

# Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 151

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After Tiffany ended the call, Amelia asked, "Was that Shannon?" Tiffany nodded. Then, Amelia remarked, "It seems like those working as an editor are all but night owls. They work tirelessly just to get a book published." Tiffany stood up and stretched lazily. "Editor is a high-risk profession. They are at a higher risk of sudden cardiac death as they always need to work off-the-clock." Amelia shook her head in disagreement. She thought Tiffany was exaggerating it. "Babe, go take your shower and then go to bed. It's late now, and the baby needs some rest."

Amelia complied as she entered Tiffany's bedroom and took a new set of pajamas. Then, she took a warm shower in the washroom. It was already half-past-three in the morning after their shower. As it was past their usual bedtime, they found it difficult to fall asleep. Lying on the bed, Tiffany asked, "Babe, I'm not sleepy at all. What now?" Amelia said, "I'm not sleepy as well." Tiffany turned to face Amelia. "Why don't we have a chat?" "About what?" "Well, tell me what you think about Oscar. How do you feel about him?" Amelia blinked her eyes, feeling confused. "What do I think about him?"

Tiffany asked cautiously, "Babe, I don't mean to pry into your personal affairs nor was it my intention to rain on your parade. It's just that Oscar is indecisive between you and Cassie. If—only if—he chooses Cassie in the end, what are you going to do?" The smile on Amelia's face gradually faded while her face grew serious as she mulled over Tiffany's words. Tiffany felt bad bringing up such a heavy topic in the middle of the night. Without waiting for Amelia's response, she shrugged her shoulders and decided to end the topic. "Babe, I'm feeling tired. Let's sleep now."

Amelia flashed her a relieved smile. "Tiff, I'm okay. We can talk about it. Well, I've actually thought of the worst that can happen between Oscar and me. Yet, I don't want to be so pessimistic about our relationship because the future is full of uncertainty. After all, he has indirectly promised me that he will genuinely treat me as his wife." Tiffany couldn't help feeling guilty for spoiling the mood. "Babe, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to dishearten you. I hope more than anyone else that you and Oscar can have a happy ending. Trust me! I really wish you, Oscar, and the baby can live happily together." Amelia found her reaction amusing. "Tiff, I know you're just concerned about me. We are besties, after all.

How can I not know what's on your mind?" She paused for a while before she continued, "Tiff, to be honest, I need to thank you for waking me up when I almost lost myself in his sweet words and small favors." Tiffany hugged her friend while she spoke under her breath, "Babe, I'm sorry. I know you've been through a rough time over the years. Actually, I feel complicated seeing you morphed into a stunner, from a carefree little girl. It's like witnessing an innocent little girl being forced to grow into an adult who has a lot to worry about in life." Amelia sat up. She called out to stop Tiffany from being sentimental, "Stop! Tiff,

you're treating me like one of your female protagonists. I'll just let nature take its course.

It's best if Oscar and I can end up being together. If our relationship breaks up, I still have Sweetheart with me. I suffer no loss at all in sacrificing five years in exchange for my precious baby. If we end up divorcing each other, that means we are not fated to be together." Tiffany scrutinized Amelia's expression. "Babe, is that your genuine thought?" Amelia lay down beside Tiffany. Then, she replied, "Of course, that's my genuine thought. For me, it's too much to ask for love. As you know, the marriage between Oscar and I is a contract marriage. The two of us come from two totally different worlds; our families have a huge social gap. Hence, our marriage is not going to be easy.

Initially, I thought our marriage would only last for a year. I never thought we would still be together after five years, and we will even be expecting a baby soon. I think it's already a bonus for me." Her words made Tiffany's heart ached. The next moment, she heard Amelia's low voice, saying, "It's late now. Let's sleep." She nodded and turned off the bedside lamp. As for Amelia, she kept her eyes open, staring into the darkness. After a while, she suddenly let out a sigh. "Babe, are you not asleep yet?" Tiffany asked softly. Amelia murmured, "Almost." Tiffany sighed after Amelia. Once again, she apologized, "Babe, I'm really sorry. I should've thought twice before I ask something.

Don't take it to heart. You know I didn't mean to upset you." Amelia chuckled. "Don't be silly! We've known each other for so many years; no one knows you better than I do. I will really be mad if you keep apologizing." Feeling relieved, Tiffany broke into a smile. Within five minutes, the two ladies were sound asleep. At ten in the morning, the two of them were awakened by the ringing phone. With her eyes half-open, Tiffany groped for the phone and answered it. An unfamiliar voice of a man was heard over the phone, "Are you still sleeping?" Since the voice didn't ring a bell with her, Tiffany said harshly, "Mr. whoever-it-is, you've got the wrong number.

Just so you know, it's an offense to disturb a woman trying to get her beauty sleep. That's it. Goodbye!" With that, she hung up. It was not even a minute after she lay down on the bed when the phone rang again. This time, it was Amelia's phone that was ringing. Amelia nudged Tiffany and muttered, "Tiff, help me answer the phone. I'm too tired." Tiffany had always been the grumpy type in the morning. One could imagine how terrible her mood was when her sleep was disturbed twice. She picked up the phone and then gave the person on the line a roasting. "I don't care whoever you are, but you'd better be calling because you have an emergency. Or else, I will chop you into pieces.

I'll let you know what a terrible mistake you've made in disturbing my sleep. Now shoot!" For a long time, she received no response as if the person on the line was frightened. Tiffany then took a look at the screen. The number seemed familiar, yet she didn't think too much since it was an anonymous caller. Growing impatient, she raised her voice as she asked, "Who the hell are you? I only slept at three in the morning, and I'm tired. If you got the wrong number, end the call, will you?" Gary hesitated for a second before he spoke, "Tiffany, I'm Gary, Gary Laird. We met yesterday. Do you still remember?" Instantly, Tiffany was wide awake. She said with a hint of uncertainty, "Gary?" "Yes, it's me.

Do you recognize me?" Tiffany hopped out of bed and found Gary's name card from her purse. It turned out that the number of the caller matched with the ones on the name card. At that instant, she couldn't help feeling sorry for her harsh attitude. "Oh, Gary, I'm really sorry. It was late when we got home yesterday, and we didn't get to save your number. Amelia is still sleeping, so I answered her phone for her. I'm sorry, I'm usually a little grumpy in the morning. I hope I didn't scare you or did I?" "No. Well, your morning grumpiness is indeed one of a kind." Tiffany could feel her cheeks burning. "I'm sorry about that." She quickly switched the topic. "So, why are you calling early in the morning?"

"Didn't you say yesterday that you wanted to visit my security firm to choose your own bodyguards? I'm free today, and I can introduce them to you." "Gary, you're sure a man of action! I'll go wake Amelia up now. See you in two hours!" "You guys can take your time and have breakfast before you come. I'll be at the firm for the day. You can come wherever you want." After a short pause, he added, "Let Amelia sleep if she's tired. There's no rush." To some extent, Gary was a rather insensitive person. He was not even curious about the pregnant Amelia living with her bestie instead of her husband.

Meanwhile, Tiffany was slightly bewildered. She felt that Gary's concern for Amelia had exceeded the norm. Not to mention, they had only met once. She started to worry if Gary had fallen in love with Amelia at first sight. Like what Gary said yesterday, Amelia was indeed a woman full of tremendous charisma. Most women would stay away from her because of jealousy. In contrast, men would easily be attracted by her charisma and soon fall for her. Tiffany shook her head to get rid of the undesirable thoughts. Then, she made her way to the bed and gently pushed Amelia to wake her up.

"Babe, it's time to wake up now," she said softly. Amelia stirred and slowly opened her eyes. She looked alluring in her half-asleep state while lazily stretching like a cute kitten. Tiffany felt her heart flutter. "Wake up now! Oh, Amelia, you have no idea how sexy you look right now. If there was a man in the room, he would've lost control of himself." Amelia glanced sideways at her and asked, "What's the time now?" Tiffany answered, "It's almost ten. Gary called just now. He asked us to go to his security firm to choose your bodyguards. We'll go in the afternoon if you're free because I need to work on my script tonight when we come back."

Amelia nodded in response. The two of them then washed up and prepared themselves. Tiffany grabbed two dresses from her wardrobe and handed the pale yellow one to Amelia. "Babe, I bought this for you a couple of days ago. Try it on." Amelia held the dress in front of her body and then went to get changed. Tiffany looked at her from head to toe when she came out of the fitting room in the dress. Finally, with a snap of her fingers, she commented, "Wow! Babe, no wonder a man would say you're addictive and deadly like an opium poppy. That's the highest form of flattery! Your charisma can easily drive a man crazy. If I were a man, I would definitely fall head over heels in love with you."

Amelia was amused at her exaggerating manner. "You're talking nonsense again." Then, she urged, "Now hurry and go get changed. We'll grab something on our way there." "There's no hurry. Gary's security firm will be open the whole day. We can go there a bit later." "Oh, Tiff, he has called us personally. It's impolite to keep him waiting. Go get changed now." Tiffany pouted, yet she

complied eventually. Soon, the two drove to a restaurant nearby and had their breakfast there. After that, they headed straight to Gary's security firm. The name of Gary's security firm—Gary's Security Firm was clear-cut, which suited perfectly with the style of its owner. It was located on the eighty-ninth floor of a building in the city center.

Being a medium-sized company with more than two hundred employees, it was considered one of the largest security firms in the city. Both Amelia and Tiffany never thought the hardy and rugged-looking Gary would own such a large company. It really resonated with the saying that one should never judge a book by its cover! Tiffany uttered, "Gary already owns such a huge company at the age of thirty-one. Yet he doesn't even look or dress like an elite." Amelia nodded in agreement. "Tiff, we should give him a call and tell him we have arrived."

The call got through in no time, and Gary's voice was heard, "Hello." "Gary, are you at the office now? Amelia and I have arrived." "Where are you? I'll go down and pick you up." "We're in front of your office. You can come out and meet us." "Alright. I'll be there in a moment." Amelia and Tiffany's arrival had caught all the male employees' attention. Initially, they intended to act undemonstrative and reserved in front of the ladies. Yet, it was not long before they showed their true colors, rushing up to the ladies. A tall and young-looking man beat the others to it as he asked, "Ladies, are you looking for someone?" Tiffany looked up at him and said, "We're looking for your boss."

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"Ah, you're our boss' friends. Please come on in!" Those in the security firm were welcoming as they led Amelia and Tiffany into the firm and brought them chairs. "Zach, fetch the ladies some tea. Make sure it's not too hot." Zach quickly headed to the pantry. In no time, he was back with two cups of tea. Within a minute, the coffee table was full of snacks and drinks. Amelia and Tiffany were overwhelmed by their hospitality. The latter stuttered, "T-The p-people here are very welcoming." One of the employees said, "Well, this is a special treatment for beautiful ladies."

In other words, they wouldn't treat them with such hospitality if they weren't beautiful. Tiffany let out a dry laugh. Amelia was confused when the guys had their eyes fixated on her curiously. One of them spoke up, "Hi, you must be Gary's wife. You're so beautiful; no wonder Gary never let us meet you. He always tells us that he is not married, but everyone could tell that it's a lie. Otherwise, he wouldn't leave the office on time every day. We even teased him, saying that he is secretly married. Now we know why he hides you from us; you're gorgeous even when you're pregnant." Amelia felt a little awkward by their overwhelming hospitality. Unlike any other dreary office setting, a loving and harmonious atmosphere surrounded Gary's security firm.

The employees felt like a big family. With a polite smile, Amelia responded, "Actually, I only met your boss yesterday. We are here looking to hiring bodyguards." Tiffany shielded Amelia

while she jokingly said, “Gentlemen, Amelia is seven months pregnant now. I’ll call the cops if you guys scare this pregnant lady with your overwhelming hospitality.” The guys were visibly disappointed. “So, you’re not Gary’s wife?” Amelia shook her head. Seeing that, the guys howled in disappointment. “Aw, we thought Gary has finally acquired a good taste in women that he found herself a beautiful wife. It turns out you’re someone else’s wife.” Knowing that Amelia was not Gary’s wife, they shifted their gaze to Tiffany. “Do you know Gary?”

Are you his girlfriend? You look pretty. We will be more than happy if you are to marry our boss.” This time, it was Tiffany feeling awkward. “Gary and I are just friends. I’m afraid I will have to disappoint you.” “You’re married?” “Do you already have a boyfriend?” “Do you mind if I ask how old are you?” ... When Gary showed up, he saw his male employees surrounding the ladies, bombarding them with questions. Although he was an airy person with a casual attitude, he couldn’t help feeling embarrassed by his employers’ silly behavior. He roared, “Hey, shouldn’t you guys be working? All of you are a member of the security firm, not bandits.” The employees instantly made way for Gary.

Then, they bowed ninety degrees at him comically and greeted, “Good day, Mr. Laird!” Gary was seething as he scolded, “You cheeky rascals! Stop fooling around in the office. No one will hire bodyguards from our company if they see you guys behaving like this.” One of the employees reminded, “Gary, may I remind you that the ladies are still here. You wouldn’t want to scare them off with your loud voice.” That was when Gary remembered that Amelia and Tiffany were in the office. His face flushed in embarrassment upon realizing that his glorious image was ruined in front of the ladies.

At that moment, he couldn’t help but feel self-conscious. It was the first time the employers saw their boss behaving like a demure young lady. They teased, “Gary, are you feeling shy? What a shocker! Come everyone, have a look at the shy Gary.” Gary shot them a fierce stare and dismissed them. “That’s it. Now, return to your work. Those who are hungry can order some food. After the lunch break, please gather around in the meeting room. Ms. Amelia and Ms. Tiffany are looking to hire one or two bodyguards. For those who are chosen, do your best to protect them, or all of you will not get your year-end bonuses.

Don’t embarrass me or ruin the reputation of our firm!” With a teasing smile, the guys made an equivocal remark, “We won’t embarrass you in front of the ladies, Mr. Laird.” To them, Gary was self-conscious in front of the ladies because he had a crush on Tiffany. Once again, Gary’s face flushed. He was enraged at their teasing. “Get back to work. You have ruined the firm’s image. If you guys continue horsing around, I will reduce your perfect-attendance rewards.” Yet, the employees were not deterred. “Gary, you’re blushing! Since Ms. Amelia is married, it looks like Ms. Tiffany is the one who is going to be our boss’ potential wife.

Gary, go for it! We will laugh at you if you can’t make Ms. Tiffany your girlfriend.” With that, they reflexively dodged a kick sent by their boss. Gary gave them the final warning. “That’s it! Stop messing around! Or else, not only will I cancel your perfect attendance rewards, but your year-end bonuses as well.” The employees called out, “Gary is angry, and he is trying to hide his shyness!” The next moment, they unanimously fled the scene before their boss gave them a good beating. Gary rubbed the back of his head awkwardly. He managed to placate a calm facade as he turned to face the ladies. “The boys didn’t scare you, did they?” Both Amelia and Tiffany shook their heads. With a gentle smile, Amelia said, “The working culture in your firm is great.

There’s a positive and happy vibe in the office. I can tell that you’re a great boss.” Gary felt nervous when Amelia was talking to him. She looked even more beautiful in the bright office

compared to when he saw her yesterday night. His heart was thumping wildly in his chest. Yesterday night, he could still grip his composure when talking with her. Yet, at that moment, he felt as if all his inner thoughts were laid bare. The adrenaline rush caused the man to start gabbling, “When I first started this company, I didn’t really treat it as a job; it was more like a pastime. As we put in more effort, energy, and time into running the company, I started to take it more seriously. As the company developed, we hired more and more employees.

Well, most of our employees are male employees and the minority, female. Regardless of gender, they get along with each other very well. The female employees became unladylike after spending much time with the boys, in the sense that they would joke and curse with them. The boys haven’t met such beautiful ladies in a long time, and that’s the reason for their overwhelming hospitality. I hope they didn’t scare you.” Tiffany gazed at him quizzically while asking, “Gary, are you nervous?” Gary flushed scarlet. Fortunately, it wasn’t obvious on his tanned skin. “No. Why would I be nervous?” He chuckled dryly and dared not to look in Amelia’s direction. “It’s almost half-past eleven now.

Let me treat you guys to lunch. We can come back and choose your bodyguards after that.” Tiffany asked Amelia, “Babe, are you hungry yet?” She was not hungry since they had just had their breakfast an hour ago. Amelia thought about it for a while and eventually agreed with Gary’s proposal out of courtesy. Gary couldn’t help curling his lips into a smile. He stood up, unconsciously casting his eyes at Amelia as he asked, “Amelia, do you like spicy food?” Amelia was slightly bewildered. As a woman, her sixth sense told her that Gary’s care for her had exceeded ordinary bounds. As if he, too, had realized that his question was rather bizarre, Gary quickly explained, “Well, I’m only asking to see if you can eat spicy food.

If yes, then we can eat Thymions food. If you can’t eat spicy food, then perhaps we can eat something else.” Amelia was still holding a smile, yet her gaze grew aloof and distant. Just then, Tiffany chimed in eagerly, “Gary, you’re playing favorites! Why didn’t you ask me whether I can eat spicy food?” Gary was relieved when Tiffany took the heat off him. He let out a hearty laugh and explained himself, “Amelia is pregnant, so it’s normal for me to ask her first. As you know, we need to be extremely careful when it comes to the diet of a pregnant lady.”

Hearing that, the aloofness in Amelia’s eyes faded. Tiffany gave the man a thumbs up. “Gary, you’re indeed a good husband material. Whoever gets to marry you is definitely the luckiest woman on earth.” Subconsciously, Gary once again glanced at Amelia. Having noticed that, Tiffany jokingly said on purpose, “Gary, I know our dear Amelia is beautiful and that she’s your type, but she’s taken. You can retrieve your gaze now.” Gary awkwardly rustled his hair. Then, he cleared his throat and said, “If you guys can eat spicy food, I know an authentic Thymions restaurant.

I can call the restaurant owner now.” Tiffany halted him. “Amelia had an upset stomach for the past few days, and she can’t eat spicy food. Gary, perhaps we can eat something light?” Hearing that, Gary asked worriedly, “An upset stomach? I know a few gastroenterologists. Do you need me to make an appointment for you?” Both Amelia and Tiffany simultaneously raised their brow, looking at him strangely. As usual, Gary used his customary hearty laugh to hide his genuine thoughts. “Well, isn’t Amelia pregnant right now? I’m worried that it might affect the baby.” Amelia said smilingly, “It’s nothing serious. The doctor said I will be fine as long as I take a healthy diet and prevent eating spicy food.”

“We’ll eat something light then. I’ll call to reserve a table.” The three of them left the office in Gary’s car. Sitting behind the wheels, Gary called and reserved them a private room. Half an hour later, they arrived at their destination—a restaurant with vintage decoration. After

unbuckling his seat belt, Gary uttered, “This is my friend’s restaurant. If you guys want to eat here in the future, you can drop my name and have your bills waived.” Hearing that, Tiffany playfully said, “I’m afraid your friend might go bankrupt.” Gary generously reassured them, “Well, I’m one of the shareholders of the restaurant. I have enough money to treat you guys.” Tiffany’s eyes grew wide upon hearing that.

“Gary, you sure know how to keep a low profile. Not only do you own a huge security firm, but you’ve even invested in the food and beverage industry. I never thought I would encounter a wealthy man while having supper. If I were a gold digger, I would throw myself at you and secure myself a sugar daddy.” Gary said nothing but smiled in response. As soon as they entered the restaurant, a hostess came up and bowed at them. “Gary, please come with me. The private room is ready, and we have had the chefs prepare a nutritious meal for the pregnant woman.”

Gary nodded as the hostess conducted them to the private room. In the private room, he asked, “Where’s your boss?” The hostess politely replied, “Our boss traveled to Saspiuburg yesterday, and he will return in two or three days. You can give him a call if it’s something urgent.” Gary nodded in response. Then, he handed the menus to the ladies. “Amelia, Tiffany, feel free to order anything you like. I don’t need to pay when I eat here.” Tiffany ordered three dishes while Amelia randomly picked one from the menu that looked appetizing.

It would be a waste if they ordered too much. Also, they were not that hungry since they had just had breakfast. Gary, on the other hand, ordered two dishes. He handed over the menus to the hostess and ordered, “Please get the chefs to hurry with the food for the pregnant woman.” “All right. The dishes will be served soon.” With that, the hostess left the private room. Meanwhile, Gary discreetly glanced at Amelia before he asked, “So, who is the one hiring the bodyguards?”

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Chapter 153 Choosing Bodyguards 3

“It’s me. Hiring a bodyguard is also a last-minute plan,” Amelia said, her tone slightly distant and perfunctory. She was naturally guarded against strangers and tended to give off an aloof vibe. Only after truly getting to know her would they find out her real personality was actually rather adorable. Gary Laird was in the business of security services. Though he looked intimidating on the outside, he had a keen eye for details. It was pretty apparent to him that Amelia was deliberately distancing herself from him. “I’m guessing your husband’s family should be quite well-off?” Gary held back on his admiration of him.

He and Amelia weren’t close enough yet. Besides, she was also a married woman. If he were to express his true feelings for her, he was afraid they would n’t even be able to be friends then. Amelia smiled faintly. “I suppose it’s not bad. At the very least, there’s no need to worry about my next meal.” Tiffany chimed in, “Gary, is it necessary to check on our backgrounds when choosing a bodyguard?” Gary chuckled. “Please don’t misunderstand. I wasn’t checking on your backgrounds per se. It’s just that ordinary families wouldn’t usually hire a bodyguard nor have the means to do so. Since you’re looking to hire one, I

assumed your family must be rather well-off. Amelia's husband is likely either a businessman or a government official. Only people with power would deem this amount of money insignificant. To ordinary families, it is almost equivalent to daylight robbery."

Tiffany made a thumbs-up gesture and praised, "You're indeed an accomplished businessman. Your insight is superb." "This is merely a basic evaluation. Moreover, your dressing style alone says a lot about you. You exude an aura that ordinary people don't usually have. It only takes one glance to tell the difference," I explained. A flash of admiration flickered in Tiffany's gaze. She could sense that the man before her wasn't as intimidating as he seemed. Perhaps in certain aspects of life, he could be aggressive. But when it came to working, he was very detailed and prudent. It was no wonder his security firm was renowned. It wouldn't have been possible without an equally capable owner. As the famous quote went—Do not judge a book by its cover. Gary continued, "Are you encountering any difficulties, Amelia? Although we've only met twice and are merely acquaintances, I'm a man who values friendship. As long as I've acknowledged someone, I'd give my all to that person should they require my help."

"It isn't that serious. My husband's side of the family is prominent in the business industry. Tiff was just concerned that there would be people who'd be blinded by greed. That's why we thought of hiring a couple of bodyguards as a safety measure. After all, I'm heavily pregnant. I can't afford to get into any accidents." Gary nodded. "I will pick three suitable candidates based on your criteria. If you're satisfied with them, then we can sign the contract." Tiffany's fingers of hers were tapping a rhythm on the table. "Gary, you said not to talk about payment, but we're not freeloaders either. What is the market rate for bodyguards? We'll pay the same price as what every other customer does. We may be easy-going folks, but if you're insincere, then we can forget about this cooperation." "Tiffany, I must say, I've never met a woman like you. People who try to get close to me are more or less hoping to gain some advantage for themselves. You, on the other hand, are so insistent for me not to offer you a discount." I have laughed. "It seems I made a good judgment in friends indeed. Rest assured. The price will be reasonable."

Lifting her glass in the air, Tiffany said, "Then I'll thank you on behalf of Amelia." Gary took a glimpse of Amelia. The latter raised her glass from her as well and said, "Here's to you, Gary." The trio clinked their glasses against one another, toasting with water instead of alcohol. Soon after, their food arrived. There were a total of seven dishes, a soup, and a specially brewed broth for pregnancy. The sheer amount of food laid out on the table resembled a delicious buffet spread. Gary pointed at the broth he specifically requested the chef to make and said, "Amelia, I told the chef to prepare this. It's very beneficial for the baby. You have to drink more of it. Your arms and legs are way too thin. If it weren't for your bulging belly, nobody would believe you're carrying a baby." Gary's earnest tone sounded more like a loving husband. The women found it odd. Tiffany hastily interrupted,

"You're such a considerate man, Gary. It's a total contrast from your appearance. Whoever gets to be your wife will be living in bliss. Amelia, drink more of the broth. Gary's so kind to you. You mustn't let him down." Amelia merely resigned, maintaining her neutral stance. With Tiffany leading most of the chats during the



meal, Gary's chatters gradually lessened. When they left the restaurant and got in the car, Gary asked, "Amelia, Tiffany, how was the meal?" Amelia smiled and smiled. "It was delectable. It wasn't too greasy and was suitable for my palate. The soup was thick and creamy. I've lived here for so many years and have never discovered this hidden treasure." Tiffany couldn't help but compliment, "The food was indeed out-of-this-world. We just had breakfast at half-past ten and weren't hungry at first. However, the food in the restaurant was simply too mouth-watering.

One bite and you'll be addicted to it. I'm now so bloated from it." Gary chuckled. "I'm glad to hear that. If you guys would like to dine there in the future, simply mention my name and you'll be able to dine free of charge." "You're a generous man, but as I said earlier, we're not freeloaders," Tiffany said. Gary merely smiled in response. When they returned to the company, Gary led Amelia and Tiffany to his office. He picked up the telephone and dialed a number. "Queenie, tell Howard, Riley, and Xander to come in." Without waiting for a reply, he put down the receiver. There was a knocking on the door in less than a minute. "Come in," Gary called out. When the door pushed open, two men and a woman entered the room. Both men were tall and lean with relatively good looks, wearing short-sleeved T-shirts. Although they looked thin, their arms were rather muscular.

As for the woman, she stood at approximately 168cm. Her features were delicate and pretty—her dimples especially eye-catching whenever she smiled. It made her feel approachable. "Gary," all three of them greeted respectfully. Gary winced slightly. He pointed at Amelia and Tiffany and said, "They are the clients—both with the last name Winters. If they're satisfied with the three of you, you'll work under them from today onward. You are all here to get to know one another." They were surprised because Gary hardly attended clients personally. That was the job of the company's manager. After all, the security firm was merely one of Gary's many businesses of his. He wouldn't have turned up unless the employer was of VIP status. Ignoring the bewildered expressions on the trio, Gary continued, "Amelia, Tiffany, let me introduce you.

They are Howard Powell, Riley Hope, and Xander Erikson." Amelia stretched out a hand and said, "My name is Amelia Winters. It's nice to meet all of you." Howard and Xander both stretched out their hands at the same time. They felt rather flattered as she was a beautiful woman. "Ms. Winters, nice to meet you." On the other side, the woman named Riley Hope was seemingly sizing up Amelia with a guarded look in her gaze. She questioned, "Ms. Winters, don't mind asking me, what's your relationship with Gary? He typically never personally receives a client, unless they are his close friends of him or of VIP status." Amelia could clearly sense the blatant hostility from the young lady. She could more or less guess why that was so. "I'm married. Your boss and I are ordinary friends," she clarified. It was then that Riley noticed Amelia's bulging stomach of hers. Her face flushed in shame. She had only been focused on Amelia's face earlier. As she had worked with Gary for several years, she knew what sort of woman he was naturally attracted to—a pretty face, voluptuous body but never skimpily dressed—all of which fitted Amelia.

That was why she behaved rather defensively. But when she realized Amelia was pregnant, she gradually let her down her walls. Riley clutched onto Amelia's hand enthusiastically and said, "So, you're Gary's friend. I rarely see him bring a female

friend to the company. You must be a very important friend to him." Amelia shook her head on the inside. s hand enthusiastically and said, "So, you're Gary's friend. I rarely see him bring a female friend to the company. You must be a very important friend to him." Amelia shook her head on the inside. s hand enthusiastically and said, "So, you're Gary's friend. I rarely see him bring a female friend to the company. You must be a very important friend to him." Amelia shook her head on the inside. She's indeed a young lady who wears her emotions on her face. With her delicate looks of her, who will believe she's a bodyguard? Gary coughed twice to interrupt. "Riley, don't be cheeky. When you're at the company, you ought to behave austerely.

Otherwise, who will want to employ you?" Riley stuck out her tongue childishly. The next second, her face de ella changed as if she could perform magic and turned stern. She said in a serious tone, "I'm sorry. I forgot my manners earlier." Gary waved a hand at her. "You won't be excused the next time. You're one of the company's employees. Every action of yours reflects our professionalism. Should you behave inappropriately and leave a bad impression on the client, then our company might as well shut down our business." With her gaze unchanging, Riley replied seriously,

"I'm sorry, Gary. There won't be a next time." Tiffany could no longer stand to watch. "Gary, we're not outsiders. There's no need for you to be this strict with the young lady," she interrupted. "Aren't you afraid she'll cry if you read her this way?" "Young? She's already twenty-five," Gary said, shaking his head. Tiffany chuckled. "I knew it! She she's a millennial. You could tell she's a girl in her youth based on her appearance of her alone. I can't help but feel old." Looking at Tiffany, Riley felt saved once again. After all, Tiffany was another attractive woman. Although she did n't give off the alluring vibe, her shapely figure and good looks of her were relatively close to Gary's taste of her. "Gary, may I know which one is the client?" Riley asked. "Or are the both of them hiring?" "Amelia is your employer. That is if she's satisfied with the three of you.

We may sign the contract on the spot," Gary said. After hesitating a little, he turned to Amelia and said, "Amelia, even though they look like pretty faces and aren't sculpted like bodybuilders, they are skilled in martial arts. Riley is proficient in kickboxing, close combat, and shooting. Howard is proficient in reconnaissance, shooting, and mixed martial arts. As for Xander, he's proficient in his protection skills, shooting, and close combat. They've learned almost every type of martial art in the world. These three are the ones I'm most proud of. They have all undergone professional training and will certainly make good bodyguards for you." Amelia and Tiffany exchanged glances for a while, their gazes filled with doubt.

"If they're that extraordinary, isn't it a pity for them to be my bodyguards?" Amelia asked. "Even if I don't assign them to you, they' ll have to go on other missions regardless. But since they're so outstanding, their prices are slightly higher on the chart too. Of course, I trust that you'll be able to afford them. I know it's hard to believe me without proof. How about witnessing it for yourself? Gary suggested. Amelia was feeling eager. After all, it was her first time witnessing someone fire a gun. Even though she was a woman, shooting was one of her interests.

# Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 154

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“Sure,” Amelia and Tiffany said in unison. The six of them moved to another venue. Riley, Howard, and Xander had also changed into their training uniform. “Riley and Howard, shoot,” Gary commanded. “Roger.” Standing on two sides with a gun in their hand, Riley and Howard read themselves. Within ten seconds, the loud bang of a gun being fired sounded. Riley and Howard had both shot bullseye on their target. Amelia and Tiffany clapped and cheered enthusiastically on the side. As they were shooting indoors, they had a lot less space to perform. “

Howard, Xander. MMA sparring. Keep in mind—you must display everything you know. I’m asking for the best of your abilities,” Gary urged. Howard and Xander nodded and answered sternly, “Gary, rest assured. There isn’t a single mission that we didn’t give our best for. Besides, Ms. Winters is an important friend of yours. We’ll risk our lives from her to protect her. Gary nodded. “Good that you’re both aware.” He turned to Amelia and said, “Amelia, what do you think of the three of them?”

“They’re impressive,” Amelia replied. “Their skills are remarkable. However, I’m normally a homebody. Hiring a bodyguard is only a preventative measure. To hire three at eleven seems like a waste of talent for them. Why don’t I pick just one?” Gary thought about it and agreed. “Of course. It’s your decision.” Amelia smiled. “I’m a woman. Having a man follow me around is a little inconvenient. Besides, my husband would be suspicious as well. Therefore, I’ll pick Riley. Howard and Xander are talents. They should be where they are most needed. For three of them to protect me alone sounds like too much of a waste of their potential.” Gary turned to look at Riley and said, “Riley, Amelia will be your employer from now onward. Remember our company’s objective—Give the right protection, at the right time, for every side.” “Yes,” Riley answered seriously.

Tiffany clapped her hands and said, “Gary, you don’t have to make the atmosphere so tense. Relax. You made us sound as if we’re ferocious shrews when we’re actually nice people. Let’s not make Riley misunderstand us.” Everyone laughed. Riley took a glance at Tiffany, her hostility lessening as well. “So, can we sign the contract yet?” Amelia questioned. “Of course,” Gary answered. “Riley, Howard, Xander, you’re dismissed for now.” The three of them silently from their heads and turned around to leave. Amelia, Tiffany, let’s go to my office,” Gary suggested. The two women waved and followed after him. Entering the office, Gary instructed his secretary to deliver two cups of coffee and a glass of warm milk. Tiffany sat on the couch and said unreservedly, “Gary, there are truly many talented people in your company.” Gary waved a hand in response, candidly saying, “

They’re all a bunch of uneducated punks who are only skilled in fighting. How could they be compared to you? You’re both university graduates—educated. After all, you are a best-selling author. The people I admire most in my life are the novelists who can write over ten thousand, even a hundred thousand of words. I will never know how their brains are capable of piecing together so much eloquent words.” Tiffany was nonplussed. “You make the novelists sound as if

they're divine. " "Isn't that so? Their brains are vastly different from that of ordinary people. We ordinary people only think about what to eat three times a day, whereas you novelists think about plotlines day and night. I even wonder if you get lost in the fictional world sometimes and forget which is reality."

Tiffany waved her hand in the air. "When you put it that way, I'll have to redress on behalf of the other freelance writers. We may be writing novels, but we also pay attention to reality. The materials of all novels are derived from reality. When we're done with one novel, we'll usually take a break for a period of time. We'll go backpacking, hiking, and if we're mad enough, we may even explore the deep mountains alone. They actually do a lot more than what people think, for writing depends on a large part of experiencing life. Otherwise, novelists wouldn't gain the reputation of being crazy in real life.

.Their way of thinking has long surpassed the point where ordinary people cannot understand. However, I've yet to reach that point. That's why I only consider myself a novelist, not an author." Amelia chuckled. "Tiff, if your readers were to hear you, they'll be sorely disappointed. The best-selling author that they're fans of regards herself as a third-rate novelist. Are you indirectly saying that they have poor taste?" Tiffany laughed. A short while later, Gary brought out the contract. "Amelia, take a look. If there's nothing wrong with it, you may sign here." Amelia read through it before handing it to Tiffany for a second opinion. The latter read and said, "Babe, it's all right. You can sign." Amelia signed her name on the papers and pressed her thumbprint on them. Gary then took over the contract and did the same as she did. "This contract will be sent to the legal department to be notarized," he reported. "There will be no fine no matter which party violates the contract.

This will better protect both parties." Amelia nodded. Tiffany made a thumbs-up gesture and said, "Splendid! Gary, it's no wonder your company is acclaimed. Based on how much you value your clients alone, it would be unthinkable if it wasn't." Gary's tanned skin flushed slightly. Right as he was about to say something, Amelia's phone rang. She whipped out her phone and saw Carter's name flashing on the display. She smiled apologetically at Gary and said, "Sorry, I have to take this. I'll be right back. She then moved to the corner and answered the phone. Carter's slightly weakened voice sounded from her phone. "Amelia," he called out. "Carter, are you up?" "And it is. I was too impulsive yesterday. Did I scare you?

"A little. You fainted right before me and didn't come out of the operating room for a long time," she admitted. "I was worried something would happen to you because of me. If that happens, I'd feel extremely guilty." Carter's crazed side of her had truly scared her. If the old Carter had half the courage he had then, perhaps their ending would've been different. Carter's mood seemed to have brightened on the other side, his tone sounding lively as he asked, "Amelia, are you worried about me?" "We're friends. Of course, I'll worry about you. I'm not an emotionless person who would do nothing when you fall in front of me. Carter, please don't think of me as cold-blooded. Regardless if it's the past, present, or the future, whether we remain friends or not, I will never wish for you to be hurt," she said frankly. Ella it was silent on the phone for a moment before Amelia heard a low sigh from him.

"I'm sorry, Amelia," Carter apologized. "I don't blame you. I only hope you'll stop being this impulsive in the future. Health is priceless. If you lose it, no amount of money will let you live." "Esta bien." I have kept silent once again. "Amelia, will you come to visit me in the hospital? Don't overthink it. I merely want to see you and make sure you're safe. That way, I'll be able to recover in peace." Amelia hesitated. "Is that not?" I have questioned. sighing, Amelia answered, "Carter, I have matters to handle right now. I might not be able to leave any time soon. I'll drop by the hospital in the afternoon, is that okay?"

"Amelia, can't you come over right now?" Carter deliberately made himself sound weak. Amelia began to sense a slight headache coming. She raised a hand to rub at her forehead and said, "Carter, I'm busy right now. Rest well. Tiffany and I will visit you when we're free." "Esta bien." Carter's voice evidently turned downcast. "If you're free in the afternoon, come visit me in the hospital. I miss you." Amelia felt highly pressured. The way Carter rendered her helpless was truly terrifying. "Carter, someone's calling for me. I have to go. If I'm free in the afternoon, I'll go visit you." As soon as she said her piece of her, she hung up without even saying goodbye. She kept her phone and said to Gary, "It's a friend." Tiffany turned toward her. "Sump?" Amelia nodded. Tiffany frowned, lowering her voice as she muttered, "What a pest." Gary looked between the two women and could tell something was amiss. "Is there anything you need my help with?" I have asked. Amelia shook her head and smiled. "It's nothing.

I have a friend who's hospitalized and said everyone's gone to visit him except us. He thinks we're not being great friends." Gary smiled, not having much to comment. "Gary, I still have something on. Tiffany and I will be going first. You may let Riley come over whenever she's free. I'll send my address to you in a bit. When she eats, tell her to give me a call," Amelia instructed. Gary stood up to send them off. "I'll let her go over tomorrow. Don't worry. She she'll only protect you in the dark. She wo n't interfere with your daily life. Amelia nodded. "Gary, I'll transfer the commission back to your account. Send me your account number later," Tiffany said. "Esta bien." Gary pulled the door open for them.

"I'll walk you two downstairs. If there's anything you need my help with, call me. We're all friends. As long as it's within my capabilities, I'll definitely lend a hand." "Thank you, Gary." Amelia smiled. "If there's anything we need help with, we certainly won't stand on ceremony." Gary walked the two of them downstairs and only left after watching them leave in the car. As soon as he entered his office, a flexible figure jumped out. He turned around and saw that it was Riley. He frowned and said, "Riley, what are you doing in my office? Gary was rather oblivious when it came to love. If it were a woman he had no feelings for, no matter how much they tried to drop hints, he'd never pick up. Therefore, he had no clue that Riley actually had feelings for him.

Riley raised her chin, looking slightly aggrieved. Being watched by her that way, goosebumps immediately rose all over her skin. He returned to his chair and said, "Don't look at me like that. I have goosebumps all over." Her gaze from her became increasingly indignant. However, she knew that other than being outstanding at work, the man she loved was a brick short of a load everywhere else. Even if she were to continue being ambiguous with him, he would never be able to figure out her intentions. After hesitating for a while, she asked coyly, "Gary, are those two women earlier really your friends?"

“What’s wrong with you today, Riley?” Gary glanced at her strangely. “You’re being really weird. Of course, they’re my friends. Did you come all the way here simply to ask me that?” She clenched and unclenched her hands, mustering up a little courage before she asked, “Both Amelia and Tiffany seem to be your type. Are you perhaps attracted to one of them?” Without much thought, he replied, “Riley, when it’s time for work, work. Since when are you so concerned about my private matters?” “Both Amelia and Tiffany seem to be your type. Are you perhaps attracted to one of them?”

Without much thought, he replied, “Riley, when it’s time for work, work. Since when are you so concerned about my private matters?” “Both Amelia and Tiffany seem to be your type. Are you perhaps attracted to one of them?” Without much thought, he replied, “Riley, when it’s time for work, work. Since when are you so concerned about my private matters?” I’ve always been concerned! You’re the one who never took it to heart.

## Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 155

[/ Love You Enough to Leave You](#)  
Chapter 155 Oblivious To Her Feelings

“Gary, if you wish to date, I—” Riley stammered, too embarrassed to complete her sentence. “I—”

Gary found her really strange. “What’s your problem? Are you feeling unwell? I can approve a one-day leave for you. Otherwise, I could ask Howard to take you to the hospital.”

Is he stupid? She stared resentfully at him and said, “You’re a blockhead!”

Having said that, she dashed out of the room right away. When she bumped into Xander, who was completely clueless as to what happened, she shoved him aside and made off without any explanation.

Gary was baffled. Seeing Xander still standing at the doorway, he raised his voice and said, “Why aren’t you entering if you’re here? Are you fond of eavesdropping now?”

Xander entered the room, shrugging his shoulders. He smiled. “Gary, it seems you’re having great luck with the ladies. Riley waited this long to confess to you. It’s not an easy feat.”

Gary glared at him. “Stop spouting nonsense,” he chided. “Riley only sees me as a senior. Don’t make up baseless rumors and spoil her reputation.”

Xander couldn’t help but feel sad for Riley.

Gary was undoubtedly oblivious when it came to relationship matters. Otherwise, why would a wealthy man in his thirties not have a single girlfriend? It wasn't because he didn't have charm but because of his insensitivity.

As long as men had some spare cash, their looks didn't matter. The women would convince themselves to accept the man as long as they were being financially supported. They would then brag about how strong their love was. But in the end, they themselves wouldn't know for sure whether they truly loved the man or their money.

"Gary, if Riley were to hear you say this, she'll cry to her death." Xander shook his head.

Gary scratched his head in confusion. "Why are you talking about Riley again? We are purely co-workers. She entered the company at eighteen years old and is considered the youngest in here. Everyone's used to doting her. I, too, treat her like my biological sister."

Xander pulled out a chair and took a seat. He asked, "Riley came all the way to your office. Are you telling me you really have no idea of her intentions?"

Gary still couldn't catch the gist of it. "Does she have someone she likes?"

Xander slapped a hand against his forehead, speechless. "When it comes to the management of the company, I deeply admire you. After all, if it weren't for you, the company wouldn't have made so much progress this rapidly and our wages wouldn't have continuously increased. However, when it comes to relationship matters, you're a real blockhead," he said bluntly.

Gary threw the pen in his hand in Xander's direction. "Xander Erikson, you little rascal. You dare to speak to me this way? I've selected three missions for you. You better get working!"

Xander's expression turned disgruntled in an instant. "Gary, my dear boss, you can't do that to me! I've been going on consecutive missions the last month. Every mission was also perfectly executed. As a boss, you can't be this inhumane!"

"Oh? So you're aware I am the boss. Since you offended me, this is your consequence," Gary said unsparingly.

Xander groaned, "You sure are a sly fox. If anyone were to call you an honest person in the future, I'll be sure to give them a good beating."

Gary stretched out a hand, and Xander immediately placed the pen the former threw back onto his palm.

"Go back to work." Gary waved his hand like he was shooing off a housefly.

Instead of leaving, Xander stood up and leaned forward, his whole body almost spanning the entire desk.

Gary looked at him in alarm. "What the hell is the meaning of this?"

"Gary, be honest. The two beautiful women you brought along earlier; are you interested in one of them?" Xander asked.

Gary looked at him calmly and answered his question with another question. "Why are you asking?"

Xander was a man after all. He looked at Gary intently and said, "Don't you understand? This is the first time you have personally received a female client. On top of that, you even called for Riley, Howard, and me. If you weren't interested in their beauty, why would you be so diligent? At first, I guessed that you liked Ms. Amelia. But it's too bad that she's pregnant. However, Tiffany is not too shabby either. She's a looker and has a nice figure. Although she's not as good as Ms. Amelia, she's still gorgeous. The problem is, you're too uncouth. I'm not sure if a delicate beauty like her would take a fancy toward you."

Gary glared at him. "How am I uncouth? I have money, cars, and houses. I have everything that most men work so hard for. What's a woman got to be unsatisfied about?"

Unsure if he was bold or simply stupid, Xander said, "Oh please! If it were a gold digger, perhaps she would be attracted to what you own. But Amelia and Tiffany Winters aren't that types of women."

Gary had felt differently toward Amelia from the beginning. She was indeed the type of woman he was attracted to. Whenever he was near to her, he could feel his heart thumping loudly against his ribcage, as if he'd returned to his adolescent years when he had a crush on a girl for the first time.

"So, tell me. How am I incompatible with the two of them?"

Xander scrutinized Gary from head to toe. He scratched his chin and grinned. "Do you really want me to be honest?"

"Shoot."

"It's obvious. You and they clearly belong in two different worlds. You could tell with one glance that they're intellectual beings—poised and sophisticated. You, on the other hand, are almost twice the size of them, behave unrefinedly, are unromantic, and are completely ignorant of what women want. It's far from the type of man women are looking for."

Am I that terrible? Gary's face looked terrible. I'm an easy-going person, am generous to friends, have a good balance between work and personal life, earn well, and can even cook. I am practically an all-rounded man. If I were to have a girlfriend, she'll definitely be treated like a princess. Don't women these days like men like me?



Noticing his mood, Xander bounced off the table and prepared himself to flee. "Don't be mad." He raised both arms in surrender. "Listen to me. Otherwise, you can forget about dating someone else's woman."

Gary inhaled a deep breath and pointed at the chair. "Sit," he said. "If you do not make yourself clear today, you're not allowed to take a single step out of this office."

Xander patted his chest, feigning a look of horror on his face. "How can you do that?"

Gary's body was filled with goosebumps. He truly couldn't handle a grown man acting coquettishly. "Xander Erikson. Try making that expression again and I'll let you have a go with a real torture chamber."

Xander gasped. "This is violent suppression."

"You irritating rascal! You still have the guts to mince my words."

"Gary, I am merely teaching you how to pick up girls. Otherwise, based on your incomprehensible temperament, it would be impossible to catch any of the two women."

Frustrated, Gary questioned, "So you say. Then tell me, which part of me am I inferior to other men?"

"Gary, you are an atypical Mr. Perfect. Women with your physique would most certainly take a liking to you. However, I reckon Amelia and Tiffany Winters prefer men who look gentle and refined. I highly doubt you're the type of man they like. Moreover, the fact that they could hire bodyguards would mean they do not lack the money. Hence, if you like one of them, you best be prepared to be broken-hearted."

This brat! All he can say about me is this bullshit?

Gary randomly picked up a file on the desk and threw it toward Xander. "You weasel! I haven't even had a chance to date, and you're already saying I can't make it."

Xander managed to dodge it with his quick reflexes. "Calm down!" he urged. "Listen. I personally think Riley isn't too bad. She's only a few years younger than you, has a decent-looking face, is considerate, isn't capricious, and is your right-hand woman both in your work and personal life. Why don't you consider her?"

Gary frowned. "Xander Erikson, you weasel. I see Riley as my own sister. I intend to see her get married in the future. I'll skin you if you blabber all that nonsense one more time!"

Xander sighed. His skull is too thick. Nothing gets in. Poor Riley...

"Gary, you'll break Riley's heart if she hears you." Xander shook his head disappointedly. "She's carried a torch for you for so long, yet you're so oblivious to it. I even suspect whether you're doing it on purpose or if you truly have a piece of wood for a brain."

Gary knitted his brows. "Riley and I are completely platonic. I only see her as a sister and she sees me as her senior. Stop saying rubbish or I'll really skin you alive."

Shrugging, Xander said, "You may see her as a sister, but how are you so sure she sees you the same? If you truly do not feel anything for her, then quit giving her the wrong impression. A young lady like her has no resistance when it comes to a Mr. Perfect like you. She's already plunged way too deep, yet you're still claiming she's a sister to you."

Gary was genuinely stupefied. It had never crossed his mind that the concern Riley showed him was out of infatuation. As Xander said, he was indeed a blockhead when it came to women he had no interest in. No matter how they try to fawn upon him, he always assumed it was platonic.

Xander decided he had said enough. With both hands at the back of his head, he did a little stretch and said, "All right, I'm going back to work now. Think about what I said. I still think you and the Winters ladies belong in two different worlds. If you really want to go after one of them, then you better be prepared to put in two hundred percent effort."

Having said that, Xander left the office, leaving Gary behind as he moped in his seat.

Being deemed a failure before he even tried made him feel exceptionally displeased. Although he felt something for Amelia, it wasn't that serious to the extent he would screw his principles and be a homewrecker. Therefore, it was unfortunate that he could only let that be a passing phase.

He raked through his hair in frustration, feeling utterly indignant. It took over thirty years for him to take a liking to a woman. Yet, fate had to let that woman be married and pregnant. Albeit he knew it was impossible between them, his heart would immediately begin to race whenever he pictured Amelia's beautiful face. As for Riley's feelings for him, he couldn't and didn't want to waste a second fretting over it.

After all, he truly saw her only as a sister and was persistent that she saw him the same way. Everything Xander said earlier had completely fallen on deaf ears.

## Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 156

[/ Love You Enough to Leave You](#)  
Chapter 156 Like A Fool

On one side, there was Gary mourning for his doomed affections. On the other side, Tiffany was driving her car, watching the road through the windscreen. "Babe, where are we going?" she asked Amelia.

Amelia was resting on the passenger seat with her eyes closed. "Let's go to the hospital," she replied softly.

"To see Carter?"

Amelia nodded.

Tiffany glanced at her and said, "Babe, don't you think you've been waiting on him hand and foot?"

Amelia sighed. "Tiff, no matter what, we are still friends. How can I heartlessly cut off all contact with him now?"

"You shouldn't have had any contact with him from the start," Tiffany answered solemnly. "Five years ago, ever since he vanished and abandoned you, I'd already said the two of you weren't compatible. How could a responsible man leave the woman he loves dearly alone when she needs him the most?"

Amelia fluttered her eyes open and glanced at Tiffany from the side. "Tiff, that matter's history. Moreover, we were merely friends at that time. Although we had feelings for each other, we were too cowardly to strive for what we wanted. Carter was the right person at the wrong time. I married someone else because we weren't meant to be together. Back then, there was simply no chance he could go against his family. He left due to his own family issues. So, you have to stop excoriating him for the past. Indeed, once upon a time, I'd blamed him. But I've completely moved on from it. I understand you're trying to stand up for me, but we can't push all the blame onto him. It's not fair for Carter, for we had only been friends from the beginning."

Tiffany curled her lips. "Babe, you have a big heart. Sure, I can forget about Carter Scott being a coward in the past, but don't expect me to be nice to him. It was never a good idea for you to reconnect with him, to begin with. Some people are meant to be left in the past where they belong."

Amelia could only smile wryly.

Tapping a rhythm on the steering wheel, Tiffany continued, "Be honest with me. Do you still have feelings for Carter or not?"

Amelia was nonplussed. "What are you talking about? We're just friends."

"You keep saying that, but you obviously know how he feels for you. If you don't feel the same, then stop leading him on. You're only giving him false hopes this way. Do you want to ruin your marriage with Oscar over him?"

Amelia chuckled humorlessly. "Tiff, you know better than anyone that the marriage between Oscar and I is merely a puppet show. My feelings for Carter mean nothing to Oscar. As soon as he says 'cut,' then that's the end of it. He's the puppet master, while I'm the puppet who's being pulled by the strings."

Tiffany slapped the steering wheel in agitation. "You shouldn't have been born with this beauty. It's a curse. Maybe if you looked a little more mediocre, your love life wouldn't have been such a tragedy."

Amelia laughed, patting her own face with her hand. "I've never thought of myself as pretty, yet women always call me a vixen, as if I seduce men for a living."

"Babe, vixen is a compliment," Tiffany said, nodding her head passionately. "Don't mind it. Do you have any idea how difficult it is to be a vixen?"

Amelia shot her a look that seemed to say, are you for real?

Tiffany shrugged. "I'm serious. Your looks are a fatal temptation to men. There are Carter Scott, Oscar Clinton, and now, even Gary Laird, who had only seen you twice and already sucked in by you. Even I can't stand to watch this impending chaos."

"You're full of shit." Amelia shook her head.

"Oh, please. You are a woman. Don't tell me you didn't sense that Gary was treating you differently?"

"Isn't it because you are hitting on him? Otherwise, it wouldn't have happened."

"Excuse me, who do you suppose I'm doing it for? How could I have possibly known you would be such a men-magnet? I've only ever read something like that in a fantasy novel. The female lead has built-in attributes that could make the male lead and supporting characters crazy for her."

Amelia shut her eyes, rendered speechless.

Tiffany took a glimpse of her and said, "You're tired?"

Amelia nodded in response.

"All right. Take a nap then." A few seconds of silence later, Tiffany added, "Babe, I was only joking. Don't take it to heart. I know you don't feel good about it either. I was merely teasing."

Amelia shook her head. She pondered for a while before saying, "I may sound like a thankless wretch for saying this, but sometimes, it is such a burden for me when men are nice to me. If I could, all I wish is for my marriage with Oscar to be stable. I love him. I don't wish for my child to be born without a father because of me. It'll make me feel really guilty."

Tiffany's heart ached for the woman who bottled her feelings and shouldered her burdens all on her own.

"Silly woman. Don't think too much about it. You ought to learn from me. If you're free, watch some TV. If you're tired, sleep. Thirsty, drink. Don't bother about anything else. Even if the skies were to fall, we're not the tallest anyway. It wouldn't be crashing on us," Tiffany said in a deliberately lightened tone.

Hearing that, a faint smile appeared on Amelia's face. Tiffany let out a breath, smiling as well.

When they reached the hospital, Tiffany rested her hand on the steering wheel and said, "Babe, wake up. We're here."

It took several seconds for Amelia to sober up. "All right. Let's go."

Tiffany undid her seatbelt. She suggested hesitantly, "Why don't I go see him on your behalf? I'm his friend too. I don't think he'll throw me out."

Amelia raised a brow. "Do you take the Scotts as mobsters, or do you simply think Carter is a bad person?"

Tiffany shrugged. "I don't have a good impression of the Scott family."

Amelia shook her head and smiled. "Come on. We won't have many interactions with the Scotts. There's no need to stay long. A cursory visit will do."

Unable to refute, Tiffany could only follow behind her as they entered the hospital.

When they entered the ward, Jennifer Larson was the only one in there with Carter.

Jennifer shot a complicated glance at Amelia, her fists clenched. She put on a haughty attitude and said, "You're here."

Amelia glanced at Carter, whose eyes were closed. She nodded and whispered, "Is he asleep?"

"Yes. He was making a fuss about wanting to see you earlier. When he heard you weren't free to come, he got moody. Who knew you'd come at this hour."

Amelia and Tiffany crowded around the bed. Although he looked slightly pale, it wasn't as severe as they imagined. Seeing that, they could finally relax a little.

"I was busy earlier and came as soon as I was done," Amelia explained vaguely.

Jennifer crossed her arms against her chest, seemingly very arrogant. But if anyone were to take a closer look, she resembled more like a prickly porcupine who was merely trying to guard her love.

“Amelia Winters, I’m glad that you could come to visit Carter. But can you stop coming in the future? Your hot-and-cold attitude toward him would only give him false hopes. You’re already married and will soon give birth to your child. It’s impossible between the two of you. So why can’t you make a clean break with him? Is being co-workers not enough for you?”

Tiffany shielded Amelia with her body and glared at Jennifer furiously. “Jennifer Larson, aren’t you being too ungrateful? You guys were the ones who asked Amelia here. Now that Carter’s awake, you want to chase her away. What the hell do you treat Amelia as? A frisbee that you throw out and retrieve as you wish? How shameless.”

Jennifer stared disdainfully at Tiffany. “Tiffany Winters, I’m speaking to Amelia Winters. Could you not get in the way?”

Tiffany sneered, imitating Jennifer’s posture. “Sorry to say, Amelia only speaks to humans. She doesn’t understand the language of beasts. That’s why I am the messenger. Pardon us, Ms. Larson. It’s rare for us to meet a beast who has a human face as you do.”

Jennifer’s face immediately turned dark. She gritted her teeth and said, “Who are you calling a beast?”

Tiffany shrugged, replying aggravatingly, “Oh. Whoever’s answering me, I guess.”

When Jennifer raised her hand, Tiffany put on a fearful expression and said, “Ms. Larson, don’t be impulsive. This is a hospital ward. If you were to make a scene, whose side do you think Carter Scott will take?”

Jennifer’s face turned even grimmer, her hand remained frozen in the air.

Tiffany clapped her hands and casually added, “Ms. Larson, it’s better for a woman to be gentle. No matter how beautiful you look, an unruly and barbarous woman will not win a man’s heart. Don’t you agree, Carter Scott?”

Jennifer was startled. She turned to the bed, only to see that the previously asleep Carter had opened his eyes and was staring fixedly at Amelia.

Her heart sank. I’ve given so much for him, but none of it could ever compare to a single glance from Amelia. In his heart, I never even existed.

Jennifer felt like a complete fool. It was the first time she made the first move to confess and pour her heart out to a man, yet he remained unmoved, making her look like she was a clown entertaining the crowd.

Her heart was overflowing with sorrow and indignation. Where exactly do I lose to Amelia Winters? Why is everyone so protective of that woman, yet they treat me like I'm dirt? I have a great family background, graduated from a prestigious university, and have model-worthy looks. Are these incomparable to her, who only has her beauty to speak for herself?

No matter how she thought about it, she couldn't understand. She detested Amelia and was frustrated with Carter's coldness toward her. If you would just give me a tiny little reaction, I wouldn't have to feel so much like a fool!

## Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 157

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

Chapter 157 She No Longer Has Me In Her Heart

Tiffany blinked at Carter and said, "Hi, jinx. You saw it for yourself. Your woman doesn't wish to see Amelia. Every time Amelia comes to visit you, she's made to feel embarrassed for her presence. She's had to feel so aggrieved because of you. Don't you think you should say something?"

Carter's expression dimmed in an instant.

Amelia tugged at Tiffany's clothes, signaling for her to stop. She was only there to visit the patient and did not wish to make the atmosphere awkward.

Jennifer glared fiercely at Tiffany. She never imagined that woman to be a shit-stirrer. How dare she have the audacity to tattletale on me right in front of my face?

"Jennifer, I appreciate you for putting aside your work to take care of me all this while. You must be exhausted. Why don't you go home and rest?" Carter suggested, visibly upset.

Jennifer's face fell. She looked at Carter aggrievedly and said, "Carter, are you chasing me away?"

He shook his head. "I don't want you to be exhausted. You've been taking care of me day and night without taking care of yourself. I'm sincerely grateful for that. When I've recovered, I'll invite you and your parents out for a meal. If they agree, I'll acknowledge you as my god-sister. Should you need my help in the future, I'll definitely be there."

Every word that Carter said was one hit after another on Jennifer's heart. She fell in love with him at first sight. While he was hospitalized, she had practically made the hospital her home simply to take care of him. She even threw aside her ego and reached out to Amelia—the woman she knew he loved. She had put down her

pride and dignity aside for him, yet all he was willing to offer her was to be his god-sister.

God-sister my ass!

That had to be the most insulting speech she had ever heard. If she had wanted a god-brother, men would practically line up to apply for the position. Carter was obviously aware of her feelings, yet he suggested something so ludicrous. It was too much.

Jennifer's heart had turned numb. She chuckled coldly and said, "Carter Scott, I put aside my pride simply because of my love for you. I've given up so much for you. Do you really think I did all that to be your god-sister? Why do you have to be so pretentious?"

The temperature in the air cooled as soon as she spoke.

Carter struggled to get up, but his wound hurt with even the slightest movement. He hissed in pain.

Jennifer, who had been feeling aggrieved earlier, immediately rushed up to help him when she saw him in that state. "You're injured! Will you stop being willful? You'll ruin your body!"

Carter subtly avoided Jennifer's touch, which only added to her pain. Facing his constant rejection, she had already been feeling anguished. Seeing that he was actively distancing himself from her, her heart felt like it was being sliced into pieces. That kind of pain was unbearable.

Her eyes surged with wave after wave of rage. But in the next second, it exploded like a broken dam, endless tears rolling down her cheeks.

"Carter Scott, which part of me exactly is so disdainful to you? Why do you have to treat me this way? I've poured my heart out to you; even a block of ice would melt one day. And yet, you're like a piece of steel. Why can't you feel my love?"

Carter sighed, his face grim. "Jennifer, will you stop making a scene?"

In his perspective, everything Jennifer did for him was unwarranted and a burden.

Jennifer's emotions were like a roller-coaster, her chest heaving in agitation. "I'm making a scene? Carter Scott, you're the most cold-blooded man I've ever met!" she howled.

Carter acted as if he only saw her distress as an annoyance.

Tiffany hurried forward and held onto Jennifer's arm. "Ms. Larson, calm down," she urged. "I had no intention to involve myself with your grievances with Carter Scott. But I can't stand to watch you lose control. Calm down, calm down."



Screaming like a shrew wouldn't do anything to the fact that he doesn't love you."

Had she not mention the last sentence, it would've been fine. As soon as she said so, Jennifer's face scrunched up, her eyes filled with wrath as she glared straight into Tiffany's eyes.

Tiffany flinched and subconsciously took two steps back. "Ms. Larson, calm down. Don't act hastily. It doesn't make you look good."

Against her intention, Tiffany's words were like pouring petrol into burning flames. Jennifer's anger only increased, her chest heaving harder and harder.

Jennifer pointed her index finger at Tiffany and yelled, "Tiffany Winters! Who do you think you are? I am speaking with Carter Scott. Why do you have to interrupt?"

Tiffany wasn't angry. In fact, she smiled, responding in a gentle tone, "Ms. Larson, don't misunderstand. I'm merely a passer-by. I'm only interrupting for your own good. Men do not like women who are too assertive and unreasonable. Even if he loves the woman, he'll eventually get sick of it. Therefore, I'm advising you to calm down."

Jennifer only felt worse. The hand she used to point at Tiffany trembled.

Amelia tugged at Tiffany's sleeves and shook her head. They were in a hospital ward. She didn't want Tiffany's words to provoke Jennifer further as Carter didn't look so well. If it were to reach the point of no return, the Scotts might not be able to provide a reasonable explanation.

Tiffany took a glance at Amelia and obediently swallowed back the words in her mouth.

Jennifer turned to glare at Amelia, deciding she might as well go all out there and then. "Amelia Winters, I had enough of you pretending to be a good person. The more innocent you make yourself to be, the more I detest you! Is feigning innocence your trick of getting everything? Otherwise, how did Carter lose his way because of you?"

Amelia merely listened to Jennifer's rants in silence.

Tiffany's face turned ugly. She pulled Amelia behind her and said, "Jennifer Larson, will you not speak in such a crude way? Amelia's a married person. She'll give birth to her child very soon. She had no relationship with the jinx from the beginning. You couldn't make him love you. Don't blame your lack of charm on someone else!"

"Amelia Winters, you're incredible! No matter where you are, you could make anyone protect you! Everyone's so afraid that you'll lose even a single strand of hair!" Jennifer glared furiously at Amelia. "I have to bow down to you. Your expert ways to manipulate everyone are truly spectacular."

Tiffany sneered, retorting, "Manipulate? The reason why everyone tries to protect her is that she treats her friends wholeheartedly! That alone should prove her character. Unlike Ms. Larson, other than your beauty, I can't seem to find any other good traits on you."

Jennifer lifted her hands with reddened eyes, her stance as if she was about to get into a physical fight. Before her fists could reach Tiffany, a loud crash sounded from the bed. All three women flinched.

They turned toward the source of the noise only to see Carter had fallen onto the floor. Jennifer immediately hurried over and helped him up carefully. She said distressedly, "Carter Scott! Will you only be satisfied after ruining your body?"

But Carter acted as if he didn't hear her. He looked toward Amelia and asked, "Are you all right?"

Jennifer looked terrible when she heard him utter those four words.

Do you have to keep reminding me that you feel nothing for me?

As if venting her hatred, Jennifer shoved Carter onto the bed with no concern for his condition. He fell onto the soft mattress and let out a painful groan.

Tiffany and Amelia rushed up to him. Amelia asked worriedly, "Carter, are you all right?"

Tiffany glared at Jennifer. "Jennifer Larson, what did you do that for? He has yet to recover fully. Aren't you worried about hurting him?"

Jennifer's gaze looked tortured. She raised her chin and feigned arrogance as she replied, "Isn't he fine?"

Tiffany shook her head. It's no wonder Carter didn't fall for you despite all your efforts.

"If you truly love someone, you should first learn to exercise restraint on your temper," Tiffany said.

Jennifer froze. She instinctively turned to look at Carter, only to see him clutching Amelia tightly, his gaze gentle and affectionate.

She clenched her fists, her fury reignited. "Carter Scott!" she yelled with all her strength.

A single shout made Tiffany, who stood the nearest to her, jump back in shock.

Carter turned to look indifferently at Jennifer and said, "I'm sorry, Jennifer. You'll meet someone who loves you one day, but that person isn't me."

"You've never even attempted to let me in! How could you be so sure you'll never love me?" she screamed.

Carter sighed. "As I said, I'm grateful that you took care of me. But grateful isn't love. I won't deny you're a charming woman. Many men would kill for someone like you. However, there's already someone in my heart. I don't have a heart big enough for another person. I'm sorry."

"Is this woman really worth it?" Jennifer pointed at Amelia and said indignantly.

Carter's mouth curved into a gentle smile. "She deserves everything and so much more."

The pain Jennifer was feeling had hit its limit. "Am I not as pretty as her?"

Carter shook his head. "You're both vastly different women. Once you've fallen in love with someone, no matter how outstanding others are, you wouldn't be bothered. This is why I can't reciprocate your feelings. It isn't because you're not good enough, but because I only have space for one person in my heart," he said honestly.

## Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 158

[/ Love You Enough to Leave You](#)  
Chapter 158 I Just Want To Be Alone

Jennifer felt conflicted. Carter's words went into her heart like an iron shard. She had never seen anyone as heartless as him. When he got admitted to the hospital, she took care of him. Not even his mother was as thorough as her. However, the man had just rejected her cruelly in front of her love rival.

It was unfortunate that she had fallen in love with someone this ruthless.

Jennifer's hoarse voice rang out, "Carter, can't you feel my love for you? Why won't you pick me?"

Carter glanced at Amelia and replied, "She's irreplaceable."

Despair flitted across Jennifer's face.

Meanwhile, Amelia was uncomfortable with Carter's confession. She only regarded him as a friend, but now, things were going to turn awkward for the both of them.

Tiffany cut in, "Jinx, can you not drag Amelia into this mess? You're making things difficult for her. Don't you get it?"

Carter glanced at Amelia apologetically. "Amelia, I didn't mean it. I..."

Amelia shook her head and said casually, "I think you should talk to Ms. Larson. Tiff and I shall return for now. I'll visit you another day."

Immediately, Carter panicked and took Amelia's hand. "Amelia, don't leave. There's nothing between Jennifer and me. Trust me."

Amelia froze. "Stop it, Carter."

Tiffany slapped his hand away and stood in front of Amelia. "Jinx, if you keep on doing this, you won't get to see Amelia again."

Carter glanced at Amelia earnestly.

After witnessing the entire debacle, hatred flashed across Jennifer's eyes. "That's enough," she croaked out.

Tiffany shot her a look and told Amelia, "Let's go."

In his haste to stop Amelia from leaving, Carter struggled to get off the bed. Seeing how he was holding his stomach and wincing in pain, Amelia sighed and pried Tiffany's hand away. She returned to Carter and helped him lie down. "Carter, you're still ill. Be careful."

Carter settled in his bed gratefully. He gazed at Amelia affectionately and uttered, "Amelia, you're worried about me, right?"

Averting her gaze, Amelia answered, "Carter, you're still recovering, so don't act hastily. You should take good care of yourself."

Carter grabbed her hand. "Amelia, I miss you so much. I regret leaving you five years ago. I've been looking for you all this time. Please give me another chance. I promise I won't repeat the same mistake again," he pleaded.

Amelia tried to struggle out of his hold, but Carter's grip tightened.

Tiffany was about to launch into a tirade when Carter continued, "Amelia, I regretted making that decision back then. If I was strong enough, my family wouldn't be able to harm you. After your departure, I kept blaming myself and swore to work hard. That way, I won't become a loser who relies completely on my family. A few years ago, I established my own company. It started off as a startup with a few employees but has since grown to a company with a few hundred employees. I've never asked for a cent from the Scotts and strove hard all by myself. The reason I worked so hard was to show you that I can survive without leeching off the Scotts. Amelia, I can provide for you now. Can't you give me another chance?"

Amelia was rather flustered.

If Carter had said the exact words five years ago, she would be elated. Alas, five years had since gone by, and her heart now belonged to another man. She was no longer in love with Carter. It would be pure torture for them both to be together now.

Carter was insistent. "I'm no longer wet behind the ears. Won't you give me another chance?"

His grasp on her hand turned more forceful when she tried to pull her hand back.

"Amelia, I love you; I really do. After the surgery, I lapsed into unconsciousness, but I couldn't get you out of my mind. Even though you're married to Oscar, I still want you. I promise I'll treat your child as my own. It is my utmost hope that you'll become the lady of my house. I love every bit of you, including your past."

Yet, Amelia was still struggling to free herself from his grasp.

She uttered awkwardly, "Stop it, Carter."

Jennifer watched expressionlessly as Carter expressed his feelings for Amelia. Suddenly, she strode forward and knocked Tiffany out of her way before tugging at Amelia forcefully. Tiffany immediately steadied herself and rushed to catch Amelia before the latter fell down. "Amelia, are you alright? Is your baby okay?" she asked anxiously.

Amelia was holding her belly with a terrified expression.

As she said nothing, Tiffany thought something bad had happened. "Amelia, calm down. I'll get you a doctor now. Don't worry, I won't let you and the baby get hurt," she declared.

Tiffany was about to dash out when Amelia caught her wrist.

Confused, she turned to see Amelia flashing her a comforting smile. "Tiff, I'm fine. My baby's fine, too."

"Are you sure?" Tiffany was still worried.

Amelia nodded firmly.

Only then did Tiffany heave a sigh of relief.

Carter tried to sit up, but accidentally jostled his wound and plopped onto the ground pathetically.

At the sight of his plight, the hatred and jealousy which were pulsing through Jennifer's veins disappeared without a trace.

She bent down and tried to help him up. "Are you all right, Carter?" she inquired in concern.

Carter shoved her out of his way and struggled to stand up. He held his stomach and limped toward Amelia. "Are you okay, Amelia?"

Amelia nodded and stretched out her hand to help him, but Tiffany stopped her midair.

"Carter, you're nothing but a jinx," said Tiffany icily. "Trouble always comes Amelia's way when she's with you. Can't you control your girlfriend and your family? Stop harassing Amelia! She isn't a cat with nine lives! If your girlfriend's action had brought harm to her today, I won't let you off the hook easily."

With that, she grabbed Amelia's hand. "Come, let's go. This is getting out of hand. We shouldn't stay here."

Anguish flashed across Carter's gaze as he held his belly and implored, "Amelia, please don't leave."

Amelia took one last glance at him and allowed Tiffany to lead her out of the room.

Carter tried to follow them as he howled, "Amelia, don't leave! Don't leave me!"

Seeing his desperate actions, agony filled Jennifer's gaze. Tears rolled down her cheeks when she saw Carter leaning against the wall and gasped in pain.

She scurried to his side and took his arm. "Carter, stop it. Amelia isn't the one for you. She's married. Can't you forget her? I'll always be by your side."

Carter flung her hand away angrily. "Get out!"

Hurt crept into Jennifer's voice. "What did you say?"

Carter repeated firmly, "Get out!"

At once, Jennifer's eyes reddened. Trembling profusely, she uttered, "Did you just ask me to get out?"

"Get out!" snarled Carter again.

His harsh words caused tears to trickle down Jennifer's cheeks.

"Carter Scott, do you really hate me that much? I've sacrificed a lot for you! How could you?" Jennifer voiced her frustrations.

Carter had one hand on the wall as his face turned ashen from the searing pain in his belly. Cold sweat was trickling down his forehead.

He pointed at the door. "Jennifer, please leave. I'm exhausted."

Instead of leaving as told, Jennifer raised her chin stubbornly. "Carter, are you seriously asking me to leave because of that woman?"

Carter gazed at her with his red-rimmed eyes. "I'll do anything for her. After losing her five years ago, there's no way I'll let her go again. You're an outsider, so you don't know how important she is to me. I'll mourn for the rest of my life if I lose her. No one else but her can be my wife. I only think of you as a sister."

Jennifer sobbed pitifully. "How could you?"

Utterly drained out, Carter replied weakly, "Jennifer, stop making a scene. If you really like me, please leave. Your love is a burden that's too heavy for me to bear."

Jennifer staggered backward in dismay.

Carter was struggling to get back to his bed. As he seemed to be in extreme pain, Jennifer tamped down her frustration and stepped forward to help him, but the man rejected her without hesitation.

"Just leave."

Jennifer's pride was in pieces after being rejected by Carter continuously. "Do you hate me so much, Carter?"

Carter breathed heavily as pain twisted his belly. He finally reached his bed and sat down. "Jennifer, I'm really tired. Can you please leave? I want to be alone."

Jennifer plopped down on a chair as sorrow engulfed her heart. Deep down, she was in despair, but it didn't show on her face.

Instead, she folded her arms and announced arrogantly, "Carter, I don't care who you love. I'm going to latch onto you. You're the only man I've ever loved, so you must take responsibility for me."

Carter felt exasperated, but the blazing pain was too much for him to bear. Lying on the bed, he shut his eyes and sweated profusely.

Worried, Jennifer inched nearer and noticed he was drenched with sweat. "Carter, did you jostle your wound?"

Carter didn't reply.

Reaching out, Jennifer touched his forehead, which was burning by then. Shocked, she retracted her hand and blurted anxiously, "You're running a temperature! I'll ask the doctor to examine you now."

Spinning on her heels, she dashed for the door. Right then, Carter's eyelids fluttered open. "Wait, I don't want the doctors to be all over me."

# Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 159

[/ Love You Enough to Leave You](#)  
Chapter 159 Unlucky

Jennifer came to a stop.

His voice had grown hoarse from exhaustion. "Please, Jennifer. Just leave, will you? I don't want to see you now."

Jennifer's heart sank as her hands balled into fists. She had done so much for this man, but he wouldn't even look at her.

The blazing pain, like a sharp knife in her gut, brought tears to her eyes.

She looked up and forced back the tears.

"Carter, I know you don't love me. However, you're the first man I've ever loved. No matter what, I won't give up. Your brain is muddled because you're in pain. I won't take your words to heart," she declared. "I'll go get the doctor now. If the doctor says you're fine, I'll leave at once. I think we both need some time alone."

With that, she left his ward.

Shortly after, she returned with two doctors and a nurse hot on her heels. The doctors examined him and gave him an injection to relieve his pain. "Mr. Scott, you can't be this agitated as you've just gone under surgery."

Carter's energy was drained, so he said nothing.

Jennifer was worried. "Dr. Ludwig, is he all right?"

Dr. Ludwig replied, "Mr. Scott is strong enough to recover soon. However, if he gets agitated frequently, it might slow down his recovery."

Jennifer exhaled in relief.

After Dr. Ludwig and the rest left, Jennifer asked, "How do you feel now, Carter?"

In response, Carter shut his eyes.



Sighing, Jennifer continued, "Carter, I'm begging you here. Even if you hate me, shouldn't you say something out of courtesy?"

At her words, Carter's eyes snapped open. Gazing at Jennifer icily, he stated, "Jennifer, I'm exhausted. Can you please leave?"

A woman with her pride still intact would've left long ago. Alas, Jennifer's pride was long gone.

She bit back her misery and answered, "I'll leave when Mrs. Scott arrives. You're still weak, so I'll stay with you."

Carter shook his head. "You should go. I'll be fine. If anything happens, I'll just summon the nurse."

Jennifer had to bite her lip in order to not cry.

"I apologize for my reckless action earlier. But Amelia isn't the one for you. She doesn't even love you. Besides, she's married and about to give birth to her baby soon. Are you that shameless to come between them? Why can't you give up? Your perfect match might be waiting for you by your side," she said.

Weariness shone in Carter's gaze. He felt terribly pressured by Jennifer's persistence and feelings.

"Jennifer, it's not going to work. I'm grateful for your concern, but my heart belongs to another woman. Even if she's married and pregnant, I still love her. One day, she'll be mine," came Carter's reply.

With her lips pursed, Jennifer clenched her fists as a vein popped up on her neck.

"Carter, this is too much. How could you be this cruel?" There were both displeasure and reluctance in her voice.

"Jennifer, I've been clear from the very start." Carter was tired of saying the same thing repeatedly. "There is nothing between us. It doesn't make sense for you to accuse me of being cruel to you."

As Jennifer's face contorted angrily, she demanded, "Carter, are you saying I'm latching myself onto you shamelessly?"

Carter acknowledged her point of view by remaining silent.

Quivering with anger, Jennifer pointed at him and huffed, "Damn you! You just won't stop insulting me, huh?"

In response, Carter closed his eyes.

Pacing around in annoyance, Jennifer spoke again. "Carter, what do you want? What did I do wrong for you to treat me this way?"

Carter's head was buzzing by then. He massaged his temples and requested, "Jennifer, can you please shut up?"

Jennifer let out a sarcastic laugh and picked up a doll on the sofa before flinging it at the wall to create noise.

Carter shut his eyes again.

As she didn't receive any response, fury vibrated through her being. She proceeded to grab everything in sight and hurl them everywhere.

When Faye came into the ward, the messy sight greeted her eyes. Immediately, she thought a robber had ransacked the ward. However, upon further inspection, Carter was lying on the bed as though he was asleep while Jennifer was heaving angrily.

Utterly puzzled, she asked, "What happened? What's with the mess?"

The blazing anger in Jennifer's gaze faded away when she spotted Faye. For a moment, she was at a loss for words. After all, Faye could be her future mother-in-law. If she finds out I flew into a fit of rage even before we start dating, she will reconsider her decision of agreeing to let me marry Carter.

Jennifer took a deep breath and put up a calm front.

"Mrs. Scott, why are you here? Didn't I ask you to rest at home?" She forced out a smile.

"I was worried about Carter," said Faye. "I came as I had nothing else to do at home."

Jennifer helped her to the sofa. "Mrs. Scott, have a seat. I'll clean up the clutter."

Faye took a look at the mess, where apples and bananas were scattered all around. Frowning, she queried, "Jennifer, what happened? Did someone kick up a fuss here?"

Jennifer's hand froze midair before she could touch the banana she was trying to pick up. "Mrs. Scott, Ms. Winters came here earlier. She brought along a basket of bananas and apples with her. Shortly after she left, I wanted to bring the fruits to the fridge, but Carter thought I was going to throw them away. He panicked and jostled his wound—"

Before she could finish, Faye interrupted hastily, "What? He jostled his wound again? Did you call for the doctor?"

She rushed to Carter's side and inspected him. As her son was pale, she declared, "This won't do. I need to summon the doctor to examine his wound. He has been operated on a few times previously. If anything happens to him, it'll be the death of me!"

Jennifer approached Faye and assured her. "Mrs. Scott, don't worry. I've already called the doctor earlier who gave him painkillers. The doctor said he's strong enough to recover speedily. Don't you worry."

Faye heaved a sigh of relief. However, she couldn't stop herself from blaming Jennifer.

"Jennifer, don't blame me for being harsh. Carter has just been operated on. He's still weak now. If he wants to see Amelia, let him be. Once he recovers, I'll talk to him. You're my daughter-in-law, and he's my son. He'll listen to me, right?"

Deep down, Jennifer snickered silently. Wow, does she seriously think I'm a fool? How dare she claim I'm her daughter-in-law but ask me to allow her son to flirt with his crush?

She knows I'm deeply in love with Carter, so she treats me like a fool. Ha! She's obviously torn between Amelia and me. I can't let this happen.

Carter's already treating me like trash. How dare she toys around with me? After I marry Carter, I'll teach them both a lesson. They'll know I'm no pushover then.

Sensing Jennifer's displeasure, Faye continued patiently, "Jennifer, I know you're upset. But Carter got to know Amelia first. He couldn't forget her after years. You did so much for him, but he's obviously not into you. So—"

Forcing back her tears, Jennifer flashed a smile. "Mrs. Scott, it's normal for men to have a few female friends. If no one finds him charming, that means he's not accomplished enough. I fell in love with Carter because of his outstanding achievements. I'm fine with Amelia's presence."

Upon hearing her reply, Faye let out a satisfied grin.

"Jennifer, you're a good girl. Carter is really lucky to have you. Don't you worry. He's right here. Remember, persistence is key. He'll notice you since you are around every day," said Faye.

"Amelia has been in his heart for a long time. You've only met him, so it's impossible for him to forget Amelia that quickly. Take things slowly, and he'll be yours one day," she concluded.

To Faye, Carter was nothing but an item waiting to be sold. She had blatantly ignored Carter's wishes by urging the buyer to buy him forcefully.

Carter deserved sympathy, for Faye had stopped him from going after his first love. Now, she was even forcing him to marry someone he didn't love. It was unfortunate that he had such a mother.

# Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 160

[/ Love You Enough to Leave You](#)  
Chapter 160 Hit

Her words worked wonders as Jennifer felt slightly better.

Faye tucked Carter in and led Jennifer to the sofa. "Jennifer, did you throw a tantrum just now?" she pretended to ask in a friendly manner.

Jennifer lowered her gaze. "Mrs. Scott, you're really observant."

Faye took her hand and patted it gently. "Was it because of Amelia?"

Jennifer nodded honestly.

"Silly girl!" Faye chuckled. "To me, you are the perfect match for Carter. I really like you and asked for your parents' approval before introducing you to Carter. It was all my fault. I didn't inform Carter before telling your family to return from abroad. Otherwise, things wouldn't end up being this awkward."

Jennifer remained silent.

Patting her hand again, Faye asked, "Jennifer, you must've blamed me for this, right?"

Still, Jennifer said nothing.

Faye wasn't mad at all. Instead, she continued persuading Jennifer, "I won't be mad even if you do blame me. I was the cause of your frustration. I hope you won't give up on Carter. He's just simmering in resentment for failing to get Amelia back. Soon, he'll fall in love with you after realizing how great you are."

Something flickered in Jennifer's gaze.

Faye added, "Carter's my son, so I know him well. He might seem pleasant, but in reality, he keeps everyone at arm's length. As long as you're sincere, he'll fall for you one day."

Looking up, Jennifer met her gaze. "Mrs. Scott, I've never thought of giving up on Carter. He's the only one I love. As long as he's unmarried, I'll make sure he marries me."

Faye nodded in approval. "That's the Jennifer I know."

After a pause, she added, "Jennifer, you've been here for a long time. I believe your parents are worried about you. You should go home for the time being. I'll take over now."

Jennifer gazed at Carter, seemingly troubled. In the end, she nodded. "All right then. I'll head back for now. We've just argued, so I don't think he wants to see me now. I might come again after two days."

Faye let out a wry laugh.

"You'll make up soon. Don't worry. I'll reprimand Carter when he wakes up later. He should be a thoughtful gentleman."

Jennifer's cheeks turned pink at her words.

Pleased with Jennifer's attitude, Faye flashed a warm smile. "Okay, I'll stop teasing you. You should head home now. Don't worry, I'll make sure Carter learns his lesson. After all, you're the perfect daughter-in-law that I approve of."

Jennifer nodded obediently. "Goodbye, Mrs. Scott. Please keep me updated."

"I will. Stop worrying about him."

"Goodbye, Mrs. Scott. I'll be here in two days' time," said Jennifer politely.

She took her bag and went to Carter's bed. Leaning closer, she kissed Carter's right cheek twice and whispered, "Carter, I'm heading home. I will leave you alone for two days. Rest well, and dream of me."

As she straightened her back, she didn't notice Carter's eyelashes fluttering slightly.

The moment she stepped out, Faye's expression darkened.

Standing up, she folded her arms and strode to Carter's bed. "She's gone. Stop pretending to be asleep."

Carter opened his eyes and gazed at her coolly.

Sighing, Faye asked, "Carter, why don't you like Jennifer? Is she that terrible?"

Carter gazed at the ceiling blankly. "Mom, she's a great woman, but I've already fallen in love with someone else five years ago. I have no choice but to disappoint her."

Faye sat down in the chair and told him sternly, "Carter, feelings can change easily. If you don't try, how will you know she isn't the one for you?"

Carter grew increasingly annoyed.

“Mom, you’ve interfered in my relationship five years ago. Are you still going to interfere with who I choose to marry five years later?” he responded stonily.

Faye was taken aback by his sudden outburst.

At that moment, Carter’s mind was in total disarray. He shut his eyes and muttered, “Mom, I don’t want to start a fight. If you still love me, please stay out of my affairs.”

Upon hearing his request, Faye felt her heart breaking into a million pieces. She put in a lot of effort so her son could be happy. Right then, he was accusing her of being a busybody. How ungrateful of him!

“Carter, are you seriously blaming me?” Faye demanded.

Reaching up to massage his temples, Carter answered, “Mom, that wasn’t what I meant. I’m already thirty years old. I’m matured enough to plan my career and life. Jennifer and I are not suited for each other. I won’t fall for her or marry her. If you like her that much, you can take her to be your goddaughter.”

Immediately, Faye trembled with rage.

“How could you deny my efforts? I did everything for you!” she tamped down her irritation and exclaimed.

“Mom, I’m not a puppet,” responded Carter calmly. “Yes, you think you’re doing this for my sake, but have you ever asked me about my wishes? You are merely forcing me to go your way. For example, Jennifer Larson. I’ve never liked her. Do you know her insistence has disrupted my life and job? How many times do I have to say this? I want nothing to do with her!”

Faye’s lips were quivering as she took a deep breath and questioned, “Carter, is this how you talk to your mother?”

Sighing, Carter apologized readily. “I’m sorry for my harsh words, Mom. Don’t get mad at me.”

Upon hearing his apology, Faye exhaled sharply.

“Carter, be honest with me. Do you mean what you say?” She seemed disappointed.

Yet, Carter fell silent.

It’s a yes.

Faye let out another sigh.

"I'm doing this for your sake, Carter. Jennifer is the perfect wife candidate. She comes from a prominent family and graduated from a top university. She's also polite and loves you dearly. You won't lose anything by marrying her. I don't get why you are so against it."

The perfect wife for her son should be someone with the same social status as her son. Jennifer was Faye's first choice because she was born with a silver spoon. Also, Jennifer was great at flattering her. Amelia, however, was a different story. Her looks were so vixen-like and seductive. Hence, Faye concluded that Amelia wouldn't be an obedient stay-at-home wife.

Carter's energy was burned out by now. He had no idea how to explain to his mother that marrying someone of the same social status wouldn't make him happy at all. Jennifer might be the prettiest girl in the world, but he just wasn't interested in her.

As he kept mum, Faye continued, "Carter, I'm not forcing you to marry her. You need to marry someone of your social status! Those Cinderellas obviously just want your money. They have no interest in you."

Carter was speechless. "Mom, you mean I'm not charming enough to attract other ladies?"

Faye's words died in her throat.

"Can you not misinterpret my words?"

Carter replied weakly, "Can we stop, Mom?"

A fresh swell of rage rose in Faye. "What do you mean? I'm doing everything for your sake! Jennifer's a good girl. Why do you keep hurting her? What would her parents think of us?"

Carter responded promptly, "Mom, you were the one who got involved with the Larsons. Hence, you should deal with them. They are none of my business. Anyway, I don't like Jennifer no matter what she does."

Faye couldn't understand her son at all. After all, Jennifer was pretty, fashionable, and mild-mannered. She was the perfect wife for him. There was no reason for her son to reject her advances.

Carter buried his face into his pillow. "Mom, I'm still sick. This isn't the time for romance. Can you tell Jennifer to stop coming to the hospital?"

"Well, why don't you tell me what you hate about Jennifer?" asked Faye.

"Everything."

Faye was rendered speechless.

“Just because of Amelia?”

“Yes. I won’t consider anyone else aside from her,” came Carter’s weak reply.

Faye waved her hands in distress. “Carter, that’s nonsense. What do you mean by you won’t consider anyone else? If that woman rejects your advances for the rest of your life, are you seriously going to remain single forever? Are you punishing me for chasing your beloved away back then?”

A heavy silence hung in the air, indicating Carter’s silent yes.

Faye started hitting him angrily as she wailed, “You’re an unfilial son! How could you harm yourself over a woman? If I knew you’d end up like this, I wouldn’t have given birth to you in the first place! This is so upsetting!”

Carter said nothing as she rained her fists on him in a fit of anger.