yard back. After all, you owe her an explanation."

Oscar understood what she was getting at. This messy relationship arose because of him, and so he should be the one to resolve it. One wrong decision by him would hurt both the women.

He was confident when managing projects worth billions, but this love tangle put him in a bind. He had no full confidence he could handle it perfectly.

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Oscar planted a kiss on Amelia's forehead and excused himself. "I'll be right back."

Amelia nodded in consent.

Oscar walked out of the room with her and Elizabeth, but Cassie felt sad as she watched him from behind.

She took a deep breath and probed, "Oz, you are in love with her, aren't you?"

Oscar paused, then he replied, "She is my wife."

Cassie pouted in silence as they head back to her ward.

"Oscar, could you kindly help me carry Cassie back onto her bed?' Elizabeth requested.

Oscar hesitated for a brief moment. He went ahead to bend down and carried Cassie. She wrapped her arms around his neck and stared at him, enamored. "Oz, have I lost a lot of weight? Am I ugly now? You have not looked me in the eye for a long time. Do you not love me anymore because I am no longer beautiful?"

Oscar calmly put her down on her bed and turned to Elizabeth. "Mrs. Yard, have a seat too. We need to talk." He pointed at the sofa.

"Oz, let's talk between the two of us," Cassie pleaded.

Elizabeth looked tired and was not overbearing like the day before.

"Oz, you have a good talk with Cassie. I am tired and do not wish to be part of your affairs. I will wait outside." The threat of divorce from Charlie may have shocked her. She was visibly more subdued.

Oscar stepped forward and blocked her exit. "Mrs. Yard, why don't you sit down? Amelia is in her room with only two nurses. I do not wish for you to interrupt her rest."

Both Elizabeth and Cassie's faces fell upon hearing that.

Cassie face contorted as she shrieked, "Oz, are you worried my mom will hurt your wife?"

Oscar sat on the sofa, composed and with an air of dominance. "Better safe than sorry. In the past, I have over-indulged you. From now, I shall not allow you to even think of hurting Amelia." He made his stand very clear.

Cassie bit her lips. She had never seen Oscar behaved this way to her. She could see no love in his eyes.

What a big change in attitude! Did he lose all his love for me in just a few months? Or maybe he has never loved me?

She shivered at her own thoughts but quickly brushed them off. She would want to believe Oscar only wanted to scare her with such harsh threats. Indeed, she had to admit, she did go overboard and pushed his limits.

Yes, that must be it. He still loves me. Otherwise, he would not have tolerated all my nonsense.

Cassie was not sure how Oscar felt, so she whined meekly, "Oz, Ms. Winters is your wife. I will respect her. It is also my wish to be able to get along with her. I swear this is the truth."

"Cassie, I do not want to beat around the bush. After this accident, I realized how important Amelia is to me. I do not wish to divorce her. Let's break up," Oscar calmly declared.

Cassie was dumbfounded. She snapped out of the state of shock and hurled her pillow at Oscar. "Oscar Clinton, don't you have any conscience? You were in distress when she got into an accident. Why can't you feel anything when I had a miscarriage, attempted suicide, and almost fell to death?"

Oscar fixed his gaze at her. After a long while, he confessed, "Cassie, when love is gone, it is gone. Even if we forced ourselves to stay together, we would not be able to recapture the passion we had."

Cassie hid her face in her hands and cried her heart out.

Elizabeth walked up to her, hug her close, and consoled, 'Cassie baby, it's okay. Mommy is here for you.'

Cassie buried herself in her mom's embrace and wailed. Elizabeth gently patted her back to console her.

Elizabeth stared at Oscar coldly. Unlike her usual emotional self, she expressionlessly said, "Oscar, I had always thought you are a man. What a beast you turned out to be. If you did not love Cassie, why did you cozy up to her? After you took advantage of her, you just cast her aside with the lame excuse that you are not compatible?"

"I am prepared to make it up to her," Oscar stated firmly.

That was probably the biggest joke Elizabeth had ever heard.

"Oscar, my daughter bore with the bad name of being a homewrecker and gave up her bright future in Erihal for you. How are you going to make it up to her? With money? Mansion? Car? Shares? The Yard family is not that poor that we need to settle for such things," she sneered.

Oscar leaned back on the sofa and started reasoning. He spoke rationally. "Mrs. Yard, even if I had let Cassie down, what you just said was not fair. We were both willing parties in our love. The only time I supposedly took advantage of her, I was not conscious nor aware of what happened. I woke up to a bloodied stain on the bedsheet and Cassie's claim that I slept with her. From what I gathered, she had affairs with a few men before that. I don't believe she gave me her first time."

Cassie's expression changed. She stared at Oscar in disbelief. "Oz, you checked on me?" she asked dryly.

Oscar stood up. His towering figure was intimidating and his tone was cold. "Only someone with a clean reputation can marry into the Clinton family. One with a history of messy personal relationships would not qualify."

Cassie turned pale and clammy. So he was aware of the past she left behind in Erihal, yet he feigned ignorance. She thought she concealed it well, but apparently, nothing escaped him.

"Oz, you knew about my past. Why did you never bring that up before?" Cassie looked at Oscar and asked bitterly. "Was it satisfying for you to watch me desperately trying to hide my past like a fool?"

"No, I thought I love you, thus I was willing to overlook the wilful deeds you committed." Oscar did not accept her accusation.

Cassie was dumbfounded again. When she recovered from her shock, she cried out, "If you loved me then, why not now? What have I done wrong? Yes, I had relationships with a few men, but it was because I was trying to get you out of my mind. I wilfully went to Erihal and was mesmerized by the glamor there. I was enchanted by the unique culture and the newfound friends I had. That only lasted for a few months. I felt empty without you and started missing you a lot. I regretted leaving you. I wanted to come back to you, but when I heard you got married, I was furious. You kept saying you loved me, yet within a few months, you got married to a stranger. I felt cheated, so I started pubbing, clubbing, and going out with different men out of spite. It was all because I was trying to get over you. I did not date them for long."

She butterflied amongst men because she loved him? What a joke. "You have changed, Cassie." That was the only thing he could say.

"Oz, what about yourself? Have you not changed in these five years? On the surface, you seemed to indulge me, but in fact, you were reluctant to be intimate with me. You kept giving the laughable excuse of saving ourselves for marriage. I think you just despised my body."

Oscar only looked on quietly as she ranted.

Cassie felt she was being stabbed in her heart and she lost color on her face. "Oz, you are ruthless. You said you loved me, yet you kept your distance from me. The reason I chose to leave for Erihal on our wedding eve was that I was unsure if you really loved me. I was worried you only got used to having me around and what's between us was not love. My pride would never allow that, so I chose to run away."

Oscar was looking down, so one could not read his mind.

Cassie's eyes were red and she could not stop crying. "Oz, I really love you. I am willing to stay by your side without any condition. When you are tired, you can come back to me. Don't leave me, please. I know I was in the wrong. I promise I will not be wilful in the future. I will stay by your side without making any fuss. Please don't leave me," she pleaded.

Before Oscar could even utter a word in response, Elizabeth screamed, "Cassie, what are you saying?"

Cassie faced Elizabeth and shrilled, "Mom, keep out of our affairs. I love him. For him, I am willing to be called a homewrecker."

Elizabeth was raging with anger. She pointed her finger at Cassie and scolded, "Cassie Yard, go ahead and humiliate yourself. I can't be bothered anymore. How did I get a daughter like you? You brought shame to the family. In order to defend you, I nearly got divorced by your dad, yet you gave up your dignity for a man. I will wash my hands off your matters. You do as you like. I am going out for a breather." With that, she stormed out of the room.

Cassie watched her mom stomp off and there was no expression on her face.

She got down from her bed and walked up to Oscar. She kneeled in front of him and held his hand to her face, begging, "Please don't leave me, Oz. I know I had a blemished past, but I really love you. I cannot live without you. Please forgive me just this once. I will be good from now on."

Oscar withdrew his hand, stood up, and said, "Cassie, I think the most important thing at present is for you to rest well and get well. When you have recovered, we will sort out our affairs."

Cassie fell forward and grabbed his leg. "No, Oz, don't leave me. I don't believe you will be so heartless to me. I promise I will not threaten you with suicide in the future. Really! I will behave myself from now on, I swear."

Oscar looked down at her and firmly removed her hands. "Have a good rest. We will discuss again after you get well." With that, he ended their conversation and left.

Cassie collapsed on the floor. She looked on miserably as Oscar opened the door and disappeared into the doorway without turning back. A look of vengeance replaced the sorrow in her eyes.

"Oscar Clinton, you want to spend the rest of your life with Amelia in bliss? That's wishful thinking! If I can't have you, I will not allow Amelia Winters to have you either. You promised me you will divorce her. I will make sure that happens. She will definitely not stay as Mrs. Oscar Clinton forever," Cassie growled, her face contorted with rage.

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Chapter 189 June Appeared Again

Cassie struggled to get up from the ground and crawled into bed. She was lying on the bed like a lost soul while staring blankly at the snow-white ceiling.

Squeak! Suddenly, the door opened. Cassie looked toward the door, hoping to get up. While her eyes sparkled with anticipation, she uttered, "Oz, is that you?"

Much to her disappointment, it was not Oscar. Her eyes darkened immediately when she saw the visitor. "Why are you here?" Cassie asked feebly.

The visitor walked toward the bedside wickedly. He then asked condescendingly with his arms crossed, "Honey, aren't you happy to see me?"

With glazed eyes, Cassie looked at the man, who seemed to have disappeared for a century. "June, are you extremely happy to see my pathetic look?"

June bent down and pressed his lips against hers in a domineering manner. After breaking off the kiss, he licked his lips as if he still could not get enough of her and said with a devilish grin, "Honey, I've not touched you for such a long time, but you still taste so delicious!"

However, Cassie kept staring blankly at the ceiling like a soulless toy.

Then, June sat on the edge of the bed and forcefully turned her face toward him, forcing her to look at him. "I prefer you to look at me rather than the ceiling!"

Finally, Cassie shifted her gaze. Her lips were visibly dry and chapped. "Why are you here?"

He replied with a sarcastic smile, "I'm here to see how pathetic the woman who defied me is!"

She let out a bitter laugh and responded with profound sorrow in her voice, "You've seen it, so you can leave now!"

Upon hearing that, June burst out laughing insolently.

Cassie felt a jolt of anger. She immediately grabbed the pillow and flung it at June. Then, she yelled, pointing at the door, "Get out!"

Instead of leaving, he pulled a chair over and sat comfortably in it, looking at her idly. "Look at you! Now, you look like the old lady who sells veggies in the market. The charming pianist has turned into a pale-faced woman with no makeup, lying on the hospital bed and wallowing in self-pity, like an abandoned hag. Tsk, tsk! How pathetic and miserable you are!"

Her beautiful face was distorted with rage upon hearing his remark. She screamed, clenching her fists, "You are lying! I'm still as beautiful as ever!"

June took out a small mirror from nowhere and held it before Cassie, forcing her to look in the mirror. He said with a creepy smile, "Look at yourself in the mirror and see if you still recognize the horrible hag in there!"

Staring at herself in the mirror, Cassie frantically swung the mirror away from his hand all of a sudden. She lost control and yelled, putting her hands on the head, "No, this is not me! Why am I so ugly? I should be beautiful!"

Upon seeing that, June grabbed Cassie by her wrists, pulling her hands away from her head. "Honey, you're my goddess! I don't mind if you are beautiful or ugly!"

She was stunned by his words and stared blankly at him.

June raked his fingers through her hair and said affectionately, "Look, Oscar has pushed you to the wall. Would you reconcile yourself to being abandoned by him?"

Cassie remained dumbfounded.

He pulled her into his embrace and kissed her hair. "During this period, I've gone missing, so that you will appreciate I'm the only man who treats you selflessly. Get back together with me! I'll go after the man who bullied you! Well, don't worry about the sex video! It is the sweetest memory between us, and I'm reluctant to show your beautiful body to others!"

Cassie raised her head to look at June with her glazed eyes. Tears pooled her eyes, and she started bawling. She then buried her face against his shoulder, trying to vent her grievances after her vain attempts all that while.

June could not help but raise his hand to caress her hair. Though his movement was gentle, his gaze was frosty.

"Honey, I'd rather you let out tears of joy when having sex with me. Well, I allow you to cry over another guy this time. Don't you ever do that again!"

However, Cassie kept crying until the bitterness in her face faded to weary sadness. There were still tracks of tears on her face. She pushed him away. "June, you should leave now!"

Cassie behaved like an arrogant princess. She was reluctant to present her pathetic look to the man whom she did not love. Though she looked ugly with some faintly visible freckles on her cheeks, she was still the unattainable princess before other men. In fact, she loved being surrounded by men, but she would not allow them to pity her.

Instead of leaving, June stood still. His gaze regained some warmth, flashing a trace of past admiration for her.

He lifted her chin. "Wow, this is the Cassie Yard whom I know!"

She shifted her head aside, avoiding his grasp. "June, leave now! No matter what your purpose is, you've achieved it. I don't want you to see my pathetic look!"

Yet, June leaned forward, approaching her. He was so close that she could almost hear his breathing.

"Honey, you're still the most beautiful and charming woman, even if you look ugly now!"

Much to her irritation, she glared at him. "Leave me alone! It's not working between us. I've never loved you!"

June had his arms crossed, looking like an outsider who was in control of the situation and determined to win her heart.

He then mocked her. "Are you going to tell me that you are still in love with Oscar although he has hurt you and caused you to miscarry, become infertile, and even commit suicide?"

Immediately, her expression darkened, and anger poured through her. She panted, pointing at the door, "Go! Get lost now!"

When Cassie was shouting hysterically, June shot her an icy stare.

After that, he asked coldly, "Are you done?"

Cassie pressed her hand against her chest and panted vigorously while anger welled up in her chest.

In the end, she lost control and let out a wail. "Are you here to scoff at me for being a loser? Oh well, my beloved man abandoned me, just like years ago when I left him wilfully! It is his turn to abandon me this time, and I look very pathetic now. So what? I will definitely win him back!"

June's eyes expressed an array of emotions upon hearing her words. "You still love him even if he has hurt you deeply?"

Cassie glared at him with her bloodshot eyes and said stubbornly, "Yes, I love him! If I didn't love him, I wouldn't have tried so hard to crawl into his bed. I really love him so much that I'm willing to become a mistress even though I'll be spurned by others!"

June bent over and pinched her chin so hard that it was distorted. "Even if I tried my best to get back together with you, you'd rather stay with a man who doesn't love you at all?"

Cassie was struggling and trying to break free of his grasp, but she had not fully recovered yet and was not the opponent of a strong man at all.

She said with great difficulty, "You... bastard! Let go of me!"

Instantly, a spasm of irritation contorted his face. He leaned toward her ear. "Honey, what would happen if he watched your wild and sexy video? What do you think?"

Cassie's eyes widened in shock, and she shot him a scorching glare.

The anger on June's face vanished like magic. Then, he smiled wickedly with some unfathomable emotion in his eyes while caressing her cheek. "You are a bad girl and always deliberately annoy me!"

Uneasiness flickered briefly in Cassie's eyes as she was afraid of him. Indeed, he is a weirdo and often acts bizarrely. Though he is a foreigner, his mind is far more unfathomable than Chanaeans.

I can only treat such a person as a friend, whereas if I were to turn him into my enemy, I'd be no match for him!

Cassie tried to back away but June grabbed her forcibly.

"Honey, don't be afraid of me!" He patted her cheek and continued, "After being dumped by a man, not only did you feel embarrassed, but so did your parents. I saw Mrs. Yard wiping her tears when she stormed off just now. You should treat your parents with respect. Are you willing to let your mom suffer such humiliation?"

Upon hearing that, Cassie switched her gaze toward him.

Then, June tried to tempt her and asked with his alluring voice, "Do you want to take revenge?"

Filled with curiosity, Cassie stared at him and asked, "How?"

"Get back together with me, and I'll fulfill your wish!" June tried to lure her with such temptation.

Suddenly, hatred gleamed in her eyes. She slowly clenched her fists and lowered her head slightly. "I want Amelia Winters to die. Are you able to do that?"

"It depends on how sincere you are!" June answered with ease.

Cassie fell silent for a while, and he did not force her, either.

After that, she raised her head to look at June. "As long as you kill her, I'll get back together with you!"

Oscar Clinton, I can't have you, and neither can Amelia! I won't let both of you live happily together!

June's lips twitched, and he said excitedly, "Hey, I have a good idea! Do you want to listen?"

Cassie blinked in astonishment, and her eyes glittered with anticipation.

"Sometimes, killing a person is not as cruel as causing them to break up because of misunderstanding. They will be reluctant to reconcile even if they still love each other. In the end, she cannot have the man she loves. Isn't it more pleasing?"

Cassie's eyes exuded hatred, and she could not wait any longer. "Do you have a plan in your mind?"

"As long as you stay by my side willingly, I'm more than happy to help you get rid of the woman who annoys you!" June said confidently, "I can do that, but I don't want you to cast me aside after I've settled it for you!"

Cassie stared deeply into his eyes and said monotonously, "I think you are the one who benefits from it! You know how pathetic I am all this while. Do you think I could still escape from you? You're so smart that my little tricks won't be able to fool you!"

Upon hearing her remark, June burst out laughing.

"Congratulations, you've finally thought it through! You're destined to be mine! I'll definitely avenge your grievances. Don't worry! I'll make Amelia divorce Oscar! As for you, forget about him! You can only be mine!"

Cassie bit her lip and responded determinedly, "As long as you help me get rid of Amelia, I'll be yours!"

June bit her right cheek and warned, "Honey, remember what you said today! If you dare to betray me, you shall suffer a fate worse than death!"

Cassie buried her face in his chest with her eyes harboring hatred as deadly as poison.

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Chapter 190 A Large Gap In Comparison

As Oscar came out from Cassie's ward, he walked to the staircase and took out a pack of cigarettes. He then lit one up and took a puff before gracefully exhaling the smoke. His gaze turned profound as he fell deep into thought.

While he continued to take puffs, the smoke rose and gathered around him.

Disregarding the dirt on the ground, he sat at the top of the stairs. He continued to smoke while his thoughts remained messy and complicated.

No matter how cruel he was to Cassie moments ago, he was still reluctant to let her go completely.

If he had no hesitation at all, then he would really be a scumbag. After all, she was someone he had obsessed over for so long. He could not simply push her away after finally having her for himself. If he were indeed such a person, those two women would not be so utterly intoxicated and in love with him.

Perhaps he was an irresponsible scumbag in name, for he had gotten involved in two women's love for him. Resultantly, no matter what choice he made, the other woman would be left upset and in sadness.

If it were several months ago, he would decisively let Amelia go. Even if he saw the loneliness in her eyes, he would pretend to ignore it or watch her cry indifferently as he let his friend insult him for being a heartless man. Even then, he would not have had any reaction at all.

However, in only a few months, he had completely changed his thoughts. Perhaps without the accident acting as a catalyst, he would not have understood his feelings so quickly and finally made his choice.

As he pondered, he took in a deep breath of smoke. When he exhaled it again, his expression had already returned to its calm state.

He patted his clothes and waited for the cigarette smell in his mouth to fade. After leaving the staircase, he headed back to Amelia's ward.

Aside from Amelia, there were two caretakers in the room that Oscar had specially hired to take care of her.

When they noticed him enter, the caretakers greeted him respectfully. "Mr. Clinton."

He waved and said, "You guys can leave first."

"Understood."

With that, they left.

As Oscar approached her, Amelia blinked and smiled slightly. "How's Ms. Yard?"

He pulled a chair over to the bed, sat down, and brushed away the hair fluttering against her cheeks. He said, "How do you feel? Are you tired? Did the caretakers purposely make things difficult for you?"

She looked at him seriously and replied, "I'm fine. How is Ms. Yard?"

He then tapped her nose and said, "Silly girl. Take care of yourself first. You barely escaped death, so you'd better take care of your health first and don't worry about other things."

She smiled and replied sweetly, "It doesn't matter how I am. It's fine as long as you're not too tired. If Ms. Yard makes too much trouble, I'll be fine with the caretakers here. I just don't want you to exhaust yourself."

Hearing that, he felt as if his heart was struck by something.

She was always thinking for him, but he had ignored and neglected her for nearly five years because of another woman he could not have. He wondered what was it that made his heart so cold.

Oscar felt warm and fuzzy inside. It seemed that Amelia could always make him feel touched.

Although her words were plain, the sincerity in them was unmistakable.

He tapped her nose again and said in a pampering yet helpless tone, "You silly girl. Has anyone ever said that you're really silly?" You're so silly that I can't let go of you.

Her appearance was sexy, and she did things swiftly and decisively. Thus, she made men crazy for her and women jealous of her. However, she also had such a kind heart. The fact that such a person exists was nothing short of a miracle.

Although men's lecherous eyes would only see her as an object they could play with, and women would only see her as an unfaithful vixen that only knew to seduce men, it was such a misunderstood woman that was the only one that constantly thought of and for Oscar.

Worrying that he would be tired, she could endure the heartache and push him over to another woman. What exactly is it that made such a silly woman make decisions for me for my good?

The more he understood her, the more he felt his heart aching for her.

Amelia was dumbfounded as she replied, "Isn't there one in front of me?"

Oscar broke into a smile and said, "You're so silly. It's the reason why you'd push your husband away to others. It'd do you some good if you're a little more selfish." That way, I won't feel so distressed and guilty.

After nearly five years of indifference, he did not feel comfortable either.

No wonder Tiffany said I was a heartless scumbag. When Oscar recalled the past then, he realized he was indeed a complete scumbag.

Amelia asked, "Mr. Clinton, do you need me to resolve the issue with Ms. Yard?"

He pulled the covers over her and replied, "Silly girl. Just rest well. I'll take care of the rest."

In reality, Amelia was tired.

She had endured for so long that she had become sleepy. Consequently, even though she fought to keep her eyelids open, she eventually could not help but fall asleep.

Oscar fell deep into thought as he watched her sleep.

Meanwhile, Riley stopped Gary, who had initially planned to go visit Amelia at the hospital.

"Gary, the driver who ran into Ms. Winters has already confessed. He said the person who employed him was a very fashionable and beautiful woman. He said she would give him three million and already paid one million in advance. Once he kills the target, he'd get another two million in his account. But the main point is that her last name is also Clinton. We've investigated and found that she's Oscar's only sister. So the one who hired the driver is Ms. Winters' sister-in-law," she said coldly.

Gary's expression darkened as he pondered for a while, then asked, "Are you sure?"

Riley nodded in reply.

"What do you want to do? Do you need me to find someone to hit her?" she asked.

Gary fell silent.

She looked at him, then said in a business-like tone, "According to our company's regulations, when we take on a client's task, and something happens to them, we have to take all responsibility."

Gary continued to remain silent.

"Are you feeling softhearted now?" she asked.

He shook his head and replied, "The Clintons are already in a mess because of Amelia. If something happens to their daughter now, I'm afraid Amelia won't be able to rest well either."

Upon hearing his explanation, Riley frowned as she looked at him with mixed emotions.

Touching her lips, she said tentatively, "You seem to care a lot about Ms. Winters."

He looked at her and asked, "What are you trying to say?"

Riley rested both hands on the table and stared at him intently.

She then repeated her question. "Do you like Ms. Winters?"

He frowned at her question, then said solemnly, "Riley, we don't discuss personal relationships during work. Did you forget that rule?"

Nevertheless, she looked at him seriously and said, "You've changed, Gary. You've already broken a lot of rules. I don't believe that you have no feelings for her at all."

Feeling irritated, Gary combed through his hair a little, then said, "What exactly are you trying to say, Riley?"

She hated how he kept avoiding her question. "Do you really not know, or are you pretending to be stupid? Don't you know my feelings for you?"

He stood up with a stern expression. "That's enough. Stop talking nonsense during work. Hand that driver over to the police. Also, try to find a way to tell the Clintons who the mastermind is. After that, it's their business how they want to handle their daughter. Come with me to the hospital. If Amelia's awake, I think you know what you should do."

Feeling exasperated by his words, she simply kept silent.

"Riley, let's focus on work during work time. Don't mix your personal feelings into work, okay?" he said seriously.

Riley merely lowered her head and hummed in acknowledgement.

Afterward, the pair took the elevator downstairs and got into Gary's car. Riley still had not given up yet, and she asked, "Do I not have a chance?"

After glancing at her sideways, Gary said solemnly, "Although I can't tell if you really like me, I've always treated you as a little sister. I'm also willing to play the role of your brother and protect you, but we won't be together. Do you think a brother would have desires toward his sister?"

The moment she heard his reply, her heart immediately sank.

"But we're not real siblings, Gary."

He could not help but laugh at that. "Riley, if we had something between us, it would've happened long ago. I'm indeed slow in relationships, but I'm not slow to realize if I have feelings for a woman. If I meet someone I like, I'll take action immediately and won't leave things vague."

"So, you do like Ms. Winters?"

Gary's hand that was on the steering wheel froze for a moment before he avoided the topic and said, "Riley, stop interfering in my relationship."

His reply only got her to become even angrier.

"She's married, Gary. Her husband's a business prodigy praised in the financial newspapers. He's the heir to the Clinton Corporations that many women want to marry. He's also rich and handsome. You don't have a chance at all."

At her words, he suddenly accelerated, causing the car to shoot forward.

Frightened, Riley clutched onto the passenger seat tightly. "What are you doing, Gary?"

With a serious expression, he replied, "I'm letting you calm down."

Afterward, she gave him a meaningful look before finally saying helplessly, "I'm sorry. I crossed the line."

Only then did he slow the car down as he composed his scary expression back to normal.

Once things calmed down, she leaned back against the seat and sighed.

On the other hand, Gary merely focused on driving straight to the Principal General Hospital.

Once they arrived outside, Riley unbuckled her seatbelt and wanted to open the door to get out. However, Gary suddenly spoke. "Don't talk nonsense when we're there later. It's my business whether or not I like someone, so you don't need to intervene. You should know my temper."

She was rather shocked since he was acting so serious.

"Okay," she replied.

"Get off first. I'll go and park the car."

Riley got off.

After parking the car, Gary went to the trunk to take out the fruits and various supplements he had prepared.

The pair then took the elevator upstairs. When Gary knocked on the ward door, it was Oscar who opened it.

The moment he saw that it was Gary outside the door, his gaze darkened a little.

"You're here," he said while blocking the entrance.

"Aren't you going to invite us in, Mr. Clinton?" said Gary confidently as he straightened his posture.

It was only then did Oscar step aside. "Come in."

As Gary walked past Oscar, their eyes subconsciously met each other. There was a spark of competitiveness in both men's eyes.

However, that only lasted a second before Oscar looked away and walked in first.

Disregarding Gary and Riley, he stood by the bed and kissed Amelia on the lips, showing his possessiveness over the woman.

After pushing Oscar away, she saw the pair behind him and smiled embarrassedly at them. "Hi, Gary."

Gary smiled in response before he placed the fruits and supplements he brought on the table. He then asked concernedly, "Hey, Amelia. How are you feeling? Is there any pain?"

Amelia smiled slightly and replied, "I'm good. Thanks for coming to visit. I heard from Tiff that you did a lot during the operation. Sorry for troubling you."

He replied, "I should be the one saying sorry. You're our client, but Riley didn't protect you well. Because of that, you and your baby almost got harmed. Since it's our negligence, we should be the ones to apologize."

After speaking, he turned to Riley.

Subsequently, Riley bowed and sincerely apologized. "I'm sorry, Ms. Winters. I didn't protect you well. It's my negligence, so I'll accept whatever punishment you have for me."

Amelia was stunned for a moment before she waded in rejection. Then, she tried to sit up, only to pull on her wound. As a result, she started coughing violently.

His heart aching at the sight of his wife suffering, Oscar stroked her chest to help soothe her coughs.

"Calm down. Just tell us what you want," he said softly.

Similarly, Gary also felt distressed and said, "Don't do that, Amelia. Riley's here to apologize, not to worsen your injuries."

A while later, after regulating her breathing, Amelia finally caught her breath.

"Gary, don't make Riley do that. I can't stand it otherwise. Please take a seat, and let's talk. I've not fully recovered, so I can't use too much energy. Sorry about that," she said with a slight smile.

After hearing her reply, Gary pulled Riley to sit.

As for Riley, she hung her head low as she felt somewhat uncomfortable. Compared to Amelia, she indeed lacked some femininity. It was the area that she lost the most severely.

Even while ill, Amelia was still so decent and generous. It was probably something that men liked the most. No wonder she could capture Gary's heart.

Seeing how Amelia was such an exceptional woman got Riley to feel even more stressed.