

## Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 421

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 421 Let Her Go

Carter asked with a sweet tone as he watched Anthony happily enjoying an ice cream, "Tony, is it good? I ordered that especially for you."

With tears still lingering in his eyes, Anthony mumbled, "Since you came with Ms. Larson, could you help me apologize to her when you see her later, Mr. Scott? Although she was mean to Mommy, I was told I must treat elders with respect. It was my fault for throwing a napkin at her. Hence, I'd like to apologize to her."

Carter's heart was softened by what he heard. He stroked the kid's head gently and said, "Even adults need to be punished if they've done something wrong. But indeed, you were wrong for what you did. All right, I'll apologize to her on your behalf."

Hearing that, Anthony nodded and answered, "I like you, Mr. Scott."

While watching them interact harmoniously, Tiffany turned toward Amelia and said sarcastically, "Amelia, it seems like your son admires everyone else except Oscar. I do pity him for having a son who detests him."

Tiffany was gloating within.

Amelia merely glanced at her in response. If you said it with a more serious expression, I might actually think you sincerely feel bad for Oscar. However, you do have a point. Why on earth does Tony dislike his father so much when he could get along with everyone else just fine? They're father and son for goodness' sake; yet, they quarrel all the time.

Amelia couldn't wrap her head around the questions going through her mind.

"When did you come back, Amelia?" Carter asked blandly. He was worried that his feelings might scare her away, so he suppressed the excitement in his eyes.

"It has only been a few days since I got back. I meant to call you sometime later but who would've thought that we would actually bump into each other," Amelia answered politely.

Although he could tell that Amelia's words were just common courtesy, he couldn't help but feel overjoyed. I've looked for you for two years, and now you're here. Euphoria took him over as every sense of logic in his mind faded.

"I'm so happy to see you again, Amelia." Carter tried his best to keep his cool. "I've looked all over for you in the past two years. Where exactly have you been all this while?"

As Amelia was about to answer him, a server came to their table and served them their orders before saying, "Please enjoy your meal."

After the server left, Amelia picked up her cup of coffee and explained while she sipped, "I've gone to Beshya. I settled down with a friend there. Not long ago, Oscar found me and I followed him back here."

A hint of agitation flashed across Carter's eyes when Oscar's name was mentioned. However, he calmed himself down almost immediately. As long as you're still single, I still have a chance to be with you. I don't care if you re-marry Oscar. I'll never give up on you. You're the love of my life.

"Well, it's good that you're back," he blurted.

Amelia then looked at Carter and advised with a sincere tone, "As friends, I'm touched knowing that you've missed me, Carter. But you should invest your time and emotion in your own relationship. I'm not worth your time and effort. I can see that Ms. Larson treats you wholeheartedly. Since you were here shopping for her clothes together, you guys must be close. I suggest you cherish her before you lose her for good."

"Please don't misunderstand, Amelia. Jennifer and I are just friends. What happened earlier was... Forget it, there's nothing intimate going on between us." Whenever Amelia was around, Carter could never compose himself. The more he cared for her feelings, the more anxious he'd become. Hence, he couldn't bear to reveal the raunchy night he had with Jennifer when he was drunk. Since it wasn't out of true feelings, he was aware of the fact that he had taken advantage of her.

Out of guilt, he'd then entertain Jennifer by occasionally bringing her out for meals and casual trips to the malls. Apart from that, he had no intention to further develop a relationship with her.

"I'm not forcing you to admit anything, Carter. It's just that I know Ms. Larson is a nice girl. You should at least try to accept her love instead of pushing her away heartlessly," Amelia urged.

Upon hearing that, Carter's face turned grim. "You know who I truly love, Amelia."

Amelia sighed helplessly to herself.

Tiffany realized how awkward the atmosphere was, she intervened, "Hey Jinx, I left at the same time as Amelia. Yet, all you could think about is her. How about me? Have you not missed me at all? I'm getting jealous here."

Carter then gazed toward Tiffany and responded vaguely. "You've gotten prettier after two years, Tiffany."

Tiffany's lips twitched after hearing his perfunctory answer. "Hey, you don't sound sincere at all!"

"I meant it. You've gotten prettier."

Carter didn't say anything else after.

Instead, he shifted his attention back to Amelia. "Amelia, have you re-married Oscar?"

"As of now, no. Back then, we got married even before we had the time to get to know each other. So now, we'd like to take some time to date each other first before getting re-married." Amelia smiled blissfully.

Her words were like daggers to Carter's heart. He then composed himself and said, "That's good. Welcome home, Amelia."

Amelia took a sip of her coffee and smiled. "Thank you."

"I heard from someone that you might lose your eyesight after the car accident; but, your eyes seem fine to me. Are they okay?" Carter casually took a sip of his coffee as well.

Amelia no longer felt traumatized by the thought of the incident. Instead, she was grateful for the fact that she had regained her eyesight and also the help and support she had received throughout her journey to recovery.

"To be honest, Carter, I left because I was gradually losing my eyesight. Eventually, it got worse. I was blind for almost two years. Thankfully, Oscar pulled all his resources together and found me a suitable donor. Without him, I would still be blind now," Amelia said flatly.

Carter's grip on his cup tightened, and the veins on the back of his hand bulged.

He then took a deep breath. "So your eyes, are they okay now?"

"The doctor said I'm recovering perfectly without the risk of any side effects. Otherwise, I wouldn't be here drinking coffee with you." Amelia then smiled and continued, "I've only learned to appreciate my eyesight after I've lost it once. Now, every single thing in the world seems so beautiful to me. That's why I've said just now, you should cherish what you have now before it's too late."

"All right. I will. Now that she's back. I'll grab onto her tightly and never let her go again," Carter stared at Amelia and said with a hint of something else in his words.

In response, Amelia avoided his gaze and pretended that she didn't notice it.

"Amelia, it's getting late. Didn't you say you want to go to the market?" Kurt asked flatly.

As soon as he heard Kurt's voice, Carter sized him up. Based on my previous research, you're the man Amelia brought along on her runaway. What's so special about you? Why did she bring you along?

While Carter was sizing Kurt up, Amelia said, "I have to go, Carter. Tiff's boyfriend is coming over for dinner tonight. I have to go to the market to get some groceries now. See you next time."

Carter retracted his gaze from Kurt and suggested, "I can send you."

"No, that won't be necessary. Please check on Jennifer and apologize to her on my behalf, okay?" Amelia rejected.

Carter wanted to insist on sending her, but he decided otherwise. It's okay. There's always next time now that you're back. I can't afford to force myself on you and lose you again.

## **Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 422**

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 422 The Price We Pay And What We Get In Return

After sending Amelia off, Carter started driving toward his office. However, halfway there, the man turned his car around to go home because he suddenly remembered something.

When Carter reached home, he parked his car and took the elevator upstairs. As soon as the elevator door opened, he saw a slender figure curled up and squatting right outside his home.

The man could guess who it was without even looking at the face, for it could only be Jennifer.

With a hardened look, Carter slowly walked toward the woman.

Jennifer lifted her head before jumping to her feet when she noticed that Carter had returned. Her eyes were still bloodshot.

"Carter," called out Jennifer.

Carter only glanced at the woman before taking out his keys to unlock the front door. "Come inside."

Even though the invitation was cold, Jennifer decided to accept the offer and enter the abode anyway.

"I thought you were mad at me," continued Carter without even turning to face the woman as he took off his jacket and loosened his necktie.

Facing the man's back, Jennifer gritted her teeth with discontent. Why is he still treating me so indifferently when he knows just how upset I was? Doesn't he care about my feelings at all?

At that moment, Jennifer could feel a sense of bitterness in her heart. She loved Carter so much that she was willing to let go of her dignity. Still, the man remained distant toward her.

I just don't understand. What did I ever do wrong? What is it about me that makes Carter treat me this way? No matter how hard I tried to pretend to hate him, he just never seemed to care nor take pity on me. All he ever cares about is Amelia. To him, I'm just a nobody, and nothing I did ever matter to him. As much as I want to, I just can't seem to change his feeling for me.

"I'm sorry, Carter. I know I shouldn't have behaved like that, and I hope you can forgive me," pleaded Jennifer submissively, ready to give up her dignity for the man once again.

Sighing, Carter swiftly turned around and pushed Jennifer to the wall before towering over the aggrieved woman.

"Jennifer, you're a good woman. That much is undeniable, so I'm sure there are a lot of men out there who would kill to marry you. Why do you waste your time on me?" questioned Carter rhetorically.

Jennifer smiled wryly as she gazed at the man. "I've done so much for you, Carter. You know how much I love you. Don't you think it's cruel to just push me away like that?"

"What is it that you like about me? Tell me, and I'll change it just so you'll stop feeling that way about me," instructed Carter impatiently.

Furious at those words, Jennifer angrily gave the man push. "You're a big fat jerk, Carter!"

Carter stared coldly at Jennifer before continuing without a hint of emotion, "You knew from the beginning that I was a jerk who would never reciprocate your love, didn't you? So why get yourself attached to me? You even told my mother about our sexual relationship. Do you have any idea how annoying you are to me?"

“Are you treating me this way because Amelia is back?” questioned Jennifer as her body trembled uncontrollably.

“This has nothing to do with her. Even if she didn’t return, I still wouldn’t fall for you. It’s just not possible. All you’re doing is making both of us miserable. I’m sure we’ll both feel much better if you just forget about me.” Carter tried to talk some sense into Jennifer, but he had forgotten how persistent this woman could be. They would not even be having that conversation if she were someone he could reason with.

Carter would have been crueler toward Jennifer if he had not slept with her. Nevertheless, it had happened, so he could not turn her away as if she was a stranger.

The man only indulged Jennifer because he felt somewhat guilty about what happened between them. However, he never expected it would give the woman hope to keep pursuing him.

Taking a deep breath, Jennifer tried to recompose herself before explaining, “Carter, I’m not here to fight with you. Let’s just go back to the way we were. Please?”

“Jennifer, you know I’ve always treated you like a sister. Why do you have to make this so difficult for me? If you keep this up, you’re…”

“You must be hungry, Carter. Let me go prepare something for you to eat. I practically stuffed the fridge to the brim yesterday with the groceries I bought. I’m going to fix you up with a few recipes that I have just learned. We’ll see if they’re to your liking.” With that, Jennifer hurriedly made her way to the kitchen, refusing to listen to what else Carter had to say.

After watching the woman disappear into the kitchen, Carter sighed as he turned to go upstairs.

When he returned downstairs after taking a hot shower, Jennifer had already set up the dining table for them.

“Come sit down, Carter. Dig into these dishes while they’re still hot. I’m sure you’re going to love them!” exclaimed Jennifer excitedly as if the serious conversation they had a few minutes ago never happened.

Carter could smell the food from a distance away, and it smelled amazing. It’s almost unbelievable how much Jennifer has changed for me. A rich girl like her never had to step into the kitchen, but she was willing to learn how to cook for me. Any other man would have been moved by her dedication. I have to admit that if I had met her first instead of Amelia, I probably would have given her a chance because she’s almost perfect. Unfortunately, fate has a wry sense of humor and a thing for love triangles. We’re all just victims to the cruelty of ill fate.

“You go ahead and enjoy. I have something else in mind,” stated Carter.

“What does that mean? Where are you going?” Jennifer quickly stood between Carter and the door to stop the man from leaving.

“I’m not going to eat the food you prepared because I don’t want to risk getting diarrhea.”

“Why would you say something like that? It’s not as though you’ve never tried my cooking. You were perfectly fine the last time,” responded Jennifer to the man’s hurtful words. She had worked too hard for Carter to simply brush her off like that. “Carter, please. If you don’t like what I’ve prepared, I can whip up something else. Just tell me what you want to eat, and I’ll make them. Please, I just want you to appreciate my effort.”

Seeing how miserable Jennifer was, Carter finally decided to be straightforward with her.

“Stop cooking for me, Jennifer. I’m not going to eat anything you prepare no matter what you cook. And stop wasting your time and effort on somebody who doesn’t care about what you do at all. It’s not worth it. I’m just a heartless b\*stard.”

“No, that’s not true. I know how much you care for Amelia, so you must be able to feel the same way for me. She’s already taken, Carter. But I’m not. So would you please consider me? I promise you that I’m every bit as worthy of your love as she is. Please!” pleaded Jennifer, whose eyes had begun to well up. “I’m begging you, Carter. Just stay and share this meal with me. That’s all I ask.”

In the end, Carter could not bring himself to leave the pitiful woman.

Jennifer finally turned her frown upside down when the man agreed to her request.

“Here, I made these just for you. Try them and tell me what you think.”

“It’s not bad,” commented Carter indifferently after taking a bite.

After hearing that, Jennifer continued to serve the man more food. “You should eat more then. You’ve lost so much weight. I know how busy you’ve been lately, but you shouldn’t overlook the importance of a healthy diet.”

Carter said nothing else until he was finally done eating.

“Just leave the dishes in the sink. The housemaid will wash them tomorrow, so you don’t have to do it. Also, you don’t have to cook for me anymore. I’ve already hired someone to do that. You don’t belong in the kitchen.”

Still cleaning up the table, Jennifer lowered her head in disappointment after listening to Carter.

She then left the dishes in the sink as instructed and washed her hands before coming out of the kitchen. "I'll be going now, Carter. I'll come over to cook for you again when I have the time. And about the document, I'll email it to you once I get home."

With that, Jennifer bid her farewell and left through the front door.

Carter had mixed feelings about what he had said to the woman as he watched her walk out the door with a dejected look on her face.

## Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 423

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 423 | Demand An Explanation

When Jennifer reached home, she found Vincent and Laura sitting in the living room. Like a little girl, Jennifer rushed over to Laura's side to hold her mother's arm.

"You went to see Carter again, didn't you?" inquired Laura while running her fingers through her daughter's hair.

Jennifer pouted and nodded in response. "Mom, be honest with me. Am I really that terrible? I did everything I could to get his attention, yet he still didn't want me. Ever since Amelia got back, he seemed like he has been possessed. The way he talked to me sounded even colder than usual. I just don't understand. What does she have that I don't? How did she get him to fall in love with her so effortlessly, while nothing I do seem to matter to him?"

Seeing how much Jennifer had suffered for love, Laura could not help but furrow her brows in concern. "Jennifer, why don't you just forget about Carter? An old friend told me that her son is about to move back into town, and he's just two years older than you. From what I know, he's a very talented young man. What do you say—"

"No, Mom. I can't," interrupted Jennifer before her mother could finish.

"But Jennifer..."

"I love Carter, Mom. He's all I can think about. Do you think I wouldn't have moved on a long time ago if I could do it? This must be karma. I used to enjoy stringing men along but never committing myself to any of them. The universe must've deemed me guilty for playing with their feelings, so it wants to punish me."



“Nonsense! You’re my girl, you’re perfect! Nobody, not even the universe, can tell me otherwise. You did nothing wrong,” assured Laura in all seriousness.

After some thought, Laura turned to her husband. “Vincent, we have to speak to the Scotts. Jennifer is our only child, and we can’t let anybody treat her like that. Carter thinks he doesn’t have to answer to anybody, so let’s remind him that we are not to be trifled with. Not only is our daughter a beauty, but she also comes from a respectable family. What more could that man ask for?”

“You must be joking. Are we supposed to question the Scotts as though they have wronged us? Are we going to ask them straightforwardly why their son refused to accept our daughter? Do you also want to mention how our daughter insisted on being with him and nobody else?” inquired Vincent sarcastically.

“What the heck is that supposed to mean? As I said, our daughter is perfect, so Carter should consider himself lucky that she has shown interest in him.”

“Enough of this nonsense. If Carter has made it clear that he doesn’t like Jennifer, then there’s no point beating a dead horse. Don’t embarrass yourselves.” With that, Vincent stood up and was about to go upstairs.

“Don’t you turn your back on me, Vincent! If you refuse to meet the Scotts with me today, then don’t you ever dare call Jennifer your daughter again!” shouted Laura.

Suddenly, Jennifer could feel a sharp pain in her head, for she never meant for her parents to argue because of her.

“Dad, Mom, please stop fighting! I’m sorry, okay? You don’t have to worry about me. I can deal with this on my own.” Jennifer then ran to her room upstairs.

After her daughter had left the living room, Laura shifted her attention back to Vincent and sighed, “Do you see how much pain she’s in, Vincent? Can you really sit by while your daughter writhes in agony because of a man? Either you go visit the Scotts with me now, or you can watch your daughter shut herself off.”

Eventually, Vincent agreed to go with his wife, for his fatherly love for Jennifer compelled him to do so.

“Vincent, Laura, you’re here! Where’s Jennifer?” Faye excitedly greeted the couple when they arrived at the Scotts residence.

In contrast to Faye’s excitement, Laura only snorted in response before entering the house.

Faye instructed her housemaid to prepare tea after her guests got comfortable on the couch. “Abel and Jack are out with their friends now, and they might not be back any

time soon. You should've told me that you were coming. That way, I would've asked Jack to stay home."

With her arms crossed, Laura continued to harden her face, obviously upset with the Scotts. "I'm going to be frank with you, Mrs. Scott. The only reason that I came here today is to speak with you about Carter. I only brought Jennifer back to introduce her to him because we both wanted our children to have a chance to get to know each other. And I'm glad that Jennifer fell for Carter. However, Carter doesn't seem to want to accept Jennifer even after they've shared a bed. Do you know how much it pains me to see my daughter get tortured by love like that? If Carter doesn't want to be with Jennifer, he should cut ties with her immediately."

After hearing what Laura had to say, Faye took a deep breath to calm herself down before responding, "Since when have you started addressing me in my last name? I remember that you used to call me Faye. What happened?"

"Don't change the subject. If I don't get a reasonable explanation from your family today, our family and yours are through," threatened Laura.

Faye gave the couple a half-smile before calmly continuing, "Now, now. There's no need for rash decisions. I like Jennifer. I can imagine having her as my daughter-in-law, and I've told Carter that. Heck, we even argued over it. Unfortunately, since he's already made up his mind, there is nothing I could do about it. So why don't we just let the youngsters deal with their own relationships? What do you think?"

"Do you take us for idiots, Mrs. Scott? Your son kept my daughter on the back-burner, and you expect us to just be okay with it? Carter discarded Jennifer as though she was trash the moment Amelia returned. Do you remember what you promised me? You promised me that Carter would be good to my daughter. If that's not you taking us for fools, I don't know what is," scoffed Laura.

"What did you say? Amelia is back?" Faye's eyes widened in surprise.

"Save it. You don't have to pretend as though you have no idea. I know you do."

"You have to listen to me. I really don't know that she's back. Just give me some time and let me talk to Carter first. And don't worry. One way or another, I'll make sure Carter marries Jennifer. She's the only daughter-in-law who I'll accept."

Still, Laura glared at Faye, seemingly unconvinced by the woman's words.

"Our families have known each other for many years now. We're friends, and I have no reason to lie to you. Trust me. I want to see my son marry your daughter as much as you do. It's just that he's an adult now. He's his own person, so it's difficult to persuade him sometimes. But you don't have to worry, okay? I'll make sure it happens," promised Faye.

“Fine. I’ll believe you for one last time since I’d rather our families stay friends.”

After her guests left, Faye immediately ordered her housemaid, “Call Carter now and tell him to come home this instant. Otherwise, he can forget about coming home ever.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

Faye waited for almost half an hour before Carter finally reached home.

“What is it, Mom?” inquired Carter.

Faye scoffed at her son before responding, “Don’t play coy with me.”

“You’re mad about something, aren’t you?” Carter rubbed his forehead restlessly, expecting to receive a scolding.

Faye rose from the couch and walked toward her son before questioning him directly, “What did you say to Jennifer? Tell me. I need to know.”

“Mom, she’s like a sister to me. I know she wants to be with me, but I don’t feel the same way about her. I told you this two years ago, and I’ll tell you the same thing now.”

“Does a brother sleep with his sister? Does a sister spend so much time and effort on her brother as though she were his wife?” retorted Faye.

“It was a misunderstanding, Mom. We were both drunk that night, and I mistook her for somebody else. It only happened once. I do feel guilty for what I’ve done, but I can’t be with her just because of that. I can try to make it up to her in other ways, but I can’t promise her love. I only have eyes for one person.”

“What’s so good about Amelia that you just can’t seem to get over her? What the heck does she have that Jennifer doesn’t? Amelia has ruined you once! Are you trying to give her another chance to do it again?” rebuked Faye.

“That’s not what happened, Mom. I just couldn’t let her go. She’s the only woman I love, and nobody else can take her place in my heart. I’m sorry, but that’s just how it is.”

Upon hearing that, Faye got so furious that she gave her son a hard slap to the cheek.

“You idiot! You’ve gotten so obsessed with that woman you don’t even remember who you are anymore.”

Carter remained silent.

“You’re trying to test me, aren’t you? Just like how I managed to get her to leave you before, I can do it again. I’ll make sure you forget all about her. Jennifer is the only

daughter-in-law that I'll ever recognize, so I suggest you accept this reality sooner rather than later," sneered Faye.

Carter looked coldly at his mother before threatening, "Mom, if you dare lay a finger on Amelia, you'll never see me again. Now, if there's nothing else, I'll be going."

"Don't you walk away from me, Carter! I'm not done yet," yelled Faye, but her son continued to walk out without even turning back to look at her.

"That da\*n woman!" cursed Faye with her teeth gritted and fists clenched.

## **Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 424**

### Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 424 Smiles And Daggers

The following day, Amelia received a call from a strange number. She did not want to answer it at first, for she had changed her phone number in Beshya and had only given it to a handful of people she knew. The phone number on display seemed somewhat familiar, but she just could not recall who it belonged to.

After some thought, Amelia decided to answer the call anyway. She was dumbfounded when she heard the voice on the phone, for she never expected that Faye would call her. How the heck did she get my number?

"Hello, Mrs. Scott," greeted Amelia respectfully.

"It's been two years since we last met, Ms. Winters. I'm glad that you still remember an old lady like me. So I heard from Carter that you're back. I was wondering if we could meet. Are you available for a cup of coffee right now?" Faye sounded polite but distant, somehow.

Curious, Amelia wondered what Faye could possibly want to talk about with her. Still, she decided to agree to meet Faye anyway since it would be rude to turn the elderly woman down. "Sure. When and where do you want to meet?"

"I'll send you the time and address to your phone later."

"Okay."

"See you later then."

As soon as Amelia hung up, she received a message from Faye showing the time and location of their meeting, and it was at one o'clock in the afternoon.

Kurt, who was playing hide-and-seek with Tony then, walked over while the boy went to hide. "Who was it?"

"An old friend. She asked me out for a cup of coffee later, so could you look after Tony for me while I'm out?" requested Amelia with a smile after putting her phone away.

"Sure. Do you want Tony and me to go with you?"

"No, she might feel uncomfortable with you around. You should just stay home with Tony. If you're busy, I can have Molly over. I think Tony's okay with her too."

"It's fine. I haven't accepted any job in the past few days. I actually have a lot of time on my hands since Boss only wanted me to protect you and Tony."

Without saying anything else, Amelia nodded in appreciation at the man.

When it was almost to meet Faye, Amelia drove to the location and noticed that the woman had not arrived yet.

She then ordered a cup of latte and sat down at a table in the corner to enjoy the city view.

Faye finally appeared after Amelia had waited for almost twenty minutes. "Sorry. The traffic was a nightmare."

In response, Amelia chuckled politely. "It's fine, Mrs. Scott. I just got here too."

"What would you like to order, ma'am?" inquired one of the waiters.

"A cup of Jamaican Blue Mountain with ice, please."

"Sure. It's coming right up."

After the waiter had left, Faye shifted her attention to Amelia. "You look even more beautiful now than I last remembered, Ms. Winters."

"Thank you, Mrs. Scott. You're doing pretty well yourself. I don't think anyone will believe me if I tell them that you're over fifty." Amelia put on a less-than-sincere smile before continuing, "And you can just call me Amelia. I think we're close enough, don't you? So is there a reason why you wanted to meet me? And how did you get my new phone number?"

Forcing a smile herself, Faye answered, "Oh, I just guessed that Mrs. Clinton would know your number since you're back, so I called her and asked for it."

Amelia nodded before getting back to her first question. "So why did you want to meet me? Is there anything I can help you with, Mrs. Scott?"

"Have you and Carter met yet?"

At that moment, Amelia instantly had a realization, and all her questions were suddenly answered. Carter had always been at the center of everything that happened between Amelia and Faye. Seven years ago, Amelia almost got arrested because Faye wanted her to leave Carter. Naturally, it was for the same reason that Faye wanted to talk to Amelia in person then.

"I happened to bump into him and Ms. Larson when I took my son shopping yesterday. Even though things between him and me didn't work out, we're still friends, so we sat down for a cup of coffee. Just like what you and I are doing right now. Ms. Larson was with us too. You're not upset that I had coffee with your son, are you, Mrs. Scott?"

Faye adjusted the shawl on her and chuckled unconvincingly. "Of course not. I was just glad to hear from Carter that you're back after disappearing for two years. I thought maybe we could catch up."

In response to that, Amelia only smiled while a waiter served up their coffee.

"Enjoy your coffee." With that, the waiter naturally took his leave and left the two alone once more.

Faye picked up her cup and swirled her coffee for a bit before gracefully taking a sip like royalty. "The coffee here is not bad. Go ahead. Try it."

"You're right," stated Amelia after tasting hers.

There was awkwardness in the air for a while when the two stayed quiet.

Only after two or three minutes did Faye intentionally clear her throat to break the ice. "Amelia, you know that Carter and Jennifer are seeing each other, right?" questioned Faye as she picked up her spoon to stir her coffee.

"Really? Then, you have to congratulate Carter for me. After two years, they're finally together. I asked him about it yesterday, but I guess he was too shy to admit it. This is wonderful news. He's got quite a catch, and I'm truly happy for him."

Faye stared curiously at Amelia and wondered if the woman actually meant those words. "And that doesn't bother you?"

Further widening her smile, Amelia never expected that she could fake a smile like that. In truth, Amelia had always known how to plaster on a smile; she was just unwilling to

do it. Even though she hated insincere social interactions, she understood that they were unavoidable sometimes.

“Mrs. Scott, Carter and I are just friends. I don’t deny the fact that I did fall in love with him seven years ago. Back then, I’ve even imagined how happy I would be if were to marry him. But that was all in the past. Now I have a husband who loves me and a beautiful boy. That’s why I truly hope that Carter finds happiness as well, and I think that he and Ms. Larson make a fine match,” explained Amelia earnestly.

Only then did Faye’s smile become a little more sincere.

“Amelia, you have no idea how glad I am to hear you say that. I’m sorry if my words just now have offended you. The only reason I met with you today is that I wanted to ask you to keep your distance from Carter. You know how much he cares for you, and I’d rather not have him change his mind about marrying Jennifer because of you. You understand, right?” requested Faye with a look that showed how worried she was for her son. “If you had not returned, I believe that Carter would’ve gotten over you by now. However, fate loves its sick jokes. Not only did you return, but you also happened to bump into him. Please, Amelia. Do this for me. Cut all ties with Carter so that he doesn’t harbor any hope for you.”

Amelia’s smile remained unchanged. It was as though the expression had been perfectly chiseled onto her face.

“Don’t worry, Mrs. Scott. I’ll do whatever I can to distance myself from Carter.” Even though Amelia behaved respectfully toward Faye, she despised the elderly woman for the selfishness she displayed. All she can think about is what she wants. She doesn’t care about Carter’s feelings at all. Sometimes I wonder if he would consider himself lucky to be her son.

Smiling from ear to ear, Faye grabbed hold of Amelia’s hands tightly. “Excellent! With your promise, I’m sure I’ll have grandchildren soon. Please forgive me for what I’ve done, Amelia. I know I’ve caused you a great deal of suffering, but because of that, you were able to marry into the Clintons, weren’t you? I’m glad things eventually ended well for you. What do you say we call it even?”

Amelia could not believe just how shameless the elderly woman was, but still, she decided to play along. “I’m not even sure what you’re talking about, Mrs. Scott. As far as I’m concerned, nothing happened between us.”

Noticing how much Amelia had changed, Faye gave the young woman a curious look. I see that she’s learned a lot over the past two years. I guess it’s not all bad. Things will be easier for me if she just plays along.

“I always knew that you were a smart girl. As long as you stay away from Carter, I believe we can get along just fine.”

In response to that, Amelia plastered on another smile.

## Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 425

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 425 Just A Reminder

After parting with Faye, Amelia decided to visit Oscar at work, so she hailed a ride and called the man when she was on her way. It did not take long before her call was answered.

“Hey, are you busy?” asked Amelia with a sweet smile as though nothing Faye said had affected her mood.

“Not really. Have you had lunch yet?” Oscar’s voice sounded caring and gentle.

“I have. What about you? Don’t you dare forget to take lunch because of work!”

“Yes, ma’am. I’ve already had lunch too.”

“Good. I’ll prepare something delicious for dinner tonight.”

“You have to give me a kiss before I hang up.”

Shyly, Amelia glanced at the driver to ensure that he was not looking at her before quietly blowing Oscar a kiss.

“Still in the honeymoon phase, huh? You’re making me jealous,” teased the driver after Amelia ended her call.

“He’s a busy man, but he does make time for me.”

“Someone as pretty as you must have a very capable husband.”

“I guess you can say we’re comfortable financially. He makes enough for us to get by.”

On the way, Amelia had a good time chatting with the driver.

Meanwhile, Oscar smiled to himself as he stared at his phone after the call. Everyone else in the meeting room was curious to see the man smile. Nonetheless, they felt much less pressured when they noticed the man’s change in mood.

Suddenly remembering that he was still in a meeting, Oscar lifted his head to meet the others’ gaze, causing them to quickly look away.



Oscar then cleared his throat before continuing with the meeting. "Mr. Waltz, your proposal is worth considering. Just make the necessary adjustments like I told you, and I'll review it again. Now, if nobody else has any more questions, that's it for today."

The manager addressed quickly wiped off the sweat beading on his forehead before responding to Oscar, "Yes, Mr. Clinton. I'll be sure to rectify the mistakes and I promise you won't be disappointed."

"I'm sure I won't be, Mr. Waltz. Hey, take it easy. You'll do just fine," encouraged Oscar with a pleasant smile.

Everyone in the room, including the manager, was surprised to see how laid back Oscar was, for the man had always been highly critical at work. They could not help but wonder who it was on the phone that had such influence over the man. Whoever that person is, they may have just saved us from a terrible day.

After the meeting was ended and everyone else left, Isabella approached Oscar. "Was that Mrs. Clinton, Oscar?" Even though Isabella asked the question casually, she was filled with jealousy on the inside. Seeing how a single phone call from Amelia was enough to turn Oscar's mood around, Isabella envied Amelia's influence over the man.

Oscar stopped walking and turned around to give Isabella a stern look. "Ms. Walker, we didn't hire you to engage in gossip at work. Just because you have my mother's support doesn't mean I can't fire you."

Upon hearing that, Isabella had to take a deep breath to calm herself down. "I just didn't expect you two to be even closer after being apart for two years. I'm just a little jealous of your relationship. That's all," explained Isabella with a forced smile.

Without saying anything in response, Oscar simply turned his back on the woman and walked away, but she would not leave him alone.

Oscar picked up his phone and called his secretary when Isabella followed him into his office. "Linda, come in here and walk Ms. Walker out."

After that, Oscar ignored Isabella and proceeded to focus on his work.

"Do you really hate me that much, Oscar?" questioned Isabella as she leaned on the man's desk.

Before the woman could say anything else, somebody knocked on the door. "Come in," voiced Oscar.

Linda then entered the room and motioned for Isabella to leave with her. "This way, please, Ms. Walker."

“You get out! This is between Oscar and me. You’re nothing but a small-time secretary!” yelled Isabella while looking daggers at Linda.

In response, the secretary smiled politely at Isabella. “Ms. Walker, please understand that I’m just doing my job carrying out my boss’ order. If it’s all the same to you, I’d very much appreciate your cooperation.”

“Do you think that I can’t get you fired?”

Never had Linda met anyone as unreasonable as Isabella. Still, there was nothing she could do to the woman since she was indeed just a small-time secretary. If Isabella wanted, I believe she’d be more than capable of getting rid of me.

“Linda, someone like her requires a more personal touch. You’re allowed to remove her by force if necessary. And don’t worry about your job. There’s nobody in this office who can fire you except me,” assured Oscar while he continued to go through his documents.

Both Isabella and Linda were stunned by Oscar’s words. Although she was permitted to use force, Linda would rather not offend Isabella and risk losing her job. Once again, the secretary found herself caught in the middle.

“Please come with me, Ms. Walker. I’m sure you and Mr. Clinton will have plenty of time to talk in private, so there’s no need for this,” advised Linda before gesturing for Isabella to leave the room again.

Furious, Isabella glared at the secretary before eventually walking away.

The secretary then breathed a sigh of relief before taking her leave. “I’ll leave you to your work, Mr. Clinton.” When she got out, Isabella was already nowhere to be seen.

“I pity you, Linda. I really do. It must’ve been like hell to be stuck between Mr. Clinton and Ms. Walker like that. You are obviously the cannon fodder,” commented one of the fellow secretaries.

“It’s all part of the job, I guess. We do whatever we can to help when our boss needs us, no? Hey, maybe you should give it a try next time,” joked Linda.

“No, thank you. I don’t think I can take that much stress. Mr. Clinton might as well just fire me on the spot.”

Linda chuckled and shrugged in response to her colleague.

On the other side, Isabella stomped into the elevator and went down to the lobby, where she just so happened to bump into Amelia.

Still upset because of how Oscar had treated her, Isabella started rushing toward Amelia, who had just gotten out of the cab.

Amelia could sense Isabella's hostility toward her when she saw the look on the angry woman's face.

"What a coincidence, Ms. Walker," greeted Amelia while her eyes involuntarily glanced over Isabella's name tag.

Isabella stared coldly at Amelia for a while before questioning, "Why did you have to come back, Amelia? Oscar and I would've gotten engaged if it weren't for you. Do you have any idea what you've done? You have ruined everything!"

Chuckling, Amelia could not help but be amused when she saw how different Isabella was without the Clintons around. Isabella sure knows how to put on a good show. I swear she's the gentlest person alive when Oscar is around. I wonder if she finds it exhausting to switch between two different personalities like that.

"Ms. Walker, this place is my home. The people I love are all here, so why wouldn't I want to come back?" inquired Amelia rhetorically, making Isabella seem even more like a desperate fool in comparison.

Gritting her teeth, Isabella got so angry that she was lost for words.

"Let me remind you that this is your workplace, Ms. Walker. You don't want your colleagues to think that you're some kind of madwoman, do you? I know just how fast rumors spread, and I'm sure it won't take long before they reach Oscar. So do yourself a favor and behave," added Amelia.

"Are you threatening me?"

"Oh, I would never do that to you, Ms. Walker. It's just a friendly reminder. Of course, it's still up to you whether you want to embarrass yourself."

Glaring at Amelia, Isabella could not believe how bold the woman had become after just two years.

## **Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 426**

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 426 Deserving Admiration

"Amelia, do you really enjoy watching Oscar going crazy over you? If I were you, I wouldn't even have the cheek to return home after leaving with Tony without saying a word. I can't imagine how shameless you are for not feeling any remorse," Isabella sneered. She just couldn't understand how Amelia was capable of doing something like that.

Smiling cordially, Amelia replied, “Ms. Walker, that is between Oscar and the Clinton family. They have nothing to do with you at all. So, what gives you the right to question me about it?”

“Given the fact that Mrs. Clinton recognizes me as her future daughter-in-law, Oscar is potentially my future husband. Therefore, I’m expressing my indignance out of concern for my man,” Isabella declared, thrusting her head in the air.

With a glint in her eye, the smile on Amelia’s face began to crater.

Noticing the change, Isabella’s eyes glistened smugly.

Walking up to Amelia, she muttered, “Amelia, has anyone told you before that you’re nothing but a fake? You come and go at will. That, to me, is extremely hypocritical.”

Puffing her chest, Amelia finally felt a rush of emotions flowing through her.

Isabella continued to gloat, “Amelia, I initially assumed that you were unshakeable. But now, it’s evident that you have weaknesses too.”

Taking a deep breath, Amelia desperately tried to calm herself down.

She raised her gaze at Isabella. “Ms. Walker, thank you for your kind advice. Given that you have found someone you like, I’m obliged to be congratulating you. Unfortunately, both of us love the same man. Therefore, it’s fated that we have become rivals. I’m sorry but I need to go now, as I have an appointment with Oscar.”

Just when Amelia was about to leave, Isabella grabbed her hand. “Amelia, what is it going to take for you to leave him?”

As if she had heard a joke, Amelia sniggered.

“What are you laughing at?” Isabella asked curiously.

“Ms. Walker, even though Oscar is someone exceptional, I still can’t get used to the fact that you love him. Nevertheless, I’m grateful to you for staying by his side over the last two years. However, that isn’t the reason why I left Oscar. Furthermore, do you think you are wealthier than Oscar? Or else, what leverage do you have to force me to leave him?” Amelia retorted as she retracted her hand.

Isabella’s face turned gloomy in response.

“Amelia, you had better watch yourself.”

“Ms. Walker, I’m sorry, but I’m taking my leave. Let’s talk again another time.”

With that, Amelia walked into the building, leaving Isabella behind to watch her silhouette with an icy expression.

The moment she entered, the receptionist who was new didn’t recognize her.

“Miss, may I know who you are here to see?” the receptionist asked.

After glancing at the slender-looking receptionist, Amelia replied with a smile, “Did the previous receptionist quit?”

When the receptionist realized that Amelia knew her predecessor and was sharply dressed, she deduced that Amelia wasn’t an outsider. Hence, she didn’t dare to get in the way.

“To answer your question, my predecessor gave birth to a child three months ago. Thus, her husband wanted her to be a stay-at-home mother. Since I’m new here, I have not seen you before. If I have offended you in any way, please forgive me, as I’m only doing my duty,” the receptionist answered comprehensively.

Amelia smiled. “So, she got married and had children. It’s not a surprise since two years have passed.”

Looking at Amelia, the receptionist asked, “Miss, may I know who are you looking for? Do you have an appointment?”

“I’m here to see Mr. Clinton.”

“Do you have an appointment with him?”

“No, but I can give him a call.”

Just when Amelia took out her phone, a professionally-dressed lady walked out of the elevator. She looked like someone who was very experienced.

“Mrs. Clinton,” she gasped. When Amelia turned to look and saw a familiar sight, she couldn’t help but smile. “Jerry, it’s been a while since I last saw you. You look very sharp now.”

Jerry couldn’t believe her eyes when she saw Amelia. For a split second, she thought she was dreaming. In truth, anyone would be equally shocked to see a person who had disappeared for two years suddenly emerge.

“Wh-When did you come back?” Jerry asked as she walked up to Amelia.

Amelia responded with a faint smile. Ever since she lost her eyesight, Amelia didn't look as strikingly sexy as before. Instead, she carried an air of calm and gentleness now. Anyone who saw her would inherently sympathize with her.

"For a couple of days."

"No wonder Oscar has been in such a good mood lately. I was wondering if the impossible had happened. Little did I know that you have returned."

"You can just call me Amelia. As Oscar and I have yet to remarry, I'm no longer Mrs. Clinton."

Jerry complied and greeted Amelia by her name.

Even though Jerry was someone experienced and strict, she someone found it easy to talk to Amelia. Despite them not having interacted a lot in the past, she subconsciously sided with Amelia in her relationship with Oscar.

"Jerry, do you mind joining me for coffee so that we can catch up?"

"But aren't you here to see Mr. Clinton?"

"Now that I have run into an old friend like you, I've changed my mind."

"Let's go then. After not seeing you for two years, there's a lot I want to tell you."

With that, both of them left in Jerry's car.

After all, the car that Amelia drove to meet Faye was still parked outside the café. She had taken a taxi to Oscar's office instead.

Hence, Amelia told Jerry about it. "I left my car outside the café, as I suddenly felt like taking a taxi."

Hearing that, Jerry drove both of them to the café.

When they arrived, Jerry found a place to park before they entered the café.

Having found a seat by the window, Amelia and Jerry both ordered a latte.

While they were waiting for the drinks to be served, Jerry used the opportunity to ask, "Amelia, where did you go the last two years?"

Amelia replied, "I was in Beshya the entire time. Half a year ago, I gave you a call but got Tiff to speak on my behalf. However, you didn't recognize her voice."

Trying hard to recall, Jerry did remember receiving a call from Beshya. When she picked up, she heard the unfamiliar voice of a lady. Coincidentally, Oscar was at the Sales Department back then. When he saw her on the phone, he asked her who was on the line. When she told him it was a call from Beshya, he took the phone away and put it to his ear. Without saying a word, he listened for about a minute before ending the call.

After he returned the phone to her, Oscar left abruptly. Even though she didn't know what was going on, Jerry didn't ask. After all, she didn't think too much of a call from a stranger and soon forgot about it.

There was no way she could have imagined that Oscar used the phone call to track down Amelia's address. However, worried that he would frighten her, he kept his distance for half a year more.

Now that it dawned upon Jerry, she remarked, "Amelia, if only I had known that you made the call, I would have learned that you're in Beshya. I'm sorry."

"This has nothing to do with you, as you didn't know Tiff well. Naturally, you weren't able to recognize her voice. The reason she called was to find out how Oscar was doing." Recalling what happened, Amelia felt embarrassed by it.

"Amelia, since you care about Oscar, why did you leave for so long? During the two years you were gone, Oscar went through a terrible time. Other than work, he would spend the rest of this time looking for you. After working for him for so many years, I have never seen him work so hard before. In fact, it looks as if he was torturing himself by working more than eighteen hours a day. Furthermore, I even saw bottles of sleeping pills and aspirin on his desk. To be honest, that was the first time I have ever seen him so dejected in my entire life." Thinking back to Oscar's condition then, Jerry couldn't help but sympathize.

Amelia's hand twitched slightly in response.

"Sleeping pills?" she asked in a raspy voice. It didn't cross her mind that Oscar's condition was so serious that he needed them. As a result, she reevaluated the actual impact her departure had left him.

All Jerry did was smile.

Just when Amelia was about to say something, the waitress arrived with their coffee.

Once the coffee was served, the waitress invited them to enjoy it and left.

After stirring her coffee with her spoon, Amelia took a sip and felt the bitterness of the coffee overwhelm her senses.

When Jerry saw her expression, he clarified at once, "Amelia, don't misunderstand, Mr. Clinton drowned himself in work due to how much he missed you. All the employees felt that he had become another person after you were gone. Hence, they were privately hoping that you would return as soon as possible."

Amelia smiled wryly.

"Back then, I divorced Oscar and left because I was about to go blind, which I did over the last two years. Just one month ago, I still couldn't see a thing until Oscar found me a compatible donor for my cornea."

Jerry was taken aback when she heard it.

"You were blind before?" She couldn't tell at all.

Amelia nodded.

"In that case, you must have suffered during the two years, haven't you?"

"It's all in the past now, so it doesn't really matter. If I hadn't gone blind, I might never have known how much Oscar cared about me. In the end, I'm grateful for the entire experience as it turned out to be a blessing in disguise. If not for that, I wouldn't have noticed how wonderful sunlight can be," Amelia related with a renewed zest for life.

"Amelia, you really are an amazing lady. I can finally understand why Mr. Clinton longed for you so much. The reason is that you're simply worth it, and I mean it."

"I'm not as great as you're making me out to be. All I did was do what needed to be done. When faced with obstacles, we have to adapt and resolve them. Complaining will only get in our way and hold us back, don't you think so?"

Jerry nodded in agreement as her opinion of Amelia was elevated further. She greatly admired the resilience Amelia had shown throughout the matter.

## **Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 427**

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 427 No Longer Hiding Her Affection

After bidding Jerry farewell, Amelia sat alone in her car. Watching the flow of cars and pedestrians through the window, she was filled with mixed emotions.

The more she heard about Oscar's condition during the two years from different sources, the more intense her love for him became.



When a thought struck her, Amelia decided to drive to the ground floor of Clinton Corporations. Checking her watch, she realized it was already five-forty. There were twenty more minutes to go before six.

Hence, she gave Oscar a call which he quickly answered. "Oscar, are you busy now?"

"I'm just tying up some loose ends. What is it? Are you missing me already?" Oscar's affectionate voice rang out from the phone.

"Yes, I am. I'm missing you more than you can imagine," Amelia answered candidly.

She was then greeted by a long silence.

Glancing at her screen, she thought something had happened to Oscar. She checked anxiously, "Oscar? Oscar?"

"Where are you now?"

"I'm right outside your office. I was hoping that you can accompany me to go grocery shopping since we haven't done so in a while. Suddenly, I have the urge to show off my perfect husband to the world," Amelia lavished him with praise.

In response to her words, Oscar felt as if his heart was about to melt. At the same time, she could hear a gentle grunt over the phone.

"Wait for me. I'm coming down right now."

"Sure, I'll be here."

After ending the call, Amelia broke into a smile.

As for Oscar, he quickly packed his things and dashed out of his office like the wind.

When Linda and the other secretaries saw what a rush Oscar was in, they exchanged glances. One of them leaned toward Linda and asked, "Linda, what's going on? Why is Mr. Clinton in such a rush? Did something happen at home?"

Linda gave her the side-eye. "We're not supposed to stick our nose into the boss' affairs. We should focus on our work instead."

Even though the secretary was still curious, she didn't dare gossip anymore.

Oscar took the elevator alone to the ground floor. Just when he exited it, a figure coincidentally walked out of another elevator.

“Oscar.” It was none other than Isabella.

Feeling as if she was haunting him like a vengeful spirit, Oscar felt the urge to scream.

As he quickened his footsteps, Isabella followed behind him. The moment they left the building, Isabella saw Amelia waiting in the car from the corner of her eye. In the heat of the moment, she picked up her pace and hugged Oscar from behind.

“Oscar, I really love you,” Isabella declared.

Meanwhile, the staff who were passing by turned their heads when they saw what happened. Amelia too had noticed the same.

“Oscar, don’t be so cold to me. After all, we are about to get engaged,” Isabella lamented in a voice audible enough for all the bystanders to hear. Just when everyone was waiting with anticipation for Oscar’s response, he grabbed her hand at lightning speed and threw her over his shoulder in public.

Everyone who was watching gasped in shock. No one had expected Oscar to publicly humiliate someone as pretty as Isabella.

Even Isabella could barely recover from the shock.

Looking down at Isabella who had been thrown onto the floor, Oscar warned, “Stop trying to get close to me. Or else, it won’t just be a simple shoulder throw the next time.”

“Oscar, how can you do that to Isabella?” Stephanie, who was walking by with Noah, quickly made her way through the crowd when she saw Isabella on the ground.

Kneeling down to help her up, Stephanie asked, “Isabella, are you all right?”

Looking at her scraped elbow, Isabella’s eyes reddened. She then stared at Oscar with an aggrieved expression and questioned, “Oscar, do you really hate me so much?”

All Oscar did was give her a look before turning to leave.

With a devastated tone, Isabella called out, “Oscar!”

Pretending not to hear, Oscar strode toward where Amelia’s car was parked.

After getting in, Oscar leaned in toward her, put his hand behind her head, and kissed her on her lips. Pushing his tongue past her teeth, both of them were locked in a passionate kiss.

By the time they were done, Amelia looked a little lost with her cheeks blushing intensely.

As he stared intently at how beautiful Amelia had become, Oscar's eyes burned with passion. "Honey, you truly look stunning!"

After taking a few breaths of air, Amelia finally regained her senses.

Looking at Isabella, who was sitting on the ground and leaning against Stephanie, she asked, "Oscar, why did you have to humiliate her in public?" After all, Isabella worked at Clinton Corporations. Given what happened, news of it would have spread through the entire office building in ten minutes. As a result, Isabella would end up becoming a laughing stock.

"What's wrong? Do you enjoy watching others throw themselves at your husband?" Oscar commented with a hidden smile as he gently lifted Amelia's chin.

Knitting her eyebrows, Amelia slapped Oscar's hand away. Then, she leaned in to give his lip a gentle bite. "Oscar, although what you just did was really rude, I can't deny that it was the perfect response."

After all, she wasn't an angel. There was no way she could tolerate another woman fawning over her man. In fact, she was filled with satisfaction when she saw Oscar ruthlessly slamming Isabella onto the ground.

Admitting that she wasn't someone kind, Amelia didn't pity Isabella for being humiliated at all.

"Oscar, you were so dashing just now. What am I going to do, now that I realize I'm falling even deeper in love with you?" Amelia asked as she closed in on his ear and gave it a gentle nip.

Oh, what a vixen!

The thought flashed across Oscar's mind.

Staring at Amelia, Oscar was filled with the urge to ravage her.

"Amelia, do you know that you're playing with fire right now?" Oscar asked in a hoarse voice.

Giggling, she replied softly, "Oscar, isn't it obvious that I'm seducing you?"

Oscar could feel the burning passion raging through his body.

"Oscar, what's wrong? You're blushing."

Unable to resist his urges any further, Oscar pushed Amelia toward the corner of the seat and the door.

Amidst his actions, Amelia let out a burst of laughter.

Pushing him back with both her hands, Amelia suggested with a coquettish voice, "Oscar, I'm hungry. Let's go and get the groceries, shall we? I plan to cook up a feast tonight. Also, I'll get Tiff to babysit Tony for the night so that we can have a candlelight dinner. And then, you can do whatever you want to me. How about that?"

With a darkening gaze, Oscar took a few deep breaths before he managed to suppress his urges.

After giving Amelia another passionate kiss, both of them parted their lips breathlessly. Looking at how she was smiling, Oscar declared, "Amelia, there's no escape for you tonight."

Amelia smiled. After she had learned from Jerry how much Oscar did for her, she no longer held back her feelings for him. After all, she loved him and wanted to face all adversities together with him.

## **Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 428**

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 428 Standing Together

After Oscar drove off with Amelia, Stephanie frantically waved the crowd away. She then helped Isabella up and instructed Noah, "Let's go to a hotel nearby and get some medication for Isabella's wound."

Nodding in acknowledgment, he helped Isabella to the car together with Stephanie.

After driving to a five-star hotel, Noah reserved the presidential suite. Then, the three of them took the elevator up.

Once they entered the suite, Noah threw the key on the sofa and gently suggested, "Stephanie, please take care of my sister while I get some medication from the pharmacy."

Stephanie waved her hand. "Go quickly."

After Noah had left, Isabella hugged Stephanie and started bawling.

Patting her on the back, Stephanie comforted, "There, there. Stop crying. I'm here for you. Whatever it is, I'll stand up for you."

Isabella's cries grew louder instead. She ranted, "Stephanie, don't you think I'm useless? Despite giving my heart and soul to your brother, why doesn't he show me any respect at all?"

As Stephanie's eye narrowed, something seemed to have struck her.

Patting Isabella's back in a constant rhythm, she added fuel to fire. "Isabella, there's nothing wrong with you. It's Amelia who is the vixen here. I figure that she must have used some black magic on him. For Oscar to fall for you, Amelia must be taken out of the picture."

Isabella stopped crying and raised her head from Stephanie's chest. She asked, "Stephanie, what are you trying to say?"

Stephanie grabbed Isabella's hand. "Isabella, I truly wished that you can become my sister-in-law. Compared to Amelia, I think that only you are worthy of my brother. Moreover, you can help him in his career too. To be honest, I resented the fact that Amelia has returned, and my mom shares the exact same sentiment. Now that she is threatening your position, how shall we deal with her? We just have to dispose of her."

Suddenly, Isabella's eyes widened. Filled with fear and anxiousness, she asked, "Do you mean we should kill her?"

Just as she spoke, Isabella shook her head immediately while still being teary-eyed. "No, we can't murder her. There are a lot of ways to capture Oscar's heart without resorting to killing anyone."

Despite how proud and stubborn she was, she had never resorted to underhanded methods such as murder. In fact, it never even crossed her mind before. After all, she treasured her own life and wouldn't do anything that would result in a death sentence.

Stephanie narrowed her eyes and leaned closer to Isabella. She whispered, "Isabella, don't tell me that you're afraid?"

Taking a deep breath, Isabella tried to calm herself down.

"Stephanie, killing is illegal. I'm sure you're just pulling my leg, aren't you?" Isabella asked.

As she stared at Isabella, Stephanie's eyes flashed with disdain.

She had assumed Isabella would do anything for her brother. But in the end, self-preservation was more important to her. Oscar was nothing more than someone Isabella loved when there were no conflicts of interest.

Meanwhile, Isabella had obviously noticed the contempt in Stephanie's eyes. Gulping, she explained, "Stephanie, listen to me. It's not that I don't love Oscar enough. I just don't think it's necessary to kill someone over it, other than the fact that it's illegal."

Stephanie squirmed her lips. "What's the big deal about it? In order to force her to leave my brother, I even hired someone to run her down when she was pregnant. In fact, I almost managed to kill two birds with one stone. In the end, my parents helped me to cover up the matter. When my brother wanted to hold me accountable, they begged him to stay his hand. After what I've told you, isn't it obvious to you that she isn't that important to him?"

Isabella looked at Stephanie in shock. From her perspective, she felt as if she was looking at a lunatic. After all, no sane person would order such an attack on a pregnant lady.

As a daughter of a rich family, she too had fooled around with the hearts of other men. Even then, she had never hurt an innocent child before and would never be cruel enough to do something like that.

Leaning closer to Isabella, Stephanie sneered, "What's wrong, Isabella? Do you think I'm being too ruthless?"

When Isabella recoiled in fear, Stephanie laughed insidiously. "Isabella, I'm disappointed in you. Just when I thought we were on the same side, I now realized we aren't. Since there's no point in me being here, I'm taking my leave."

Worried that Stephanie would talk bad about her in front of Olivia and lower her chances of being married into the Clinton family, Isabella quickly caught Stephanie's hand. Smiling in response, she clarified, "Stephanie, don't be angry. I was just briefly taken aback just now. I agree with you that the only way the Clintons can have peace is for Amelia to leave Oscar forever."

Turning around, Stephanie stared down at Isabella, who was half kneeling on the sofa. "Do you really think so?"

Isabella pulled her back onto the sofa to have a seat and added, "Stephanie, please calm down. I know you feel indignant for me today, but there are many ways to get rid of someone without resorting to killing. Isn't it better for us to destroy her emotionally so that she will never want to step foot in this city again?"

Stephanie raised her eyebrows and asked, "How are we going to do that?"

"Stephanie, do you know the one thing women can't tolerate about the men they love?"

"Betrayal?" Stephanie asked curiously.

“Yes, it’s betrayal. Once she sees Oscar cheating on her, do you think she can still accept it?” Isabella smirked.

“Oscar is loyal to her, how is he ever going to do that? Besides, so what if he did cheat on her? Two years ago, she saw with her own eyes Oscar getting intimate with Cassie. Despite getting divorced back then, aren’t both of them back together as if nothing had happened? Hence, I don’t think your plan can work at all,” Stephanie scoffed after giving it some thought.

However, Isabella was extremely confident. “Stephanie, don’t worry. A smart woman can only tolerate her man cheating once or twice. But once it happens again, there’s only so much her pride can take. Amelia is someone so proud that she won’t tolerate a true betrayal. This is something that’s obvious to me.”

Nevertheless, Stephanie still thought that Isabella was deluding herself. If Oscar is someone who will cheat, he would have done so a long time ago and wouldn’t have bothered spending two years looking for Amelia.

“You keep talking about cheating, but have you forgotten how loyal Oscar is? Otherwise, he wouldn’t have ignored your efforts to pursue him for two whole years.”

Isabella’s facial expression drastically changed.

“Stephanie, even if Oscar doesn’t cheat, we can create the illusion that he did. Isn’t this my specialty?”

Stephanie pondered upon the idea.

“Do you have a way?” she asked with her eyebrows raised.

After Isabella whispered in her ear, Stephanie looked at her in disbelief. “Will it work? Instead of Oscar cheating, we make it look like Amelia is the one who cheated instead? Are you sure Oscar won’t see through it?”

Isabella answered with a smile, “We’ll never know until we try. After giving it some thought, I realized women have a greater capacity to forgive, but men will never be able to tolerate a woman cheating. Now that the roles are reversed, do you think Oscar is magnanimous enough to forgive her transgressions?”

Looking at Isabella, Stephanie added thoughtfully, “Isabella, it’s now clear to me that you are a wolf in sheep’s clothing. Just when I thought you were soundlessly beaten, you have managed to impress me with your proposed countermeasure.”

Narrowing her eyes, Isabella affirmed with an insidious tone, “You have flattered me, Stephanie. I’m just defending what is rightfully mine. After all, she shouldn’t have returned after leaving. Don’t you agree?”

Giving her a thumbs-up, Stephanie smiled. "Isabella, I now realized that we are very much alike. With you as my sister-in-law, my days after marrying into the Walker family will be interesting."

Isabella broke into a dignified smile. "Stephanie, Noah is indeed blessed to have a wife like you."

Despite smiling at each other, each of them had their own agendas. Beneath their smiles, the seeds of contempt for one another had already been planted. Nevertheless, they maintained their alliance due to the presence of a common enemy.

## **Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 429**

### Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 429 Discord Among Siblings

Soon, Noah returned with the medication. When he saw how they were chatting vivaciously with each other, he eyed them with suspicion. Nonetheless, he knew better than to take part in their conversation. After all, he had always been a gentle person in front of Stephanie.

"Isabella, I got you some medication. Other than the wounds on your hand, are you hurt anywhere else?" Noah asked as he put the medication on the table and prepared to help Isabella apply it.

"Only my elbow," Isabella answered.

After dressing her wound, Noah instructed, "It's done. When you shower the next few days, just be mindful not to get it wet."

"Thanks, Noah," Isabella replied obediently.

Just when Stephanie was about to say something, her phone rang at the inopportune moment. When she picked it up, she saw that it was her mom on the line.

"Mom," Stephanie answered as she put a finger to her lips to shush everyone else.

"Isabella, where are you?" Olivia inquired softly.

"Mom, I'm with Noah and Isabella now. Noah and I were on our way to the office to invite Oscar and Isabella out to dinner. Unexpectedly, Oscar threw Isabella to the ground in public on Amelia's account." After giving it some thought, Stephanie felt it was necessary to relate the incident.

"What? Is it true?" Olivia's tone turned grim. "How is Isabella doing? Let me talk to her."



Stephanie handed the phone to Isabella. "Mom wants to speak to you."

After receiving the phone, Isabella adjusted her composure. "Mrs. Clinton."

Isabella, I heard that Oscar has hurt you. Don't you worry, I'll lecture him for you," Olivia asked with concern, "Were you hurt when Oscar threw you over his shoulder in public?"

Despite feeling the sting from the question, Isabella didn't show it on her face.

"Mrs. Clinton, I appreciate your concern, but I'm fine. Although my elbow was scraped, it will recover in a few days. Hence, there's no need to worry," Isabella reassured her sensibly.

"Good girl. I'll make sure to admonish Oscar. Also, I'll drop by to see you tomorrow. If the wound is serious, I'll teach him a lesson on your behalf," Olivia declared grimly.

"Please don't, Mrs. Clinton. It was just a misunderstanding. Oscar has always disliked me. Now that Ms. Winters is back, his interest in me will further wane. If you scold him, I'm worried that he will just resent me more." The more she spoke, the more aggrieved she felt. Even her eyes were already red. "Mrs. Clinton, my feelings for Oscar are true. So please don't lecture him about it."

Olivia grew anxious. "Isabella, are you crying?"

Isabella wiped her tears and replied, "Mrs. Clinton, I'm fine. Don't worry."

"All right then, you take good care of yourself. Pass the phone back to Stephanie, as I have a few words to say to her."

After Isabella handed the phone over, Stephanie repeatedly acknowledged whatever that was said to her over the phone.

After ending the call, Stephanie said, "Isabella, my mom wants you to have a good rest. Also, she will visit you tomorrow."

"Stephanie, please tell her there's no need to trouble herself. I'm fine after all," Isabella added quickly.

"It's all right, my mom is just worried about you." Stephanie waved her hand. "Anyway, I'm heading home first. Noah, stay with Isabella, and send her home later."

Noah walked over and gave her a peck on her lips. He then asked attentively, "Are you heading home now?"

Stephanie wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him on the lips. Pulling away, she replied, "All right now, stop dilly-dallying. I'm leaving now."

The moment Stephanie left in a huff, Noah's expression darkened.

Lying casually on the sofa, Isabella remarked, "Noah, it seems that your acting skills have improved significantly. How do you think Stephanie will react once she finds out that you're just faking it? Would she feel surprised? Shocked? Fearful? Outraged perhaps? When the time comes, I'm certain it will be very interesting."

Noah shot her a glance and sneered, "You had better take care of your own affairs. Even though you have Mr. and Mrs. Clinton eating out of your hands, you have spectacularly failed at getting close to Oscar despite trying desperately for two years. Today, I'm sure you have become famous in Clinton Corporations after being thrown over by Oscar in public. Given the disastrous reputation you have built for yourself, you're nothing but a disgrace to the Walker family."

In response, Isabella's expression drastically changed. Gritting her teeth, she seethed, "Noah, what's the point of ridiculing me like that? Don't forget that we're in the same boat. If I become a laughing stock within the Clinton family, there's no way you will not be affected by it."

Folding his arms, Noah looked down at Isabella and snapped, "You're such an idiot to the extent I feel ashamed that we're even on the same side. Looks like you're less competent than Rachel. If she was the one doing this, she would likely see more success than you have with Oscar."

Isabella sprang to her feet and thundered, "Noah, what's that supposed to mean? Since when am I inferior to Rachel? Ever since I was young, there are plenty of guys who have fallen for me."

"That's because they're all blind."

Clenching her fist, Isabella grimaced in anger. "Noah, ever since I was a child, I was better than Rachel. However, you choose not to show your true self to anyone else but you have always been nice to her. Both of us are your sisters, so why are you biased against me?"

"You and I are too much alike. Do you think I will like someone that's equally devious as I am?"

"Noah, how can you say that about your own sister?"

Noah raised his hand to stop Isabella. "I have never seen you as my sister before. Not only are you evil and conceited, but also extremely stupid. I think this is as far as our collaboration goes. At the rate we're going, you'll just end up dragging me down with you."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

“I’m getting Stephanie to stay away from you.”

Putting her hands on her hips, Isabella sneered, “Noah, why are you burning bridges before you marry Stephanie? Aren’t you worried that I reveal your secret in a fit of rage? I wonder what Stephanie will say once she learns that you actually love someone else.”

“Are you threatening me?”

Isabella walked up to him and sniggered, “Noah, that isn’t possible. After all, I admire you greatly and hope to follow your example. It’s just a shame that you look down upon me. Hence, I hope you understand that I’ll do whatever it takes to achieve my goals.”

Facing up to Isabella, Noah warned softly, “Isabella, sometimes, you can be too smart for your own good, so you had better watch out for yourself. I won’t interfere with what you’re going to do about Oscar, but I must warn you not to go overboard, for fear of infuriating him. If for any reason I fail to marry Stephanie, I will never let you off easily.”

Isabella retorted, “Noah, whether you end up marrying Stephanie or not boils down to your own competence. Don’t you think it’s ridiculous to blame me for it? But given how exceptional you are, it isn’t a bad thing to make a mistake once in a while.”

With his eyes glistening behind his spectacles, Noah snapped, “You stupid woman!”

Picking up the medication from the table, he threw it into the garbage. “Whenever you embarrass yourself in front of Oscar, you had better not get the Walker family involved. The last thing we want is to have you drag the family’s reputation through the mud. When I saw you being thrown to the ground today, I couldn’t be more humiliated by it.”

With that, Noah left the room.

With her fists clenched tightly and lips pursed, Isabella’s eyes burned with rage, causing her chest to heave rapidly.

“Noah, one of these days, I’ll make sure you regret insulting me today. Since you care so dearly for that woman, I will make sure she never steps foot in the Walker family. Now that you are desperate to marry Stephanie, I will use her to torture the love of your life,” Isabella hissed through her gritted teeth. “I believe you will enjoy letting the love of your life suffer on your account. As for me, I just can’t wait.”

## **Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 430**

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 430 Women And Their Problems

The next day, Olivia went to Clinton Corporations with Owen in tow. The moment the staff heard about their arrival, they gathered at the lobby to welcome them. The staff in unison, “Welcome, Old Mr. Clinton and Old Mrs. Clinton.”

Given that no advance notice was given, the staff was worried that it was a spot check. If they were found to have made a mistake, it would be cause for immediate dismissal.

After Olivia gave Owen a look, Owen responded knowingly by waving them away. "Everyone, go back to work. This is just a casual visit, so there's no need to be concerned."

As a result, all the staff heaved a sigh of relief.

Olivia and Owen proceeded to take the private elevator upstairs. Upon exiting, the secretaries who had been informed ahead of time all lined up in two rows. "Welcome, Old Mr. Clinton and Old Mrs. Clinton."

Looking like a distinguished lady, Olivia announced, "Owen and I have dropped by for a casual visit. Hence, there's no need to mind us at all. So please, carry on with your work."

Linda stepped forward to open the main door and cordially informed, "Old Mr. Clinton, Old Mrs. Clinton, Mr. Clinton is still in a meeting, so please wait a while."

When she saw Olivia nod at her, Linda was surprised by the attention.

After both of them entered the office, Linda dutifully served them some coffee. "Old Mr. Clinton, Old Mrs. Clinton, please have some coffee."

When Olivia observed that the furnishings in the office have softened, she asked, "Was this place redecorated?"

"Yes, it was done half a year ago. Mr. Clinton said that not only will a softer color make work more pleasant, but women dig it too," Linda explained without thinking.

"Is that so?" Olivia's expression darkened as she was deep in thought.

Despite noticing the change in Olivia's expression, Linda wasn't sure what it meant. Hence, she replied conservatively, "Old Mrs. Clinton, that was what Mr. Clinton told us back then. As for the details, I'm not too sure about it. My gut feeling is that Mr. Clinton just feels like working in a surrounding with a softer tone."

After pondering a moment, Olivia raised her gaze. "If memory serves me correctly, your name is Linda, isn't it?"

Linda was surprised by the attention. Although Olivia seldom visited Clinton Corporations, everyone recognized her because her picture was placed in a location

everyone in the office would see. It was said that this was Owen's way of showing how much he loved and respected his wife.

"Yes, I'm Linda. I feel honored that you remember my name." Linda managed to delight Olivia with the deference she showed her.

Olivia continued, "Given how pretty and slender you are, haven't you wanted more than just working as Oscar's secretary?"

Taken aback by the question, Linda took a deep breath to calm herself down.

"Old Mrs. Clinton, you must be kidding. I appreciate my job very much and wouldn't covet anything that doesn't belong to me. Hence, there's nothing for you to worry about," Linda replied confidently as she held Olivia's gaze.

Nodding in acknowledgment, Olivia fidgeted with her well-manicured nails and commented, "I heard Isabella mention you a couple of times. In spite of that, I know she has the wrong impression of you, and I naturally won't take any action based on her words. But, I do have some questions for you."

"Please go ahead, Old Mrs. Clinton. I would definitely not hide anything from you."

After a brief silence, Olivia got straight to the point. "Did Amelia come and see Oscar?"

Caught by surprise, Linda asked curiously, "Mrs. Clinton?"

When she noticed the change in Olivia's expression, Linda apologized, "I'm sorry, I forgot that they were divorced two years ago. Hence, Ms. Winters and the Clintons are no longer related now."

Only then was Olivia satisfied.

"Anyway, Ms. Winters has not come by ever since the divorce two years ago. In fact, I heard that she has left the city. Why are you asking? Has she returned?" Linda asked in return.

When Olivia shot her a glare, Linda didn't dare speculate any further.

Consequently, Olivia was happy with how prudent Linda's answers were.

"Linda, I won't beat around the bush. I want you to keep an eye on Oscar, but don't worry, you don't have to do anything treacherous. As long as Amelia enters the office, all you need to do is stop her and call me. I'll deal with her."

Lowering her head in thought, Linda voiced her concerns. "Old Mrs. Clinton, erm... I'm worried that Mr. Clinton might fire me for it."

Olivia narrowed her gaze. "Are you rejecting me?"

Stricken by fear, Linda trembled.

"No, Old Mrs. Clinton, I wouldn't dare."

"Good. It's settled then."

Linda then left with a heavy heart. When she told Oscar about it later, he told her to ignore his mother's instructions.

Consequently, Linda heaved a sigh of relief when Oscar absolved her of the responsibility. As an outsider, the last thing she wanted was to be embroiled in the Clinton family's problems and end up as collateral damage.

Anyway, that was a story for another time.

When Oscar returned after his meeting, Linda discreetly informed him that his parents had come. With a darkened expression, he entered his office in silence."

"Dad, Mom, why are you here?" Oscar asked.

Olivia gave him a look and replied, "If we hadn't come, God knows what else you're going to do to Isabella. Oscar, what's wrong with you? How can do a shoulder throw on a girl? Is this the kind of manners we raised you with?"

Oscar rubbed his forehead in annoyance. He had come out from a meeting with a group of managers feeling exasperated. And now, he still had to deal with the fuss Olivia was causing.

"Mom, I'll handle Isabella, there's no need for you to get involved, all right?"

"If I let you resolve it, you will just get rid of my future daughter-in-law. Today, I'm here to stand up for her by insisting that you should apologize. Either you treat her better next time, or I'm not letting you off."

"Mom, all this while, you have never interfered in my relationships," Oscar snapped softly. He was confounded as to why Olivia had changed so much over the last two years. Given how often she was sticking her nose into his business, he couldn't help but feel irritated.

"If I don't, you will marry some undesirable and end up disgracing the Clintons. Of the previous two that you have chosen, one left before the wedding, while the other divorced you and disappeared with our grandchild. Considering how heartless both of them were, there's no way I can allow you to fool around anymore!" Olivia thundered.

After a brief pause, she added, "I have given Isabella a call and asked her to come here. When she arrives, you are to apologize."

With a gloomy expression, Oscar stared at Olivia with mixed emotions.

Owen grabbed Olivia's hand. "Olivia, calm down. Have you forgotten that we agreed to discuss this with Oscar? By pushing him into a corner, all you're doing is scaring him."

In response, Olivia tried to suppress her anger.

Relenting, she apologized, "Oscar, I'm sorry for losing my temper."

Oscar simply pursed his lips.

Before Olivia could say another word, there was a knock on the door, followed by Linda's voice. "Sorry to interrupt, but Mrs. Clinton is here."

The moment the three of them heard it, they each reacted differently.

When Oscar opened the door, he was greeted by the sight of a smiling Amelia holding a lunchbox. "Oscar, you didn't have your breakfast when you rushed for your meeting in the morning. So, I brought you some food, as I was worried you were hungry. After this, I'll be going for an interview with another company."

Upon receiving the lunch box, Oscar's mood naturally improved.

When Amelia followed him in and saw his parents on the sofa, she wasn't surprised at all. Instead, she greeted them with a smile, "Dad, Mom, you are here."

Olivia glanced at her coldly, while Owen gave her his usual look.

Before anyone could say a word, they were interrupted by another knock. Oscar narrowed his eyes and answered, "Come in."

As the door opened, Linda's voice could be heard. "Ms. Walker, this way please."

Walking in, Isabella was wearing a white full-length dress and had a ponytail tied behind her head. With light makeup on, she looked exquisite and gave off a genial air. If not for the bandage on her hand, she would have looked a lot more attractive.

The moment she saw Amelia inside, there was an awkward glint in her eye. However, she quickly regained her composure and greeted obediently, "Hello Mr. Clinton, Mrs. Clinton."

Olivia stood up from the sofa and walked up to her. Holding Isabella's hand sympathetically, she commented, "Your injury looks really bad."

“Mrs. Clinton, it doesn’t really hurt. The doctor’s bandage makes it look that way, so there’s no need for you to worry,” Isabella reassured her.

“Look at it, how can you still say it isn’t serious?” Olivia fretted.

When Isabella discreetly gloated at Amelia, Amelia pretended not to see as she watched both of them flaunt how close they were.