

Too Much to Bear, My Love Chapter 30

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Molly smiled. "So she's getting discharged! Since you're home alone, why don't you bring Ms. Winters back home for a few days, Mrs. Clinton? She can keep you company, and I can continue cooking for the both of you."

Tiffany immediately said, "Molly, you're really the best!"

Amelia thought of how Oscar had not come back for almost a month. It would be good to bring Tiffany home for her to take care of her, so she had no objections either.

After she brought Tiffany back to the downtown apartment she shared with Oscar, Tiffany could not stop singing her praises at the luxurious and cozy apartment. "Amelia, this is like a palace while my house is like a kennel!"

Amelia brought her things upstairs and smiled. "You have three bedrooms in your apartment, which is plenty for one person. However, you're so intense when you begin writing that you might not even recognize your own mother, let alone clean up your house. That's why your house resembles a pigsty."

"Precisely!" Tiffany agreed while giving her a thumbs up.

"Alrighty, stop fooling around. I asked Molly to prepare the guest room for you. Is it to your liking?" Amelia opened up the door to the guest room and welcomed her into the room.

Tiffany walked in to see that the entire room was decked out in pink, just like a room fit for a little princess.

"Amelia, I'm a grown adult. I'm shuddering at the princess vibes in this room." Tiffany shivered in disgust at the color scheme.

Sighing softly, Amelia explained helplessly, "Of course I didn't decorate this room. It's all Oscar's doing, as his dream woman likes pink. I'm just paid to play the role of his wife, and I have no right to speak up at all."

Tiffany was not shocked either and said, "Oscar is so weird; you're probably the only one that can stand him."

Amelia shrugged her shoulders and said, "Are you trying to say that I'm more abnormal than he is?"

Tiffany ignored her.

Amelia patted her shoulders. "Seems like you've recovered from the accident just nice. You're even teasing me now."

Tiffany tossed her bag on the bed and plopped herself down, stretching out like an octopus. She said, "Now that I've escaped the brink of death, I'm a changed woman. I used to focus on writing, and all I did in the past was to discuss the plots with the editors, and I had no social life at all. Yes, I made a lot of money, but I wasted so much of my youth. I've decided from now on, half of my time will be on my work while the other half will be on traveling and taking care of you and the baby."

Amelia lay down next to her and smiled. "You've finally come to your senses? Previously, every time I asked you to go to the bar or club with me, you'd say that it was a waste of time. Now that you've finally thought it through, you can hang out with me at the clubs!"

Tiffany glanced at her and said, "Babe, have you forgotten that you're no longer alone now? You're still thinking about going to the clubs? Do you want my unborn godson or goddaughter to get all the bad habits before he or she is even born?"

Amelia rolled around on the bed and said, "With a godmother like you, I guess it won't be that easy to lead your godson or goddaughter astray."

Like her friend, Tiffany rolled around on the bed before commenting, "This pink bed is really not the most comfortable."

"Hey, at least you get to play princess for a while. Just bear with it," Amelia said casually. "Look at you, you could have been a princess, but you turned your house into a pigsty. I think you must have been spending too much time with only words."

Tiffany then looked at her with a vague smile, "Babe, you're more than four months pregnant, and you're already showing. Shouldn't you confirm your relationship with Oscar? Look at him! Each business trip lasts for a whole month. Who knows if he's really out on business or if he's just sleeping around? If he's so bent on getting a divorce, then it's best that you leave him sooner. I think that he's an a**hole that won't acknowledge this child anyway."

Amelia stared at the ceiling listlessly.

"Amelia, don't blame me for being straightforward. When a man completely disregards you and decorates a home based on his ex-girlfriend's taste, this shows that he does not care for you at all. Otherwise, he wouldn't have been so tactless. I've nearly fallen off the cliff of life, and I've had some thoughts about life. Honestly, as long as we're alive, the material things are really not that important," Tiffany said earnestly.

Amelia merely listened to her quietly.

Tiffany shoved her lightly, "Babe, are you listening to me?"

Amelia's eyes were still glued to the ceiling, and just when Tiffany thought she was going to remain silent, she said, "Tiff, Oscar called me three days ago to tell me that he'll be back in two days. I think I'll be signing the divorce agreement very soon."

"You can't bear to leave him?"

Amelia glanced at her and said, "I've been married to him for four years and I'm pregnant with his child now. Can't I just reminisce for a while?"

"You can, but don't go overboard," Tiffany said earnestly.

Sitting up on the bed, Amelia reassured her friend, "Don't worry, this divorce has to happen. He doesn't want children, and there's no way I'm aborting the child. For the sake of the child, I will have to go through the divorce no matter what."

Tiffany picked up a pink pillow and said, "Babe, I think there are just too many obstacles in this marriage of yours. I've heard you talk about divorce multiple times, but you're still married after all these months. At the end of the day, you allowed the other woman to exist while Oscar is basking in the attention of two women. You handle the family while he has a lover out there."

Amelia looked at her. "I think that Audi knocked your senses out of you."

Tiffany's anger grew. "Speaking of Audi, have they caught the culprit? If they have, I'm suing him till he loses everything."

"They caught him two days ago, but I didn't tell you because you were still hospitalized. I've passed everything to the lawyer. Don't worry; Oscar specifically hired this lawyer from Beshya. His expertise is in these kinds of hit-and-run cases and divorce cases."

Tiffany smiled and said mockingly, "Looks like Oscar is about to hit two birds with one stone with this lawyer. After he handles this hit-and-run case, he can follow up with your divorce. How convenient."

Amelia ignored her.

"What does that driver do?" Tiffany changed the topic.

"He owns a small advertising company and is about twenty-five years old. His parents are in the real estate business and are quite well off, so he's the typical rich kid," Amelia answered.

Tiffany clenched her teeth. If that driver were standing before her right now, she would have eaten him alive. "That a**hole! Why would he still hit and run if his family is so rich?"

"He said he was too afraid that he would be sent to jail and that his newly established career would come to an abrupt stop. That was why he ran."

"Since he knows that he could go to jail, why did he drive so fast at the car park exit? Is he looking for the highway to hell?" Tiffany muttered through gritted teeth.

"The law will handle his crime, so why are you so angry?"

"I'm just angry at all these unethical drivers! Just because they have money, they drink and drive. Either that or they drive so fast just to show off."

"All right, there's nothing to be angry about. We'll just leave everything to the police then. Don't worry, we won't let your suffering be in vain."

Tiffany finally subsided a little and said, "Babe, let's sleep in the same room tonight so we can have a chat."

Amelia nodded in agreement.

After dinner, they watched some television. At about 11 p.m., Tiffany switched off the television and said to Amelia, "Now that you're with child, your bedtime should not be past 11 p.m. Go to bed now!"

Like an obedient child, Amelia climbed into bed at the order.

In the dark, Tiffany's voice piped up again, "Amelia, you're not quite showing yet, so you should quickly settle this issue between you and Oscar. In another month, you won't be able to hide your five-month-old belly anymore. If Oscar really doesn't want the child, he would have plenty of

ways for this child to be miscarried. So, think about it carefully. Otherwise, you might lose more than what you bargained for.”

Amelia sighed in the dark. After a few seconds, she responded, “Tiff, let me tell you the truth. Oscar is the one that calls the shots in this relationship, while I have no authority at all. When we signed the contract back then, we agreed that I would have to pay him one hundred million if I were to insist on a divorce or if I did not fulfill the requirements as a wife. That’s why I haven’t left him yet after all this time.”

Tiffany switched on the lights and looked at her with disbelief. “Amelia, I must have misheard you, right?”

Amelia’s response was calm, “You didn’t.”

Glaring at her coldly, Tiffany snapped, “Did you lose your brain? How could you do something as stupid as this?”

Amelia chuckled instead. “Do calm down first. Back then, I signed this contract as Oscar was worried that I’d run away halfway through. I thought since I loved money so much, there was no way I would bail on this. Despite it sounding like a serious agreement, it doesn’t affect me negatively. As long as I’m not the one who brings up divorce, he can’t do anything to me. Now that he wants to divorce me, I can’t do anything about that either.”

Although Tiffany did calm down, she had since lost all respect for Oscar. “Babe, don’t forget how unpredictable and domineering Oscar is. He keeps talking about divorcing you, but it’s been a month and he still hasn’t done anything about it. I think he’ll most probably go back on his word. What are you going to do if he doesn’t divorce you and yet doesn’t want the child? Are you really going to give it up?”

Amelia’s hand traveled to her stomach subconsciously. “Tiff, I’ve already thought about every single thing that you brought up. I won’t let anyone hurt my unborn child. If Oscar really goes back on his word and doesn’t divorce me, I’ll find an excuse to leave the city.”

Tiffany stared at her with utter disbelief.

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“Do you think you can escape Oscar’s clutches?”

Amelia was bereft of speech.

“Even you don’t think you can escape his clutches. What makes you think he will let you leave?”

Closing her eyes, Amelia said, “Tiff, I’ve found a job.”

Tiffany was flustered. “Amelia, are you kidding me? We’re talking about the baby. Why are you talking to me about work? Don’t you have enough money to spend? I can give you if you don’t. Why must you look for a job when you’re pregnant? You’re driving me crazy!”

Amelia patted her on the back of her hand and reassured her, “Tiff, don’t worry. When I signed the agreement with Oscar, he agreed not to interfere when I wanna work. In other words, if the company I work for sends me to another province or abroad for a few months, he can’t say no.”

Tiffany looked at her in surprise and asked, “Really?” But after giving it some thought, she still felt apprehensive. “Amelia, what if Oscar wants to see you on a whim and goes to visit you? It’ll blow your cover, won’t it?”

Apparently, Amelia had not thought about that.

Tiffany got even more frustrated. “Argh, Amelia, I thought you were a smart girl! How can you be so foolish and let Oscar call the shots in your marriage? What are you thinking?!”

Amelia remained silent.

Gritting her teeth, Tiffany took a few deep breaths before inferring, “Babe, you were born to tick me off.”

However, Amelia patted the bed calmly as she finally said, “Don’t be mad. I heard that Cassie is coming back, so I think Oscar won’t have time to visit me. In fact, I think we’re gonna divorce soon.”

Tiffany simply listened to her in silence initially, but something popped into her mind and she abruptly sat up. “Amelia, I don’t think you should divorce. You’re the legit Mrs. Clinton, so you don’t have to make room for a vixen just because she comes back.”

“Tiff, what’s wrong with you? You’ve only just recovered. Don’t get so jumpy,” said Amelia while tugging at her pajamas.

Tiffany lay back down and turned to look at Amelia.

"Babe, tell me honestly, are you really willing to give up the fruits of your labor?"

"What? As I said, I don't have the right to decide anything in my marriage with Oscar. Anyway, it's getting late. It's my first day at work tomorrow."

"Babe, you're kidding, aren't you? You're gonna work tomorrow? Also, when did you find the job? Why didn't I know at all?"

"The CEO of the company and I went to university together. I said I needed a job, so he gave me an untaxing job."

"Who's it?" In the next second, Tiffany widened her eyes and said anxiously, "Amelia, don't tell me it's Carter Scott. If it's that b*****, I'm gonna strangle you."

"It's been so many years, and yet you still remember him?" Amelia asked, amused.

"Let me tell you something—I'll never forget him until the day I die. If it hadn't been for him, you wouldn't have chosen to go into a contract marriage with Oscar. I wouldn't have become a freelance writer because of my fear of interpersonal relationships in the workplace. I wish I could chop him up into pieces now."

Amelia found her response amusing.

"Tiff, you're being unreasonable. Carter didn't do anything wrong back then. He just didn't help us when we were wrongfully accused, which is justifiable. We can't vent our anger on him."

Tiffany clenched her teeth. "It seems that you've really gone to that jerk for help."

Shrugging, Amelia replied with a smile, "It's all water under the bridge now, Tiff. Besides, it was our fault at the time, so we can't blame others. Carter got caught up in his family affairs that day. You can't expect him to come and save us. Come on, don't sulk."

Tiffany heaved a sigh and explained in a softer tone, "I do know that he's not to blame, but at that time we were desperate and had several millions worth of debt around our necks. If it weren't for that, you wouldn't have gone to Oscar and been labeled a gold digger, while I wouldn't have developed a fear of interpersonal communication in the workplace. Thinking about it now, I'm so angry and frustrated."

"Tiff, I've long since moved on. I didn't think that you would still be so mad. Carter's really not to blame for that incident back then, so you should stop blaming him."

Tiffany's anger was deflated as she replied, "How can I still blame him when you, the biggest victim, don't even blame him? But I'm curious. You and that jerk haven't been in contact for many years; why did you get in touch with him now?"

"Well, he WhatsApped me a few days ago to ask me how I've been all these years, and I told him about looking for a job."

"So you sold yourself out so easily?"

"I asked him for a job as compensation for what happened back then."

"How can you be so barefaced and ask him for a job, Amelia? Are you trying to piss me off?"

Amelia said softly, "Tiff, have you forgotten? When we were in debt, we swore to God that as long as we could be rich and no longer be looked down upon by anyone, we would stop at nothing as dignity was not worth a penny in the face of reality."

Tiffany did not refute her.

"You can do that to Carter, but why can't you do the same to Oscar? You're just sugarcoating it when in fact, you're tender-hearted. Anyway, I should stop here. I'll go to the company with you tomorrow so that I can teach that b***** a lesson if he takes the opportunity to bully you."

"He's not a scourge."

"That b*****'s more terrifying than a scourge."

Amelia was at a loss for words.

The next day, Tiffany insisted on going to the company with Amelia regardless of how hard the latter tried to dissuade her. In the end, Amelia had no choice but to take her with her.

They went to the busiest street in the city's business district and entered a building with a signboard that read "Majesty Group." Looking around, Tiffany asked, "Amelia, I don't think this belongs to the Scotts, right?"

"Yeah. Carter rents the 12th floor here as an office space," Amelia explained.

Tiffany curled her lips in disdain. "That b***** still has the capability even without his family's help?"

"As long as you aren't biased against Carter, you'll find that he's quite attractive. Back then, I was thinking of setting the two of you up together."

Tiffany gave her a dirty look but said nothing as the elevator door opened.

When they came to the 12th floor, a slim secretary greeted them politely, "You must be Ms. Winters. Mr. Scott's waiting for you in his office. This way, please."

Following the secretary, Amelia and Tiffany walked into the office. Then, the secretary said, "Mr. Scott, Ms. Winters is here."

While the secretary spoke, Tiffany was staring at the man behind the desk, who was none other than Carter.

"You may leave now, Linda," instructed Carter.

Linda did as told.

"It's been a long time, Amelia, Tiffany." Standing up, Carter went around the desk and reached out to shake hands with the two of them, but unexpectedly, Tiffany mocked, "Carter Scott, just drop the pretense."

Instead of getting mad, Carter replied with a smile, "After so many years, you haven't changed a bit."

Tiffany huffed in exasperation.

Amelia extended her arm to shake hands with Carter and said, "Don't mind her, Carter. As you know, she's always been plain-spoken."

Carter flashed her a smile.

Standing at 185 cm tall, he was good-looking and exuded an air of nobility. Despite being nicely dressed in a suit and tie, Tiffany still saw him as a brute.

"Amelia, I'm sorry for what happened back then. Because of my family affairs, I couldn't help you in time, causing you to be neck-deep in debt. By the time I settled my problems and went to find you, you had already left."

Tiffany curled her lips in disdain. "Carter, you were still kinda sincere back then even though you're the son of a rich man. Now that you've started your own company, you've become so pretentious."

The smile on Carter's face remained unchanged after hearing Tiffany's remark.

Meanwhile, Amelia tugged at Tiffany's sleeve while giving Carter an apologetic look, saying, "Tiffany still holds a grudge for what happened back then. I hope you won't take it personally."

Shaking his head, Carter gave her a gentlemanly smile and changed the subject. "Why didn't you tell me Tiffany is looking for a job too? If you had told me earlier, I would've gotten two jobs ready."

"She came to keep me company. By the way, what do I need to do here?" Amelia immediately replied before Tiffany could.

"You'll be my assistant as it's a rather undemanding job." After a seemingly inadvertent glance at Amelia's belly, Carter hesitated for a moment before asking, "Are you married?"

Amelia was taken aback, but soon she regained her composure and replied, "Yeah, I got married four years ago."

A look of disappointment flashed across Carter's eyes.

Then, Tiffany was heard deriding, "Ha, Carter Scott, do you think you can win her over by getting her to work for you? Tell you what, she's not only married but also pregnant. So you'd better give up the idea."

There was a slight change in Carter's expression, but it soon returned to normal as he said with a smile, "Although it's a little late to say this, congratulations on getting married, Amelia!"

"Thank you!"

"Also, don't get me wrong. Our company is hiring an assistant designer and an assistant to General Manager. I thought that since we know each other, you can work with me," explained Carter.

"Don't mind Tiff's nonsense. I'm already happy that you think of me as a friend enough to give me a job."

Carter shook his head. "Nah, Amelia, I gave you the job because you have a flair for design. You're a very talented woman. Although we've lost contact for a few years, I know that the life you breathe into your design

won't just disappear. In fact, I'm glad that you asked for a job from me. With you joining us, my company will definitely flourish."

Amelia did not know how to respond to his words, whereas Tiffany crossed her arms and commented, "Carter Scott, after you became a boss, you've perfected your corporatespeak. Even I can't help but get goosebumps."

With a smile still tugging at his lips, Carter suggested, "It'll be lunchtime in a few hours. Why don't you hang out at my office first and I'll treat you to lunch later?"

"Am I not going to start work today?" asked Amelia.

"I can't make you work on your first day. Besides, it's the weekend tomorrow, so whether you work today makes no difference. You can start work next week."

"All right."

"Since you don't need to work today, let's go, Amelia," Tiffany urged.

"What's going on with you today, Tiff?" Amelia knitted her brows.

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Tiffany shot Carter an angry look. "There's someone whom I dislike here that makes the air stale. I can't stand it."

Amelia glanced at her. "Come on, Tiff. You're an adult now."

Taking a deep breath, Tiffany spread out her hands and replied, "Fine, it's my fault. I'm being unreasonable. I'll shut up now, alright?"

Amelia did not know what to do with her.

"Tiffany, I was half responsible for what happened back then. I apologize. Give me a chance to treat you to a meal as an apology," Carter chipped in with a smile.

Seeing the look of warning in Amelia's eyes, Tiffany nodded her head reluctantly.

As soon as Carter walked into The Grand with Amelia and Tiffany, a young, beautiful waitress greeted them, "Mr. Scott, the room you reserved is ready. This way, please."

They were about to follow the waitress to head upstairs when they bumped into Oscar, who claimed to be on a business trip. Next to him stood a stunning woman, who, to Amelia's astonishment, looked a lot like her. However, the vibes they gave off varied considerably; one was pure and innocent, the other was sultry and vampish.

Amelia was flabbergasted as her hands and feet turned cold. Supporting her by the arm, Tiffany said cynically, "Oh, hi, Mr. Clinton. Weren't you supposed to be on a business trip to Coldbridge? Why are you here with a beautiful woman instead? Ah, I see it now. The business trip is an excuse you cooked up so that you can spend time with your lover. Well, you're a successful businessman, Mr. Clinton, so no one will blame you for keeping one or two mistresses. There's no need for you to lie, really. Tsk, tsk."

With complicated emotions in her eyes, Amelia looked at Oscar, then put on a graceful smile and said causally, "Mr. Clinton, you're back from your business trip. How may I address this lady?"

Oscar stared at her with pursed lips, while the woman next to him prompted in a sweet voice, "Oz, are these three your friends? Aren't you going to introduce us?"

Returning to his senses, Oscar looked at her before his gaze softened. However, his answer pierced Amelia's heart. "They're just acquaintances."

"Don't you think this lady looks like me, Oz?" the woman asked.

"A little, but she's not as pretty as you are," replied Oscar.

"Oscar Clinton, you scumbag! Amelia is your wife, not some insignificant woman!" Tiffany glowered at Oscar. Then, she pointed at the woman next to him and said, "I don't care what your relationship is with Oscar, but you should drop your pretentious act and stop acting like you don't know shit. Women like you are the b*tch in my novels. The man you're with has married someone else, and his wife is my friend right here. Do you understand?"

The woman gave Oscar an innocent look and asked, "What's going on, Oz? You're married?"

Oscar's face instantly clouded over as he looked at Amelia indifferently. "Amelia, get your friend to watch her mouth, or things will get nasty. Cassie came back for a piano performance."

With the same graceful smile on her face, Amelia extended her arm toward Cassie and complimented, "Oh, so you're Ms. Cassie. Nice to meet you. I've heard about you from Mr. Clinton. You're so pretty."

Since Cassie was pretending not to know her, she did not mind playing along. After all, the former enjoyed being a goody-two-shoes and was the apple of Oscar's eyes.

But why does my heart ache so much?

Cassie shook hands with Amelia and said, "You can call me Cassie. Are you a friend of Oscar's? I don't think I've seen you before."

"I only met Mr. Clinton after you went abroad. That's why you don't know me."

"I see." Turning to look at Oscar, Cassie added, "Oz, why are you pulling a long face? They're your friends. You're scaring them."

Oscar wrapped his arm around her waist and replied, "I think they're going to have lunch. Let's not disturb them."

"Alright. Let's go then." After nodding at Amelia, Cassie went downstairs with Oscar. Enraged, Tiffany was about to lash out when Amelia said in a voice tinged with powerlessness, "Tiff, let me have my dignity."

Holding back, Tiffany asked worriedly, "Are you okay, Amelia?"

Amelia shook her head and said to Carter, "Carter, I'm sorry you had to see that."

"You don't look well. We should eat together next time. I'll send the two of you back," Carter proposed, sounding like a gentleman.

"Thank you." Amelia gave him an apologetic smile.

"We're friends, so you can always come to me if you have any problems. By the way, that man is Oscar Clinton, right? How did you get involved with him? Or are you really his wife like what Tiffany said?"

Shaking her head, Amelia replied with a rare trace of vulnerability in her tone, "Can you not ask so many questions, Carter?"

Carter was not a nosy man, so he dropped the subject and said instead, "I'll send you girls home first then. Remember to come to work on Monday. And, come to me if you have any problems."

"Thank you!"

Subsequently, Carter sent the two of them back to Amelia's apartment in the city center. After getting out of the car, Amelia said politely, "Carter, thank you for today. I'll definitely go to work on time on Monday."

"Rest well. Don't think too much," said Carter gently while nodding.

Amelia nodded in response.

After Carter left, she said to Tiffany with a pale face, "Tiff, can I spend the night at your place?"

Suppressing her anger, Tiffany did not have the heart to scold Amelia after seeing her in such a state. Thus, they took a taxi together to her place.

After reaching her home, Tiffany said with her hands on her hips, "Amelia, didn't you feel anything when that scumbag actually brought another woman to your face?"

With her thoughts in a muddle, Amelia replied in a rather pleading tone, "Tiff, can we not talk about him now?"

Tiffany was exasperated. "Why do you become a coward in front of this man, Amelia? Where's the bold Amelia that I know?"

Still feeling a little cold, Amelia asked, "Can you get me a glass of water, Tiff?"

Tiffany held back her anger and went to put the kettle on. "I'm boiling water."

Amelia nodded and propped her forehead with both hands, seemingly lost in thought.

"Amelia, what exactly are you thinking? The temptress has come right to your face." Tiffany was short-tempered. Having penned a large number of romance novels, she believed in love and that love was sacred. Perhaps most of the people in the world would laugh at her for her naive thinking, but writing novels had really given her some insights into love.

If Amelia had not been her best friend, she would have grabbed her by the shoulders and asked her what she wanted exactly. Love was such a beautiful thing, and yet Amelia abused it.

Meanwhile, Amelia had recomposed herself and said in a calm tone, "What else can I do other than getting a divorce?"

"Okay, divorce it is, but don't forget to take your share of his assets. Don't act all high and mighty by not taking anything. Otherwise, I'll despise you," snapped Tiffany angrily.

"Didn't you say that money is not important to you anymore after being on the brink of death once?" Amelia pointed out.

"Yes, I did say so. But I was referring to the income from work. As long as the salary is enough for me to spend, I'm happy. I didn't ask you not to take anything like a saint. You're embarrassing me if you really don't ask for your share."

Amelia could not help but chuckle.

"What's so funny?"

Amelia shrugged. "I know you're saying this for my own good, Tiff. Don't worry. I know what I should do. I'll take everything that's supposed to be mine."

Only then did Tiffany stop pulling a long face.

"You know what? Amelia, you had no fight in you at all back at the restaurant."

"Cassie's return caught me off guard. Next time when I see her, I'll surely get nasty with her."

Tiffany sneered, "I believe that you still have the fight in you, but you always become meek in front of Oscar. Are you sure you can get nasty with that pretentious b*tch?"

After a brief pause, Tiffany added derisively, "That woman looks innocent. She's good at playing dumb and acting weak in front of men, making her the type of woman most men like. It's no wonder Oscar can still treat her like she's oh-so-precious. If I were a man, I would've melted too under her coy gaze."

"Tiff, are you selling ourselves short?"

"No, I'm just telling you that your rival in love should not be underestimated," asserted Tiffany while wagging her middle finger.

Crossing her legs, Amelia leaned forward flirtatiously and said, "The stronger the enemy is, the more interesting it is to fight, isn't it?"

"Well, in my opinion, you should win without having to fight," Tiffany argued.

Amelia responded with a smile, the sadness in her eyes well-hidden from Tiffany.

In the evening, she received a phone call from Oscar. As soon as she picked up the phone, he ordered in a domineering tone, "Where are you? Come back now."

He hung up the phone right after speaking.

"Is it Oscar?" asked Tiffany.

Amelia nodded in agreement.

"What did he say?"

"He wants me to go back now."

"That's it?"

Getting all riled up, Tiffany squeezed the pillow in her arms and added decisively, "Don't go back. If you rush back simply because of a phone call from him, don't call me your friend anymore."

"He's called. How can I not go back?" Amelia threw the phone on the bed and said nonchalantly.

"You're his wife. How can he simply yell at you?"

"My dear, don't forget that he's also your savior."

"The doctor saved me."

"If he hadn't used his connections and hired James, the best doctor from Anglandur, you might still be lying on the hospital bed in a vegetative state."

Tiffany glared at her. "Amelia, are you here to play devil's advocate?"

Getting off the bed, Amelia put on a red dress, took her bag, and said, "I'm going back."

"Can you grow a spine, Amelia Winters?"

"Tiff, I know what you wanna say, but I wanna solve the matter between me and Oscar by myself. Don't worry. No one can hurt me unless I allow them to. From the moment I got married to him, I knew that our marriage wouldn't last forever, so I've never fantasized about it being otherwise. It's only after meeting Cassie today that I think Oscar is really a poor judge of character even though he's good at doing business."

Tiffany snapped her fingers and commented, "Congratulations. You finally have it figured out."

"Alright. I'm off," bade Amelia while wearing her bag over her shoulder.

Tiffany saw her out. "Call me if you need me after you go back. Also, be more careful now that you're pregnant."