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Chapter 107 Oscar Met An Accident

Amelia nodded in response. "You don't have to worry because Mr. Clinton's injury is not severe," the head nurse comforted her. "Where is he now?" "The doctor is bandaging his wounds now, so he should come out once it's done. Don't worry." Amelia finally heaved a sigh of relief. "You seem to be a little pale-faced now. Why don't you sit on the chair and take some deep breaths?" Amelia nodded and said, "Ma'am, I'm sure you're busy with your work. It's okay, I'll wait for him here." She then took Oscar's phone from the nurse. "Alright, I'll get going, then. Mr. Clinton will come out and see you once the doctor has finished tending to his injuries."

Right after the head nurse left, Amelia leaned against the wall feebly like a punctured balloon. The moment she relaxed, she felt a slight abdominal pain. She gasped for air slowly until the pain subsided. Then, she caressed her belly and said lovingly, "Sweetheart. I'm sorry. I was too nervous just now." After sitting outside for nearly ten minutes, Oscar finally came out from the ward with his arm covered with thick layers of bandage. Immediately, Amelia came up to him and asked nervously, "Darling, are you okay? Are any of your bones damaged?" Seeing how sincere and worried she was about him, Oscar felt touched and replied, "It's not that serious, just some minor injuries on my right arm. Don't worry too much."

However, Amelia's heart wrenched whenever she looked at his bandaged arm. "How did the accident happen?" Oscar wrapped his hand around her waist and said, "Let's go. I'll explain it to you at home." Although Amelia followed him obediently, she couldn't help but ask out of curiosity, "It was a car accident, right? Who caused it, and who was the victim?" Since Amelia dwelled on it, Oscar decided to give her a short explanation. After getting off work, Oscar wanted to rush home to have dinner with Amelia. On his way back, a Tibetan Mastiff suddenly rushed to the middle of the road, causing him to jerk the steering wheel before crashing the car into a big pot of flower at the roadside. Amelia was both amused and wrought with worry by the story. "Mr. Clinton, it seems like you've encountered some rare sight that would only happen once in a hundred years. What more can I say? Amelia continued, "Anyway, how are you going to work tomorrow since your right arm is injured?" "Well, it's just a minor injury. The doctor purposely put extra layers of bandages to prevent any sequela because he knows me. Besides, since my bones are fine, I can still touch you. So wait for me tonight. I'll make sure that you can't get out of bed the next day." Amelia was rendered speechless by his words. *How is he still in the mood to joke around?* She rolled her eyes at him and deliberately patted on his injured right arm. Immediately, his face contorted in pain. He gritted his teeth and growled, "Hey woman, are you trying to murder your husband?" She replied cheekily, "Didn't you say you're fine just now?"

"I'm just trying to examine if you were telling the truth." He glanced at her and said, "Aren't you a little heartbroken seeing my hand is injured?" After falling silent for a while, she lowered her gaze and said in a deep voice, "If I didn't feel heartbroken, I wouldn't even be here when I heard that you met an accident." Oscar was touched by her response. He took her into his arms and said, "Did I

worry you that much?" The next moment, tears welled up in Amelia's bloodshot eyes as though all the grievances and anxiousness that she kept bottled up were released. "Mr. Clinton, although you might think you're a God, can you please be a little more careful? It doesn't matter if we might get a divorce in the future, but for now, I am still your wife.

"I don't wish to be a widow that early, okay?" Oscar did not know whether to laugh or cry. "I'm still safe and sound, aren't I? Why are you trying to curse me to death?" "Stop it," Amelia said. "If you talk nonsense again, I'll be really pissed at you." Deep down, Oscar felt that the way Amelia was bickering with him looked particularly cute. It seemed that the longer they spent time together, the harder it was for him to let go of the woman, whom he always thought was but a money-digger. Amelia drove Oscar home. After entering the house, she asked, "Mr. Clinton, do you want to take a shower first?" Oscar did not reply to her. Instead, he came up to the dining table and opened the food cover. Once he saw the dishes, his eyes glinted while his heart melted. "Did you prepare all these?" "Molly helped me a lot, but I made the roasted rosemary chicken myself. I tried it, and it tasted good. Anyway, the dishes are already cold. So why don't you take a shower first? I'll heat the food up in the meantime," Amelia said. Unable to restrain himself, Oscar suddenly hugged her from behind before he gently nibbled on her earlobe. "You're so thoughtful."

The tip of her ear turned red instantly. "Hey, your arm is injured. Behave yourself." Amelia said as she pushed him away gently, feeling embarrassed. Oscar put on a smile and replied mischievously, "I'm just hugging you. Why? Did you imagine something else?" Amelia glared at him but couldn't conceal her embarrassment. "Go take a shower now. I'm going to heat the food." He kissed her cheek once before letting her go and going upstairs. When he came downstairs again, Amelia had finished heating the food. Once he came to the dining room, she observed his right arm. When she saw that the bandage wasn't wet, she heaved a sigh of relief. "Here I was, worrying that you wouldn't know how to keep your bandage dry.

"I guess I was worrying for nothing." He gently poked her nose and questioned her, "Don't you have some trust in your husband?" She scrunched her nose up and said teasingly, "Mr. Clinton, my nose might fall off if you keep poking it. Aren't you worried that I'll look like a piggy if that happens?" "Well, if you really become a piggy, no one is going to take you in except me. So, you really have to please me, or else I might abandon you at any time." She rolled her eyes at him and rebutted, "You're the piggy here, not me." "Well, if I'm a pig, you'll be a sow." Amelia almost burst into laughter once he finished. *He's good at making jokes now. Should I compliment him for unlocking a new achievement?* Nonetheless, she was rendered speechless by the word "sow." *How can a beauty like me be described as a sow?* Amelia retaliated by patting on his injured right arm, making him grit his teeth in pain. Then, she said delightedly, "Mr. Clinton, never offend women because we are all vengeful creatures."

Oscar did not know whether to laugh or cry at that. After both of them sat at the dining table, Amelia opened a bottle of 1982 wine and filled up their glasses. Then, she lifted her glass and said, "Mr. Clinton, let us toast to your safety. It's a blessing from God that you're safe and sound after the accident." The next moment, Oscar lifted and clinked his glass with hers. "Cheers." After taking a sip of the wine, she cut some of the roasted rosemary chicken onto a plate for him and said, "I roasted it for about three hours. Mr. Clinton, you should try it." When Oscar took a bite, his first thought was that even though the food was not as good as the ones prepared by Molly, it still tasted heavenly because it was cooked by Amelia herself. Although Amelia did cook before, he didn't care about her back then as he treated her as a gold digger. Now that he slowly accepted her as his wife, his impression of her had changed as well. Deep in his heart, he felt

that his home was almost perfect, for he had a wife and a child, who would be born soon. It was the first time he felt that life was satisfying and complete because of having a wife. As he was deep in thought, he said lovingly, "Honey." Amelia, who was holding the ladle, was stunned. She stopped moving her hand and gazed at him with a shocked expression. Ever since they had a heart-to-heart talk in the car, Oscar hadn't called her "Honey" again until now. She felt a warm feeling surging through her once she heard it. "Mr. Clinton, you..." "We're having a nice moment here, why are you still calling me Mr. Clinton?" She chuckled and said as he wished, "Darling." Instantly, Oscar's lips quirked up, his mood brightened by a tonne. "From now on, you have to call me Darling and not Mr. Clinton whenever we are at home. Got it?" Oscar commanded in an overbearing tone. Glancing at him sideways, she asked bewilderedly, "Mr. Clinton, did you change your gender?"

He almost choked on the soup upon hearing that. "You're really..." She stuck her tongue out playfully and added, "Well, Mr. Clinton, you can't blame me for thinking that you've changed your gender. After all, you're acting so...." *You're acting so weird today.* Amelia dared not speak her mind, for he was sitting in front of her. "What's with how I'm acting?" He asked, following her train of thoughts. However, she merely shook her head and lowered her gaze, pretending to have her soup. Meanwhile, Oscar couldn't help but look at Amelia with affection. "Am I a horrible monster? Why aren't you looking at me?" Oscar questioned. After hesitating for a few seconds, Amelia looked up at him and said with a smile, "Mr. Clinton, is the food delicious?" "It's Darling."

Seeing how she was at a loss, he explained again, "If you don't call me Darling at home, I won't reply to you at all." Amelia was amused by his words. After all, it was her first time to realize that he was rather stubborn. Gazing at him, she drawled out the words and called out sweetly, "Darling." Oscar unknowingly shivered upon hearing it and said in a deep voice, "Speak properly." In response, Amelia supported her chin with an arm and kept casting suggestive winks at him. "Mr. Clinton, don't you think the way I talk is cute?" A gleam flashed across Oscar's eyes at that, but he immediately lowered his gaze and had his soup. Noticing the change of his emotions, Amelia said in an even more coquettish voice, "Darling, I'll be upset if you keep ignoring me." Hearing that, Oscar spat out some of the soup that he just had. Then, he lifted his gaze to stare at her and spoke in a perplexed tone. "Speak properly." Evidently in a good mood, Amelia simply grinned mischievously. Shortly afterward, she continued to talk coquettishly as though she was addicted to it.

"I heard that many men like women who acted cutely. Darling, don't you like how I talk now?" "You're not that type of woman." "Well, Darling, if you prefer this type of woman, I can try to change." "Well, don't." After gazing at him for three seconds, she suddenly burst into laughter. "Haha... why are you... You're too adorable!" Oscar stared at Amelia for a while. Seeing how she couldn't stop laughing, he said helplessly, "Let's have dinner." Nevertheless, she simply kept laughing. Oscar stood up and came up to Amelia.

Then, he held her head and dipped his head to kiss her lips. Both of them were immersed in the romantic moment as their lips touched each other. However, as soon as they were about to go all the way, Amelia's stomach growled at an inopportune timing. Oscar let go of her and asked while staring at her stomach, "Are you hungry?" Blushing, she averted her gaze and replied, "I was worried about you ever since I received the news. Now that it's nearly ten at night, I'm famished."

No matter how merciless he was, he couldn't force himself upon her when she was hungry. As such, he only stared at her aggressively and said, "I won't let you off the hook later." Amelia chuckled and said defiantly, "I'm worried instead that you might..." Although she bit her tongue, Oscar could guess the unpleasant

words that she wanted to say. After all, her emotion was written all over her face. He asserted, "You'll find out whether I'm still able to do it later." Once again, Amelia burst into laughter because he looked adorable when he argued with her. After a while, they finished having dinner, which was not particularly romantic but definitely warm. When Amelia took the plates and glasses into the kitchen, Oscar followed behind her, gazing at her like a famished wolf that was targeting its prey.

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When Amelia was doing the dishes, she felt uncomfortable as Oscar kept staring at her with his ardent eyes from behind. Shortly afterward, Oscar hugged Amelia from behind tightly before he gently bit her ear and said lovingly, "Honey, you look particularly sexy when you're doing the dishes. All men love women who are willing to cook and do the dishes for them. Well, come to think of it, I guess it is a blessing from God that I got to marry you back then." Amelia's ear twitched, and she struggled a while to free herself. "Mr. Clinton, stop it." The moment Oscar heard her addressed him as Mr. Clinton, he bit on her ear gently again. "What did you call me?" Loss for words for a while, she decided to fulfill his wish. "Darling, I'm doing the dishes now.

Why don't you go out and have some fruits? Just stop messing around here." When he bit her ear again, she said helplessly, "Oscar, are you a puppy in your past life?" With that, her ear was bitten once again. Amelia put down the dishes and wiped her hands. Then, she turned around and gave him a cold-eyed stare before she pinched his cheeks forcefully. "Are you going to bite me again, huh?" In response, Oscar simply let her pinch his cheeks. After nearly a minute, he finally grabbed her arms and said, "Are you done venting your anger?" Instantly, Amelia rolled her eyes and instructed him, "

Mr. Clinton, get out and stop pestering me while I'm doing the dishes. Or else, you can be the one to do the dishes, whereas I'll go out and have some fruits." Oscar pretended to be angry as he glared at her. "Honey, you're getting bolder every day. How dare you talk to your husband like that?" Amelia wrapped her arms around his neck and said coquettishly, "Mr. Clinton, don't you like how I behave now? Isn't it true that all men prefer girls who are sometimes playful, sometimes obedient, and sometimes overbearing? I think you'll love me even more because of my ever-changing personalities!" Once she finished, Oscar pinched her cheeks and said, "My God, woman! How shameless can you be?" Amelia tried to dodge but couldn't escape from him. After frolicking for quite some time, he was finally willing to let her go. Blushing, Amelia pushed Oscar away and said, "

Mr. Clinton, please, just wait outside. It's over eleven o'clock now. None of us can sleep if we go on like this." "In that case, let's not sleep." Hearing that, Amelia couldn't help but roll her eyes again. After nearly half an hour, she finally finished doing the dishes. Once she exited the kitchen, Oscar came up to her and asked, "Are you done?" Amelia gave him a sideways glance and said teasingly, "Mr. Clinton really has a comfortable life. After preparing dinner for you, I still had to do the dishes. Alas, you're not thoughtful at all." Oscar could instantly tell

that she was hinting at something else. As such, he began to massage her shoulder and said,

“You’re the only woman who’ll get to experience my massage.” Amelia squinted her eyes as she enjoyed the service. After massaging her shoulder for a while, Oscar suddenly scooped her into his arms and gazed at her lovingly. “Well, now that I’ve served you, shouldn’t you do the same for me?” She yelped, instinctively wrapping her arms around his neck. With Amelia in his arms, Oscar went upstairs and entered the bedroom straight away. He then strode toward the bed before placing her down gently. The next moment, Oscar pounced on her and said, “I’m not letting you off tonight.” With a smile on her face

, Amelia replied seductively, “Well, Darling, I’m waiting.” However, when Oscar dipped his head to kiss her lips, the phone beside the bed suddenly rang. Knitting his brows, Oscar decided to ignore it. Just when he was going to continue kissing her lips that he had lusted over the whole night, the phone started ringing again. After a few seconds of incessant ringing, Amelia pushed at his chest and said, “Darling, your phone keeps ringing. Just answer it, or else we can’t sleep at all.” Oscar grabbed his phone in annoyance. The moment he checked the screen, he frowned and was a little reluctant to pick it up.

Meanwhile, Amelia, who was initially in the mood for sex, recollected herself after noticing the change of emotions on his face. A moment later, she covered herself with a blanket and asked, “Mr. Clinton, is it Ms. Yard?” Oscar glanced at her and said, “I’m going out to answer this.” With that, he left the room with his phone. Amelia’s heart wrenched as he left. Just when she thought she was able to take their relationship further, Cassie had stepped between them yet again.

No matter how obsessed Oscar was with her body, he would always recollect himself once Cassie called him. At that moment, Amelia suddenly felt like a clown. She could provide Oscar physical pleasure but could never hold a special place in his heart. She couldn’t help but feel dejected. After all, whenever she thought that her relationship with Oscar improved a lot, Cassie’s presence served as a reminder that she was merely a replacement. Even though Oscar could satisfy her material needs, he still didn’t love her wholeheartedly. Although she knew that she probably wanted too much from him, she had to be greedy for her baby. Oscar spent half an hour on the phone call. When he reentered the room, Amelia was already asleep on the bed. He came up to the bed and gazed at her face. Then, he bent down to kiss her cheeks and said gently, “Are you asleep?”

Amelia did not respond to him. Oscar walked toward the closet to grab his pajamas and put them on. After that, he got into bed, hugged her carefully, and rested his head against her stomach before talking to the baby softly. “Sweetheart, it’s me, your daddy. Your mommy is asleep now, so you have to be a good baby and don’t kick your mommy’s stomach in the middle of the night, okay? Otherwise, I’m going to give you a good spanking once you’re born.” Coincidentally, the baby in Amelia’s stomach threw a kick in response. Oscar was taken aback. A moment later, his lips curled into a smile, and he said in a low voice, “What a naughty baby.” For a few minutes, Oscar kept talking to Amelia’s stomach like an idiot. At that moment, he didn’t look like the intelligent, aloof man that he was and instead, he looked like a humble and caring man. “Sweetheart, I have to sleep now

. I'll talk to you tomorrow. You have to be a good baby and stop interrupting your mommy's sleep." The next moment, the baby kicked twice, seemingly telling him to go to bed quickly and promising not to disturb Amelia. Oscar kept smiling as he looked at Amelia's stomach. Later, he wrapped his arms around her waist and whispered, "Silly girl, Cassie did call me just now, but I didn't go to meet her as she requested. Now that our relationship has improved a little, I won't let her presence ruin it. I'm not sure how long we can keep the affection for each other, but I wish to at least leave you with some sweet memories."

With that, he closed his eyes while hugging her. Once Oscar was breathing slowly and steadily, Amelia, who was supposed to be asleep, suddenly opened her eyes. She pried his hands away from her stomach carefully and turned around. Staring at his face under the faint glow of the bedside lamp, she eventually got sentimental. *Oscar, it seems that I really can't depend on you. I thought you sincerely treat me as your wife, yet you only wish to create some wonderful memories for me. If you're not being sincere with me, I would rather not want the memories. At least then, my heart wouldn't wrench as much when it's time for me to leave.* Amelia caressed Oscar's face and whispered, "Oscar, I'm not as strong as you think I am. All I ever wanted was an ordinary family, a husband who loves me, and our baby. Back then, I married you because of my debts. If I had a choice,

I wouldn't marry someone while I was in a terrible situation. After all, every woman would want to be their best when they're marrying someone. Oscar, are we destined to be husband and wife only in name?" What she got in response was Oscar's steady breathing. Amelia heaved a sigh and continued, "Oscar, if you don't have feelings for me, why pamper me? Don't you know how difficult it is for a woman to let go once she has fallen in love?" She touched his cheek gently as she added, "Oscar, you're the cruelest man I've ever met. You're good at stealing someone's heart, yet often forgets to return it." After a while, she started to become a little hysterical. "Ever since I'm pregnant, I've become quite sentimental. Oscar, are you disgusted by me because I can't stop talking?" She leaned in his arms and continued talking to herself. "Oscar, I don't want to get a divorce with you, and I'll try my best to keep you with me. As long as you need me, I'll never leave you." With that, she finally closed her eyes and fell asleep.

The night went by silently. When Amelia woke up the next morning, Oscar was not on the bed. She got up to check the bathroom before going out of the room and glanced downstairs, yet there was no sign of him. As she scratched her head in bewilderment, Molly, who was carrying a tray of breakfast, saw her. "You're awake, Mrs. Clinton?" "Good morning, Molly." "Good morning." Amelia scratched her head again before she asked, "Molly, where is Oscar?" "Mr. Clinton left at eight in the morning. He specifically reminded me to let you sleep for a little longer. That's why I didn't come upstairs to wake you up. Since you're awake now, please come downstairs and have breakfast. You need to keep a balanced diet." "I'll wash up and come downstairs later."

Before entering the bathroom, she checked her phone. *It's already nine o'clock now. No wonder he has left.* After washing up and putting on some light makeup, Amelia came downstairs and sat at the dining table to have breakfast prepared by Molly. Molly got a bowl of soup for her and said, "Mrs. Clinton, Mr. Clinton specifically instructed me to prepare a hard-boiled egg for you. He said it's nutritious and good for your body." Amelia glanced at the hard-boiled egg in the bowl and pondered over it. Although she didn't particularly like hard-boiled eggs,

she still felt touched, for Oscar had specifically asked Molly to prepare an egg for her. Even though she knew that it was just a gesture of kindness from Oscar, she still couldn't help but feel charmed by it.

As she peeled the egg, she said, "Molly, have you had breakfast? Let's eat together." Smiling, Molly replied, "It's okay, Mrs. Clinton. I'll have breakfast later." Amelia insisted, "Molly, we're family. Besides, you've been working here for more than three years, you don't have to be that courteous with me." With no other options, Molly sat down at the dining table. Immediately, Amelia picked some vegetables for her and said, "Here, Molly, you should eat more." Molly beamed at her. "I might be the only one who can eat with my employer." "You're my elder. I see nothing wrong with you sitting down and eat with a junior like me."

Molly kept smiling and added, "Mrs. Clinton, you're a kind-hearted lady. Nowadays, there aren't many ladies who are both beautiful and polite to elders. I've seen many arrogant ladies who like spending money without restraint." Amelia's lips quirked up. "Molly, you're flattering me too much. I might become arrogant because of your compliment." "

That's impossible. Mrs. Clinton has always been a beautiful and kind-hearted woman. If you and my youngest son are not married yet, I would have introduced him to you already. I'm just worried that a gorgeous lady like you won't be fond of my boy." Amelia grinned. "Molly, you're good at joking now." "I wasn't joking. I mean what I said." Upon hearing this, Amelia's felt more exuberant. After having breakfast, Amelia received a phone call from Cassie. She couldn't help but furrow her brows as her good mood slowly faded away.

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Amelia did not want to accept the call, but Cassie could be quite persistent. The woman kept calling non-stop that it eventually got on Molly's nerves. "Mrs. Clinton, if you don't want to take the call, you could just switch off the phone. Whoever the caller is, they're so uncultured. They should stop calling when it's clear that no one wants to answer the phone." Amelia smiled at her. "It's fine, Molly, I'll take the call outside. I'll be back in a minute." "Mrs. Clinton, I'd advise you to answer it upstairs. You're pregnant now. There's no harm in being more careful." Amelia nodded and went upstairs.

She picked up the call once she entered the bedroom. "What now, Ms. Yard? What else do you have to say to me?" On the other end of the line, Cassie spoke. "Amelia, are you free now? Let's meet outside." Amelia refused. "Ms. Yard, I don't have the time. Whatever it is, you can say it over the phone." Cassie was adamant. "Amelia, I'll see you at Starbucks in an hour. If you don't come, I'll drop by at your place. I reckon Oz will love to see me make an entrance." Amelia ground her teeth. "Cassie, how do you still have the face to show yourself?" "Oz has promised to marry me as soon as possible, you see.

He also said that he's not willing to have our child born out of wedlock. Since the house you're currently staying in will be mine eventually, it's not wrong for me, the soon-to-be lady of the house, to exercise my right in advance, is it?" Cassie made some bold statements. Amelia barked out a laugh. She changed her mind and said, "Fine. I'll see you at Starbucks in an hour." With that, she abruptly ended the phone call. Amelia went to the closet to pick out what she should wear. She took the task seriously because, even though she was with child, and that her belly would continue to grow, causing her body to swell out of shape—in fact, there was no shape to speak of now—she did not want to lose to Cassie. To a certain extent, her appearance was bound to give people the wrong impression.

They would always regard her as a promiscuous woman. On the other hand, Cassie, with her angelic looks, had a certain advantage over her. Therefore, when it came to seeking sympathy, Amelia would most likely lose out. Even so, she did not want to lose to Cassie before the competition even started. The war between these two women actually depended on whomever the man would side with. Amelia arrived at Starbucks five minutes before the appointed time. She ordered a cup of Jamaican Blue Mountain and got a table. Time ticked by and, unexpectedly, Cassie had yet to show up. Soon, she finished her drink.

When she checked her phone, she realized that half an hour had passed. Amelia dialed Cassie's number. When the call was connected, she growled at the recipient, "Ms. Yard, are you here yet? Your time may be cheap, but mine is precious, so I suggest you show yourself within the next ten minutes or I'm leaving!" The moment she finished her rant, however, Cassie's weak voice sounded from the other end of the line, "Amelia, my stomach hurts a great deal. Am I going to lose my baby? Can you come here, please?" Hearing that, Amelia panicked. She asked hurriedly, "Where are you? Give me your address. I'm coming."

Cassie provided her the address over the phone. Amelia was quite surprised to learn that Cassie lived so close to Oscar's neighborhood, but right then she was facing a matter of life and death. She had no time to get jealous about it. She quickly paid, rushed out of the shop, and got into her car. Before setting off, she thought she should give Oscar a call. She dialed Oscar's number, but it did not go through the first time. Luckily, it was answered on the second try. "

Mr. Clinton, Ms. Yard just called. She told me her stomach hurts. I don't know what's going on but I'm going there now to take a look. If you're not busy, please come. After all... it's your child. If anything happens, you'll grieve as well." "I'm on my way," Oscar said and promptly hung up the call. Amelia looked at the beeping phone and, for a while, she let herself indulge in sadness. But she quickly got over it and drove away. Luckily, it was not rush hour, so Amelia was able to drive at top speed to her destination. Before long, she reached Cassie's neighborhood and took the elevator upstairs. Outside Cassie's apartment, Amelia knocked vigorously on the door, but no one came to answer it. She took the elevator downstairs again and informed the guards in the security room. The two guards took the keys and followed her upstairs. They opened the door to find Cassie slumped at the stairway.

A pool of blood had formed at her legs. Amelia could tell that things had gotten from bad to worse. She ordered the guards to call for an ambulance. Then, she

quickly ran over and knelt down beside Cassie, calling her name over and over again. Cassie slowly awakened. When she realized it was Amelia calling her, she grasped at the latter's hand weakly. She pleaded, "Amelia, please save my baby. I don't want to lose her." Amelia grabbed the woman's hand firmly as she assured her, "Don't worry. We'll get you to the hospital now. You and your baby will be fine." "Save my baby. Save my baby."

"I still want to marry Oscar," Cassie pleaded. Amelia's mind was all over the place, but she still managed to remain calm and said, "Don't worry, your baby will be fine. We're taking you to the hospital now." She turned toward the two guards. "Sirs, have you called the ambulance?" "Yes," came the reply. The two guards looked at Cassie, lying there in a pool of blood. They said, "This young lady is hurt badly. Should we get something to stop the bleeding first?"

Amelia thought for a while and came up with a better idea. "Sirs, which one of you is stronger? Carry her. We have to take her to the hospital now. We can't wait for the ambulance. There's too much at risk. The longer a pregnant woman dallies, the greater danger she's in." "That works too." The guard with a larger build stepped forward and took Cassie in his arms while Amelia was at the front giving commands. "Sir, be careful. She's delicate." With a pregnant woman covered in blood in his arms, the guard was no doubt in a horrified state. It took a lot of effort to get Cassie downstairs. Amelia opened the door to her car, and the two guards carefully got Cassie into the vehicle. Amelia drove to the Principal General Hospital as quickly and steadily as she could.

Along the way, she called Robert in advance. As such, the moment the car arrived at the entrance, the medical staff that was already on standby came over with a stretcher. The medical team placed Cassie on the stretcher and entered the hospital building. Amelia sighed in relief. She turned to express her gratitude to the two guards, "Kind sirs, thank you so much for today. If it weren't for the two of you, I don't know what will happen to her. If you don't mind, let me buy you a meal next time." Both guards were middle-aged men, and they were honest people. They seemed dumbstruck when a beautiful woman like Amelia offered them her sincere gratitude. "Miss, don't say that. This is our duty. Your friend has safely arrived at the hospital, that's all that matters. We ought to get back to work now." "Oh, of course, kind sirs. She's still being treated, so I'll stay with her."

"After she's recovered, do let me treat you to a meal." The two guards nodded and left the hospital. After that, Mr. Lancaster walked over to her. "Amelia, you don't look so good. Shall I conduct a checkup for you? Olivia's been looking forward to a grandson for some time now. We wouldn't want anything bad to happen." Amelia shook her head and chuckled. "Mr. Lancaster, I'm fine. It's just that I was racing against time just now and got all tensed up trying to get here. I know I must look haggard. Thanks for worrying about me, though." Mr. Lancaster had a very good impression of Amelia.

Although she did not come from a good family background, she was kind, considerate, and very polite to her elders. She was also a brilliant, well-spoken conversationalist on top of being charming and elegant in every step she took. From a man's point of view, such a woman would make a wonderful wife. As long as the man was not superficial, he would not be deceived by her looks and presume that she would be unfaithful. "You're pregnant now. So you have to

prioritize your wellbeing. If you're high-strung all the time, it's not good for the development of the fetus. You have to be more careful, alright?"

Mr. Lancaster said in all earnestness as the two entered the hospital together. Amelia listened obediently to what he had to say. "I will, Mr. Lancaster." "Why don't you take a rest in my office?" Amelia shook her head. "There's no need, Mr. Lancaster. I'm fine. I just need to rest for a while. You're the dean, so you must have a lot of work to do. I really shouldn't keep you. I already feel quite guilty for troubling you just now." "Don't say that. You're Oscar's wife, after all. There's no trouble here. Even if you call me in the middle of the night, I'll call all the doctors to come to the hospital at once. If anything happens to you, Olivia will skin me alive!"

Mr. Lancaster exclaimed in a joking manner. Amelia grinned. "Thank you so much, Mr. Lancaster! You really should get going. I can wait outside the operating room on my own. Oscar will be here soon, anyway." "Alright, then. I'm getting back to work. Call me if you need anything." With that, Mr. Lancaster left. Amelia waited on the bench outside the operating room for about ten minutes before Oscar arrived. "Amelia, how's Cassie?" Oscar ran up to her and asked anxiously. Amelia was once again confronted with mixed feelings when she noticed the panic in his eyes, but she went on to assure him, "Cassie's still in the operating room."

"What happened to her? Why did she call you? How's the baby?" Oscar fired a barrage of questions. Amelia gave him a complicated look while her heart ached. "I got her call after breakfast today. She said she wanted to talk to me about something and asked me to meet her at Starbucks. I got there and waited for half an hour but she didn't show, so I called her. She sounded weak on the phone and she wanted me to go get her. Something didn't feel right so I went to her place. I asked two guards to open the door for me and after that, we found her lying in a pool of her own blood. I got one of the guards to carry her into my car and drove her here. I also called Mr. Lancaster along the way. If you don't believe me, you can check all you want, but don't you think for a second that I caused harm to your lover on purpose. I'm not so noble as to take the blame for someone else."

Seeing her stubbornness, Oscar felt somewhat relaxed. He lifted a finger and rubbed her nose. "When have I ever doubted you?" "You were questioning me just now. Weren't you suspecting that I must have done something horrible to your lover?" Oscar did not know whether to laugh or cry. "I was just wondering how the two of you got together, so I asked. It's as simple as that. Why, were you really mad?" Amelia pursed her lips. "Mr. Clinton, I didn't want this to happen to her either. Now's probably not the best time or place to talk about her behind her back, but Ms.

Yard had asked to meet me in person several times. I'm your wife, legally speaking, and your lover is getting in my hair. It's frustrating!" Oscar's eyes darkened as he fell into deep thought. Amelia glanced at him and added, "It's useless telling you all this. You won't take my side anyway." She paused, then continued, "Now that the unthinkable has happened, I suggest you be mentally prepared. Her unborn baby might not survive." Strangely, Oscar did not really feel sad when he heard Amelia's prediction. On the contrary, he seemed to feel a faint sense of relief.

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"It's hard to say. Let's wait for the doctor's diagnosis first." Amelia glanced at Oscar dubiously. She was surprised that he could be so calm upon hearing about Cassie's accident. *Is he pretending to be calm on purpose, or is he just cold-hearted by nature? If it's the latter, then he's one hell of a heartless man.* Based on how much she knew about him, she would rather he was pretending to be strong on purpose. Although Amelia did not like seeing him sad because of another woman, if a man could be indifferent toward something major happening to the woman he loved, then such a man would be absolutely terrifying.

"Aren't you worried, Mr. Clinton?" Amelia probed him. Oscar pulled her into his arms. "Don't fret about it. If I act too worried, won't you get jealous?" Amelia's suppressed emotions only got stronger. "Mr. Clinton, the fact that you're so calm about this is freaking me out." "What do you mean?" "I'm not sure how to put it, but I think your reaction isn't quite right." "Do you think I'm being too cold?" Amelia nodded frankly. Oscar could not decide whether he should laugh or cry. "Ah, Women... I swear, I can never understand your train of thought. If I worry too much, you'll say I'm overly worried about other women. If I'm calm, you'll say I'm being cold-hearted." The strange feeling in Amelia's heart had yet to dissipate. "Mr. Clinton, I'm just..." Oscar placed his hand over her mouth. "Alright, that's enough. Don't say anything that would make me mad."

Amelia leaned into his embrace. She no longer bothered to guess how Oscar really felt toward Cassie. The two sat quietly on the bench. Time slowly ticked away, and in the blink of an eye, the operation had gone on for three hours. Amelia stared at the red light outside the operating room and frowned. Then, she struck up a conversation with Oscar. "Mr. Clinton, I think you should tell the Yard family about this. Otherwise, if anything happens to Ms. Yard, I'm afraid you won't be able to explain to them."

Oscar considered it and nodded in agreement. "I'll get my chauffeur to take you home first. You're with child, and it's way past lunchtime. You going hungry won't be doing any good for the baby's development." Amelia gave it some thought and nodded faintly. She initially wanted to wait with Oscar but considering his relationship with Cassie, it would turn out awkward if she stayed. She was the legal wife, and Cassie the mistress. Currently, the mistress was in the operating room, possibly having a difficult delivery. If she stayed, the Yard family might get emotional when they arrive. In a love triangle, someone was bound to get hurt. Amelia shot Oscar a look fraught with emotions. *This man is so exceptional that two equally exceptional women actually got jealous, became rivals, and even loathed each other, all because they're pining for him.*

They said women were nothing but trouble, but sometimes it was more likely that the men were the bringers of bad luck. Before Amelia left, she said to Oscar, "Mr. Clinton, do be careful. If anything happens, give me a call." "What? Are you afraid that your husband will get beaten up or something?" Oscar quipped, amused. Amelia gave him a side-eye. "What happened to Cassie was extremely

serious. You should know that the Yard family won't let this matter go so easily. After all, their daughter's pregnant with your kid." Oscar replied as he stroked her face, "You're such a worrywart. Be careful now, or you might become an old hag when you're not even that old yet!" Amelia glared at him. "Fine, I know you're worried about me. Please go home. I'll give you updates on Cassie's condition," Oscar deliberately said so to soothe her. Amelia left the hospital after that.

She got into her car. Still feeling worried, she gave Olivia a call. After the call got through, Olivia's motherly voice sounded from the other side, "Hi, Amelia." "Mom, have you taken your lunch?" Amelia asked. "I had it at eleven. What about you?" "Not yet. I'll eat something later." "It's late, Amelia. Why haven't you eaten yet?" Olivia asked, already anxious. "Where are you now? I'll get the maid to prepare some food and send them your way. What's Molly been doing? Hasn't she cooked anything for you?" "Mom, calm down. I just got out of the hospital, so..." "What? Hospital, you say? Is there a problem with the baby?" Olivia got even more anxious. "Which hospital are you at right now? I'm coming over." Olivia's reaction filled Amelia's heart with warmth.

The younger woman quickly explained, "Mom, I'm fine. It's Ms. Yard who got admitted to the hospital." Olivia clearly did not like the sound of that. "Why were you with Cassie in the first place? Aha! She's pestering you again, isn't she? Oh my gosh! Has that woman got no shame?" Feeling helpless, Amelia said, "Mom, listen to me. Ms. Yard had an accident, and she might have some complications delivering the baby." On the other end of the line, Olivia was evidently stunned. "What happened?" Amelia gave her a brief explanation of everything that had happened. Silence ensued for a few moments before Olivia spoke again. "

Amelia, why don't you head home first? I'll make a trip to the hospital. I may not know for sure whose baby she's having, but since she insists it's Oscar's, I can't ignore that. I'll go and sort things out for myself. You're pregnant now, so I don't want you to take part in any of this. If you ask me, losing this baby is probably for the best, otherwise, the baby will be born as an illegitimate child." As Amelia listened to Olivia, she could not help but feel equal parts surprised and upset. "Amelia, I hope you don't think of me as cruel. I just don't want other women to threaten your position. I like you. You'll always be the Clintons' daughter-in-law for as long as we live." Amelia felt guilty for the brief thought she had hatched just a moment ago.

"Mom, I'm sorry." On the other line, Olivia snorted. "Silly child. Oscar's the one who should be sorry. Why are you apologizing to me? I know that you've suffered a lot of grief in this family. Oscar may be an excellent businessman, but he has no idea how to manage his marriage. Please bear with him, give him more guidance, and I bet one day he'll realize how good you've been to him." To that, Amelia said, "Mom, Oscar's a good man. He treats me very well." "I'm pleased to hear you say that. Hurry home, then. I'll get the maid to prepare a nutritious meal for you."

"Alright." After hanging up, Amelia glanced back at the hospital with a grim expression before driving away. Shortly after Amelia left, the Yard family arrived at the hospital. Elizabeth launched herself onto Oscar, wailing. "Oscar, what's going on here? Cassie's been doing well all this time, hasn't she? How did she end up like this?" Oscar merely let the older woman had her way with him. He waited until she got tired from crying and using him as an emotional punching bag

before speaking to them as calmly as he could, "Mrs. Yard, I'm deeply sorry about Cassie, but I really don't know the details about her accident." Elizabeth looked at him in surprise. Perhaps she did not expect such a cruel statement to have come from him, she simply stared at him dazedly while her tears flowed freely. Oscar extended a hand to support her. "Mrs. Yard, you and your husband should sit down and take a rest first.

Cassie's still in the operating room, and I'm not sure of her condition. If you go on like this, I fear for your health." Charlie put his arms around Elizabeth's shoulders and said, "Dear, please calm down. Cassie knows we're worried about her. She'll be fine." Elizabeth leaned on Charlie and eventually got a hold of herself. When she finally composed herself, she turned to Oscar and said calmly, "Oscar, let me ask you. What are your plans for Cassie if she has a miscarriage?" Oscar skilfully evaded the question. "Mrs. Yard, Cassie's a lucky person. I'm sure she'll be fine." But Elizabeth was adamant in getting an answer from him. "Oscar, Cassie's the only daughter we have. She insisted on keeping the child despite our objections. You've also promised to divorce your wife and marry her. And since you've made your promise, I'll see to it that it's fulfilled." Oscar merely pursed his lips.

He felt repelled by the idea of getting married to Cassie now that he was being cornered by Cassie's parents. It doesn't matter that he actually had the intention of divorcing Amelia and take Cassie as his wife in the beginning. As a child, he was used to being surrounded by others who worshipped him, and he was accustomed to being the one in charge. He did not like the feeling of being coerced like he was then. Elizabeth glared at him sharply. "Oscar, be honest with me. You have no intention to marry my daughter at all, am I right?" Oscar replied solemnly, "Mrs. Yard, Amelia's also pregnant right now.

I can't possibly abandon her while she's still pregnant with my child. If I do so, I'm worse than a feral beast. I doubt you'd want a man with no morals as your son-in-law." Elizabeth was livid. She raised her hand and gave Oscar a huge slap on the face. "Oscar! If you can't bear to leave your wife, why must you mess around with Cassie? Amelia may be pregnant, but don't you forget that the woman in the operating room right now is also having your child!

Her life is hanging in the balance, and we don't even know if the baby will survive. How heartless can you be to say something like that!" she berated. The impact got Oscar's head to whiped to the right. His expression turned dark and gloomy. Charlie patted his wife on the shoulder as a means to console her. He said, "Dear, please calm down. I believe Oscar will provide an explanation." With teary eyes, Elizabeth went on yelling, "

What's there left to explain? Didn't you hear what he said? If anything happens to Cassie, I don't care if we have to disperse all our wealth, I'll make sure the Clintons are held accountable!" Charlie continued to pat his wife on the shoulder. Softly, he said to her, "Dear, please, listen to me and calm down. No one expects something like this to happen to Cassie. None of us have any idea what really happened. What we can do now is to wait until Cassie wakes up, then we'll be able to get the whole story. You can't just go blindly accusing Oscar like this. It will only make matters worse and we may end up in a deadlock. So please, get a hold of yourself."

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"Cassie's in the operation room right now! How do you expect me to be calm?" Elizabeth exclaimed, overcome with emotions. Just then, a nurse walked over to them and reminded Elizabeth to behave. "Madam, this is the operating room. Please keep your voice down." Charlie got hold of his wife. "My apologies. Our daughter is undergoing an operation right now and my wife's awfully worried about her. She's losing control of her emotions." The nurse nodded. She sympathized with their situation but it was still her duty to warn them. "Still, this is a hospital. So you have to be quiet." With that, the nurse walked away.

Elizabeth lay in Charlie's embrace. When she got much more composed, she turned to face Oscar again and said to him, "Oscar, you should know that I practically watched you grow up. Back then, I can see that you were really in love with Cassie. Yes, she did flee from the wedding, but she was young and naive then. All these years, she's always loved you, otherwise, she wouldn't have given up the opportunity to join a famous orchestra overseas and run back here.

She even turned down all invitations to performances in order to keep her unborn child. Do you see how much she's willing to sacrifice, all because she loves you so much? Now, she's in the operating room, maybe even at death's door, and the baby might not survive. Why can't you make any promises for her?" Oscar kept silent and merely looked sullen. Elizabeth was about to go on a rampage again when Charlie patted her on the shoulder, soothing her once more. It was his turn to speak to the young man. "Oscar, I understand how you feel. After all, Ms. Winters has been with you for five years.

Even if you didn't like her in the beginning, humans are emotional beings and love can develop over time. Cassie has wronged you first, and frankly, it stands to reason that we can't ask you to take responsibility for her. But since you've made up with her, and she knowingly fills the role of the loathsome mistress, added on by the fact that she's in the operating room as we speak, shouldn't you give her a rightful title?" Oscar and Charlie exchanged glances.

The younger man understood that this was a contest between two men, where one side could stand to lose out if he was not careful. Just when Oscar was about to say something, Olivia's voice sounded from behind him, to his great relief. "I came as soon as I heard that Cassie's been admitted to the hospital. What exactly is going on? How did she end up here?" Oscar, clearly relieved to see his mother, crossed the room to meet her. "Mom, why are you here?" Olivia gave him the side-eye. She whispered to him, "Oscar, look at the mess you've made. I'll deal with you later." Oscar heeded in silence. After another brief glance, Olivia summoned the right amount of worry to appear on her face again. She strode toward Charlie and Elizabeth.

"Charlie, I heard that Cassie's been brought to the hospital. What happened? Why is she here?" Olivia asked, feigning concern. Elizabeth glanced at Olivia with complicated emotions in her eyes. "Now that Cassie's admitted to the hospital, I

bet you're the happiest person around, aren't you?" Olivia's expression remained unchanged as she responded, "Your family and ours have been the closest friends for many years. If you really think of me so badly, then there's nothing I can do to change that. But I'll have you know that I don't wish for Cassie to end up in the operating room."

Elizabeth glared at the other woman, still simmering with anger. Charlie patted his wife on the shoulder before he turned to face Olivia. "Forgive my wife. She's gotten overly anxious about Cassie that she's become very careless with her words. Please don't take it to heart." Olivia shook her head, once again presenting the right amount of worry on her face. "How long has Cassie been in the operating room? What did the doctors say?" Charlie shook his head, worry evident on his face. "We've only just arrived. We aren't quite sure about the whole situation either. Oscar was the one who called us. I'm guessing he should know what really happened." Olivia turned to face Oscar. "Oscar, what the hell is going on?"

Cassie's been doing fine so far, so how did she end up in the hospital?" Oscar shook his head. "I'm not exactly sure either. I came here after receiving a call from someone else. But Cassie hasn't come out of the operating room yet, so I don't really know what happened to her." By then, Elizabeth was already burning with rage. "Oscar, do you still call yourself a man? Cassie loves you so much. She's willing to have your child. She's willing to give up a promising career for you. Now, she's in the operating room, her life practically hanging by a thread, and you're here throwing tactless remarks!

Has your heart turned to stone?" Elizabeth, in a fit of rage, took her frustrations out on Oscar. Despite being reprimanded, Oscar's expression remained indifferent. Olivia, on the other hand, did not like how her son was being treated. Her face darkened, and she told the couple, "Charlie, I know you and your wife are deeply worried about Cassie, but Oscar doesn't even know the whole story. Yet you kept accusing him since the moment you arrived. Don't you know how unbearable it is for me, his mother, to hear you blaming him?" Elizabeth was about to fire back when Charlie squeezed her shoulder. Then, in an apologetic tone, he said, "Olivia, please don't get mad. She's just very worried about Cassie, that's all."

Disapproval still hung on Olivia's face. Just when the atmosphere thickened with tension, the lights outside the operating room finally went out. A team of medical workers made their exit. Charlie and Elizabeth quickly went to meet them. The latter grabbed the lead surgeon's hand and asked anxiously, "Doctor, how's my daughter?" The lead surgeon looked exhausted. Nevertheless, he remained patient and answered her query, "Madam, calm down. The worst is over for your daughter, but we didn't manage to save her child. Due to excessive blood loss, her uterus is now badly damaged, and it will be difficult for her to get pregnant again in the future. I urge you to be mentally prepared." Elizabeth's legs gave out when she heard that.

The woman staggered for several steps and nearly passed out on the floor. Charlie's expression grew grim as well. He put his arms around his wife and turned to the doctor. "You must be kidding, right? My daughter is in perfect health. Even if the baby can't be saved, surely she can still get pregnant in the future, right?" The lead surgeon explained, "Sir, we're very sorry that it has come

to this. But she's lost a lot of blood and it took too long for her to get here. We couldn't save the child, and her uterus is so damaged to the point where I fear it will be extremely difficult for her to become pregnant later in life.

That being said, not all hope is lost. As long she's nursed back to health, she may still be able to conceive in the future." Elizabeth broke free of Charlie's hold and grabbed the surgeon by his coat before erupting in anger. "What do you mean she may still be able to conceive? What do you mean she has to be nursed back to health? My daughter is a kind and beautiful young lady. She's practically perfect! She can have as many children as she wants! How dare you curse my daughter like that, you quack!" The lead surgeon found himself in a bit of a pickle. His staff came up from behind him to console the erratic woman. "Madam, please, you have to calm down. When the patient arrived, she's already bleeding heavily. We've tried our best to save her, and we're deeply sorry for the loss of her unborn child. Please make allowance for our efforts."

Elizabeth looked like she might go insane. "My daughter's such a nice girl... You did this! All you quacks ruined her! If you don't give me a good explanation today, I will sue your hospital! I'll put an end to your medical careers!" "Madam, you may be a friend of our dean, but that doesn't mean you can be unreasonable. We are sorry about your daughter, but we have done our best to save her." Elizabeth got even more infuriated at that. "Everyone says that Principal General Hospital is the best hospital in the city, that every patient under your care can be cured. Now I see you for who you are! You're just a bunch of quacks! If my daughter can never become pregnant again, I'll make sure every single one of you loses your medical license!" At this point, Charlie pulled Elizabeth into his arms. He spoke to her in a gentle, reassuring tone, "Dear, you need to chill.

They did say Cassie could still conceive in the future. Let's not rush into things." Elizabeth stared daggers at Charlie. "Are you happy now that Cassie's become like this? If she can't have children, then you have an excuse to continue liking this woman, don't you?" Elizabeth pointed at Olivia. "Don't think I don't know that you've been obsessed with her since forever. Even after marrying me, even after our daughter has grown up, deep down, you still have a soft spot for this woman." Surprise flashed across Olivia's face, whereas Charlie cast Elizabeth a pained look. He suppressed his agony as he said to his wife, "Dear, can we stop this? You're the only one I love all these years. Why can't you understand that there's nothing going on between Olivia and me?" Elizabeth pushed him away. "You! You'd better pray that nothing happens to Cassie, or our marriage ends here!"

Another flash of pain crossed Charlie's face. He had not expected things to go south like that. His heart was undoubtedly wrenching in agony. One nurse pushed Cassie out of the operating room. "Madam, it's best for you to pull yourself together. The patient is still in a coma and needs absolute peace. You making a row will only disturb her." Elizabeth lunged forward to look at Cassie and burst into tears at the sight of her pale and lifeless daughter. Cassie was the only daughter she had. Cassie was the apple in her eye, the thorn in her flesh. Elizabeth would never allow anything to happen to her. The crazy things that a mother would do for her daughter could be quite terrifying. "Cassie, don't be scared. Mom's here.

No one can harm you. We have all the money and influence to ensure your recovery," Elizabeth said. "Madam, you have to calm down. The patient needs to be under observation at the intensive care unit for one day. If nothing unusual happens within twenty-four hours, she will be transferred to the general ward. Another nurse informed them gently. Elizabeth exclaimed in a rage, "Then what are you waiting for? Hop to it! If anything happens to my daughter,

I will never forgive you." Elizabeth seemed to have lost all rational thoughts when it came to matters concerning Cassie. The two nurses were not pleased to be told off like that, but they knew that Elizabeth was not someone to be trifled with, so they bore with her. "Madam, we'll be going now. If you want to visit her, you'll have to wait until tomorrow." Elizabeth might be reluctant to leave Cassie, but she could not possibly take her daughter's condition lightly. With that, Cassie was taken to the intensive care unit. Only after that did Elizabeth wipe away her tears and finally regain her composure. At least, some semblance of it.

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"Olivia, Oscar, you both heard it. Cassie's miscarriage this time has damaged her womb. There is a high possibility that she can never get pregnant again. What are your plans for her?" Elizabeth questioned them aggressively with her arms crossed. Olivia coughed and spoke modestly, "We are very sad that Cassie is in this condition. We will definitely get her the best doctor possible. Besides, the doctor said that it would be difficult for her to conceive, not totally impossible. With the advanced medical technology available nowadays, so long as there is still a chance, Cassie can no doubt still be treated."

Elizabeth snorted frigidly and looked at Olivia with contempt. "Olivia, you are a smart woman," she said, "you have used your intelligence to win over the affection of two men gracefully. This is something that I could never compare to you. Now my daughter has fallen in love with your son. Even if she was wrong to flee her own wedding back then, she is back now. And she willingly bore Oscar's child. Now she can't have children in the future because of this child. Shouldn't Oscar make it up to our Cassie?" A flash of anger appeared in Olivia's eyes. "I am very sad that Cassie is in this state," she said, "but if you are asking Oscar to divorce Amelia and marry Cassie, I will not agree. Amelia is my favorite daughter-in-law.

The fact that Cassie ran away meant that they were not destined for each other. Now, what's done is done. We will hire the best doctors for Cassie, but as for giving her a rightful status by marrying her... I am against it." Elizabeth sneered at Olivia's words. "Charlie, you heard her. This is the woman that you once liked. You didn't know that she was such a heartless and cruel person, did you?" Charlie stared helplessly at his wife and attempted to calm her down. "Olivia and I are just old friends, it's really not what you think. Come on, that's enough. Both of our families have been friends for many years, you are just making the whole situation tense and awkward for everyone here." Elizabeth shot him an ambivalent look and questioned,

"You're saying that I'm being unreasonable right now? It's Olivia who is insulting our Cassie! You are Cassie's father! You're not speaking up for your daughter but siding with her instead. Just who is your family?" The anger on Olivia's face became even more apparent. Oscar, who had been silent all the while, stood in front of his mother to shield her. "Mr. Yard and Mrs. Yard," he said, directing their attention to him, "I will not shirk from my responsibility toward Cassie but now is not the time yet. We should let Cassie recover and wait for Amelia to give birth first.

No matter how degenerate I am, I can't just abandon my pregnant wife and marry another woman. I don't think the both of you would approve of that as well." Glaring at Oscar, Elizabeth did not back down at all. "Oscar, I watched you as you grew up. In the past, you wouldn't just brush me off with such flimsy words. Be honest with me, are you planning to kick Cassie to the curb since you've had your way with her already?" Oscar shook his head to deny her assumption and spoke steadily. "From the start, the only woman I wanted to marry was Cassie. But in life, once some things are over, you miss them forever. Even if she returns another five years later, I am still willing to marry her. A lot of things are out of my hands at the moment,

so I can't marry Cassie as of now." The rage in Elizabeth's heart was reaching a boiling point. "Well done, Oscar," she jeered, sarcasm oozing from each word she uttered, "my daughter has become infertile because of you. And you are simply saying that you can't marry her so callously. Do you really think that the Yard family can't do anything against the Clintons?" Unaffected and unruffled, Oscar replied, "Mrs. Yard, there's no point for us to keep going in circles regarding this issue. For the woman who I wish to marry, I will hold for her the grandest wedding possible. But I have no intention of getting married now.

Even if you were to put a gun to my head, I would not bow down to your wishes." Hearing his reply, Elizabeth became even more aggressive. "Oscar, so what you're saying is, you don't plan to be responsible towards Cassie?" "To be frank with you Mrs. Yard," said Oscar, "I have already hired a renowned Irushean designer to work on Cassie's wedding gown. But I am sick of you and Cassie constantly forcing me to marry her. I do intend to get married, but I must not be forced to do so. If this is how it's going to be, I would rather not marry her." Elizabeth's expression changed instantly. She knew Oscar meant what he said and he was fully capable of getting out of the marriage. He was young in age, but among his peers, he was the most outstanding.

Even those sly old foxes in the corporate world could not blatantly play their tricks when facing him. If the Yard family had to go up against a man like this, they did not have much chance at all. With this consideration in mind, Elizabeth took a deep breath and mellowed her tone. "Oscar, I was too worked up just now. You have to understand how stressful it is for a parent to see their children in the hospital. And to learn that they might never be able to get pregnant again! Anyone would be agitated. So please forgive my rashness this time." Oscar looked at her and said, "Mrs. Yard, I'm not blaming you for anything. It's just that I have to carefully consider my relationship with Cassie." Elizabeth's face fell. "Oscar, what do you mean by this?"

"The literal meaning," he replied coolly. The calmer he was, the scarier he seemed to them. "After five years, Cassie is no longer the same girl that I once knew. I do not know whether she is suitable to become a daughter-in-law for the Clinton family." "You intend to abandon Cassie after all," sneered Elizabeth. "There is no free lunch in this world – everything comes with a price. Because of you, Cassie may never bear children again. Like it or not, you will have to marry her. Otherwise, I will make sure it will not end well for you!" she threatened. Olivia interrupted, "Both of our families have had close connections for many years, why do you have to speak so harshly? Relationships should be consensual. I feel sad for the loss of Cassie's child too, but you can't make Oscar responsible for everything. He has his own wife and child. By asking him to leave them, aren't you forcing him to be a deadbeat husband?" "

My goodness, Olivia. Do you hear yourself? If your daughter was toyed with and then cast aside, would you be able to say such haughty words? Charlie always says that you are the most intellectual and considerate lady, but it seems you have the most wicked heart of all," retorted Elizabeth. Charlie was alarmed and quickly cut in, "Dear, please stop. Do you really want to end our friendship with the Clintons?" Elizabeth glowered at him and shrieked, "She is implying that your daughter is the other woman that is holding onto her son! And you're still speaking up for her! Until now you are still not over her?"

Charlie was exasperated. At the same time, Olivia started to see red. Because of her friendship with Charlie, she was also acquainted with Elizabeth for many years. All this while, she thought that Elizabeth was cultured and sensible. Yet, it seemed that she had this side to her that was wildly irrational. Looks can be deceiving. It took Olivia a long time to really learn what kind of a person she truly was. Undeniably, Elizabeth had done a good job concealing this unflattering trait of hers. Oscar spoke up, "Mrs. Yard, you are too emotional now. I think it is not a good time for us to further discuss this. We will wait for you to calm down before we talk again." With a wave of her arms, Elizabeth immediately countered, "Don't you play games with me, Oscar.

If you don't give me a satisfactory answer as to how you will make it up to Cassie, I will storm to Clinton Corporations and make it known to all those people who look up to you what kind of a scumbag their beloved Mr. Clinton is." Charlie quickly wrapped his arms around his wife and said, "Dear, you need to calm down." Elizabeth struggled vehemently and shouted at him, "Look at Cassie's condition! How do you expect me to stay calm? If you are reluctant to speak up because of old times' sake, then I will play the role of the bad person here." Olivia took a deep breath and reminded, "This is a hospital. It would not do us any good to have a row here." She then offered, "The both of you haven't eaten, right? Let's look for a place to take a bite. It would be more convenient to have our conversation in a private room." Elizabeth considered the option. Finally, she relented and nodded in agreement. The four of them went to the hotel nearest to the hospital and requested for a private room.

After ordering a few dishes, the atmosphere immediately tensed up. Elizabeth crossed her arms and said, "Olivia, don't blame me for speaking rudely in the hospital. I was just worried for Cassie. If it were your daughter, I am sure you would be even more anxious." Olivia suppressed herself before the snide remarks could tumble out of her mouth. *No matter how spoiled and unruly my daughter is, she would never stoop so low and become a mistress. She also wouldn't*

keep showing off in front of others after getting pregnant. If Stephanie was this shameless, I would personally send my in-laws a big broom for them to sweep her out of their house. Mustering all of her self-control and with a fake smile plastered on her face, Olivia said, "I fully sympathize with what Cassie has gone through. But Stephanie is not that type of person. I don't think she would ever get pregnant out of wedlock.

So you don't have to worry about that." Elizabeth's expression changed and she questioned, "Olivia, what do you mean?" Unhurriedly, Olivia responded, "It's nothing. Since you kept hypothesizing Stephanie in this kind of situation, let me tell you how it would be if it were her. Steph has been brought up well. She may be spoilt, but she would never be a home-wrecker. If she shamelessly becomes a mistress, I might just break her legs and keep her at home. We are rich anyway, we have enough money to support her." Both Elizabeth and Charlie's faces soured at her statement. Charlie looked at Olivia with disbelief. "Olivia, you... "

Olivia merely smiled, and did not say anything. However, the enraged Elizabeth would not go down without a fight. "Olivia, you're too much! Even if my daughter has become a mistress, half of the responsibility is on your son! If he could keep it in his own pants, my Cassie wouldn't be able to do anything even if she were Venus reincarnated. Besides, in an affair like this, Cassie may not even be the one who started it. Aren't you implicating your own son as well if you say that my daughter is a mistress?" "Oscar only made the mistake that all men in this world would make. As long as he changes his ways and goes back to his family, then all is forgiven. I think Oscar did a good job on this," said Olivia. Elizabeth's face was completely distorted with anger. Full of disbelief and shock, Charlie said, "Olivia, I didn't expect you would say something like this."

For a brief moment, guilt flashed across Olivia's eyes. But to protect Oscar and Amelia's little family, she could not back down. "I think of Cassie as a goddaughter, but she is not suited to be a daughter-in-law for the Clinton family. Regardless of whether she had the child or not, I will not allow her to marry into our family. I hope both of you can understand this. One humiliation is enough, I do not wish for our family to be the laughing stock of the upper-class society for a second time due to the same woman," said Olivia. "We know we owe you one for what Cassie did, Olivia.

However, you can't just deny everything good about Cassie just because of that. She has really improved a lot after she came back. She even willingly bore Oscar's child. Who doesn't make some mistakes when they were young. Why won't you give her a chance to prove herself?" Olivia did not know whether to laugh or cry. "Oscar is already married. Very soon they will have their own child. I will do my best to make it up to Cassie, but if you insist on Oscar marrying her, I will not agree to it." Elizabeth stood up angrily and screeched, "Olivia Clinton, you think Cassie is a beggar? Do you want to just dismiss her with money? The Yard family is not that much worse off than the Clinton family. If we went all out, taking down the Clinton family may not be an impossibility for us."